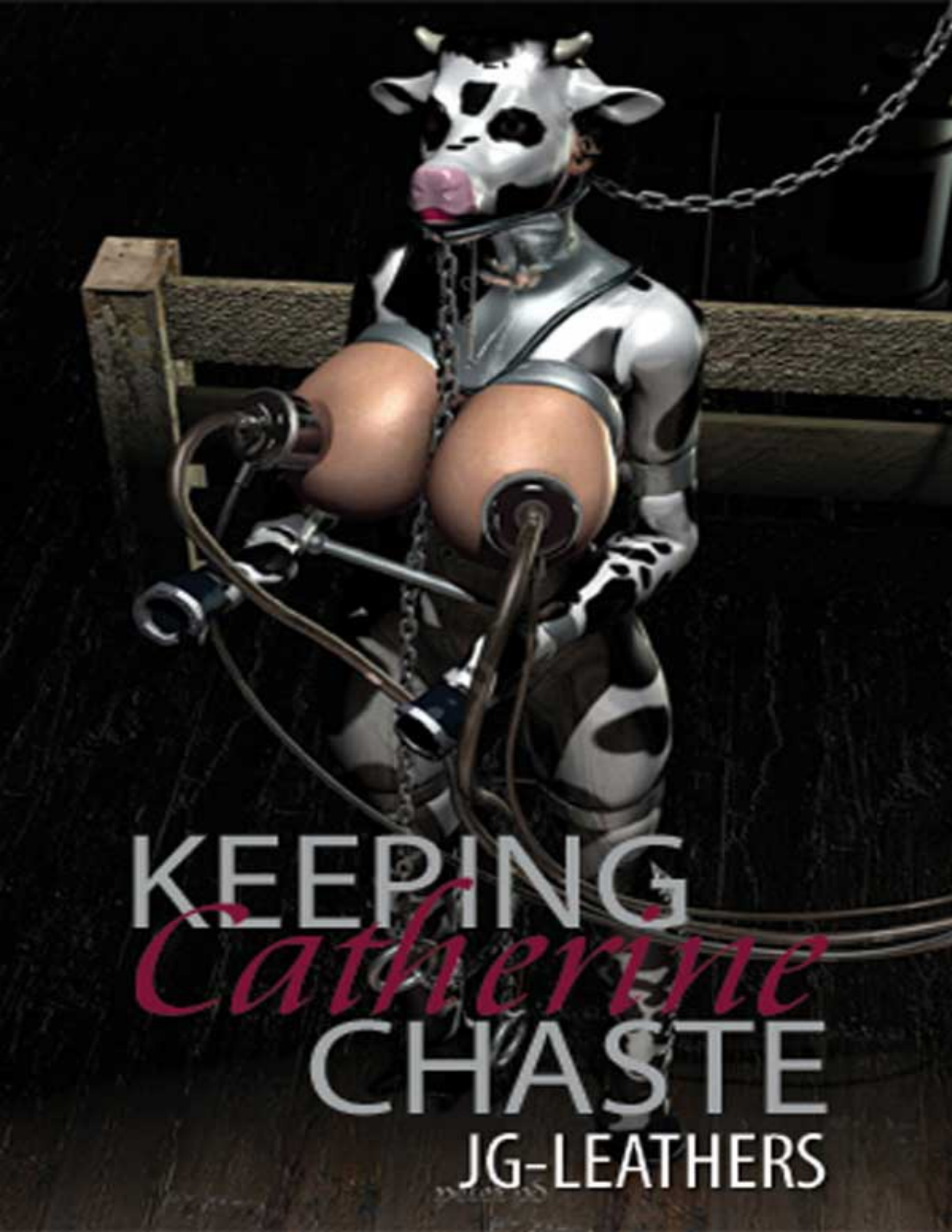
KEEPING
Catherine
CHASTE
JG-LEATHERS

Keeping Catherine Chaste

by JG-Leathers

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Prologue

The silence that envelops me is terrible.

Infrequently now, I am only permitted to hear what the Church, in the form of The Office of Holy Discipline, has decided is appropriate. It wasn't always this way, for up until a year ago, I think, my mind was constantly bombarded with an unending stream of words, repeatedly telling me how to behave and the actions I must take to avoid earning the displeasure of the Church, and thus the retribution of the Office of Holy Discipline.

For the moment I remain kneeling, like the dozens of silent others around me, then slowly, awkwardly, and with flashes of twitching discomfort from the knee-length, rigid shaft projecting down from the thick steel crotch cover of my chastity belt, between my tightly-booted thighs, I and all the rest of the Sisters who are similarly equipped and dressed, obey the same electrical command to rise to our feet. There is no chance of avoiding or misunderstanding it and after only a few hesitations to do so, we all learned our lessons from the terrible shocks that we were disciplined by for our failure to obey instantly. I can see little in the dimness of the Chapel, thanks to the devices and the head piece and veils that I and all the other nuns of my Order are required to wear, and cannot remove ourselves, but turn obediently to the right in unison with my sisters when a trilling, painful pulse of electricity shudders my right breast and its metal-distended and tensioned nipple. A gasp of agony trembles my throat under my permanent, tight, high steel collar, but is stillborn at the back of my mouth; utterly stopped by the large, formed gag pad that has become an intimate part of my body. It too is a permanent part of my ensemble and I will wear it until I die! My cuffed hands jerk automatically, disobediently, at their pitifully short lengths of chain and the rigid bar separating and restricting them. My reactions are instinctual, frantic and utterly useless attempts to tear away the devices locked over, attached to, and *into* my sensitive and blood-engorged, but untouchable breasts, while yet another wail of pain ripples up my plugged throat. Oh God! Why is the Church permitted to torment us like this?

The outer garments that I and all the other nuns in the Order of the

Sisters of Submission are required to wear are deeply-concealing Habits that completely hide our restraints and Control and Discipline Equipment; acting also to inhibit our freedom of motion even more. This is emphasized when the floor length skirts of my heavy, concealing robes swirl weightily around my booted and hobbled legs. Even as completely covered and totally, intimately controlled as we are, members of our congregation are seldom allowed into the outer world and of course no one other than The Church officials, knows the true extent of our inescapable bondage. Our life, such as it is, consists entirely of useless work, unending hours of penitence, enforced prayer and sleep.

More rippling bursts of electricity curdle both of my ballooned and armored breasts, again making me automatically try to scream frantically while I move slowly between the rows of ‘kneelers’, then down the aisle of the Chapel to the narrow, barred door. However, my progress from the Chapel, like all of the other Sisters imprisoned in this Chapter House, is silent and orderly. We are not permitted to hear the distracting noises of our clothes or our chain’s movements and our protests and screams are heard only in the depths of our own minds. Our garments, restraints, and Controller Equipment ensure that none of the 500 women in this Chapter House alone can escape our Habits, despite any help that another may attempt. All of the equipment and clothing we wear is designed for the utmost security and control of our bodies and minds, for the rest of our lives. Just how permanent our new stations in life are has been brought home most terribly to *all* of us and we are constantly reminded of our slave-like and imprisoned status. At the door, pairs of more senior sisters, neck-leashed themselves to the walls behind them, wait to fasten us together for our walk to our places of labor or torment. Our line shuffles forward with mechanical precision, stopping for a minute, then advancing another couple of paces.

At last, having been near the front of the Chapel, I reached the narrow portal and stop, waiting to be attached to the nun preceding me. A pair of senior Sisters kneel on either side of the door and when we each emerge, they quickly lock a long chain to the central link of the one hobbling our ankles. This joining length is lifted by the sister on the right from its point of emergence under the hem of the long skirt of the nun who has just emerged from the Chapel, while the one on the left grasps a similar length from the

eyelet in the skirt of the following sister, then locks them to each other. Looking down as I must, thanks to the tightly fastened nose chain from my permanent septum ring, I watch again with morbid interest while the two pairs of tightly and inescapably gloved hands grasp the chain emerging from the back of the Habit of the nun ahead of me, just behind her knees, then lock it to the one that emerges from the front of my own long skirt. Behind me, the process is repeated until all of the emerging women are captive. I hate being leashed like this! It is so terribly and intimately controlling! The vibrations of the closing locks and the swinging tugs of the leash chains penetrate far up inside my loins, then I move ahead until I am between the next pair of Sisters standing ready. They lift another line of gleaming links, these emerging through the back of the preceding nun's veil, and it is quickly fastened under my chin to the front ring of my own Collar Of Submission. Again, I move ahead and the next waiting pair pull my wrist separator bar tight to my waist, then adjust the chains from their rings on my hidden inner steel belt to it so that my hands are now held helplessly out to my sides. I am ready to be taken in total security to wherever it has been decided I should go today.

At the front of our coffle of penitents, a senior priest has locked the end links of the three sets of leashes from our hobbles, our Inhibitor Bars and our collars to a central ring and as each Nun emerges after being fully chained he moves further along the corridor. When he does, the first nun is compelled to move forward, and so the spacing is kept uniform. When the final woman emerges, her trailing leashes are also locked to a single ring and another priest controls that; keeping it under a firm tension so that no sister in the coffle can move closer to the ones before or following her. This arrangement is extremely secure and with only two locks, one at the end of the front and back chains, our entire group can be held in a line of silent, separated and isolated women, with none of us able to escape. Once we have all exited the chapel, we are led slowly down a cold, high ceilinged corridor, deaf to the clinking and clattering of our hobble chains and those that connect us to each other, unable to look up, thanks to our thrumming, tight nose leash chains.

My life has not always been this controlled. Things were *so* different, five years ago.

I am twenty four years of age, and fiercely *hate* what has been done to

me! I long desperately to be freed of this constant control and the bondage that has become my life, but can no more escape it now, than I could travel to the nearest star! The Habit I am forced to wear is *very* oppressive, covering me from head to toe in a heavy, thick, black, rubber-lined cotton; it being fastened securely over and onto my body; designed so that it cannot be removed nor escaped by the wearer. Of course, it was created specifically for girls and women such as myself, to both conceal our restraint equipment and to further control us. From what little I've been permitted to read, it hearkens back to the most stringent and limiting designs in the Church's history and not only is the costume bulky and heavy, but it also acts to severely restrict free movement, sight, and hearing. The Habit's head piece is designed to, supposedly, keep our attention focused on God at all times, and does that with admirable efficiency, even without the restraints and other equipment we wear hidden beneath its voluminous, flowing folds.

Our walk is, without doubt, an oddly appearing one to any normal person who might observe us, but there are none of those permitted beyond the public rooms of the Chapter House. I must pace slowly along the stone-flagged corridor, feeling my regulation 25 cm long hobble chain snap taut between my wide, tight ankle cuffs with every step I take, keeping me always aware of their presence and restriction. The tight chain from my veil-hidden nose ring ensures that I keep my head bowed submissively at all times, staring down at the swinging and jerking chain from under my chin. It leads to the back of the veil of the nun in front of me, then under it to *her* collar and the sister following me is similarly a captive. I cannot hear my chains' noises while I walk, or the sibilant swishing of my robes, or the clip-clopping noise of my strange and uncomfortable footwear. Neither is there the sound of happy feminine chat, or *any* other unauthorized noise, for each woman in our parade of leashed femininity walks with slow deliberation, trying not to trip on her tethers. Each of us has our hands kept spread helplessly wide at the sides of our waists by a thick, gleaming, steel separator bar and this is perhaps the worst punishment of all.

These Separator Bars are never removed from between our wrist cuffs, and *those* can, now, never be removed either! It is a constant source of misery and restriction and I wept for days after first being fitted with the awful thing, but now, I have almost grown accustomed to how helpless and vulnerable it

has made me. Occasionally, I still struggle to escape its restriction, but these attempts are useless, only bringing me hours and hours of forced penitence and isolation in my cell and so I rarely fight the restraint now; willing to do almost anything to avoid a session of correction. Nevertheless, we each have to spend one full day per week in ‘Meditation’, and I intensely fear the advent of these mandated periods.

Chapter One

Sister Catherine's Tale Begins

I suppose I should start my story at the point when I reached puberty, but first, to give you some idea of how I got to where I am today, I must speak a little of my background.

I grew up in a very devout family and community. Religion, being what it is, a power structure designed to control the masses, was insidious in its impact on my development and my views about myself and sexuality. So, as I approached the cusp of adulthood, my natural desires, feelings, sensations together with the thoughts and emotions accompanying such growth came to the fore. Given the strong convictions of my parents and my schooling in their version of morality, I was unavoidably subjected to all of these perfectly natural events, but they made me feel extremely guilty about what was happening to my mind in relation to my maturing body. Oh certainly, I knew I was a female and destined to bear the children of tomorrow, and I also knew I had to take a stand as far as my moral behavior and appearance were concerned, but my raging hormones and the normal curiosity of a teenager drove me with inexorable certainty to experiment with continuing delight about my body's increased awareness of itself. The guilt that followed each such episode, thanks to my religious upbringing, became more and more hard to bear, until finally, in tears of dismay and shuddering at thoughts of absolute damnation to everlasting Hell that I was sure was to be my lot, I went to my Mother and asked if there was anything to be done to maintain my purity until marriage.

She, being a faithful and somewhat naive soul, took my confession to the parish priest and he quite naturally showed her a brochure he'd received from the Archdiocese, telling of the new products being offered by the Chasti-Permalock Corporation. He also showed her a letter from the Bishop that affirmed these products were now being used with great effectiveness in The Church's convents and monasteries around the world, and on the inside back page of the brochure it was indicated that another product was also available; this designed to keep younger female members of the Church both

chaste and obedient to parental (and thus the Church's) authority. It was called The Chastity Preservation and Temptation Restraint System. Of course, she thought it was precisely what I needed, and so brought a photo-copy of the information home to show my father.

CHASTI-PERMALOCK CORP.

PRODUCT INFORMATION CIRCULAR

NUMBER 25

Chasti-Permalock Corporation proudly announces the release of our newest product!

We now offer a semi-permanent, multiple component Chastity Preservation and Temptation Restraint System!

The System is an extremely effective, tamper-proof, and inescapable arrangement of appliances that are *GUARANTEED* to prevent any type of sexual access, stimulation, or arousal by the wearer, male or female.

Chasti-Permalock Corporation has designed and created this System because of the strong demand by parents who wish to preserve the purity of their daughters (or sons) for the sacrament of Marriage.

Over the past 25 years, this System has been carefully developed and thoroughly tested on the most recalcitrant of young women and men, and has been found to be *100% EFFECTIVE* in controlling even the most resistant cases.

If you have a young person in your household that is worrying you with their wild behaviour, *THIS* is the System for them, and for your peace of mind.

Should you wish to learn more of the capabilities and requirements of

the Chastity Preservation and Temptation Restraint System, please contact your parish Priest.

All inquiries are held in the strictest confidence, and your satisfaction is *GUARANTEED* or your money refunded immediately.

We know you will be satisfied !

Little did I realize, but weeks of intense discussion between them followed, then one day after my bath, she told me to wear only my underwear and stay in my room. Moments later she came in and proceeded to measure me most thoroughly, but provided no explanation. I *thought* I was soon to get new clothes; a rare event. How right I was, but *not* what I expected! I forgot about this event shortly afterwards; disappointed when nothing further seemed to result.

Of course, I was unaware, but they'd decided that I was in need of a something substantial to save me from the temptations of the flesh, and so preserve me for eventual marriage. We were not well-to-do, and so the purchase was a substantial financial burden for the family at that point, but nevertheless, they eventually proceeded to purchase it, having decided to go for the full system.

I was sixteen years of age at the time, truly at a point in my life when 'Age of Consent' issues were no longer relevant, but, as with most young women in our community (a small one), I lived at home, and expected that I would do so until I was married; probably at around twenty to twenty five years of age. Then, I would move to the house of my husband and we would live happily ever after ... at least that's what I envisioned happening.

It was after Church, about two months later, that Mother took me aside in the cloakroom and whispered that I must go and have another bath upon our return to the house, then wait for her in my room, and not put on *any* clothes. Of course, my curiosity was immediately piqued, and I quietly nodded that I would do as she indicated, despite having washed quite thoroughly already. I sat primly in the back seat of our car on the trip home, rubbing my nylon clad legs together under my demure long slip and skirt.

‘*What’s going to happen next?’* I wondered.

Chapter Two

Dressed For Control

An hour later I sat on my bed waiting for Mother, clad only in a tightly wrapped towel. She entered my room carrying a large cardboard carton and without saying anything placed it on the bed to one side, then sat beside me on the other.

“Catherine?” she said quietly, and I turned to look into her slightly nervous gaze, “I know you have been tremendously worried about the feelings and sensations you’ve recently been experiencing. Your father and I are also concerned and want to ensure that you remain as pure as possible for your eventual marriage.”

“Yes, Mother,” I whispered back to her, dropping my eyes and blushing when she raised the topic of any type of sexual activity, even so obliquely.

“And so, dear, we’ve ordered some special ... ah ... underclothing to both help you stay out of temptation’s path and ensure that you do stay pure.”

“Oh, O-OK,” I acknowledged in another whisper, wondering where this was all leading.

“Catherine, you will need to wear this ... ah ... special clothing at all times, 24 hours a day, for it to be fully effective and although you may not like it and get tired of it, dear, your father and I have decided you must do so until you are ready to be married. It is, truly, for your own protection, and so I hope you’ll be able to accept our decision.”

“Y-yes, Mother,” I stammered, not really sure if I liked what she’d just come out with, but willing to go along with almost anything to allay my overwhelming episodes of guilt. “Is it going to be uncomfortable, or noticeable?”

“I don’t think you’ll find it to be too bad, dear, and it will be fully

hidden by your outer clothing. The accompanying literature says it can be worn easily and no one will know that you do, except for the cap part."

"V-very well," I agreed, "but why is there a cap?"

"Well, dear, it's quite a ... how shall I say it? The whole ensemble is really quite elaborate, and because we bought the complete set of appliances, the 'cap' is included and must be worn as a necessary part."

"Oh!" I said in a small voice, trembling nervously.

She stood, then opened the large white cardboard box and the first thing she did was to take a thin brochure from inside, then move to stand in front of me.

"Catherine, I know you're very modest, but you'll have to be completely naked for me to be able to dress you in your new underclothing. We're both women, dear, and I've seen you naked since you were a baby, so try not to be too concerned, OK?" She smiled nervously at me.

I smiled tremulously back at her and stood, then slowly and with a suffusing blush, dropped the towel onto the bed behind me. Mother was the soul of discretion and turned away to lift the first piece from its formed Styrofoam nest. What emerged was a steel belt some eight cm wide. The inside and edges were lined with a shiny black rubber, making it look terribly clinical and institutional and I shuddered with foreboding, suddenly feeling weak in the knees.

"According to the Manual, dear, this part has to be quite tight, so you'll have to suck in your tummy."

I did as she asked, holding my hands out from my sides while she slipped the wide band around my waist, gasping when its cold lining compressed my belly. There was a small metallic click over each of my hips, then Mother stood back and looked at me. Upon letting out my breath, I discovered just how tight the strap was, and looked wordlessly and questioningly at her.

“I suppose that’s the correct fit,” she said dubiously, “even though I added a little to your tummy measurement just to make sure. Now, let me have a look and see what’s next...”

She read for a moment then reached into the box again and pulled out a shiny, *U*-shaped steel piece with oval-shaped openings set into it at the curve and I knew instinctively where this piece was going to be fitted. It was shaped like the head of an aroused, Hooded Cobra; narrow at the top, then widening fully into the ‘hood’, and shrinking back to another narrowness. Past this second narrowing was another smaller ‘hood’ portion before it narrowed again. The widest one had a long oval-shaped hole, as did the smaller, and at points around these apertures, on the outer side, there were some sort of mechanical fittings.

“This goes between your legs, dear.” she said with quiet determination. “Please move them apart so can I fit it to you.”

Wordlessly, I followed her request, and a moment later felt the ends of the *U*-formed piece slide slowly up over my quaking stomach and up between my buttocks. At the front, it pressed firmly into my lower belly, while behind, it snuggled between the cheeks of my bottom and a strange excitement churned my mind while the sensations grew in intensity. Embarrassingly, I felt myself getting wet in that unmentionable spot, but Mother seemed not to notice my sudden trembling and wetness and instead concentrated on pushing the ends of the piece up into the slots for them in the bottom edge of the thick waist band. Two more subtle clicks sounded and I couldn’t stop the gasp I made from the sudden feeling of intimate constriction through my crotch. I moved my legs slowly together, feeling other intense sensations when the joins of my thighs slowly pressed onto the rubber edges of the steel strap. The fleshy nubbin I had surreptitiously fingered for the last six months was now, also, a captive under the crotch strap, a deep little cup isolating it from the surrounding flesh, and of course, from any investigating fingers.

“M-mother?” I whimpered. “Th-this feels very strange!”

“You’ll soon get used to it, dear,” she soothed. “Now, it’s time for the upper portion. Hold out your arms, and lean forward please, Catherine.”

Again, I did as she requested. She pulled another gleaming contraption from the box. It looked like a bra, and truthfully that's what it turned out to be, but made of a lightweight steel, and, like the belt and steel thong I now wore, this too was lined and edged with a shiny black rubber! I was already well developed for my age and had worn a bra from age twelve onwards, so when I leant forward, my pendulous breasts fell into their large, cool cups. Mother held these in place against my chest while wordlessly nudging me to stand upright.

"Please hold still while I do it up, dear."

I kept my arms outstretched to the sides and immediately felt the wide chest band clamp around my ribs. The back portion was made like an exercise bra; widening out into a small, rounded oblong, to which the lower ends of the overly wide chest band was joined. I heard what sounded like a couple of zipping ratchet noises and suddenly the thing clamped very firmly into the thin skin over my ribs, then when I tried to inhale, I immediately discovered that the chest band prevented any sort of deep breath! She moved around behind me, flipped the shiny straps from the tops of the fully-covering cups up and over my shoulders, then fed them into their mounts on the back piece. Another set of zipping sounds came and I felt the narrow, rubber-edged and lined straps pulled firmly into the hollows between my shoulder joints and collar bones and it wasn't comfortable at all! I tried to shrug them into a more easily borne alignment, but managed only to move them fractionally before she tightened them again!

She came to stand before me, inspecting her work so far, and at the same time I raised my hands to my chest, staring down in wonderment at the shiny, rigid steel cups that now contained and actually, imprisoned my breasts. Mother watched while I inspected how my breasts had been removed from my touch, then I dropped my hands to my waist and fingered the belt compressing it and the strap that descended to my sex, deeply indented into the soft flesh of my lower belly. It was then that I discovered that the frontal aperture over my sex was still open and a deep blush of embarrassment covered my face.

"There, there, dear," she said quietly, "*That* will be well and securely covered very soon!"

“M-M-Mother? This feels *very* strange, and it’s *not* comfortable at all!” I moaned, twisting and shivering like a new born colt, feeling the compression around my waist and through my crotch, and at the same time fully aware of the belt riding up over the curves of my pelvis, above my hips.

“Yes, I suppose,” she murmured quietly, “but it’s part of the price you must pay to remain chaste and pure,” she said with concern but steadfast resolve. “Now, I have to put on your cap and collar; so I want you to hold still, OK?”

“Y-Yes, Mother,” I said resignedly, for some reason nearly in tears.

She pulled what appeared to be a wide, gleaming choker from the box and a moment later I felt it slipped around my neck. There was another of the zipping clicks when it tightened, and I stared at her with concern when I heard something at the front, under my chin, and at the back, make a metallic clinking. She ignored my worried, questioning look and returned to the box, then brought out a network of narrow, flexible metal straps. These she lifted and draped over my head. They slipped down until the web pressed loosely against my hair, then she spent the next minutes pulling my long brown locks out from under the various straps, allowing them to settle snugly against my skull, almost concealed. When this was finished, she began to insert the bottom ends of the metal web’s straps into slots on the upper edges of my thick choker and once she’d finished, I found to my horror that I could barely move my head! None of the straps came fully over my face, thank God, but the remainder held my skull snugly and firmly. The ‘cap’ had a wide band at the front, just above my eyebrows, that completely encircled my head; descending on either side of my face, thus framing it in metal. At the crown, a wide cross strap went back over the top, then came down to just above each ear, where it split into a narrow oval, then from the bottom another short strap descended to also connect to my choker. At the back, the last one was also integrated and the whole thing frightened me with its limiting effect. I began to gasp and shudder quietly with the feeling of growing entrapment, knowing without doubt that I’d be terribly embarrassed to have to wear this thing all the time and knew without doubt that I’d get teased unmercifully at school. I *knew* it! It was going to be far worse than when I’d had to wear braces on my teeth just last year.

“There, there, dear,” she said consolingly. “I have a few more pieces to add, then you’ll not need to worry ever again,” she said quietly, trying to soothe me. “Hold still while I insert your ear plug/hearing controls, please?”

Suddenly, before I could move away, she gently pushed things that felt like narrow, long rods into each of my ear canals! For a moment all sound disappeared, then suddenly her voice came clearly to me.

“Now,” she murmured to herself, “they’re held in with these cups and straps, I think.”

Both plugs were suddenly forced deeper, making me whine with the strange sensation and try to twist away from her, but it was too late. I felt another set of metallic snaps! She came to stand in front of me once more, her hands beside my head, then she gently pressed the shallow domes that now covered them down onto the ovals surrounding my ears and rendering me even more deaf! Once more she brushed my long hair around until the cups were nearly concealed.

“Now, Catherine, I have to add the interconnection straps between your bra and the belt and as well, between your choker and bra, so I want you to stand still while I do it.”

I nodded wordlessly at her, tears of mushrooming misery now flooding down my cheeks. She picked up two, wide, short bands in a *V* and inserted the point into the upper edge of the waistband at the front and centre, then told me to lean backwards. When I did, she pushed the top ends of the *V*’s arms into mating slots in the tight, wide chest strap, one under each breast, and when I straightened, I felt them press into my body between the belt and the bra’s chest band.

“Now, I have to do the ones at the back, dear, so bend forward now please.”

A moment later, another two of the strange straps were fitted on either side of my spine. I straightened and felt both sets both compress and lengthen reluctantly when I moved, adding even more to my feeling of being trapped and harnessed. My torso wasn’t fully immobilized, but I felt very, very

restricted and controlled, as was the intent of the whole ensemble. Not only was it employed to keep me totally chaste, but it was also very much designed to ensure that I was easily and fully controllable at all times.

“Bend your head forward now please, Catherine.”

When I did, another of the straps went into a slot on the bottom and at the back of my ‘choker’, then into a mating one at the top of the back piece of the bra! She came around to my front and repeated the action with another of the special joiners; it rising from the wide, dividing busk between my bra cups, and fastening into the ‘choker’ at the base of my throat! I began to pant and shiver with nervous reaction, feeling more and more a prisoner by what I was being made to wear.

“M-M-Mother?” I whined, “I feel *awful* wearing this stuff! Please? Can you take it off and return it?”

“Catherine! We most *certainly* cannot!” she said, anger in her voice. “We’ve spent a great deal of money on this equipment for you! You *must* be protected and pure and this is the best way to do it! Father Timothy told me that a lot of girls of your age wear this System. They’re all fully-protected now and he said that they’re a lot happier after a few months, once they get used to it.

Chapter Three

Intimate Additions

"Now, hold still!" she continued more aggressively, "You must now be fitted with the most ... ah ... intimate portions, and I'm afraid it'll be a little embarrassing and painful for you. Please lay on your back, then spread your legs wide apart."

Groaning with misery and embarrassment, I sat awkwardly, then flopped back onto my bed, lifting my hips while she positioned a pillow then spread a towel under them. Fearing what was to come, I shuddered wildly when she returned to the box and brought out the next clinical piece of the ensemble.

"Now, dear, this is going to hurt for a moment when I insert it, but I want you to bear with me and the pain will go away quickly. Hold still while I lubricate you. Spread your thighs farther apart, please."

I could have died right then and there, I was so humiliated! A moment later I felt her gently spread some sort of cool, slick gel between my legs, then slowly, something round and thick and rigid began to enter my body! I bucked and wailed automatically.

"Hold *still,* Catherine!!" she commanded firmly.

The presence between my legs, gradually sinking into my body, felt strangely wonderful, until it pushed against my intact maidenhead. A startled gasp hissed from between my clenched teeth, then a sudden tearing pain flooded through my loins and I gave a short, sharp scream, only to feel the thick shaft slowly withdraw. Mother spent the next few moments cleaning me with the towel and some antiseptic pads, while I lay in shuddering misery and embarrassment. At last she spoke again.

"There! That's done properly, dear. I know it hurt, but far better by me than some uncaring man. Now, it's time to put the plug in. It will be taken out when it needs to be for you to clean yourself, but you *must* wear it all the

time, from now on. You'll have to tell me or your Father when you need to have it removed, for you will be unable to do so on your own because it locks in place. Now, open your legs again and hold still."

"Oooohhhh, *M-Mother*...?"

"Catherine! Just hold still!"

I subsided and she again began the slow insertion process. *Locked* inside me? Oh God! I gasped and writhed on the bed, feeling the thick, long shaft slide further and further up into my belly, until at last there was a subdued set of metal clicks from between my legs! God, it felt strange!!

"Catherine? Roll over onto your stomach and lift your behind. It's time for the next piece."

What! What was she going to do now? Nevertheless, I did as she commanded, and a moment after she'd lubricated me, felt a soft, flexible something nuzzle against the ring of my most private spot! The tears spilled from my eyes even more when the thing was slowly forced into my bowel, and I wailed quietly into my other pillow from the painful distortion of my anal sphincter, then I felt myself close tightly around a narrow neck. Another series of the metallic snaps sounded.

"There, dear!" she said with soothing tones, "that's the worst of it. You can get up now and sit on the edge of the bed."

Still in embarrassed tears, I twisted off the pillow and slowly pushed myself up to a sitting position. A startled gasp of discomfort hissed from my throat when I gingerly settled onto my buttocks and the things inside me twitched slightly, plunging fractionally deeper! The whole harness webbing my body felt terribly restrictive and I shuddered anew, remembering that she'd said I would wear this thing until I was married! I *already* hated it, and it had only just been put on!

"Now, Catherine. There are other parts you must wear, then you can get dressed. Hold out your arms and keep your legs straight, please."

Back she went to the box; this time returning with four, wide, plain, gleaming bracelets. One pair snapped around my wrists and the other went around my ankles. They were oval in profile and *very* snug and I couldn't shift them at all when I tried. Two sturdy little rings dangled from each, and I had a terrible premonition of what they were for. Those bands weren't the only ones though! She picked up a narrower pair and turned to me.

"Stand up and keep your arms lifted out to the sides, Catherine, then hold still, please."

When I did, she immediately clasped one of the narrow bands around my right arm just above the elbow, and snapped it closed with a solid click. My other arm was similarly endowed a few seconds later and I dropped both to feel the additional weight, then I attempted to bend my elbows. It was at that point that the tightness of the bands truly made themselves felt and I shuddered from the compelling and constricting sensations, then reached up and attempted to slip the limiting cuffs down over my elbow joints only to find that they could be not be moved over them. These though, were not the end, because she returned to the box and brought over another two large diameter, but equally as narrow bands, each fitted with two dangling, flat-linked chains with metal tabs on their ends and laid them on the floor in front of me.

"Step into these, dear, then I'll lift them into place and attach them."

What could I do? A second later I stepped into the steel hoops and she drew the right one upward over my knee until it was nearly half way to my crotch and very snug around my thigh, then at the front lifted the flat linked chain and with a tug on it, forced the metal tab into a slot in the bottom edge of my waist cinch, just forward of my hip. It locked with a solid little click, then the second chain, nearly at the back of the band, was pulled up and forward a little and its metal tab was pushed up into the edge of my waist band just behind my hip joint to also lock in place. Two minutes later my left leg was similarly adorned and I stood there in shock, feeling the firm and unrelenting constriction of the thigh bands. She reached back to the box and brought out a small, thick metal bar, then snapped it to fittings on the inside of each thigh band, and this of course, acted as a hobble.

“Very well, Catherine! You can look at yourself in the mirror now,” Mother said.

I stood, and gasped again, my hands flying to my crotch when the things embedded in my abdomen twitched and forced my internal organs to move around their rigid presences! Only the hard, impenetrable steel wall over my lower belly met my frantically scrabbling fingers and when I tried to bend over to somehow reduce the sensations, the resistance of the connecting straps immediately halted the attempt. I slowly straightened to ease the discomfort my body harness imposed, then took a hesitant step. *Again*, the things inside me made themselves felt in a disturbing way; shifting slightly and uncomfortably, making me wail from the strange sensations they forced me to experience. They were distinctly unpleasant and unnatural, but strangely, I began to feel a growing arousal from their hidden manipulations! Unbidden, my hands once more descended to my steel-imprisoned belly, unconsciously wanting to make them move even more inside me, and once again the steel covering thwarted my attempt. My face flamed anew while I walked carefully over to my closet door, then opened it to look into the full length mirror hung inside.

With every pace taken, I was made even more incredibly aware of the things now resident within my loins, and shivered fitfully, feeling goose bumps of some unnamed emotion. Needless to say, I was shocked and appalled by the sight that met my eyes! The whole-body harness I wore was incredibly institutional and hospital-like in its efficient covering and I shuddered with terror at what my friends and schoolmates would say when they saw it. I tried desperately to pull at the cuffs on my wrists and ankles, only to find they were indeed locked on, and I couldn’t get them off! Then, I tentatively pushed and pulled at the bra and interconnected panty set. Nothing I did moved them in the slightest amount. I was trapped inside the awful things! At last I just stood there in misery, looking at myself in the mirror, and it was then I noticed the small sturdy rings set into the waistband and those dangling from my various cuffs ... and my collar! Oh God! I *thought* I knew what they were for, but I didn’t really, yet. Mother spoke again.

“Yes, Catherine, those rings are all there for a reason. You’ll find out tonight, but don’t worry about it for the moment. Now, there’s one last thing I

have to do. Your new garments need to be activated and calibrated to ensure that they work properly, then you can get dressed in your normal outer clothing. The Manual says that you should be laying down when this is done, so please return to your bed. I'm afraid that this process will be a bit unpleasant for you, but the Manual says the sensations should only last for a minute or two while your System adjusts itself to your brain waves and body's reactions."

She took what appeared to be something resembling a TV remote control from the box, inserted a key, then pressed one of the many buttons on the face. For a moment, nothing happened, then, within the bra's cups, I felt the bases of my protuberant nipples suddenly captured in what seemed to be iris joints then be pulled outwards! I couldn't stop the howl of terror that tore from my throat and my hands jerked up to the smooth cups that imprisoned my breasts, desperately trying to claw through the steel at their apexes to make the horrid things inside release my tumescent and supremely sensitive flesh. *Nothing* I did stopped the slow, then very painful constriction and tension and I wailed in quiet misery, shaking myself frantically, trying to twist my body away from their biting of the suddenly swollen, blood-engorged flesh. At last it stopped, keeping them and my breasts painfully captive within their cups. I turned my head to stare miserably at her, tears of distress trickling down my cheeks. She stared back at me impassively, waiting.

Suddenly, a mild twitching shivered my loins! Somehow, the belt and the things inside me were sending out small, exploratory shocks! Oh *God*! My clitoris trembled to a small buzz of electricity and I writhed in an eye-popped frenzy, my fingers again clawing unthinkingly at the steel plate that sealed away my sex. The buzzing sensations were almost intolerable, but I *couldn't* get at my body, nor could I tear the cover off! The next thing was a series of shocks zipping through my anal sphincter and across my buttocks, eliciting an unthinking scream from my throat, then to my horror, my breasts were also assaulted with *another* tingling and twitching set of pulsing shocks and I almost fainted from their flesh-curdling strength. I lay twisting and writhing in near hysteria at what was being done to me, my sobs and gasps of terror and discomfort filling the room.

Mother sat stoically beside me while I lay writhing and weeping on the coverlet, reacting to the probes of my Chastity Preservation and Temptation Restraint System, watching me closely. Thankfully, everything soon stopped and I began to recover, feeling nothing at all now, other than the pervasive restriction of my new undergarments.

“Very well, Catherine!” she stated with a glow of sincerity. “Now that you’ve been properly fitted and your System is fully calibrated and active, you won’t ever have to worry about being tempted anymore, dear. I know it hasn’t been very nice, but it had to be done. Besides, you *did* ask for something like this, didn’t you?”

“Y-Yes, Mother,” I whimpered, wiping my eyes and feeling the weight of the thick cuffs around my wrists.

“Now, there are a few last things you should know. This is an interactive system, so the Manual says. If you should start to become ... err ... aroused,” she blushed, saying the words, “it senses this, and will act accordingly to prevent you from ... ah ... going too far.

“Also, dear, I’m afraid we will also have to take certain measures each night from now on to ensure that you remain in your bed, and so you’ll find there have been some ... ah ... additions made by this evening. When it’s time for you to go to sleep, there are two last items you’ll have to wear from now on, but you’ll learn of them then, also.

“Now, I want you to get dressed for the day, then we’ll go out for a nice drive and a movie.”

“Oh, *Mother*! I c-can’t go *anywhere* wearing this ... this ... stuff!” I wailed in an agony of terror at being seen wearing any of the hardware now fastened to me, especially the prominent collar, cap, and cuffs. “I’ll be *so* embarrassed! How can I hide them?” I gestured at myself.

“Well, dear, you can wear socks for the ankle bracelets and long-sleeved, turtle-necked bulky sweaters for the others. A scarf will cover your collar and ‘cap’. That should be OK.”

“Yes, but what about going to s-s-school!” I wailed in misery, assembling the clothing she’d suggested, shuddering with reaction to the twitching within me every time I moved.

“That’s another thing, dear,” she stated with emphasis. “Your Father and I have decided that effective tomorrow, you will now go to the Diocese School. The public system is just too poor a quality for a young woman of your intelligence. Besides, you’ll soon have plenty of new friends there, and you’ll find that most of the girls at the school also wear these Systems. Now, please get dressed.”

With that, she turned and left the room. Miserably conscious of the new so-called underclothing I was now held a prisoner within, I dressed slowly in the loosest clothing I had, longing to feel even a little normal again. Even my shoes had been changed to accommodate the ankle cuffs and now I was also attempting to get used to wearing the three inch high heels. This new footwear had an unexpected side result, over and above making me more cautious when I walked, for with the heel height, the alignment of my legs and hips was changed and I felt the intruders within my loins even more intensely with every step I took! Half an hour later I walked carefully downstairs and stood in the kitchen, waiting to go out to the car. My father, little sister, and brothers came in and inspected me intensely. I brazened it out and stared back at them.

“How are you feeling, Catherine?” my father asked, his hand sliding along my snared shoulder, then down my back and around my waist, checking that I was wearing my System ... and I knew it!

“Terrible!” I grumped, my face flushing a glowing red, not wanting to be sociable to him, or anyone else for that matter.

“Well,” he said resignedly, “I suppose that’s to be expected. I hope you’ll feel better about things when you get used to your new underclothes.”

“What new underclothes?” asked my brothers and sister, almost at the same time. “We wanna see what she’s wearing!!”

“Never mind!” I snapped at them, my face flaming anew. I tried to exit

gracefully to the garage, feeling the restricting harness resist my every motion, but the things locked inside me were very intrusive, moving disconcertingly when I walked. I climbed carefully into the back seat of the car then sat in a sulk, waiting for everyone else, still twitching and trying to get used to the things that held and penetrated me so intimately.

My sister and brothers got in beside me, fastening their seat belts while I tried desperately to ignore their impudent stares. My parents settled themselves in the front seats.

“Mom?” My youngest brother asked in a sudden bout of juvenile curiosity. “Why is Catherine twitching and shivering? She didn’t do it on the way to and from Church?”

Mother turned and leveled an intimidating, icy glare at him.

“Shush, Jeffery! One of these days you’ll understand. It’s just something young ladies like your sister have to accept.”

“Uh, OK!” he said, turning to look at me again with speculative eyes, but saying nothing more. The blood rose to my cheeks and he snickered with juvenile delight at making me blush. He already seemed to know just by intuition alone about the things holding me captive.

I was uncomfortable and inescapably aware of the steel under my innocent, outer garments. In privacy, not only could I not touch myself any longer, but in public, I had to pretend that what I wore didn’t exist! Sitting there in the back seat, it was distressing to feel the wide locked-in-place band of metal between my legs, even though hidden by my bulky skirt and slip, and I tried desperately to ignore the sensations flooding from my crotch up to my mind. It was useless. When I put my hands in my lap and felt the weight of the steel bracelets clasped around my wrists, I shivered again involuntarily. Without thinking, I began to thread my fingers through their small yet sturdy, dangling rings hidden under the long sleeves of my sweater and it felt strange and not a little terrifying to pull against them and feel the snug bracelets stop my hands and arms from moving freely! My feet also felt strangely heavy, especially when I tried to arch them, making the ankle cuffs clamp tighter and at the same time, my tensing thigh muscles fought their own stringent cuffs. I

tried to stop my twitching, relaxing myself and sitting back, then closing my eyes when we backed out of the driveway. Of course, when I did, the wide bra back pressed into me between my shoulders, suddenly making itself felt even more, and I shuddered anew at the strange sensation.

The movie was one of those soppy, suspense drama's that had a heroine falling into the clutches of evil men and naturally, she got bound then spirited away, but in the end, as always, she was saved by the hero and the baddies got their just desserts. About the only thing I liked was the rare treat of popcorn and a soft drink; something we were only permitted to enjoy on special, occasional outings like this. My parents, trying to alleviate my current feelings about being so controlled, had decided to take us all out and hopefully divert my attention from what they'd put on me. Upon our return to the house we children were sent to our rooms to do our homework for the coming week's studies.

Chapter Four

No Longer a Haven

Somehow, my room looked different, although I couldn't immediately put my finger on why, so I placed a pillow on my chair, then sat at my desk and began to work on the projects set for me, even though I would start at a new school tomorrow. The strap between my legs grew increasingly uncomfortable after about five minutes of being seated and I went to my bed and took another pillow to sit on, and it was then I saw it. I gasped with terror, for a gleaming, chain ran from a ring now bolted into the headboard of the bed and lay shining evilly up at me from where I had removed the pillow. A substantial lock was closed through its end link, with another threaded through one of the others, just where the bottom of the pillow would normally be! '*No*!' I thought to myself and stared frantically around the otherwise ordinary room. I noticed immediately that there was now a telltale line of bumps under the coverlet at the foot of the bed and I ripped off the covers to discover another chain leading up from a sturdy ring bolted into the footboard also! Shivering with a terrible sensation in the pit of my stomach, I remade it, then sat again at my desk in dazed misery, wondering just what I was going to do. The only answer I could come up with was ... nothing! I had no place to go!

For the rest of the evening I sat and tried to concentrate on the homework, but nothing seemed to get done. The sight of the locks and chains had totally destroyed my concentration and my mind whirled around the thoughts of what it was going to feel like to be fastened into my bed. At last Mother came to the door of the bedroom and stood there.

"Time to get ready for bed, Catherine. Go brush your teeth, then come back and undress. When you return I'll prepare you for the night."

"Y-Yes Mother," I replied nervously and slipped out of my bedroom and down the hall to the bathroom.

When I came back she closed the door and locked it then stood watching

while I undressed and neatly folded my clothes. She'd already pulled back the covers for the whole bed, revealing the chains from the top and bottom, as well as four others I'd not seen, these coming up, two on either side! I backed fearfully into the corner of the room, clad only in my restricting metal.

"Come, Catherine!" she said peremptorily. "It's time for you to say your prayers then get into bed."

Dutifully, but awkwardly, I knelt beside the bed, closed my eyes, and mouthed the words then clambered to my feet and sat on the side.

"Now, dear," she insisted, "I want you to lay down and stay still."

"M-Mother?" I quavered. "P-Please? Please don't make me do this."

"Don't be silly, girl!" she admonished. "I won't hurt you! You'll soon get used to wearing the whole System all of the time and even to being secured at night. According to the directions that came with it, you *must* be restrained when you sleep from now on."

"I don't *care* about the instructions!" I wailed, suddenly terrified of being fastened down. Another thought, one I hoped would save me from the chains, came to my mind. "B-but what if I have to g-g-go during the night?" I asked miserably.

"I've put a rubber sheet on the bed, dear. Don't worry about it. Now, lay down and roll onto your side."

With a heartfelt sob of misery, staring with horrible fascination at the gleaming chains, I did as she demanded, and then lay snuffling while she pulled their cold lengths out from the top and bottom of the bed. I felt a sudden weight at the back of my neck, then the dull snap of the lock being closed! A moment later, another sonorous click sounded from between my shoulders and a second after that, another sounded at the small of my back when the last link of the chain was locked to my tight steel belt. A sudden tension came on the chain from my collar and I wriggled up the bed a little to ease the sensation.

“Catherine, move your feet together please,” she commanded quietly.

I knew instinctively what was coming, and sure enough, a second later the inner rings on my ankle bracelets had been locked to the chain rising from the foot of the bed, then she tightened it, pulling my legs nearly straight out. Automatically, I tried to sit and bend them, but when I did, I felt a sudden compression of the collar around my throat when it began to choke me! My attempt only pulled me to the centre of the bed and I flailed my arms, trying to release myself.

“Catherine! Stop that!” she commanded briskly. “Now, roll onto your back!”

Through my long, automatic obedience to her wishes, I did as she demanded, staring up at her in tear-blurred misery while she drew out the side chains and locked them to the rings on the tight belt, over my hips, then tightened all four so that I couldn’t roll from side to side.

“Now, dear, your hands have to be fixed.”

She picked up my right arm and pulled it off to the side and there was another of those oh-so-final clicks. I immediately found that my wrist bracelet had been locked to the side chain, far away from my body. In a matter of seconds she’d walked around the end of the bed, but I flung my left arm to the right, desperate to prevent it being similarly fastened.

“Catherine!” she said angrily reaching for my left hand, “give me your arm right now!”

I began to cry then with deep, wracking sobs of misery; wailing for her to leave me alone. Of course, I couldn’t escape, but clung desperately to the hope that she would take pity on me.

“NNNnnnnooooo! *Pppllleeaassseee*!”

Grim-faced, she reached across my body while I twisted and fought my bonds, then grabbed my arm and began pulling it across. In a rush of sobbing, I relaxed and let her drag it into position, then heard the harsh metallic click

of the lock closing. Now I couldn't even touch myself! I *didn't* want to do this anymore! In a welter of tears I tugged frantically at the chains confining me, but it was no use.

"There are two more things to add to your sleeping arrangements, Catherine. I mentioned them earlier today, young lady, so I want you to just lay still while I fit you with them."

I couldn't escape and realizing this, lay quietly, snuffling and miserable, a prisoner in my own bed!

"Now, young lady, please calm down! Your father and I are here to protect and take care of you, so you needn't worry."

"B-b-but I don't want Jeffery, or Sandy, or Jeremiah to see me like th-th-this!" I blubbered, still tugging and trying to escape my restraints.

"You needn't worry about them, dear," she said quietly while she delved into the box again, "I've locked the door and it will stay that way every night from now on. They won't be able to get in.

"Now, I have these last pieces to add to your sleeping arrangements. You'll wear them every night from this point onward, so you may as well get used to the idea. First, I want you to close your eyes. This is a blindfold and it will help you sleep."

She held out a wide, formed plate that looked sort of like a big pair of sunglasses, then began to lower it over my face.

"Nnnooo! *Please,* Mother!" I gasped trying to sit up and at the same time roll away from the descending panel. She was determined though, and sprang its ends apart slightly. Inside, it was lined with a highly compressible black foam rubber, and a moment later I had to close my eyes when it approached my upper face. "Ooohhh, Mother! *Ppplleeeaaassseeee*???" I wailed.

"Quiet down, Catherine! Everyone will hear! Now relax! This won't hurt you!"

She was adamant and adjusted the blinding panel to my face then let the springy ends snap onto their mounts on the web of straps encircling my skull, just in front of my ears. There was no possible way, restrained as I was, that I could get the thing off. I rolled my head from side to side with agitation, what little the ‘cap’ and my high collar permitted, moaning with misery.

“Now, dear,” she said with concern in her voice, “I know you won’t like this last piece of your System but it *is* necessary, according to the manual. I want you to open your mouth widely and keep it that way until this is fitted and locked. Do you understand?”

I was completely blind, laying there helplessly and so could not see the device she held.

“Y-yes, but I-I’m scared, Mother!”

“Just do as I say and everything will be fine, dear. You know we want only the best for you, and will be watching over you constantly, so please open your mouth and keep it that way for a moment.” Her voice quavered with some sort of emotion when she spoke.

I opened my mouth to plead with her again...

“*Ooohhaaaaggghhh...*”

Something huge and rubber-tasting was forced deep inside and I gagged when it filled my mouth from front to back! I automatically bit down on the huge pad and my teeth sank into depressions making the fit of the horrid plug almost perfect, and it was then that I felt the mechanical locks when it was attached to my head harness. Something pushed onto the front of the band covering my lower face. Suddenly, the realization that I was now blinded and gagged, a helpless prisoner, hit me like a sledge hammer! Almost in hysterics, I jerked and pulled feverishly at my restraints, desperate to escape them, but I was held securely on the hard mattress. She pulled the covers up and tucked them in at the edges and around my collared throat.

“I’ve attached a water tube to your Silencer, Catherine. If you want to have a drink during the night, just push up with your tongue until you’ve had

enough. Good night, dear. Sleep well," she said quietly, and it was the last thing I heard, for there was a loud snap in my ears, then nothing but a depthless silence.

Long minutes later I gave up my frantic, but ultimately useless struggling and just lay in weeping misery, cursing myself for ever telling her about my guilty feelings. I was scared! I couldn't move from my bed. I couldn't see anything, I couldn't hear anything, and I couldn't even cry out for help!

'How,' I wondered, *'could the Church recommend that something like this be used to cure girls of their natural curiosity and desires?'* It was a harsh and oppressive way of dealing with a normal human condition, and it *wasn't* fair!

In the soundless blackness, I occasionally continued to jerk frantically at my restraints, feeling the steel hold me with utter authority, but then, I started to itch! Nothing I did alleviated the need to touch myself or free my tender breasts of their confinement, and, whining with frustration I continued my lonely struggles. Eventually, I drifted off to sleep in gasping tears, but no one helped me! Little did I know, but Mother had remained in the room with the lights on for the hour following, carefully observing my reactions and squirming. My father too, had come to check on me and together they compared my struggles and trials with the profiles listed in the System's manual. Apparently I did just about the same as every other girl who had been thus rendered 'safe', and so they finally shut off the light and left. This was how I spent every night from then on, for the next four years of my life.

In the morning I was awakened early by the sound of an alarm drilling into my brain through the locked-in ear plugs, then subjected to an hour of unavoidable prayers. Wearing the ear plugs and their covering domes ensured there was no way for me to escape the incantations of worship, and I literally had to become part of them. At last they ended, then some minutes later I felt a movement of my gag. Next, my blindfold was taken off and I stared blearily up at my mother, writhing anew against my restraints.

"Good morning, Catherine!" she greeted me happily. "Time for you to get you up and ready for school! I'm sure you're looking forward to your

new one, dear, and we'll get you organized very soon. Hold still while I release you."

"G-good morning, Mother," I whispered in a parched voice, licking my dry lips. I'd forgotten about being able to drink. In seconds I was free and sitting on the edge of my chain-draped bed.

"Now, Catherine, because you're wearing your new System, there are some other changes to your routine that you must get used to," she explained seriously. "First, to prevent you from being tempted, you are only permitted to be released from your ... ah ... internal appliances under strict supervision. Come along to the bathroom and I'll remove them, then as soon as you're done and have washed yourself, they will be re-applied. This will be done each time, even at school, and the Sisters there are completely familiar with the process, so you needn't worry or be embarrassed."

I blushed furiously at her comments, but pulled on my dressing gown, then followed her to the bathroom, hearing the little rings on my ankle and wrist bracelets tinkling musically with each step I took. Once there, I was quickly freed of the invasive internal devices and she washed them in the sink while I answered nature's calls, then climbed into the shower and washed myself thoroughly. It felt really strange to take the shower and see the spray touching my body, then feel the water gradually seep under the steel that harnessed me, but I washed myself as normal. Drying took a lot longer and was a much more complex process, but one that I would become used to in the weeks that followed. The worst part of the whole time came when she required me to reinsert what she euphemistically called my 'internal appliances'. It was embarrassing and humiliating in the extreme, and more tears rose in my eyes at being observed while these intimate acts were performed. The latching sounds of the covers closing were like knells of doom to my ears, and I could not stop writhing and twisting, trying to re-accustom myself to the awful shafts buried within my belly.

At last it was done and Mother took my hand then led me in tears back to my room. I made my bed, hiding all of the chains, while she went to my closet and brought out my new school uniform. Until this point, I'd worn what most of the other girls at school did: my own choice of a combination of jeans, sweaters, skirts and dresses, but now, I would no longer have to worry

about choosing my wardrobe each day. I would be only one of a flock of similarly clad young women.

The school's uniform was similar to others I'd seen; consisting of a knee length, pleated skirt, a high-necked, long-sleeved sweater, a head scarf, knee-high socks, and low-heeled, shiny black shoes. I didn't like it at all! However, it would conceal all of my restrictive undergarments, my cuffs, and my collar from public view, and so I grudgingly dressed myself, then went down to breakfast with the rest of the family. The meal was a strained affair and I picked morosely at my food, feeling the invisible restrictions of what I wore with increasing misery. At last we were done and Mother walked me to the curb to wait for the Parish's yellow school bus. By the time it arrived, it was nearly filled with young women dressed exactly as I, at least in external appearance, and I climbed miserably aboard then found a seat near the back. The girl I sat beside glanced quickly up at me, giving me the once-over without speaking, then just looked straight ahead, her hands folded neatly and quietly in her lap. A quick, nervous smile was all I got.

Curiously, I looked around, trying to see who looked like she'd be a friend, but everyone was silent and sat swaying back and forth to the jerky motions of the bus. I glanced down at my seat mate's wrists and ankles, and sure enough there were the same bulges and bumps that adorned mine. Upon closer inspection, I noted the rigidity of her body, like mine, and how she minutely shifted her seating, paling a little with each bump, and it was obvious that she too wore a 'System'. Some thirty minutes later we arrived at the school. It was a grim building within the walls surrounding the Church and I shuddered with misery, looking up at the tall, narrow, multi-faceted windows. We filed off the bus under the watchful eyes of a pair of nuns then walked slowly through the heavily banded oaken doors and along silent hallways to our classes. And so began the next phase of my education.

The days and weeks that followed passed in quiet succession and I gradually came to accept how I was restricted by my inner garments and that I was required to be chained to my bed each night. It became almost normal, even though every day I secretly fought and tried to escape the things locked onto and penetrating my body. However, the 'System' I wore was utterly secure and no matter what I tried, it could not be loosened or removed

without the keys.

Human biology, however, has its own imperative. Whereas until just before being fitted with my System, I had been surreptitiously able to explore my anatomy and thus create the burden of crushing guilt that had eventually placed me under its control, now those forays were totally denied and the pressure was still building. After two weeks of confinement, one night I lay chained on the bed (but no longer being observed by Mother), and began to feel a stir of a sexual awakening and longing, that until this point in my life had been only formless desires. Now, I *knew* what those feelings were.

I wanted desperately to touch myself ... to enjoy the sensations hidden just below the surface of my boiling mind, but The System was designed to prevent precisely *that* from happening, just as it did with my friends at school and so I lay twisting and squirming against my restraints, desperate, but nothing worked. My mind began conjuring erotic thoughts, as vague as they were at that point, and I could feel myself begin to climb into an unknown area of heightened awareness and thigh-shivering arousal. Within minutes I lay twitching, panting and gasping into my gag while formless erotic thoughts roiled my mind, once more fighting the chains holding me so helpless. The struggling though, only added fuel; the endorphins created by my muscles, building the fires of lust and arousal higher each minute! Within a few more minutes, I was lost in a thigh-shivering spasm of arousal, feeling all of my strict restraints holding me a prisoner, but those sensation only made me more and more aroused.

Chapter Five

The System's Capabilities

It was then, while I was lost in the haze of half-crazed arousal, blinded, gagged and deafened, that the insidious System revealed the first of its awful secrets!

I'd almost forgotten the time when it had been fitted, then had calibrated itself, but now it became, *fully* my mentor, guardian, and controller! A series of needling, strongly pulsing shocks shuddered through my imprisoned breasts and nipples making me scream into my gag with horrified surprise and pain, then, I screamed harder and harder when the terrible shocks increased in strength! Muscles stood out bar-taut in my arms and I thrashed in agony, doing anything I could to try to get my hands free, to tear the cups off my chest! The pulsing shocks through my nipples and breasts weren't the only thing I was subjected to though, for despite them, or perhaps because of them, my arousal mounted even higher! Sudden cascades of electricity pulsed out from the dildo embedded in my writhing, steel-bisected belly and I desperately tried to curl into a small fetal ball and escape the intimate torture and then the next horror was unleashed, when, under the cup that covered and isolated it, my clitoris was transfixed with needling, horribly intense waves of more shocks! My legs jerked frantically at the chain holding them out straight, and I gagged on the huge rubber plug in my mouth! *This* was why I wore it I now realized, howling incoherently. It was to prevent my cries from disturbing the rest of the family while I was being automatically 'corrected' by The System! The top and bottom and the side chains prevented me from throwing myself off the bolted-down bed and *nothing* I did stopped the process! Captive, I lay in soundless blackness, begging for the endlessly repeating and escalating punishments to stop.

'Oh *God*!! Please *stop*!'

Any erotic thoughts I had were immediately shredded by the horrible, intrusive, and agonizing electrical impulses; disappearing in a welter of my unstoppable screams. As soon as they did, the shocks stopped, tapering off to

only occasional slow twisting and curdling zaps through my chest and belly. I subsided in gagged tears, arousal having been seared from my mind by the automatically administered discipline of the CP-L System.

The ‘cap’ I wore contained dozens of sensors that measured brain activity, and when mine registered a state of increased sexual arousal, it had triggered the ‘correctional’ actions of my confining garments. I could remove none of the things locked onto and into my body (believe me, I’d tried dozens of times!), and so I was truly the author of my own punishment.

At school, we’d overcome our initial shyness and embarrassment at seeing each other locked into our Systems while we were at gym classes, and being restricted in our exercising as we were by what we had to wear. I and the other girls experimented with all sorts of things to try to pick the locks of our garments, but nothing worked, and at one point or another, all of us ended up crying in frustration at being unable to escape the horrid devices. Our frustration was due to our growing but unsatisfiable sexual desires; although none of us spoke about *that*, at first. Finally, one day in the privacy of the locker room, one of the girls broached the topic and we all began to tell each other how awful the things inside our bodies made us feel, and how we got punished for thinking any sort of arousing thoughts. Soon, tears began to flow and we each reached out to comfort the girl next to us. I suppose I must have trespassed some sort of threshold, as had the girl I clung to in misery, our steel breast cups keeping us separated by their rigidity. A sudden sharp, trilling set of shocks filled my captive breasts and at the same time transfixed my untouchable clitoris! We flung each other away from ourselves, howling in pain until we were separated by two meters and only then did the shocks slowly die away. Our hands and fingers scrabbled frantically and desperately at our tortured chests and crotches trying to somehow escape, but the message had been delivered: we were not *ever*, under any circumstance, to be permitted sexual arousal or stimulation ... by anyone, of either sex! From that point on, the two of us could not get closer than a meter from each other before a set of mild, warning shocks were given to us both. If we got closer, the shocks immediately became stronger and stronger until they were unbearable! The other girls soon discovered this aspect of their control also, resulting in many more frustrated tears.

In particular, one of the more beautiful girls seemed to always shun being close to anyone. She was a very pleasant person, but if she approached and stayed with any of us for too long, we'd both suddenly find ourselves receiving the initial warning shocks, and then the strong ones! We supposed she was a lesbian, deeply attracted to other females, but her 'System' had isolated her to the point that she always remained separated from any other girl by at least two meters. It was sad and cruel that she was so effectively controlled, but there would be worse to come for her. We didn't know it, but a computer record was kept of all of our attempted liaisons, and hers had spiked far above the other students. Her parents were informed at some point, and they, knowing now that she'd never give them any grandchildren, were consigned to her becoming a Lay Sister. One day she just disappeared from our midst and was never seen again. Her fate as a Lay Sister, as we discovered, during a study of the Church's structure, was not one that any of us ever wanted to have happen to us.

Erotic thoughts came more and more frequently while the weeks and months passed and my instinctual arousals became ever more frequent. I dreaded being put to bed each night because I *knew* I would be punished for my impure thoughts and attempted actions. After the first two times I was 'corrected' by the CP-L System, I complained in bitter, accusatory tears to my mother the next morning, but her response wasn't at all comforting, even though she spoke gently and kindly.

"Catherine, that is *precisely* why you wear what you do," she explained, looking earnestly into my brimming eyes while I lay chained before her. "You see, dear, we and the Church know that these thoughts and feelings come to young women, and so that is why this particular system is recommended.

"Yes, dear, I understand that it punishes you automatically for your feelings and thoughts, but they *are* sins, and we want you to be aware so that you will always be properly-behaved in the future. I'm afraid you're going to stay in this," she ran her hands over the gleaming steel cups imprisoning my breasts, the belt clamped around my middle, and the steel panel over my belly, "probably until you're married.

"Perhaps your husband will release you from it, but more than likely,

you'll wear it until you become pregnant. A lot of women are now required to wear this System all the time when they're between pregnancies."

I wept at the injustice of my suffering right now, and at what I might have to live with for the rest of my life, but she ignored my distress and soon had me on the bus to school, dressed in my ugly uniform. To my increasing horror and terror, I began to become aroused even during classes other than gym! Of course, the System reacted automatically, and many times I had to stumble from the classroom in tears of distress while it quelled my thoughts with automatic, electrical discipline. I *tried* not to think any impure things, but it was hopeless! Even the slightest hint of arousal now sent incredibly painful disciplinary shocks through my breasts and crotch as The System made on-going calibrations to subdue my libido.

Like the rest of my schoolmates who'd been so equipped, I became, basically, a sexless, female-appearing being. Oh yes! I wore the clothing and had the correctly placed curves and a pretty face, but other than that, I was kept undeniably 'pure'.

And so the next four years of my life passed, until I reached my twentieth birthday.

Chapter Six

Exploration & Betrayal

Over those years, from the beginning of my incarceration, my parents had, of course, allowed me out on dates, but these always seemed to end in tears and recriminations when my escorts discovered my state of enforced chastity and unavailability. One or two tried to extricate me from my confining garments, but they always failed. Then there was one that, on our fifth or sixth date, brought along four locks. For some strange reason, nothing happened to me at first, when we'd reached the classical 'necking' stage, and I had been semi-willingly undressed by him. I blushed furiously when he saw the things that controlled me, but their presence didn't seem to faze or worry him and we continued our hungry kissing while his hands roamed over my body, exploring the devices locked onto me. He was fascinated by them and the fact that I could not get them off, but I was in a daze of happiness at his not laughing at my predicament and so ardently returned his deep kisses, writhing my tongue around his and exploring his taste with a deep, unsatiated hunger. Suddenly, he held my arms behind me and I heard the click of a lock when he locked my wrist bracelets together and at the same time to a ring at the centre back of my waist band, then moved upward and did the same to my above the elbow ones making me stick out my steel encased breasts!! He'd confined me! Only my Mother had done so until now, and I was shocked at the feeling of terrible vulnerability that washed through my mind, even though I was fully-protected by the steel garments. Wordlessly, he knelt and joined my ankle bracelets to each other ... and I permitted him to do it!

Of course, I struggled against this bondage, but knew I was held helplessly. He leaned back and inspected me for a moment, then his mouth descended onto mine once more and we resumed our passionate kissing. Actually, I began to enjoy being held so helplessly while he ravaged my mouth with his, but then, some minutes later he stopped again and left me alone on the couch, still bound. When he returned, he carried a short length of chain. I lay quietly, panting with increasing worry, while he opened the lock joining my ankles then closed it again; the chain now a part of my fastening. I was leashed. Wide-eyed and silently staring at him, he rolled me onto my

stomach, then pulled the chain up behind and attached it to the back ring on my steel bra. I was shocked at what this did and in order to ease the strain, I was forced to both bend and spread my knees apart to the length permitted by the connecting bar that joined my thigh bands to each other, something I *never* did! He rolled me again onto my back and silenced my protests with his spearing tongue and roving hands.

The System sensed my simmering arousal, and when I passed the threshold of what it permitted me to experience, I was assaulted by the unavoidable 'correctional' shocks! I lay before him, my thighs partially spread, hands chained, while he continued to build my fire to greater heights and soon, I could stand no more of the increasingly painful shocks to my most tender areas, and began to weep and beg him to free me and leave me alone. Our date ended in bitter misery for me and I never saw him again. From then on, they were usually only one night affairs needless to say, and I rarely let myself be held. The consequences were just too awful to permit it.

It was at this point that a young man entered my life; one my parents approved of in every way, and I began to date him seriously. Naturally, I was still confined in my System, and so was, in my parent's estimation, safe from the predator male.

Jason, my newest suitor, was a person they apparently came to trust and enjoy and one day my Mother told me she'd taken him aside and explained about my controlled and protected state. I supposed it didn't bother him too much, for he continued to see me over the next six months, then an afternoon came when Mother took me to her room and there freed me from the garments that had so long controlled and disciplined me.

"Catherine, your father and I now feel you should be allowed your freedom, as you have been in training for four years, and it's time you became an adult. You won't have to wear this again," she said gesturing to the assembly of steel restraints I'd so hated, laying there on the bed, "unless you develop unhealthy attitudes and thoughts. So, dear, I want you to continue dating Jason, and I'm sure he'll propose to you sometime very soon!"

"Oh, Mother!" I replied with tears of happiness brimming my eyes,

ecstatic at finally being released. “Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!!”

Literally running, I went to the bathroom and soaked in luxury for the longest time, then went to my room to dress and prepare for my date. I was primness itself that night and on the dates following, and it was a good thing! Jason tempted me with hugs and kisses, but I always rebuffed any sort of sexual advances for The System had done its work well ... but not thoroughly enough. Little did I know, but he was prying at my resolve, with my parent’s approval (actually he was a Church sanctioned ‘tester’), and we were under continual yet unobtrusive observation.

I had been out of my CP-L System for almost a month and luxuriated in my freedom from its oppressive control of my life. Although I had not masturbated to an orgasm, I had, however, experimented with my until-now contained lusty feelings. Then came the night that changed my world forever.

That evening I dressed for our outing, and away we went; off to the drive-in to see some sort of horror picture that was all the rave. Throwing caution to the winds as scene after gruesome scene unfolded on the screen, I eventually got into the back seat with him and held on for dear life. The huge screen filled with scenes of blood and gore and I clung, shivering and cowering myself against him. Well ... one thing led to another, and inside half an hour I was naked in his arms and completely willing to abandon myself, for the first time, to a full sexual union. He was a skilled, observant man and soon I was uninhibitedly climbing towards a climax. My orgasm hit me like a ton of bricks and I fainted from the explosion that spread from my belly, up through my body and heaving, sensitized breasts, then obliterated my mind in a star burst of overwhelming light and sensation. When I recovered, I wanted more and more and more! He was willing, and so soon I was on my way again, all thoughts of how The System had disciplined me in the past having completely evaporated.

Much later he returned me to my home and left after a chaste good night kiss on the front porch. I happily embraced Mother and Father, then went to my room and got ready for bed. Sleep came quickly, and in moments I was completely out. Unbeknownst to me, an hour later, Jason returned from the Archdiocese Office and quietly entered the house when my father and mother opened the door to his discrete knock. He spent the next two hours talking to

them, as I have been told, then departed again to finalize his arrangements. In my room, above, I slept deeply, blissfully unaware that this was my last night of freedom, for the rest of my life.

Morning came with a burst of golden light across my bed and I lazily opened my eyes to stare at the ceiling above for a minute or so; a happy but guilty smile at the memory of the previous night's sexual joy on my face. A small sound at the side of the room caught my attention and I lazily rolled my head to see three people quietly watching me awaken. My Mother and Father stood beside each other and next to her, Jason, in some sort of uniform, also stood watching! I was shocked that my room had been invaded, and even more so when Jason stepped to the door and admitted two fully dressed nuns! They came to stand beside my bed on the other side.

"Catherine!!" my father said sternly, staring down into my upturned face. "You have disappointed us greatly. We wanted you to become a proper young woman, and so insisted you wear the CP-L System, but obviously you should have been kept in it to control your carnal tendencies. Jason has told us all about last night, and how you fell from the path of virtue!"

"But ... but F-Father..." I began to weep, feeling terribly betrayed, "he-he tempted me, and th-then he ... he..."

"Silence!" he roared angrily. "I don't wish to hear your sorry excuses! We've already learned about your willingness to forgo of our values! I'll stand for no more of this misbehavior! I have no desire to have you here at the house, for you'll soon corrupt your sister!

"Your mother and I have decided that you shall continue your schooling, but from now on at the Convent. In time you will become a nun whether you wish to or not. Sister Margaret and Sister Genevieve will escort you to the nunnery in a few moments."

I stared up at the two fully-robed and veiled women standing at the side of my bed and saw little sympathy in their severe, Habit-framed faces. Trembling, I sat up, clutching the covers around my nakedness and wailed with desperation and terror in my voice.

“I *don’t* want to be a nun! I couldn’t stand that kind of life!” I bawled.

“I’ve decided that it’s probably the best life you’ll have, Catherine,” Father said ignoring my misery. “You’ll live at the Convent as a Postulant for a three month evaluation period while you continue your studies, then you’ll be fully inducted into the order. In effect, young woman, you are being incarcerated there, although we shall come to visit you as often as we can manage.”

“No! *No-no-no*!” I wept miserably. “I won’t go there! I *won’t*!!”

My mother spoke for the first time. “Catherine, you *must*! It is all for the best! Please, dear, you must go!” Her lips trembled with emotion and I collapsed back onto the mattress weeping in despair of what had happened to my life.

“Very well, Sisters!” my father said grimly. “Please do what must be done to prepare her for transportation. We’ll wait downstairs to say good bye.”

With that, he, Mother, and Jason turned and filed from my room. I stared up at the waiting, implacable escorts.

“Good morning.” The older of the nuns stated calmly. “As you have been informed, we will escort you to the Convent and ensure that you are properly installed there. Now, please get out of bed and we will proceed to the bathroom. You will shower and wash thoroughly, then we will dress you again in your Trainer System.”

“N-n-no ... *please*,” I whimpered, shivering with misery at so soon having to wear the awful things again.

“But of course!” said the other, with a lilting French accent. “You *must* wear it! The Convent’s regulations require that *all* women in residence do so!”

“Oooohhh *pplleeaassee*!” I sobbed. “I don’t want to. It’s *horrible* to be so controlled all the time ... for nothing!”

“Girl, we all have to suffer for our sins in this world and this is but a small price to pay for your sure arrival in the arms of our Heavenly Father. Now, go to the bathroom then we will assist you in getting dressed.”

She gestured peremptorily at the door and I reluctantly sat up, then, clasping my nighty around me, walked slowly from the room. They followed and closed the door then stood outside, waiting.

Chapter Seven

Taken to the Abbey

When I emerged nearly an hour later, they accompanied me back to my room and locked the door once we'd entered. It took them only short minutes to refit me with my System and I was so sunk in a sea of misery that I just let them put it on me; barely twitching when the awful thing re-calibrated itself, then, without a word, they brought out a plain, floor-length, grey cotton robe and dropped it over my head. I shivered violently with the sensations of once more being contained and controlled, then stood still while they fastened the robe's buttons up my back. When I turned to face the mirror, I was shocked at how very plain I now appeared. The high-necked bodice, floor-length, heavy skirt, and flounced, hand-covering sleeves concealed the things that controlled and held me their prisoner. They busied themselves at my waist for a couple of minutes, doing something with the rings on my hidden cinch and the thick, wide elasticized fabric waist of the dress.

"Please place your hands at the front!" one of them commanded sharply.

I obeyed silently and listlessly, and then heard a snap. My wrists had been connected to my belt! Pulling and jerking did no good of course and bitter tears brimmed my eyes, but were ignored while they knelt before me. I heard the rattle of a light, musical chain, and was not at all surprised a moment later to find that they had locked it between my reinstalled ankle cuffs; then my skirt was allowed to fall, concealing the restrictive arrangements. They stood up and I felt them move my arms, then they obviously fished the rings from my above-the-elbow cuffs through eyelets in the sleeves. A second later I felt a weight on the right elbow cuff, then on the left one and immediately my elbows began to be pulled together! I heard the small click of a lock closing and found that my arms were now fully immobilized, then they ensured that the bondage was even more secure by drawing the chain from between the elbow cuffs down to the central back ring of my waist band and locking that also. One of them produced a long cape, and without a word, draped it around my shoulders then fastened it all the way to its hem at mid-calf.

“We’re ready. You may say goodbye to your family before we go to the car.”

My pinioned arms were grasped above the elbows and they walked me from the room I had called my sanctuary for so many years; knowing then that I would never see it again. They held me with great firmness while I stumbled down the stairs, my ankle chain clattering under the long skirt, swirling and snapping with evil intent. At the bottom, my parents waited by the front door.

“Good bye, Catherine,” my Mother said distantly. “This is all for the best, I’m sure. Soon you’ll be safe in the hands of the Church, and I pray they will tame the wildness from you that we couldn’t seem to manage.”

My father just glared at me for a moment, then spoke quietly.

“Catherine, as I mentioned briefly before, I’ve arranged with the Bishop and the Father Superior of the Convent to have you placed as a Postulant. When you’ve completed that period, you will become a Noviciate, and finally, a fully-fledged Sister Of Eternal Penitence. You’ll continue your schooling of course, but soon you shall work for the Church and the greater Glory of God. Good bye, girl.” He turned and walked away.

I was devastated, but Mother only looked at me with sympathy, then opened the front door. Tears of misery filled my eyes and trickled down my cheeks when the two stern, silent Sisters each grasped one of my upper arms then pulled me from the house. I stumbled along the sidewalk between them, unable to stop the sobs that shook my snared shoulders, while I was marched to their car. Two neighbors looked on with interest and my face flamed for them to see me like this, because until now I’d assumed that they didn’t know what was happening to me ... now they surely did! I needn’t have worried though, for they’d never see me again ... at least in a guise they’d recognize.

Two minutes later, I sat in the back seat of a big black limousine, centered and held in place by two wide, tight belts clipped to the side rings of my hidden waist band, but rather than getting into the front seats immediately, my escorts slid in beside me.

“Catherine, you are soon to become a member of our Holy Order. As such, you will learn that Obedience is our primary rule. Now, before we begin the journey, and to get you into the feel of the environment in which you will soon be required to live, we will fit you with your Silencer and Blindfold. Please open your mouth, child.”

I *wasn’t* a ‘child’! I was a fully-matured young woman! They sat beside me expectantly, holding the implements that would be used to make me even more helpless than I already was, and for the last time I stared longingly out of the darkened windows at the pleasant, tree-lined street I’d grown up on. Somehow I knew it, and more despairing tears filled my eyes then slid, untouchable, down my face. The two Sisters didn’t pay attention to my regretful histrionics, for they’d enacted this scene dozens and dozens of times before, and so with an abrupt motion the gag was brought to my face. Its slightly resilient pad pushed firmly against my lips and teeth, and I unthinkingly opened my mouth to accept it as had become an automatic response. A second later the snaps of its mounting hardware clicked onto the fittings of my head harness, then, my hearing disappeared. I looked wildly at them, only to have all light suddenly blotted out when the blindfold was pressed over my upper face. For a moment I writhed and fought my restraints, but even that capability was soon taken!

One of my captors pulled a chain from its mount on the seat back and snapped it to the rear ring of my collar, then pressing a button, activated the winch that tightened it, pulling me with great firmness back into the deep cushioning. I choked for a couple of moments until I got used to the sensation, but they had one last securement to complete. My legs were pulled out in front of me, then I felt the vibration of another lock being closed! When I tried to pull them back, my ankle bracelets stopped the motion abruptly, and so there I sat, helpless, silenced, blinded, and deafened. The seat bounced slightly when they slipped from it to leave me alone and there came a set of vibrations when the back doors on either side slammed shut, then the front ones when they got in.

My journey began with the feeling of the car accelerating along the street and I swung against my bonds in almost sickening oscillations when we rounded the corner. The next two hours were a nightmare. I was

completely lost, and I sat in isolated misery, deeply fearful of what was to happen next.

I have never seen the outside of the Convent I am a prisoner within, nor do I know where it is in relation to my home, even though I had probably seen it at some point in my life. The interior is far more prison-like than anything I'd ever seen on TV, for it seemed to consist only of rows of high, gleaming, barred walls separating the various areas of the building, and all of the room doors are made of a heavy, age-blackened steel, each with its own high security lock. The doors are all deeply inset into the thick stone walls, and therefore unreachable by the woman confined inside. Everything was of dressed, grey stone, and there are thousands of sturdy rings set into the walls. The ceilings are high, and the lighting, when I have been permitted to see, is dim, giving a pervading sense of gloom and menace.

Upon arrival in the Convent's garage, my hearing was returned, then the blindfold removed and I stared around while they released me from my fastenings in the back of the vehicle. A moment later I was walked slowly through a series of the long, bar-walled corridors until we came to the room that has been my home, but never a refuge, ever since. Once inside the forbidding chamber, I realized why it was called a cell for that is exactly what it is. I suddenly felt a heavy weight tug at the back of my neck, then stared fearfully around the chamber. Silently, the two nuns released my hands and arms, although only for a moment, and quickly divested me of the gown. The temperature was high enough that I felt no chill, and I stared, still silenced, at my captors, trying to question them with my eyes. I was ignored while they took short chains from a hook on the gray stone, then clipped them to the side rings of my waist band, joining them to the rings of my wrist bracelets and it was then I became fully conscious of the swinging weight dragging at the back of my neck. I partially turned and saw a heavy chain hanging down behind me, looping up into the gloom of the high-ceilinged chamber. At the time I wasn't aware, but it was wound around the drum of a remotely controllable winch. When I looked down, I saw another chain forged around a deeply set ring embedded in a recess in the middle of the cell's stone floor.

They made no move to take off my ankle chain; instead, one of them knelt, pulled the long floor chain through her fingers until its end link rested

in her palm, then locked it to the central ring of my far too short hobble. Neither did they remove my Silencer, and I twisted, then jerked my restrained hands to my face, attempting to pull it off, but managed only to touch the outer surface of the panel that sealed my mouth. There was no possible way for *me* to remove it. I straightened after a moment to stare mutely at them.

"Postulant Catherine, this is where you will live and study for your Evaluation Period. Meals will be provided, and there are washing facilities and a toilet for your bodily needs, although for the next day, you will do nothing other than fast and pray. A kneeler, Prayer Book, Bible, and the Convent Rule Book are in the shelves, together with a new diary and writing materials.

"At the end of your fast, we shall return to fit you with your Feeding Silencer. You shall then resume your studies and a week from today you will be fitted with your Postulant's Robes.

"You will be under constant observation and your piety will be gauged, then, at the time you become a Noviciate, in three months, we shall act accordingly to ensure your full compliance with all of the rules and regulations of your new life here. From this time forth until you become a full Sister, you will be kept in your present underclothing. When you are fully invested into our Order, you will then receive a complete set of Nun's Disciplinary Equipment and your full robes."

I attempted to beg and scream at her, around my horrid gag, then clasped my chained hands, begging mutely.

"No! You are *not* permitted to speak. Neither will you be permitted to hear any sound other than what the Church deems necessary. Each night, you will be fastened to your bed, as you were at home, but in addition, the stocks built into its frame will also be employed. I caution you, young woman, to do what is commanded of you. Although we all believe in a just and merciful Lord, there is also a strong discipline you must learn, and penance you will be required to suffer, to eventually rise into the glory of His presence. For the moment that is all."

They both turned in a flurry of their long skirts, then walked to the

doorway. When they passed through, a closely-barred panel slid down and locked in place, then two meters beyond that, I saw the thick, black outer door swing shut, latching securely closed and locked, then my hearing disappeared! Oh God! *Oh God*!!

I stumbled closer to the barred door, for the first time being fully and deeply aware of my imprisonment. Retching and screaming into my gag, I hobbled across the cool stone floor, my ankle chain snapping tight with each pace, feeling the drag of the floor leash fastened to it. Above and behind me, the other leash to the back of my neck slowly tightened, then suddenly, a meter from the barred inner door both snapped tight, stopping me in my tracks. I tried to surge forward, choking from the pressure of the collar on my windpipe; my hands instinctually attempting to reach out and touch the gleaming steel shafts of the inner door, but the short chains from my waist cinch prevented them from getting anywhere near it! I slowly backed up, then sank to the stone in a welter of tears and silenced, sobbing misery. How long I spent huddled in my restraints, tugging fitfully at the chains, I don't know, but I was in utter despair at what had happened.

'*Why? Oh why had I not been more aware of myself?'* I asked over and over, alone and lost in my secure cell. A sonorous woman's voice eventually came into my ears.

"All Sisters Of Penitence are called to prayer! Proceed to your assigned positions and begin with your Prayer Book, Chapter Five, Verses 14 to 80. Praise God to his greater Glory, for you shall come to the Gates of Heaven as His Brides..."

The voice went on without pause, and try though I did, I could *not* escape the unending urgings and teaching that flowed in an unstoppable, mind-numbing stream into my ears. I remained huddled on the floor, trying to ignore the exhortations, but suddenly, a series of the horrible shocks pulsed through my breasts and loins! I surged to my feet, screaming, my fingers clawing at the steel cups and the panel over my sex, and danced madly around at the limits of my leashes. Obviously, I was being closely observed and it had been decided to enforce the commands of the voice cascading into my ears. Tears of pain flooded my eyes again, and I looked desperately around the cell, then saw the kneeler facing a heavy cross part way up the

wall of an alcove. I stumbled over to the kneeler and dropped to my knees on the lightly-cushioned pad, fumbling awkwardly with my chained hands for the Prayer Book and only then did the horrible pulses die away. I had, unwittingly, begun to create the long list of rebellious acts that would seal my fate.

For hours and hours I knelt there, desperately afraid to get up until released by the voice, but after the prayers had been read, I was then ordered to begin reading the Bible and finally the Convent Rule Book. The last was the most frightening document I have ever had the misfortune to read. Not only did it detail the Convent's Regulations, and Punishments for transgression, it also, quite logically and baldly, laid out the framework that governed the lives of those of us confined within these walls. The scary part was that it asserted there were tens of thousands of young women in my position, here and in hundreds of other Convents! We were unwilling participants in a Church- and country-wide policy of controlling unattached, fertile, young females, and would be kept in our so-called 'havens' for the rest of our lives! In effect, but not in so many words, I read that I was destined to become a permanently-indentured, totally-controlled slave of the Church! It was horrible, and I thought I knew with certainty, that things were as bad as they could get.

How wrong I was with that assumption, I found out three months later.

And so my first hours in the care of The Church passed.

A long time later, the light from the high-set, narrow, barred window in the upper wall of my cell disappeared, yet I remained kneeling in the gloom, utterly alone in a deep silence. Oh how I wanted to get up and walk around, even though chained. At last I ventured it, and stumbled over to look at the so-called bed that I would be compelled to sleep in.

It was minimalist in the extreme. The thin-mattressed platform stuck out into the room from a side alcove in the middle of one wall; it sectioned off from the main portion of the cell behind a wall of more gleaming steel bars. Thick chains hung from the sides and the bottom end, and above the headboard yet another dangled to lay on the rough, gray, woolen blanket. Each had a sturdy lock welded to its end link, but what frightened me the

worst were the stocks at the top, middle and bottom of the bed! All were made of a heavy, 15 cm thick oak, smoothly finished and all showing obvious signs of long use. It didn't occur to me then, to think of what had happened to the previous occupant of this terrible cell. I *should* have wondered.

The upper-most stocks had a small padded oval in the middle, then two much smaller ones some 30 cm to either side. Instinctively, I knew these apertures were for my neck and wrists. The one at the middle of the bed had a larger padded oval, and I knew that it would go around my waist. Above the foot of the bed was yet another set of stocks, this one with three holes in it, the middle one quite small, perhaps five cm in diameter. I knew the outer holes were for my ankles and cudgeled my brain, trying to imagine what the central hole was for, but could come up with no logical explanation. When I eventually *did* find out, the answer was awful! Next, I bent down and inspected the side rails for the sets of stocks, and found that all were separately mounted on a steel track system, and so could be individually fitted to the bed's occupant. What *wasn't* apparent to me was that they could also be adjusted to tension ... and punish.

The so-called bed had another hidden talent that I would soon grow to fear and hate. It was designed with a set of heavy hinges at the head board, and at the top sides of the alcove, light chains dangled. Each had a sturdy hook at its end and I would find out that they connected to strong steel loops on the outer end and sides of the foot board. I would soon find out that once I was secured fully in the bed, the Sisters would draw out the chains and connect them to the foot board, then when a discrete button was depressed, the bed would be pulled up to slip into the recess in the wall, and lock in that position! I would spend many, many nights trapped, upside down, in the vertical bed, locked into its wall recess, screaming and weeping in terror and despair.

All of the stocks had all been left open and ready, but I retreated to the main area of the cell and continued my inspection of its interior. The sight of my sleeping arrangements frightened me badly and my gagged, unheard pleading and weeping disappeared to nothingness within the high-ceilinged, silent, stone chamber. The toilet and washing area were in another small alcove, and I quickly looked over the utilitarian fixtures then walked around

again. High on the walls, small, dim lights had come on, doing nothing to alleviate the grimness of my surroundings, but at least I could see.

Another small recess in the stone walls had a second, narrow kneeling bench placed close in front of the back wall. On it, a pair of tracks ran vertically, about 25 cm apart, but what magnetized my eyes was a queer looking, mask-like device with some sort of mechanical fitting, two thirds of the way down the wall. It could obviously be adjusted, but I couldn't figure out *what* it was for. On the right side wall, a pipe emerged from the wall with a thick hose connected to its end; this going to a rack, where it was laid in heavy coils. It *seemed* innocent enough, but I couldn't divine its purpose either. Soon I would come to hate this little alcove with a passion I had no idea I possessed.

Hours later I was again praying at my kneeler, but this time I'd not been forced there by the oppressing voice. I went of my own volition and begged an uncaring God to somehow be released from my plight. When a hand touched my shoulder, I jumped with surprise and saw two Habit-enveloped Sisters waiting, then slowly stood between them. All I could see of their faces were their eyes, for a thick, flowing veil covered them from their eyes down. Silently, they gestured that I was to walk between them to the toilet area. Once there, I was briefly freed of my internal appliances, allowed to do what was needed, then they were locked into me once more. I knew what was coming. They were going to put me into the awful bed, and I didn't want to go, in any way!

Chapter Eight

Penance In My Cell

Slowly, I backed away from the pair of robed wraiths, trying to ward them off with my chained hands, begging and howling into my tight gag, but they stalked me easily until my feet tangled in my hobble chain and its leash. I fell heavily to the floor, weeping wildly and frantically jerking my hands against their sturdy chains, but the two sisters didn't care. One of them grasped my collar leash in her gloved hand then pulled me to my knees by it.

"Get up, girl!" one of them commanded unsympathetically. "It's time for you to be put to bed, and you may as well get used to the idea that it is how you will spend most of your nights from now on. Stand up!"

My collar tether was again jerked at harshly, choking me efficiently and I reluctantly rose to my feet then they pulled me to the waiting bed, where they gestured that I get onto it to lay face up, head nearest the wall.

Reluctantly, I did as they commanded and waited nervously while they positioned the stocks, then quickly fastened my bed chains, still a tethered prisoner of the cell leashes. The ones from my belt to my bracelets were just long enough to allow me to place my wrists in the half-ovals off to the sides of my head, then they lowered the top half of the upper set of stocks. It clamped very snugly around my collar and wrist cuffs, keeping me from moving them in any way, but what was worse ... the upper half was nearly a meter high and made me feel totally disembodied; held between it and the stone wall behind my head! The middle stocks dropped onto my waist, fitting tightly over my steel belt, further immobilizing me, then my feet were spread as far as the hobble allowed, and they too were locked in place. It was, and is, horrible to be held so immovably! They weren't finished though, for a moment later they appeared above my face, then slowly latched on my blindfold. My hearing had been only briefly returned after the prayer session, and I felt incredibly isolated and bound.

A subtle vibration told me they had locked the barred door of my

sleeping alcove, then I just lay chained and secured in the stocks of my bed. Horrible thoughts of dying in here, totally alone, deaf, blinded, and helpless, flooded through my mind. The stone cell was impregnable, and I was restrained within a cage inside it! At least at home, my mother and father had always been close and only an ordinary door had separated me from them, but in here, *no one* could get to me! For the first time in my life I became acquainted with true fear, and my journey down *that* road would soon grow steeper and steeper. I struggled to get comfortable, but it was hopeless and only a small part of the continuing penance that the Church insists we all must endure. Eventually, I drifted into a troubled sleep, but it was filled with nightmarish thoughts and visions, while I twitched and writhed against my implacable bonds.

Morning eventually came and I awakened to the droning incantations of unending prayers being forced into my mind through the plugs locked into my ears, so that I *had* to lay and endure them, utterly unable to escape. Eventually, two sisters came and released me, took me to the bath area, and allowed me to follow nature's demand. I received no food, being still in the fasting portion of my Entry Period, then they took me to the centre of the cell and brought forth a long thick bar with dangling chains. This was fastened to the overhead leash, then they silently positioned me under its middle. I looked at them with fear-widened eyes, but they ignored me and snapped the ends of the chains dangling from the ends of the bar to the side rings of my belt. The central one went to the back ring of my bra, then, they lifted my wrists and clipped them as high on the chains from my belt as they could manage. My collar leash was tightened between the back of my neck and the bar, then they left me to stand helplessly in the middle of the cell. Prayers assaulted my ears for an interminable time and I staggered in the small circle of freedom permitted, my mind slowly going numb with the incessant voice. I emerged from my funk when I heard my name spoken.

"Postulant Catherine, you have been brought to this Convent to become a full member of the Sisters Of Eternal Penitence, and so you shall. Your education will continue while you proceed through the stages of becoming a Sister, but," it stated with flat menace, "you have transgressed the wishes of your parents, and the required behavior for young women by The Church! Therefore, you shall atone for your transgressions by means of prayer and

disciplinary penance. It is necessary that you be punished for your sins to show you the error of your ways and the price that must be paid for misbehavior. The first part of your penance will commence very shortly, then once every three days from this day forth, until you pass into the arms of our Heavenly Father. These scheduled discipline days will have no bearing on, nor will they stop any of the other punishments you will suffer for your future transgressions.

“It is time for you to contemplate your sins and to pray for salvation in the eyes of the Lord.”

All sound cut off, and for long moments I stood in terror of what was to come, completely unknowing. Another prayer began to be drilled into my ears; it begging in my name for forgiveness from the earthly sins of my mind and body. *No*!!! I wanted to be freed! I wanted to go home! I *didn’t* want to be here!

The dim lights in my stone cell flicked out, leaving me standing fearsomely chained in its middle. I was illuminated by only the diffuse light from the narrow, barred window high above, twisting silently at the end of the chain descending from the gloomy ceiling. Small whines of panic and terror hissed through my nostrils, but these turned to horrified, strangled screams when the chain began to tighten, then the ones to my waist band drew taut, as did the other to the back of my bra and collar. In seconds I was dangling above the floor but continued rising until the meter and a half length chain to my hobble snapped tight, pulling my legs straight out, then nothing happened while I settled more deeply into the oppressive and utterly inescapable body harness that imprisoned me, unable to move or to even scream for help. The suspension was awful! As soon as I had become air borne and settled fully into my body harness, the dildos seemed to sink even deeper into my loins and I howled from the sensation of being so intimately skewered. The prayers ground on and on, yet again detailing my impurity and evil, demanding that I submit to the doctrine of the Order.

I don’t know how long I twisted there in mid-air, nearly hysterical with fear, but again the voice returned ... a firm, gentle woman’s voice.

“Postulant! Prepare yourself for your physical redemption...”

I heard nothing.

My strap-framed buttocks suddenly erupted in a fiery explosion when a multi-stranded whip cut into me, each a length of braided leather. I screamed madly into the horrible pad locked in my mouth, jerking frantically against my restraints while the pain spread and daggered into my body, but only small sways and twists were permitted by my chains. For a few seconds, nothing more happened while tears of agony sprang from my eyes and flooded down my cheeks.

'Oh, God! How could my parents have abandoned me to this?' I howled when the second strike came, vibrating my body like a plucked violin string when the whip curled viciously around the hemispheres of my buttocks then over my hips! In seconds I was hysterical from the physical punishment; screaming and weeping while I hung helplessly in mid-air, jerking and thrashing madly against my chains.

Below and off to either side, the two sisters from The Office Of Holy Discipline swung their braided cat's of nine tails, slowly working their impact zones from my buttocks down the backs of my strained thighs and calves. I managed to look down through my streaming eyes when they moved around in front of me, but could see nothing of them other than their dim silhouettes. They wore completely black Habits, lower facial veils, thin black gloves and an upper veil that concealed their eyes. Not one bit of their skin was visible, and they were to become the stuff of my worst nightmares. Every time I saw one in her Disciplinarian Habit, I wanted to run and hide somewhere, anywhere, but of course, *that* was impossible, being always kept in my chains and harness, and leashed.

The whip's strands continued to bite into my body and I fainted somewhere along the way. When I came aware again, I still hung in the gloomy cell, still suspended, but finally and thankfully alone. The prayers continued to be forced into my ears and I couldn't get away from them. They finally came to a long, drawn-out end and I felt myself descend until my feet touched the cold stone floor, then the lights came on, still very low. Two sisters, dressed in the conventional Habits, stood beside me when I reached the floor, then quickly released me from my suspending chains, having to hold me partially upright while they walked me to my so-called bed then laid

me face down into the stocks, and locked them closed. The deeply-reddened and swollen flesh of my buttocks and thighs was bathed, and an ointment was applied while I lay fastened, but then their gentle touches went away and so I lay there, locked in the stocks, enduring the slow, burning after-pain of my whipping; in hiccupping horror that this would be done to me every week! Of course, I fought to escape the immobilizing fixtures, but there was none and so I lay quivering and alone in the blackness of my silent chamber, a punished slave of my Church.

A long time later, two different silent sisters returned and released me from the bed, then quickly left. The call to prayer sounded in my ears and I reluctantly went to the kneeler and began the devotions that were demanded. My stomach grumbled and twisted with hunger pangs and I longed desperately for a drink of anything.

I was eventually freed of the interminable voice, then went to sit on my mattress, eyes flicking around the cell and finally coming to rest on the thick chains that held me within the grim stone walls of my terrible, solitary prison. My behind was a mass of tenderness that ached and burned and I soon had to stand and walk around. A voice suddenly echoed in my ears.

“Postulant Catherine! Go to your kneeler and remain there!”

I reluctantly obeyed the command, terrified of what was to come next. A moment later, two black-robed sisters came to stand before me. I trembled in fear of what they portended, then one of them spoke.

“Postulant,” her voice was low and musical, “you have completed your first day in the Convent. Your fast is soon to be broken and you will live from now on, as it is defined by The Church and God. Also, you have suffered your first penitence, and this will come to you every week of your life from this time forth.

“It is time for your Silencer to be replaced with one that will allow you to be fed and to drink. We shall do this in a moment. I caution you to say nothing when your present one is removed! You have lost the privilege of speech until you become a Novitiate! That will not be for another three months.

“Hold your head still and we will proceed. Once you are fitted, we will explain how it functions.”

One of them moved behind me and I felt the locking catches of my gag released from the web of steel straps that surrounded my head. It remained sucked deeply inside my mouth and they both worked it back and forth until it finally released from behind my teeth, then was pulled out with a slow tension. I retched automatically, my mouth opening in a dry wail, but they were far too quick, and in seconds, a thicker, far more filling pad had been forced deeply into my mouth! Even though I attempted to twist my head and face away, they pressed the locking fittings down onto their mounts on the head straps, and again, I was utterly silenced. They stepped back from where I still knelt.

“The Silencer you now wear is designed to allow you to be fed and to drink without it being removed. Be assured that it will *not* be, until the day you assume your Noviciate’s Habit. On the underside you will feel a wide button with your tongue. When you push upon it, you will then be able to eat and drink as long as it is kept depressed. You should be aware that you are required to eat and to drink, whether you wish to or not! The Church forbids any rebellion to this Rule, and so, if you disobey, you will be force-fed. It is not a pleasant experience.

“Now, stand, and come with us!”

I rose slowly to my feet and followed them to the small alcove with the coiled hose and the kneeler in front of the wall, facing the projecting, black rubber lined, silvery mask thing.

“Kneel!”

What could I do? Nothing! I dropped to my knees facing the stone wall, then one of them held my head firmly in both hands from behind, while the other adjusted the mask-thing on its tracks until it was positioned level with my face.

“This is where and how you will eat and drink, Postulant,” came the soft voice.

Slowly my head was pushed forward. My face moved inward until my skin pressed firmly onto the cold black rubber lining of the mask device and I felt a mechanical joining when the projection at the mouth area was inserted into the front of my Silencer! The mask covered my whole face from the upper edge of the collar to the crown of my head at the top and on the sides, it went back almost to my ears, but that wasn't all! The Feeding and Watering mask's latching arms had automatically swung closed on the sides and top of my head and down from the top, fastening into sockets on my oppressive head ensnarement, then, being spring loaded, drew my head and face into firm contact, locking me into the thing! A howl of terror rose up my throat, blocked firmly at the back of my mouth by the thick pad and so yet again I was blind and helpless.

I lifted my chained hands to try to free the latches, but they wouldn't release, no matter how I tried! These I discovered, were remotely controlled also, and would only be opened after I had consumed the required amounts of food and water. Then and there, I vowed I would not eat nor drink and I would somehow find a way to commit suicide, rather than be forced to live in this manner, but I'd forgotten entirely about my System's capability of discipline. My resolve would soon break under the assaults of the horrid shocks, and I would be driven to do as commanded. The voice returned.

"Postulant! This is where you will come for your daily meals and how you will be required to consume them. You will assume this position each time, then place yourself as you are now. On your days of Penance, you will uncoil the feeding and watering hose and fasten it to your Silencer, when you are so instructed.

"Be with God, child. You may begin feeding in a moment."

My hearing disappeared again, and a minute later I felt faint vibrations of the doors closing. There was nothing I could do but to remain there on my knees, my head and face locked into the awful device, arms hanging limply from my shaking shoulders. Inside the black rubber encasement, I wept with misery, horrified to know that such a place as this existed, and that I was now a lifetime prisoner within it. No matter what I did, I *had* to kneel there. When I attempted to stand and jerk myself away, a sudden series of harsh shocks rippled from within my belly, and screaming, I fell back onto my knees. At

last the electrical shocks faded while I remained there crying miserably, waiting for what was to happen next. I tentatively pressed up with my tongue and was rewarded with a trickle of cold water. The taste was wonderful and I pressed again, then held the button, drinking what seemed like gallons and gallons.

Then came the food.

At first, the water taste changed to something vaguely fishy, then a gooey, gelatinous concoction began to flow into my mouth through the side and back apertures in the gag pad. It tasted oily and awful! I arched my back as much as the controlling harness and locked-on face mask permitted, retching and gagging from the horrid taste and texture, but no matter what I did, the stuff seeped around inside my plugged mouth and insinuated itself under the pad!!

'Oh, God! Was this what I'd be forced to eat?'

Saliva alone would not clear away the flavor of the awful stuff and I hoped that was all, but when I pressed again, another long dollop oozed unstoppably into my mouth and throat! A paroxysm of wild rejection shuddered my bound body while I tried to escape having the 'food' injected into me. Little did I know it, but this material would be alternated with other equally as noxious mixtures of nutritious mush and supplements from now on. Every meal portion was a full liter of volume, and I had to somehow manage to choke down all of it each time. I finally managed it, after nearly an hour of misery, then thankfully was permitted to drink more fresh water, but the taste of the awful stuff that was my food lingered a long time, and I struggled instinctually to escape the cloying grip of the mask that was clamped to my face like a huge leech.

Finally, the catches released and I fell back onto the floor in a flurry of clashing steel links, but was immediately called to prayer! For a moment I lay in uncaring misery, until a cascade of shocks curdled my encased breasts, driving me to my feet and over to the kneeler, screaming hysterically and trying uselessly to tear away my Controller harness. They stopped only when I was again positioned, then the voice began to drone interminably until I responded automatically and began to mouth them to myself behind the gag,

unable to resist the continual barrage of words. At some point, hours later, I was released, then urged to return to my Feeding Station. Of course, I had no desire to do so, still being able to taste the lingering food from before, but with the application of horrid shocks, I soon knelt in front of the awful mask-like device once more, then hesitantly pushed my face deeply into it. Again, I was made a captive and had the awful tasting goo injected into my gag. The process of being fed like this was utterly humiliating, but what was worse, was that I couldn't free myself once it had begun, for the latches that locked my head in place were very secure and I *couldn't* pry them off!

When I was finally released, I staggered to my sleeping alcove and sat listlessly on the side of the bed, staring in misery at the heavy chains leashing me so securely. Occasionally I walked out to the ends of their lengths, hoping uselessly that I would somehow be able to get to the barred door, reach through it and beat my small fists on the inner side of the thick outer portal, but I was always stopped and could only just claw my fingers at open air, striving to touch the bars.

I was bored nearly mindless and could only think regretfully of the reasons I was here; precisely as was intended. Oh, how I missed seeing trees and flowers! No longer, I realized, would I feel the wind blow nor see a sunset in all of its glory. My life, now, was governed by the rhythms of the Church and so the hours passed in slow, inexorable cadence until I was once more called to prayer. When that was finished, I stood wearily to find two sisters waiting, and quailed away from them when they approached. One gestured peremptorily to my sleeping area, and resignedly, I hobbled across the floor, then lay down. In moments I was chained and clamped in place, then the blindfold was fitted. They covered me with the itchy woolen blanket and I thought that they'd left me for the night, but they had not. Each grasped one of the dangling chains in the alcove, drew it out to the foot of the bed frame and clipped them to the waiting loops. One of them reached to the small concealed button and pressed it, then they both stood back and watched carefully while the bed frame was slowly drawn up to vertical, slipping fully into the wall recess. All that could now be seen in the cell were the chain leashes leading to the top and bottom of the alcove.

I howled with horror when this happened, feeling myself slowly and

relentlessly inverted and ever more securely confined. Air vents close to my head allowed me to breathe fresh air, but that was the only freedom I was permitted, barely able to twitch. I was not to be left in peace, for more prayers began drumming into my ears and no matter *how* much I tried, I could not ignore them!

For the rest of the night I remained upside down, hidden within the alcove, fully restrained and weeping constantly.

Chapter Nine

Progression Towards My Fate

And so it went for the next three months, while I was slowly ground into the mould of a perfect, obedient Postulant of the Order. My resistance disappeared, and after just a week, I jumped to respond to the commands of my mentors, for I knew terrible pain would be inflicted on me if I didn't do precisely as commanded. Each week I was strung up and whipped by the two sisters from The Office Of Holy Discipline, and came to fear their faceless appearance and uncaring treatment terribly, but I had to submit to their ministrations because there was no hope of my escaping my restraints and leashes. There was no possible way to escape any of the things I was being subjected to! My meals were times of total wretchedness, and I only ate because of the discipline that was automatically meted out if I did not.

A week after my arrival at the Convent, I was fitted with my Postulant's Habit. It consisted of only a floor length, loose dress; Velcro fastened up the back seam, and although it was a long, fully-skirted garment, I noticed with some concern that the hem could be tightened into a hobble by means of a doubled draw string arrangement. I was still unendingly miserable in my Cell, and my days of prayer, study, forced eating, constant prayer, then more study, were incredibly boring and tiresome. I was 'encouraged' to begin writing a diary and confess all of my past sins in it, and this I did in spades; embellishing my transgressions with great and guilty pleasure, but the details would come back to haunt me terribly. It was the only freedom I had, or so I thought and so my mind went into overdrive with visions of what I was being kept a prisoner from, and I began to write down my fantasies of committing the wildest crimes I could imagine to break away from the gloom of my existence.

It was a stupid, *foolish* thing to do!

Of course, my diary, unbeknownst to me, was removed each night and studied by the Superior General of The Office Of Holy Discipline, then its contents were added to the already voluminous records they had of me.

At last, my three months of isolation came to an end, but by that point, I'd lost all track of time and it came as a surprise the day I was freed of the leashes and my CP-L system, then washed thoroughly by two sisters. It was done while I wore only a collar and stocks arrangement, it leashed to a wall ring. Dazedly, I stood there, still gagged by the incredibly uncomfortable device that covered my lower face, while they dressed me in the garment I would wear until fitted with my new Habit. A wide steel belt was slipped around my waist, then my hands were cuffed to its sides with short chains, allowing me enough freedom to clasp them before my face when praying. Ankle cuffs and chains were added, then a pair of low-heeled shoes.

"Postulant Catherine," one of them spoke, grasping my wrist chains in front of my flaring skirt, "we will soon be going to the Visitor's Room where your parents are waiting to see you. They will be permitted to observe the Ceremony when you become a Noviciate in our Order, this afternoon. You will be allowed to speak once we have you settled in the Visitor's Room, and you are permitted to say anything you wish to them, but for fifteen minutes only.

"After that, you will be taken to the Preparation Chamber, and thence to the Ceremony in the Chapel where you will be bonded to The Church and to God. At the end of the Ceremony, you will again be allowed a short visit, then the Superior of The Office Of Holy Discipline will speak with them and you, and finally, you will be returned here to continue your induction into the Order."

I stared at them in fear, not knowing what I was going to do or say when the time came, then followed them meekly from my cell, hearing for the first time in months how my chains tinkled and clashed under my long skirt. Each of them held an upper arm and I walked in quick snubbed steps down the high vaulted corridors of bars until we arrived at an unmarked door. It opened into a pleasant room with wide, colonnaded windows that looked out onto a small garden bordered by thick trees. The room, for the moment, was empty but for me and my escorts and they quickly walked me across the carpeted floor, then placed me in a straight backed, thinly-padded chair. I sat quietly while they fastened me to it at the waist, then drew my legs up under the seat and suspended them by the ankle cuffs. My long skirt was arranged to fall so

that my leg bondage was not visible and at last they removed my gag and gave me a glass of water. I drank it thirstily and they provided me another and another until I silently gestured that I wanted no more. With one last, quick inspection of my bonds they left the room, and I stared curiously around. Between me and the two chairs my parents would sit in was a long, wide, highly-polished oak table, dark with the years, and at one end was another heavy, comfortable chair. The room was lined from floor to ceiling with books, while here and there, low tables were placed with lamps lighting them in a pleasing pattern of warmth and comfort. It was *so* different from the true interior of the Convent that I wanted to weep.

A door at the end opposite from the one that I'd entered by opened a few minutes later and a tall, regal-looking man dressed in the full robes of his authority entered with my parents following quietly behind, dressed in their rather shabby, Sunday Best clothing.

"Please sit in those chairs," he said with the low pleasant voice that had caused me so much terrible pain and misery over the last months. I glanced at him in fear while my parents cautiously settled themselves, and he stared back expressionlessly. My mother finally spoke.

"H-H-Hello, Catherine. You look well, dear."

"M-m-mother..." was all I could get out before I began to weep, holding my face in my cuffed hands, their semi-concealed chains to my belt snapping tight with an angry rattle of links.

The Superior sat quietly in his throne-like chair at the end of the table, watching our tableau. He'd seen this scene enacted many times and so was inured to the emotional meeting taking place before him.

"Catherine, you look thinner than before." Then she asked, "Are you eating well, dear?"

"Y-ye-yes, Mother," I mumbled still in tears, remembering how awful the feeding process was and how bad-tasting the food. "I eat regularly, and all that I am given." I looked over at the stern face of my father. "H-h-hello, D-daddy," I whispered.

“Hello, Catherine,” he greeted me coolly. “The Father Superior tells me you are behaving yourself and I am happy to hear it. Your Mother and I pray for your deliverance from evil every night.”

“Th-th-thank you, Father,” I mumbled, looking down, sure that he had *no* idea of what I had been subjected to. Behaving myself? If he only knew!

“Catherine,” Mother said with some pride and some nervousness in her voice, “you will be taken into the Order as a Noviciate today. We are very proud of you!”

She too, obviously, had no idea of the terrible life I had been living for the last three months. All she could see was a mental picture of me in the full nun’s Habit, eagerly, so she thought, devoting myself to the glory of God and The Church. I shuddered at her words though, for I knew my absorption into it would come with the inevitability of a glacier grinding down a valley. I stared at them for a long time, ensuring by my silence that they looked back at me. My father couldn’t hold my eyes, for he seemed aware of what was soon to be done.

“M-M-Mother? F-Father?” I beseeched them, tears again beginning to roll unheeded down my face, “Please? Please?! *Pppppllleeeaassee, take me out of here!!* I’m going to go crazy as a nun! I *don’t* want to do this! I want to be freed of the vows they’ll make me take! Only you can help me now! *Please*, take me home, oh please-please-please?”

I collapsed completely then, seeing my salvation there on the other side of the table, but doing nothing to save me. Finally, my father’s stern voice interrupted my despairing sobs.

“Catherine! You will remain here and become a full Sister of Penitence,” he said quietly and resolutely while my mother stared sympathetically at me. “You were sinful and broke ours and the Church’s rules. The *only* way to ensure that you eventually come to the glory of God is to keep you here, with his devoted nuns. Your mother and I have, before entering this room, today consigned you and your soul to the Church, and so you will spend the rest of your life in the service of God.”

I stared at him aghast. Yes, he had that right as the head of the family as did my mother, but to so quickly send me to this life-long term of religious imprisonment was horrible!

“Nnnnoooo!” I screamed at him, jerking frantically at my restraints. “You *can’t* do this to me! I won’t do it! *I won’t do it*!”

The Superior General spoke for the first time, the quietness of his voice only adding more menace to what he said.

“Postulant Catherine, you *will* do it! All of the papers have been duly signed and witnessed, and the Bishop has approved your candidacy. In a few moments you will be taken to be prepared for your induction.” He stood and stared firmly at my parents.

“I must leave now for other duties. You have a few more moments alone with your former daughter, and I urge you to tell her of your love, and how you wish only for the salvation of her soul. The journey that she begins within the hour is a life-long one of silence, chastity, poverty, obedience, and hard work for her salvation. She will not speak again, to anyone, before this day is finished, although she will be encouraged to write to you when she has the time away from her devotions and the work and duties of the Church.”

With that, he swept from the Visitor’s Room, leaving the three of us to stare at each other. My shoulders shook under the thick cotton robe while I continued to weep and beg them for freedom and forgiveness, but they remained seated stolidly on the other side of the wide table, saying nothing until my sobs tapered off.

“Catherine,” my father said firmly, “you are fortunate that the Order has accepted you fully into its organization...”

“*Bullshit*!” I yelled feverishly, not knowing where or when I’d heard the word. “You have *no* idea of the hellish time I’ve already been through here! I’m always kept *chained* in a stone cell! I’ve been imprisoned behind barred and locked doors ever since I arrived, and *this* is the first time I’ve been allowed out of it since I left h-home!

“Do you know that they’ve kept me gagged for *three months*? Are you aware that I’m tortured every day, and *whipped* once a week in my cell, for hours on end ... as ‘penance’ for my sins, Father? They force feed me the most horrible-tasting meals you can imagine and ... and ... I c-c-can’t stop what they do t-t-to m-m-mmmeee!”

My tirade ended with desperate, tearing sobs when I again dissolved into a storm of tears, jerking hysterically at my restraints. He looked at me coldly, and it was then I knew I was truly lost to the outer world.

“Catherine! This is all for your own good! These minor penances that the Church deems necessary are no doubt justified, and in my mind you desperately need them! Your mother and I will leave you now and go to The Observation Room at the Office Of Holy Discipline. Good bye, girl. May God be with you!”

They stood abruptly and with one last sympathetic glance at me, Mother followed him through the door, leaving me in a quivering and regretful mass of shivering young femininity, locked to a chair. Some minutes later, two of the completely obscured nuns from the Office of Holy Discipline entered the room, gagged me once more, then freed me. All I could see behind their full facial veils was the menacing glitter of their eyes, while they clipped chain leashes to the sides of my steel belt, then drew me from the room and along the stark, bar-lined corridors to my fate. I struggled against the tension on the glittering chains as best I could, filled with fear of what was soon to be done to me, and finally, with no other option left, fell to the floor, writhing and fighting silently against my bonds. They easily grasped my arms and lifted me to my feet, then frog-marched me along the gloomy corridor to the door of the room where I would be fitted with my Noviciate Controllers and Habit. My despairing screams and pleading were eliminated by the gag, although continual hisses and stifled wails came through my nostrils.

The heavy door opened before me and I was carried though it, to once more confront the Mother Superior and the menacing Superior General of the Office Of Holy Discipline. They stood together at the end of the room, just in front of a small kneeler like the one in my cell, and my escorts pulled me over to it, then forced me to kneel there before the two, shrouded women. I stared fearfully up into their faces, one revealed within the head-piece of her

Habit, the Father Superior, and the other totally concealed by the full facial veil. The Superior General spoke.

“Postulant!” his voice was gentle, yet contained terrible messages when he spoke. “You have today passed your three month induction period as a Postulant of our Order. Now, it is time for you to move more fully into our Congregation, and that is why you have been brought here, rather than being returned to the care and control of your parents, or that of a potential husband. You have become, with your parents assent, the property of God and The Church. As such, any worldly connection with a husband, or carnal meeting with the opposite sex is permanently forbidden to you, for you have become a bride of Christ, for the rest of your life.

“This is a great honor, but has a steep price you *must* pay!

“Your acceptance into The Body of The Church involves the imposition of vows, the wearing of your Habit, and the acceptance of special devices designed to ensure your obedience. Your vows are as follows: Poverty, Eternal Silence, Instant Obedience, Irrevocable Chastity, and Constant Penance for your Earthly sins; past, present, and future. You will soon wear and accept, whether you wish to or not, all of the Garments and Control Fixtures of a Sister of Eternal Penance.

“Postulant Catherine, we will soon move to this phase of your journey into our midst, but I have a few words to say before that occurs.”

Here, he paused a moment, and I looked around the barren room. The walls and floors were all fashioned of the predominant, dressed, gray limestone that made up the rest of the building. It was a stark and forbidding chamber, adorned only by the kneeler I occupied and a large, covered table on wheels. There were no wall decorations of any kind, save that on one side a large mirror covered it almost entirely. I caught a reflection of a dangling bar in it and tried to surge to my feet and run away, but my two escorts held me firmly, keeping me on bent knees.

“Over the last three months you have been closely observed and your every action and gesture recorded at The Office. Your diary has likewise been inspected and pertinent information noted. As a consequence, The

Office has decided that you shall be placed upon an accelerated path to full membership in our Congregation. You will be equipped, today, with *all* of the fittings of a fully Registered Sister, rather than the graduated succession that would normally occur during the time you would be a Novitiate. This attenuated process will hasten your arrival at a state of Grace within the eyes of The Church and God."

Chapter Ten

My Lifetime Imprisonment Begins

"We will now proceed. Sister Magdalene and Sister Jennifer, take the Postulant to the Preparation Bar. She is to be completely disrobed, then we shall begin."

The two of them grasped my upper arms again and lifted me to my feet because I couldn't stand on my own, for my knees had turned to jelly. One of them held me while the other released my hands, singly, from the belt and fastened my wrists into sturdy leather cuffs, wide spread at each end of the dangling bar, then my robe was stripped away to leave me standing utterly naked and vulnerable. I flushed bright red in a full body blush at being so completely revealed to these strange women, but this was truly only the very beginning of my misery. The two sisters knelt at my feet and I felt my ankles again encircled, this time with a pair of thick cowhide cuffs, then they disappeared from my field of view, leaving me to stare fearfully, still gagged, at the two Father's Superior.

"Begin!" commanded the fully-veiled one.

A small whirring noise distracted me for a moment, then my widespread arms were slowly drawn higher over my head. The strain increased until my feet swung freely, stopping with my questing toes some 30 cm above the cold stone floor. Noiselessly, the two sisters reappeared, then to my horror and humiliation, pulled my feet wide apart by means of the straps fastened to the outer restraint rings of the ankle cuffs. A moment later, my heels were separated by three quarters of a meter of open air, and I hung there, a silently weeping picture of feminine sacrifice. No words were spoken, but I heard the distinctive buzz of a hair clipper! Cold teeth touched the nape of my neck and I jerked frantically at my restraints. The clipper head pressed firmly against my skull, then quickly traversed it from back to front, leaving behind a cascade of long hair fluttering to the floor, and a barren skull! I screamed wildly, feeling my beautiful locks being shorn away, then subsided into half-hearted writhing while they quickly removed the remainder. Next, a cool

wetness slowly covered my nearly bald skull and for the first time ever, I felt a blade remove the stubble that the clippers had left behind, but not only did they shave me as bald as an egg, they next came to my face and completely removed my eye brows! I was dried off, then a thick cream was spread over my naked skull and where my eyebrows had been. The stuff stung fiercely while it was absorbed into the freshly scraped skin and opened hair roots, and I instinctively knew I would never have that hair again.

My armpits and crotch were the next to receive this treatment, and all of my attempts and screams for them not to do it were stifled by the gag. The two nuns were relentlessly efficient and the whole procedure took perhaps twenty minutes to complete, then I was lowered enough to be able to stand, but not move my legs together. The Superior General of The Office Of Holy Discipline spoke again.

“Postulant Catherine, the time approaches for you to accept your Control and Discipline devices, then you will be fitted with the garments of our Order,” she stated ominously. “These things you will soon bear within and upon your body where they will rapidly bond themselves directly into your skin, then deeply into your flesh, muscles, and bones. This will happen over the next twenty four hours, and once placed in and upon you, they will be forevermore irremovable, permanent. You have, unwillingly as I understand, become a chattel of God and The Church and we shall act as His worldly guardian’s of your body and soul from this point onwards, until you pass to your heavenly reward.

“The Controllers and Discipline devices that will soon become a part of you will assist and *ensure* that you are faithful to *all* of the Vows that you are subject to upon becoming a Novitiate. Your vows are as follows:

“*POVERTY*: as a Sister of the Order Of Eternal Penance you may never possess money or any other material thing to call your own. Even the garments and devices you will soon wear are not yours, but the property of the Church, as are your body and soul. All belong solely to God.

“*IRREVOCABLE CHASTITY*: from this point forward, the devices to be fitted to you will keep you physically chaste, and thanks to modern technology, will act also in a disciplinary function to ensure that you remain

pure of thought.

"*ETERNAL SILENCE*: this state of grace shall also be enforced by the devices you will wear ... and at the same time will ensure that you hear only those things that The Church decides are necessary to maintain your piety. Once fitted, you will never be permitted speech again.

"*INSTANT OBEDIENCE*: you will obey quickly ... in all things! Your Controllers and Discipline devices will absolutely and automatically ensure that you are properly obedient at all times, and, when necessary, they will provide you with guidance. The temptations of the outer world are a thing of the past for you.

"*CONSTANT PENANCE*: Postulant Catherine, your diary has been read fully by the Office of Holy Discipline and it is obvious that you are in need of very strong, continuing correction! Therefore, this particular Vow will be strictly enforced, and you will be fitted with the strongest of corrective devices available to us."

I stared at him, caught at the centre of a vortex of horror while his words detailing the Vows I was to live under *without* my consent were made plain. I was desperate to tell her that what I had written was entirely fictional, but the gag utterly prevented me from speaking, and so I had cast myself into the pit, and now there was no way to escape my admitted, though fictional 'crimes'!

"Postulant, while you are fitted with your new Habit and the requisite devices, I shall describe them for you, that you may have a full and complete understanding of your status and how it will be maintained. At the end of your Preparation you will be dressed in your Novitiate's Habit, then be taken to the Chapel for your Ceremony of Acceptance and Dedication. A final meeting with your parents will be permitted, then you shall be returned to your cell for an extended session of prayer, corrective discipline and meditation."

The two silent sisters walked slowly to the wheeled table, and, one at each end, rolled it until positioned directly in front of me, a meter away. The veiled Superior walked slowly between it and me then spoke once more.

“Sisters! Raise the Postulant!”

The same, subdued whirring sounded and I was again drawn into the air to hang twitching before them.

“Postulant, what will happen to you next is frightening, but it is for your salvation. The first appliances are for your nose. They will govern your ability to breathe freely, and thus serve to remind you constantly of the need for calmness.”

With this said, the two silent assistants whisked away the white sheet covering the table and I stared with horror at the array of surgical-like devices spread out before me. His black-gloved hand reached out and picked up two small, almost triangular shaped, long cone plugs, joined at their blunt, outer ends by a heavy, swiveling *U*! When his hand approached my face with these held out and ready to insert, I jerked my head around frantically, trying to avoid them, but it was no use whatsoever. With the speed of a striking snake, they darted to my face and slipped the two plugs far up into my fear-flared nostrils! I was surprised that they didn’t hurt when they went inside, but he pressed on them firmly until their entire length was fully embedded! I felt a small click and the twinned plugs clamped firmly onto my septum. For a few seconds I couldn’t breathe, then thankfully, air began to hiss into my lungs through the holes in the plugs. His hand withdrew and I shook my head hard to try to get the plugs to fall out, but now that they’d been latched and the bonding process already begun it was hopeless! Their heavy, joining *U* flopped on my upper lip and I began to scream and weep in true horror and humiliation. I didn’t feel it happening over the next day, but the nanites on the interior surfaces of the plugs speedily perforated the cartilage of my septum, then formed a thick bar through the reinforced-edged hole they’d created, joining the arms of the *U* to each other, as well as bonding the things into the flesh of my nostrils, making it non-removable!

“Stop that, girl!” he commanded sternly. “All Sisters wear a nose shackle concealed beneath their veils! Now, we shall place your Noise Eliminators.” He turned briefly back to the table, and then to face me once more, holding two small devices that closely resembled insertable hearing aids like the ones of my CP-L System. “Hold still!”

The plugs were deftly and easily pressed deeply into my ear canals and immediately all sound cut off. I was deaf again! The complete silence I experienced lasted only thirty seconds, then my hearing returned with a sudden, electronic snap. He spoke once more.

“From this point on you will wear only the clothing that we of the Office Of Holy Discipline permit and so we now come to an important part of your Controller Equipment, your Silencer.

“I shall soon free you of the one you wear, then you *will* open your mouth to accept your permanent one, or be compelled to do so by means available to us.”

I stared hysterically at him. I didn’t want to give up my voice forever! No matter that I was being forced to do it to save my soul from eternal damnation! I felt the tight strap loosen its grip, then the thick pad was slowly extracted from behind my teeth. It came out of my mouth with a sucking sound, and when it did, I began to scream and beg for freedom and release from my fate, but they were unstoppable. A second after the thing was removed, then some sort of jaw spreader device was slipped over my front upper and lower teeth and I heard a slow clicking sound while my jaws were spread further and further apart. I stared frantically at him, my mouth held wide open while my new gag was picked up and prepared for insertion. I had only a brief glance at the thing that was soon to be embedded in my mouth and I began to scream incoherently upon seeing it even for only that brief time.

It was a glistening black and seemed to be so big that it would never fit inside my mouth, but the measurements had been carefully made, and in a second it was pressed firmly past my lips and teeth. A final, animalistic scream tore from my throat while it slid more and more deeply inside.

“*Nnnnnoooooo*!!!! *Eeeeaaaaggghhh*!”

It was cut off in mid-point when the mouth-filler plopped fully into my mouth and the wide oval of the lip surrounding and covering plate was for the moment left to flop loosely against my lower face. Suddenly, I could only breathe through the restricting plugs already bonding themselves into the

flesh of my nose and septum! The room descended into a deep silence broken only by the swishing of the nun's robes and the creaking of the straps and chains that held me a prisoner. I stared at them through terror-bulged eyes, for within my mouth the insidious process had begun!

The awful mouth pad wasn't truly uncomfortable, other than its large size jacking my mouth open, for my tongue had slipped into a wide groove in its underside, but it seemed to suck itself to the roof of my mouth, with my teeth all sinking into sockets around its periphery. Interior flaps had already slipped between my cheeks and teeth along the sides, while a continuation of the flaps went between my lips and teeth at the front, then to my growing horror, yet other portions slipped down the sides and under my tongue into the soft flesh there! Then, to my consuming horror, the pad seemed to elongate itself, pushing deeper and deeper into my throat and I retched with immediate discomfort, still trying to scream, but they only stood and watched impassively. In fact, the pad *was* extending itself into my esophagus towards my stomach and I could do nothing to stop the process!

"The Gag Pad is not employed *solely* to enforce silence," he stated ominously. "It is also an integral part of the Controller System that you as a Sister in this Order are required to wear."

This fact became immediately apparent. Only the back portion of my mouth and throat became bonded to the mouth pad, while the rest of my tongue was left in a small pocket, partially free to writhe and twist. Of course, this left me feeling as though I was still free to speak, but in fact I could not make a sound! Now came the Control Portions of the Silencer. I felt a series of sudden, sharp pains lance through my tongue! One pierced it at the front, then two along each side, and finally, underneath, there was a burning pain deep in its web! A paroxysm of twisting and writhing shook my body when I felt these, so that now, whenever my tongue moved in its little pocket, it pulled painfully on each or all of the piercings!

For a moment nothing more happened, then a strange tingling began to make itself felt throughout my mouth. It felt akin to the fizzing of a carbonated drink, and this was the work of the nano-technology machines beginning to integrate the surface of the mouth pad into the flesh and teeth it touched. The fizzing went on for nearly eight hours thereafter, slowly dying

away to nothing, but the nanites continued their work for another sixteen hours, slipping deeply into the structure of the underlaying flesh and bone. *Nothing* could ever remove the device! I felt the same, tremendously irritating sensations in my nose and ears.

The mouth covering strap was now pulled tight to my lower face and then, over my lips, the oval covering plate flowed upwards and into the structure of the nasal plugs, although for the moment, I was still able to writhe them slightly. This capability soon disappeared when it bonded into my flesh. I couldn't see it, of course, but at the front, the oval plate was equipped with a two cm diameter socket, into which my feeding and watering hose would be plugged, either by me, or by the sisters who were assigned to my care, but at the moment a smooth cap covered the aperture.

I hung panting in wide-eyed horror at what had been done so far, my nakedness and hairlessness completely forgotten. The Superior General spoke once more.

"Postulant Catherine, you will now be fitted with the next portion of your Controllers. This is the inner garment that will ensure your appetite remains small, and thus avoid the sin of Gluttony."

I felt a wide band wrapped around my stretched waist then fastened at the back. It tightened severely a moment later, constricting deeply into my soft middle and slowly squeezing my lower ribs! Up to this point in my life, I'd never experienced the bite and pressure of a corset, but would have to live with the torso-constricting sensation from now on. Its application, and the strong squeezing action that would continue for many weeks to follow, made me instantly try to gasp for breath, but the nasal plugs only allotted me a certain amount of air! I panicked and wailing hisses of mushrooming hysteria blasted from my nose only to be lost in the chamber before they even reached the walls.

"Feminine sexual pleasures are not permitted to Sisters of the Order of Eternal Penance," he said, and I looked up at him to keep from trying to see the horror that was slowly squeezing deeper into my middle, at the same time as I experienced the fizzing sensation under it. "However, there will come times that The Church requires your body's capabilities as a female to

produce milk for those of the Congregation in need. As a woman, you are already well acquainted with the sensitivity of your breasts, and this fact too shall be used to enforce your Penance and Discipline! It is time for you to be fitted with breast devices that fulfill both of these requirements.

“First, are the base-of-the-breast collars that will partially garrote them and thus fill them with sensitizing blood. After that we will fit the actual cups.”

I watched with terror when he picked up and with some difficulty opened a wide, thick rubber band then slipped it fully over my bulging left breast, to rest tightly against my ribs. When it was released, the rubber collar immediately began squeezing me and I saw and felt my trembling breast swell with blood and make my nipple stand out in rocky erectness. A moment later the process was repeated on my right breast and in seconds I was completely and unavoidably conscious of the two milk producing organs on my chest when they bobbled and quivered with my every breath. The fleshy mounds didn’t ache, but I felt totally vulnerable, so far did they project out from my chest.

He next picked up the right cup of the pair of deep, hemispherical cones, then turned back to me. My breasts and their size had always been a source of embarrassment, even though I’d fondled and caressed them while I was growing up, before I wasn’t confined in my Controller Harness, inspecting and guiltily reveling in the sensations I could experience. Now that possibility of temptation was to be taken from me forever, also. The cups would serve, as he had explained, to milk me when it was decided that I was to fill that role, but more awfully, they were an important part of the Controller and Disciplinary equipment I would always wear. At that moment I was unaware of just how terrible they’d be for me to have to wear, even though I had frightening thoughts. My ignorance would not last long.

He lifted the cup to my trembling mound of flesh, then moved it to my body, covering my breast completely. The edges clamped firmly against my ribs, flowing around the curvature and over the upper vertical slope to where the bulge faded into the chest wall, just below my collar bone. On the interior of the cup was a wide collar that snapped tightly onto the one already compressing the base, sealing it into an airtight torture chamber. On the side,

it also curved partially around and under my arm then back out and under my breast and I felt the coolness of the interior and the support of the rigid cup, but then the fizzing sensation began immediately. At the apex something seemed to grip my nipple and aureole and pull them outwards, hard! I screamed at the painful tugging, shaking myself to try to get free of the thing that was biting me so painfully, but the Superior kept it pressed firmly against my chest, waiting and watching. An agonizing pain laced deeply through my tensioned nipple and aureole and my eyes popped from the searing sensation while my breast was made a prisoner of the internal, thick bar that had been driven through the flesh, but that wasn't the end! Another slow and even greater pain came when, at the apex of the cup, thick, needle-like tendrils slowly forced themselves directly into the nipple then the actual milk ducts, moving ever deeper into my sensitive flesh! The process was agonizing and I suppose I fainted then. When I returned to awareness, the pain had died away to a slow burning itch, while the fizzing sensation continued to annoy and irritate me, but I could alleviate neither, fastened as I was. He had released his pressure on the cup so that it now clung, leechlike, tight to my body and inside it, another sensation became apparent! Around the base of my breast, a wide collar continued to snare closed and I felt my flesh being bulged away from my chest, inflating even more with sensitizing blood, but when I shivered with the sensation, nothing moved and I whined pitifully into my gag. Along the bottom and side curvatures of the tight cup, mounting hardware had slipped into receivers on the corset, and so I was slowly and irrevocably becoming armored by the terrible, inner equipment of my Habit.

My left breast remained vulnerably naked for the moment and I stared at the veiled face of the Superior General. His black-gloved finger flicked out and traced a line around the quivering mound then slowly, teasingly, encircled my upstanding nipple. It was the last human touch there I have ever experienced. Try as I did, I could not avoid him fitting the second cup, writhing and screaming in despair while it repeated the entire process of the right one being attached to my body.

Chapter Eleven

Equipped for Teasing & Torment

As he had stated, they served to isolate my breasts from any sort of outer, worldly sensations; allowing me only to experience Church-sanctioned ones and I would soon discover that horribly punishing shocks would be administered, as well as a host of other terrible sensations. The cups were capable of heating or freezing the contained flesh, or they could drive me crazy with itching sensations, to say nothing of the increase in the garroting that would also happen, sometimes alone and at others combined with the other sensations. At the tip of each cup was a sturdy ring, it mating directly to the interior bar through my nipple and so I could also be leashed by my breasts, a concept I found to be horrible. I would find out, much later, after having forgotten the conversation, just how terrible the cups were and that they would indeed be used to extract milk from my body, but it would *never* be a pleasant experience, for during the milking processes, I would always be fastened securely and punishing electrical discharges would emanate from the cups while it took place, adding even more to my Penance!

“It is time for you to be fitted with your Chastity Protection and Punishment Devices, Postulant. All Sisters wear these, and you in particular, having revealed your inner self to our observations. We, having reviewed the entries of your diary, declare that it is necessary for you to be fitted with the most severe of these Disciplinary devices.” He held up a double pronged thing that I immediately knew would go between my legs, and I stared at it with terrified fascination. It was similar to the things I had just been freed of, but these were to be permanently inserted into my body and they would be immensely more potent and tormenting!

It had a wide oval shield at its front, and this narrowed to a thick, wide strap, then flared again slightly, its *U* shape rising to another narrow strap. He turned it so that I could see the inner face.

Partway down the front oval was a small yet deep cup, then immediately below, a thick, corrugated shaft rose from what seemed to be a ball joint of

some kind. The curved shaft was some 15 cm long and nearly a full six cm in thickness, ribbed with short vanes around its circumference. Behind it, separated by only a short distance, another protruding shaft curved up, almost of the same dimension. I shrieked and twisted madly in my suspension while he lubricated the device's inner side, then bent down before me and slowly began to insert the horrid things into my body. Certainly, I'd had the miserable experience of wearing the CP-L system up to now, but *this* was to be incredibly worse! I *would* never be able to get this thing out of me! My twitching and writhing aided in the fitting process and I felt the huge diameter shafts plunge far up into my quaking loins; the vanes along the dildo's sides pressing deeply into the sensitive, surrounding fleshy envelope of my body. At the same time, the anal probe shouldered its way past my desperately resisting sphincter muscles, and then it too sank deeply inside me! The front, surrounding, oval shape came into gentle contact with my quaking, naked lower belly and beneath its innocent exterior, the edge of the little cup pressed intimately into the flesh surrounding my clitoris. He increased the pressure, forcing the shafts fully inside, until finally the shield pressed deeply into my abdomen, depressing the soft tissue. I felt a series of heavy, latching clicks along the front upper edge, and the same at the base of my spine when the crotch cover snapped into its mounting fittings on the bottom edge of the corset, but he maintained more pressure for long minutes, ensuring the bonding. My hips writhed in a hula of agitated discomfort, even after he removed his hand, but the insidious process only accelerated.

The shafts now within me were designed to remove any menstrual fluids, urine, and feces that my body generated, and these wastes would be processed and reabsorbed by the nanites. Removal of the thing would not be required ... ever. Not only that, but the nano-machines coating the devices inserted into my belly were designed to fight disease and infection of all types, thus fully protecting me, and ensuring that I lived a long and fully sensitized life ... as a nun!

The process of bonding of the Chastity Protector came to a point where actual physical restraint was required and along each vaginal lip, ten small pins erected and stitched themselves through my terror-inflamed and aroused flesh! I screamed again and again from the sharp, agonizing sensations, but they were mild compared to what came next! Inside the cup over my clitoris,

two more pins slowly extruded from the inner surface of the covering, isolating cup, which gently pressed into the sides of the fleshy bud, then relentlessly inserted themselves until they met in its middle! It was incredibly painful and more tears of silent agony streamed down my face while it happened, then to my horror, another needle point from the apex of the cup speared down, directly into the top centre of my clitoris, passing through the surface, and inside joining to the lateral bar! I fainted again and stayed out for a long time while the devices slowly melded themselves into my flesh.

Unknown to me, during the time I was unconscious, the top of the vaginal shield and the one between my buttocks that had been mated to my cinch, welded themselves into it, in effect making it into a full chastity belt and corset. More tendrils spread and widened from the cups, then around my back, and from their upper curves, over my shoulders to join into the wide chest band of the corset, at my spine. Wide tongues slipped down and attached themselves to the waist band, and yet others from the sides of the cups near my arm pits and at the central band between them slipped up to join into the collar. Once more I wore a metal harness, just like my CP-L one, except that this one was *permanent*!

When I finally came back to awareness, my feet rested on the floor, only the suspending bar keeping me upright.

“And so, Postulant, you now wear the full Controllers of our Sisterhood.”

I stared at him in silenced, terrified misery.

“It is time for you to be fitted with the final pieces of your Inner Garments, and then be dressed in your Novitiate’s Habit. Sisters, bring her cuffs!”

The two faceless and silent nuns came to him, each bearing wide, oval, thick, silvery cuffs in her outstretched hands. It was then I saw the chains leading from *their* wrists to bright, silvery rings projecting through the sides of their heavy, black robes. They were as much captives of their Habits as I was to become. The presented cuffs were similar to the ones I had previously worn, but these were wider and thicker, and their restraint rings were more

massive and heavily-mounted. What did not show was that these too were lined with the nanites, and would immediately begin to bond themselves to my skin, then deeply into the muscles, flesh, and bones beneath. He picked one up then moved to me with it opened wide. I stared up my arm then saw and felt the wide bracelet clasped snugly around my wrist, just above the bulge of the bone. A loud mechanical click sounded and I felt the teeth inside the structure engage each other, tightening it when they did. A second later he fastened the other one, then without a pause, knelt and clasped two more tightly around my ankles.

Next, he picked up the wide, thick collar and clamped it around my neck. It tightened and locked automatically, then immediately began bonding into my flesh! That was not the end of the process, for he next picked up a web of narrow, thick metal straps and draped it over my head. It was the same type of web that I had worn with the CP-L System, but of more robust construction, and with a thickly gauged ring flipping back and forth from a central mount at the crown! A moment later it was quickly and permanently mounted into its fittings within my collar. It extended small, then thickening tendrils joined itself to my gag cover plate and my ear plugs! I whined with terror, knowing that from now on it would totally imprison my head and monitor me, always. In seconds it too began to do the fizzing thing; bonding into the hairless skin, then the muscles and bones of my skull.

The silent sisters returned with yet more of the wide, gleaming bands. A pair went around my arms, just above my elbows and when tightened, sank deeply into my strained muscles and tendons. Short chains dangled from their undersides, for the moment swinging freely, then the next set of strangely formed cuffs was clamped tightly around my legs just below the knees and locked securely. They were tight and very uncomfortable. The last pair were clamped around my thighs, midway between my hip and knee, and they too sank into a deep, constricting presence that couldn’t be ignored ... or escaped.

They had returned to his side, each bearing a strangely shaped thing that looked vaguely shoe-like.

“Raise her!”

Again I was drawn into the air before the faceless, veiled man. He knelt

quickly and I felt him connect the two inner rings of my ankle cuffs to a chain he'd lifted from its ring in the floor, holding my legs straight down! It happened before I had a chance to kick and try to avoid the fastening and so I was unprepared for what happened next, with no resistance possible. For a moment I remained quiescent, enduring only the fizzing sensation emanating from under all of my newly fitted Controller equipment.

"Point your toes down and arch your feet!"

When I did, I felt the shoe-like things slipped onto them. For a moment they only clasped loosely, then slowly began to tighten all over, holding my foot in an arched position, what I imagined were high heeled shoes felt like, even though I'd never really worn anything more than a five cm heel. My feet remained comfortably snug inside and I felt a thick padding under the balls of each, but the footwear felt heavy and cumbersome. Each of my feet was covered fully, and gradually, I felt them stiffen into a rigidity I had not expected to feel, when, unbeknownst to me, they integrated themselves with my ankle cuffs! The Superior seemed satisfied at last.

"She may be lowered."

What I thought were shoes touched the floor and I staggered for a moment, trying to get used to the feeling of my feet being kept arched and literally standing on their balls. However, the bases of the soles were wide and easily balanced upon. My feet and lower legs were rigidly encased now, but I knew instinctively that I could no longer put any weight on my heels. One of the sisters knelt and released the fastening that joined my ankle cuffs, replacing it with a short hobble chain, connected by a set of special links rather than locks. When I shifted my feet to maintain balance, I heard their sounds and was utterly dismayed, for the noise was a hollow sounding clip-clop, like a horse shoe hitting the stone! I was stunned! My arms were still held spread out to the sides and raised above my shoulders and I briefly struggled to escape, only to hear more of the metallic ringing of hoofed and steel-shod shoes on the floor. I looked dolefully at the Superior's faceless head.

"Young woman, you have been fitted with your Sisterhood Penance Shoes, and they, like everything else you wear, are permanent fixtures on

your body. Now we will begin the final part of the process of your preparation before donning your Habit.

“Sisters, please do what is necessary.”

I turned and watched them come towards me, bearing across their outstretched lower arms the heavy, black, concealing and restrictive Habit that I have worn from that day forth. The faceless nuns stood quietly holding it while the Superior selected the long dress that would brush the floor and hide my body, also fully concealing my legs and their bondage beneath the full skirt. Only now were my arms allowed to descend and be released. I had no feeling in them at all from the long time they had been kept raised above my head, and so, when I stepped into the opened circle of the heavy skirt, it was quickly drawn up over my steel-trapped body, and they were slipped easily into the wide sleeves. From my hips to the bottom of the steel band around my neck, at the back, one side of the garment’s seam was equipped with short posts, every five cm. The other side of the seam had matching holes and these were slipped over the posts, then a wire was passed through a hole in each, from the top to the bottom, where its rigid end fitted securely into a locking fitting.

The sleeves were long and came down to the upper edges of each wrist cuff, then were drawn tight by wire draw strings locked in the same manner. Surprisingly, it was tailored to my figure as it now existed confined in the corset, special bra cups, and hips, but I wasn’t used to the heaviness of the material, or the fact that the hem of the skirt had been weighted so that it would not easily be raised and reveal my hobble chain and foot wear. Although sensation was gradually returning to my hands and arms, it was too late, and in seconds, my cuff rings had been joined to the side rings of my waist band where they emerged through their eyelets. One of the Sisters grasped my arms and raised them slightly. I felt a small vibration against the sides of my chest, then, when I tried to raise my arms higher, felt a sudden, limiting tug on my upper arms! The chains from the above-the-elbow cuffs had been fastened at the back to the wide, reinforced chest band of my corset! When I dropped my arms back to my sides one of them took my chained wrists and clipped them to another ring over my stomach, then picked up a wide, yoke-like garment and draped it over me.

It fell freely to the floor at the front and back, as wide as my shoulders, and was belted with a silver chain at the waist. Lastly, she lifted the thick, reinforced, rubber-lined, helmet to my face, then pulled it back over my head, to completely conceal the web of the metal harness that imprisoned my skull. It was sort of like a Scuba diver's, for it left only my face visible, and was fastened down the back in a similar manner to the way in which the dress now clung to me. I was quickly locked within it, then she picked up the veil and headpiece and carefully arranged them, securely fastening both to my cloying helmet. The end result was that the deep side panels were clamped snugly against my cheeks, extending outwards nearly 10 cm! My side vision was instantly eliminated, keeping me staring, always now, straight ahead. The thing covered my helmet completely, hanging down my back to waist length, spreading out across my shoulders and covering my front to the waist also.

The last things she added were my facial veils. The lower portion was a formed, fine metal mesh cage that clipped to either side of the helmet just in front of my hidden cupped and filled ears, and also to the inner surface of the head piece, integrating them both even more securely. It then came around, just below my eyes, rose up and over the bridge of my nose, and continued to the other side, where it was again clipped securely, completely concealing my nose and entire lower face. The final piece she put on me was the upper facial veil. It was a panel that covered my entire eye area behind yet another curved, very fine, wire mesh panel that, although appearing insubstantial, denied me clear vision and the ability to touch my own facial skin, making me into only a faceless, female-appearing being, like the rest of those in my Order.

Now, I was completely enclosed and isolated from the world, but there was one last addition to be made. My hands were separately freed of my waist, then a tight, uncomfortable, thick, dull black, rubber glove was pulled onto each. It came to the bottom edge of my bracelet and was locked snugly in place, and this was followed by an elongated, reinforced bag. Inside the bag were separate channels for my gloved fingers and thumbs, isolating them fully and rendering my hands totally useless. They weren't done yet though, for one of the sisters knelt before me and lifted the heavy hem of my dress. I felt a vibration in the cuff below each of my knees, then my legs were jerked closer together. Another subtle vibration occurred and I felt the dress

dropped. When I tried to shift my lower legs, the short chains between my thigh cuffs, below the knee cuffs, and my ankle cuffs snapped tight!

“You now wear the Habit of a Novitiate,” the Superior spoke again. “Humility is required of you at all times, and to enforce this rule we will adjust your costume accordingly.”

His hand snaked out, holding a finely linked chain, then slipped up under my lower facial veil. I felt the solid click of the small snap-hook on its end when he clipped it to my septum ring, then wailed in misery when it was pulled down, forcing me to bend my head forward against the high collar! I felt another snap when he fastened its free end to the ring at my front that also captured my wrists! Now, I was forced to stare humbly down at the floor over the covered and concealed hummocks of my projecting and imprisoned breasts. The tension on my nose made it burn fiercely, automatically bringing tears to my eyes, but concealed as they now were by my Habit, no one could see the misery and it was impossible for me to tell anyone of the horrible things that had been done to me! While I tried to get used to this arrangement, I saw him kneel again before me, raise the hem of my skirt, then connect the large, central link of my short hobble to the chain from the floor ring. He stood again.

“Your Parents will come and say some last words to you, then leave you in our care. You have five minutes with them, and after that we shall proceed to the Chapel to formally accept you into The Sisterhood.”

Chapter Twelve

Parental Inspection & Final Vows

I was left to stand alone for a couple of moments when he and the two assistants left to fetch them. When they departed, all sound was cut off and I had my first taste of the utter soundlessness that I would soon endure unless at prayer, constantly, every day for the rest of my life. The fizzing sensations of the Controller equipment bonding itself into my body nearly drove me crazy, but I could do nothing other than stand twitching and writhing in misery.

'Oh God! What had happened to me?!'

At last the door at the end of the room opened and my parents walked slowly to where I stood, hidden-chained to the floor, my head bent submissively and kept that way by the concealed chain to my nose ring. My hearing came back with a loud snap that made me try to jerk my head away from the noise, but only succeeded in tugging very painfully on my impaled nose. Inside my obscuring facial veils, more despairing tears sprang from my eyes.

"And so, Catherine, we have come to say good bye," my father said quietly. "You belong to God now. We shall keep abreast of your progress, for the Father Superior has informed us that this is normal practice, but we will not see you again in person. Your mother has a few words to say."

"Catherine?" her voice trembled while I stood before her, head bent, "I-I-I know that this is hard for you, dear, but truly, it *is* all for the best! I hope you will be a good and obedient nun, and I know that you are now assured of going to Heaven, under the care and guidance of this Order. G-G-Good bye, dear."

Without another word, they both turned and were escorted to the door of the Preparation Chamber by the Father Superior. When it closed behind them, he returned to me, then knelt and freed my hobble from its chain. The two

assisting sisters and the Superior General of the Office of Holy Discipline came to stand beside him.

“It is time to proceed to the Chapel for the Ceremony of Acceptance to our Congregation. Sisters, attach her ‘Guides’ and we shall proceed.”

The two moved one to each side, then I felt them attach short chain leashes to the rings of my chastity belt projecting through eyelets set into the heavily elasticized fabric at the waist of my Habit. The Father Superior moved in front and the Superior General behind, then a strong jerk pulled me into motion, forcing me to walk between the other two nuns, unable to resist their combined strength. I felt as though I was being taken to an execution! Beneath my long, swaying, black skirt, my legs snapped their hobble chains tight with every step I was forced to take and I felt the huge devices in my loins twitch and shift while they anchored themselves more permanently into my body. I attempted to writhe away from their thrusting intrusion, but there was no avoidance of the sensations, and gasping whines of discomfort and terror hissed from my impaled and plugged nostrils under the concealing metal mesh that covered my lower face. My footwear clip-clopped hollowly on the stone floors while I struggled along, fighting in despair against my fate and all the things I wore, able only to stare down at the grey stone floor and my heavy, long skirt.

The walk to the Chapel was long, for it was located deep in the stone fastness of the convent, seldom seen or visited by other than members of the Congregation I was soon to become a part of. We frequently stopped until tightly barred doors were opened to allow us through, then closed behind our small procession, until finally, we entered the lofty-ceilinged, long nave of the Chapel. I was walked slowly up the central aisle, then positioned in front of a large cross hanging on a thick chain just above the floor, located in front of the first row of kneelers. My escorts released my hands and arms from under the front of my Habit, then forcefully drew them out to the sides. One at a time my wrists were pulled up and locked to each end of the cross’s bar, then my ankles were pushed together and a heavy lock connected their rings to another embedded on the bottom of the vertical piece. For a moment I stood in shivering terror of what they were doing, then the two nuns moved to my sides once more and drew the still attached leashes from my chastity belt

around the vertical, crossing them over my waist and locking them together. Next, they reached up and locked the ring at the back of my collar to one on the cross, fully securing me. Finally, my nose leash was released from its connection to my waist, but the chain was left fastened, swinging heavily back and forth under my veil. A small heavy bell was locked to its end link, then they left me.

The cross, with me fastened to it, slowly rose into the air until its bottom end was nearly 10 meters above the floor and I stared down on the massed ranks of kneeling and shrouded women to see that all were huddled on their knees at their assigned stations, motionlessly waiting for the next part of the Ceremony. I could not see their faces, all fully hidden behind their facial veils and it was probably just as well, for they would soon suffer almost the same terrible things that would seal me into their midst. There were hundreds of them, all dressed in the same garments I wore, all perfectly aligned on their benches; all unmoving. The Ceremony of Acceptance began with the Father Superior moving to stand behind the lectern in the pulpit on my left.

“Sisters!” his voice rang in all of our ears. “You are gathered here this afternoon to accept a new member into our Congregation. She has been brought here to earn God’s blessing and guidance, to become a chattel unto Him, and she shall be encouraged to be as pure of mind and body as is possible here on Earth. You have all been where she is now, and so understand the Duties and the Penalties of not being true to your faith! As a continuing atonement for your sins, as is always the case, you shall also suffer some of her pain while she is conducted into our midst. Let us begin with the prayer of Appeal for Mercy...”

I stared miserably out from within my cloying garments, trying to snuffle and plead my denial of what was about to happen, but there was nothing I could do to resist or escape being on such vulnerable display! The Father Superior’s prayer droned interminably and I tried to tune out the unending stream of words, until finally I heard my name spoken again.

“... and so, Lord, we bring to You, the body and soul of Catherine, passing her into thine abiding care, in hope of her redemption in Your Merciful Presence. From this time forth, she shall be known to the world as Sister Catherine, who shall now undergo her First Rite of Purification and

Submission."

The voice stopped and I hung in the sudden, terrifying silence. For the longest time, nothing happened and the shrouded figures below me remained completely motionless. A sudden sharp ripple of horridly painful, strongly vibrating pulses convulsed my sex and I automatically tried to scream for it to stop, only to have my tongue jerk painfully at the anchors that now held it inside its little pocket of torment. Also, when I tried to scream, it too was needled with terrifying flickers of electrical shocks, and under my collar my throat swelled with demonic wavering cries at their fierceness. The flow of air through my nostrils became more and more restricted, while I swung slowly back and forth on the suspended cross, then, around the base of each of my armored breasts, the collars inside the imprisoning cups tightened fiercely, mushrooming the constricted flesh further away from my chest into their steel hemispheres! To my incredulous mind, the things fastened into my nipples seemed to heat to glowing temperatures and the cups began to painfully compress my poor captive sensitive flesh, driving long skeins of terrible shocks through them in horrifying waves and patterns that curdled and convulsed the badges of my femininity.

"Sister Catherine, you now begin to understand your place, and the Penance you will suffer daily for your misdeeds of the past, and those you may think to commit in the future," the pitiless voice lectured while I thrashed against my fastenings, howling into the horrid thing that filled my mouth and throat.

The protracted and painful Ceremony went on and on without pause for the next three hours while I was unendingly cautioned, prayed for, and exhorted to become the pure vessel that was the ideal, but I could say nothing! All the while, deep in the back of my mind, was the awareness that the things that had been put into every orifice of my body were insidiously becoming a *permanent* part of me! Finally, I could stand no more of the pain and mental anguish and passed out in hysterical, strangled screams, fighting wildly against my restraints, suspended high above the Congregation of the Sisterhood. They too quivered and I'm sure all screamed silently in their own private punishments, even though reduced from what I was suffering.

I returned to awareness to find that I had been freed of the cross and was

being held by the two sisters of The Office of Holy Discipline. Again, my nose chain had been tensioned to my waist, then, taking my side leashes once more, I was drawn back down the aisle, past the long ranks of still kneeling nuns, out into a barren, barred corridor to the Chapel. I fought only fractionally against my heavy, cloying Habit, but of course, could do nothing to alleviate my growing misery and sense of being totally lost. Within my belly, the twinned dildos twitched and shifted uncomfortably and despite my terrible state of helplessness, I began to become aroused! The network of tight metal web-like straps pressing firmly against my skull sensed this, and in moments my weak struggles redoubled when the cups over my breasts sent forth more of the rippling, agonizing pulses of electrical shocks! I shrieked frenziedly into my gag, twisting and writhing dementedly to escape the torment and my leashes, but they drew me along without pity, slowly passing through the stone halls. Oh God! I was desperate to tear the dreadful things out of and away from my body; to do anything to escape their control, but they were becoming a part of me, and there was nothing I could do to stop or escape the process from happening! Only small hisses seeped from the things welding themselves into my nostrils and face, and so I was kept obedient to the Vow of Eternal Silence.

We arrived at the door to my cell and a moment later I was back inside the stark chamber, leashed once more by the ceiling chain and the one to my hobble. My hands were freed from my front at the waist, but all of the other restricting chains to the sides of my hidden cinch remained in place. Before leaving me, the two sisters walked slowly to the alcove were I had been forced to feed myself, then uncoiled the long, heavy, black hose from its wall bracket. I watched fearfully when they approached with it, then stood motionless in misery when it was clipped first to my belt at the front, then pulled up under my veil and socketed into the panel that sealed my mouth. They turned around slowly, inspecting the cell, then walked to the barred inner door while it rose into the upper frame and they stepped through into the area between it and the outer steel one. The barred portal hissed down once more, locking securely, and only then was the solid, outer door opened for them to leave. It closed with a deep, vibrating thud, and I was abandoned to my horrified thoughts, alone in my dimly-lit prison.

For the longest time I stared in misery at those bars and the steel beyond

it, then carelessly flung myself to the floor in a flurry of the swirling skirts of my Habit and beat my heavily gloved and mittened hands on the unfeeling stone. I rolled and kicked, screaming, yelling, and weeping all at the same time, but of course, remained held utterly a completely silenced prisoner. My session of rebellion was broken into at last by the commanding voice of the Superior General when he called all sisters to prayer. For some seconds I lay, foolishly ignoring the command, but as before, a series of agonizing pulses through my isolated clitoris and nipples drove me to the kneeler, howling uselessly. More hours of prayer and sermonizing were forced into my brain, then at last I was released.

My fast over the next two days was an enforced one, as I was only permitted water at infrequent intervals, but then, sitting morosely on a small, hard stool bolted into the floor near one wall, I felt the hose fastened to my face begin to pulse slowly. I was going to be fed by remote control for the next three months of my acclimatization time as a Novitiate, seeing only the two faceless sisters from the Office of Holy Discipline when they came to fasten me each night, or for disciplinary occasions.

Chapter Thirteen

Hidden Prisoners

And so began my existence as a Sister Of The Order Of Eternal Penance.

The Office Of Holy Discipline was cunning and cruel in the use of its powers, for sometimes in the night, while I lay chained in my stocks on the bed, held upside down on it in the alcove, my Controllers would tease me to arousal and very occasionally an orgasm, but I was made to suffer horridly unending tortures for those brief moments of bliss. I came to desperately fear the unavoidable arousal; knowing that I was soon to pay dearly for the sensations my brain and body craved so desperately.

That first night, I was fitted with a thing that I truly hate wearing. The two Sisters stood me beside my bed, then one raised the heavy hem of the Habit's skirt. The other brought forth a long gleaming, thick bar, then guided it quickly and unerringly up between my thighs! I felt a heavy, mechanical joining deep in my crotch, followed by weird and uncomfortable shifting of the things embedded in my loins. More vibrations followed and in a second the lower tip of the bar between my cuffed ankles had been joined to the central ring of my hobble chain. The short chain that had joined my below the knee cuffs was exchanged for two longer ones that were then locked to the bar also. The one who fitted me with the awful shaft waggled it back and forth, making the other end, inside my belly and sex, do the same thing and I gasped in shock from the uncomfortable sensations, twisting my hips to try to escape them, but that only made it worse! No matter *what* I did, or how I moved my legs, I could not escape the twisting thing within my belly and immediately more tears sprang to my eyes under the obscuring veil. It is a constant of my life now: always arousing and distressing to wear, and it limits me incredibly harshly.

When I was lifted onto the bed then clamped and chained down, I finally became aware of the reason for the small, until now unused, central hole in the leg stocks. It clamped over the rigid bar between my legs, holding it

securely and constantly uncomfortably.

I had been told that the irritating fizzing sensation would stop after the first eight hours, and it did, but the awful process continued without pause and over the next days, my Controllers became irremovably part of my body and limbs; bonding, as designed, deeply into my flesh, muscles, and bones.

Somewhere during the three months as a Novitiate, I began to forget what it had felt like to ever be free. All I could think of was that I was a nun in eternal penance for sins I only dimly recalled committing. The discipline, punishments, and prayer were unremitting, and given what I am forced to wear and endure, I became, truly, a chattel of The Church.

At last, the endless days of my isolation came to an end and I was taken to the Office of Holy Discipline. Before leaving my cell, the two sisters freed me of the tribulation of the ankle length Inhibitor Bar; replacing it with only a knee length one, as every other sister wore. From that point forward, the ankle length bars were used only for ceremonial and disciplinary purposes ... neither one of which could be easily separated from the other. Once I wore the knee length Inhibitor Bar, in addition they attached three, long, medium weight chains to its tip ring, the middle one dangling down to my ankles with a bell welded to its end link. This would toll constantly when I walked, being bounced back and forth annoyingly between my legs with every pace, betokening my being owned and controlled by The Church. The other chains locked to the tip ring were arranged so that one passed out through a reinforced eyelet of the long skirt at the front, and the other similarly at the back. Both were left to hang down the outer surfaces of the Habit’s skirt, thereby being presented for easy captivity; used to leash and control. This newest arrangement served to constantly remind me of my helpless femininity, as was their intent, and so it came to pass that two other veiled Novitiates and I stood neck-leashed to stone pillars in the Superior General’s office while she read the formal declaration of our assumption into Full Sisterhood.

When he’d finished, two of his assistant nuns appeared, then he picked up one of three, 60 cm long, two centimeter diameter bars, each with a mechanical fitting on their ends. I attempted to shift away when he approached me with it held in his upturned palms, the two sisters behind him.

“Sister Catherine, this is the final portion of your Habit. It will serve to make you constantly aware of your helplessness in the presence of God.”

One of them held my right wrist firmly away from my body, then the Superior General joined the locking mechanical fitting of the bar to the staple on my cuff. It was heavy! They repeated the action at my left wrist, and for a few seconds I stood uncomprehending of what had been done to me, then, unthinking, I attempted to move my gloved and mittened hands together. The Separator Bar forbad the attempt totally! No matter *what* I tried, nothing eased the horrible situation, and I stood helplessly, my arms straining to overcome the separation of my hands, shoulders quivering with effort. The assistants raised the bar, and thus my hands, to waist level, then shortened the chains with a lock on each side so that its middle remained pressed tightly against my corseted belly. This was how they would be kept from that point on, except when needed to perform tasks for the Church.

The other two Novitiates were similarly equipped, then the assistants leashed us together by the new chains emerging from our Habits at our knees, and drew us off to our first assignment as working sisters of the Order. With every pace I took, I felt the swinging of the heavy bell, it bouncing between my lower legs and jerking on the shortened bar between my knees. Its torment and arousal building could not be escaped and in minutes I writhed in mute desperation with totally frustrated arousal flooding up from my armored belly to my encased and untouchable breasts. Being unable to assuage the desperate need to be satisfied that my body created was a punishment of terrible cruelty just in itself ... one that could not be escaped.

Since that time, I have labored in a variety of positions here at the Convent, even while wearing the wrist separator bar: everything from data entry on a computer to kitchen and cleaning work. The silence that enfolds me, other than prayers and commands is unending, and some days I feel that I will go crazy unless I am allowed to see blue sky and breathe free air again.

The worst part of my new life was the inability to talk or communicate with others, thanks to my and their incredibly controlled state and our inescapable gagging systems. I thought that I’d go crazy with the isolation, even though I could see those around me, but The Church and its organization were designed to subjugate all young and fertile females that

came into its possession. There was no regard for our feelings and desires, for in effect, we had become mere animals to be strictly cared for. And so, for, I think, the next five years, I remained a full captive in the convent. Every three months I was permitted to see my parents for an hour, but of course being permanently gagged, I could not speak or in any way communicate to them the horrors of my bondage and captivity.

Chapter Fourteen

A Change of Status

As I had been told, on the anniversary of my fifth year of becoming a fully-fledged member of the Sisterhood, The Church began to make use of my body's capabilities as a female. I was soon to sink to even lower depths of captivity than I had ever imagined was possible, when, one morning after being cleaned, my prayers being said and finally being fed, my ears were suddenly filled by the sound of the Father Superior's voice.

"Sister Catherine, you have served your first years as a full member of The Order and now it is time for you to truly begin earning your keep in a way that is appropriate for your sex and to enhance your penance. To this end you are to become a Milk Nun and from today onward you will be confined in the Dairy Barn of this convent. Shortly, you will be taken there to be fitted with the appropriate equipment to fulfill your new role."

'What new role?' I wondered fearfully. *'I'm a nun! NOT a cow!'*

I was wrong, horribly so.

For the next endless hours I waited in my cell, leashed and helplessly chained, before the heavy doors to my cell opened and two of the Discipline Sisters arrived to take me to my new place of residence and penance. My leashes were quickly released from their floor and ceiling connections, then one of them grasped the chain hanging down the front of my Habit's heavy skirt, while the other grasped the one behind. Both moved away from me and the fore and aft chains tightened, isolating me between them. A second later, the sister in front of me moved forward, and tugged on the leash so that I felt the shifting of the Inhibitor Bar between my thighs, but worse, was the consequent movement of the dildo within my loins and I wailed into my gag from the awful sensations. There was no way to alleviate them other than to move forward and so I was compelled to follow her out of my cell, always held in check by the other sister behind me, making sure that the rear leash remained loosely controlled and thus allowed the front one to be employed to

hurry me along with constant jerks.

Tears of distress and terror soon flooded down my hidden cheeks, but they didn't care and continued to pull me along barred corridors and down stairs into a part of the Convent I had never visited. We eventually emerged into a vast lower level that was fully tiled in white and brightly lit, then I was taken along more of the bar walled corridors to a large room, and there the preparation for my new role began.

At the centre of the large chamber was a one meter high dais with stairs on one side, and above it a chain dangled, complete with a long bar equipped with swinging chains from its ends and middle. Three large rolling cupboards, very clinical in appearance, surrounded the dais and at its centre was equipped with a large staple. When I was made to climb onto the platform then my ankle hobble chain was immediately locked to it, then one of the sisters came up to stand beside me and after removing my veils, clipped the central chain from the bar to the back ring of my collar. The other one came up also and the two of them began divesting me of the cloying habit that had for so long concealed my church-mandated control and discipline equipment, then ten minutes later I stood naked but for the steel web and garments bonded to and enmeshing my body, head and limbs.

I stood there on the dais, waiting for something to happen for a long time, then the Father Superior entered the chamber and came to stand before me. My hearing clicked on and I stared at him in terror while he pronounced my sentence to the life of a Milk Nun.

"Sister Catherine, it is time for you to partially fulfill your destiny as a female. You are, of course, not permitted to reproduce, but you will serve in other manners, to enhance your value to the Congregation and the Order. To this end, you have been chosen to become a Milk Nun and will for the foreseeable future, reside here in the Dairy Barn of the convent.

"Your life as a Milk Nun will not be an easy one, for the processes employed to make you to provide high quality milk are quite harsh and indeed are considered punitive for all females who become dairy animals. You, however, have no choice in this matter and in a few moments will be taken to your stall in the milking parlors and secured there.

“One final thing. With your reduction in status to that of a dairy animal, you have been removed from the Congregation as a human member, although you are still part of the Church’s property, but now as an owned animal. As such, you are not entitled to a human name. You are now DA-13-194-60113-67 from this point onward.

“Now, it is time for you to be fitted with your new headgear, so that you can more properly fulfill your role. Sisters, please proceed.”

One of the two of them picked up a heavy-looking, full head covering helmet and brought it up onto the dais, stood beside me for a moment, then lifted it over my head and slid it down over my skull until it covered my face. Within seconds, they had locked it fully into my metal head cage and I found that I could barely see out of the darkened vision ports and even then, only to the sides of my head, as is the case with actual cows. When it had been pulled tight to my face, the inner gas mask made an air tight seal around it and at the same time, sets of internal fittings had connected to my nasal jewellery and a larger one had snapped into the feeding one on my gag! I could not see the outer side of the mask, but I soon would see it mirrored by what the other Milk Nuns in the barn wore.

“Sisters, conduct the animal to its new place of residence. Once it has been secured, change the arrangement of its fore legs to the standard configuration,” he ordered the two attending sisters then stood back and watched while my Inhibitor Bar was leashed fore and aft by them and I was freed of the dais chain and over head collar one, then assisted to step down off the dais in a state of shock. Not only was I a complete prisoner of The Church, but now, I was no longer regarded as human, having become only a soon to be milk giving animal owned by it! Inside my tight and cloying new helmet tears of horror and fear streamed down my cheeks while I was drawn irrevocably along the wide, bar-walled corridors to another chamber. Once inside the large circular room I saw that I was not going to be alone in my travails. There were eleven other women of my age arranged in a large circle, chained in place, and I was destined to fill the empty slot in the circle. All of them leant forward over bars at the level of their hips and each had her collar locked between two narrowly-separated vertical steel bars joined at the top and bottom by semi-circles. At the apex of each semi-circle, short chains held

the device, and thus the occupants in place. About half of the women were bent fully forward and held that way, while others were permitted to stand partially erect, but all of them had their hobble chains connected to a floor ring between their booted feet and it was then that I saw what *I* looked like! All of them wore the same type of helmet that I did ... basically a gas mask that looked similar to a cow's head, complete with horns and ears bearing large tags!

The difference though, between real cow's head's and the human cows I caught only brief glimpses of, was that the ones confined in this milking parlor all had large diameter, corrugated air hoses, together with thick black rubber hoses for their feeding and watering, connected to the fronts of their helmets. These all led inward to large central 'manifolds', but could be remotely and individually controlled. While I was being pulled around to the empty slot in the circle, yet other terrifying details of their restraint and control arrangements were revealed.

From the tips of each of their breast cups, a pair of clear silicon rubber hoses looped forward and out to another set of 'manifold' pipes on the inner side of the circle: one was for their milk and the other was the vacuum line. As well, each breast cup of every 'cow' also had an electrical coil cord connected to its tip and they too led inward to the centre of the circle in front of the individual cow to connect to a control box. Then I saw how they were kept in place from the rear.

The gleaming crotch plates each had urine, fecal evacuation, and washing hoses connected to them, as well as additional electrical coil cords. What struck me as totally humiliating and terrifying though, was that each of the cow's knee-length Inhibitor Bars had a sturdy chain connected to its end ring. The other ends were fastened to a floor ring out behind each 'cow'. To complete their bondage, each of the 'cows' had long chains fastened to the hip rings of their chastity belt's waist band; these leading up to a short bar that was in turn connected to an overhead winch. For the ones who were permitted to stand partially erect, the hip chains were loose, but for those being milked, the chains had been tightened by the winch, pulling them off the floor so that their legs hung down from their hips, yet were still loosely connected to the floor rings by their hobble chains. When they were to be

milked, the ‘cows’ hips were hoisted into the air and at the same time the linkages from their collars to each side moved downward, forcing them to bend forward. It was a diabolically cruel arrangement that was very effective in both positioning and punishing her.

That wasn’t all though! I caught more brief glances of my sister ‘cows’ while I was led around to my slot and what I saw horrified me. All of the Milking Nuns had had their arms pulled around behind their backs, then rotated and forced far up between their shoulder blades in what is called a ‘back prayer’. I was to immediately join them in this terrible arrangement, but for the moment was blissfully unaware of my coming misery and the utter helplessness that this bondage would entail.

I was stopped and turned into my place in the circle and saw briefly that one side of the narrow vertical oblong had been released and swung to the side, waiting for my collared neck to be placed between them. One of the sisters went behind me and immediately picked up the chain leash for my Inhibitor Bar then locked it to the tip ring. When this was done I shivered frantically with the sensation of the chain swinging and moving the Bar between my legs and the dildo inside my belly. It was then that my right arm was freed and moved behind my back, slowly rotated, then pushed up my back between my shoulder blades. I wailed frantically into my gag from the awful discomfort, bending forward to try to ease the strain, but that only made their job easier and a second later my right wrist cuff had been locked to a short chain from the back ring of my collar. Now, I knew what was coming next, and began to struggle to avoid it, but the process was coldly relentless and my left arm was freed then slowly moved around behind me and up my back to be also fastened to the short neck chain. That was not the end though! My front collar leash chain was drawn down to a floor ring and I was forced to remain bent forward while they finished off my new arm bondage.

I felt vibrations at my above-the-elbow cuffs and a few seconds later, they were both pulled tight to my body! The strain was huge and vastly uncomfortable and I screamed desperately into my gag and shook myself as best I could to try to beg for release from the awful positioning of my arms, but they had seen this reaction dozens of times and proceeded without pause.

With my arms now held tight to my body, my wrists had gone even further up between my shoulder blades and my questing fingers could touch the back of my wide collar, but even that small freedom was to be denied. My wrist cuffs were momentarily released from the chain, but my hands still remained upward with the palms facing out. One of the sisters went to an equipment cupboard and returned with an oblong, thick rubber bag-like arrangement, then they fitted it to my hands. Inside the bag were two tight, thick rubber gloves and after some sort of lubricant had been spread over both of my hands, the two sisters carefully inserted my fingers and hands, then pulled the bag-like outer covering fully down to my wrist cuffs' bottom edge. Suddenly, I felt an interior set of draw strings, one for each glove and one for the bottom edge of the bag itself drawn tight and then locked! The back of the collar wrist chain was shortened and once more locked between my collar and the joined rings of my wrist cuffs, then, from the inner rings of my elbow cuffs, a short chain was led to the central back ring of my chastity belt's waist band and tensioned to a thrumming tightness. The end result of the process was to leave me with no arm movement possible, and as well, to change my posture so that I was literally forced to arch my back and thus force my breasts to stand out more fully into their imprisoning cups.

The two sisters now closed the opened set of bars ensuring that the side connections of my collar clicked into the internal sliders and linking them to the mechanical linkage that would force me to raise and lower my head and upper body. I felt the vibration when the side bar was locked to the upper half circle, then my front collar leash was released. They next shortened the top and bottom positioning chains from the apexes of the circles, pulling me into position and when that was done, the short bar with the chains to the hip rings of my belt were connected. They stepped back and looked me over then silently left me to stand there, shuffling my booted feet to the limits of my hobble. I stared out to the sides, unable to look directly forward and partially saw the other cows on either side, but there was no possible way for me to communicate with anyone and so I shook in misery and fear. I was almost ready to become a fully functional Milk Nun.

Chapter Fifteen

A Milk Nun

Having done this many times before, the two sisters immediately began connecting the hoses and wires to my body and within five minutes I was fully fitted out, just like all the other Milk Nuns in this milking parlor. I wasn't aware of it, but the barn was an extensive one and contained twelve milking parlors, all now fully occupied. My vision was quite restricted by the arrangement of the eye ports of the mask, but I could occasionally catch glimpses of those cows on either side if I twisted my head against the restriction of the narrow bars on either side of my collar.

They left me standing there, bent over, then went to the control panel for the room and a moment later, my collar was allowed to rise up between the side bars and I stood almost erect. Behind me, the chain and bar arrangement to my chastity belt tightened slowly, but I was allowed to remain with my booted feet on the floor ... for the moment. I stared desperately out from, within my cloying and oppressive mask, praying that this was not happening to me, but it *was* and there was no relief! I wept for the longest time, shaking and writhing my body as best I could, attempting to somehow ease the awful strain on my arms and each time I kicked my feet I felt the firm and unyielding clasp of my ankle cuffs and the slithering vibration of the chain that joined them to the floor ring. As well, when I kicked, I felt the rigid presence of the Inhibitor Bar between my thighs and the weight of the swinging chain from its tip ring, making my sensations of being bound and totally controlled huge. I wept and tried to beg for release, even more than I had in the past, but no sound could be heard by any of the occupants of the Milking Parlor. Our hearing was utterly removed and with our ears sealed away under the sound-deadening, shallow domes of our helmets, the lack of sound for us all was absolute, with only the clashing and tinkling sounds of our chains being tugged at and the occasional "hiss-phut-hiss-phut-hiss-phut" of an operating milking pulsator valve echoing in the silent white room. Any screams or attempts to make other noise by a cow were completely stifled by her gagging arrangements and what little sounds she could make through her nose were lost inside the mask and her attached breathing hoses.

And so we all stood in a silent, bound circle of misery, staring out to the sides through the vision ports of our masks and that was all the freedom we were permitted. None of us were able to see directly to our front, thanks to the way in which the vision ports of our masks were designed, but we had restricted sight and that was a small blessing. Naturally, this arrangement did not permit us to see the small groups of LED 'pilot' lights become illuminated on the panels in front of us to which all the hoses and wires from our heads and bodies were connected. The sequence for the different ones for the various processes we were each subjected to, switched from solid green, meaning the process was inactive, then to amber, indicating that the process was being initialized, then to flashing red when the particular process was fully in operation. After a couple of days I learned of the main processes: feeding, urinary and anal wash-outs, breathing, of course, the ability to see, hearing, milking, vaginal stimulation and most horribly, all of the different discipline modes.

The voice of the Father Superior came into my ears.

"Welcome to your life as a Milk Nun, DA-13-194-60113-67. In a few moments you will be introduced to the many processes that will govern your life from this point forward, until your status changes, but you need not concern yourself with that eventuality for some considerable time to come.

"As you are aware, you are confined in your milking parlor with another 11 Milk Nuns. You will soon join them in their routines of providing human milk for those less fortunate. During the past weeks, your body has been prepared, for you have been given additional hormonal triggers with your food to stimulate the production of milk, and so now you will be relieved of it."

Now I knew why my breasts had become so sensitive! During the past two weeks, I had suffered terribly every time I was disciplined, and it was now apparent that this was the reason.

"You will be milked three times every day from now on DA-13-194-60113-67. Your diet has been changed accordingly to ensure that this needs to be done. You have been secured as is necessary, for you will, without question, as those who have already entered the Milk Nun program, learn that

the process and sensations of being milked while at the same time having your breasts subjected to electro-shock to aid in production, to be most unpleasant. Future milking may become easier for you to bear but that is normally not the case."

Unseen, in front of me, a series of pilot lights went from green to amber, then the Father Superior's voice came once more before a deep silence fully engulfed me.

"Now, it is time."

With those fateful words, my hearing disappeared once more, then my collar was drawn down between the metal bars and my hips and legs were lifted until my feet swung freely, but remained chained to the floor ring. Behind, the chain to the tip ring of my Inhibitor Bar was tightened and I felt it's shuddering, vibrating movement within my belly, moaning frantically into my gag while staring out through the vision ports of my awful, cloying mask. I desperately wanted to be free of the horrid thing, but was securely locked into it and had to try to suppress the panic that came from knowing that. Suddenly it became immeasurably worse when the vision ports darkened to complete opacity leaving me enfolded in unrelieved blackness. The pilot lamps on the pump's control panel became amber and I felt an uncomfortable tugging sensation on each of my nipples, making the flesh erect of its own volition to the forced stimulation, and I twisted instinctually to escape the insistent irritation, as much as I could in my suspending chains. The suckling grew stronger, then to my horror, the internal nooses of the breast cups, around the bases of my straining mammaries began to snare even more tightly closed! It was then that the sets of lights on the control panel began to flash red.

The inner liners of the cups slowly, then more and more frequently, began to squeeze the sensitive mounds of my garroted breasts and I could not stop my automatic, but strangled howls of discomfort. Nothing more seemed to happen, but the process of squeezing and suckling continued without let-up while I writhed, suspended in midair. Then, the next even more terrible part of the process began when a series of trembling electrical pulses began to flow through my imprisoned, ballooned, and compressed breasts! I began to truly scream and flail like a maddened puppet, desperate to somehow escape

what was being done, but nothing stopped the processes that were being enacted!

Finally, long, minutes later, I began to feel a release of the pressure that had been growing in my breasts, when the milk began flowing from them. Even though the shocks continued in painful waves, I felt an erotic thrill beginning to spread from my punished breasts to my imprisoned, transfixed sex, pulsing in time with the suction cycles and building higher and higher while the minutes whirled by. My body reacted automatically, twisting and fighting against the confinement and restriction of the harness, and within my mind, my thoughts descended into a chaotic whirlpool of both pain and pleasure, so much so that arousal soon came! I became lost in a cloud of overwhelming sensation, not caring of the terrible discipline that would come after my orgasm, for my own endorphins were being used against me to heighten the sensations of my being milked, but I was not to be allowed unalloyed pleasure.

Of course, my Control and Discipline Harness sensed my arousal, but allowed the sensations to build high before unleashing its terrible power; this being the even more fierce manner of punishment. Deep in my armored crotch, the dildo began fiercely vibrating, then moving in and out in short, astounding thrusts, and I felt each of its movements intensely for it had bonded deeply into my body, pulling distinctly on the flesh. I began to pant and howl into my gag from the wash of strange sensation, then to my horror a cascade of agonizing electrical discharges pulsed from the vibrating, thrusting phallus and the thing in my bowel! Small discharges of electrical stimulation were trickled through my clitoris making me madly kick and bicycle my legs to the limits of the strict hobble chain, still securely connected to the floor! It did no good for I continued to be tormented by the intimate and more and more painful shocks! My arousal evaporated in a flash and I wailed frantically into my gag while the disciplining continued unabated. However, it seemed not to have affected me permanently, for my arousal returned even stronger than before, and the shocks climbed higher and higher! The sensations and emotions I was forced to experience were incredibly complex, and I couldn’t escape them, so the process was continued without let up.

‘Please-please-please ... no! No-no-no! Please! EEEEEaaaagghhhh!

Aaaahh-eeeiiii-aaaggghh! Aaaahhhh-eeeiiii-aaaggghh!' Please-pleasepleaseple-eeeeiiiyyyaaaahhh!'

The clitoral pulses began again and my hips tried to heave against their confinement in rebellion against the shocks, but then other things started to be done to my body! My breasts too began to be shocked by the tightly fitted cups locked over them, at the same time as my dildo emitted shocks! Spiraling electrical energy shuddered the sensitive tissue, slowly moving towards my nipples until they seemed to catch fire and curdle into horridly sensitive buds. Wild screams echoed in my mind while the very essence of my womanhood was assaulted by the agonizing electrical discharges.

'EEEEeeee-aaagghhhh!!!! No-no-no-n...aaaahhhheaaigggiiaa! EEEEaeeaaaiiii AAagghhhaha!! Oh Please! Please! No more, NO more!! I can't stand iiiitttt -eeeEEEEAGGGHHHH!!!'

My bounteous breasts, swollen with blood and filled with milk, thanks to the garroting nooses cinched around their bases were exceedingly vulnerable to the electricity transfixing them, and there was no way I could shrink myself away, but more torment was yet to come!

The next thing to be added to my torment came when the dildo began to slither in and out of my sex, shocking me severely while it did and at the same time my clitoris and breasts were continuously convulsed by stronger and stronger waves of electro-shock! I gasped at the sensation of the mechanical penetration of my sex, feeling my femininity intensely while it raped me without mercy or let up. Deep in my mind I howled dementedly feeling myself being forced closer and closer to a mental breakdown. No matter what I attempted, there was no escape from the awful procedures I was being subjected to!

'AAaaAaarrrggghhh-EEEEaaaaiiiii!!! Oh-oh-oh! I'm sorry! I'm sssorrrry! I'm so sssssoorrryyy... EEEEaaaggghh!!! NNNnoooo! Oh, please! Oh please? No more! No more! I can't stand it anymore! No mmorrreeee-EEEEIIIaaaahhhh! EEEEAAAiiiiaaaagghhh!!!!'

My brain could stand no more of the intense sensations being inflicted and shut down. The indicators on the control panel showed that it had, but I

was forced to breathe oxygen-enriched air and my heart rate gradually settled into more normal rhythms from the frantic beating it had gone into when the tormenting milking process had commenced. The lowered levels of over stimulation still left me gasping a with shuddering reaction to what had just happened. How long this first milking session went on I have no idea, for at many points I fainted outright from the stress, only to reawaken and find myself still suspended and being suckled by the insatiable machinery. Even when I could give no more, the cups continued to tug on my nipples and squeeze my ballooned breasts, while the shocks increased in strength, wringing every last drop of milk from me. At last it stopped and I was left to dangle in quivering aftermath to what had been done to me. At last, my collar was raised as my hips were lowered and I was allowed to stand once more.

From that time I have been a part of the Milk Nun program, basically a captive dairy animal. I am to be forcibly milked and at the same time, punished three times every day, completely unable to avoid the arousal that automatically occurs every time, and like all else in my life, I had no control over what was done. I simply had to endure it as best I could, trying to keep from going completely mad, but the depths of my penance were so terrible that I could never have imagined it was possible, and to my continuing horror, I realized I could never escape it.

Epilogue

I have lived here for many years now and become accustomed to my role as a Milk Nun and the way in which I am required to live my life. It has never been easy, or in *any* way pleasant! I constantly want to escape from this existence, but the chances of that ever happening have grown dimmer and dimmer.

Yes, I grew accustomed to the restriction of my Habit and Control Equipment, and even to those infrequent and, at first, joyous times of sexual arousal, but the following periods of intense discipline for these forays into the world of sensual enjoyment have made them, now, always an event to be feared, then a horror to be subjected to.

Strangely, six months ago I was summoned to the Office of Superior General of the Office of Holy Discipline, and was ordered to record the preceding narrative of how my life has been spent, and how I came to be here.

This I have done, and so you now know my story.

[Sister Catherine, once her tale had been written and approved, was returned to her duties as a Milk Nun and she has resided in the Convent's Dairy Barns ever since.]

My life as a Sister of the Order of Eternal Penance is as closely-defined as is that of any prisoner, and really, that is what I am ... a prisoner. Those in charge of our lives live different ones than do we. More freedom is accorded them than to those of us in the depths of the true sisterhood, and I do not understand how this is possible, for they are supposed to be subject to the same vows as are we, but that is, inevitably, the way of the world, it appears.

Some of the Sisters of my Order appear to actually enjoy their incarceration here in the Convent, and to me that is astounding. Despite their

Habits and Control Equipment, they appear always to be in a state of semi-delirium, and I can only attribute this to the fact that, somehow, they are permitted to constantly enjoy the delights of the flesh without suffering the terrible punishments that we in the remainder of the Congregation are subjected to. It isn't fair!

It is a difficult thing to recognize someone just from what little can be seen of their eyes, but over the years, we all seem to have been able to manage it somehow. Being prohibited from speaking, physically as well as mentally is perhaps the worst burden of all, and so I have poured my soul onto these pages, hoping in some way to communicate the horror of my fate to someone out there.

I am not alone. There are tens of thousands of women held in this terrible enslavement to, supposedly, the Glory Of God, and we all, I am sure, desperately long to escape our fates, but there is no possible way to manage it. Even if we were freed of our Habits, the Control Equipment that has been integrated into our very flesh can never, now, be removed.

But, back to my previous thoughts... Yes, there are those amongst us who seem to enjoy a favored status, and I don't understand why. Despite the difficulties of recognizing another because of the restrictive veils and our enforced silence, I have managed to do it, in a small way. Those of my Sisters who seemed to be always aroused, have, on many occasions, been absent from my daily world, sometimes for months at a time, but have always returned, fully swathed and concealed by their Habits. What happened to them during their absences, I have never found out, of course, although many, after their return, seem to sink into a morass of despair. I can only surmise the reasons for this.

Perhaps they were somehow freed of their bonds and Controllers for a while ... maybe at the whim of a Superior? Or maybe they were allowed to see the world beyond these stone walls and become real persons for a brief time, then returned here for the remainder of their commitment to God?

I become accustomed to my life, as restricted and ordered as it is, and so to see the outer world again would only make my sentence to this Sisterhood all the more terrible.

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