

# Secret Fantasies Fulfilled

(... And THEN Some!!)

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## Foreword

The creation and writing of any story always reveals something about the Author, and the one that follows is, of course, no different. Although I live a pretty normal life on the outside, other than my kink hobbies and explorations, I'm sure that the reader will realize that I have a rich and varied set of fantasies contained within my skull and have pursued them avidly with the creation of the tale that follows, placing myself in the predicament of the main character; a situation that I think I'd enjoy, at least initially, if given the chance in another life.

Fantasies, being precisely that, are seldom realized, although I've managed to bring a few of mine into reality, then discovered that there was far more to them than I'd at first realized. Most of the time, these fulfilled fantasies have been wonderful, fun, and occasionally frightening journeys. At other times, they have turned out to be far more terror-filled-voyages than I could have imagined. Some of those occasions arose when I experimented with self-bondage situations and found that I had not fully and thoroughly evaluated the entire spectrum of possibilities, then had been caught in an inescapable situation that required great ingenuity and patience to extricate myself from.

Then, there were the other occasions when I was assisted in bringing my fantasies to reality by sympathetic friends, who, once I had been fully prepared and secured, left me to stew in my own juices for indeterminate periods, terrorised by both strong, unending electrical stimulation and harsh vacuum that I insisted they apply. The sure knowledge that there was no possible way I could escape my situation without some sort of assistance, added immensely to those scenes. On those occasions, I was left alone in the locked room, fully-suspended, blinded within the gas mask, deafened by ear plugs that supplied only overwhelming white noise, quite thoroughly chained, and with my tightly-gloved fingers and hands deeply buried within heavily-padded isolation mittens. There was no way I could escape and I knew it with certainty.

Those occasions were indeed scary, although I knew that the torment would eventually stop and I would be released from my travail. Most of the time, I could persevere to the end, despite the frequent howling and maddened thrashing that I was forced into.

The story that follows is not a real one, but it **might** happen to someone who follows the path of the main character, Alexander. It could be your dream ... or your worst nightmare, but I hope you enjoy the tale regardless.

## Prelude

### *The Ultimate Device & Dreams Of Sugar Plums*

I'd arrived at this point in my journey by a long, circular route; it all having begun many years ago when I'd come upon the Latowski Chastity Belt web site and I immediately fell in love with the appearance and total functionality of the belt. I'd had many others from different manufacturers and even made my own, but the Latowski was orders of magnitude beyond anything I'd seen before and I wanted one badly.

Eventually, this came to pass and when I'd ordered the Latowski, I got one with all of the options, including the remote control/discipline e-stim capability, the extended locking posts and thicker steel frame, and extra restraint rings on the front and back shields and so could enjoy the use of electrical stimulation and controllability with a partner. That had never happened until now, and so I made more modifications to the e-stim systems by creating the base-of-the-penis ring and a cap for the head of the organ, with the electrode cable emerging from the upper edge of the belt's front or back shields. With this arrangement and being fully-encased by the inner silicon liner, I could achieve intense sensations when connected to the e-stim machines. Next, came the addition of a separately controlled, bi-polar butt plug and that too added-in yet another dimension of sensation. and for a couple of years, I enjoyed the occasional, then more and more frequent use of it; locking myself into the belt nearly every day and enjoying the sensations of the intimate confinement that the it provided. However, being the person I am, I'd wanted considerably more than the fairly straight forward restraint of the device, and so added in my Axsmar, stainless steel thigh bands, gartering them to the extended posts on the waist cinch. The feelings of increased restraint and control were delightful and the entire ensemble could easily be worn under trousers or a skirt with no one being the wiser. Then, I added-in my Axsmar ankle cuffs and these too were easily concealed by both socks and trousers, or by boots and long skirts.

Recently, I'd modified the penile e-stim system yet again ... this time creating the hollow, bi-polar, flexible rubber sound, and this could be separately controlled also. With this arrangement, now both the ring and cap, as well as the internal sound could be independently activated, or together, if the person in charge wanted to do so, with the hollow butt plug also available to add even more intensity. More recently, I'd also begun using the stretchy neoprene rings to further enhance the sensations of the intimate and unseen, primary captivity within the imprisonment of the belt itself. At first, the rings at the base of my manhood was a pleasant experience, leading to an automatic erection, but one that could not be satisfied, thanks to the locked-on belt. It was frustrating, of course, then after about two hours of this captivity, it began to get really disturbing because there was no possible way to remove the rings and thus alleviate the unending, thoroughly imprisoned erection.

Unfortunately, at that point, the internal, bi-polar urethral e-stim device and the solid bi-polar butt plug/dildo could only be used for limited durations, due to bodily needs, but I was working on a solution to these issues that would allow the wearing of both devices on a semi-permanent basis. I didn't realize then, that they'd actually soon be fitted and I would be unable to remove any of the restraint and electrical stimulation equipment.

Being both a transvestite and a sensation slut, I owned and wore my self-adhesive, 38-DD, Amoena breast forms virtually every waking hour when at home. These had to be

supported by tight, under-wire style bras, so that the breast forms became, quite literally, a part of my upper body. The sensations and mind-set of having large breasts that could not be concealed was, to me, a pleasant one, but once more, I wanted to feel something more from my nipples and breasts than just the mere weight and presence of the breast forms. I next created an arrangement that had nipple electrode pads and rim-of-the-breast ones, being very careful with the wiring to ensure that both nipples had the same polarity and both rim-of-the-breast ones did as well. Given the self-adhesive properties of the breast forms' chest lining, these electrodes stuck to it, then also to my chest when the forms were applied, being held in place by means of both the adhesive backing and the tight bra. The electrode cables for the breast e-stim system emerged below and to the sides of the chest band of the bra and they too could easily be connected to the ErosTek machines, thus making for a complete e-stim ensemble; all of it completely hidden from casual observation.

And so, I'd made myself into a potentially, totally electrically-controllable being, and could, at the whim of a Mistress, be made to dance, scream, or howl with just the simple twitch of the e-stim machines' dials. This situation was precisely what I wanted, but no one else had ever used it, other than me. I daydreamed endlessly of a truly fun (so I thought at the time) and scary experience; to be taken out for a walk by a Mistress, while fitted with all of my e-stim equipment and chastity belt, as well as with all of my Axsmar restraints, everything invisible under my outer clothing ... an almost fully concealing Victorian Lady's ensemble. Of course, the day dream extended to her ensuring that I obeyed her, by using various e-stim signals.

My present situation began to evolve when I finally gathered up the nerve to tell my wife that I wanted to experience a night of full-on bondage, totally-encased in rubber, complete with wearing a chastity belt, boots, gloves, steel restraints, and a locked-on gas mask.

This vision was sparked in part by a wonderfully erotic story written by a UK author, Mike Vickers, quite a few years in the past, all about a woman who voluntarily got herself into a highly-specialized suit that both tormented and pleased her unmercifully, all of this happening at her husband's command. So what has followed has become my own extension of that story, brought to real life, but in this instance ... with my wife in command.

The ensemble I'd dreamt about wearing for so long consisted of, first, a rubber corset, then thick, shoulder length rubber gloves, these covered by a pair of deeply padded rubber Isolation Mittens with gauntlets that rose to the elbows. These would then be covered by the sleeves of the cat suit so that they could not be removed unless the cat suit itself was taken off first. My high-necked rubber cat suit, was a thick skin that would thoroughly isolate me from the surrounding world and was accompanied by an equally thick-skinned rubber helmet with a full face mask that would eventually include a blindfold and gag. Over top of the helmet and concealing them fully would be a helmeted gas mask and it would be locked on and thus inescapable. My lace-up, ballet-toed thigh boots were also to be part of the ensemble, and these would be added towards the end of my full encasement in rubber. I wanted to ensure that once I was encased/isolated within my rubber cocoon, that I would be utterly unable to release myself or to remove any part of the costume by myself, but I wanted a lot more as well. The 'more' came in the form of wearing my steel waist cinch and a penis tube; complete with e-stim and vacuum

capability, and when both were activated I'd be completely controllable. This equipment could and would also be programmed so that both sets of devices would switch on and off at random intervals and for varying lengths of time during my nightly 'rest' period. The e-stim units themselves were also programmed to provide automatic stepping-up of the sensations they delivered, but for the moment I wanted the upper limit set at only 30% of their rated power (and even that level was very high for me), before having to turn the e-stim off and try to recover. I'd already experimented with the units at that power level, but could only stand the sensations for extremely short durations.

As well, I wanted to use all of my Axsmar cuffs and collar and have them locked-on over my rubber so that I'd be restrained and have no chance whatsoever to extricate myself from any of the things I wore, including the gas mask and helmet. It was my hope that my wife, Jessica, would assist me to get into all the gear and once I'd been fastened to the bed, she'd connect the breath control system to my gas mask, then all of the cables and hoses for the e-stim gear and the vacuum pumps. Once that had been done, all she would have to do would be to throw the Master switch that began the whole process for my night of bondage and discipline and to leave me for the night to 'enjoy' myself.

By this point, the Axsmar gear consisted of a collar, wrist cuffs, above-the-elbow cuffs, ankle cuffs, below-the-knee cuffs and thigh bands gartered to the hip rings of the Latowski chastity belt. In terms of how everything would be employed ... my thigh bands would be connected by a short hobbling link and my ankle cuffs would also be joined by a 25 cm long hobble chain. I'd wear a long chain leash locked to the back ring of the collar and before being taken out, the Mistress would connect my above-the-elbow cuffs by means of a short chain across my back and my wrist cuffs would be locked together at my waist, with short chains leading to the side rings of my chastity belt. Over top of all of the leg restraints, I'd wear a floor length skirt and short, Victorian lady's ankle boots, while above, a short cape and high collared blouse would conceal my arm bondage.

Appearing in public as a female under control of her Mistress is a **big** TV fantasy and so the back-of-the-collar leash chain would be held by her. Over her shoulder, she would have, in addition to her purse, both of the ErosTek units, and from these, long cables would be made into an umbilical that would lead to the connectors emerging from the waist band of the skirt, under the jacket's edge at the back of the belt. I would have no means of disconnecting them, nor from trying to release my collar leash. With this arrangement completed, I could then be easily controlled in any situation; be it sitting in the car and being driven to where I was to go for a walk, and on the walk itself. It hadn't happened yet, but I hoped it would at some point soon.

Another daydream, was to be held captive as an electrically-controlled Horse Man, wearing a heavy draught horse harness, horse shoe shod boots, a tight bridle holding a special 'control' type and gagging bit in my mouth, and it also fitted with blinkers. Too, there would be all of the rein sets needed to control a rebellious horse: anti-toss reins, draw reins, and of course, the regular type connected to the bit. Signals to me in this role, though would be done by e-stim, not by voice or reins. My dream role was to be attached to a light carriage with my arms connected to the waist belt's side rings. The e-stim units would be mounted on the dash board of the carriage with the umbilical of the cables leading to a mount on my back, and then to the in-put parts of my harness. These parts would be fitted at the very beginning of being outfitted in the heavy duty-tack, and consist of the chastity belt, with the interior and exterior penile e-stim devices, as well as

the bi-polar butt plug. On my chest, my breasts would have the nipple and surrounding electrodes attached and the cables for everything would go to the umbilical connection and thence to the carriage and e-stim units.

To signal that I must move forward, the driver would send a three second signal to the butt plug, then to make me turn to one side or the other, a signal would go to the breast and nipple on the opposite side, so that rather than naturally turning towards the source of the stimulation, I'd have to turn away from it. The indication for an increase in speed would be three short bursts of e-stim from the butt plug and the signal to slow down would be a three second e-stim burst to the penile electrodes. Of course, the signals could also be used in combination; i.e. turn and speed up or slow down. For discipline purposes, the breast cups could be used together, or in combination with any or all the others.

I doubted that these fantasies would ever come to pass, even though I had all of the equipment and harnessing described above.

## Chapter One

### *Desires Revealed & A Changed Relationship*

At last the day came when I decided to reveal my most secret desires to Jessica.

On the drive home from work, I gathered my courage to reveal what I wanted to experience, but almost chickened out when I had parked the car in the driveway.

"Hi, honey!" I called when I entered our home in one of the southernmost bedroom communities of Vancouver, "I'm back from the corporate wars again. How was your day?"

"It's been a good one." She smiled, coming to meet me and give a kiss. "Anything interesting come up today?"

"Not really. Just the usual crap, but there **is** something I want to talk to you about, OK?" I said quietly, my face turning a little red while I contemplated the huge step I was about to take.

"Oh, really?" she stood back and looked me up and down. "Come on, Alex. Don't keep me in suspense! Spill it!" The smile on her face took the sting from her words.

"Let me change and get a drink, OK?" I asked, putting off my revelation for a few moments more. "Be back in a few minutes."

"OK, honey. I'll be waiting in the Living Room."

I should say now that Jessica already knew about most of my kink interests and although not a player herself until now, she'd had no problems with me pursuing my out-of-the-ordinary hobbies. Over the years we've been married, she'd always accepted that I enjoyed and needed to do what I do, and although the initial revelation of my transvestism was somewhat of a shock, she soon got over it, insisting only that I have my own wardrobe of women's clothing and footwear. Of course, that wasn't a problem and so from that point on, my normal attire when at home, was female. I'm not a tall or large-bodied person, being about the same build as my wife, and so even though we could interchange our clothing, I had my own wardrobe.

I'd purchased a pair of Amoena, 38-DD sized breast forms and wore them constantly when not at work or attending any sort of vanilla event and I loved the feel of their weight and movement, even when restricted by a tight bra. So, a few minutes later, now wearing one of my favourite long skirts and a bulky petticoat under it, nylons, boots and breasts, I walked into the living room with drinks in hand for us both, then sat on the couch beside her.

"Here's to us!" I said happily but nervously, clinking my glass with hers while she smiled at me.

"OK." she said after the first sip of her drink. "Now, what's the news?"

"Well, dear, as you know, I like all sorts of weird things, particularly rubber enclosure and my Latowski chastity belt, and those I combine with electrical stimulation, vacuum, and bondage situations."

"Oh yes." she smiled again. "I don't really understand your fascination with that stuff, but if it makes you happy, then go for it!"

"Jessica, I'm so lucky that you understand that these things are an innate part of my personality and I'm very grateful that you've not found them to be a burden or an annoyance. For that alone, but many other reasons as well, I love you a great deal."

“Alex,” she smiled again, “as I said, it keeps you happy and at home all the time and not out at some bar, chasing skirts. That being said, what’s on your mind?”

“Well,” I said hesitantly, “I’d like to request your assistance to create a situation that I’ve wanted to try for years and years ... I guess you could call it my ‘Final Fantasy’. Now, I know you don’t ‘play’ in the normal terms of the word and truly, there wouldn’t be any done by you, but I certainly need your assistance to get where I **really** want to go.”

“Oh?” she asked, raising her eyebrows. “Tell me what you’d like and I’ll let you know one way or the other, OK?”

“That’s all I can ask.” I smiled with relief, then took a long swallow from the drink, very nervous about telling her of my dark dream. “Well, you know that massage table I purchased and modified into a bondage bed? It’s been finished for a couple of months now and I’ve used it for some solitary play. It’s a lot of fun and works quite well, but I really want to go to the next level,” I said quietly, scared of what I was about to reveal, I took a big gulp of my drink.

“Yes,” she said with a laugh. “I’ve heard the sounds from downstairs. So ... what’s this ‘next level’ you want to experience?”

“I want to do what’s known as an ‘all-nighter’, and what that means is that I’d be imprisoned in a total rubber enclosure and inescapable bondage, being left alone, fastened to the bed in the Play Room,” I blurted out, having finally said the fateful words.

“Uh, OK. So, what’s the big deal about that?”

“Well, as I said, I’ll need your assistance to do it the way I want to,” I replied, looking into her eyes and hoping she’d agree.

“Hhhmmmm. What do you want me to do?” she asked with a serious expression.

“OK, here’s how I envision the scene. To set it up properly, I’d start off with putting on my long line bra with the vacuum/electrical breast cups already mounted and contact gelled, then over that would come my corset and I’d need you to lace it tight for me. Next, I’d put on my thick, shoulder length rubber gloves and then the cat suit will be next, going over the over top of the corset and gloves, with the breast cups projecting through their apertures. Once I’m wearing the gloves, I’ll be unable to use my fingers for any sort of fine manipulation or grasping because of their thickness and being slippery. The cat suit’s lower arm zippers would be left undone for the moment.”

“OK, that’s easily done and not a problem.” She smiled.

“Once the cat suit is closed up, other than the crotch zippers, over that, I’ll wear a steel belt. Next I’ll fit a pair of thick, small-diameter, stretchy neoprene rings on my penis, tight against my abdominal wall.”

“Why are you planning to use two of those rings?” she asked with a strangely predatory look in her eyes.

“Uh, well, wearing them like that, they become additional and very intimate restraints, and when they’re in place, the sensations of wearing them are more intense because their squeezing constriction never lets up,” I explained with a deep blush. “Using two of them makes the sensations even more intense and they act to slightly restrict the flow of blood out of my dick and so it will swell to fill the interior of the penis tube. It doesn’t hurt, but I am constantly aware of their strangling sensation, but after an hour or two I feel that I just have to get them off. Of course, that won’t be possible, once the chastity tube is fully locked on.”



“Ah!” She smiled at me, “That’s a wonderfully subtle type of torment.”

“Yeah,” I grinned at her continuing, “from that point, I’ll fit myself with the vacuum/electrical penis tube, complete with the large, ribbed urethral sound, then insert the butt plug. I can manage both of those myself.”

“I’ve seen that ribbed sound and it looks pretty evil, and damned painful! Are you sure you want to do that?”

“Oh, it’s not really painful, but it **can** be a pretty strong sensation, for sure, especially when the vacuum stops and allows the penis to withdraw down the sound, then it is reapplied, pulling it back up over the ribs again. It projects as far as the abdominal wall, so there’s no chance of internal injury, but once its end is fitted into my urethra, it remains inserted and there’s no way to escape it being inside me.

“That sliding back down the ribbed sound and being sucked back up over the ribs sounds like it could be a pretty nasty experience!” she said with a serious look, then smiled quickly. I was so deeply into the description of the creation of my fantasy that I thought little of her more and more predatory expression, and continued my explanation.

“I’ll also wear my ballet-toed boots, but those damned things are virtually impossible to walk in unless I practice a lot and so everything else would need to be ready to go before I put them on.

“Once I’ve dressed myself in all the rubber gear and the boots, I’d ask that you lock on some of my restraint cuffs: the above-the-elbow ones, and the thigh and ankle cuffs, leaving the wrist ones almost to the last. Up to this point I’d not have any head covering but now, before putting on the helmet, I’d fit myself with the ear plugs, then the thick under-helmet.

“Once that’s been zipped closed, I’d attach the blow-up, butterfly-type gag, but wouldn’t insert and inflate it until just before my gas mask’s helmet is slipped on, zipped closed, and the head harness straps tightened and locked. Even then, I’d only partially-inflate the mouth pad so that it restricts any sort of coherent speech and is annoying, being partially-filled, but doesn’t press down on the tongue. After that’s done, I’d mount the blinder panels to the helmet.

“The helmeted gas mask’s application comes a little later, just before the final parts of the costume are completed, but finally, I’d put on the gas mask myself and adjust it so that it’s a comfortable fit and makes an airtight seal. I’d ask that you do the final adjustments to its head harness, securing it fully then locking the straps. After that, the steel collar is locked on over both of the helmet’s neck tubes so that I cannot remove either the gas mask or the helmet underneath.”

“OK. I’m good with what you want, so far, but I **do** have some concerns about you wearing a gag under a locked-on gas mask. If something goes wrong, you could be in serious trouble because it’ll take a couple of minutes for me to remove the gas mask and gag.”

“Truth to tell, dear, I was more than a little worried about it too,” I admitted. “So, over the past couple of months, I’ve done a lot of experimentation with that arrangement and gone for increasing lengths of time wearing it under the gas mask, but only partially-inflated. I’ve become accustomed to the arrangement, even though it’s scary and intense, but I’m pretty sure I can manage it for an entire night, and too, the gag won’t be inflated to the point that it’s dangerous. It’ll just act to keep down any noise I make, and the gas mask and the air hoses will muffle even that.

“Well, if you think you can handle it ... OK.”

“Anyhow, to continue ... at that point I’ll be blind and very nearly deaf, so I’ll need you to fit my hands into the Isolation Mittens. Then you’d roll the cat suit’s sleeves down all the way and zip them closed over top of the Isolation Mitten’s gauntlets. And at that point you’d fit my wrists with their cuffs and cock them closed over the bottoms of the zippers. They’re pretty easy to fasten, but once I’m wearing the mittens, I’ll be unable to do it. This arrangement will make doubly sure that the cat suit’s sleeves can’t be rolled up to remove the mittens.

“I’m sure you must think that this all seems to be a little over the top,” I said with another blush, “but for me, it’s the utterly certain psychological awareness that I am deeply and fully imprisoned in my rubber and all of the other restraints. I want to know with utter certainty that there is no possible way I can escape from any of them.”

“Uh, OK. So far, everything sounds pretty straight forward. Now, what **else** has your evil little mind come up with for this experience?”

“The next part of the process is that I want to be fastened down on the bed so that I **cannot** release myself and am almost immobilised, until you release me in the morning.”

“So, what does that involve?” she asked. “You’ve been thinking about this experience for a long time, haven’t you?” she asked, smiling still.

“Yeah,” I mumbled, looking down, more than a little embarrassed, “I just cannot stop fantasizing about it and **really** want to give it a try, if you can see your way to helping me? As you know, there’s a whole range of equipment in the play room, and I want to use a lot of it in the experience, because I want this to be a pretty intense one, and not necessarily a time for sleep or rest.”

“OK, well, if you’ve got this far, what’s **next** in your plan? There are obviously other things that need to be done.”

“In hopes that you’ll go along with me, I’ve printed off a set of notes for the whole process and will give them to you.”

“I’ll study them, if I agree. In the meantime, I want you to describe in detail what else you want me to do for and to you,” she said, still leaving me worried that I’d not be able to enjoy my fantasy.

“OK. So,” I continued, now over the fear of what I was revealing to her, “I’d be completely dressed by this point, wearing the boots and all the restraint cuffs, blind and deaf, sitting on the edge of the bed. This is where you’d help me along to the final set-up.”

“Sounds easy enough. Go ahead.”

I looked at her again, but her neutral expression gave no clue as to what she was thinking.

“Next, you’d connect the air hoses from the bubbler columns to my gas mask forcing me to breathe through them from that point on.”

“The bubbler columns ... that’s those two tubes with the coloured water in them, right?”

“Correct.”

“Isn’t that device sort of dangerous?”

“No, not at all. It just makes me aware that a conscious effort is required to take each breath and it makes weird sounds too. Speaking of sounds ... I’ll already be wearing the

ear plugs as I mentioned, but there's also the ear defender head set that goes on last and once it's strapped on, will pretty well completely deafen me, so if you have to tell me anything before the head set is fitted you'll have to be close to the helmet and speak quite loudly."

"Uh, OK," she said dubiously. "Go ahead. This sounds pretty weird though!"

"Well, as I said, it is something I've wanted to do for a long time. Anyhow, with your guidance I'd lay down and you'd prod me until I was centred on the bed. The first thing to be done is to lock the inner ankle cuff rings to the long separator bar and connect the lower tensioning strap to the bar's central ring. This strap would need to be tightened a few minutes later. So... I'll be laying down, but not yet fully-positioned on the bed for the remainder of the restraints to be applied. You'll have to prompt me to move on the bed to where my head lays in its rest.

"Once that's been done, there's a set of upper tensioning straps at the top end. One of them needs to be brought up from its mount under the table and clipped to the back ring of my collar, then tightened until the strap is taut, but not clamping the collar down on my windpipe. Then the other strap from underneath, clips to the crown ring of the gas mask's head harness. When both are tightened, I'll be completely unable to raise my head out of the rest. After that, the full head restraint harness goes over the face plate of the gas mask and is tightened so that my head is fully immobilized and unable to turn from side to side. I'll show you how that system works, if you agree to help me."

"This sure sounds pretty elaborate, Alex. I'm not sure if I'd be able to remember it all."

"No worries." I smiled. "As I said a minute ago, I've got it all laid out on paper, and with some diagrams as well."

"OK. What's next?"

"At that point, you'd go to the bottom tensioning strap and adjust its tension so that my legs are pulled straight out, then you'd work your way up the table, tightening the straps just below my knees and at the level of the thigh cuffs. The one laying flat on the table under my thighs would have its snap hooks connected to the side rings on each of my thigh cuffs, then these would be tightened as much as possible so that my thighs are pulled out to the edges of the bed and are unable to come together. At the waist, another strap and its hooks will be clipped to the hip rings of my steel belt then also fully tightened so that I'll be unable to roll from side to side. Next would come the one over my lower chest. A 'Y' strap comes down from the top of the table, and this would be pulled down tightly over my shoulders with its tail fastened to the front and centre ring of the lower chest strap, then the steel waist cinch. Once it's been tightened, I'll be unable to twist, writhe, or sit up.

"That's the point at which you'd pull my hands down as far as possible then connect the outer rings of the wrist cuffs to the steel loops on each edge of the bed so that they're held straight down and off to the sides. Above them, my elbow cuffs' rings would also be clipped to their own strap and tightened fully so that my arms are immobilised.

"Next, from under my shoulders, another set of straps would be pulled down over the tops of the cups and be clipped to the front-side rings of my waist cinch. Another, slightly shorter set comes up over my shoulders also, but goes between the breast cups, to also be clipped to the front centre ring of the belt and when tightened, they all act to pull the crotch cup and the penis tube up into firm and inescapable contact."

“Why do you want to use three sets of shoulder straps?”

“They’re really something very intense to experience and act even more to hold me down. You know me. I’m a sensation slut,” I said with an embarrassed grin. “Anyhow ... the final tightening would then be done on the bottom strap to my ankle separator bar and all the other straps would be pulled in to the tightest extent possible and that’s the bondage portion of the arrangement. After that’s completed, you’d screw on the vacuum hoses for the cups and penis tube, then tighten them all with a wrench to ensure a solid vacuum seal is made. Next, you’d connect the e-stim cables and those are easy, because, like the hoses, they’re all colour coded to go to the correct fittings, so that part of the process won’t be hard to figure out.”

“OK, then what?” she asked looking more interested.

“I’ve pre-programmed the e-stim machines and the vacuum pumps as far as the levels and strength are concerned. They’re all on their own timers and so will turn on and off at random times and for random durations. When they become active, it might be for only a few seconds, or may be for anywhere from three minutes to an hour. At the beginning of the seventh hour, they’ll all be on continually until you release me. So, that’s what I want to do. I hope you’ll agree to assist me.”

“Well, this all sounds pretty complex, but what happens next, after you’re all strapped down and hooked up to everything?”

“Very little, really, as far as you’re concerned. All you have to do is turn on the Master switch for all the systems, then lock the door to the Play Room when you leave. Of course, I won’t know when you do any of that, because I won’t be able to hear or see a thing. How you spend the rest of the night is entirely your decision, of course. The stimulation systems won’t go fully active for sometime between 30 minutes and an hour after the switch is thrown, so I’ll get a chance to contemplate what’s going to happen, and without a doubt, worry if I’ve been far too silly about wanting to do it at this level.”

“Well, **that** all sounds pretty wild, Alex. I can follow directions as well as the next person, but you’ve told me many times that someone in bondage, particularly of the type you’ve described, shouldn’t be left alone. What’s your answer to **that**?”

“I know I’ve said that, Jessica, so I’ve rigged up a baby monitor and a TV camera and connected them to the audio visual system and to the computer upstairs, so you’ll be able to hear and watch me there too, if you want to. There’s also a program on the computer that controls all of the stimulus inputs, but for the moment it’s not in use, although it’s easy to get it operational in the future.”

“Sounds like you’ve thought of **nearly** everything, dear.” She grinned at me. “Actually, you know, I rather like the idea of you being strapped down on that bed, unable to escape it, and with me in command.” My heart skipped a beat when she said those words! “One final question ... what’s your safe word or signal?”

“Uh ... as to the safe word ... I really don’t have one and want to leave that option closed so that I have to go through the whole thing with no chance to escape it by chickening out with a safe word, Besides ... being partially gagged inside the gas mask, it’s going to be impossible for you to hear me articulate any sort of speech other than screams.”

“Well, that concerns me a little to be sure, but if **that’s** what you want, **that’s** what you’ll get. No escape and no early release. Jesus, Alex!” she exclaimed. “You’ll be a brainless, wet noodle when you’re released!” She grinned, shuddering at the same time.

“I hope so.” I smiled back at her. “Oh wow! This is great! I’ve tried to be as thorough as possible with these plans and I hope you’ll help me.”

“Alex, I want to make you happy and so yes, I’ll do it.” She smiled. “One last question though ... how do I stop things from being done to you?”

“The Master switch turns everything off at the same time.”

“OK. That’s easy, but be assured that I won’t turn it off until I come to release you in the morning, no matter how much you scream, weep and beg me to, OK?”

“Jessica, that’s wonderful to hear!” I leaned over, took her in my arms and kissed her deeply.

“Ah, not so fast, lover boy!” she smiled devilishly. “We’ll do it this Friday night, not now. Please give me the printout of your plans and instructions because I want to study them thoroughly. I assume that you’ll want me to take lots of pictures and video?”

“OK!” I agreed happily, then went to the household office to get the pages from the desk, returned to the Living Room and handed them to her. I’d won and would be able to enact my fantasy!

We spent the rest of the night chatting about our normal lives, then the next three days were busy with the usual round of chores and our real world jobs. They seemed to take forever to pass, but at last, Friday evening arrived and I prepared for my excursion into a full night of rubber-encased bondage.

Well ... that’s how everything started off at first. Over the next two months it became a frequent experience, but things went completely off the rails three months later and there have been some unbelievable changes to my life since I revealed my fantasy.

## Chapter Two

### *The First Time*

There's no point in going through how the beginning of my plan progressed, for I've described it thoroughly above and Jessica followed through exactly how I'd detailed things on the print-out. The sensations and anticipation I experienced, getting into all of the gear, were very exciting, then laying down and feeling my restraints being tightened and all of the other stuff being connected was a little scary, because I knew full well that there was no possibility that I'd be released before the next morning, some 10 hours away. Soon I was held totally motionless, blinded fully so that I was in a black, silent void, waiting in growing worry for something to happen.

As intended in the plan, my first half hour was filled with boredom, anticipation and some considerable terror. I'd been careful to preset the e-stim to only the 30% levels that I knew I could handle for a short length of time, but now, they would initially start at those levels and stay at the pre-set strengths and durations, without me being able to turn them off or adjust them in any manner. Too, the vacuum would start at low levels, but then rise to greater and greater strengths and for longer and longer durations when the bleed valves were closed more and more and that too was where the terror came from.

Inside the snugly fitting penis tube, I distinctly felt myself pressing into its walls and thus against the side strip electrodes, thanks to the constriction of the thick neoprene rings next to my body around the base of the organ. Already I wanted to pull off the constantly constricting rings, but they were there until I was released. They had done as intended and now my flesh had expanded and come partially erect with sensitizing blood, forcing it up along the smooth part of the sound. I tried somehow to strain and enhance the sensations, but the tight rings were implacable and all I could do was tremble and worry.

At first I just lay there, strapped to near immobility, struggling what little was possible against the multiple connections that held me down, but of course, I could barely move. Even so, I enjoyed the strict bondage; tensing my muscles to fight the restraint network and also reveling in the sensation of the tight rubber that encased my limbs, head and body; feeling the oppression of the sealed-on gas mask over the thick and tight under helmet. The rubber blinding panels fastened over my eyes on the inner helmet, were easy to get accustomed to and I occasionally chewed a little on the partially-inflated and reasonably comfortable gag, although to have it strapped securely into my mouth with no way of ejecting it was becoming increasingly annoying. I continued to test my bonds and each time I attempted to sit up, the wide collar immediately made itself known by clamping more firmly on my neck, making me intensely aware that I was unable to escape. Of course, the tight strap from the crown ring of the gas mask's head harness also did the same and both were reinforced by the additional web of straps fastened over the face plate of the gas mask. When I tried to pull my feet up or bend my knees, the lower tensioning strap to my ankle cuff separator bar instantly stopped that from happening, and of course, there was no way to bring my widely-separated knees together, or up in any sort of protective move. With my thigh cuffs fastened to the edges of the table, I was prohibited from closing them, try though I might, and so was held completely vulnerable. Inside the Isolation Mittens, my gloved fingers and thumbs were isolated from each other and when I tried to claw them; the Mittens, being so deeply padded, added to my feelings and awareness of being unable to use my fingers to escape. Given that there was a set of

securely locked cuffs over the wrists of my suit's sleeves, I'd never be able to get them off by myself and that knowledge added hugely to my feeling of helplessness and vulnerability.

Breathing was relatively easy, but I was now always aware of the slight, but as time wore on, seemingly growing restriction from the bubbler columns when inhaling and I had to stifle the panicky thoughts that this soon created. The silence was almost total, although I could hear the blood coursing through my veins as well as the soft flap of the gas mask's valves opening and closing and so I lay, waiting. I must have drifted into a daze when at last things began to happen and I came instantly awake. First came a mild suction on my by-now flaccid and semi-retracted penis and I felt myself begin to harden and lengthen inside the tube. The thick, ribbed, brass sound was already inserted about five cm into my urethra and I was unable to escape it, but now, with the vacuum turned on, my penis was dragged slowly and irrevocably further and further up its length, inside the tube! Suddenly, the hollow torment chamber seated itself fully and the vacuum immediately grew stronger, sucking me even more quickly and deeply up the length of the tube and forcefully threading the organ onto the ribbed sound!

Foolishly, I now realized, I'd chosen the 3/8's inch diameter, ribbed one and at first it wasn't a bad thing, for the already-inserted portion was smaller in diameter and smooth, but when I thickened and hardened even more, it was then that the head of my penis was sucked up over the first, then the succeeding ribs! Damn! Even though fully lubricated and having had the silicon oil injected into my urethra, that **wasn't** a very nice sensation at all and I howled against the flaccid gag pad! I cursed myself for using the thicker sound, but it was **far** too late. Each succeeding rib was uncomfortably forced into my urethra and there was nothing I could do to stop it, struggle and howl for it to be stopped as I would. Only the small noises I managed to make because of the skewering sensation seeped past my gag; stifled totally by the gas mask, while I shuddered in my restraints, but the vacuum remained at a steady value, holding my blood-inflated, hardened maleness stretched out to a growing, and more and more uncomfortable, then painful length. The side electrodes of the tube pressed firmly into the super-sensitive flesh, guaranteeing that a full electrical circuit could be made.

Next, the breast cups' vacuum came on, at first gently pulling the loose flesh and muscle tissue on my chest up into the cups, but when they also seated themselves fully, the strength of the vacuum suddenly increased to full and even more flesh was sucked in. It quickly became quite painful and I wailed fruitlessly into the gag, struggling to shift my upper body so that the cups would release their leech-like grasp, but they remained firmly latched onto my chest, sucking tighter and tighter with each passing second! I tried again to howl against the gag in a useless, and of course, futile attempt to beg for the strength to be turned down, but of course, my increasingly frantic but gag and gas mask-stifled howls of pain went unheard in the silent, locked room and the automatic process continued mercilessly... just as I'd designed it to.

Unbeknownst to me, upstairs, Jessica listened and watched me on the computer, beginning to smile happily. As she'd promised she would, she completely ignored my growing distress and plea's for release. The full strength vacuum lasted for perhaps only a minute, then backed off, leaving the cups still tugging rhythmically on my breasts to keep them inflated with sensitising blood. The programming I'd created worked precisely as I'd planned it to, and for the next while nothing else happened. Every few minutes the

vacuum on both the cups and the penis tube increased to intolerable levels, sometimes at the same time and at others with just one or the other, but then it was kept at full strength for longer and longer periods, making me howl and struggle frantically, but it always backed off to leave me gasping with relief. By the end of the first hour and a half, although I thought it had been a great deal of time longer, I was desperate to be released from the bed and my bondage fantasy because the sensations and totality of my restraint and torment were **far** more intense than I'd imagined they would be, even though I'd desperately wanted to experience the full situation. Now, I just wanted to have it all stop and escape from the bed and my isolating, imprisoning costume.

In the past when playing alone, I'd always managed to free myself and escape; normally having lasted about an hour or a little longer at the intense levels, but I'd made Jessica promise to leave me here until the morning! She'd been reluctant and wanted me to give her a 'safe' word, but I was adamant that I **wasn't** to be freed until the night was done and she finally agreed then said that if **that** was what I wanted, then that was indeed what would happen. At this point, I realized that my plans had been far too ambitious and wanted to be released as soon as possible, but **that** was **not** going to happen!

After the first round of vacuum torment, the electrical stimulation began. Although it wasn't unpleasant at the beginning, the butt plug soon began delivering stronger and stronger pulses, while only low level ones tickled my blood-inflated breasts and nipples and tube imprisoned maleness. The butt plug shocks became almost too much and my hips tried to lift off the bed, but I was held down by the side-fastened rings of my belt and the ones over my upper thighs and hips. Slowly increasing, buzzing e-stim pulses began to flow in the penis tube and at first, they too were pleasant and easily bearable; making the skewered flesh tingle with arousing sensations that made me gasp and attempt to thrust myself further into the voracious, strongly suckling tube, despite the severe skewering of my penis by the thick, brass sound. I shouldn't have bothered trying because it was then that another cycle of strong vacuum attacked, threading the ribbed sound even more fully into my organ! The sensations of the syncopated, continual buzzing **didn't** stop and soon I thought I'd go mad from them. They were exactly the same pattern as I'd used before ... and had been able to turn off ... but **now**, the controls to do that were far beyond my reach or any ability at all to reduce them. What it felt like was...

BBUUUUZZZZZBBUUUUZZZZZBBUUUUZZZZZ-bbbuuuuuzzzz.  
BBUUUUZZZZZBBUUUUZZZZZBBUUUUZZZZZ-bbbuuuuuzzzz.  
BBUUUUZZZZZBBUUUUZZZZZBBUUUUZZZZZ-buuuuuzzzz.  
BBUUUUZZZZZBBUUUUZZZZZBBUUUUZZZZZ-bbbuuuuuzzzz.  
BBUUUUZZZZZBBUUUUZZZZZBBUUUUZZZZZ-bbbuuuuuzzzz.  
BBUUUUZZZZZBBUUUUZZZZZBBUUUUZZZZZ-bbbuuuuuzzzz. And this went on and on and on without pause or escape!

The strength of the e-stim to the penis tube gradually grew, enveloping the fullness of the extended organ and I wailed frantically from the very intense pulsing, but the sensations grew even stronger! I couldn't stop the frantic screams that were easily and automatically forced from my soul while my hips and body strained and trembled against their fastenings. When I instinctively attempted to pull my legs together protectively,



nothing happened of course. I jerked my arms mindlessly against their cuffs, my thickly gloved fingers clawing desperately inside the Isolation Mitts, trying to get at the torturing tube and remove it, but with them being embedded within their padded rubber prisons, it was a hopeless attempt. Reflexively, I again attempted to sit up, only to feel the collar abruptly clamp firmly against my throat and when I tried to shake my head in negation, the over-the-mask head restraint harness would not permit it. I just had to lie there, almost totally immobilized, and take the procedures I'd programmed into the system. The strong vacuum ceased for a moment while I remained fully inserted and erect, skewered deeply, and all the while, the butt plug continued with its electrical torment, then ... it was time for the breast vacuum to go to full strength once more!

My flesh was sucked fully into the cups and remained there at a painfully stretched level and it was then that the nipple/breast e-stim became stronger and stronger! Thanks to the blood that now inflated my breasts, they had become extremely sensitive and even the lowest levels of e-stim were intense, so when the higher levels came, I tried dementedly to shake my chest free of the hugely sucking cups, howling mindlessly in distress, but I was not to be left alone! Both the levels and pulse rate climbed even higher, all the while changing patterns, and in seconds I was once more screaming unashamedly into my gag, madly attempting to escape what was being done to the most sensitive sexual parts of my body. My legs and arms jerked automatically, straining at their fastenings in frantic efforts to somehow free themselves, but thanks to the manner in which I had arranged the restraint system, I could do nothing other than scream and beg into my gag that it stop, but **that** was no use at all. The programming I'd done was utterly merciless and would do only what its electronic instructions commanded. And too, Jessica had locked me into my restraints then sealed the room, promising not to release me until the morning!

My breasts curdled from the awful electrical flow, again in the same pattern that I'd used previously:

Bbbbbuuuuzzzz-bbbuuuZZZZ.	BUZZZ-ZIP-ZIP-ZIP	BBBBUUUUZZZZZ.
Bbbbbuuuuzzzz-bbbuuuZZZZ.	BUZZZ-ZIP-ZIP-ZIP	BBBBUUUUZZZZZ.
Bbbbbuuuuzzzz-bbbuuuZZZZ.	BUZZZ-ZIP-ZIP-ZIP.	BBBBUUUUZZZZZ.
Bbbbbuuuuzzzz-bbbuuuZZZZ.	BUZZZ-ZIP-ZIP-ZIP	BBBBUUUUZZZZZ.
Bbbbbuuuuzzzz-bbbuuuZZZZ.	BUZZZ-ZIP-ZIP-ZIP	BBBBUUUUZZZZZ.
Bbbbbuuuuzzzz-bbbuuuZZZZ.	BUZZZ-ZIP-ZIP-ZIP.	BBBBUUUUZZZZZ ...

...

By this point I was almost mindless from the intense stimulation and had forgotten how long I'd set the duration for, for this first torment portion. The pain and over-stimulation was **definitely** too much to bear, even though I'd experienced them for brief lengths of time in the past, but now they were higher than ever before!

I could not remember how long I had already been in this position and there was no means for me to gauge time. The process just went on and on, continuing relentlessly and mercilessly. I was thoroughly bound to prevent escape or avoidance and now began gasping in deep panic, trying again and again to scream out to Jessica for it all to be turned off, but as intended, the partially-inflated gag and the covering gas mask thoroughly muffled all of my cries and I **knew** she would not release me until morning! I don't know how long it went on, but at last both the strong vacuum and the extreme

torment of the electrical pulses (or so I thought **that** night) backed off to bearable levels and I ceased to struggle, accepting that I would continue to be tortured at lower ones ... until the program changed again. This time, it was even more intense and set so that every two or three minutes, both the crotch and breast/nipple pulses peaked at the same time!

I panted and gasped erratically from my efforts, sweating freely inside my sealed-on rubber suit, helmet and gas mask even while lying quiet, slowly recovering from my extreme struggles. Nothing happened for what seemed a long time after, then it began once more and soon I was again thrashing frantically; screaming when the vacuum and e-stim became too strong to bear. The remainder of my night passed in the same way so that I got little rest, but I remembered that my last hour was to be one of high level, continuous stimulation and dreaded what was to come. I had no idea of the time that had passed and so was in a constant state of terror, desperately wanting out ... as soon as possible, but there was the end part of the night long session yet to be gone through and that would take me into places in my mind that I had no idea of.

Finally, it happened and I ascended into a maelstrom of frantic, demented struggles and screams from the intensity of the sensations; my mind overwhelmed to the point that I fainted, but then came aware again, only to be driven into more of the maddened movements, then more and more frantic screams until I fainted from sensory overload. I eventually returned to awareness, with nothing being done to me, then felt the various straps being loosened, until finally, with blessed relief, the gas mask was removed, but I remained still blinded and gagged. Jessica quickly freed me of the remainder of the restraints and 15 minutes later I was completely out and enjoying a much-needed shower. When I looked in the mirror, I saw that there were huge red hickies on and around my breasts, then further down, saw that my penis seemed to have stretched and expanded dramatically. I was very tender in both areas, but the hot water and soap felt really good, and when I was done, I slipped into bed and was out like a blown candle. I slept for nearly 10 hours, at last getting up in the late evening at the urging of Jessica.

"I've got some hot soup and a sandwich prepared for you, dear." She smiled from the doorway. "Now, come down to the dining room and eat, then we'll discuss what happened last night. Actually, I'm surprised that I **quite** enjoyed preparing and restraining you. Even better though, was watching you struggle and hearing your screams and pleadings for it all to stop, and knowing I could easily stop everything, but didn't want to. That was a **real** turn-on for me and I thoroughly enjoyed it!"

"The food sounds great, honey," I mumbled, still fried from the experience and wondering what her obvious enjoyment meant for my future. "I'll be downstairs in a minute, OK?"

"OK. Don't be too long or the soup will get cold."

Five minutes later we were sitting at the dining room table and for a while there was a companionable silence while I ate like a starved wolf. At last I finished and leaned back.

"Thanks, honey. I really needed that," I sighed. "Last night was an experience I'll not soon forget and that's for sure!"

"You're welcome, on both counts." She smiled at me. "How are you feeling, now that you've satisfied your desire?"

“It’ll take me a while to absorb and process what happened, but all in all, it was fun; strange as that may sound.”

“I must say again,” she grinned evilly at me, “that I **very** much enjoyed the whole preparation process then watching you get your fantasy fulfilled. That surprised me! I’d thought that I’d have to be a lot more proactive than was the case. I can see that the machinery is easily controlled, too, and that was an important discovery for me.”

“I’m glad you also got some pleasure from the experience.” I smiled happily, stifling a yawn.

“Yes, it was fun ... and a revelation to me in many ways. Do you want to repeat the experience soon?”

“I’d love to, but not for a little while yet,” I replied. Wow! This was incredible development! She’d help me do it again!

“OK. How about a week from last night, the same thing?”

“That sounds great!” I grinned back at her.

“I’ll do it then, but there **are** conditions, my dear,” she added, turning very serious. “If you want me to do it, first of all you’ll have to show me how all the machines work.”

“Easily done,” I agreed. “They’re pretty straight forward and an hour or two of familiarization will be good. What’s the next condition?”

“OK. This one may be a little more than you want to go for Alex, but here it is. You must immediately, and I mean right now, give me **all** the keys to your Latowski chastity belt and all of your other restraints. Once I have them in my possession you **will** fit yourself with those neoprene cock rings then lock yourself into your chastity belt. You’re going to become my little chastity toy, dear! I’m going to keep you locked up in that lovely Latowski chastity belt for a long time to come!”

## Chapter Three

### *New House Rules & Fitted With My Equipment*

“Uh, OK,” I agreed warily. “Then what?”

“Well, dear, you’ll remain locked in your chastity belt, wearing a urinary catheter and those lovely neoprene rings until the next overnighter. Simple, really.” She smiled happily.

“You’re serious, aren’t you?” I asked with a tendril of worry emerging at the back of my mind.

“Oh yeah!” she grinned at me. “I want you to be really hot and horny when you do the next session. And too, I want you to be totally desperate to get those rings off.”

“Then you’ll let me out of the belt and I won’t have to wear the rings?”

“No, not quite that easy, Alex! You’ll go right back into it and the full set-up until the following overnighter, whenever that may be. That’s the rule from now on, Alex, if you ever want me to help you again,” she stated, very quickly taking firm command.

“Uh, OK.” I agreed a little reluctantly, but also with some shivering anticipation, having always wanted to experience the feeling of being locked into an inescapable chastity belt, with someone else controlling the keys other than me. The Latowski was certainly that as I’d discovered soon after buying it and trying it on for the first time. However, until now, I’d always had the keys in my possession and could release myself any time it became too much to bear.

“Excellent!” Jessica smiled evilly and happily at me across the table. “Now, go and get all the keys for all of your other restraints before you put on your belt. When you come back with them, bring those neoprene rings. Once you’re wearing them and your belt is locked again, then you can head for the bedroom and get some more sleep. You still look pretty much done in.”

“OK. There are only two keys for the chastity belt and I’ll get them and all the others for you right now.” I rose from the table and went to my office drawer, then the laundry room and retrieved all of the potent pieces of metal and a couple of neoprene rings (I had a dozen and a half of them), then a moment later handed everything to her. I went up to our bedroom, surprised to see that she’d followed me and she stood in the doorway, watching while I took the belt from the closet.

“Oh! That’s excellent!” she grinned, then snapped a command. “Put those rings on right now!”

First though, I had to fit myself with the urinary catheter tube. Jessica watched carefully while I cleaned it with a soap and water solution, then oiled the exterior of the eight inch long, black rubber tube with the swaged brass fitting at its end. I injected some of the silicon oil into my urethra, then slowly and with gasps of sensation, pressed the end of the oiled tube all the way up into my body. It felt strange going deeper inside me, then there came some resistance but it soon became fully seated, deeply resident within my body. I slipped the extended end with the brass fitting into the external male catheter then rolled it onto my penis so that its interior, self adhesive side stuck to my flesh, then took the first of the thick neoprene and stretched it wide and slid the central hole over myself and slowly let go when it rested against my abdominal wall. The ring attempted to resume its original size and immediately began gently strangling me. The sensation was

certainly an interesting and arousing one, at first, and I felt myself begin to erect, then I looked over at Jessica.

“OK, Alex, put the other one on too!”

As is the best way, I stretched this one wide and slipped it down over my penis until it was next to my belly and let it slowly close between the first ring I’d applied. This had the effect of doubling the feeling of strangulation and my penis surged into an even more demanding erection! I shuddered, feeling the entire ensemble very intensely, but Jessica had no intention of allowing for any play time.

“OK, Alex. That’s to be the kind of inner chastity bondage you’ll be subject to from now on. Put on the rest of the belt, right now, if you please!”

Wordlessly, I grasped the covering, steel shields of the ‘belt itself, pulled them around my waist, then worked a little to fit the securing posts through their holes on the front waist portion of the belt, just forward of the tops of the curves of my pelvis. It was getting to be a struggle to do, as I had gained weight. Once I’d slipped the left side post through and closed the lock, the right side one was difficult, but at last it passed fully through its hole. This was the moment of truth. When that lock closed, I was going to be fully in chastity with no way of escaping it. Jessica looked at me then spoke sharply in a commanding voice, she’d never before used when speaking to me.

“Alex! Close that lock right now!”

I glanced at her unsmiling face, then slowly pressed the lock shackle down and heard it close with a soft ‘Click!’ that sounded like the crack of doom to me. I stood there for a moment feeling a little foolish and she came over to me.

“Hhhmmm!” she mumbled, walking around me and rapping on the shiny steel of the shields with her knuckles. “Now Mr. Happy is very demanding, isn’t he? Too bad he’s completely locked away so that you can’t touch him. Nice! With the belt as tight as it is, you can’t get out of it and you can’t touch any part of your genitals, right?”

“Yes, that’s the way it’s designed to fit,” I replied, yawning mightily, despite my throbbing but captive erection inside the chastity belt. “The damned thing is totally secure.”

“Better and better!” Jessica exclaimed. “What about these posts at the joints ... the ones with the holes in their ends? And, also, the D rings on the front and back covering plates?”

“They can all be used for restraint purposes,” I replied reluctantly, blushing with embarrassment.

“So ... you bought the whole enchilada?”

“Yes, I did.” I admitted sheepishly. “This version of the belt is the heavy duty one and even has a remotely-controlled shocker as well, for ... uh ... discipline and training.”

“Now that’s very interesting!” she exclaimed, clapping her hands excitedly. “So ... Is the shocker now installed and mounted under the steel covering so that you can’t get at it, or, better yet, turn it off? Is it fully charged and operational? Where’s the remote?”

“Correct on all your questions, dear. Yes, the shocker unit is installed in its holder in the silicon liner and there’s no way I can get at it. It has been fully charged and is definitely operational. Its range is about 500 metres and the charge will last for eight hours of full strength stimulation, or a lot longer if it’s only used occasionally,” I answered with some worry. “Here’s the remote control,” I said, handing her the key fob-

sized, tear drop-shaped control, hanging on my car and house key ring. She removed it immediately.

“Show me how it works,” she demanded.

I explained its operation in a minute, then she dropped it into a pocket of her skirt, together with my belt’s keys and all the others. Another small shiver of worry climbed my spine.

“I assume that with the belt being made of stainless steel and the liner being silicon rubber, you can shower and bathe while wearing it? How about cleaning the family jewels?”

“Yes, the belt is designed so that it can be worn for literally months on end. As to cleaning ... there are ports on the side of the crotch cup that allow the injection of washing water, electrical contact gel or medication if it’s needed, so there are no worries there.”

“It’s a marvelous design, but how about urinating and bowel movements?”

“The inner pocket for my dick has a hole at the end and the outer side has a ridge that slips into a matching hole in the steel cover. My insertable catheter works well for urination, and too, reminds me all the time that it is there inside me. The swaged brass fitting on the end is used to connect to an external urine catchment, and it also presses the catheter further up into my dick when I don’t sit just right as an additional form of discipline. As you can see, at the back there’s a large opening to permit bowel movements, but I’ve devised a lockable cover plate for it, so that a hollow, electrifiable butt plug can be inserted and locked in. That way, enema’s can be used for colonic flushing and it’s also an additional area for discipline.”

“Those engineering arrangements are excellent!” she exclaimed. “OK. Into bed with you and try to enjoy a good sleep. I won’t chain you tonight, but you better get used to the idea that you’ll be spending a lot more time restrained, my dear, and you’re going to wear your chastity belt 24/7/365 from now on, unless I feel the need for sex.”

I should have realized that because she enjoyed my overnight session so much, she would follow through in a big way, but I had not expected it to happen so quickly! We kissed and I again slipped under the covers, but for the first time as her chastity-belted property. Sleep flooded over me while I tried to shift within the pervasive and inescapable grip of the belt around my waist, through my crotch and most of all inside, where my swollen and sensitive maleness was imprisoned in the isolating, silicon rubber. I shivered again with the (at that point) delicious thoughts of what I was going to experience as her ‘possession’. How much of Jessica’s possession I was soon to become, I had no idea.

The next day I showed her all of the restraints I used as well as all the machines in the play room and explained how they worked, then what they did to me at both low and high levels. She was most attentive, but made no move to use any of the equipment, leaving me to get used to being confined in my chastity belt 24 hours a day. For the first couple of hours of the previous night it was easily bearable and I reveled in the sensations and mental challenge of being locked into it, but then in the very early morning the thrill began to fade and I just wanted to be free of its constant, inescapable and deeply intimate confinement. Over the following days I more and more frequently felt my captive erection, but could only feel the encompassment of the liner and the constant, more and more oppressive strangulation of the neoprene rings. The superb design of the Latowski

belt kept me from being able to touch myself in any way or to alleviate the sensations of the continual garroting and that alone soon had me frantic to escape. I dropped more than a few hints that I'd had enough, but Jessica pointedly ignored them. She'd hidden all the keys and I was more and more desperate to get out of the belt and particularly, get the rings off, but then the time came for my next over-nighter.

"OK, Alex, it's time for another session in full rubber with the forced e-stim and vacuum therapy." She smiled when I arrived home that evening. "Go downstairs and I'll be along in a minute to release you from the belt then I'll stay and watch you get yourself ready."

That night was as intense as had been the first and once again I flamed out dramatically. She let me sleep the entire following night without being belted and I was too tired to attempt any sort of sexual activity at all. The next morning as soon as I came awake, she had me shower while she watched to make sure I didn't attempt to masturbate, then once more made me lock myself into the Latowski and explain to her again how the remote control e-stim system worked. Being a quick study, Jessica easily mastered all of the details, but what surprised me was that she began using the remote control later in the evening. I was comfortably settled in my chair watching TV when I felt a sudden sharp series of pulses of electricity in my crotch, under the belt! I couldn't help the surprised yelp I let out, turning to stare at where she sat curled up in her own chair, smiling happily at me.

"I see that it works well!" she said with a grin, "and that one was only at the lowest level. What would you do if the shocks become stronger?"

"I-I don't know, dear," I said honestly, twisting around in my chair.

"How high up have you turned this control?"

"I got as far as Level Three, but for only a very brief time because it was too painful," I admitted.

"Oh, OK. So there's a lot of latitude left to play with yet. Excellent!"

"Yyooo-ouuchh!!" I yelled, jumping out of my chair, my hands clawing desperately into the fabric of my thick, floor length skirt and under-laying petticoats, trying to get at the steel covering that armoured my crotch. "Ooooouuu!!! Ooohhhoouucchh, GGgoddd! Please, Jessica?" I gabbled, writhing and dancing dementedly while the awful shocks continued.

Out of my sight, her finger had pressed the buttons of the remote, bringing it to Level Two, then held down the one that activated the shocker.

"My, but that's effective!" She smiled happily, watching my frantic efforts to escape the stronger e-stim. "I wonder what kind of reaction the higher levels will get. Let's try Level Three, OK?"

"P-p-please, dear? Please, don't!"

"Oh don't be such a baby!" She grinned at me, an evil glint in her eyes.

I stood trembling before her and watched her fingers fearfully while she touched the Level Control button, then her index finger hovered over the Command one. It stabbed down and I felt my maleness shudder and catch fire within its rubber prison under the steel! I howled wordlessly while her finger kept the button depressed, then fell to my knees in front of her, digging frantically at my armoured crotch.

“Please-please-please, JJeeessssiiccccaaaa!” I howled, tearing at my clothing and nearly in tears from the unrelenting, painful, pulsing sensations, falling onto my side with my legs thrashing and kicking wildly.

At last her finger rose from the button and I remained collapsed on the floor in front of her, curled into a foetal ball and gasping as though I’d just run the 100 metre dash. All I could feel through the layers of fabric and the steel of my chastity belt was that inside, my flesh continued to sizzle from the residual sensations of being mercilessly electrified.

“Most interesting and obviously a very effective way to get your attention and to control you.” She smiled down at me. “Now, get back into your chair, dear.”

Another brief flash of Level One stimulation reinforced her command and a moment later I sat watching her fearfully with the sudden realization that I may have unleashed a monster. There was no more ‘please’ and ‘thank you’. When she spoke now, it was in a tone of command and I had to obey her quickly or suffer immediately.

“OK, Alex. That was just the first experiment for me and a lesson for you. From now on when I want you to do something, you’ll get a long burst ... like this.”

Again the Level One shocks pulsed through my captive maleness and I writhed frantically in the chair, trying to escape them. Impossible.

“The Level Two shocks or higher values will be used if you’re slow to obey and in the future I’ll have other signals that I plan to use, but those will be revealed in a day or two. I’ve had a good look through the various pieces of restraint gear you’ve acquired over the years, my dear, and from now on, you’re going to be wearing a lot of it. As a matter of fact, you’ll be locked into pretty well all of it, whether you want to wear the stuff or not.”

“Th-this has been a very quick transformation, Jessica,” I said with rapidly growing worry. “What will you want me to wear?”

“Well, for starters, you’re going to wear all of those beautiful Axsmar cuffs and the collar all the time from now on, and I mean 24/7/365.”

“But-but ...” I stammered, shocked at how much she had changed in the space of only a few days.

“Oh, not to worry, dear!” she smiled happily. “If you’re allowed to wear male clothing, socks will hide the ankle cuffs and high-necked, bulky, long-sleeved sweaters will cover your wrist and above-the-elbow cuffs. Pants will hide the below the knee and thigh cuffs and their gartering chains to your chastity belt, and the turtle neck will also conceal your collar’s front and back collar leash chains which you’ll always wear too, but that isn’t going to be an issue either, as I see it.”

I was even more terrified when she’d finished speaking. Certainly I’d played with all of my Axsmar equipment and enjoyed it thoroughly, but now I was going to have to wear it all the time, and she would have the keys!

“OK, now go down to the playroom and get all the Axsmar stuff, then bring it up here, together with all of those beautifully polished little locks, all of their keys, and those light chain sets you’ve created.”

Dumfounded, I stared at her for only a second before feeling a burst of the Level One shocks. For some reason, her words had not really sounded like a command, but that’s certainly what they were, made plain in seconds when a long, Level Two shock made me jump from the chair with a yelp and run down to the playroom to gather all of the things she’d called for. I heard her voice again.



“Hurry up! You don’t want me to have to punish you, do you?”

No! I didn’t want her to use the remote control again, but another skein of shocks flared under my belt and I nearly ran into the living room and deposited all the equipment on the floor in front of her, then stood waiting anxiously.

“Now, remove your clothing and put on all of the restraints.”

Silently, I undressed completely other than the chastity belt then for a moment stood there wearing it only, looking at her and with my fingers gently questing at the edges next to my skin. Inside it, the rings continued to squeeze unmercifully and I was nearly mad from the sensation, wanting desperately to remove them and the intrusive catheter that transfixed my penis. She watched me closely then spoke again; her fingers hovering over the remote control.

“Having to wear the chastity belt and being unable to escape it is driving you crazy, isn’t it?”

“Y-y-yes, dear.” I gasped, twisting miserably when she released a short, tingling burst of Level Two shocks. “Oh, please, Jessica! Please don’t do that?”

“But honey,” she smiled saying, “it makes you twitch and plead so prettily! Besides, I love seeing you writhing and desperate to escape, but you won’t and now you can’t, you know?”

“P-p-please, dear?” I sank to my knees in front of her, and begged unashamedly, “I-I-I have to get out of this thing! The strangulation of the rings is driving me crazy and the catheter tube is awful to feel inserted all the time. Please allow me to remove them or I’m going to go totally loopy!”

“Alex?” she looked at me with a hardened expression. “No! You’re going to continue wearing that arrangement until I decide if some different and perhaps more punitive type is needed ... and it probably will be. Now, enough. Put on your restraints and no more crap about being released. Do you understand?” She made her point very plain when her finger stabbed the remote again and a long burst of Level Two pulses curdled my rampant, blood-infused and super sensitive, imprisoned penis.

“Aaaarrrr! Oohhhh pppllleeeaaasssee-please-please!!!” I howled, curling into a foetal ball again; my fingers clawing desperately at the immutable, shiny surface of my Latowski chastity belt. Her finger came off the button and I stared up at her unsmiling face. “OK! I-I-I’ll put on the restraints! Please don’t use the control!!!”

“OK. Get to it, Alex. If you slow down or I detect that any of the restraints is not properly locked, you’ll be sorry.”

It took me about 10 minutes to get it all fitted and while I put on the restraints, she spent the time selecting various lengths of chain and putting them off to the side, then looked up at me when I was finished; the snug, wide collar having been the last piece I locked on.

“Very good, and very pretty too!” she exclaimed with a smile when I’d finished. “Are these all the keys for the locks and Axsmar equipment?”

“Y-yes, dear,” I stammered. “There are no others hidden around the house.”

“Excellent, but if I find that you’ve fibbed to me about that, Alex, there’ll be Hell to pay, OK? Now come over here and stand in front of me. I want to make sure you’re fully-controlled, over and above the chastity belt.”

I moved to stand before her and she reached down to the inner rings of my ankle cuffs, then joined them with a paltry, 25 cm long length of chain. From there, her hands

moved up to my thigh cuffs and with one lock, joined their inner rings to each other, doubly hobbling me. For the moment she left my below-the-knee cuffs unconnected, but I was vastly conscious of them, for every time my legs moved, the calf muscles surged against their rigid confinement and too, they and the thigh cuffs were kept at the proper height by the gartering chains to the hip restraint rings.

“Turn and put your hands behind you, palms outwards, then stay that way.”

When I did, she stood and locked one of the longer lengths of chain to the rear leash ring of my collar, leaving its end to swing back and forth at the level of my buttocks for a moment, then a second lock connected the end link to the D ring on the back shield of the chastity belt, preventing me from bending over. Jessica added a second chain of the same length to the collar’s back ring, leaving it to also swing freely with one of the locks passed through its last link, then took other, shorter chains and locked them to the hip rings. Two more sets were locked to both the front and back shield’s D rings.

“Hold still. This is going to become uncomfortable, but you’d better submit, or else.”

She passed a strap around my arms, just below my elbows, and quickly tightened it, pulling them close together. Another lock joined the inner rings of my above-the-elbow cuffs, also connected to the vertical chain from my collar to the chastity belt, and a second later another of the locks was used to fasten the rings of my wrist cuffs to each other so that my palms remained facing out. This lock was also fastened to the back chain, making me her totally helpless captive.

“There! Now you’re almost the way I want you.” She smiled, taking the free end of the dangling front leash. “OK, come along with me to the garage. I’ve got some work to do upstairs, before you’re put to bed.”

Jessica had always been handy with tools and I wondered what she was intending to do up there, but then the leash pulled and I followed her in snubbed steps, down to the garage. She brought along more of the light chain and locks, then once we were in the empty space (both of our cars were parked outside), drew me to the central steel support post and immediately passed my back-of-the-collar leash around it three times, then locked it to itself. Moving to my waist, she took the chains from the hip rings of the belt and wrapped them around the post pulling me tight against it, then locked them to each other. She wasn’t done yet though, and a moment later had locked another of the chains to the central link of my hobble after passing its free end around the base of the post then locked it too! She stood and looked at me with a happy smile.

“OK! How do you like that arrangement?”

“It-it’s pretty confining!” I gasped, feeling myself stiffen in useless, frustrated arousal inside the chastity belt when I tugged against the chains.

“Oops! I must get the last piece for your confinement. Back in a minute!”

She hurried out the door and was gone for nearly five minutes before returning with the part of my gear I’d always been hesitant about when playing with it ... my Top-to-Bottom, leather Isolation and Discipline Helmet, complete with its built-in gag, blinder panel and heavily-padded ear coverings.

“I-I really d-don’t want to wear it, p-please, Jessica?” I begged, pulling uselessly at my restraints while I stood leashed to the steel post.

“Oh really,” she said approaching with it held loosely in her hand, smiling even more broadly. “I thought you loved bondage of all sorts?”

“Y-yes, but ...”

“No buts anymore, dear!” she stated flatly. “I’m the one controlling your life now, not you. Open your mouth real wide and let’s get you into the helmet. If you resist, remember that I’ve not yet used any of the stronger disciplinary shock levels, OK?”

“O-O-OK,” I agreed in defeat, feeling a sinking sensation in the pit of my stomach. “What-what’s made you change so much?”

“Alex, I discovered your password book and went surfing through all of the sites you liked to visit. It was most educational, I assure you. And ... I discovered a few sites of my own also, dealing with how to control a man. You’re already half-way there, so I’m just continuing the process, and it’s going to accelerate, dear, so get used to it.”

“Th-that helmet is pretty awful,” I complained. “I really don’t want to have to wear it-OOUUUCHARRR! Please-please-please!”

Her fingers had danced over the buttons of the remote control and pressed down the Command button at Level Three, holding it there for interminable seconds.

“That’s another lesson, dear. You are not to argue or complain from now on! Just do as you’re told. Also, as a part of that, you are no longer permitted to speak unless I give specific permission for you to do so. You can signal that desire by raising your hand, when you’re permitted to have them unbound that is. Nod if you understand.”

Numbly, I did, feeling the restriction of the wide steel collar intensely, then she continued.

“Now, I’m going to fit you with the Discipline Helmet, Alex. When I do, open your mouth for the gag when I pull it over your face, then stay still until I finish fastening it or you’ll get another shot of discipline shocks, but those will be at Level Four.”

There was nothing I could do to resist her! Jessica picked up the helmet and a few seconds later it had been drawn fully over my head with the thick-skinned bladder of the inflatable gag pad plopping into my waiting, opened mouth. The gag pad was actually a little too big, but it had a trough in its bottom into which my tongue slid and I quickly adjusted it inside my mouth. A moment later, she tightened the laces from the crown of my head down to the base of the helmet’s collar at the back of my neck and when she did, the long, thick and uncomfortably large internal nostril hoses went far up into my head. She tied off the laces and the combination of the two pieces of restraint equipment resulted in a scarily impressive and utterly defeating restraint. Far too soon I had become deeply entombed in blackness and silence. The security harness straps went around it over the eye and ear pads, with another that passed under the chin and these were soon drawn tight, fully deafening and blinding me and forcing me to bite down firmly on the gag.

“OK, dear!” I heard her faintly. “I’m going to go and do some work, then I’ll come back and bring you upstairs and put you to bed. Don’t run off now!” She laughed. That was the last thing I heard for the longest time.

For the first few moments I struggled desultorily against the chains connecting me to the post and tried to pull my hands and arms free, then with increasing desperation, but everything I attempted was fruitless. My traitorous body and mind became aroused at being so helplessly bound and within the chastity belt; I swelled again to a demanding but unsatisfiable erection. It seemed like a long time later that I felt the chains being released, but she left me in the Discipline Helmet and wearing the gag, removing only the blind fold, then, holding my front-of-the-collar leash chain in one hand, she grasped my left arm above the elbow cuff and marched me from the garage and up the stairs. Normally,

we turned left and went along the hall to the Master Bedroom, but this time, she turned to the right and walked me in clinking, chain-limited steps to the guest room farthest from the front of the house, then stopped before the closed door and turned to me.

“You’re going to be sleeping in here from now on, Alex. The metal of your chastity belt touching me during the night has become a bother and so this is my solution.”

I had to strain to hear her, even though she was close and speaking loudly.

“I’ve been busy in here over the past weeks while you were at work. The walls are now twice as thick as they used to be and the spaces between the original ones and the new inner walls have been, first, filled with sound-deadening foam, then a three mm thick steel liner went over top of that. I’ve also raised the floor level about 15 cm, placed a steel flooring under it, and insulated that space. The ceiling has also gotten a three 3 mm covering of steel and I’ve gone up into the attic and doubled up on the insulation there. So ... this room is going to be totally silent. No sounds from outside get in, and none that you make in here, if you’re not gagged, will ever get out. Although the door looks like a normal one from the outside, as you can see, it’s been exchanged for a steel one and is now double thickness and sound insulated on its inner side. As well, it’s been strengthened and fitted with high security, time locks. Although the window still looks normal from the outside, it no longer exists on the interior walls. Effectively, my dear, this room has become a high security isolation cell, and it’s where you’re going to spend any free time I permit you to have, from now on.

“The furniture that used to be in here is gone and yesterday I had a special bed delivered from the German manufacturer and I’ve just finished bolting it to the floor. You’ll find your new bed to be far more than you ever dreamt of in terms of a Bondage Bed, Alex.”

She opened the door with a heavy key of the type, I later found out, is used for jails and prison cells. We’d never locked any of the guest bedrooms, until now. The thick and obviously heavy door swung wide and I instantly saw that she hadn’t been kidding. The original door that used to be only three cm thick, was now almost like a vault door, being nearly 15 cm thick! However, inside this outer door was another made completely of black steel bars that needed a separate key to also be unlocked. When both had been swung fully open on their reinforced, heavy duty hinges, she urged me inside telling me to be careful while stepping up onto the new floor level.

What I saw scared the absolute Hell out me.

## Chapter Four

### *The Bed*

The so-called bed was centred along one of the walls, about a metre away from it, and I quickly discerned the differences between it and what I'd used down in the play room. The first thing that struck me was the frame: this was made of a thick, highly-polished aluminum that contained the mattress itself, but that was not the totality of the frame ... not by a long shot! Its sides and ends were not just bland pieces of metal, but had been precision milled and formed so that there were longitudinal slots in them, each of these with indentations on the top and bottom edges, designed to accept and lock-down all types of equipment. Each corner of the bed had a weirdly-configured piece and along the sides, top, and bottom there were additional, complicated-looking sets of lever arrangements. All of these could be positioned and locked into whatever orientation was desired, then I saw the vertical posts, also locked to the side rails and wondered in fear what their intended purpose was. The bed looked precisely as it was intended to: it would hold the occupant in whatever position the person in control wanted, and keep them in that position for as long as was deemed necessary. The frightening thing was not the range of the restraint equipment already mounted, but the other things that could be added was immense, and there would be no perceived slackness of leather or rubber restriction – only the harshness and finality of metal. The mattress was covered by a thick, black rubber sheet that already gleamed with a coating of oil and a thinner sheet lay folded at the bottom of the bed. Jessica's voice interrupted my chaotic thoughts.

"Obviously, my dear, this is not a bed of the type used in insane asylums, but a considerably more advanced version. You may as well know right now that this is your nightly resting place beginning tonight, as I said a moment ago. Effectively, this is also my new Play Room. Most of the equipment you had set up in the original one in the basement and many of the restraints are now up here in the closet, or hung on the walls, but I'll soon be upgrading them to better quality and far more secure devices. Your old play space downstairs will be re-converted to a Recreation Room and as well, now that we have this bed, I've sold the one you made. Now we'll use the real thing!

"You may also be interested to know that I've moved all of your electrical and vacuum equipment over there in the locked closet, and it's all now remotely controllable from anywhere in the house and also from my cell phone. If I ever allow you outside again without an escort, I'll be able to control you from anywhere in the world. There's no escape for you, Alex. OK, come along and I'll get you settled for the night," she commanded, pulling on my controlling and humiliating leash.

I'd never really felt that I was that easily controlled, but the last couple of hours had adjusted my opinion substantially and now her firm use of the leash made me very fearful of what was to come. I reluctantly stumbled forward, then Jessica turned and released my wrists from each other and the back chain. A minute later she'd connected short chains to the side rings of my chastity belt and locked their free ends to my wrist cuffs, then released my elbows from the back chain. She immediately pulled my hands down to the D ring on the front shield and secured them to it, also, with another lock. I felt her hands between my legs and she did something under the cup.

"OK. That's got a urinary catheter hose connected. Whenever you're not hooked up to this bed system you'll wear one of these full time from now on, strapped to your leg,

so neither of us will need to worry about you having to pee at an inopportune time. You can just go ahead and do it. Now, sit on the mattress, then lay down with your legs straight out.”

Bound and hooded as I was, I had no choice but to do as she commanded, but when I sat, the catheter connection and hose was pushed up into its aperture in the steel cover of the chastity belt, making me moan with the disturbing and very uncomfortable, deeper insertion of the tube into my penis. I quickly lay back on the cold, thick and slick rubber cover with my helmeted head resting near the top of the bed. Jessica wasted no time moving me to the centre and a little further up its length, until my head was near the top end, and I lay still while she continued her work, humming happily all the time. The first restraint she applied required me to lift my head and I felt a wide rigid cuff slipped under my neck. This was held by two of the sets of adjustable arms and she immediately flipped the front part around my neck, over my regular steel collar and locked it, then adjusted the arms and locked them also so that my neck was held immovably. From there, she moved down my body and slipped another wide, rigid cuff under my back, just above the waist band of the Latowski belt and it too was clamped firmly, then adjusted on its own sets of articulated arms, resulting in my body being held rigidly in position. My ankles and legs were the next things she dealt with by using the articulated arms on each side of the lower part of the bed frame. After clamping my right ankle, she released the short hobble chain and my thigh cuff linkage, then clamped my left ankle. Higher up, she moved another set of the articulated arms on each side and locked them to my thigh cuffs, then moved to my wrists and upper arms. Separately, each one was freed from my chastity belt, then they too were fastened to their own sets of articulated arms at my wrists and above my elbows. For the moment, all of my limbs were free to move within the limits permitted by the as yet un-tightened arms connected to them, but that was to change immediately.

Jessica then began to adjust them to the configuration she'd decided I would sleep in for the night, quickly moving my upper arms away from my body. They were locked in place, then she raised my forearms, spread them off to the sides and locked them in position so that they were held upwards in a gesture of supplication and all I could do was to claw my fingers uselessly in mid-air. Satisfied with that arrangement, she next moved to my legs, while I could only stare straight up at the black ceiling, gasping and whimpering with increasingly terror-filled thoughts. She loosened the arms that limited my legs, then slowly pulled my right one up until it was at 90 degrees to my torso, spreading it to the side, then repeated the same action on the other side so that my thighs were splayed vulnerably far apart. Next came the ankle restraint arms, and she lifted my lower legs and placed my calves in the troughs, then the ankle restraints were locked so that this arrangement left me securely fastened, on my back with my thighs and lower legs widely separated, as though I was about to give birth! I felt horribly vulnerable, precisely as she intended I should, and when I tried to twist and move my body and limbs, I discovered that there was no freedom permitted, no matter how I strained against the rigid metal restraint system. She stood back then came to look down into my face.

“There! You're set for the night. How do you like it so far?” Of course, I could say nothing and so stared up at her in silence. “As you've now no doubt come to realize, there'll not be any playtime, initially, for you tonight. This arrangement will get you

accustomed to your new bed and nightly restraints, then I'll be back for some further experimentation early in the morning just to brighten your day."

At one point in my self bondage play, the dream of being rigidly and inescapably restrained was a goal I'd wanted desperately to reach, but now, I was truly locked down and utterly unable to do a thing. Too, I had liked rubber as a toy and temporary experience, but not as a full time covering, and so my introduction to the bed and its coverings came as a shock. She drew up the rubber sheet from the base of the bed and covered me with it, concealing all of my restraints beneath its tent-like covering, then spent the next minutes tightening it so that when she'd finished, I was sealed into a rubber envelope with only my helmeted head sticking out, encircled by the tight, wide, over-collar. The last thing she did was to re-apply my blindfold, then I faintly heard her speak.

"Sleep while you can, Alex, because as I said, this is how you're going to spend nearly all of your nights from now on. We'll have our little demonstration and chat pretty early in the morning. Sleep well!"

## Chapter Five

### *Additional Revelations*

I was hot, sweaty, uncomfortable ... and totally helpless. Gagged and blinded, I struggled what little I could under the cloying sheet, but nothing happened. She couldn't be serious! I didn't and never had wanted our marriage to involve this much of my scene desires, but Jessica had discovered the chink in my armour and was exploiting it to the fullest extent ... or so I thought at that point. For a long time I fought against my restraint network, but she'd been very thorough and there wasn't a chance to get out of my predicament, no matter what I tried. That situation immediately became the normal way I'd spend nearly all of my nights, but it was very much a bondage and rubber encasement of the 'mild' type I'd imagined. Even so, she'd told me that I'd be spending all of my nights in the tormenting arrangement and that scared me, rather than making me want it to happen. Eventually, I drifted off to sleep and had nightmares that are hard to believe.

I awakened suddenly in the middle of the night, sensing somehow that Jessica stood beside me.

"Hello, Sweetie! It's time for some more fun! There's a feature of your new bed I want to show you, and this seems to be the perfect time to do it."

The tented rubber over-sheet was removed to reveal me splayed and available, but she had no intention of leaving me fastened in just that way. Suddenly, the mattress dropped away from under my back so that I was suspended, held in position by my metal restraints! It took a long time to get used to and if I fought my bonds at all, it hurt, so I remained still. I didn't see her do it but she connected the e-stim machines to me.

"You'll find the balance of your night to be ... ah ... entertaining, for want of a better word, honey. Since you're unable to talk, there's not much point in my continuing the conversation and so it's good night again, my dear!"

Once more total silence descended and I didn't hear the door close and lock behind her, leaving me to lay fastened into my restraints in mid-air, pinned like a butterfly in a display case. After the initial excitement, bondage is boring, but mine was not to remain so. An indeterminable time later, my chastity belt began slowly unleashing stronger and stronger shocks that soon had me writhing against the rigid restraint system while I tried to howl for mercy. It was awful! I could not escape the electrical pulses, and being held in such a vulnerable position made it far worse psychologically. I don't know how long the 'entertainment' lasted, but near the end I was almost continually gasping and screaming until it finally stopped and I crashed instantly into an exhausted sleep.

The next morning Jessica released me from the bed and blinding panel, but kept me in the helmet and otherwise fully-chained while I was drawn, gagged to silence, with only the rattling of my hobble, down the hall to the guest bathroom.

"Use the toilet, dear, then I'll put you in the shower stall and wash you. After you're dried off, I'll dress you in a cape and feed you breakfast, then we'll have a little chat about how you're going to live from now on."

Thirty minutes later we were sitting in the breakfast nook. She removed my gag and was soon feeding me and helping me to drink a morning coffee. The free end of the leash from the back of my collar had been locked to a newly-installed ring on the wall behind, swinging gently back and forth when I moved; preventing me from slumping forward.



When we were done, she cleared away the dishes and sat down opposite me, then began speaking.

“Alex, I’m sure you’re very surprised at how much my approach to ‘the scene’ has changed in the last weeks, and too, at the speed with which things have happened. Actually, dear, your kinky needs and desires have turned out to be very empowering for me and I’m really enjoying the control I now have of you and your entire life. I’m going to ensure that this new arrangement is a permanent change. You may speak.”

“Th-thank you, Jessica,” I murmured, pulling my wrists and arms against their lock to the front shield of my chastity belt and kicking my legs a little against their short hobble. Its central link, too, had been connected to another newly-installed ring in the floor, under the table. My thigh cuffs remained locked closely together and so I could barely move my upper legs. “Th-th-this whole thing is a considerable shock for me, as you must know. I didn’t think you ever wanted to play with me and so got pretty involved by myself.”

“Oh, I understand that, but as I’ve said, I’ve changed, Alex. Now you’re totally mine.” She smiled with happiness. “You’re also no doubt wondering how you’re going to manage to go to work and do all the normal things you used to. Actually, it’s pretty straight forward, honey. If I ever permit you out of the house again, unescorted, you’ll wear all the steel restraints you do now. From now on, my dear, you’re going to wear skirts or dresses, and like it not, that is how you will be attired from now on. Your thigh bands will be disconnected from each other only if you wear trousers and that will be almost never, or if your bondage needs to be changed. They’re easily concealed by your clothing, and so there’ll no longer be any sliding off to the bar for a beer with the boys, or any other sort of excursions out of the house unauthorized by me.

“If you are not escorted by me, you’ll only be nominally free during the day, other than for the leashes connected at the front and back of your collar and they’ll always remain locked on. Don’t forget that I can remotely discipline and signal you by cell phone, OK? When you return home you’ll immediately go to the garage, get undressed and lock the hobble chain to your ankle cuffs and the central link to the ring now there for it, at the base of the post. I’ve added other rings with mounted chains along the length of the post and the next thing you’ll do will be to bring a chain to each side of your waist band and lock them on. Above that, there’s a short chain that is to be connected to the back ring of your collar and that must also be connected. Once you’ve been fully fastened to the post as I’ve explained, and I mean every time, you’ll take the opened lock from one of the waist chains and fasten your wrist cuffs to the front shield ring of your chastity belt. You’ll wait there until I’m prepared to have you enter the house and that will be signaled when you feel this ...”

“This is really wil-EEEEAAHHH! Please-please don’t ple-EEEEAAHHH!” I stopped talking and stared at her happily smiling face.

“I didn’t give you permission to speak again, dear! Now, concerning your shock signals ... I’m going to begin using them more and more frequently from now on. You’ll have to learn what they all mean and there’s quite a few, so you’d best pay attention.

“I should tell you also that I’m going to remove the temptation for you to talk out of turn. I’ve been in contact with Axsmar and they’re creating a new collar for you, complete with a fully integrated, but removable gag. It’s a damned expensive piece of kit, but well worth it, I feel. I’ll be able to remove the gag portion when I need to, but when it gets

here, you'll wear it all the time when you're home and maybe even in public too. I'm afraid you won't like it very much.

"You might as well understand right now, Alex, that I'm going to keep you on a leash at all times from now on, especially since you'll be at home and I don't want you wandering around the house unless I permit it. So, you might as well get used to that becoming a permanent part of your new life as my possession and pet. Speaking of pets ... most of the more valuable ones are tagged in some way these days and that's going to happen to you also. I'm going to get a couple of RFID tags and transceivers implanted in your breasts.

"While browsing through your computer I discovered that you have a deep interest in some pretty severe piercings and body modifications and the jewellery that can be mounted in the piercings. So, that being the case, I'm going to have you extensively pierced just like the images and descriptions that have turned you on, and then you're going to be fitted with some quite evil jewellery for the resultant holes. I'm sure you'll soon grow to quite hate what you'll have to wear, but that's just too bad, my dear. Needless to say, these additions are all quite permanent and it is going to be done to you, like it or not.

"Some of the pieces I'm going to have you fitted with are pairs of ear and nipple rings as well as a septum nasallang bar and an outer shackle for it. The septum bar, FYI, will be fitted through a large, grommeted hole and a long U shackle, will be fastened to it. Other arrangements are possible though, and will involve additional piercings.

"I've got other plans to help with your silencing, as well, honey. Your tongue is also going to get pierced five times: two holes at the very far back where it descends into your throat, two at mid-point and one near the tip. Each of these piercings will have a thick post inserted and those will be locked in, also becoming permanent fixtures in your mouth.

"P-PLEASE, Jessica! I don't wan ...EEEEAAA AGHHH-EEAAAggg-EEEEAAA AGHHH-EEAAAggg-!!!" I screamed and automatically tried to jump against my restraints when she pressed the button.

"I told you not to speak unless I give you permission, Alex!" she admonished, then calmly continued speaking.

"I've looked more closely at the sites you've visited and seen the pictures of the pierced women you've collected, so I know all about your fantasies in that side of the spectrum as well, honey. You're going to join those esteemed ranks of pierced and subjugated women, my dear!

"Now, back to your new schedule. As I've already mentioned, you'll sleep in your new room from this point forward. I am quite enjoying having the bed to myself and so you too now have one, albeit somewhat more of an institutional style than what you've been used to. Let's face it, dear; the bed room you've been moved into is very definitely a cell. Seeing as how it's been completely sound-insulated and lined with steel and rubber, it's your new secret home and from now on, unless you're on a leash and escorted, the remainder of the house is forbidden territory to you. We've done your nights in rubber enclosure just as you wanted, but that's also going to change. Whereas before you only wanted to do it every couple of weeks, now you'll spend every fourth or fifth night as well as all weekends and holidays being tormented like that, should I feel the urge. Scary, isn't it? You may speak."

"I can't be-be-believe this, Jessica!" I muttered angrily, tugging my arms against the lock in my crotch. The sensation of the wide, heavy cuffs snugly encircling my wrists was oppressive, as was intended, and now I just wanted to be free of them. "How will you explain this whole thing to our neighbours, friends and relatives?"

"No worries there, my dear. We've never been tight with the neighbours, so they don't enter into our lives. As to the friends ... well, since your predilections seem to have isolated us from everyone but other kinks, I don't believe there'll be a problem when they learn about the new management here. Relatives ... both of ours are on the other side of the continent and we seldom see them, so that's not an issue either. If we have to meet, you'll be dressed as you would at work, but wearing concealing clothing, of course, and under my command of your electronic leash and control system.

"You might get to do yard work on the weekend days and be seen around the place, however, the electronic leashing and control system and the new invisible electronic fence I've had installed will be employed to keep you within the bounds of the property. The system is flawless and very exact, so you'll have to be careful.

"OK. That'll give you things to think about for the next little while, I'm sure. Now, you're going to spend some quiet time so I'm going to lock the gag on you again, but I'll leave the blinder panel off. In a minute or two you're going outside to the back porch. You'll remain tethered, of course, and I've made some new arrangements so that your leashes can slide along wires. Effectively, they're running leashes that will allow you to walk out onto the back lawn, but the system won't allow you near the fences, and the top one is high enough so that you can't fall down.

"Seeing as how you love to wear them, you're going to be fitted with a nice, long, heavy and bulky skirt and low-heeled, knee high boots, but that will eventually change to more stringent footwear. You'll wear a loose upper body covering, then on top of everything, your wonderful long rubber over-cape and just to make sure you don't try to make any sort of call for an escape attempt, you'll remain gagged. You'll be outside most of the rest of today as I have to go get groceries, then make arrangements for you at the piercing salon and do some other errands." She knelt and released my ankle hobble from its floor ring, then stood again. "Stand up!"

A sizzling pulse made me jump to my feet and I shuddered with misery while she retrieved the awful gag and other items, then one at a time, momentarily freed my wrists from the front shield restraint ring of my chastity belt and had me step into the seven cm heeled ankle boots, then the long, heavy skirt. She slipped the blouse up my arms, over my shoulders, and buttoned it down my back. Once satisfied that all was properly fitted, she pulled my wrists to where the D ring stuck out through a discreet eyelet on the front of my skirt, and re-locked them to it.

Over these arrangements went my thick, rubber, ankle length cape with its deeply-cowled bonnet. I'd bought it on a whim of horniness, loving the concept that there were no arm slits and therefore made it very difficult to get out of. The cape fastened from the ground-brushing hem, all the way up to my neck with small, closely spaced, integrated locks and so with no arm slits, my hands were rendered doubly useless underneath. Jessica unlocked my back-of-the-collar leash from the wall behind and fed it through a reinforced eyelet at the base of the neck, under the thrown-back bonnet, then left it to swing freely outside the cape, down my back. She grasped my front one and walked me slowly out onto the open-sided, back porch, then after having me descend the four steps

to the lawn, locked the end link of a chain hanging from a ring on a thick overhead wire to my back collar ring, leaving the leash still attached. Another chain from a lower ring and wire arrangement was fastened to the central link of my hobble, but what I wasn't aware of was that the rings were snug on their wires and would therefore need some effort to make them slide. A thinly-cushioned chair had been placed just to one side of the steps and she gestured to it.

"You can sit down occasionally, Alex. Your upper leash is just barely long enough to permit that. However, you'll be required to begin walking immediately when I give you this signal." Three prolonged bursts of electricity transfixed my captive maleness and I howled into the gag, struggling and writhing frantically against my chains, staring at her fearfully.

"When you feel that, you'd best get out on the lawn and begin moving as quickly along the wires as you can manage. It doesn't matter if you're already doing so, because I'm going to send that signal, or others, whenever I feel the urge. Just for your information, there's a couple of small, hi-definition, remotely-controlled TV cameras out here on the porch and another couple out in the trees that cover the full length of the leash and the rest of the lawn. They're hooked up to the computer and I've set up a private website so that I can observe you on the cell phone. OK, I must be off as I've a lot to do. Have fun!"

She turned and walked into the house, closing and locking the door behind her so that I couldn't get at the phone in the kitchen. That, of course, just made me more fully aware of my helplessness to escape what was going to be done to me and for long minutes I stared at the locked door wondering what had happened to my until-now pretty normal life. I kicked experimentally against my hobble, feeling the firm clamping of my wide and thick ankle cuffs, then jerked my wrists against their lock, feeling each restriction strongly. I was alone and scared out of my wits at the situation I now found myself in.

## Chapter Six

### *Tormented On My Running Leash*

When she'd left, I slowly sat on the chair, immediately feeling an upward tug on the back of my collar when my leash drew tight. It was barely long enough to allow me to sit fully upright and now the secure confinement of my Latowski chastity belt now became even more noticeable. When I'd 'played' in it before, it had always been an enjoyable experience, but now that I remained locked in it at all times and had only been freed of it for the nights of rubber bondage and torment, it wasn't fun anymore! I wanted desperately to be freed from all of the restraints I was now compelled to wear, then remembered that she'd ordered a new collar and shivered with burgeoning fear. Sitting there in the cool air, watching a rain shower pass, unexpected tears came and I wept for my lost freedom, kicking my restricted legs against their cuffs and chains, jerking my captive hands fruitlessly against the lock securing my wrist cuffs to the front shield of the chastity belt. With all of the restraints hidden under the bulky, obscuring skirt and cape, there was no way to free myself and no one could see that I was so securely chained. I'd been such an idiot to reveal my secret dreams to her, but what had made Jessica change so dramatically? I'd been a good provider and husband! Sure, I'd spent some money on my Axsmar equipment, the Latowski chastity belt, and other stuff, but nowhere near as much as many guys spent on their hobbies!

I was soon forcibly reminded by a prolonged session of electro-stimulation that I was to walk in the garden and so spent the rest of that day in a haze of fear of being seen or discovered by a neighbour or a passer-by, and too, of what she was going to do to me. Being seen wasn't really likely, as there is a high fence around the yard and it was cool and a little rainy so no one would be outside. Our home was set well back from the street at the end of a cul-de-sac and the back yard is quite large; a full quarter of an acre in size, with the high back fence quite distant, behind some large Scotch pine trees.

My leashing arrangements were very well thought out. The thick upper wire was attached to a very substantial ring set into the framework for the stairway of the porch onto the lawn, with its other end fastened high on the trunk of a 40 metre tree at the far end of the lawn. There was no way I could get at either of the connections, what with my wrist cuffs chained to the front shield of my chastity belt, then covered by the locked-on, thick and impervious rubber cape. The lower wire was connected to a ring at the centre of the bottom step and it led out onto the lawn, disappearing into the grass, with its far end also fastened to a ring in the base of the trunk of the same tree that the upper wire was fastened to. There was no doubt in my mind that I was her helpless, tethered captive. I would be able to move back and forth along the wires, but was unable to get near any of the four ends, and I soon found that I could only move a pace to either side of the bottom wire before the leashes snapped tight, silently and forcefully commanding me to return to the centre of my pre-chosen path.

Once she'd helped me to achieve my fantasy, it had obviously unleashed a dormant spark of dominance in her nature and then, having experienced its power, the spark had flared into a blow torch of desire to control me fully. Oh damn, and how she had! I'd never really been a submissive person, but what she had done was to quite literally enslave me. I'd been driven by my deepest desires to accept her incremental imposition

of restraints and now, here I was. I became lost in self-pity and closed my eyes, feeling the useless tears flow again.

The rain stopped briefly, leaving the lawn steaming in the growing heat and I began to get warm inside my cape and helmet. I stood with difficulty, then took only one chain-snubbed pace away from the chair when the tethers to the back of my collar and the one to my hobble sprang tight. Oh damn! Was that all the freedom I was to be allowed? It was. I returned to the chair, getting ready to sit again and resume wallowing in my misery, wondering what was going to happen to me, perhaps for the rest of my life! Oh God! What a frightening thought that was! I was halfway to sitting down when the three long bursts of shocks pulsed from the electrodes under the steel crotch armour, making me clench my eyes shut and bite down hard on the gag, trying to stifle the automatic howl that rose unbidden up my collared throat. All the while I jerked my hands uselessly against their fastening and danced as best I could in my boots with my thighs fighting their locked-together bands under the skirt and cape. I looked around to find myself still completely alone; it having begun to rain once more and the wind had picked up. After the shocks stopped, I stood for a minute, having forgotten that she was observing me, and that was confirmed seconds later when another three pulses flared under my chastity belt and this time I screamed unashamedly into the gag, forcibly reminding that I was supposed to be out on the lawn.

In a rush, I strutted out into the gusting rain, but the ground was soft, so I had to be careful of my footing, feeling my heels sink into the grass a little with every pace and it was then I discovered that I'd need to pull on both the overhead and bottom leashes to move along the wires! Every time I attempted to walk further, my collar clamped more firmly around my neck, forcibly reminding me of the fact that I was on a leash. That, with the tug of the hobble on my ankle cuffs, doubly reinforced my misery and it just wasn't fair! I was already securely bound, gagged, and electronically-controlled! Another set of strong pulses flared and again I screamed and attempted to bend over to somehow protect myself from them and it was at that point that I discovered that the overhead leash would not permit any kind of deep bending. I continued struggling along the wires, my body twisting from side to side in desperation to avoid the electrical torment, whimpering with misery at what had befallen me, and definitely not wanting to experience the awful shocks again. At last, I reached the point at which the rings would no longer travel along their wires (stopper bolts had been fastened to both top and bottom wires, preventing further movements of the sliding rings), finding that I was still a long way from the trees and fully-exposed to the rain that was now lashing down in wind-driven sheets. My full, bulky cape billowed and flapped hugely around me, and the cold air flowed freely up under it and my skirt, immediately chilling the tight steel of my cuffs and chastity belt; making me even more deeply aware of their constant constriction and limitation. I tried to move further, then gave up and turned back toward the distant house.

My return was worse than the out-bound trip, for my wife was paying far closer attention than I thought she would. A third of the way back along the wires, she once more remotely disciplined me, making me dance frantically against my chain hobble, screaming in desperate denial against the gag when the three long bursts of electrical energy pulsed again and again inside my chastity belt. My fingers clawed uselessly into the thick material of the skirt covering the smooth steel armouring my crotch so effectively and once more, I unthinkingly tried to bend over protectively, only to have the

overhead leash snap tight and make the wide collar clamp authoritatively around my throat. My agonized tears mixed in with the rain trickling down the face of my discipline helmet, but a moment later the shocks stopped and I stood gasping, then resumed my slow, struggling walk back to the house, but she wasn't done with me yet.

I'd moved perhaps another 10 metres along the wire when she sent the next set of shocks ... these far stronger than the usual signal! I instantly screamed and went into a maddened dance of agony, then lost my footing when my knees and legs collapsed under me. Thanks to the shortness of the overhead leash, I was only permitted to descend about a half metre to hang in bouncing, leg kicking, thrashing, mindless torment while the unbelievable shocks continued to flow. The wide collar's grip on my neck was near to choking and being bound as I was, I could not alleviate the pressure and began to black out. The waves of shocks died away leaving me to still dangle there, struggling to somehow get my thigh- and ankle-hobbled legs to support me before I passed out. At last I managed to stand on shaking legs, but then ... she did it again! Once more I collapsed into mindless screaming and writhing wreckage. My struggles under the cape were barely visible from the outside and the gag silenced my cries thoroughly while the horrible shocks continued unabated.

Jessica was enjoying herself and this time I did black out to hang on my chain in twitching distress. My evolutions were being recorded, as well as being broadcast to her cell phone, and she later showed me the footage of what I looked like when she sent the signals. I saw myself out on the chain, hanging nearly motionless, with the thick rubber cape draped and hiding my bondage, then suddenly when she pressed the buttons again, my maniacal struggles made the covering hump and heave in the strangest ways.

I came to awareness a moment after I'd passed out and slowly regained my footing, then continued my restricted, slow trip back to the porch. Once next to it, I fell into the chair, despite the jerk of the overhead leash on my neck, and slowly recovered my senses, feeling the inescapable clamping of the collar, realizing that I'd never again be free of the sensations of its control and encirclement of my neck. While I chewed on the thick gag pad I continued to think of how my wife had changed so dramatically in the space of just short weeks. Until I'd revealed my fantasy and she'd experienced her power, Jessica had been a completely normal person in all respects: kind, caring and reserved unless with me. However, when I'd bared my secret desires, they had opened a door somewhere in her mind and a completely different woman had emerged. This new personality was one with a deep sadistic streak that coupled closely with a controlling nature I'd never suspected lay within her personality. She was obviously enjoying that until-now-hidden and repressed part and I feared more and more that it was indeed a permanent change ... for us both. Just the way she'd tormented me on my first walk on the running leashes was a strong indication that she was unlikely to return to being the companion I'd known before, and I sank into a whirlpool of despair and horror of the demon I'd released.

Unthinkingly, I again tried to bend forward in shuddering misery, only to be reminded of my captivity when the overhead leash to the back of my collar snapped tight. Under the sealed cape, my cuffed hands and arms pulled uselessly against their fastening to the front shield and I beat my fists against its impenetrable steel in frustration. She was watching me all the time, apparently, and when I finally settled into motionlessness again, she sent another three burst signal. I jerked erect with a strangled howl, then stood as quickly as I could and walked carefully out onto the lawn once more. My next trip to

the end of my wires was a long one with all the same struggling and misery, but I returned to the house uneventfully, although when I was about to sit in the chair, yet another three pulses drove me out to move along my leashes in the rain yet again. By this point I was in shuddering fits and despair had settled over me in a black cloud while I paced in mindless, chain-hobbled steps to the limit of my freedom and back. Once more she sent another signal and I did it all over again and again and then again.

For the next endless hours I walked and walked and walked until at last she permitted me to sit in the chair, lost in a sea of despair while continually subjected to her messages of control by the discipline signals. The shocks, as before, were very strong and made me writhe and thrash dementedly, howling and pleading uselessly into the gag for her to leave me in peace, but only small, muffled sounds emerged from the helmet and would have been unheard, even three metres away. Her random punishments seemed to last eons, but were probably only two or three minutes in length each time and at the end of every one, I was a shuddering mass of nearly hysterical, rubber-covered misery. A long time later, the signal to begin walking was sent once more and I struggled out onto the lawn to resume my exercise and that was how I spent the rest of the day. It was only but the first of innumerable such outdoor excursions I have had to endure; always on my leashes, although I thought at that time that I'd be permitted outside to mow the lawn or do yard work, but even then I was to be under her constant control. Further additions and modifications were to be made to my ensemble in order to give her even more flexibility of command.



## Chapter Seven

### *Enhancements*

She returned to the house later in the afternoon while I was on yet another of my leashed walks, then stood waiting on the porch for me, until I struggled back. Again, when I was halfway there, she used the strong shocks to make me dance until I collapsed to dangle at the end of my leash, still writhing and howling. It was becoming more and more horrible to be so helpless and vulnerable, but it was going to get worse ... far worse.

Jessica came to help me stand, then escorted me back into the house, after freeing me of my running leashes and, once in the kitchen, removed my cape and without saying a word hung it in the hall closet after connecting my back-of-the-collar leash to the wall ring and telling me to sit. She returned a moment later to smile happily at me, then reached behind my neck and a second later tugged hard on the chain to shorten it so that I could only sit bolt upright without being able to bend forward. There was to be no escape from the sensation of wearing and being controlled by my collar. She fastened my hobble to the floor ring then sat down across the table and coolly looked into my staring eyes.

"Did you enjoy your afternoon's session, dear?" she asked rhetorically, seeing as how I remained helmeted and gagged. I shook my head as emphatically as my collar and the helmet allowed. "Well, no matter. You'll probably become accustomed to it eventually because I'm going to set up a program of automatic exercising and 'encouragement' for you as soon as I can, then I won't need to be concerned if you're actually doing it because the programme will make sure you do.

"Now, I'm going to take off your helmet and remove your gag. Hold still."

Three minutes later my head emerged from the confines of the horrid, rubber-lined bag and I sighed and gasped with wordless gratitude when the gag pad finally came out of my mouth, licking my parched lips. It felt so good to be out of it and I stared at her with mute thanks while she checked my collar.

"OK." She grinned at me saying, "I can see that you're dying to talk, but are scared of what I'll do to you if you don't have my authorization. So, you may speak, Alex."

"P-p-please, Jessica? Please don't make me do that again?" I begged.

"Why, Alex!" she exclaimed in false shock. "I thought you really enjoyed being controlled and disciplined! All I've done is to make your dreams come true, honey! If I think about it, you're being rather ungrateful for all the trouble I've gone to."

"No-no-no!" I gabbled in terror. "I-I-It ... it was horribly strong and very painful and I was so ... so utterly helpless and thought I'd go mad from the strength of the shocks and from being so vulnerable."

"Isn't that the whole point?" she asked with an evil twinkle in her eye. "Well, your reactions were pretty impressive, nevertheless, and I was only using Level Three. Never mind, dear! You may eventually get used to your new situation and my disciplining procedures. As I mentioned, there are plenty of things to come that will make you even more controllable."

"J-J-Jessica?" I asked in a trembling voice, fearing her answer. "Are-are you really going to keep me locked in the chastity belt, wearing the neoprene rings, the cuffs and the collar all the time and ch-chained too?"

"Now, dear! I've already told you that's how you're going to live from now on! I was and I am dead serious about it. And yes, you will remain locked into your chastity

belt, wearing the rings and catheter tube and fully-restrained for the foreseeable future. The household arrangements are nearly completed as far as you're personally concerned, but as well, and as I stated before, you're soon going to get a substantial range of piercings done. I took care of that while I was out this afternoon."

"Well, what about your ... uh ...sexual needs. And mine?" I asked plaintively.

"You know, dear, over the last couple of years I've come to the point that I'm not really all that interested anymore. Sex between us got predictable and not a little boring. However, now that I've found how well this new arrangement between us works, at least for me, I'm excited both by it and the fact that I can have you anytime I want! And, too, you'll always be hot and horny, because you can't masturbate anymore like you used to. Oh yes, I know you did, so the chastity belt will keep you desperate and that's just what I want. From now on, you won't be enjoying any kind of sex unless I permit it.

"When I feel the urge to indulge in sex, you'll be the first to know, but it will be at my timing and pleasure level, not yours, my dear. If you think that those times, whenever they come, will give you a chance to escape, you can forget it right now. When I want sex, you'll be restrained so that you cannot get free and I'll also have you leashed by your body piercings so that I can easily grab the chains to control you. Only then will it happen.

"As far as your sexual needs are concerned ... you'll be prepared for any sexual encounters I decide you may get by being put on the bed in your cell. I may use the mattress with you laying on your back and me riding you on top, so I can be the aggressor ... something you never let me do in the past. What that means is that I'll fasten you just like last night, then remove the cover plate for the rear of your chastity belt and now that I have a couple of lovely, large strap-on dildos, you're going to get royally screwed when I feel the urge, and, being fastened like that, you'll discover a whole new dimension to sex.

"If I don't feel the urge to do you personally, dear, one of the options that came with the bed is a very sophisticated fucking machine that can be mounted to the frame to take my place ... and it'll never get tired, so you might spend the whole night being mechanically raped. Too, just to keep you aroused and perhaps help you get accustomed to your new role, at the same time you might also be tormented by e-stim and maybe some vacuum too. Eventually, you're going to get fucked and sucked all at the same time."

The reaffirmation of the realization that I was utterly her prisoner in all respects and that she could torment me so thoroughly and easily was too much to bear and I shuddered with horror, sitting there in my restraints before her with tears beginning to trickle down my cheeks.

"There-there, dear," she said soothingly, coming over to stroke my head. "It won't be all that bad and one day you may become used to being kept like you are now. I know that this new life is a considerable shock, but there are plenty more of those to come for you, and actually that's probably a good thing. Now, I'm going to make a nice dinner for us, so you can just sit there and think about things while I do."

The dinner came some 20 minutes later and I was permitted unrestricted conversation while she fed me; but my hands were kept chained to my chastity belt's front shield, below my waist, and I remained short-leashed to the wall and floor rings, as she'd promised to always do. These arrangements ensured that the message of my

continual helplessness and dependence upon her good will was constantly reinforced. The dishes were cleared away and washer started, then she came back to sit across the table again, looking speculative for a moment before staring me fully in the eyes and speaking.

“Scary, isn’t it?”

“Y-yes. It-it is! I don’t think I can go through with this, Jessica. I-I-I only wanted to do a lit-little intense play. I di-di-didn’t want it to turn into a life s-s-sentence!” I mumbled, pulling my hands against their lock and feeling how strongly the thigh and ankle cuffs captured me. The leash clinked and rattled behind my back, tugging at my collared neck when I shifted position, attempting to find a more comfortable way to sit on the thinly cushioned seat, in my belt. It was akin to sitting in a bucket, but I was locked into this bucket! Every time I tried to get comfortable, I was made immediately aware of the huge butt plug when it shifted, and as well, inside its tube in the silicon rubber liner, my penis twitched and surged uselessly with the neoprene rings constantly strangling grip making me crazy.

“That’s a good thing for you to think about, but you will have to go along with my plans because you no longer have a choice in the matter, my dear. I want you to know, deeply and without any question, that I’ve assumed full control of your life ... in all respects, and the fear of what’s coming next will keep you paying attention. I’ve mentioned already that arrangements have been made for you to be pierced and that will happen next Wednesday. You’re going to get the full treatment I described: nose, ears, nipples and your tongue. After they’re done, others will follow.

“There’s no question that they’re going to hurt and will be quite uncomfortable for a long while after they’re done, so I’ve taken the liberty of calling your office and telling them that you’ll be away from work for two or three months for medical reasons, and that if they are severe enough, you may not return. Be assured that they will be severe enough for you to not have to go back. Your working life is over, dear, and you are retiring to a life as my toy and pet. Nice, eh?

“I’ve been in touch with some other folks too,” she continued, “and have commissioned them to make some ... ah ... enhancements for your bondage ensemble. To start off, one of these is a lock-on bra with remotely-controlled e-stim and other capabilities built into it. It’ll be virtually unnoticeable under normal clothing, but you’re not going to be wearing that for much longer, if ever again. The bra is substantial enough that you’ll be unable to get it off without the key and because it’ll be tight, you’ll always know you’re locked into it. As well, it’ll have the option for me to be able to add vacuum/electrical breast cups when I feel you need some of that kind of treatment.

“However, this version of the bra is only a temporary arrangement because I’m going to force you to go a lot further down that particular path, my dear!” she stated with an evil smile playing around her lips, but her eyes remained cold.

“J-J-Jessica?” I asked with terror making my voice tremble unwantedly, “wh-why are you so intent on controlling me so completely?”

“Well, dear, that’s kind of complicated. Yes, you’ve been a good husband to me since we got married, but now that I know the power of my total possession of you, I want to expand my horizons. Thank you for giving me the opportunity to do it and with the money we’ve made and saved as well as the investments, I can do pretty much what I want with you. Alex, you’re the perfect victim, even though only willing at first. However, that you’ve changed your mind about what you want to do and experience, and

how frequently, really doesn't make any difference now that I've got you so thoroughly and easily controlled. Face it, dear; your desires have landed you exactly where you are."

I bent my head as much as the wide collar and its short leash allowed and tears spilled from my eyes, then a moment later I began weeping in shoulder-shaking sobs, struggling crazily against my chains upon hearing of her unchanging plans for my future. I soon had to stop jerking my hands and arms and kicking against my anchored hobble chain because it hurt too much. All the while Jessica regarded me impassively from across the table, waiting for my fit of self-pity to pass before speaking again.

"Truly, dear, you've only yourself to blame for what has happened, you know," she said without a trace of pity. "I've got a lot of other plans for you in the works and many of them are going to involve some substantial body modifications. I saw on the computer that you have quite a library of images and stories about some pretty aggressive ones. You're going to get to experience all of them being done, then have to live with the results, honey."

*'Oh my God!'* I thought with a spinning head; true fear now blossoming dramatically. *'Sure, I'd enjoyed looking at the images and reading the stories about women who'd had all sorts of horrible things done to their bodies and weird, painful equipment permanently mounted to and inside them, but I knew those were only fantasy ... weren't they???' Oh, God!'* I hoped desperately that all of those images and stories were only an artist's and author's wild imagination. *'Surely, she would not make me wear any of that sort of incredibly tormenting equipment??'* Jessica interrupted my chaotic thoughts.

"You'll probably quite dislike being fitted with, then having to wear the equipment and so-called jewellery, Alex, but, just as it has all been designed to do, it'll all make you even more controllable than you already are. Just think of the incredible sensations you'll get to experience, even though you'll probably hate them. That's a good thing as far as I'm concerned and sort of my gender revenge on men in general. Now, let's go watch some TV for an hour or two, then I'll put you to bed in your new cell. No more talking!"

She stood and came behind me, unlocked my leash from the wall ring, then pulled upward. I rose, feeling the wide collar clamp more tightly around my neck, and she shook the chain, urging me to walk ahead of her into the TV room and to where my comfortable easy chair normally sat. It was gone! In its place was what resembled an old-fashioned dental chair, but this one had been equipped with a plethora of dangling straps and chains!

"This is your new lounge, Alex. It was delivered and installed this afternoon, as well as a second one just like it, but somewhat more elaborate, up in your room. You'll be spending a lot of your time in one or the other, when you're not in your bed or outside. Now get yourself settled and I'll fasten you."

Truly, I had no option but to do as she demanded. I knew that if I attempted to resist, she'd immediately reduce me to begging wreckage with the application of strong e-stim 'encouragement'. I was prohibited from speaking and so wordlessly climbed into the chair and gingerly sat down to find that the seat was surprisingly comfortable. A tension was applied to my rear collar leash, pulling my neck back and settling my head firmly into the rests just behind the temples, then, she took chains from the joint of the seat and back rest, clipped them to the hip rings of my chastity belt's waist band, and pulled them firmly, forcing my buttocks all the way onto the seat. Next, she draped a wide thick strap

over my skirt below my thigh cuffs then pulled it very tight. At the foot plate, she locked my hobble chain to a ring at the centre and two side chains to the outer ones of my cuffs, then standing, went behind and flipped two wide straps over my shoulders where they each divided into two more straps. On each side, the outer one came under my arms and was passed through a locking buckle on the chair's back, while the other ones came down to clip to the D ring on the front of my crotch shield ... the same one that held my wrist cuffs. She wasted no time and soon had the straps all tightened so that I was held immovably, but the worst of them all were the ones that acted as a brace, pulling my shoulders back harshly. While tightening them yet again, she spoke quietly.

"I've noticed that you've begun to adopt a poor posture, dear, and that's the reason for the shoulder brace system. You're going to wear a quite severe one of one type or another until I'm satisfied that you've learned to hold yourself properly. Even then I'll make you wear one all the time anyway because your upcoming body modifications will almost certainly make it necessary. Now, I'm going to free your wrists for a moment and I want you to behave while I re-fasten them. Any foolishness and you'll be quite sorry, understand?"

Oh, I understood alright! I nodded silently in submission and she immediately released the lock that held my hands in my lap, then placed each of my arms on those of the chair. I let them rest there while she passed a wide strap over each of my upper arms, then connected the underside ring of each wrist cuff to the chair's arms with other locks. Two more chains came from a central fitting on the back of the chair and these she connected to rings on my above-the-elbow cuffs, then tightened them fully also. I stared ahead at the big screen TV, utterly helpless while the chair rose about a half metre then flattened out slightly before she tilted it so I could see the screen again.

"Comfy? You may speak."

"Uh ... I guess I'm as comfortable as can be expected in this kind of bondage," I mumbled grumpily, trying to shift just a little, feeling the imprisonment of my chastity belt very intensely.

"Now-now-now!" she admonished. "I'll not tolerate sarcasm. Just relax and enjoy yourself."

I lay quietly watching the screen for a few moments before she stood and came over to me. I looked up to see that she was holding my gag in her hand.

"Open wide, dear! You're going to wear this because I don't want your crying and whimpering to disturb me."

Staring up into her innocently smiling face, I couldn't believe what she'd changed into! Nevertheless, I opened my mouth and short seconds later the pad was completely behind my teeth. The chair's head rests allowed her easy access to my rigidly held skull and she wrapped the covering strap over my already helmeted cheeks, tightened it firmly, then returned to her seat. I couldn't turn my head to the side, but heard her clearly when she spoke again.

"I've discovered some other lovely talents of your chastity belt's remote control," she said brightly, "so I'm going to be doing some experiments with it tonight. Here we go!"

Slowly, small teasing tendrils of electricity caressed my imprisoned, skewered, swollen and very sensitive maleness ... not the violent and horrible shocks she'd used to train and discipline me earlier in the day. Having been denied any sort of sexual

excitation or release for the longest time, I instantly came to straining erectness inside the imprisoning rubber liner, only to feel its deep restriction immediately. The neoprene rings seemed to strangle me even more! I struggled to achieve some sort of further excitation to reach an orgasm, but was completely denied the opportunity, despite the unending sensations that assaulted my body. My hips instinctually attempted to buck against the chains and I pulled my legs frantically against their restraints while my fingers clawed uselessly in mid-air at the ends of the chair's arms. With my head held so securely in the rests, I couldn't move it even the slightest amount and so stared straight ahead while the excitation under my chastity belt went on and on in unending, maddening waves. It was obvious why she'd fitted me with a gag, because without it I'd have quickly begun begging and pleading and shortly, screaming for a release or for her to stop what she was doing. The teasing didn't stop and I became nearly crazy from it, then a slow orgasm began to build and I shuddered violently, closing my eyes and howling while it overwhelmed me. It was the first time I'd ever had one while in this type of bondage and it blew my brains apart, being so strong. I think I fainted, for when my eyes opened, Jessica was standing above me.

"Well! It looks like that sequence will do wonders for you!" She smiled down into my staring eyes. "Maybe I'll leave you subjected to it for a whole night, just to see how crazy it will make you, but then again, maybe I'll just not use it very frequently at all. If I do that, you'll know that I can make you have an orgasm nearly anytime, but you won't be able to get yourself off, just by yourself. Hhhmmmm. Perhaps that's the way to go ... keeping you on edge until you're mindlessly in need, but unable to do anything other than await my pleasure, then milking you completely dry. However, I understand that after the third or fourth orgasm, a male begins to feel very uncomfortable.

"As you know, dear, everything has its price and yours is a session of discipline tonight and tomorrow night, after you've been placed in your bed, but as well, your weekend session will be more intense than usual. Anyhow, something more for you to think about. I'm going to watch the rest of the show now, so I'll set the program to give you another orgasm while I do. Enjoy!"

She returned to her chair and about ten minutes later, the sensations began to tease my semi-flaccid maleness into a full and straining erection once more. My body had recovered sufficiently so that I once again quickly erected from the arousing pulses of the unending electricity, but this time she'd dialed it back slightly so that it was almost an annoyance, and it kept me from a release for the longest time, making me writhe and pull at my straps and chains in frantic, frustrated desperation. Nearly an hour and a half later she turned up the stimulation just the slightest amount and I howled, biting the gag pad hard and clenching my eyes closed when the more and more rapid building of an impending orgasm shuddered my belly under its steel covering. The rush of sensation was an immense wave that flooded up to my brain and suddenly all of my synapses connected and I exploded with jets of semen into the belt's receiver tube, my pelvis bucking frantically and instinctually. I desperately wanted to touch myself, but struggle though I might, I was securely held down and so kept my eyes closed, trying to imagine what I looked like in the chair while I was driven to my release.

I needn't have bothered, for Jessica had arranged two discrete video cameras to record all of my struggles and later showed them to me. As it was, she ignored me completely, yet this time, left the e-stim on at the same level, so that even though I

thought I was exhausted, my body betrayed me yet again an hour later and once more I screamed dementedly into the gag, thrashing in maddened efforts to escape what was being done, until I descended into a vortex of blackness, inter-laced with lightning bolts of arousal.

When I came awake again it was to find that the chair had been returned to a normal configuration and she was releasing me from it. While I'd been unconscious, she'd freed my arms and wrists then re-connected their cuffs to the front shield. I groggily stood at her urging, then was drawn in hobbled steps to the stairs and up to my room where she unlocked the door and pulled me inside. I stepped reluctantly up onto the raised floor and looked around to see that what had once been a large pleasant bed room with a big window looking out onto the back lawn, had been transformed into a sterile, totally black chamber with no window anymore. Until this point, she'd not permitted me to see my cell, having kept me blinded, but now I got a chance to inspect it more thoroughly. The only other colour was the gleaming silver of the bed's fittings and that of the chains, then I saw another of the same type of chair I had just been freed from, squatting on its hydraulic pedestal off to one side. It too was completely chromed but was slightly different than the one downstairs, for, under the seat on each side, small metal boxes had been bolted and from each of them, thick coiled cables and hoses hung, while, leading up the back of the seat, was another pair of heavy, corrugated black hoses, their ends tipped with big, threaded fittings, where they dangled from the top of the back rest. In the opened closet, hung neatly on hooks, I saw my collection of gas masks and shuddered with terror, looking at the chair and its waiting hardware, for I knew that very soon I'd be strapped into it and she would ensure that I was suitably tormented while locked into one of the depersonalizing gas masks.

Jessica pulled me over to stand beside the bed and I inspected it closely while she fastened my rear collar leash to a waiting chain, hanging from the ceiling. The bed frame itself was very sturdy and had side rails that could be lowered or raised as required and its mattress was covered by a thick, black rubber sheet with another thinner one rolled up at the bottom. The various, levered arms that were used to capture my neck, waist, thighs, ankles, wrists and upper arms were, for the moment, laying flat on the mattress. It was then that I saw the motor and gear housing, complete with a large dildo already mounted on the end of a long shaft. I shuddered with fear and attempted to look away from the fearsome thing, for I knew she fully intended that I would experience the sensation of being anally penetrated while clamped to immobility, yet still locked into my chastity belt and being stimulated by it while I was raped.

She went to the closet and I looked around to see that the floor was covered with sound-deadening rubber tiles. The walls and ceiling were hidden behind deeply padded, thick black rubber sheeting and pot lights were set into the ceiling in a grid pattern so that every part of the forbidding chamber was fully illuminated. Perhaps it was a rubber fetishist's dream come true, but for me ... now ... it was a depressing prison from which there was to be no escape. When the lights were turned off, the chamber would be utterly black and completely silent. My chaotic thoughts were interrupted a moment later when she'd finished her preparations.

"OK, dear. It's time for you to be put to bed. Now that you've had a chance to inspect your new home, I'm going to undress you then take you to the guest bathroom to

get washed up before you're fastened for the night. You've sweated a lot and ejaculated a number of times, so you desperately need cleaning.

"You'll use the toilet first, then I'll shower you and inject the soap and rinse water into the chastity belt. When you're all dried off, I'll inject some lube and contact gel, then bring you back here. No foolishness and no talking!"



## Chapter Eight

### *More Changes*

I was too tired to attempt any sort of rebellion and even if I had, she could instantly reduce me to a screaming wreck on the floor with just the press of a button. Two minutes later I had been freed of the helmet, my gag and all of my clothing, other than the steel restraints and the more and more confining Latowski chastity belt. She led me to the bathroom and connected my back leash to yet another of newly installed rings, then after I'd finished using the toilet, pointed to the large shower stall and I dutifully stepped inside then stood waiting while she took her clothes off. I stared longingly at her because Jessica had a magnificent body and I saw it fully for the first time in weeks when she stepped in, then turned on the shower so that the water began to cascade over us. She writhed seductively while soaping me all over, then rinsing me off and although I thought I was drained of sexual energy, the sight and feel of her body being so close and touching me, made me harden again, uselessly, within my utterly confining genital security system and I moaned in useless need. I wanted to caress and touch her, but that was, of course, impossible with my wrists chained to the front shield of the belt and any chance of my caressing her had now become a thing of the past. All I would be permitted to feel was the imprisoning steel and rubber and I was coming to hate it intensely.

She turned off the water and stepped out of the shower stall for a moment, returning with a pair of battery operated clippers, a couple of disposable razors and a can of shaving gel. I stared at her questioningly and she explained what was going to happen.

"Your head hair is so long that it gets in the way a lot and is all mussed up by the helmet. As well, the rest of your body hair is going to be a problem with your other equipment. So ... first I'm going to shave it all off, then in a couple of days, you're going to get a series of injections that will mimic the condition called alopecia. Within a week, all of the hair on your body will be gone forever. Even your eyebrows and eye lashes are coming off, dear."

I stared at her with shock written over my face, then she continued speaking.

"You really have a thing for rubber and helmets as I've discovered. While I was moving all of the equipment up to your new room, I found a beautiful, thick helmet from Rubber's Finest. You're going to wear it, or something similar, pretty well all the time from now on, and it will be worn under that beautiful Discipline Helmet as a liner and to bring home to you your complete helplessness. Now, hold still while I use the clippers, then the razor."

God! At first I'd really liked wearing that thick and confining helmet when I'd played by myself, but even then I'd only worn it for perhaps an hour or two before it had become too much to bear. Now though, I'd have to wear it for far longer times! I shuddered with misery and she saw me do it.

"Oh! I guess you don't really want to wear it, do you? Well, too bad, dear, that's yet another part of the new ensemble you're going to have to get used to, like it or not."

Ten minutes later I was as bald as an egg with even my eyebrows having been erased by the sharp steel blades, then she had me close my eyes and cut off my eye lashes also! She rinsed me off thoroughly, massaged a bad smelling and stinging lotion into my skull and face and stood back to inspect her work, then held up a hand mirror so that I could see myself. Although I didn't want to look, curiosity made me, and I was shocked by the

transformation and at how androgynous I now appeared. It was the last time for many weeks that I'd see my uncovered facial skin.

"I'm going to briefly remove your collar and fit you with a pair of ear buds, then the helmet goes on and as I said, it will act as an inner one from now on. Open your mouth for the gag pad when I pull it over your face and be good!"

She unlocked the thick, wide steel band from around my neck and it felt strange not to feel its constant presence, then seconds later, slathered on another coat of silicon oil, massaging it into my skin with strong fingers. She applied a third coating but didn't work this one in, just leaving it on the surface, then slipped the first loose rubber casing over my head, pulling it around and down so that the holes for my eyes, nose, and mouth were all aligned properly. Stepping behind me with her prominent breasts brushing against my back, she pulled the heavy zipper closed from the crown of my head to the base of the neck tube and the helmet slipped easily over my oiled skin, then tightened dramatically over my face. I gasped, feeling its compressing confinement, knowing I'd not be allowed to escape its constant, strict encasement. She checked to see that every hole was where it should be and that the neck tube was without wrinkles, pulled all the way down to form a smooth column, then she fitted me with the collar once more and I felt as though I was going to faint from the overwhelming sensation of confinement and the knowledge that I could not now remove the rubber helmet when I wanted out of it. With the neck tube acting as a liner, the compression of the steel band was much more noticeable and I shuddered from that sensation also, even though having experienced it before.

"OK. Time for cleaning your parts," she stated, then released the link that joined my thigh cuffs so closely together. "Spread your legs!"

I did as she commanded, happy to have my thighs able to spread apart, even if only for a few moments, then, she knelt in front of me and with a large syringe, injected a warm, soapy solution into each of the side ports of the steel cup. It felt good to have the cleaning done, then a few moments later, two rounds of rinsing solution followed. The final application of the syringe was done, this filled with blue gel that was used to ensure a full electrical connection and lastly, she injected the silicon oil.

"Close your thighs."

There was no choice and so I followed her direction and a minute later both of the confining cuffs were re-joined with a lock, then we returned to the cell and once inside again, she pulled me over to the bed. When I again saw the massive fittings that would hold me down, I hesitated to move closer, but she was having none of my reluctance.

"Get up on the bed or I'll have to start your discipline right now," she commanded firmly.

What choice did I have? I dared not rebel and so moved to the side of the fearsome piece of furniture, then turned and sat on the cool rubber sheet, sliding on it thanks to my heavily-oiled body.

"Sit up straight and hold still," she commanded. "I've got some additions to make to your ensemble before you lay down."

She brought up the bulb to inflate my gag and connected it a second later, then gave it a half dozen firm squeezes, thoroughly silencing me. I panicked, feeling the bladder within my mouth expand to a hard presence, pressing down a little on my tongue, but she ignored my whines and attempted protests. Next, she applied the blinder panel, then there was a momentary pause before the gag suddenly swelled even more inside my mouth! I

panicked fully then and began struggling when she gave the bulb another squeeze, becoming very agitated, but she released a little air and I settled down, then there was another brief pause. To my horror, I felt her slipping one of the helmeted gas masks over my already-encased head and face! Now my whole head was entombed in two layers of thick, tight rubber and the gas mask and there was no way I could remove any of them! I moaned with fear, but only soft sounds issued from the air ports, while with firm jerks on the mask's securing web of straps, overlaying the helmet itself, she soon had it fastened to an air tight seal. I knew which mask she'd used, because when it was zipped closed and everything was tight, nearly all sound disappeared. This one had deep pads over the ears and the others were already being modified in the same way. Until now, I'd enjoyed playing in it ... but this situation was entirely different!

Her hand pushed me back to lay on the mattress, then continued to prod until I was positioned properly for my nightly restraints to be applied. My head was lifted slightly and I felt her fit the metal over-collar, then it clamped securely onto my regular one. A moment later she fitted me with the bed's waist restraint and I felt it riding tightly around my middle, above the imprisonment of the Latowski chastity belt's waist band. I felt its compression grow when it too was locked and it was then that a full-blown panic attack struck and I frantically attempted to twist from side to side, jerking my hands and arms against their lock to my front crotch cover, kicking my legs against the locked-together thigh cuffs and the cruelly short ankle chain, all the while attempting to beg into the gag to be freed of the all-encompassing bondage.

She was not prepared to accept any rebellion and as soon as I began to thrash and fight, stepped back and picked up the remote control for my chastity belt, then pressed the buttons a couple of times. With a predatory smile I couldn't see, she touched the Command button and held it down. Under the crotch cover, intense shocks flowed through my captive, swollen male organ and I screamed in maddened pain, writhing even more dementedly, but the disciplining pulses didn't stop for the longest time! I thrashed madly from the pain, mindlessly attempting to escape her disciplining, but of course, there was no way to avoid it and after a few seconds more of intense, needling shocks, I subsided to lay in gasping, weeping terror and thus allow her to complete my securing. When at last she released the button I had been reduced to gasping, howling sobs and for a moment she left me to lay there in peace; spent and frightened to make any movement at all. My urinary drain hose was plugged in and she also connected the charging wire for my shocker unit to its fitting at the front, ensuring that I'd never be free of her capability to remotely discipline me whenever she wished. Jessica resumed securing me and short moments later I lay thoroughly immobilized on the mattress, blind and deaf, while she fitted the rubber sheet, then tightened it to its mounts on the sides of the bed frame.

She pulled over a set of the black, corrugated hoses and quickly screwed their ends into the gas mask's intake and exhaust ports, then watched carefully for a minute while I inhaled and exhaled. I knew immediately that she'd connected me to the air system, for now I could smell only the rubbery odour of the hoses themselves and feel the slight restriction to my inhalations. Satisfied, she walked to the door, turned off the light and stepped out into the hall; closing and locking the thick portal behind her to leave me buried in a doubled layer of utter blackness. I had been abandoned for the night, or so I thought, until I remembered that she'd promised I would be disciplined for my earlier pleasures! Deeply frightened of what she was going to subject me to, I struggled in terror

within my rubber cocoon, desperate to avoid any more of her cruel punishments while within the cloying mask, I stared into the unending blackness. I could hear nothing, regardless of how I strained to do so, then tears of terror pooled in my eyes while I struggled, now fearfully aware of the effort required to attain each breath.

For the longest time nothing happened while I became more and more frightened of the situation I was in, for there was no possible way I could escape any of my restraints, or any of the other things I wore. That knowledge alone made me nearly mindless with fear. Even if I could have called out, no one would hear my cries! Panicky gasps shook my body while I struggled against the rigid restraints under the tented sheet, and then ... the disciplining began. Long skeins of electrical energy flared under the chastity belt and my hips automatically tried to rotate my body away from them, while at the same time, I strained to pull my legs up against their tight clamps and close my thighs protectively together. Just this initial torment made me howl from the penetrating streams of torturing energy, bouncing frantically against the clamps holding me on the rubber mattress; my fingers clawing frantically but uselessly in mid-air. The shocks backed off to a bearable, but deeply uncomfortable buzzing sensation, then became sharp pulses every half second. I could barely manage to handle them, but then they slowly increased in strength and their tempo moved again to a high speed oscillation and stayed that way so that in only a minute I immediately began howling again, struggling dementedly to escape. Again and again they backed off to the half second bursts and stayed that way for a long time, then once more escalated into the realm that made me go crazy ... and the final time, stayed there until I fainted in a screaming fit, vowing to never again make her have reason to subject me to this torment.

Of course, this was a stupid vow to make because she could easily bring me to an orgasm using the stimulating electrical signals, and then, because my body would betray me and react as she wanted it to ... she would then make it a reason for disciplining me for enjoying an orgasm. It wasn't fair in any way! I was exhausted by my struggles and the aftermath of the electrical discipline and with nothing to keep me awake, dropped into an exhausted sleep.

## Chapter Nine

### *My Wife's Developing Plans*

I awoke to find myself still fastened to the bed under the rubber sheet; still entombed in the cloying gas mask and helmet, utterly helpless and becoming crazy to get out of everything. How long had I been here? When would she let me out? Panic flooded my reeling mind and once more I tried to twist and writhe free of my bonds, but felt only the slightest movement and was immediately conscious of how my chastity belt and the constantly strangling, internal, neoprene rings continued to control me so intimately. A long time later, the sheet was removed then the gas mask soon thereafter and I stared up into her smiling face, desperate to beg her to free me, but I now knew better than to even try to speak without her permission. The process of being fully released from the bed was quickly completed and she wordlessly took my leash, then drew me along the hall to the bathroom for my morning shower and ablutions. When these were completed, she again dressed me in a long, thick, heavy skirt and the ankle high boots, then took me down to the kitchen for breakfast, smiling and humming happily while she did. Occasionally she looked at me with a satisfied grin on her face, obviously enjoying what she saw. My rubber helmet was becoming more and more awful to wear with every passing hour and I shuddered and whimpered in misery while I sat in my chair, then was as usual, short-leashed to the wall ring behind and the floor ring under the table. Hearing my noises and the rattles my chained hands and feet made her look over at me from where she stood at the stove. Until now she'd not said a thing.

"Last night was pretty intense, wasn't it?"

I knew better than to answer.

"Well, you are going to get the same treatment again tonight, my dear," she stated, confirming my worst fear. "I intend to imprint in your mind that I will tolerate no disobedience or reluctance of any kind from you. Anyhow, the day's schedule will be the same as yesterday because I've got a lot of things to get done and despite the rain, you're going to be put outside for exercise again. Tomorrow is Wednesday and I have an early start arranged at the piercing salon, so that'll be a nice change in your routine, but I'm afraid you won't enjoy it very much. They know you're my slave and are quite used to having their clients brought to them in restraints, so there's not going to be any problems in that regard, and no chance for you to escape. As well, they know you're a rubber fetishist and a TV, so you wearing a skirt, blouse, and boots won't bother them.

"Before the piercings are done I'll remove your helmet, but as soon as they're finished, it goes back on. Just so you feel a little better about being helmeted all the time, until the piercings heal fully, I'll free you of it once a day to check on them. When they're fully healed, you'll be kept in it on pretty much a full time basis from then on.

"Also ... I've been in touch with your employer and found that it's possible for you to tele-commute from here for your job, so, you'd only have to go in about once a month. However, I've informed them that we've discovered a serious medical condition and you will need to be placed on permanent sick leave, so that solves a lot of logistical stuff and they've re-assigned your work. Now that you'll not be needing them any more, I'm going to sell your car and all of your male clothing. That will help pay for the new equipment and procedures you're going to undergo.

“Just for your information, the discipline bra I was telling you about will be ready the day after tomorrow and you’ll be fitted with it then. There’s other stuff in store for you and I’m taking care of some of that today. Friday will be a quiet day and I’m having the lawn mowed by the company I’ve hired, so you’ll spend the day in your room, fastened into your chair, then at night, in your bed for the full-on discipline I’ve told you to expect. There will be no other furniture in the room for the moment. You may as well get used to the idea that you’re going to be kept pretty much in isolation any time you’re in there.

“OK! Time for you to be fitted with your gag and put into the leather over-helmet then I’ll dress you in your cape, take you outside, and hook you up to your leashes. Stand up, dear, after I release your hobble.”

I rose to my feet and within 10 minutes was once more standing alone out on the lawn beside the back porch railing, locked to my running leashes, dressed for the blustery weather with the cape draped over my shoulders, and sealed closed, then she’d pulled the deeply-cowled hood/bonnet fully forward to cover my helmeted head completely. I was grateful for the bonnet, but its rigid sides projected so far to the front on each side of my face that they eliminated my peripheral vision completely, as they were intended to do. The final touch came when she clipped a translucent, thin white rubber veil around the front edges of the bonnet, draping it loosely over my face about five cm away so that clear vision was virtually eliminated. It was thin enough for light to pass through, but removed my ability to discern any kind of detail, showing only vague and fuzzy shapes. The veil’s bottom edge was weighted, so it hung down in a flat, featureless panel and being fastened securely on the outer sides of the bonnet, there was no way I could avoid its fully limitation. It very effectively hid my helmet and obscuring face mask.

And so I stood there, wondering yet again at the awful twist that had happened to the course of my life. No matter what I did or wanted, Jessica now controlled virtually every action and part of my being and I had to live as she decreed, or she would easily, and now apparently quite happily, make damned sure that I did. I heard the rain beating down and looked out with misery through the obscuring veil, then with a shudder, paced carefully out onto the lawn. At once the wind caught the thick, flexible rubber of the cape, causing even its heavy folds to billow and stream around me, making walking and stability even more difficult. The rings slid with reluctance along their wires and my every pace was restricted by both the hobble chain and locked-together thigh cuffs, with the whole arrangement strictly limiting the movements of my legs. The short hobble jerked firmly on my ankle cuffs with every pace I took and this, together with the flapping of the voluminous, weighty cape, made each of my trips along the running leash a terror-filled one. Yesterday, I’d at least been able to see, but today I was nearly blind, and so some 30 minutes later I vaguely saw the indistinct loom of the trees through the translucent veil. I turned and found that I couldn’t even see the shape of the house, then began struggling back towards it, guided only by the warning jerks on my leashes if I strayed too far to one side or the other. It was an exhausting trip, but I knew she was watching me and so made another, this time also without incident or electronic reprimand. Each circuit up and down the wires took nearly an hour and ten minutes.

The day continued in that manner until late afternoon and during it, she only tormented me a couple of times, but each one seared itself into my mind, reminding me

that I was her possession in all respects. As the sun began setting she released me, brought me inside, then fed me dinner, allowing me to speak.

“It’s going to be a fun day for us tomorrow, dear!” she exclaimed happily, then described what was going to happen. “We’ll be out of the house at nine and at the salon by ten. It’ll take a few minutes to prepare you, then your piercings will be done, starting with your nipples. I’ve selected thick-gauged, straight-through bar bells and U shackles, rather than rings, which are difficult to clean because of their curvature.

“Once the cross-bars are mounted, then the shackles will be fitted. I’ve specified that they’re to be of a heavily-sprung stainless steel and so a spreader-type of reverse pliers is needed to separate the arms, then pop them over the protruding ends of the bars. There’s no way you’ll be able to remove them, even if you have your hands available. As a matter of fact, no one else will be able to remove any of the shackles, given the way they’ll be affixed to their cross bars. It’s a compression fit type of mount and effectively the cross bar and shackle become a single piece.

“After that’s done, your septum and nostrils will get pierced and grommeted. Your nostril and septum grommets are specially configured to accept the thick ‘nasallang’ bar so that when it’s inserted you won’t be able to remove it. Pretty soon, it’ll become permanent. You know what a nasallang is, dear, as I have discovered from going through the piercing jewellery image files on your computer, but yours is going to be about half again as thick as the decorative ones you’ve been so interested in and it’ll be mounted deep enough in your nose that you could actually be hung up by it. At any rate, your septum grommet has a set of very fine threads on the interior of the sleeve going through the septum and the nasallang will be inserted, then the threads on its central portion will mate into those of the grommet and be turned-in until there is a very tight fit. As I mentioned, it’ll eventually become permanent when some thread-locking glue is used.

“I’ve been assured that with the new healing agents available now, your nipple and nasal piercings will recover very quickly, and so the grommets can be installed immediately. Your ear lobes will be done after that, with their jewellery being attached in the same way as your nipple’s U shackles.

“Then comes the part that I can hardly wait to see done ... and use!” she said with bubbling enthusiasm. I’d not seen her this excited for months and if it wasn’t me that was the focus of her excitement, I’d have happily encouraged her.

“This piercing salon specializes in tongue piercings, so you’ll soon be equipped with the kind of permanent jewellery I require you to wear. You, my dear have no choice in this at all, because it’s going to happen whether you like it or not!

“Thank you for providing me with the way to make sure you do as you’re told, honey, because, this electrical discipline and training system, in combination with your chastity belt is the perfect solution.

“Anyhow, as I said, the first two holes in your tongue will be made through it right at the very back of your mouth, almost into your throat; one on each side. Those will immediately have a pair of thick gauge posts mounted in them and I think you’ll find them to be quite unpleasant. Next, will come two thicker ones halfway along your tongue, and finally, the one near the tip. All of the posts, once they’re inserted, will be locked-in so that they’ll be non-removable. I’m sure you’ll quite hate how they feel, even before the remainder of your oral jewellery is added.”

I shuddered with terror and gasped at how she had planned this in such detail, hoping that I wasn't going to look like one of those freaks in the scummier sections of town. She continued relentlessly though.

"Oh! You should know right now that as soon as everything settles down with your tongue piercings, you're going to be fitted with a speech prevention and restriction covering plate. As you know, that lovely little device is designed to lock tightly onto the posts so that it presses against the upper surface of your tongue, then is fastened there. With it in place, you'll be completely unable to speak, although you'll still be able to make noise when you're not further silenced by a gag pad. As a side benefit it's also going to pretty well remove your sense of taste and just to ensure that you are always aware of its punitive capabilities, the side that's in contact with the surface of your tongue has a series of evil little spikes all over it. The tongue plate will be available in two weeks and by then your new collar and its integrated gag will have arrived from Germany. When it does, I'll change your collar, then take you down to the piercing salon again so that they can apply the plate, then fit you with the gag. Neat arrangement, isn't it? You may speak, dear."

"Je-Jessica?" I gasped, in a storm of terror about what she was going to have done to me both tomorrow and within the coming weeks. "I-I hate needles of any kind and so the idea of getting so many of them in such sensitive places freaks me out!"

"Oh, I know that!" she grinned at me, "And that's what makes this so much fun for me! Your terror and loathing are like a strong drink and I'm going to immensely enjoy watching you freak out when it's all done to you."

"I-I hate what the sensations are going to be like," I gabbled, having suffered through every injection I'd had to take in the past. "And I c-c-can't imagine being kept gagged all the time the way you've described! It's going to be completely horrible! This whole thing is really beginning to frighten me, Jessica!" I wailed plaintively. "I-I-I don't want to be made into a speechless toy!! I never expected or wanted things to come to this!"

"Oh, I think you'll eventually get used to it, Alex, but doing so won't be a happy time for you, I have no doubt. You'll wear the full gagging ensemble 24/7 and now that you'll not have to go into your office ..." she looked speculative for a moment. "I'm going to make that the normal way you'll be kept. Yes! That'll work out beautifully!" She stared at me, then with great seriousness, spoke again.

"Dear, for years, I've accepted all of your weird kinks and quirks without complaint since we got married and now that I've discovered just how much they control you, I've taken control of them. I'm enjoying myself a great deal, learning all of the things that you can be subjected to and how you react to them and frankly, you really don't have a choice in the matter any more, Alex. As to you being rendered speechless ... it's a very large part of making you completely mine. If you can't complain, that makes it so much the better! If you're not wearing a rubber mouth-filling pad on top of the gagging jewellery, you'll still be capable of making incoherent noises, but that's all you'll be able to do. I think it's a delightful arrangement!"

"I'll go c-crazy, living like you're going to make me!" I wailed, jerking my hands despairingly against their fastenings.

"No, you won't, dear, initially. You soon may wish you could retreat into the escape of insanity because I still intend to make you jump and scream, even if you do. It is not just a 'want' on my part, but now a requirement," she said very emphatically. "It will



certainly be a very difficult arrangement and life style for you to get used to, but there are other, follow-on parts of the gagging ensemble that you'll find are even more restricting. Now, you are not to talk anymore. We'll go and watch some TV, then I'll put you to bed."

Ten minutes later she'd finished fastening me into my so-called lounge chair, but this time there was no stimulation from the chastity belt and I just lay there feeling its more and more unbearable captivity of my genitals, tugging occasionally at my wrist cuffs, even though knowing I couldn't free myself. Silent tears of frustration and self-pity leaked from the corners of my eyes until eventually bed time came, and with now-practiced movements, she soon had me entombed in the rubber envelope and wearing the oppressive gas mask over my rubber helmet. I felt her pat me on the head, then there was silence. Once more I'd been locked into my cell and waited in terror for the promised discipline to come. Within the hour I was screaming and writhing maniacally while the horrific shocks pulsed and buzzed inside my chastity belt. It was an awful repetition of the night before and I descended into multiple maddened, squirming and screaming fits, until at last I fainted from the sensory overload. The balance of my night was occupied by an awful dream that had now come true.

## Chapter Ten

### *Pierced & Ringed*

The next morning came far too soon. She freed me from the bed and maliciously informed me that today was indeed the day for me to begin getting the piercings I was to have done, in preparation for the fitting of the awful jewellery that had once so interested me ... but only when some one else had to wear it. Now though, I was going to be forced to wear it myself as permanent additions to my own body and I didn't want it to be done! Oh, God! How was I going to escape what she had planned for me? The answer was, of course, that I wasn't. It was going to happen, no matter what I wanted.

I was quickly showered and cleaned, then she dressed me as per usual in a long, thick, heavy skirt and the ankle boots and fed me breakfast. In the past, I'd always had a raging desire to wear that type of clothing, for it was a challenge and a pleasure, but now that it was an inescapable requirement, all of the pleasure had disappeared. I remained silent, other than for the rattling of my chains, worrying and terrified about what was soon going to be done to me. She finally stood, released my floor and wall chains, then drew me out to the front hall where I stood quietly while she took the thick rubber cape with its deeply-cowled hood from the coat rack. In seconds she'd thrown it over my shoulders and sealed me into it, pulling the hood far forward and dropping the veil over my masked face. My gleaming leash chains hung down the front and back of the shiny black covering and I knew I was going to be deeply embarrassed about being seen dressed like this in public. She, however, was unconcerned and pulled me out of the front door to stand beside her, held on my leash while she locked the house, then I was forced to follow her in hobble-shortened steps, out to her SUV. At the car, she helped me to get settled in the passenger seat before attaching my seat belt, then locked my hobble chain to a newly installed floor loop before going to the driver's side.

"We're off to see the wizard!" she sang happily while I shuddered with growing fear in the seat beside her, until 40 minutes later we arrived at the piercing salon and she parked in the lot at the front of the building, then assisted me out of the car and tugged firmly on my leash.

'*At least no one can see me,*' I thought chaotically, while I was led from the car, then through a deserted lobby to the elevators. I was wrong. A young couple had just come out of one and stood back silently, watching us with gaping mouths. Jessica ignored them and tugged firmly on my leash, drawing me into the opened door while I blushed deeply behind my veil; following her in quick, chain-clinking steps. We went up to the third floor offices then partially down a corridor to where she knocked on a door and we were admitted. I was pulled unceremoniously into the suite of offices and the medical odours immediately heightened my terror while I had to follow behind her to the Reception Counter.

"Hi, Joanna! Here he is!" Jessica happily greeted the receptionist.

"Nice to see you again, Mrs. Jannsen!" a soft contralto female voice answered. "Just bring him along, please." I was drawn down another hall to the room where I'd be pierced and ringed. "I like the outfit! It's a lovely concealment and looks to be very limiting."

"Oh, it works beautifully," Jessica replied. "He's chained and hobbled and under electronic control, so there's no way for him to escape. Now, let me get him undressed

and settled in the chair, then Juli can do her stuff. I've told him a little of what she's going to do, so she'll have a free hand to proceed as she wishes. Please disregard any weeping or protests he may make. They're primarily for show and his own arousal, but wearing his chastity belt, I've made sure that that's 'denied to him.'

"Oh! He's wearing a chastity belt? That's very interesting! However did you get him to wear it?"

"It's a long story, but he did it to himself, actually. And the nice thing is, there's an electrical discipline and training system built in and he can't get at it or shut it off," Jessica answered with a laugh, sounding very happy at the state of affairs.

"Wow! I'm impressed! OK, I'll go and tell Juli that you're ready to get down to business."

In short moments I'd been divested of my cape, skirt and helmets, with them being hung on the back of the door. While she partially released me from my costume I looked around and immediately saw the chair and side tables with their glittering arrays of instruments. It wasn't a large room, but was pleasantly appointed, being decorated in a sand-coloured motif and very well lit. The door opened and I looked at the lady who was going to do such shocking things to my anatomy, seeing that she was a petite person, probably about five foot three with surprisingly, sea blue eyes that stared back from under black bangs. She smiled nicely to reveal perfect teeth.

"Good morning!" she greeted me, but my wife spoke before I could reply.

"He's under an order of silence, Juli, and is not permitted to speak unless I give him permission."

"Oh!" Juli exclaimed. "That's very interesting! How do you enforce it?"

Jessica explained about my chastity belt's remote control discipline capability and how it could instantly reduce me to a groveling, screaming wreck. I blushed furiously with embarrassment while Juli bent down and inspected my sexual imprisonment, exclaiming at how secure it was, then stood again and turned to Jessica.

"I love all the chains you've fitted him with! I've had a lot of possessions brought here in restraints, but you've done the very best job I've ever seen!"

"Why, thank you!" Jessica beamed with pleasure. "Let's get him into the chair and secured."

Under the steel that imprisoned my maleness, I was suddenly assaulted by a Level Two set of shocks and gasped in agitation, writhing instinctually to escape them while Juli watched with open-mouthed awe at how easily I was controlled. The shocks died away to only the pleasant, teasing, low level ones Jessica used to bring me to orgasm and I slipped obediently up onto the seat, then lay back. Juli wasted no time in strapping my body down tightly while Jessica fastened my legs and arms. All the time I shook and shivered with fear.

I'm a pretty hairless person, thanks to some quirk of my genetic heritage, so no shaving of chest hair was required, but she nevertheless lathered and shaved me anyway, while Jessica stood back and watched the preparations with interest. Next, Juli wordlessly wiped my left breast and nipple with alcohol, then applied a surface, topical anesthetic to the nipple area and around it then left me for a moment, allowing it to take effect. She sat on a rolling stool, then pulled over the cart of instruments and I closed my eyes and gritted my teeth, ready, I thought, for the first needle, but first she spoke directly to me.

“Alex, I’ve numbed the skin and a little of the underlaying flesh so that initially you’ll barely feel the needle I’m going to use. However, it is a large one, in fact it’s what we call a dermal punch, and so it will be quite intense when I put it through the base of your nipple. You’ll feel a strong tugging on the flesh while it goes through and it will hurt quite a lot,” she stated easily, then turned to Jessica. “You’d better gag him again, because he’ll probably scream when I do these piercings.”

“Good idea,” Jessica answered, picking up the mouth plug and coming to where I stared up at the ceiling. “Open up!”

As soon as I did, she popped it into my mouth then strapped it tight while I shivered and shook.

“Excellent!” Juli exclaimed happily. “We don’t want him to bring the house down. OK! Here we go!”

Wearing the wide, high steel collar, I couldn’t look down to see her preparations, but immediately a set of jaws clamped deeply into my sensitive nipple flesh and I jumped against my restraints, wailing from the pain. She pulled it as far out as she could and I howled in a high keening distress from the tension she applied, yet feeling the intense stimulation under my chastity belt more and more. I didn’t know what to concentrate on! Suddenly, I felt a strong pressure when Juli began to insert the end of the dermal punch, then slowly deeper and deeper into the base of my nipple! It was then that I began to try in earnest to scream for her to stop, for the pain grew rapidly from the low level of the initial insertion to become a raging fire that burned deeply through my entire breast! It seemed to go on forever, but at last stopped and returned only to a deep ache and I felt the thick shaft pulling a little when she released it.

“OK!” she said happily while I stared up at her face through tear-streaming eyes. “That went rather well! I’ll give you a few moments to recover, Alex, then do your right nipple.” She turned to Jessica. “How does that look?”

“Wonderful!” she said, clapping her hands excitedly. “I can hardly wait to see how those cross bars and shackles look when they’re mounted! He’s had enough time to recover, Juli. Could you do the right side now?”

“Sure thing. OK, Alex, get yourself ready!”

The horrid process was repeated and this time I fainted from the intense pain, returning to awareness a few moments later and feeling the twin weights of the thick needles passed through the bases of my nipples. For the next minutes I sat gasping and crying from the slowly fading agony while Juli was busy at the tray then turned to me.

“This next part won’t be anywhere near as painful as what you’ve just experienced, but it will sting, OK?”

I blinked my eyes in terrified acknowledgement and she bent down to my chest. My nipples burned with a dull ache, but that flared anew when she mounted the thick-gauged pin into the hollow end of the needle then slowly pushed it through my flesh. A moment later she did the same on the other side, then wiped the entirety of each of my breasts with an alcohol swab. I yelped into my gag feeling its burn, then Juli stood up.

“There! That wasn’t so bad, was it?” she asked with a smile curving her generous lips. “Now comes the easy part. I’m going to fit the shackles and you should know that they’ll be quite permanent. They cannot be removed except by surgery because the arms of the U have slightly smaller holes than the diameter of the bar’s shafts. These shackles are made of a heavily-sprung stainless steel and so the arms have to be spread apart to

clamp onto the protruding ends of the bars, then once they're in position, I'll force-fit them closed by using a compound lever compression tool. You'll not feel any pain from this being done though, so just relax, OK?"

'*Oh God*.' wailed in my mind. '*Jessica is making my nipples part of my bondage!*'

Juli turned from me and picked up the first U then held it in front of my eyes so that I could inspect it and I saw that the outer sides of the arms were smoothly finished with no sign of a hole. A moment later she had it in the spreader, then slipped it onto the ends of the cross-bar and released it. She picked up a long handled tool that resembled a bolt cutter and slipped the pendant U into its jaws, and after checking to ensure that it was positioned properly on the ends of the shaft, with a small grunt, slowly closed the handles until there was a muted 'click'. I wore my first piece of non-removable jewellery. The other U was locked in place seconds later, then she and Jessica stood back, inspecting the work. Jessica spoke first.

"Oh, my-my-my! They look fantastic, Juli!"

"I think so too and with those shafts so deeply embedded in his flesh and the thickness of the gauge, it will ensure that you can apply a lot of tension to them ... so much so in fact that there is no way he'll be able to resist."

"When can I start using them?" Jessica asked.

"For full tension ... in about six weeks. The flesh will take that long to regain its structural integrity because the holes are so large, but after two weeks you can use a gentle tension. I've got a sheet of instructions for the after-care for all of his piercings and I'll give it to you before you leave."

"Excellent! Let's continue, OK?"

"Sure thing! His septum and nostrils are next. They'll also be deep piercings through his outer nasal flaps then the nasal cartilage. I'll try to minimize the pain with a topical, but it's going to hurt a lot when I do it, so leave him gagged. Just a second while I fit the dilators into his nostrils. Once they're in place, I'll immobilize his head, then use the topical."

She immediately followed through and two minutes later I lay with my nostrils splayed wide, my head held utterly motionless. She took a long dabbing stick and inserted it far up inside each nostril, patting the end against the flesh that divided them and the inner sides of the outer flaps, then stood back and prepared the long-nosed punch for its job while waiting for the stuff to take effect. The moment of truth came and she returned to stand above me.

"OK, Alex, like I just said, I'm first going to pierce your outer nostrils, then your septum. Once they've been done, I'll grommet them all. It is going to hurt, but probably not as badly as your nipples. Here we go!"

My eyes crossed and I lost focus when she brought the tool up to my face, then I snapped them closed, feeling its long arms far up inside, questing gently on the flap on the right side of my nose. There were a couple of gentle presses and some wiggling, then suddenly she pulled the device's trigger and my nose flared with agony, making me howl from the awful sensation, but the deed had been done. She withdrew the tool and a moment later had done the other nostril, but then I felt its long, narrow jaws moving along my septum, then suddenly pressed tightly on either side. She pulled the trigger and I screamed from the pain of the punch going through the flesh and cartilage. I bled a little even with the tool still inserted, but she dabbed it away gently, smiling down at me.

“That went well, didn’t it?”

I blinked in miserable acknowledgment while tears flooded from the corners of my eyes, these both a result of the pain and the humiliation. She wasted little time once the blood stopped flowing and carefully removed the tool from my nostrils, substituted a different set of jaws and placed the grommet halves in each one after coating the outer sides of their tube portions with a white ointment.

“I’m going to grommet the holes now and it’s going to sting a bit when the tubes go through the wounds and also when I lock them into your nose. The sensation of them being there will feel pretty strange for a couple of days, but eventually you’ll almost forget that they are there. Here we go again.”

The tool was slipped up into my nostrils again and I winced while she positioned the tubes in the right side hole, then I saw her eyes narrow when she squeezed the handles with surprising strength. I felt the wide flanges on either side suddenly clamp tight and she was right: it felt really strange and most annoying, but I couldn’t escape the sensation. She immediately repeated the process on the left side, then at last did the central one in my septum. All of the grommets felt very tight and made me realize that I would soon always wear a large, non-removable shackle on my nose and it would publically proclaim my status as property, making me vastly vulnerable to Jessica’s desires. I didn’t want this done to me!

“Very good!” she exclaimed, withdrawing the grommeting jaws. “Now it’s time for you to be fitted with your lovely nose jewellery.” Juli stated, picking up a large, long, gleaming U from the tray. At the ends, its smoothly finished arms had a hole through which a bar would pass and that ensured a secure, irremovable attachment. “This is made of the same heavily-sprung stainless as those of your nipple shackles and needs the same tool to be used to be fitted onto your nose, but before that happens, you’ll be fitted with your trans-nasal bar. That’s going to be a little fiddly because I also need to mount the internal connectors for your sinus to tongue chains. The bar and U shackle won’t hurt when they’re mounted in your flesh, but if there’s any tension placed on them, you’ll wish it hadn’t been. OK, here we go.”

Out of my sight, she picked up the sturdy pin of the nasallang, then slid it slowly through the outer grommet. Holding it in place, she mounted a special ring on the bar, then slowly turned the pin until the threads at its centre engaged with those on the inner service of the septum one, before continuing to screw in the pin a little further and mounted the other chain fitting. She resumed turning-in the nasallang pin until it could not be turned any more. The other end of the pin had passed through the grommet on the other side of my nose and she wasted no time, but picked up the substantial U, placed it in the jaws of the spreader pliers, then brought it up to my nose. In seconds, she’d slipped the arms of the shackle over the protruding ends of the pin, then let it snap closed. I now wore a very strong shackle, but mounted on the outer side of my nostrils and so there would be no mistaking it for what it was ... a restraint and means of controlling me. She stood back and spoke again.

“Now that I’ve got it in place, the cross bar and shackle will be impossible to remove and so, Alex, that means you’re going to wear it for the rest of your life. Just as an FYI, these little fittings on the inside are for your nasal to tongue leashing system, but more about that in a minute or two. When a leash is connected and Jessica pulls on it, you will go in the direction indicated. Have no doubt of it!”

The potent steel jewellery settled onto my upper lip and more humiliated tears sprang from my staring eyes when she connected a light chain leash then turned and handed its end ring to Jessica.

“Here you are!”

Jessica grasped the leash gently and smiled down at me, then applied only the lightest tension. I could not avoid the sensation of such intimate control and cried out into my gag.

“This will work really well!” she gloated, draping the chain over my head, gently pulling the U upward. “OK! As I reckon, now it’s time for his tongue to be done, right?”

“Yes indeed! You can remove his gag, then I’ll fit him with the jaw spreader and get to work.”

Jessica nodded and a moment later the rubber pad was pulled out of my mouth. I gasped with relief, then she spoke.

“Dear, you’ve done very well so far. Now, as you know, Juli is going to pierce your tongue five times, then fit you with its permanent studs after each hole is made. Open your mouth and let her apply the spreader. It won’t take too long, but it’s going to be rather unpleasant. Do as you’re told and no talking!”

I was strapped down and helpless. What could I do? I opened my mouth slightly and Juli slipped the spreader device over my upper and lower front teeth, then squeezed the handles a couple of times; the ratchet clicking while my jaws were separated wider and wider. I couldn’t help the protesting noises I made while she looked inside, then stood back with a long-handled clamp in her hand.

“Alex, I want you to stick your tongue out as far as possible, OK?” Juli spoke softly, holding the shiny tool. “When you do, I’m going to apply the clamp to hold it steady, then I’ll do the piercings one after another. It’ll go pretty fast, but the clamp will remain in place until all of the studs are locked-in.”

“Aaauuuugghhh.” I could only make senseless noise, but kept my tongue retracted.

“Alex!” Jessica snapped. “Do as you’re told! Here’s some encouragement, and if you don’t the next one will be really long and stronger.”

She sent a Level Three disciplining shock and I howled, writhing against my restraints in distress. “Aaarr-eeeeoooouuwww!”

“Wow!” Juli marveled. “That system works really well! I’m impressed!” She wiped away the tears that continued to trickle down my cheeks. “Now, Alex, will you stick out your tongue, please?”

I hesitantly did as she commanded, not wanting to experience the shocks again, even though the low level, teasing and arousing pulses continued to stimulate me. She slid the clamp over my tongue, then it suddenly pressed very firmly into the flesh and she pulled it out even further, making me howl wordlessly. I saw her other hand holding the dermal punch pliers, then the tool entered my mouth and went far to the back and with horror, I felt it slide onto my tongue on the right side. Suddenly a flash of terrible pain convulsed it when she squeezed the trigger, resulting in a sharp click sound.

“Aaauuughhh-oooouuww!”

“There! That’s got the first one done,” she said quietly. “Now, hold still while I insert the post.”

The tool was withdrawn and another replaced it, holding the post. She wriggled the rounded top of the post into the freshly made hole, slowly pressed it all the way through the hole, then the tool was withdrawn.

“OK, here comes the next one.” A few seconds later she shifted the dermal punch to the other side at the back of my tongue, positioned it, and another searing puncture was made. Once more, a post was fitted, then she speedily moved the punch to the middle on that same side and made the mid-point puncture, adding its post immediately. She repeated the process on the other side and by this point I was gasping and sobbing unashamedly from the pain of the piercings, but she continued her work and in seconds had done the final one near the tip and added its post. This one was different from the other four in that it had a projecting post on both upper and lower sides.

“That went quite well,” she said, sitting back with satisfaction. “OK! Now, it’s time to lock the posts into your tongue and this will be done with specialized washers that slip down over the shafts, slide along them, then self-lock into grooves. When that happens, the base plates underneath, will be drawn even more tightly against the flesh and on the upper surface the washer will also press firmly so that you’ll always be aware of them being in your tongue. When it’s all done, each post will have a seven mm length exposed and just for your information, there’s a cross hole in each so that your tongue plate and/or chains can be attached.”

I heard a clinking sound when she picked up the first of the thick metal washers with a long-nosed set of pliers, then Juli began locking the studs into my tongue, using a tool that had the bottom jaw slightly cupped for the underside, the flat plate of the stud and the top jaw held the wide, flat stainless steel washer. The pliers once more entered my mouth and slipped along the underside of the stretched-out, pain-filled muscle and as she’d said, the washer initially went easily down onto the stud, but soon pressed onto my tongue, then she closed the jaws a little more, making the underside base of the stud and the top washer compress the flesh more firmly and I yelped. There was a soft click and she withdrew the tool for a moment, leaving the stud now fastened permanently; uncomfortably embedded in the muscle. It felt awful! The four others followed in quick succession and I felt as though my tongue was filled with and unpleasantly compressed by the metal, then she went into a detailed explanation I really didn’t want to hear.

“There! They’re all locked in now, Alex, and can’t be removed unless they’re cut out, so, you’ll probably wear them for the rest of your life. You’ll find that over and above the sensations of bondage and control that they force you to experience all the time, they will also change the way you speak ... if you’re allowed speech that is.”

“Do you have the tongue plate handy, Juli?” Jessica asked. “I’d like him to see what he’s going to be wearing to keep him quiet.”

“It’s not quite finished, but let me go and get it after we’re done with the other piercings, OK?”

“OK! Then, I’ll tell him about the rest of the plan in a little while!” she laughed happily.

“Only his ears to do now,” Juli stated.

My lobes were quickly pierced with minimal pain and grommets then heavy U’s were locked into the wounds, dragging noticeably. Next, she pierced both the Tagus and the back of my ear shells and fitted plastic keepers into the holes, and then to my horror, clipped small heavy bells to the U’s hanging from my ear lobes.



## Chapter Eleven

### *Results & Stage Two*

A moment later she released the spreader and withdrew it from my mouth. I gratefully closed my jaws and it was then I felt the studs even more fully. My tongue hurt abominably when I moved it and so I attempted to keep still, but felt the studs intimately and those at the back of my throat with particular horror and loathing, but at that point I had no idea of how awful they would soon become. Silenced gasps of misery shook my shoulders and with building humiliation, I felt the drag of the heavy U shackles at my nipples, ears and nose and the annoying inescapable chiming of the bells.

*'Oh! God!'* I wailed to myself. *'They make me so vulnerable and controllable!'*

"That looks incredible, Juli!" Jessica exclaimed happily. "Is it OK to put on his nipple and ear ring chains?"

"Yes, it looks fantastic and quite barbaric. I like it! The nipple chain and his ear ring chains are OK, but don't use too much tension on them until the healing is complete, OK? His nose leash can be used immediately, but with caution."

"Right. Got it."

Jessica's hand came up to my face and she showed me a set of heavy, gold chains, then reached down to my chest and clipped the ends to each of my nipple shackles. That was just at the front, but another chain went around my back from the right nipple and connected to the left nipple! My ears were similarly fitted a moment later with a chain going under my chin and another around the base of my skull at the back, so that I felt the increased weight tugging constantly on my flesh. Then, her manicured fingers slipped under the centre of the nipple chain and gently pulled outward!

"AAAhhhh-oooouuuww!" I wailed wordlessly, feeling the tongue studs even more intensely. That wasn't the end though, for a second later her other hand grasped my nose leash and gently pulled on it, also, making me howl again with the pain and the terror of what she could do.

"Wonderful!" Jessica exclaimed, dropping the chains so that they hung heavily from their mountings in my flesh. "Let's show him the tongue plate, OK? Then I want to tell him about Stage Two of his silencing. Will you release the head restraints, please?"

"Sure thing! Here it is." Juli handed the shiny, small, evilly potent device to Jessica.

The straps that had immobilized my head were speedily undone, and I lifted my head cautiously, feeling the drag of the chains and bells on my ears, then looked down to see that Jessica held a wide, thick, silvery plate, with a distinct curve at the back in the palm of her hand. It wasn't flat though, but shaped like a shallow, upside down trough into which my tongue would slide, with its sides so-designed as to curve down and around the edges of the muscle and under it a slight distance and thus isolate it. The five holes through the upper surface were aligned so that the studs would pass through them and there were also raised loops at the front and two others at the back on either side. On the under side at the front was a deep pocket into which the end of my tongue would fit, and it was then that I saw the array of small, sharp spikes that, when the plate was fastened in place, press painfully into the upper surface of my tongue. She looked me in the eyes and spoke.

"This is what you'll soon wear at all times, my dear. As you can see, it nearly encases your tongue and it will silence you very effectively, thanks to the back part, here

and the spikes.” Her finger pointed at the rearmost, down curving portion of the plate and along the rows of sharpened posts. I shuddered with fear because I knew precisely what it was and what it would do, but she gleefully continued to explain. “When the plate is fitted, this narrower, curved portion will go partially down into your throat and you won’t like it even a little bit. If you try to move your tongue even the littlest bit, it’ll make you retch ... as is intended. That reaction is designed to make you hesitate before even attempting to speak. You’ll eventually get used to it, I suppose, but the first couple of months you wear your tongue plate will be unpleasant in the extreme I’m afraid. If you never get used to it ... well, that’s a good thing too, because then you’ll always remain silent and I’m beginning to like that a great deal!

“I mentioned Stage Two a moment ago. What’s going to happen is that when all of the piercings have healed fully, Juli is going to thread some smooth, half centimetre diameter, snake-like chains through your nostrils and sinuses so that they emerge at the back of your throat. The ends of those chains will be temporarily connected to the studs at the back of your tongue, then tightened so that they pull it back slightly. That will make you feel as though you’re going to swallow it, as is intended. Once she’s got the length right, she’ll remove the chains for a moment, shorten them appropriately, and add opened locking links to the ends. The chains will then be re-threaded through your sinuses and the locking links will be connected to the fittings on the bar of your nose shackle, inside, and permanently closed. When that’s been done then their other ends will be locked onto the back-of-the-tongue posts. What this all does is to conceal them completely so that they won’t be visible to anyone who looks at you. A side benefit of this arrangement is that when tension is placed on your nose U shackle, it will be instantly transmitted deep into your head and also pull on your tongue ... a lovely arrangement, in my view! The fact that your tongue is chained will be our little secret, but you’ll be aware of those chains all the time, and, you won’t be able to get at them or escape their sensations no matter what you try to do.

“If you attempt to speak you’ll also feel their tension deep inside your head, especially if you begin retching. It’s a very punitive and effective discipline device, dear, and will quickly train you to remain silent, even if I permit you a chance to speak. I’ve already told you about the new collar and gag being sent from Germany, and if you look at the top surface of the tongue plate, you’ll notice these three little loops. Hooks on the over-plate of the Axsmar device will slide through these and lock, so you’ll be unable to escape it either, and completely unable to remove or adjust it. Neat arrangement, isn’t it?”

Not having been given permission to speak I only stared into her smiling eyes and began shuddering with renewed terror, horrified that I was about to be so permanently and terribly silenced; wondering where this flood of cruelty had sprung from. I cursed myself yet again for having revealed my secret desires because they’d led me directly to the situation I was in now.

“OK. We’re done. It’s time to get you helmeted and dressed again. The helmet’s nose piece has been adjusted so that your nose shackle and leash can be used, and too, your gas masks have all been modified so that it can be integrated into them. So, it can also be used to lock any of the masks onto your head and I can safely say that you’ll definitely not like it when that happens, but that’s just too bad.

“We’re going to release you from the chair and I’ll dress you, then we’ll go home for lunch. After that, I’ll put you to bed for the rest of the day and night, because you need the rest. You’ll do as your told, quickly, and no foolishness!”

I nodded silently, as much as my collar permitted, and a moment later the straps fell away. My legs were weak and I stood shakily, then she removed the collar for a moment, helmeted me again and reapplied it. I was dressed quickly while Juli cleaned her instruments and tidied the room while Jessica fitted and fastened my long cape, leaving both my front and back collar leashes inside. She pulled the deep, cowl hood forward over my head and draped the veil over its front, leaving the dangling length of my nose leash to emerge below its hem. I stood quietly before them in horrible embarrassment, feeling the drag of the swinging links of my nasal leash with despair, knowing that it made me incredibly vulnerable.

“Thanks, Juli! I’ve got all the stuff needed for him. I’ll be back in ten days and we can fit the tongue plate and do the internal nasal chain arrangement then, OK?”

“That’ll work just fine, Jessica. Let me walk you out to your car.”

Jessica grasped the end of my nose leash and gave it a gentle shake, signaling very clearly that I was to follow and at the same time, under the steel cover of my chastity belt, the teasing electrical pulses grew stronger, making me writhe against my bondage, gasping and panting with increasing, traitorous arousal. I tried to walk behind her without revealing my leash to anyone, but of course it was hopeless. Just my costume alone drew the eye of everyone who saw me, and of course, then they could not help but see the swinging loop of light, silvery, but very controlling chain leading up under the hem of the face veil! Each of my snubbed steps reinforced my state of being controlled, thanks to the thigh and ankle cuffs, but now, I also felt the dragging at my aching and sore nipples when their own, but hidden, shallowly looping chains swung against my chest and across my back. Hidden under the cape, I jerked my hands fruitlessly against their fastening, squirming anew from the continual, arousing torment of the electrical energy pulsing through my isolated and armoured maleness. With my helmeted head and face concealed by the bonnet and veil, I was alone in the opalescent interior of the deep hood while being drawn along the hall and out to the car by my leash, just like a pet ... which is, essentially, what I had become.

An hour later we were back at the house and Jessica soon had me sitting in my kitchen chair, as always now when I was to be fed in the main part of the house, short-leashed by my collar to the wall behind and the floor beneath. She’d removed my nasal leash as soon as I was seated and secured, so I just sat quietly, my mind in a horrified turmoil from what had been done and what she’d told me was yet to come. She was still subjecting me to the stimulating electrical pulses, and of course, I knew she could instantly change them to a discipline setting and so remained silent except for the occasional stifled gasps. When the sensations became too much to bear without some sort of rebellion, my hands and arms automatically struggled against their lock to my chastity belt and I writhed without thinking. When the lunch was ready, she came and sat beside me, then slowly fed me soup and sandwiches, occasionally chatting, but still not permitting me to talk, or to feed myself.

“I’ve discovered that our new relationship is a wonderful change, dear!” she bubbled. “To have you so controlled and vulnerable has turned out to be a real turn-on, and I’m very much looking forward to locking you into your electric bra, tomorrow.

“We’ll leave the house about eleven and go into town again. There’ll be no pain when you get fitted with it, but if you screw up, the bra will be quite a nasty thing to experience. As a matter of fact, you don’t even need to screw up, because I’m going to use it whenever I feel the urge, just to watch you jump around!

“When we’ve finished eating, I’ll take you up to your room and put you to bed. You look wiped out from what was done this morning, so a long rest is in order. You’ll stay there for the remainder of this afternoon and all night.”

She stood and released my chains, then reattached my new humiliating and superbly effective nose leash then led me up the stairs to my room/cell. While being led and then climbing the stairs, I concentrated fiercely on the line of small links leading from my nose shackle to her hand. Even the slightest tension and the swinging loop of the chain was uncomfortable in the extreme and if she tightened the chain, became instantly and unbearably painful. I had to follow! Fifteen minutes later I was deeply ensconced in my rubber imprisonment, then she showed me the change she’d made to all the gas masks, indicating the interior hooks that would clip onto my nasal U shackle, and that could then be tightened from the outside, locking whichever one she chose, securely onto my head. Oh, God! I didn’t want that! Until now, there had always been the possibility that I could remove the gas masks myself, but now, they would be locked onto my face and head and if I attempted to remove them even just a little, it would hurt terribly. While I sat trembling on the edge of the bed before her, she fitted me with a smaller than normal gag pad, then picked up the mask I was to wear for sleep.

“Just hold still while I connect the clip, dear. I won’t tighten it too much, but you’ll certainly know you’re wearing both the mask and nose shackle.”

While she brought the mask closer, I stared up at her with fresh tears trickling down my rubber-covered cheeks, then she pulled out the interior clip and snapped it onto the horrid thing embedded so permanently in my nose. Jessica gently moved the rubber imprisonment forward until the mask quickly enveloped my face and I became buried in utter blackness, then she pulled the straps of the head harness tight, sealing it to my already rubber covered face. I turned my head what little I could against the restriction of the collar, foolishly hoping that she’d find it difficult to tighten the nose shackle fitting, but it was pointless. The tension on the U suddenly grew strong and I wailed into the gag pad from the pain, beating my cuffed hands on my chastity belt, under the rubber cover. She set the tension and it remained constant, but I felt a vibration through the shackle when on the outside, she brought up light chains from the bed frame on each side, next to my head, and clipped them to the external fitting on the mask! They were quickly tightened to the point that they stopped me from turning my head from side to side in even the slightest way and if I tried my nasal shackle dragged painfully.

To my dismay the tantalising pulses within the chastity belt began to grow stronger and I felt myself betrayed by the hardening organ inside its rubber prison. Soon, my hips began to writhe instinctually against the anti-rolling chains and waist clamp and I couldn’t stop the grunts and pants of forced pleasure that rose in my throat. I automatically attempted to throw my head from side to side with the growing arousal, only to have the chains to my gas mask nose shackle fitting snap tight and add their message of pain to the growing flood of sensation raging through my body and mind.

It was obvious that she was training me to learn that pain and pleasure were deeply intertwined, particularly in the mixture she was making me endure, and there was nothing

I could do to stop the insidious brain washing she was so mercilessly administering. I heard nothing more and despite the awful, constant tension on my nose and the unending stimulation of my captive maleness, I eventually faded off into an exhausted sleep, still struggling in frustrated agitation and whimpering pitifully between gasps and bouts of sobbing distress.

## Chapter Twelve

### *The Bra*

Initially, true sleep was out of the question and I drifted in and out of awareness for the rest of that day and parts of the night that followed, completely overwhelmed by what had been done to me; knowing without a doubt that there was more to come. The next day started as they always do now, with her feeding me breakfast after she'd helped me with bathroom stuff and dressed me for the day, wearing the same costume as I had the day before. I wasn't looking forward to it in any way. Every time I moved I felt the newest so-called 'jewellery' tugging at my flesh and could not stop the instinctive shudders and despairing moans of humiliation and embarrassment that rose unbidden from my soul.

Until now, I'd always enjoyed the sensations of wearing tight bras, and too, I pretty much had to because they were needed to hold the large breast forms tightly against my chest, even though the forms are self-adhesive. This one though promised to be a lot more than just a part of my TV ensemble.

After a half hour's drive to town then into a light industrial park, we arrived at a modern blank-walled building, but she parked the SUV in a lot across the street.

"That's the place, over there: 'Custom Metal Forming and Engineering'." she said, knowing that my veil had blotted out the world to my eyes. A moment later she'd exited the car and come to my door and opened it, then released my seat belt.

"OK, it's time for you to get out," she stated, grasping my nasal leash.

Foolishly, I sat still and hoped she'd not force me to get out and I was scared to exit the car in such a public setting, but she was not putting up with any reluctance and tugged gently, then more strongly, then suddenly snapped the tether and I howled into my gag with pain, slipping quickly out of the car to stand shivering in humiliated fear at the end of my nose leash beside it while she locked it up. With tears of pain trickling from my eyes, I waited in silenced misery and embarrassment, deeply conscious of the weight of the nose chain and the others swinging from my ear lobes and nipples.

"Now, come along, my dear!" she chided. "There's hardly anyone around to see your costume and leash. The woman who owns this company makes all sorts of fetish equipment, so how you're dressed, restrained and controlled won't bother her at all. Besides, I've already described your ensemble and equipment to her."

The earlobe chains dragged constantly and annoyingly, then my leash tightened when she walked ahead of me, becoming only an indistinct shape through the haziness of my rubber veil. There was no way I could resist the tension and pain that came from her hand and so I stepped quickly along to follow her down the sidewalk to the pedestrian crossing, taking docile, snubbed little paces with my cruelly short ankle hobble chain rattling and snapping tight with my every step. The short ankle chain made sure that I almost pranced, but that was restricted by my short-connected thigh bands and together both restricting influences ensured that I knew I was her prisoner. I stopped behind her to wait for traffic to pass, hearing the tinkling of the bells also attached to my ear's U shackles whenever I moved, then behind us to my horror, I heard a couple of young women chatting while they also waited to cross. I suppose they saw us, with Jessica negligently holding the light chain leash that disappeared under the hem of my veil.

“Oh my God!” one of them exclaimed in shock. “What the heck is going on with that, lady?” she asked.

“This,” Jessica stated happily, “is my husband. He’s been badly behaved, so he’s wearing a nose ring and this is his leash,” she answered calmly, shaking it so they could see it sway back and forth, obviously attached. I was utterly mortified.

“I wish I could do that to my boyfriend!” the other young lady said, then, “your husband does pretty much everything you want him to, I’ll bet! I guess he’s pretty embarrassed to have to wear that get-up!”

“Yes, he most certainly does!” I could hear the smile in Jessica’s voice, “And if he’s embarrassed to be in this ensemble, it’s about to get a whole lot worse than what you see!” Then she tugged gently on my nose chain. “Come along, dear! It’s safe to cross now. Bye girls!”

“Bye!” they said in unison and we walked across to the door of the company. A moment later I’d stepped inside and Jessica led me to stand behind her at an office counter.

“Can I help you?” a young woman’s voice asked, then it changed to a more familiar tone. “Oh! Hi, Jessica! Good to see you again so soon. Is this him?”

“Hi, Janice! Yep, this is Alex. Good to see you again too. Is Marie in the back? Could you tell her I’m here and ready to have him fitted with his bra?”

“Yes, she’s in the shop. I’ll bring you through to the fitting room. You can lock the chain to a ring on the wall in there.”

“Oh great! Thanks. Come!” Jessica demanded, all business, shaking the nose chain sharply.

I heard a counter door open and she tightened my tether. With great reluctance I strutted along behind her, then through a door and down a long corridor to another room where I was pulled over to a wall and with one of the locks she always carried in her purse now, she short-fastened me to the ring so tightly that I could not even bend my knees or turn away from the wall without the chain dragging forcefully on my nose. A few seconds later she flipped the veil off my face then began removing my cape, but was interrupted when a striking, tall woman entered, then closed the door behind her.

“Hi, Jessica! Good to see you again and with your husband in tow,” she said laughing. “Say! I really like that nose and ear jewellery! It’s impressive! I think you told me that it’s permanent?”

“Hi, Marie! Yes, this is him. Glad you like his jewellery and yes it is permanent. Just let me finish getting his cape and top off, then he’ll be ready to be fitted.”

“Sure thing. I’ve got to go and get the bra anyway, so he should be ready when I get back.”

“OK!”

Jessica finished removing my cape and top, hanging them on a clothes horse to one side, then unlocked the chains connecting the U shackles dangling from my nipples and I sighed gratefully when their weight came off. The chains had been a constant torment since she’d put them on the day before.

“Not so fast, dear!” she laughed. “As soon as you’re locked into your bra, the chains go back on. You’re permitted to speak while the final adjustments are made and the straps are tightened, but once you’re locked-in, that permission ends, except for any screams you might make during the testing process.”

She unlocked the gag and pulled it out of my mouth, then stood back and looked at me with a happy smile. Even though the pad had been a small one, it had made me supremely aware of the studs now fastened into my still-tender tongue. Marie returned a moment later and I automatically tried to turn and look at her when I heard the door open, only to yelp when the far too short nose chain snapped tight. She closed it behind her and came over to look at my nose shackle and the ones through my nipples, holding the so-called bra in her left hand.

"Wow! I'm totally impressed, Jessica! With him wearing that jewellery and even a single chain leash you've got absolute control!"

"That's exactly correct and precisely what I want. However, you can see that the jewellery is not the only way he's controlled, Marie."

"Oh? Do tell!"

"Yep! You'll remember that I told you about his chastity belt? Well here it is," she said, undoing the waist band of the skirt and letting it fall to a puddle around my boots. Of course, my thigh bands and ankle hobble chain became immediately visible.

"Wow!" Marie whispered in awe. "That's a pretty fantastic arrangement, Jessica! Once he's wearing the bra, you'll have him completely imprisoned in a control harness."

"Exactly!" my wife smiled then spent the next five minutes describing the equipment I was locked into, while I blushed furiously.

"I'll bet he wishes he'd never told you about his secret fantasies!" Marie said with admiration, laughing happily. "Does he beg to be released very often?"

"No, not really." Jessica laughed. "I keep him gagged 99% of the time and even then, he's under an order of silence if he's not wearing one. If he talks when he's not supposed to, I punish him like ... this." She pressed down the Command button, having already set the Level Control to Level Three.

"EEEEAAAgggh-EEAAaa, OOuuuwwe!! Please-please-please! Don't-don-EEEaaaahhh-OOhhh Eaaahhgg!! Ppppllleeeaaassee!" Against the wall, I jumped and writhed in a maddened dance, fingers clawing at my chastity belt's front shield, then sagged against it gasping brokenly while tears streamed down my face, my nose leash at a thrumming tension, pulling my head up and to the side.

Marie looked stunned and turned to Jessica.

"Jesus! What the Hell did you do to get that reaction?"

Jessica explained about the shocker arrangement and Marie clapped her hands with pleasure.

"Wow! I'll bet that that certainly keeps him obedient! Well! Let's get him into his Control and Discipline Bra, shall we? Once he's locked into it, you'll be able to fine tune your direction of his life. Can you release him from the wall ring and bring him to the centre of the room?"

"Great! Let's get to it!"

Jessica quickly released me from the wall ring then, keeping the leash under a firm tension, drew me to the centre of the room and a dangling chain. She pulled my leash up firmly until I could only dance in a small circle under it, then stood back to watch. I heard a metallic clinking behind, then a wide, cool, rubber-lined, rigid, band was wrapped around my chest. Next came a set of clicks and the wide strap tightened to a firm, unrelenting compression on my ribs, pulling the front framework of the two breast



openings, each with a slightly-raised, soft inner rim, tightly into the flesh around each of my breasts.

“Is that too tight?” Marie asked. “The whole bra is made of a light gauge stainless steel, lined and edged with neoprene rubber and that’s why it’s so rigid.

“N-n-no, Marie,” I whispered, my face flaming with embarrassment while I was forced to stare upward. Until now I’d always enjoyed the harnessed sensation of wearing a bra.

“OK. I’ll snug it up some more.”

A ratchet sound came from behind and the chest band squeezed my rib cage harder, sinking into the flesh, until I was gasping.

“There! That’s got it,” she said happily. “It’s going to take you a while to get used to because of the compression. Stay still for a moment. I have to connect the bottom expansion straps to your chastity belt so that the bra itself won’t ride up when I tighten the shoulder straps.”

There were four of these specialized ‘expansion straps’; two at the front and two at the back, each pair forming a V. These straps were entirely of stainless steel and made two cm wide and about four mm thick. Each was a flat sectioned tube and the expansion portion inside was a heavily-sprung, thin, steel band that would slide back and forth within the flat tube. From the bottom edge of the chest band at the front, the upper ends were connected under each breast opening, and the point of the V was locked to a fitting on the front shield’s central, upper edge. On the back of the chest band, similar straps were connected under each shoulder blade and led to another central fitting on the rear shield of the chastity belt.

“Lean back as far as you can, please,” Marie commanded.

I did as she demanded and heard her grunt a little when she pulled the spring-loaded V down to lock to the fitting on the rear of my chastity belt. When I straightened up it was to immediately feel the pull of the rear V of straps, but Marie had already moved to my front and was ready for the next connection. Jessica watched me with fascination.

“Now, lean forward as much as you can,” was the next demand.

Once more I did as commanded, feeling myself sinking ever deeper into a web of secure, strict bondage, but Marie ensured that matters progressed when she abruptly pulled the point of the front V down until I heard a sharp click and the straps pressed into my flesh. I could twist slightly from side to side and bend forward and back a little, but that was all. The point of equilibrium of the expansion straps and the manner in which they were arranged ensured that I was always forced to stand erect. Feeling myself even more stringently controlled made me shudder with reaction and my masochistic nature betrayed me yet again when I hardened inside the imprisoning chastity belt! She was using all of my mental quirks against me and it wasn’t a fair fight. Marie spoke again.

“Now, hold still while I adjust your shoulder straps.”

The bra had what is known as a ‘racer back’, in that behind the chest band widened and rose up my back over my spine, between my shoulder blades. The straps came from the narrow T top, over my shoulders, and were fastened to the tops of the frames surrounding my breasts. This back piece was actually quite thick and from what little I’d seen of it, looked ominous. More small ratchet noises came from behind and the narrow straps slowly snared down and into my shoulders and with the way they were attached and positioned, it would be impossible for me to shrug out of them, as was possible with

a normal bra. I gasped when they drew the rest of the bra, the expansion straps and thus the chastity belt itself securely into place. The sounds stopped and I felt the entirety of all the sensations of having to wear the tight and uncomfortable upper body harnessing. Suddenly they'd become very intense, and combined with the knowledge that I'd almost never be free of the feeling, I got even more frightened of what was to come. For the moment I forgot about the vulnerability and control that my jewellery imposed.

"Wow!" Jessica exclaimed happily. "That's a pretty impressive design, Marie!"

"Thanks! I think it matches his chastity belt quite nicely. Now, it's time to fit him with controllers, but I think I should explain the design first."

"Yes, please!" Jessica asked, grinning like a little kid while inspecting how the bra fitted my body.

"What I've done is to create a set of wide, washer-type electrodes that will mostly cover and surround each of his nipples, allowing the shackles to hang out through their central holes. These nipple electrodes are held in position by the three narrow straps that radiate out to locking fittings around the edges of the breast frames and with their slightly rough surface texture, a good contact is guaranteed, especially since he's got fairly prominent breasts for a man. The inner edge rims of the breast encirclements are the other electrodes and all of the wires go around inside the chest band to the power and control units contained in the racer back. The bra itself acts as the antenna, and with the signal data you've given me for the remote, I've placed the chastity belt's controller on the same set of commands.

"What that means, is that when you send a signal to his chastity belt, he gets the same pulses and strength of shock through each of his nipples! With another combination of keys, you'll be able shock each or both of his breasts separately, regardless of what is happening with his chastity belt. As well, the other option you asked for, the small air ports and their control valves are embedded in the racer back, for your future plans for him. Pretty neat, I think."

"That's exactly what I had in mind!" Jessica said happily. "Might as well put the nipple electrodes on him."

"Sure thing!"

A second later her fingers covered each of my nipples with contact gel, then she lifted their shackles and pressed the wide, shiny metallic circles with their small central holes tightly onto my chest so that my nipples were covered and completely surrounded. Small clicks sounded when she fed the positioning and securing straps through their locking buckles on the edges of each breast encirclement, ensuring that the nipple electrode disks pressed tightly into my breasts.

"There you are. Simple!"

"Excellent! Just a sec while I put his nipple chains on again."

When she'd fastened the heavy chains I whined at the weight that dragged my nipples more firmly onto the electrodes and there was a metallic rattle when it swung against the wide chest band!

"Shall we test it?" Marie asked.

"Oh yeah! Let's!" Jessica exclaimed happily.

"OK. I'll hold it and you can experiment with the controls. I've set it to just shock his nipples and breasts initially, then we'll test it again in combination with his chastity belt, OK?"

“Works for me!”

## Chapter Thirteen

### *Testing*

With my wrist cuffs locked securely to the front shield of my chastity belt, I could not defend myself nor resist her demands and when I looked up the links of my nose leash, she looked deeply into my frightened eyes, and knowing she had my full attention, a predatory smile filled her face then she twanged on the chain again with delicate fingers, as though strumming a chord on a guitar, then whispered quietly.

“This is going to be fun, Alex! Not for you though ... for us!”

I stared at her beautiful face with despair, but that was short-lived, because Jessica, my Mistress (I acknowledged that fact for the first time ever), began testing the control. At first, only mildly distressing shocks flowed through my breast flesh and out through my nipples in the same pattern, making me instinctually twist my upper body from side to side, attempting to escape the pulsing waves, but of course, I could not. She tapped the buttons in a relentless cadence that made the shocks become stronger in slow steps and with each increase, I shook and writhed more and more vigorously. I soon began to moan, then howl, and finally to scream and dance in wild distress, jerking my wrist cuffs madly against their fastening, trying to get my fingers up to tear the electrodes off my chest. The disks pressing into and around my nipples seemed to be burning themselves into the sensitive flesh and no matter how I writhed and twisted, they could not be dislodged! I could only bend forward the smallest amount before my nose leash jerked painfully to keep me in check and made me howl from the pain. The shocks made my chest muscles curdle and my nipples seem to catch fire within the tight confinement of the punishing bra and all the while, it held me securely in its restricting and agonizing grip. At last the pulses stopped, leaving me in gasping shudders that slowly died away and I straightened from my slightly bent-over position to stare at Marie with undisguised terror. I desperately wanted to somehow escape from their horrid tortures.

“Wow!” Jessica said happily. “I only took him up to Level Three to make him react that way! This is a great addition to his outfit! When I fit the vacuum breast cups then he’ll really pay attention!”

“Oh yeah!” Marie replied. “I’ve experimented with them myself and they’re very strong. I thought they were going to rip my breasts right off my chest! OK, press the Up and Down buttons at the same time and that links his chastity belt and bra shockers, then try a couple of other tests. Just a sec while I release him from the overhead chain, then I’ll hold his leash up so he’ll be unable to bend over and we can watch him dance.”

She quickly freed me, then raised her arm and the chain tightened once more, pulling fiercely on the still-tender flesh of my nose. The tenderness would never go away. I had to look up and tears of misery and pain seeped from my eyes, trickling down over the cheeks of my rubber helmet. I tried to watch her, but could only concentrate on the thrumming line of links connected to my face, then without thinking I attempted to beg Jessica not to do it. I only got a word and a half out of my mouth before she activated the control, again at Level Three! There had been no gradual stepping up of the e-stim as she’d said, but an immediate and harsh disciplinary set of shocks that brought forth an automatic scream of pain from my throat when both my nipples and the chastity belt blasted their cruel waves of energy into my sensitive flesh! I screamed again and again while her finger kept the button depressed, frantically dancing in small, hobbled steps

while Marie held my nasal tether high, then, began to slowly turn on her heels, keeping me at arms' length while the terrible shocks continued to flow. I was forced to prance and dance around her in a slow, despairing circle, fingers clawing desperately at the front shield of my belt in a frantic effort to get at the punishing electrodes, then pulling madly upward to try to remove the punishing bra. Of course, I could do neither and so cavorted maniacally at the end of my tether while they happily watched my maddened contortions.

Suddenly, the strength of the shocks passing through my left nipple went up another level! I howled and begged, automatically turning to that side, trying to somehow escape it, but that made me turn away from Marie even though my face was pulled to the right! The shock level died back, then my other breast seemed to catch fire, making me turn toward her, and all the while she held her arm high and straight, slowly turning on her heels to make me prance prettily around her. I gasped and wept unashamedly while moving to her command and experienced the depths of control Jessica could exert with just the press of the remote's button. At last the awful shocks stopped and I fell to my knees on the tiled floor, bent over and sobbing with misery at what they had done to me ... knowing that it was only going to get worse and worse. That realization horrified me immensely because there was no way for me to escape or avoid what she planned!

"Well! That was quite a display!" Marie congratulated Jessica. "I'd love to come out to your place and see the set-up you've created for him."

"Sure! Anytime you'd like. I'll be more than happy to show you what I've done, Marie. We can enjoy a nice dinner and evening, and if you want to stay over, I've got lots of room. I'll put him to bed early that day."

"No worries there and please don't change his routine. I'd like to see the whole process."

"I'll be happy to show you everything," Jessica agreed. "Why not come over in the afternoon and we can watch him doing his exercise out in the back yard on his running leashes, also?"

"That'll be great!" Marie said with a laugh. "OK. We're done here. You probably don't need to fit him with his prostheses, but put his top on again, then his cape and head off home."

"Thanks, Marie. Give me a call the day before you're coming out and I'll get things organized. How about arriving around two in the afternoon and plan to stay over?"

"Wonderful! I'm pretty busy for the next couple of days, but I'll give you a call as soon as possible and we'll have a grand time."

Jessica packed away my prostheses and regular bra, then took my top covering from the hook and quickly buttoned it closed up my back; tucking it into the waist band of my skirt. She immediately re-fitted me with the gag and strapped it tight while I stared miserably into her eyes, then pulled the deep cowl forward around my head and flipped the veil over my face while smiling brightly at me.

"Come along!" she commanded and shook the chain to my nose.

I automatically gasped from the burning pain, then followed her out of the room and a minute later stepped outside. I'd almost forgotten about the strange sight I presented to the world, thanks to the horrible experience I'd just undergone and so it came as an embarrassing surprise when I heard voices nearby. They stopped abruptly upon seeing me and it was obvious from the sudden silence that I was being stared at. Under the

helmet and behind the veil, my face flamed with humiliation and embarrassment while being drawn along behind Jessica, obviously on a leash.

“Hey lady!” a man’s voice spoke loudly, laughing. “What’s that you’ve got there? Is it a nose leash?”

“It’s my slave!” she called back without concern. “And yes it is a nose leash. He’s been bad, so I’ve taken measures to make sure he behaves himself.”

“That’s really cool!” the voice laughed. “I’ll bet he’s pretty embarrassed!”

“You have no idea!” she laughed, snapping the chain. “Come along, Alex!”

I meekly followed her across the busy street and a moment later we were at the car and she helped me get in, then fastened the seat belt. I settled back, grateful to be off my feet and free of the cruelly controlling tugs on my nose, even though I was constantly reminded of the chain attached to my nasal ‘jewellery’. Nearly two hours later we’d returned to the house after she’d stopped a couple of times while I was left in the SUV: once for groceries, and again at the Post Office to pick up a package. Each time, I remained sitting strapped into the passenger seat, unable to see anything through the obscuring veil while people who passed by looked in at me. When we got back to the house, Jessica immediately took me to the back yard, still fully-dressed, and fastened me to the wires, then without a word, went back inside and locked the door. I knew I had to walk and so resignedly stepped out onto the lawn and began to struggle along my running leashes. Under the cape, the chains swung, tugging constantly on my captive nipples and rattling against the metal chest band of my new bra, making themselves felt with every oscillation. Too, she’d cruelly left my nose leash attached so that it also swung weightily back and forth on the front of my cape and there was no doubt in my mind, now, that I was truly her pet, put outside while she did whatever it was in the house.

Today, the sun was shining through high cloud and although it was partially-obscured, I soon became very hot under the cape, adding even more to my misery. I had little to do, other than to concentrate on my footing and think yet again about how my life had changed so dramatically and so suddenly, then I began to wonder what she’d stopped at the post office for on the way home. She’d not explained and so I was kept in total ignorance: one did not explain one’s actions to a pet and possession! That, truly, was what I’d now become for her, even though I remained a sentient being and she reveled in her total dominance of me as such.

It was on my second circuit up and down the wires, when I’d stopped somewhere around half way to catch my breath, that she sent a series of ‘encouragement’ signals to my control ensemble. I jumped and screamed into the oppressive gag and began walking again immediately, always trying to twist away from the intimate and awful pulsing energy she unleashed so mercilessly. The rest of the afternoon passed slowly while I trudged back and forth, then when the sun began to go down she brought me inside and fed me dinner.

“You’ve had an interesting couple of days, dear,” she said from beside me, lifting another fork of potatoes to my mouth, “and I can see that today has also taken a toll, so you’ll be put to bed as soon as I’ve cleaned the table and started the dish washer. Tomorrow and the next two days will be quiet ones. You’ll spend them in your room, either in your chair or bed, contemplating your new life. I want to let your piercings heal some more and you obviously need the rest.

“By the way, the second stop today at the Post Office was to pick up your collar and gag from Axsmar. I was watching the car after I did and you should have seen the people staring at you! When I came back to it, one woman asked if you were some sort of Arab woman, dressed in her home country’s garments. I told her though that you were, in fact, my husband and she damned nearly fell over laughing. Anyhow, your new collar has arrived from Germany and it’s ready to be fitted, but that can wait for a little while. It’s going to be quite an evil thing for you to wear, even as just a posture collar, but even more so when its gagging arrangements are fitted into your mouth and locked onto your tongue plate. No doubt you’ll quite hate the thing, but that’s just part of the price you’re going to be paying for being my possession and pet, my dear.”

Within the hour I’d been locked to my bed, gas-masked, and restrained to motionlessness under the cloying rubber sheet. She set the stimulation to pleasurable levels, turned out the lights, locked the door behind her and went downstairs, leaving me alone once more. My life had become monastical ... I was kept always silent now, and nearly always alone in my suffering. My nipples and maleness buzzed and tingled from the low level waves of electrical stimulation, and within 15 minutes, I was jerking madly at my restraints, desperate as always now, to somehow escape them, but of course, my struggles were utterly useless. Somehow, much later, exhausted and emotionally drained, I fell asleep.

## Chapter Fourteen

### *My New Tongue Plate, Collar & Gag*

The next days were desperately boring. However, in the back of my mind, I was terrified of the next step in what was soon to be done to me and that underlying terror had become a constant part of my life now.

Other than being taken out for bathing and meals, I was kept imprisoned in the silent, black room all the time, either strapped into my chair or on the bed, bored mindless. The only clothing I was permitted, if it could be called that, were my restraints, the helmet, bra and chastity belt. The former guest bedroom was air conditioned and kept at a pleasant temperature, but there was nothing for me to do in there, other than to think about what had happened and what was going to be done to me next. The silence was total, thanks to the thick insulation blanket that completely surrounded what had become, truly, my cell, and there was nothing to see when the lights were infrequently turned on, other than the gleaming, thick black rubber that covered the walls, floor and ceiling. During the first day I spent a lot of time sleeping, glad that I was not being tormented or even forced to experience the frustrating low level stimulation, but the following one was terrible because all I could do was concentrate on the things she'd had done to me and what had happened to my life, and what was to come the next day. I suppose I was following the typical mental path of someone in confinement, but my imprisonment was so much more personal and intimate in nature! No prisoner I'd ever heard of was kept so completely and intimately-controlled, no matter where in the world they were. I had loved my wife and would have done anything for her when I'd been free, but now, I had done it at her command, whether I wanted to or not! God! I wondered again at what I had unleashed.

Then, I began to worry about what she was doing for sex, but my mind shied away from that topic, other than to contemplate my own predicament. She said that she was going to keep me in total chastity, other than when she decided to enjoy herself and that scared the Hell out of me. We'd had sex two or three times a week until I'd revealed my fantasy and I had become accustomed to the experience as a regular part of my life, but now, I could do absolutely nothing to obtain an orgasm! I couldn't even touch myself and the lack of any sort of sexual release was driving me more than a little crazy; especially so, when she made me endure the long term, tantalizing electrical stimulation, but did not permit me to reach an orgasm. My thoughts next shifted to what I had been locked into ... the Latowski chastity belt, and now, the bra; both of them connected into a restrictive body harness that could not be escaped. No matter how I fought my restraints and squirmed within them, they couldn't be shifted and both were seemingly glued to my body as non-removable fixtures ... ones that I'd be required to wear for the entirety of my future!

On the third day she once more put me outside on my running leashes and I spent most of the time walking back and forth along them, glad to be out of doors again, even though under such strict control. Marie arrived in the late afternoon and the two women sat in comfortable chairs on the porch, watching me struggle back and forth along the wires, all the while sipping their drinks and chatting amicably. As usual, Jessica had confined me in the rubber cape with its deep hood pulled forward, but the veil wasn't employed at that point. My nose and breast chains swung and tugged constantly and



annoyingly at the tender flesh to which they were attached and I desperately wanted to have them removed, but knew that she'd always make me wear them as both a means of discipline, and more importantly, for easy control. To make me even more aware of my punitive jewellery, Jessica had fitted me with heavy little silver bells; one on each nipple and one on the nose chain. Towards the end of the afternoon they went inside and left me for a while, then returned with fresh drinks and began to experiment once more with the combined controls for my chastity belt and bra, both separately, then in combination. At first, they forced me to experience a strong excitation, so that in moments I was gasping and writhing even while I continued to stagger along, lost in a haze of pleasurable sensation, becoming more and more desperate to touch myself ... something I was now totally prohibited from doing at any time. I couldn't halt the pitiful whines that fought to escape from behind my gag, staring out from within my helmet and the deep bonnet towards them, suffering an unending need to either be brought to an orgasm or to have them stop the torrent of unfulfilled desire that raged through my increasingly incoherent thoughts.

After nearly 40 minutes of this, they tired of watching me squirm and decided that more violent action was needed. I had turned away from them and was making my way to the back of the lawn when it happened ... a Level Three series of disciplinary shocks flared through both of my breasts and nipples, as well as inside my chastity belt! I jerked to a stop, uselessly screaming into my gag, and shaking frantically while trying to bend over protectively, only to feel my upper leash snap tight and the resistance of the body web harness I now wore. The next sets of shocks came and I danced off to the side out to the limits of the leashes in a maddened frenzy, automatically trying to escape them, but it was no use at all of course, thanks to the range of the controller. Yet another series of pulsing energy transfixed my nipples and penis, making me cavort madly once more, but this time I lost my precarious balance and partially fell, being kept semi-standing by the upper leash while my hobbled legs kicked mindlessly against their restraints and chains. I wailed frantically into my gag again and again, fighting madly with every blast of the electricity, pleading in my mind that they stop it, but no mercy was shown. At last I stood on shaking legs again and resumed my terrified shuffling back and forth, but they weren't finished with me yet. Two minutes later, the final set of shocks, at Level Four, flashed into and through the captive, most sensitive areas of my body and were so horribly strong that I instantly collapsed to hang on my overhead leash, kicking, jerking my arms against their chains and howling out a paean of pain and horror, then passed out from the overwhelming sensations my brain was being forced to accept.

A minute or two later I awakened to find that they stood on either side, holding me up, then they escorted me back, next to the porch stairs and I was made to sit down between them, but still on my running leashes.

"You really put on quite a show for us, dear," Jessica said with a laugh while tears of distress and residual pain flowed down my rubber-covered cheeks. She'd left the pleasurable levels still on, so that I continued to squirm and writhe. "We've decided that today's the time to fit you with your new collar and gagging arrangements, rather than in a week or so. We'll do that after dinner and so you'll be our evening's entertainment. It's going to be so much fun to watch you try to get used to the new equipment!" she enthused.

I was scared mindless by what she and Marie were going to do to me and shook with terror.

“There-there, dear,” Jessica cooed happily. “The gag won’t really hurt you unless you fight it, and putting on your new collar will be easy. It’s a little tighter than the one you’re wearing now, but you’ll get used to it, I suppose. OK, let’s go inside and have dinner. When I take your gag out you can talk all you want. It’s the last time you’ll be able to do so for a long, long time to come, my dear.”

They stood and Marie released me from the wires while Jessica held my nose leash, then I was taken inside where she removed my cape and hung it on its peg beside the front door. Marie assisted her by locking my back-of-the-collar leash to the wall ring, then connecting my ankle hobble to its floor ring. I sat quietly while the gag was unlocked and pulled out, then Jessica wiped my still tear-streaming eyes, looking at me with little pity.

“This isn’t at all what you expected, is it?”

“N-no! I-I-I didn’t ever expect things like this to happen!” I whispered truthfully, licking my parched lips and looking up at her with tears pooled in my eyes, ready to flow again.

“Are you ready for your new collar and gag?”

“No, and I don’t want to wear it!” I wailed like a little kid, jerking my hands fruitlessly at their lock.

“Well, unfortunately for you, there’s no choice!” she laughed, then went to assist my wife, now Owner, with the meal preparations. I sat quietly, hiccupping with despair, occasionally kicking my legs a little against their chain to the floor, feeling the also very limiting effect of the closely connected thigh bands. If I kicked too hard, the metal cuffs hurt, just as they were intended to. The two women ignored me until dinner was on the table, then Jessica came to sit beside me and feed me my meal as normal. Marie sat across the table and to one side of her was a flat square box, perhaps 10 cm thick and 20 cm on a side, still in its wrapping and covered with Luftpost stickers. We finished our meals about a half hour later and the women enjoyed a couple of glasses of wine while continuing to chat about their lives and histories. I was permitted only to drink water. As soon as Jessica had assumed control, I was no longer permitted alcohol in any form. I sat quietly and said nothing, continuing to stare at the ominous box, knowing what it contained. Finally, they got up and cleared away the dishes, then stood across from me. Jessica spoke.

“OK! It’s time for you to have an up-close and personal look at your new collar and gag before you’re fitted with them, my dear.” She laughed, picking up the box and opening it with a kitchen knife.

She lifted the gleaming collar out of its nest of packing material and held it up so that I could inspect it with morbid fascination, knowing that it would soon encase my throat. It was wider than the one I currently wore, but formed to flow smoothly around my neck, rather than being just a straight band like I wore now. The upper and lower curvatures allowed it to be wider and more restricting, and as with my present collar, it too had front and rear, three cm diameter, very substantial restraint rings; these mounted in universal fittings. It fastened at the sides with almost invisible, square-toothed jaws, but the big difference between it and the one I now wore was that just behind each of the jaws, on the rear portion, there was a three cm diameter, slightly raised, circular, mechanical

fitting. Jessica reached into the box and withdrew two other objects, each in its own in plastic bag. The first contained a weirdly-formed, thick rubber shape and it was obvious that this was the pad that would be used to fill my mouth. When she turned it around, I saw a large bore hole on both the front and back and wondered why they were there. The other piece was a wide, shiny metal band that resembled a large U; curved inward on the ends of the arms. That's where the mating fitting for the collar was located. At the inside, centre of the curve that would cover my mouth, a substantial plate projected inward. When she turned it I saw the three small locking fittings on the underside of the plate that she'd told me about and its outer side displayed a small mechanical mount. I shuddered with revulsion and terror of what the whole ensemble would feel like when it was fastened fully onto and into my face and head. I'd have no hope of removing it, even with my hands free!

Marie reached down into her large brown purse, resting beside her chair and handed a medium-sized, gaily wrapped package to my wife.

"Here's a gift for you, Jessica," she said with a smile. "Actually it's not for you, but for him. I stopped by Juli's office and picked it up before I came over. It's his tongue plate!"

"Wow! That's wonderful!" Jessica exclaimed delightedly. "We can do the complete application of all the gear right now!" She opened the package and removed a couple of plastic bags, then a moment later she'd opened the smallest one and looked the contents over closely, then held up the evil thing and allowed me to look closely at it. A page of note paper fell out and Marie picked it up, then read it aloud while I continued to stare at the evilly-shaped device.

"Juli has written the following:

*'Hi, Jessica.*

*Marie thought you might like to have Alex's Tongue Plate a little earlier than planned and so I've given it to Marie for you to fit as soon as you want to. Below are the instructions about how to do it. I've also sent along the tools needed to fit it properly and you can drop these off at the shop the next time you're passing by. So, here you go!*

*Because of the punitive design of the Tongue Plate, i.e. the inner lines of spikes, I recommend that once the jaw spreader device has been fitted to Alex, that his head be very thoroughly immobilized.*

*The Tongue Plate is easily applied to its wearer by first using the jaw spreader I've enclosed. Once Alex is wearing the spreader, his mouth should be opened as widely as he can stand and kept that way for the whole process to be completed.*

*To fit the Tongue Plate, put it all the way inside and slip the back, curved portion partially down into his throat. When you do this, he will automatically retch, as is intended with this design. Also, please remember that the tongue side has a covering of sharp little spikes on it and they will be very uncomfortable for Alex, even at this point of the plate only just being inserted.*

*With the Plate now in position, you can then attach it to his tongue by using the flat-nosed pliers I've enclosed.*

*Once you've positioned the Plate, slide one jaw under the first, rearmost stud, and the upper jaw, the one with the hole in it, onto the top of the plate immediately above. Close the jaws very slowly until you hear a SINGLE click sound. This will mean that the*

*stud is now fastened into the plate, but not permanently. Now, the Plate will be pressed firmly onto the surface of his tongue. If you press just a little harder and hear a SECOND click, the plate and stud will then have been permanently joined and CANNOT be separated, so be careful of the pressure you use, please.*

*Alex will probably scream and react quite forcefully when the inner side spikes press into his tongue, so you will have to be very careful when closing the jaws of the pliers.*

*From there, move to the stud on the other side at the back and repeat, then move to the centre pair of the studs and do the same again. With each successive stub being mounted in the tongue plate, the spikes will be pressed more and more firmly into Alex's tongue and he will react strongly; probably screaming and weeping a lot. As you specified, there is a deep cup at the front of the plate and at this point, make sure that the tip of his tongue is all the way into it and positioned so that the post projects through the holes for it on top and bottom. When the upper and lower washers are pressed down, he'll be unable to pull his tongue out of the cup, no matter how hard he tries. When the studs are all mounted, a four mm length of each will protrude above the plate's upper surface. The underneath, side walls of the plate will prevent him from moving his tongue and add even more to his feeling of being entrapped within it, just as you also specified.*

*When you've completed all of these fastenings, it will result in the plate being pulled firmly down onto the surface of his tongue, securely embedding all of the spikes, and force the rear curve even further down his gullet. As mentioned above, his reactions will be quite extreme; i.e. the retching and the tears and howls of pain. The tears and screaming will stop in a day or two as his body adjusts, but the retching reaction will definitely continue for some time... perhaps two months or more. This is quite normal, but it will not be a very happy time for Alex. ANY attempt he makes to speak, or if he even thinks of trying to speak, will instantly result in a retching reaction, so it's a fully automatic, self-disciplining arrangement. This constant reaction will, of course, train him to remain silent and not even think of trying to speak.*

*That will complete the fitting and it will be impossible for anyone without the proper tool to release the tongue plate from its fastenings. Even with the tool required, it will be painful for the wearer when and if it's done. As I mentioned above, if the second click option is used, removal will be impossible and will then only be able to be done by an oral surgeon, who will need to cut the tongue.*

*As an aside here, you'll see that the middle of the tongue posts are thicker than the other three and have a large bore cross-hole at their upper ends. Those are for the eventual fitting of a bar that will go through each cheek (which will need to be pierced and grommited first), and will thus lock his tongue even more securely in place. Any attempt he makes to move it will be quite painful at first, then very uncomfortable for the remainder of the time it is worn.*

*Eventually, we'll do the cheek piercings and fit the bar when you're ready to have it done. We can proceed quickly and fit the remainder of the facial jewellery.*

*Please bring Alex to my office sometime soon and I'll fit him with those nose-sinus-tongue chains you want him to wear. Those will make him really think about his silencing, control and his new slavery, especially when you put any tension on his septum shackle.*

*Enjoy!'*

“Wow!” Jessica spoke with admiration. “She’s really thorough, isn’t she? We can do it all tonight! What a great way to spend the evening! I love it!”

“Where are you going to fit him out?” Marie asked with a smile curving her lips.

“Up in his room, of course. I’ve not showed it to you yet, but I think you’ll be pretty impressed with what I’ve done.”

“Oh, goody!” Marie laughed, clapping her hands. “I so love surprises, especially of this kind!”

“OK! Let’s get him upstairs and into his chair.”

“Yes! Let’s!”

Jessica came to me and in seconds had freed my ankle chain and unlocked the back leash while Marie held my nose leash negligently, then once I was freed, she snapped it gently, but with authority, pulling me towards the stairs. Tears of both pain and terror trickled down my cheeks while I was led up to my room, but it was impossible to resist the tug of the leash and I was helplessly chained.

“Oh, please, Jessica!” I begged, prancing along behind Marie. “Please-please-please! Please don’t make me wear that horrible gagging arrangement! I’ll go mad from being kept like that all the time!”

“Oh, Alex!” she chided from behind, following me up the stairs. “Don’t be such a wussie about being gagged! Yes, it’ll be very uncomfortable for you for a while, but not anywhere near as painful as the piercings were. You’ll just have to get used to being kept silenced all the time, and like Juli’s note said, you’ll make yourself very uncomfortable if you even think of trying to speak.”

“But, it’ll be locked onto my tongue! I can’t even t-t-touch myself right now!” I wailed, on the verge of tears. “A-a-and I won’t be able to say a thing!”

“Of course, it will be locked in place, silly!” she said when we reached the top and turned to the right, toward my cell. “That’s the whole idea! I want your gag to be totally secure and keep you properly silent and I want it to automatically discipline you if you try to talk.

“Now, into the room with you and sit in your chair. If you try to resist, you know what will happen.”

## Chapter Fifteen

### *The Next Oral Equipment*

In despair, I jerked my hands uselessly against their restraints, but stepped up into my room/cell, unable to resist the tension Marie exerted on my nasal leash. Even though it was light and shiny, it was made of stainless steel and very strong.

“Oh, my God!” Marie exclaimed delightedly when she entered behind us, looking around and at the two pieces of equipment fastened to the floor. “This is incredible! Wow! And you can torment him without even being here, too?”

“Thank you, Marie,” Jessica said with pride. “This room is totally sound-proofed so no noise comes in and more importantly, none gets out. Yes, I can leave him in here, hooked up to the equipment, totally alone, and control all of his stimuli from literally anywhere on the planet. I don’t know how much he suffers when he’s in here by himself, but he sure as Hell doesn’t like it!”

“I can hardly imagine what it must be like!” Marie responded seriously. “It’s a wonder he’s not completely loopy by now, given the way you’ve got him under such total control.”

“Well, he may go crazy as time goes on, but if he does, then all of his restraints are even more justified.” Jessica laughed happily. “However, he knows I’ve got more plans for him, so he’s always scared of what’s coming next and that helps to keep him sane for the most part, other than when I’m torturing him, that is.”

They both laughed at that and continued fastening me to the chair. Two minutes later I was fully immobilized.

“You can speak now, dear, at least for a few minutes yet. Any begging will be disregarded, of course.”

“I-I-I’m scared mindless by what you’re going to do to me!” I gabbled in terror. “Jessica I love you and always have! Why are you being so cruel?? I-I-I don’t want to be permanently gagged!”

“It’s all a part of the price of your being my slave now, my dear. What you want or don’t want no longer matters. Hang on a moment while I get your old collar off.”

She spent a couple of minutes releasing the tiny set screws in the upper and bottom edges, then the collar fell away from the neck tube of my helmet. I twisted my head under the strap holding it in the rests behind my ears, enjoying the momentary freedom from the steel band’s limitation.

“Enjoy it while you can,” Jessica warned, “I’m going to fit your tongue plate first and you are to keep still while I do, then I’ll put on your new collar. If you jump around too much, my hand may slip on the pliers and inadvertently make one of the studs permanent and if that happens, I’ll make them all permanent. Do we understand one another?”

“Y-yes, Jessica,” I whispered growing more and more fearful with every passing second.

“OK. Any famous last words before you’re silenced?”

“I’m sorry I told you about my secret fantasies!” I gabbled, nearly hysterical, then tried to stop everything one last time. “Please, Jessica! Please!! Don’t do this to me! I beg of you!” I began gasping and weeping then, but knew it was too late to stop the process and what would be done to me. My pleading was ignored.

“The first thing I’ll do is to put you into the jaw spreader, then I’ll fit the tongue plate. OK, it’s time,” Jessica said happily, holding the thing that would separate my jaws so cruelly and effectively.

“Please don’t make me wear the gag!” I gabbled, hyperventilating. “Please! Please, Jessica! I can’t deal with this captivity any more! I have to quit this game and be free again!”

“This is not a game, Alex! Not anymore! It was at first, but that’s changed and it’s already far too late!” she laughed happily. “I’ve tasted the heady wine of feminine control of a man and it’ll never happen, my dear! You’re totally mine and that’s the end of it. And the nice thing is, I don’t have to use my sex to do it! You’re going to remain under my control, just like the marriage vows said ... ‘til death do us part’.”

Strapped so securely into the chair, I had no hope of avoiding what was to come and so could only look up into her determined face while she held the spreader ready. Tears of horror at what was to come trickled from the corners of my eyes and again I unashamedly, desperately begged her not to do it to me.

“Ooohhh, God!” I wailed. “Please-please-please don’t do it!”

“Sorry, dear, but you are going to be fitted with the tongue plate and all the other oral equipment. I’ve spent a lot of money on this kit and I intend that it will be properly used. Now, enough! Open your mouth!” she commanded harshly, ignoring my pleading and horrified gasps.

I was going to say more, but as soon as my mouth opened to speak, Jessica slipped the spreader into my mouth, with its hinged jaws sliding deeply back into the pockets of my cheeks and its fittings slipped over my top and bottom front teeth. Satisfied with its position, she then squeezed the handles until my jaws became almost unhinged. I wept wildly and fought my restraints, wordlessly howling for them to not do it, but once my mouth was wide open, I felt her finger trace over the surface of my tongue, prodding at the five studs and making me intensely aware of them.

“Excellent! They’ve healed very well. Now, here comes the plate.”

I was unable to look down and see it approaching, but caught a momentary flash from its polished upper surface, just before she slipped the cold metal horror into my gaping mouth, then over my metal infused tongue. I immediately felt the sharp tips of the spikes brush across the sensitive, upper surface and yelped with shock, then it got more and more uncomfortable while she slowly and carefully settled it into position. The more it settled, the worse the discomfort and then pain became, and especially so when the curved back part of the plate slid partially into my throat! My body immediately reacted, spasming uncontrollably with a strong retching reaction from the invasion of the intruder, but for the moment I managed to suppress it, even though I wailed from the sensation of the more and more deeply pressing spikes. She carefully positioned the two thick studs at the back in their holes, then the middle pair and finally the front one, after I’d automatically slipped the end of my tongue into its isolating cup and with each incremental part of the imprisonment process I howled and wept more and more. The side walls of the trough were slightly too close together and I felt the bondage and pressure of the spikes all the more intensely because of that.

“Now, hold very still!” she commanded firmly.

I froze when the long-nosed pliers entered my mouth and were carefully moved almost into my throat to get at the rear stud on the right side, then she squeezed the

handles gently, and I heard only one click, thank God! The pain of the spikes rose immediately and I made a strangled scream, shuddering wildly. She changed position and the left rear stud was pressed all the way through its hole in the tongue plate, then again there was only a single click and I let loose a full-blooded howl of pain. These two fastenings alone pulled the plate into firm contact and forced the curved piece even further down my throat making me retch dramatically for a couple of moments, so she stood back and let me get it under control, then returned with the pliers again.

“OK, Alex, you can feel how it restricts you already. Now, move the tip of your tongue all the way into the pocket. If you can hold off retching while I do the last of the studs, I’ll eventually ... maybe ... remove it. Blink twice if you think you can stop the reaction for a minute or two.”

I did and she brought the tool up again and quickly completed fastening the middle two studs, pulling the plate even more securely into contact, and once more I screamed and writhed maniacally from the pain of the spikes nearly puncturing my tongue. Just before she fastened the end one, my tongue slipped all the way into the deep pocket at the front of the plate and I heard the fifth, final, doubled click when both top and bottom washers were mounted on their post. The feeling of intimate, uncomfortable, painful and inescapable restriction was utterly horrible! Without thinking, I tried to beg her to remove it and it was then that the truly awful nature and intent of the thing was driven home. When I attempted to speak, my tongue muscles pulled on the studs, forcing the plate even further down my throat and at the same time embedding the spikes even more deeply in the upper surface of my tongue! This time I retched violently and that triggered even more convulsions while I howled in wordless incoherence; floods of tears coursing down my rubber-encased face. I finally managed to control the retching, but it was always there, waiting in readiness to torment me. Now, I had to remain silent! I couldn’t even think about speaking! Even the wordless sobbing I did hurt a lot. Jessica wasn’t done yet though, but stood watching me try to get used to the plate and sensations it created.

When I had corresponded with ladies in India who had been fitted with a tongue plate because of tradition and family values, they had described its horrors and how it controlled them so utterly, but I’d had no true idea of the actual sensations. Now, I did! Oh, God! It was awful!

“Now that looks impressive!” Marie smiled at me, then laughed. “From your expression and tears, Alex, it appears that you’re not so enthusiastic though!”

I automatically tried to reply, just as she wanted me to, and immediately retched and howled again, learning yet again that I must not even think of speaking! I would only be able to communicate by writing things out on paper or a slate, but for the most part, even that option was denied to me, and would far too soon become impossible. I hated it far more so than I ever thought I would. It was incredibly more restricting than anything I’d imagined, but matters were to become a lot worse. With quick motions she released the mouth spreader and I closed my mouth carefully, feeling the penetrating restriction of the tongue plate. She wasted little time and picked up the front half of my new collar.

“OK. This will take a minute or so to lock on. Hold still!”

She moved the front half under my chin at an angle so that the upper edge pressed gently under my jaw, then slowly moved the lower edge back until the full front inner surface was in full contact with my throat. When she did, it made me raise my head because of the way its shape fitted so closely under my jaw. I could also feel its curves at



the base of my throat and partially up over my shoulders and it was too wide! Marie held it in position while Jessica brought the back half up and slipped it onto my neck, then they pressed the two halves together until the jaws engaged; holding them while Jessica screwed in the top set screw on each side, fastening the bottom ones a moment later. She couldn't be serious about me wearing this all the time! She couldn't! My neck was held very snugly and I had some difficulty swallowing, but the worst thing was that because of the way it curved around my throat and under my jaw, it prohibited me from turning my head from side to side.

She didn't allow me time to rest, but picked up the gagging U portion of the collar and held it up.

"OK, Alex. This is the last piece I'll fit you with, for the moment. However, you'll have the mouth pad fitted tomorrow when I put you out to exercise. I know it's difficult, but I want you to open your mouth as much as possible."

She brought the U up to the front of my face, then, with my teeth slightly separated, slipped the covering-strap between my teeth and into my mouth. She maneuvered it carefully until the locking hooks on its underside slipped through their loops on my tongue plate and with utter horror I felt each of the three clicks when they snapped open, having passed through their respective receivers. Now, my tongue was now doubly a captive, but the punitive gagging process was not yet finished! I closed my mouth again, feeling the rigid plate passing over my lips and between my teeth. With her hands on the ends of the arms, she pressed the mechanical fittings down and into their mounts on my collar, and again I felt two, heavier clicks when they snapped closed. The arms had telescoping sections that allowed adjustment; able to be locked at any position, and she pressed them backward so that with small ratchet noises the curve of the U slipped towards my face until it pressed firmly against my trembling lips, covering them and cupping my chin. I tried very tentatively to move my tongue, only to discover that now; it was held completely motionless by the plate, although the U rotated on its collar mounts, allowing me to open my mouth slightly. I could only make low-voiced, incoherent moans, but that was all, and she was going to take even that ability away when she filled my mouth with the rubber pad! Tears of despairing misery flowed freely from my ears while Jessica and Marie stood back and looked at my entrammelled head.

"My!" Marie spoke first. "That's wild! He looks like he's wearing one of those dental mouth thingies."

"Yeah, it looks pretty fantastic and you're right about the dental appearance. That movie, *The Little Shop of Horrors* was actually my inspiration. I like the look, and too, whenever anyone see's him wearing it, they'll think that, at least at first. The nice thing is, too, with the gag strap U conforming so snugly to his face, I can continue to make him wear a gas mask when he's put to sleep, and just so you know ... the gas masks I have for him have all been modified to clip onto his nasal shackle and truly lock him in. In combination his nose shackle and the gag arrangement looks pretty wild, doesn't it?"

"Oh wow, it sure does!" Marie exclaimed again. "And you make him sleep in a gas mask every night?"

"Yes indeed! That's now normal procedure for him and I'm sure he quite hates having to wear one. However, I want him to be totally blind, silenced and deaf when he's in here for sleep or discipline, even though the room itself is already heavily sound-baffled. Too, the gas mask adds another layer of intense restriction and bondage."

“What a wonderful way to control him! Let’s go have a celebratory drink. I think you deserve one.”

“I think I do too, but not until he’s put to bed, OK? Can you give me a hand getting him into it?”

“I’d love to!”

Within 10 minutes, they had me undressed and completely confined on the bed except for the gas mask, then Jessica leaned over and kissed my steel-covered lips before moving the horrid mask closer and connecting the interior link to my nose shackle. Marie had removed its leash while I was prepared and now watched fascinated when it was connected to its fitting inside the mask, before it was pressed down onto my face and strapped to an airtight seal. The last things I felt was the tension on my nose being increased, then the restriction of the side to side chains being fastened. The tensions made me howl wordlessly, but the gag and mask combination muffled my howls of despair to only very faint wails. Nothing would be heard outside the room, no matter how I screamed.

A moment later after turning out the lights, they left the room, closing and locking the door to leave me alone, utterly helpless, blind, deaf and gagged to silence.

## Chapter Sixteen

### *Acclimatization & The Next Fitting*

The next day I was again out on my running leashes, but this time, far more cruelly gagged than ever before, behind my veil. The first night wearing the full arrangement had been terrifying because it permitted little or no noise, and every time I unthinkingly attempted to cry out, the projection of the curved tongue plate down into my throat pulled painfully on the pierced flesh and made me retch strongly against it. Being also confined within the gas mask made the sensations and terror immeasurably worse. Now I couldn't even moan and was kept on the verge of total panic for most of the night, confined in utter blackness and silence, held motionless on the bed, sealed under the rubber sheet. Jessica had left me in peace, without even the teasing electrical stimulation, and so I just existed in a soundless black void of horror.

She at last freed me in the morning and I had never been so grateful to be out of the bed. After the usual morning routine, she turned me to look into the mirror and that's when I saw myself wearing the new equipment for the first time. I was stunned and despair washed through my mind while I looked at myself. My bald head was tightly encased by the thick, shiny rubber helmet and the gleaming collar around my neck emphasized it even more, then I looked closely at the gag strap. Indeed it looked relatively innocent, concealing the horrid plate projecting back into my mouth and connected to my tongue plate so that it was completely invisible. On the plate on either side of the centre of the face bow, at the corners of where my lips were hidden, I saw metal loops projecting and wondered what their purpose was, while at the centre there was a hole in the upper portion above the tongue plate mounting. I'd soon find out why they were there, to my consuming horror and pain. When I opened my mouth as much as I could the bars projection into it could be seen, but not its connections to the cruel plate beneath. Feeding could be done with relative ease, but from now on the food would have to be soft or a mush, although I didn't realize that at the moment. Another awful effect was that I constantly tasted the metal of the plate and felt its virtual encasement of my tongue every time I attempted to move it. The U of the face bow flowed snugly around my cheeks to just in front of my ears, then curved gracefully down under them to their connections, locking onto the collar mounts. The design of the thing was beautifully executed, but its intent was truly punitive and fresh tears filled my eyes while I inspected my cruelly-confined face and head.

Jessica and Marie dressed me for the day, then I was taken to the kitchen and fed my morning meal. This was the first time I was fed while wearing the gagging equipment and it was both horrifying and humiliating. Jessica came over to where I sat chained, holding a large syringe with a long flexible tube hanging from it; the barrel of the syringe filled with a whitish mush.

"This is your breakfast, dear. Just swallow as it comes into your mouth, OK?"

She pressed a metal fitting on the end of the tube into the front mount on my gag panel, then pushed down the plunger of the syringe. The white mush flowed slowly down the tube and a second later I felt it enter my mouth and begin to fill it. I swallowed desperately feeling it slide down my throat over and around the tongue plate, and then almost retched. She continued to force the bland tasting white mush into my mouth and throat, then refilled the syringe twice more and repeated the process, before supplying me

with another syringe of water. When she was done and my ankle cuffs were freed from their floor connection, she turned my chair and stood in front of me holding the rubber gag pad.

“Time for you to begin your exercise, dear.” She smiled down at me. “But first, although you’re already quite thoroughly silenced, I’m taking no chances at all. You’ll start wearing this pad today and from now on, pretty much 24/7. How will you be fed, you’re wondering, I know. The answer is simple: there’s a hole through the centre of the pad that matches the one on the face bow, and so your food and water can, quite literally, be pumped into your throat through the front aperture, here, as we’ve just done without the pad.” She pointed to a metal rimmed hole on the front end. “Now, after I take off the face bow and temporarily release the cover plate from your tongue plate, you will open your mouth as widely as you can and I’ll insert the pad, then secure it.”

A few seconds later the evil assembly was released from its collar mounts and inside my mouth then she quickly fitted the huge-appearing, formed rubber pad to the cover plate.

“Open up again, Alex! It’s time!”

There was no possible way to avoid what she was going to do to me and if I attempted to rebel, she’d torture me until I did. I reluctantly opened my mouth as far as possible and her hand descended instantly, then began to force the thick, slightly resilient pad between my upper teeth and the cover plate while I made feeble, awful noises, until it plopped fully inside. I immediately became utterly silent, tasting only the rubber and steel, then she tightened the face bow, and to my despair, added the next part. Taking two short links she connected them to the loops on the face bow, then with a small lock, together with a light chain already threaded onto its shackle, she slipped it through my dangling nose jewellery! Oh God ... no! I knew now what those loops on the front of the face bow were for! With her other hand pressing my jaw even more tightly closed from underneath, the pad compressed slightly inside my mouth, then she clicked the lock through the nasal U shackle! When she removed her hand from under my chin, the pad attempted to expand and when it did, my nose was placed under a painful tension that just didn’t stop! The chain leash would easily make the sensation even harsher and I began silently gasping, utterly denied the chance to make any noise whatsoever. When I remembered that she said I’d now wear this arrangement all the time, I nearly fainted from the thought. Jessica had become a merciless tormentress and I was the focus of her attention.

“OK! That went well and you look suitably chastened, my dear. We’ll free you of your wall leash, dress you and take you outside, then fasten you to your running leash arrangement. Just to keep you aware of your nose chain, I’m going to hang a nice heavy little bell on it while you’re outside. Marie and I are going into town to do some shopping for most of the rest of the day, but I’ll be monitoring you closely, so you’d better be a good boy!”

Within 10 minutes I was once more standing beside the porch, alone and deeply frightened as was always the case now. Every day of my life had become a fear-filled journey. The cape and hood enclosed and isolated me fully and I was nearly blinded by the veil she insisted I now had to wear whenever I was permitted outside the house. I didn’t hear the car start and leave, but knew that I must soon begin my pointless walking back and forth, or she would send the awful, intense discipline signals to my chastity belt

and bra. The weights on my nose and nipples were a constant, inescapable torment even while I stood motionless in the shade of the porch, again contemplating what had happened and been done to me, trying to ease even the smallest part of the confining bondage equipment. What I didn't know was that Jessica had linked my chastity belt and bra to the house computer system and it had been set to torment me automatically, even if I was already exercising! I paced from side to side to the small limits of the overhead and bottom leashes, reluctant to step out into the bright sunlight bathing the lawn, but knew that I would soon have to. How soon was a surprise for suddenly a set of Level Two shocks flared into my nipples and inside my chastity belt. I reared against my fastenings and the chain to my nose swung back and forth heavily, making the bell at its end chime musically.

When I tried to just howl, the horrid gag came into full effect and made me retch and struggle frantically against my restraints, then the shocks pulsed again and again, getting stronger! There was no choice permitted to me! I had to begin walking and so hobbled to the steps and out onto the lawn, tugging against the resistance of the rings on their wires, in despair of ever escaping her control. And so the day went, then the next day and week that followed. My life, if you could call it that, was reduced to one of being always silenced and frequently tormented, but I slowly became accustomed to the thing in my mouth and throat and it being fastened to my tongue. All of my piercings healed fully in time, then the next cruel stage of my restraint system was to be added and that meant another trip to see Juli. Jessica didn't tell me in advance, but one day bundled me into the car and we went into town. I'd forgotten that I was going to be fitted with the fully-concealed, disciplinary, nose-to-tongue chains, threaded through my sinuses.

I was dressed as was usual in the cape and veil, complete with all of the restraints hidden beneath with the exception of my nose leash. Jessica led me by it from standing beside the SUV, across the parking lot and into the building that housed Juli's offices on the third floor and I stayed as close to her as I could, walking in ankle-chain-snapping, short paces behind, attempting to hide the fact that she controlled me with the awful tether. Despite my fervent hopes that the lobby and elevator would be deserted, a group of young women was exiting the building when we entered the front door. Their conversations stopped instantly when they saw me. Jessica tweaked their curiosity.

"Come, dear! You don't want me to have to jerk on this leash, do you?"

Thanks to my strict gagging system I could say nothing and make no noise whatsoever and so scurried silently other than for my hobble chain rattling audibly under the cape. She drew me over to the elevator bank then into the car when the door opened and I stood beside her, trembling and blushing with horrible embarrassment under my helmet, behind the veil. It would not be the last time that happened. A couple of moments later we entered Juli's offices, where, as before, Jessica pulled me to the wall and locked my leash to a handy light fitting, then went to the receptionist.

"Hi, Joanna! We're back to get his interior nose chains fitted."

"Nice to see you again, Jessica!" she replied. "Let me tell Juli that you've arrived, then you can take him to Room Five. We've got things all set up and ready to go."

She made a quick call and a few seconds later Jessica had unlocked the nose chain then I was pulled along the hall to the room in which I was to receive my newest, punitive jewellery. Within ten minutes, they'd stripped my cape and veil away, then

strapped me into the chair. Juli entered a moment after I was ready and stood looking down into my terrified face, still half-covered by the gag panel.

“Wow! That restraint system is pretty impressive!” She exclaimed. “I’ll bet it’s effective, from how it’s fitted and locked in place.”

“Yes, Marie did a wonderful job,” Jessica smiled, “and the folks in Germany came through, big time. The equipment is all I wanted and more.”

“Great! Let’s get him ungagged and his helmet off, then I’ll fit the nasal-sinus-tongue chains, OK?”

“Sure thing. It’ll take me a couple of minutes to release the equipment though.”

“OK. I’ll go back to the office and finish off some paperwork. Joanna will call me as soon as you’re ready to proceed.”

“Good! I’ll get busy,” Jessica replied and Juli left the room.

Releasing the dental gagging appliance was a complicated endeavour and took a full 15 minutes to accomplish. The first thing was the removal of the external panel and rubber pad, then the over-plate was freed from the tongue covering one, but it remained locked on. She unlocked the collar then removed it and I was extremely happy to feel the easing of its compression and its strict limitation. At last she unzipped the back of the helmet and pulled it off my head with a slurping sound. I was even more glad to be out of it for the first time in weeks and so made wordless noises of pleasure when at last my face and head were exposed to the air. Joanna checked my skin, then spoke to Jessica.

“I can see some issues here, Jessica. I’d not keep him in that helmet for durations of no more than a week at a time. Leave it off for a day or two, then he can wear it again for another week or ten days.”

“Ah, OK. That’s not really a problem. Thanks for telling me though. I’d planned to have him wear it for shorter times anyway, and besides, I have a new one that he’ll wear in the future so that I don’t have to take his collar off. Can you tell Juli that we’re now ready for her, please?”

Joanna left us for a moment, returning quickly with Juli. I stared at the three women in silent terror, then foolishly tried to beg them not to fit me with the interior, nasal-sinus-tongue chains, but of course, the tongue plate made me begin to retch automatically as soon as I attempted to speak. I lay back and shuddered fitfully until I was calm.

“Man oh man! That tongue plate works really well!” Jessica smiled.

“It does indeed!” Jessica gloated. “If he even thinks about talking, the plate stops it immediately and then he retches for about five minutes. It’s a very strong encouragement for him to not even think about trying to speak. Those inner spikes have worked wonderfully well too!”

“Well done!” Juli chimed in. “OK, let’s get his head secured.”

Within the next minute they had immobilized my head, and I shivered and shook with terror, contemplating what was to be done to me. Then, I remembered that I had willingly let myself be brought to this stage, at first, but things had gone completely off the rails once my wife had discovered her power, and that she could obtain huge enjoyment from making me perform as she wished, even if I didn’t want to do it.

## Chapter Seventeen

### *Internal Nasal Chains*

I was already strapped securely into the chair, with my arms, hands, legs, and feet restrained, so it was going to be easy for Juli to do her job. She came and stood in front of me, then explained in detail what was going to happen.

“Here’s the plan, Alex. First, your head will be tilted back and clamped in that position, then I’ll spray a fine mist of numbing agent into your nostrils. I want you to inhale it fully while I do. It tastes sweet, so no worries there about an awful after-taste. This will make it easier on you when the chains are threaded through your sinuses, OK? Unfortunately, the first couple of times they’re threaded into your head, you’ll find it to be rather unpleasant, but there’s nothing I can do to change that, so you’ll just have to try to relax and let it happen. After that, I’ll use the same spray on the back of your throat, then we’ll wait a minute or two for it to take effect. Next, I’ll thread the chains into each of your nostrils and through the sinuses until their ends emerge at the back of your throat.

“The chains are snake-like and smooth, about three and a half mm thick, so they’ll cause minimal irritation, but you will certainly know they’re in place! Each chain already has a locking ring connected to its inner end, and at that point after the chain ends emerge at the back of your throat, those will be temporarily connected to the exposed tops of the rearmost studs in your tongue, above the plate. From there, it’ll be temporarily uncomfortable for you for a minute or two, when I pull on them to determine the proper length needed to connect their other ends to your septum’s cross bar fittings. When I place tension on them, your tongue will be drawn back slightly into your throat and you’ll also feel the tension of them inside your head. I’ll then remove and shorten them to the proper length and add the opened loops that are used to lock them to your septum bar.

“It all sounds pretty complex, I know, but it will be easy and pretty quickly done.”

“Aauuugghh. Oohhwww-EEAAHHHGGHHH!” I unthinkingly tried to speak and retched immediately, but because I’d attempted to communicate, even though I manifestly could not form intelligible words, Jessica disciplined me with a long set of the painful Level Three shocks to my captive nipples and penis that made me jump and squirm frantically in my restraints, howling wordlessly from the pain of the shocks and also that from the tongue plate.

“Alex! You’re not to speak unless I give you specific permission! Even an attempt like you just tried is a punishable offence,” she admonished while I shuddered with misery.

“This is the point at which things get serious,” Juli continued with her explanation. “After I’ve determined the correct length, I’ll re-thread the chains, and this time they’ll be locked onto your rear tongue studs. From there, I’ll apply tension until I can slip the opened lock-rings on their ends onto the fittings for them on your septum’s cross bar, then crimp them closed so that they become permanent. This arrangement ensures that the chains will be kept under constant tension inside your nose and sinuses and so its going to be quite uncomfortable for you ... all the time. You’re going to feel their tension at all times and there will be no way for you to escape it. Also, once they’ve been locked in place, if you try to move your tongue either consciously or unconsciously, or any time you swallow, the chains will pull themselves even tighter through your head and you’ll be a very unhappy person for as long as you continue doing so. Unfortunately for you,

swallowing is deeply built into your automatic reactions and so you'll be kept in constant discomfort. It's a very effective means of enforcing the command of silence and keeping you under a harsh discipline.

"Too," she continued happily, "if any kind of tension is applied to your nose shackle or its leash, you'll feel that in a most uncomfortable way because the chains will pull tight through your sinuses, then also draw your tongue back at the same time. I can assure you, that you will do almost anything to avoid having any tension on the nose ring or its leash.

"After that, your collar and dental gagging silencing device will be re-applied, then the mouth pad, and they'll all be locked on."

I stared at her in horror, hoping against hope that some one would rescue me from what was to happen during the next hour. Jessica stood to the side, smiling happily.

Over the next 30 minutes, everything went just as she'd explained it would and I became even more cruelly silenced than I'd ever imagined was possible. The tension of the inter-cranial nose chains was horrible and made far more so whenever I swallowed; something I could not stop doing, and when I retched from the intrusion of the tongue plate into my throat, something I also could not stop doing, I wanted to scream from the discomfort and then pain that I automatically inflicted on myself. There was no way I could escape what had been done inside my head and the worst part was that the intrusive, intimate bondage system of the tongue plate and nasal chains was completely invisible to any observer. Far too soon I wore the high collar and integrated gagging device and mouth pad with my nose U shackle locked to the front of the face bow ... leashed by it once more. Jessica came forward with a handful of tissue and wiped away my uncalled for tears, smiling happily down into my frightened eyes. The only positive thing was that my bald head was no longer encased in the thick rubber helmet and I was absurdly grateful for that small mercy.

"There-there, dear," she said soothingly, "perhaps you'll eventually get used to your speech restriction equipment, but I know it's going to take a while for you to accept that you'll never be able to speak freely again. Yes, I remember reading in your files that those poor women in India only wore their devices for three years, normally, to train them to be obedient, but your term of wearing your gag system is pretty much a life sentence. Now, let's get you out of the chair and into your cape and bonnet, then we'll go home and you can rest for the remainder of the day in your nice, quiet room."

Soon, I stood before the three women as a totally-controlled captive; my gently swinging nasal leash leading to my wife's gloved hand. They exchanged farewell pleasantries and hugs while I stood silent and motionless, unable to see anything and lost in a whirlpool of deep despair, then a moment later the leash tugged painfully on the connection to my nose and face bow. I immediately felt the horrid things inside my head and the awful pulling on my tongue, and of course, followed her meekly to the elevators. We exited on the ground floor and I was so lost in my misery that she had to snap the leash to make me follow her out to the car, silently wailing from the pain she'd so casually inflicted. When she did, I, of course, howled in misery, but mentally, automatically, feeling all the things and devices that made me her captive toy. As promised, once back at the house, she took me to my cell and I was soon confined in my bed, struggling alone and helpless in the deep blackness and silence. Jessica had applied the sound-eliminating ear plugs, then with a helmet that clamped tightly around my head



with its reinforced bottom edge overlapping the top of my new collar. I was again fitted with the horrid gas mask and now only the muted sounds of my wrist cuff lock being tugged against its connection to the front shield of my chastity belt under the rubber sheet could be heard in the room.

Inside the sealed-tight gas mask, my eyes filled to overflowing with tears of self pity and I wept in shoulder-shaking sobs, constantly forced to feel the constriction and control of the intimate restraints locked within my head, before finally passing into a sleep that was filled with nightmares of the worst kind. No matter what I did, it hurt or I felt restriction, and so I spent that afternoon and night, fighting my solitary battle to remain sane. The next morning arrived at long last and Jessica followed the usual routine so that I was soon sitting in the kitchen restrained as always on my chair. She looked fully into my eyes then wordlessly fitted the end of the large syringe into the opening at the front of the rubber gag pad and spoke for the first time that morning.

“Well! That was quite the experience for us both, yesterday!” She smiled, pressing the plunger deeper into the barrel so that the mush that was my food was forced through the gag pad into the back of my throat. I had to swallow and when I did, the tongue-to-nose chains pulled very uncomfortably and I gasped silently while she continued happily chatting to me, even though I couldn’t answer, other than by blinking my eyes.

“I quite enjoyed watching it all being done, and too, now I know just how secure everything you’re wearing is. It’s wonderful how you’ve been transformed, dear, but I’m not done with you yet! I’ve been making inquiries and you’re soon going to have an operation that will finally realize one of your other long-held fantasies. You’re going get a boob job!”

I was aghast. I’d loved the feeling of wearing the prostheses, but wondered how I’d cope with the real thing and it was a terrorizing thing to know that I’d soon be endowed with breasts that I could not remove at will and resume a normal male’s appearance. However, that time of my life was now well and truly gone. She was going to ensure that my gender change, or just the appearance of it, was to be inescapable and made that plain when she spoke again.

“When you get your new breasts, dear, they’re going to be quite large, heavy, and very sensitive, so you’ll always be aware of them. Naturally, the bra you’re wearing now will be modified to accommodate them and you’ll find, I’m sure, that any electricity applied to them will be an ... ah ... most awful to experience. Anyhow, it’s time for you to do some exercise and you’re going out in the usual ensemble after breakfast is done.”

The day went from there, and was the same for the three weeks that followed while I slowly grew more and more accustomed to all of the things that had been done to me. Now I never tried to speak or even howl when she disciplined me. I remained always locked securely into my chastity belt, bra and other restraints, but she relented in her torment, leaving me to experience and grow to hate the all-encompassing control, unable to resist her in any way. Eventually, the day arrived for me to be taken to the private practise plastic surgeon and she prepared me in the usual garments, then off we went.

## Chapter Eighteen

### *Real Breasts*

Jessica obviously enjoyed showing me off as her possession and pet, and so as usual, when I was taken into public, I was removed from the car to stand beside it in silenced misery and humiliation, waiting on my leash while she took a box from the back seat, locked the vehicle, then tugged firmly on my tether. Now that all of the piercings had healed fully, she had begun to use more tension when she held the leash and I danced always in fear to her harsh demands, following her in my hobble chain-snapping, short paces, across the parking lot to the building that housed Juli's offices. The sensations, and emotions accompanying them, of being imprisoned in all of my restraints and them acting in concert, were impossible to ignore; constantly reminding me of my captivity ... just as she wanted. Although I was by now well-accustomed to always wearing a long skirt and the floor length rubber cape, their bulk and restriction was a constant hindrance to moving freely ... another reason that she insisted I wear them, but the restrictions on my freedom were soon to become even more severe, once I'd been endowed with breasts. I hesitated momentarily when we entered the lobby, then crossed to the elevators, but my reluctance stopped immediately when she cruelly snapped the leash with annoyance. When she did, it of course, jerked on my nose U shackle and the sharp, sudden tension was instantly transmitted deeply into my head and face by the interior nose-to-tongue chains. This was the first time I had experienced the interior sensations and I was almost ill from them, as they were so vastly uncomfortable I moaned with misery and hurried after her, feeling the horrible tongue plate and full silencing system with unending horror.

This time, the elevator went to the top floor of the building, while I stood in a back corner with the leash leading up under my veil; Jessica standing nonchalantly beside me with its end loop over her wrist and holding the chain firmly. People got on and off while we rose and as was usual, when they caught sight of us upon entering the elevator, their conversations stopped instantly and I could feel their inspecting, shocked stares. It was but one more of the minor travails I was being forced to endure. The doors slid open and I followed her obediently for there was no option to do otherwise, and we soon arrived at the plastic surgeon's suite of offices, then entered.

"Good morning, Cheryl!" Jessica greeted the receptionist while I stood quietly beside her.

"Hello, Mrs. Jannsen. Nice to see you again so soon!" said a young woman. "So, this is the person who is receiving the breast augmentation surgery? What an interesting costume!"

"Yes, this is him," Jessica said without hesitation or embarrassment. "Should we go to the Preparation Room now?"

"First, please take him to the small changing room, then to the Pre Room. The doctor is ready to proceed and will be there just as soon as we've completed all the preliminary paperwork."

"Come, dear!" Jessica commanded, shaking my leash. I gasped and shook when she did; all of my howling from the pain and the mental begging that what was to be done to me, not happen, going unheard.

Without delay, I was drawn down the corridor to a small room and once inside, the end ring of the humiliating tether was clipped to a waiting wall fitting, then she removed

my cape, top and skirt, and at last, my locked-on bra. I was very happy to be freed of the so-called garment, actually a discipline harness, for it had controlled and restricted me with complete efficiency since I'd been forced to begin wearing it. A nurse came into the room and looked at my revealed collar and dental gagging arrangement, but said nothing about them, then handed Jessica a clipboard and pen.

"These are the standard Consent Forms, Mrs. Jannsen. You'll both have to sign them before we go any further, then I'll witness them."

"Of course," Jessica agreed then turned and placed the pen in my cuffed right hand. "OK, dear. I'll hold the clip board and you'll sign each of the pages at the bottom."

I really had no choice at all. It was awkward to do, but I signed my name on five different pages, then Jessica counter-signed them, and finally the nurse, making it fully legal for the surgeon to do the work. I shivered with the realisation that I'd given permission for an irrevocable action, but Jessica and the nurse allowed me little time for contemplation.

"Please follow me to the Preparation Room. When we get inside, have him lay on the Gurney and restrain him, then I'll do the initial preparation."

"Excellent. Come along, Alex!" Jessica commanded, pulling me after her, deeper into the suite of offices.

We entered another small room to find a lowered, strap-endowed Gurney waiting and I was led to it, then sat on the mattress without being ordered to. While I slowly lay back, the nurse lifted my legs, then my wife clipped the heavy straps to the rings on my Latowski chastity belt, then over my waist and thighs, fastening another one from the bottom to my ankle hobble and drawing it tight. Another went to the back ring of my collar and it too was tightened, leaving me to stare silently and helplessly up at the ceiling.

"There! He's ready for you now."

"Excellent. Thank you. I must say, that oral arrangement looks to be very effective. I've not heard a sound from him."

"Oh, it definitely is! And, there's a lot more to it than is visible, but you can be assured he doesn't want to talk, or to even attempt to make any noise at all."

"Wow!" the nurse exclaimed, looking down into my face and eyes, inspecting the visible parts of my facial equipment. "OK. I'm going to cleanse his chest and those nipple shackles, then I'll drape him and he'll be ready to be taken to the operating theatre. That will happen immediately after. I know you want to be present to see the operations performed, so, just before we go, please put on a gown, slippers, cap, and face mask."

"No problem. Thanks!"

A moment later the nurse began washing my chest with a sterilizing solution, paying particular attention to my nipple jewellery. When finished she covered my upper torso with the isolating sheets, then an elevated one over the aperture she'd left ... my breasts. A foot pedal raised the frame and she released the wheel locks, then pulled the Gurney through the door and along the corridor to the operating theatre while chaotic thoughts filled my head. We entered a modern surgery and what grabbed my attention immediately was the large, strap-endowed table in its centre. I wasn't permitted time to think, for the nurse stopped the gurney beside it, then slid the entire mattress frame onto the table and immediately began adding more restraining straps to the ones that already held me down. She turned to Jessica.

“OK. I’m done for the moment. I’ll get the doctor and anesthesiologist, then we’ll proceed once he’s out.”

“Thank you. I’ll just stand back out of the way.”

The nurse left and two minutes later, the others returned with her, all masked and gowned. The anesthesiologist went to the gas rig and pulled it alongside the operating table next to my head, checked the tanks and set the valves, then picked up the mask.

“I’m ready to proceed, Doctor.”

“Very good. Let’s go.”

I stared up at the heavy, black rubber mask while it was lowered, then the anaesthesiologist fitted the web of straps around my head to keep it fastened onto my face and tightened them. I desperately wanted to say something, but Jessica had made utterly certain that I could not. It was too late. I heard a soft hiss from behind my head and the wide, soft outer flanges of the mask inflated, sealing it completely onto my face. All I could do was stare up at the brilliant, clustered, overhead lights while the gas mixture was turned on, but in an utterly foolish attempt to forestall being rendered unconscious, I held my breath. Jessica was prepared for this and activated the setting for intense pleasure sensations, making me gasp in the sweet tasting mixture flooding the inside of the mask, unable to stop myself from doing so! In seconds I spiraled into darkness, pleasurable buzzing from within my chastity belt easing my journey into temporary oblivion.

The operation to place my implants took nearly three hours to perform, what with adding my own tissue, implanting the hormone capsules, locator chips, and transceivers, then finally slipping the large, bulky silicon filled forms under the chest muscles and around the sides, beneath my arm pits. Only small incisions were needed and these were located under the base of each new breast at the normal crease line, where it flowed into the chest wall.

When I returned to awareness once more, I at first forgot where I was, but that changed in seconds when I remembered why I was here and what had been done to me. All I wanted was a drink of water. I looked up at the ceiling, knowing that I was lying in a hospital bed, because I could see raised rails from the corners of my eyes, but when I attempted to roll, I at once felt the side connections to my chastity belt holding me flat. Next, when I tried to pull up my feet, the sound of another strap being jerked tight under the covering sheet came and I felt my ankle cuffs very strongly. They hurt! Unthinkingly, I tried to sit up, only to feel a firm jerk on my wide collar and so sank back onto the pillows with my eyes closed ... until I became aware of the slightly shifting weights on my chest. Again I jerked at my restraints and my eyes snapped fully open, trying to stare down at my body, but the collar stopped that immediately. Jessica had been sitting beside me reading when I awakened and upon hearing my struggles, pressed a button on the side of the bed so that I was raised to a semi-reclined position.

“Hello, dear! The operation was a total success, you’ll no doubt be happy to know,” she greeted me. “Are you thirsty?” I blinked my eyes rapidly and she picked up a large syringe, filled it with cold water, then inserted its tip into the gag pad’s fitting in the face bow and pressed the plunger slowly. I felt so helpless! “More?” Again I blinked my eyes and she repeated the procedure, then moved her chair to where I could see her. She sat back and looked at me.

“Well, Alexandra, you now are the possessor of a pair of large and wonderfully sensitive breasts. While you were still unconscious, we tested your reactions to various

stimuli and I'm quite certain that you will find your newest additions to be ... ah ... entertaining, to say the very least. You'll never be free of them, of course, and they will take some getting used to. Women grow up with their breasts developing slowly and so think little about them, but you have had them imposed in one fell swoop, so there will be a substantial mental and physical adjustment period for you.

"Now, I know you want to see them, but you'll have to wait for a couple of days until the bandages come off and the healing has progressed. Of course, you'll wear your Training and Discipline Bra after the bandages are removed, and when you're locked back into it, your nipple discipline electrodes will be re-attached. Oh, by the way, the identity and locator chips and long-term-release hormone capsules were implanted at the same time as the other procedures were done, so there'll be no escaping from your breasts and any attempts to hide or disguise them is impossible. As well, now that you've got the locator chips, I'll always know precisely where you are, dear, and there are other features to the chips. They monitor your heart rate and blood pressure, as well as a number of other things. These are all being continuously relayed to my cell phone and the computer at home and that means, of course, that I'm able to discipline you far more strongly than I have until now, because I'll know exactly how much stress you're under and can then adjust your discipline or the infrequent times you are to be aroused accordingly. It's a pretty impressive set-up!"

How could I survive the things she was going to do to me? Already, the brief tastes of the Level Four shock pulses she had administered were agonizing! And, there were another six additional levels of intensity to go!

"I wanted to be here when you awakened and now that you've done so, I'm going to go home and enjoy a nice meal with Juli and Marie. You'll remain here for the next two days, then I'll come and take you back to your room at the house at the end of the second one. The nurses have all been familiarized with your feeding, cleaning and other needs, and as well, all of your restraint equipment, so there are no worries there.

"I've also described your silencing arrangements most thoroughly to them and so they also know why you can't speak or make any sort of noise, other than low moans. They've been instructed to keep you fastened as you are now and before you're washed, they'll put you to sleep and release you to do it. Effectively, you'll never be aware of any sort of freedom you might otherwise experience.

"OK. I'm off, but I'll be back tomorrow and the day after when your breasts are unveiled. I want to watch the expression on your face when you see them for the first time. Bye!"

She stood and walked out of the room, leaving me still attempting to grasp all the sensations I was experiencing. The weight on my chest was substantial, but for the moment, that is all that it was, for the mounds of tissue were fully bandaged to motionlessness. Some time later a nurse came to look in on me, then lowered the bed so that I was again laying flat and she leant over me.

"Are you OK, dear?"

I blinked my eyes and she smiled, then left the room and closed the door quietly behind her. There was no question that I was a prisoner in the room, especially when I heard it lock.

*'What was the point of fighting things?'* I wondered, then relaxed and was soon sound asleep. It had been a Hell of a day.

## Chapter Nineteen

### *Re-fitted With The Bra*

The next day and a half passed slowly and with vast boredom, although I could watch television to help pass the time. A remote for the large, hi-definition screen on the wall opposite my bed had been clipped to my chastity belt's front shield ring and so I could reach it easily with my wrist cuffs still remaining locked to the same ring. At two pm on the second day Jessica came in with the doctor who had performed the surgery and both stood beside my bed.

"Hi there, Alexandra!" She greeted me where I lay partially-reclined. "By the way, that's your name from now on, seeing as how you now at least look a little like a woman. This is Doctor Masters and she's the one who did your operations."

The doctor was a tall woman with a finely-chiseled face and had the most beautiful hands and fingers I'd ever seen ... obviously, those of a highly-skilled surgeon. I was surprised by the fine contralto voice that greeted me.

"Good afternoon, Alexandra. I'm sure you must be most anxious for the unveiling of your new breasts and so we'll get to it right away."

Jessica lengthened my collar's back leash and adjusted the bed so that I sat up fully, then the doctor's deft fingers began loosening and unwrapping the multiple layers of bandaging over and around my chest. The last covering fell away and suddenly, I felt the drag of the heavy mass of each freed breast on my shoulders, then, when I turned slightly from side to side, their swinging weight made me even more aware of them projecting from my chest. I nearly fainted from these intense sensations, knowing that I'd experience them for the remainder of my life and be unable to escape them ... ever ... if I wasn't locked into the bra. My eyes snapped open and I moaned into my gag with shock.

Her hands began to manipulate the firm fleshy mounds; fingers pressing deeply into their masses and I shuddered with the sensations that washed through my mind, while below, deeply locked in its prison inside the chastity belt, my captive and traitorous maleness struggled to swell and become erect! Then, her fingers simultaneously moved to my rampant nipples and their dangling U's, grasped each one and gave a gentle tug! Oh my God! The tension, even though very mild, made me howl automatically, then shudder with horrid retching caused automatically by my hidden silencing system.

"Ah! Good! Still an excellent reaction to just the mildest tension, I'm happy to see." She smiled into my shocked and suddenly tear-filled eyes. "The nipples appear to be extremely sensitive, just as planned. Basically, Mrs. Jannsen, my work is now complete. The sutures used are of the dissolving type and will soon be completely absorbed into her flesh. The incisions themselves have healed cleanly and full flesh integrity will occur over the next weeks. I understand that you already have a firm bra available and I'd suggest that you employ it immediately."

"Thank you, Doctor Masters. You've done a beautiful job in creating her breasts. They're quite incredible and I know will be very valuable to her in the future."

"Thank you for your compliment." She smiled at Jessica. "If you have no further need of me, I'll continue with my rounds."

"Then that's it. Thank you again!" Jessica smiled and shook her hand.

The doctor departed, leaving Jessica and I alone and after closing the door behind her, she returned to where I still sat upright, twisting my upper body slowly from side to

side and feeling the swinging weights oscillating on my chest. I was both fascinated and shocked at what I was feeling, then Jessica spoke.

“They’re pretty impressive, dear. Now, I suppose you want to see them in all their glory and freedom before I fit you with your bra?”

I blinked and she smiled at me, then walked to the end of the bed and picked up a large mirror. I looked into it in stunned disbelief, seeing the large mounds now mounted securely on my chest, complete with the silvery U shackles deeply mounted in their dark brown tips. Oh my God! I’d never be able to hide them no matter how I tried to slouch or hunch my shoulders, but knew that option would be thoroughly denied when I was fitted again with my integrated shoulder brace and bra. Jessica set the mirror on a stand, then took another and walked to the side of the bed, angling it so I could see myself in profile. My breasts projected far out from my chest with only slight, natural sag. It was too much to take in all at once and I closed my eyes with embarrassment, laying back on the mattress.

“No doubt that you’ll grow to hate how vulnerable they make you, Alexandra,” she spoke quietly, “and I’m going to ensure that you’re always aware of them, too. OK, you’ve had your look, now it’s time to put you into your bra. Get out of the bed and stand beside it after I lengthen your leash.”

She retrieved the awful and restricting thing from the closet and came over to release me from the bed’s straps, leaving me still a captive of the long nose chain leash which remained locked to the bed frame. I stood meekly beside the head of the bed and within five minutes she had fastened the bra’s rigid frame around my upper body and shoulders, connected its straps to my chastity belt, then tightened the brace portion so that I could not hunch my shoulders in any manner. With its compression and the framing effect of the cup harnesses, my breasts were made to stand out even more! I shuddered and writhed to somehow ease the strain of the shoulder brace, but that only made my breasts sway and oscillate more than they had before! The base of each was now framed and encircled by a tight, oval of metal, but she was not yet finished applying the so-called garment and reached into the box she’d brought along when we’d arrived at the plastic surgeon’s offices.

“These are the modified discipline and control fittings, Alexandra,” she informed me, holding up the two harnesses with the large, nipple covering washers at their apexes, smoothly connected to three narrow metal straps with mechanical joints on their ends and I knew they were soon to be again locked into the main bra harness.

“Now, you’ll have to hold still while I connect the bottom two under each breast on the sides,” Jessica commanded.

I froze to motionlessness and she reached partially under my right breast then I heard two small clicks. The same sound came a moment later on the left side so that both of my breasts were similarly decorated, but the final, top straps had yet to be fastened. She looked up at me.

“These last ones will pull the electrode disks into full contact with your nipples and when I connect them at the top, you’ll find that the compression and caging effect will be uncomfortable for a while, but eventually you’ll get used to it, I guess ... or maybe not. This caging will hold your breasts firmly and prevent nearly all motion. OK, here we go.”

She carefully pulled each of my dangling nipple shackles out through a small hole in the centre of the washers, then grasped the narrow, top strap on the right and pulled it

strongly up to its fitting. With a final-sounding click, it was pressed into its mount, then a moment later my left breast had been similarly imprisoned so that both were now held securely in their webs of metal. She was right. The compression of the narrow straps was uncomfortable and they'd sunk slightly into the firm flesh beneath, making it balloon a little around them. When I twisted my upper body from side to side, there was now no movement permitted, but still, she wasn't quite done with my chest decoration and produced a triple-armed chain with a pair of tubular, dangling weights at its top two ends.

"I want you to always be aware of your nipples, Alexandra," she said with a happy smile, while I stared with confusion at what she held. "So, from now on, you're going to wear this chain and these nipple weights. If you look at the central chain, you'll see that it's a little different than the two others. That one descends to your chastity belt and will be fastened to the same ring that your wrist cuffs are currently connected to. Hold still, please."

She clipped the weight and its integrated chain end to my right nipple shackle, then quickly did the same on my left one and as soon as she did, I felt an uncomfortable, unavoidable and constant drag begin to pull on the tender flesh and I knew that these additions would become painful far too soon. I wanted her to remove them immediately, but couldn't utter a sound, then when I turned to the side, the weights immediately swung freely, adding even more tension and in seconds tears of misery were flowing down my cheeks. Even breathing made the weights swing and tug! She reached down to the still trailing third chain and locked it between my wrists, then stood back and admired her handiwork.

"That's a very nice arrangement, dear. I imagine though, that you really don't like the effect. Anyhow, until now I've only used your nose tether, but I may integrate it with these breast chains and use them all together at the same time. You won't enjoy that leashing system in the slightest and there are a number of different options for that system: I can leash you individually by each breast, or, I can connect another chain to the one joining your nipples to your chastity belt. There are probably other arrangements, but for the moment those are good options to keep in mind, don't you think? Anyhow, it's time to get you dressed to go home. Let's get to it."

She had me sit on the edge of the bed, then laced on my ankle boots. My long skirt was next and I stepped into it, standing on wobbly legs while she drew the waist band up and fastened it, letting the voluminous, flowing folds of fabric drape around my legs, hiding their restraints. My top was next, this being a short, cape-like garment that allowed my nipple weights to swing freely back and forth under its concealment. Each time they did, I gasped and whined from their annoying tugs on my supersensitive, captive nipples, but was unable to stop them from moving; being quickly forced to learn how vulnerable my new breasts made me.

Next, she fitted my full length rubber cape, bonnet and veil and I was ready to leave for home. Once more my nose leash hung out from under the hem of the veil and terminated in her hand. I had one glance in the mirror before I was veiled and saw how my breasts now tented out the front of the cape, and knew that there would be no doubt in the minds of all those who saw me, that I was a female.

My tether was pulled on and I immediately stumbled after her in short, chain-snubbed paces, feeling the weights fastened to my nipples swinging and jerking with my every pace. I gasped and began sniffing silently inside my opalescent prison, uncaring



that anyone saw me. An hour later we were back at the house and I'd been taken out and connected to my running leashes in the back yard. I'd never had to cut the grass since I'd been locked into my chastity belt, thanks to Jessica having hired the yard maintenance company to look after the grounds. She'd also had my employment terminated on medical grounds, as she said she would, and so now I was hers to play without any sort of limitation or restriction.

Jessica had confirmed these changes during the previous week while feeding me my evening meal and it had been an awful shock to know without question that I would no longer have a chance to escape her in any manner. For a moment after hearing the news, I'd sat stock still, then began to fight my restraints madly, desperate to be free, but nothing I did made any difference and now, here I was, back on my leashes and under her total control once more.

## Chapter Twenty

### *Resumption of Reality & Plans*

I didn't want to do any more walking than I already had that day. Just the short distance from the plastic surgeon's offices to the car had been awful, for the constant swinging and dragging of my nipple weights quickly became intolerable, but there was no way to avoid the sensations or stop the tugging! Once at home, she connected me to my leash system wires and I couldn't bend down far enough to make a difference, thanks to the over head leash being too short, and so stood there, erect and helpless. After she'd hooked me up, Jessica stood before me, only a vague shape.

"OK, Alexandra, you'll soon have to begin your exercising, but before you do, I want you to know that there's more stuff I'm going to get done to you. You've always had pretty fine facial features and they're going to be enhanced in a week or so. I've arranged with a local tattoo parlour to have your face permanently made up. It won't be garish or slutty; just nice touches here and there to enhance what you already have. You'll get permanent lipstick and lip-liner, then eyebrows and eye liner, and there'll be some subtle shading done around your eyes. I think you'll like the results, and as I said, what will be done is permanent. That way, when you wear a wig, no one will ever know that you're not a woman, especially since you can't talk.

"Now, I have things to do inside, so you're on your own for the afternoon. See you later!"

The kitchen door closed and I was alone.

I must have lapsed into some sort of shocked daze, but my whirling thoughts were harshly interrupted when a horrible set of pulsing, wavering shocks transfixed my newly more sensitive breasts and nipples. I automatically screamed and shook myself frantically, despite the increased pain from the flailing weights attached to them. I immediately began retching while uselessly attempting to bend over and escape the stimulation rippling through the captive flesh. The harsh jerk of my collar leash stopped that, of course, but not the wild swinging back and forth of the weights under the impervious cape. The pulses struck again and again! This time under my chastity belt and my breasts combined, making me dance madly, then, still howling in my mind, I slowly moved out onto the lawn; my erratic wandering guided only by the tugs on my collar and ankle cuffs. Regret seemed to be a constant part of my life now no matter how obedient I attempted to be to Jessica's demands, and so the day went on from there, with me shuffling back and forward along my wires, spurred on by her occasional painful attentions. I became more and more conscious of the weight and awkwardness of my new breasts with every passing hour, wishing fervently that I'd never allowed her to know of my passion to have them. I could not avoid the change they made to my centre of gravity, thanks to their weight and so staggered back and forth in misery. At last she brought me back inside and fed me the usual mush-type dinner, using the large syringe.

We'd never wanted children and it appeared that now I had become Jessica's substitute for them, and I would remain in this role for the foreseeable future. The difference was, of course, that I was an adult and had at first willingly, propelled myself into the situation, then been progressively reduced to my present, dependant status, and now, I could not escape it. The added bonus for Jessica was that she could discipline me

as severely as she wished, whenever she wished, either for cause or for no reason at all, and I would be completely silent when she did it! All of the howling, screaming and attempted protests would go completely unheard, thanks to the manner in which I'd been gagged.

After I'd been fed, she removed my outer clothing and boots, leaving me clad only in the body harness of chastity belt, bra and my other stainless steel restraints; all fully visible to her hungry eyes.

"From now on Alexandra, this is all you'll be permitted to wear inside the house. I like to see your restraint and control equipment and I know that Juli, Marie and others will also, so this is the newest change for you."

I wanted to protest, but of course could not, then realized that she'd spoken of the other women seeing me like this and blushed deeply. The evening progressed as they mostly did now, with me laying fastened into my chair in the TV room, silently watching the shows she was interested in. I had no choice but to do so, for she had control of the TV remote ... and the other one used to torment me. Occasionally she tired of what was on the screen and used me for her entertainment, sending either pleasurable tantalising pulses through my captive genitals and breasts, or awful shocks, then watched me react to what she did. I was never allowed to come to an orgasm and so lay fastened in the chair, gasping and writhing in abject surrender to my automatic, instinctual reactions.

I had 'played' with these sensations of strong e-stim before I'd become her toy, but had always reached the point where they became entirely too much and so had turned them down, or off. Sometimes I'd inadvertently but happily orgasmed but now though, that didn't happen! She had fine-tuned her knowledge of what made me crazy then used it to keep me frantic for either satisfaction or a cessation of the intimate stimulation by keeping the pulses flowing far past the point I would have been able to do myself. Many times I thought I'd go utterly berserk from them, instinctually thrashing and writhing in a maddened frenzy, but she kept the endless waves coming until I was silently screaming and struggling frantically, or fainted from their intensity.

Tonight was no different. Jessica lay back in her own chair, negligently watching some mindless fluff all the while caressing the remote that controlled my discipline and arousal equipment, making me jerk automatically against the chair's restraints, utterly silent in wide-eyed distress. My new and extremely sensitive breasts, deeply captive within their imprisoning cages, shuddered and twitched from the shocks passing through their masses and rampant nipples and I whined piteously into my gag from the awful sensations she imposed so mercilessly. Then, to brainwash me even more, she sent pleasurable waves to assault my sensitive maleness, captive and untouchable within the chastity belt, forcing me to want the addictive mixture of pleasure and pain more and more!

Despite the horribly punitive nature of my gagging system, I was soon screaming into the mouth filler, with the sensations of the internal tugging on my tongue, sinuses and nose all being part of my symphony of torment. At last it died away, leaving me as only a quivering body fastened to the chair, gasping deeply from my forced reactions. Jessica came and stood over me, still holding the remote.

"Alexandra, you still have a few freedoms left, but I intend to remove them all, and soon. The next thing you're going to lose is your ability to hear and that will be done with a set of locked-in ear hearing aids. However, your devices, rather than being fitted to

enhance sound, are designed to do exactly the opposite ... totally eliminating it, including bone conduction noises. There's some incredible technology in them and they can be remotely set so that they recognize only my voice, or selected others, and turn everyone else's, and all other noise into audio garbage. I think they'll be a marvelous addition to your equipment and since they'll be locked into your ear canals, you'll have no choice in the matter. I'm going to have Juli put them in next Wednesday.

"As you've no doubt noticed, I'm taking control of all of your primary senses and functions, so after your hearing is dealt with, I'm going to begin controlling your ability to see, also. I've decided that it's going to be a double layered arrangement employing both contact lenses and specialized goggles. That's pretty straight forward to do and will happen at the same time as your hearing is removed. After that, you're going to be fitted with breath control gear that you'll always wear and it will be locked into your body, of course.

"So! As you can imagine, and I'm sure with considerable terror, I'm going to make you into a silenced puppet that I totally control. It's going to be fun, at least for me, but I'm sure you won't like it in the slightest bit. Now, however, what you want and like is really of no interest to me anymore, my dear. You see, I've fallen out of love with you.

"Strangely enough, your passion for kink has changed my life far more than I ever thought possible. I've discovered that I'm really very attracted to other women and so have begun a lovely relationship with both Juli and Marie. As a matter of fact, our joy together has come to the point that they're going to move out of their apartments and we'll all become room mates here at the house, with you as our house pet!"

I stared up into her happy face while she spoke and heard my world implode. Our relationship had always been the bedrock of my life and now, it was gone! I had now become nothing more than a pet and toy for her and her two lesbian lovers. Oh God! How my life had changed! She sat again in her chair and this time used the disciplinary settings, sending me into a frenzy of screaming into my gag and struggling dementedly to escape the unpleasantly mind blowing electrical shocks pulsing through my breasts and nipples, and inside the chastity belt, through my captive male organ. Eventually she tired of tormenting me, until some 30 minutes later I was once more alone in the locked chamber, secured in my silent, utterly lightless, private universe. I contemplated what she'd told me was next going to be done and how my life was to change yet again, then eventually fell asleep in a vortex of horror.

The next days passed as usual and I tried to become accustomed to the weight and sensations of my new breasts, but the nagging concern of what was going to happen next was always at the back of my mind. The following Wednesday arrived far too soon and after breakfast, Jessica dressed me in my now normal public appearance clothing then took me to Juli's office. As always, I suffered terrible pangs of embarrassment when people saw me, but we were soon inside and I sat restrained to the chair.

"This will go very quickly, Jessica," Juli said and I heard the clink of a couple of things on the tray beside me when Jessica handed her the ear plugs. "Because he's bald and I've already done the necessary piercings, all I have to do is insert the hearing aids and lock them in."

"Great! Let's get it done."

Forced by the collar to keep my head still, she quickly prepared my right ear canal by first squirting in a small amount of lubricant, then immediately pressed the ribbed post of

the hearing aid into it, leaving only a flesh coloured end just at the surface, this with a small loop in the middle. I immediately lost all hearing on that side and she next slipped a retaining pin through the piercing in my Tagus, through the end loop of the ear plug, and out through the back of my ear shell. When she did, it pushed the hearing aid slightly deeper, then she added a locking fitting to the end of the post, behind my ear. The front and visible part looked like a plain diamond stud earring that would seem perfectly normal, then she speedily did the same on the other side. As soon as she'd finished, I was totally deaf and couldn't even hear my own blood flowing in the jugular veins! I heard a small pop that seemed to originate in the middle of my head, then Jessica spoke.

"Alexandra? Blink if you can hear me and understand what I'm saying." I did so and she smiled with delight. "OK, now Juli is going to speak to you with her voice recognition pattern turned off. Go ahead, Juli, and tell him about his sight restriction arrangements."

She stepped in front of me and I watched her lips move. At first, I heard nothing at all, then Jessica changed the settings while Juli continued speaking, but what I heard was only a mishmash of senseless sound.

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Jessica spoke again through the din.

"Blink your eyes if you did not hear her at first, then again, twice, if you heard her speak but it was unintelligible."

I acknowledged as she wanted.

"Now, I'm going to allow you to hear and understand her. Blink if you do."

"... and so," Juli's voice came through clearly, "your ability to see will be severely restricted, even without the goggles, but it will be possible to completely remove it when the current to the lenses is turned off and that's the 'dead man switch' setting. No power, no vision. It's a pretty slick system, Jessica."

"I'm impressed!" Jessica said with delight. "And, all of these control functions are now on this new remote?"

"Yep!" Juli replied then continued, "it's a little larger than the ones you're using now, but it slips very easily into your purse, and as well, its range has been increased so that it's effective up to 10 km and can also be used with a cell phone as you do with the present ones."

"Wow! With this arrangement, Alexandra can be totally controlled, but there's one more thing I want to do as far as that's concerned. I'm going to make arrangements to control her breathing as well, and then she'll be a complete slave."

"Now that sounds interesting!" Juli smiled. "I'll bet Alexandra is scared nearly brainless by that being done to her!" Then, she leaned over me.

## Chapter Twenty One

### *Controlled Vision*

“Alexandra, I’m going to fit you with the contact lenses part of your vision control system now. These are going to be somewhat uncomfortable at first, until your body adjusts to them, and this is because they’re larger in diameter and thicker than normal contacts. Keep your eyes open as wide as possible, please.”

Sight is so important to everyone and Jessica was going to control mine now! This realization scared me almost more than anything she’d had done so far and I began struggling against my bonds, until she sent three long bursts of searing, Level Three shocks through my breasts, nipples and chastity belt, telling me to behave and accept what was coming. I stopped struggling and lay back, then opened my eyes as wide as I could. Juli was very quick and within two minutes had slipped the lenses onto my eyes. The result was truly awful! I immediately found that my ability to see with each eye was reduced to only a very narrow arc, thanks to the irises of the contact lenses being totally opaque, except for an extremely fine, vertical slit at the centre of each. In combination with the collar holding my head rigidly erect and unable to turn, I could now see only straight ahead and would have to turn my whole body to see anything to the side. Also, the lenses had been made of deep gray material that acted in the same manner as a neutral density filter did for a camera ... everything was dimmed out.

“OK, Alexandra,” Jessica said from beside me, “you’ve now got the primary sight control. It’s time to fit you with the secondary one: your goggles, or sun glasses if you prefer. I’m sure you’ll not be surprised to learn that they integrate fully with your collar and other head gear and that means that you’ll be unable to shake or rub them off. They won’t hurt you at all, dear, but you’ll find them to be very limiting in combination with your new lenses. I’m going to release you from the chair and put them on, then you’ll get dressed and we’ll go for a little walk in the mall just to show you off and get you accustomed to the new vision limiting system.”

She and Juli soon had me standing next to the chair, then Jessica fitted the so-called sun glasses. From the outside they appeared to be perfectly normal, but on the inside of each lense was a soft, formed, silicon rubber cup that completely isolated that eye. The frame was stylish although somewhat heavy in appearance, made of the same metal as my dental hardware, and came back along the sides of my head, then over and behind my ears just as a normal set of glasses would. That though, was where they differed from regular eye wear, for the sides of the frame continued around to the back of my skull and I felt a small click when that strap was locked. As well, from the bottoms of the side pieces behind my ears, short, narrow bands descended to lock into the same fittings that kept my gag’s face bow fastened! Each of the wide side pieces, their vertical bands to the collar, and the one around the head were adjustable and Juli pressed the telescoping parts together until the glasses were held snugly to my head and locked securely in position. There was no way I could escape them.

For the moment I could still see, albeit in a very limited way, then Jessica spoke again.

“There you are, Alexandra! You look quite stylish with those glasses, actually. Here’s how they work.”

Suddenly the dim light I had until now been permitted to enjoy, winked out completely, leaving me in a world of Stygian, unrelieved blackness when she turned off the current that kept the lenses clear. I was totally blind!

“You’ve already had lots of experience with being in a gas mask, blind and mostly deaf, but here’s what it’ll be like for you from now on, either sleeping or awake, if I decide you’re getting too much stimuli from your primary senses.”

All sound disappeared, leaving me to stand there before them in utter silence and unrelieved blackness. I felt their hands steadying me while I swayed uncertainly on my boots, then a series of electrical pulses flared under my chastity belt and through my breasts! I automatically danced madly with reaction and attempts to escape the agonizing pulses, screaming frantically into my gagging arrangements. Wrapped so securely in my own personal universe of bondage and isolation, the awful shocks were the only things I was permitted to experience and because of the lack of other sensory input they were all that much more intense.

*‘Ohhhh, Gggggoddd!’* I wailed over and over in my mind, *‘How could I have ever allowed this to be done to me!!’*

The answer, of course, was that my deep needs and desires had driven me here and I was the only one to blame for it having happened. In the space of a few months, I’d been totally transformed into the ‘pet’ I was now, and it was absolutely sure that I’d never be able to escape. As was the case whenever I was confronted with yet another means of being controlled, this stark realization caused shuddering gasps of misery to rise within me and I fought against the harness that so effectively controlled my body. Jessica and Juli kept me in this isolation and whirlpool of self pity for a long time, then my vision, what little of it I was permitted, was returned, as was my limited hearing.

“That’s just a small taste of what’s in store for you, Alexandra,” Jessica’s voice echoed inside my head. “Now, we’re off to the mall so that I can parade you around for an hour or two. Since it would be difficult to use your nose leash blatantly in public, as soon as we get out of the car, I’ll remove it and use your electronic leashing system. Juli and I will accompany you, of course, and you’ll only wear a half veil, rather than the full one I’ve used in the past. OK, we’re on our way.”

My nose flared with her tug on its chain and I followed her from the offices while Juli locked-up behind us, and I was drawn along the corridor to the elevators. Just as was intended by the further limitation, I could see very little from within the so-called sun glasses and so had become even more dependant on her for almost everything. While the three of us waited for the elevator to arrive, Jessica activated my stimulation equipment so that I twitched with the strength of the pleasurable pulsing, and it didn’t stop. I began to shiver with the inescapable excitation, quite literally dancing into the elevator when it finally arrived, then continuing to do so in growing agitation while we descended and I was taken to the car. She left the stimulation at the same level while I was made to sit alone in the centre of the back seat then strapped in, frantically trying to twist and squirm away from the electrical torment. Jessica had adjusted my ability to see then shown me what I looked like in a mirror. I was shocked to see what stared back at me: I appeared to be very much a normal woman, but one dressed in Arabic style clothing. No one would be able to discern that I was a male and held a deep captive; closely-controlled in so many ways. That, of course, was the intent of the entire wardrobe of clothing that enveloped me. When I was removed from the car, I was almost mindless from the

unrelenting and intense stimulation, shifting erratically at the end of my nose leash in front of the two women. Jessica reached up under my half veil and unclipped my leash, then spoke.

“OK, Alexandra, we’re going for a stroll around the shops. You’ll walk between Juli and me, so there’ll be no chance for you to wander off on your own. I have intentionally kept your stimulation high and it will remain at that level, but I expect you to show calmness and proper decorum, dear! We’ll keep the curious away from you, and there will be a lot of that because of your ... ah ... rather unusual costume, but we can deal with stares.

“Now, here are the protocols for your movements. If I give you this signal ...” a zapping shock at Level One flashed through my captive genitals, making me automatically bend forward as much as I could, “... that means you must begin walking, or if already doing so, speed up. Two of those mean to slow down and three, means that you must halt where you stand. Now, if you feel this ...” my right breast erupted in a buzzing wave, “... that means you are to turn to the right, and the same to your left breast means you must turn in that direction. If all of your sensitive areas receive one of these three pulse sets, you are to sit down on an available seat and remain still, until the next triple set comes. When that happens, you are to rise and await the signal to begin moving again ... the single shock from your chastity belt.

“I’d ask if you understand, but there’s now no way for you to be seen to acknowledge that you do and with the signals being so simple, you’ll be easy to control. Oh! One last thing! Any of these signal sets can be combined with the others, so that will keep you always on edge a little. Of course, any disobedience on your part will result in some pretty awful punishment once you are returned to your cell, so be good! Now, we’re off for a stroll.”



## Chapter Twenty Two

### *An Excursion & Change of Restraint*

The next two hours were a misery of humiliation and embarrassment as well as unending stimulation, interrupted frequently by the painful signals Jessica used to make me move in the direction and how she wanted. Without doubt, the three of us made a strange spectacle while we walked through the mall: two very attractive ladies escorting a deeply-swathed other 'woman' who seemed to have difficulty moving; stopping, starting and turning abruptly. Truly, there was no choice of any kind permitted to me.

Walking was not really a trial in the low-heeled ankle boots, but wearing the too short hobble chain between my ankle cuffs, in combination with my closely connected thigh cuffs, made it a true exercise and on top of that, I was being strongly and continually tormented. I had difficulty just standing erect or remaining still, never mind walking, but I had to strut along between my escorts, my hobble chain's links snapping tight with a musical rattle at every pace, attracting the stares of all who saw my bizarre clothing. Under the cape, my hands, as always, remained cuffed together and fastened to the front shield of my chastity belt, but that too was soon to change for the worse. Jessica kept the stimulation levels high and so I was kept constantly shuddering and twitching with arousal, and for most of the walk, pranced silently between them until at last our little parade ended and we returned to the car. An hour later we were back at the house.

They took me up to my room and there the next phase of being made even more helpless was enacted. Rather than taking me directly to the bed or the chair, Jessica fastened the back leash from my collar to a chain dangling from a hole in the centre of the ceiling, then using the hoist, tightened it until I was held in position under it, unable to bend at all.

"I've held off telling you until now, Alexandra, but today I'm also going to change how your hands and arms are restrained. I've been doing considerable research and found what I consider to be the perfect solution. Since you were put into your chastity belt, your arms and hands had been kept confined in front of you and with the lack of use, your muscles have atrophied markedly. That arrangement will be modified in a few minutes, and it will for all intents and purposes, also become a permanent change.

"From what I've read, back prayer bondage is a very strenuous thing to do, but that's where you're going to go, Alexandra. I've looked through your image files and read a few of the stories you like and it appears that you are most interested in the back prayer type of restraint. So, that's another good reason to bind you in that manner. Oh, I know it won't be pleasant, but you'll eventually become accustomed to it, I suppose, and after a couple of months, you'll forget that you ever had the use of your arms, or indeed that you even possess them. My dear, once your arms are in the full back prayer, that's where they're going to stay.

"Before we do that though, I'm going to remove your sense of touch. You're going to be fitted with some lovely thick gloves, then Isolation Mittens. The gloves and the interior pockets for your fingers and thumbs inside the mittens will ensure that they're fully separated from each other, so you'll be unable to sense anything by touch. These are a newer version than the ones you had before and are even more deeply-padded."

'Nononono!!' I wailed inside my mind. I didn't want any of that done to me! Not ever! I'd be utterly helpless and reduced to total, abject dependence on her ... and it

would hurt a lot, I knew! Oh sure, I'd sometimes fantasized what it would feel like to be bound like that, and more or less permanently ... but now I was going to find out!

Jessica and Juli undressed me, then for the first time in what seemed years, my wrist cuffs were freed from the D-ring on the front shield of the chastity belt, then surprisingly she removed them! My above-the-elbow cuffs were also removed for the moment and with no strength in them, my arms fell slackly to my sides. When I tried to bend them, I only managed fitful attempts to move a little from side to side. Juli brought the Isolation Mittens over and held them up so that I could see them, vaguely. They were long, flattened oval shapes made of a thick, shiny rubber with a small opening rimmed by thick edging and a long, fore-arm covering, tight gauntlet. She held them for a moment turning them this way and that, then squeezed the bulbous portions to indicate the thickness of the padding, then she removed them from my sight and a second later she covered my hands and arms with a layer of lubricating oil. Almost immediately she pulled a thick, shoulder length sleeve of the rubber glove over my hand, then up to my shoulder. It was tight and had to be slowly worked all the way on, but too soon I felt its restriction. My hand slid into its portion of the glove and a moment later each of my fingers and my thumb became encased in tight rubber tubes. When I tried to clench my fingers, I couldn't manage it, then she fitted the other glove a moment later.

"Time for the Isolation mittens, my dear!" she said brightly, then brought up the one for my right hand.

I thought that the opening was too small to accept my already rubber-covered hand, but she applied another coating of oil to the glove and the inner side of the mitten, then, with the rubber being stretchy enough, with some firm tugging by Juli, the hand enclosure slid slowly up then over my flattened palm, while inside, my fingers and thumb slipped deeply into their inner tunnels, completely unable to touch one another, try as I did to do so. The rimmed edge of the open end snapped tight about half way between my elbow and shoulder and I whined into my gag with despair blossoming in my mind when the process was repeated on my other hand and arm. My hands and ability to touch had been totally removed. As soon as the gloves and mittens had been fitted it was but the work of seconds for her to re-clamp my arms with the steel cuffs above my elbows and around my wrists, doubly ensuring that I'd be unable to remove either the mitts or the gloves beneath them.

Jessica next fastened a short chain from my collar's back ring and left it to dangle down between my shoulder blades, over the racer back of my bra, then, grasping my right hand, she moved it around behind me, rotating the lower part so that my rubber-encased palm faced outward. A second later, she slowly began to force it upward and at first it was easy to do, but as my hand rose higher and higher, it began to hurt and to escape the pain I attempted to bend forward, only to have the overhead chain snap even tighter, stopping the attempt immediately when my tight collar seemed to constrict my throat. I felt a subtle click when she connected my wrist cuff's outer ring to one of the links descending from my collar and panicked even more then, knowing that my other hand and arm was also to be immobilized in the same way. Writhing dementedly, I attempted to avoid being bound like that, but Jessica allowed me to rebel for only a few seconds before disciplining my breasts with a horribly painful pulse that made me jerk erect and stop fighting. No matter how desperately I begged in my mind, the gagging arrangements were superbly effective. Only the smallest of pitiful whines escaped my nostrils, while

inside my mouth the pain and discomfort of the tongue plates came again to punish me for even attempting to make the smallest noises of protest. When they grasped my other hand and arm, I continued to twist and jerk as much as I could at the end of the overhead tether connected to the back of the neck ring on the collar, then Jessica unleashed another series of Level Three shocks that instantly quelled my rebellion. Both of them took my arm and repeated the process that had been used on the right side, but she was not finished yet, for the application of this newest bondage was only beginning.

“OK, Alexandra, we’ve got a good start. Now we’re going to bring your arms slowly in and up to their proper position between your shoulder blades. To do this with minimal fuss, at least for us, you’re going to be suspended slightly by the chain to which your wrists are connected and so the weight of your own body will pull them higher. I think that’s a really neat arrangement, because, in effect, you’ll be binding yourself into ever more stringent restraint! Once I’m happy with their position, the chain will be shortened and temporarily locked, then I’ll deal with your elbows. They’ll be pulled in tight against the sides of your chest and so to all intents and purposes they’ll pretty much disappear. Oh, just for your information, dear, all of your upper body garments and all of the furniture have been modified so that your new arm bondage can be accommodated, and of course, the mattress of your bed has also been changed to accept this restraint arrangement. Where needed, pads have been added to the backs of your chairs on either side, and so they’re ready for you also. OK, here we go with the suspension!”

When the overhead chain was tightened my arms slowly rose over my spine, then was drawn even higher, until the questing toes of my boots were 10 cm above the floor! Inside my mind, desperate howls of discomfort and pain battered against my gag while gravity gradually pulled me down to stand on tiptoe, trying to avoid sinking further. Jessica was having none of this and raised me fully off the floor again! My hands were drawn even higher and soon rested far up between my shoulder blades, just below the nape of my neck! I howled unashamedly from the intense misery and strain of this position while they inspected me, then, satisfied that my wrists were in the desired position, they shortened the chain to the back of my collar and temporarily connected it to the link nearest. It was awful ... but it was going to get a lot worse in just seconds. I felt something being done with my elbow cuffs, then a wide band was wrapped around my lower chest and slowly tightened, pulling my elbows together on either side of my spine while also clamping them against my body at the back! This had the effect of making me stand fully erect with my breasts thrust fully out in demand for attention. I felt another vibration when the elbow cuffs were locked securely to each other and once again the chain from my wrist cuffs was shortened, the spare links were cut off then the end one was locked to my collar. If I’d not had to wear the Isolation Mittens, my fingers would have been able to touch it! To fully finish the binding, a short chain descended from the link that joined my elbow cuffs and one of them connected it to the central back ring of my chastity belt’s waist band, then tightened it to the point that it was rigidly straight.

The sensations were mind boggling and horribly uncomfortable! I could not even twitch my arms and my fingers were unable to feel anything but their rubber encasement, trying uselessly to claw inside the gloves, but no sign of their strictly-limited movements showed on the outer sides of the mittens. The shoulder brace straps were also re-tightened and they were finished adjusting my bondage. Now, because of the back prayer, my breasts were thrust arrogantly outward and their swinging nipple weights and chain were

even more of a trial. I mentally begged for them to release me, twisting my upper body back and forth as much as I could in its web of restricting bondage, then they lowered the overhead leash until there was a small loop of slack in it, but I remained tethered. For a few moments they let me struggle as best I could and all the time I howled and wept from the increasing pain, writhing even harder to free myself, but of course, there was no relief allowed.

“OK, dear, just as I told you before, this is how you’ll be bound most of the time from now on. I know it hurts a lot, but the pain will disappear gradually over the next week or so. In the meantime though, it’s still early in the day and so you’re going out for afternoon walkies on your leashes in the back yard. Let’s go!”

Tears from the pain of my new arm bondage filled my eyes, inside my goggles, but I stood quietly shuddering with misery, while she clipped on my nose leash, added another to the central link of my nipple-to-nipple chain, then led me downstairs to be dressed. Five minutes later I was out on the back lawn, connected to my running leashes and the two women sat themselves in comfortable deck chairs with cool drinks in hand to watch my struggles. I was so lost in misery that I just stood writhing and shaking for a few moments, but that stopped when sizzling shocks transfixed my captive maleness and flared through my imprisoned breasts and nipples, forcing me to prance out onto the lawn and began my pointless struggles back and forth along the wires. I was lost in a sea of despair; all the while feeling the painful swinging tug of the hidden nipple weights under my cape. Jessica had shortened the overhead chain again, so that if I fell or tripped, only a slight bending of my knees was permitted, but now, walking was made even more difficult because I couldn’t use my arms for balance and so I exhibited a strangely erect swaying pace that made the nipple weights oscillate even more painfully than they had before!

To add to my distress, she turned off my ability to see and hear, enclosing me in a personalized black Hell of silenced suffering, then I was left like that for the rest of the afternoon, while one of them occasionally sent disciplining shocks if I slowed or stopped moving. When I was tormented, my knees turned to water leaving me to dangle by my neck leash, kicking and jerking madly while the horrible pulses flowed through my most sensitive flesh. Finally, the incredibly awful day came to an end and I was fed, then taken to my room and put to bed. Jessica decided that because of the terrorizing day it had been for me in so many ways, that I was to be rewarded and so left the stimulation at a high level in order to bring me to a thundering orgasm, then some time later, another and another. I fell deeply into an exhausted sleep, despite the awful situation I was in.

## Chapter Twenty Three

### *Further Changes*

The next weeks were perfectly awful. My arms and shoulders remained vastly uncomfortable while the muscles, tendons, and ligaments slowly stretched to their new orientations, although after the first two days, my hands went numb. Twice a week, I was taken out for shopping expeditions to the mall and grocery store, and occasionally just a window shopping trip up and down the main street. I suppose people began to get accustomed to the sight I presented and no problems arose.

Jessica's arrangements with the tattoo artist for me to get my make-up done happened over the next weeks and as she had promised, there was no freaky or sluttish decoration; just enhancements of what I already possessed, with one addition I never expected. My lips were injected with collagen and became much more sensitive, adding even more to my awareness of the thing that projected back between them into my mouth. That too was part of Jessica's intent that I be made fully cognizant of the gagging arrangements I'd been fitted with. I slowly grew more and more accustomed to being armless and despite her constant and merciless control, began to sink into it and accept the life I now lived, strange as that may seem. I no longer had any worries about money, bills, where the next meal was coming from, or any of the other day-to-day stuff that men have to deal with. Sex was no longer the driving issue that it had once been, for Jessica totally controlled that aspect of my life and over the months that followed, she ensured I was regularly 'serviced' every two weeks; each time being forced to multiple orgasms that left me utterly drained. I came to crave these occasions, for with the reduced frequency of sexual release, I was always hovering on the edge. The daily exercise regime on my leashes continued; being hours and hours of boredom interrupted frequently by bouts of sheer terror and unbelievable torment when I was randomly disciplined. Despite the limitations and control, I grew healthier and stronger, other than my arms.

I eventually learned to walk for hours on end; gracefully and with confidence while wearing the boots and long skirts, having also become accustomed to the presence and weight of my large new breasts, but she wanted to further enhance her control of my life and so we returned to Juli's offices once again; this time for me to be fitted with my breath control accessories.

We were soon inside and I was seated and strapped into the chair with my head clamped firmly, fully deafened and blinded. The goggles hid my eyes and so they could not see the desperation in them and far too soon for me, Juli began the fitting process. What seemed to be cones of some sort were slowly, simultaneously forced far up into my nostrils, then further and further until I felt a sharp click when slots in them slipped over my nose bar and locked onto it. The result was that my nostrils were now fully flared open in perfect circles and would be kept that way by the lining cones whose outer ends were flush with the front of my nose, leaving the arms of the U shackle hanging very prominently on the outer sides. What could not be seen were the cone's internal bayonet mounts just past the nose bar slot and these would accept the fitting for locking in the air tubes. I did not hear her speak to Jessica when she explained.

"These small tubes, with the metal end connectors are called canulae and are inserted into Alexandra's nostril cones, then when the fittings are twisted a quarter turn, they lock

into their mounts and form an air tight seal, thanks to the cones being so tight in her nostrils. I'll do that in a minute. From her nostrils, they lead them back along the inner side of Alexandra's gag's face bow to behind her neck where they'll join with a T under the back leash ring. The central hose from the T goes down under her mittens and fits onto the connection on the top and back of her bra. Inside the back is a small, motorized valve that you can operate with your remote and so you can easily reduce her air supply, even to the point that she doesn't get any. Be careful about that, OK? We don't want to kill our lovely toy, but you can certainly put her to sleep that way. What with the gag and the hoses forming air tight plugs, her air supply is totally under your control."

"Wow!" Jessica replied, "this is incredible! Alexandra can't see, hear, or touch anything! She can't have sex and now she can't even breathe without my approval! And the nice thing, too, is that her silencing arrangements are fully functional and so she cannot make any noise at all without paying for her attempt. What an incredible way to own her! OK, plug in the hoses and we're done for the day."

"Yes," Juli replied with a smile in her voice. "You've got a comprehensive control and discipline system fitted to Alexandra. Oh! One last thing. The default setting for the breath control devices is that if the power fails for some reason, the valves go to a fully open position."

She followed through a moment later and although I felt the vibrations and pressures, I had no idea what was going on. My half-face veil was replaced, hiding everything, and in moments I stood beside the chair with my nose leash reconnected. My sight had been restored, but my hearing was still turned off and so I didn't know that I was to move until my nose flared with the tug on the chain and a set of Level Two pulses forced me to begin walking. Thanks to the goggles and the extreme limitation of my contact lenses, I could only see a little to the front and had to use the tension she exerted on the horrid leash for guidance. That was how I was seen, walking out of the building and to the car.

My incredible costuming and frequent visits to that particular building had attracted the notice of a lot of people and this time a small crowd had assembled to watch when I was brought out and over to the car, but their presence didn't bother Jessica at all. She just smiled at them and snapped my leash, speeding me along behind her in a scurrying prancing walk with the clinking of my hobble chain sounding loudly. Now though, I was bound in a proudly erect, breast-thrusting posture. That was my last public appearance for many months, for she had almost reached the end of adding control and discipline equipment to my ensemble, but at home that evening, she demonstrated the use of my breathing apparatus for the first time; describing what she was going to do in advance, while I sat strapped helplessly into my 'Lounge Chair' in the TV room.

"Alexandra, you've not yet had the newest additions tested and so now that you're properly restrained in your chair, it's the perfect time. I'm going to leave the valve fully open for the moment, then over the next five minutes, I'm going to slowly reduce the amount of air you are permitted to receive with each breath. Eventually, there'll be none at all coming to your lungs and you'll start to asphyxiate. I know this will make you crazy and struggle a lot, just as an automatic reaction, and Juli, Marie and I are going to enjoy watching you try to escape what I'm doing to you. I'll return your air shortly after you've stopped moving, for I have no intention of killing you, but we do want you to experience it before you are put to bed later on. I've decided to use this method every night to put you to sleep from this point forward. OK! Here we go."

My hearing and vision snapped off, leaving me once again in my own universe of total blackness and silence, then I was left to float there for what seemed like the longest time, but slowly felt myself beginning to struggle to get enough air when the valve closed more and more. It got to the point that I was receiving only the smallest amount and I began to panic; instinctual fear rising from the primitive areas of my mind and making me fight to stay alive. I strained frantically at my bonds, doing any kind of struggling I could to maintain awareness and life, but then ... the valve closed completely and nothing came through the air hoses! I could exhale, but nothing came back! It was terrifying and I screamed frantically into my gag, shivering and shuddering in my chair while the three women watched me spiral into unconsciousness. Slowly my world went grey, then black when I fainted.

I don't know how long I was out, but I came to with my hearing and only minimal sight restored.

"... that's a really efficient way to settle her down, Jessica." Marie was saying, "but perhaps the next time, add-in some disciplinary shocks or strong stimulation while she's going out, and that will make it all the more intense."

"Hey," Jessica answered, "that's a great idea! I'll use it on her when she's put to sleep tonight and maybe every night from now on as well. It'll be interesting to watch, and that was only the first time. I've turned her hearing on and so she knows of what's coming later," she said with a laugh.

I shuddered with terror at what was to come, just like a candidate for the electric chair does when she knows the execution will happen. Jessica's cruelty had grown by leaps and bounds since I had become her total possession and now I was going to be made to experience her pre-execution terrors every night! I guess I went a little crazy then. The entirety of what I was living became too much ... far too much and the mental walls that had protected the core of my being collapsed. With mindless ferocity I did everything I physically could to escape my bonds, fighting them desperately for a long time in sobbing fits and incoherent thoughts, until Jessica fried me with one long and horrific set of Level Four shocks. The next time I awakened, I was laying in my bed, enclosed in my rubber sheeting. I struggled somewhat against the implacable restraint system, but of course there was no means of being able to ease or release any of the equipment they'd locked onto me. All I could do was lay there and hope that what was going to happen would be bearable.

"You went a little more crazy than normal about an hour ago, Alexandra," she said, "so we've brought you up here for your nightly rest. Just like I said, you're going to be asphyxiated in order to put you to sleep, complete with some discipline on the way to passing out. So, my dear, have a good night!"

Sight and sound cut off again, and my horrifying journey into sleep began.

## Chapter Twenty Four

### *My New & Improved Chastity Belt*

A few weeks later, Jessica sat across from me after dinner and told me of the newest phase of my imprisonment that was soon to be enacted. Thanks to the short leash from the wall eyelet to the back of my collar and also because of my back prayer arm bondage I sat very erectly there before her penetrating and cruel gaze.

“Alexandra, it’s time to add a more talented chastity belt to your ensemble. The original Latowski belt has served well since I’ve started to keep you locked up, but now I’m moving you to the next level. I’ve been in contact with them over the past month or so and we’ve come up with a new design that will do all the things I think you need to make you even more controllable than you already are, and too, it has other benefits you’ll soon learn about.

“Your new belt arrived a couple of days ago and tonight after you’re put to sleep, I’m going to add a sleeping drug to your air mix. It will keep you unconscious during the night so that we can be properly fit you. When you wake up, you may not immediately feel anything different, but it will be a much more talented device than what you currently wear.”

I stared at her with fear, wondering what more she and the other women could possibly do to me to make my life worse than it already was. She stood up and within minutes I had been taken to my ‘lounger’ and fastened into it to await her cruel pleasures. The evening was one of intermittent torment, but at last I was taken to my cell and put onto the horrible bed for the night. I struggled and screamed silently in my mind when she prepared me to be asphyxiated into sleep, knowing that I was soon to suffer even more fully at their hands, then I endured the horrid process again, unable to escape or fight it.. Of course, I was totally unaware of anything after the drug was administered and had taken effect, but the women immediately freed me of the bed’s restraints and then released the connections of the bra to the chastity belt, my arm bondage to it and all of the other connections that had made it so intimately a part of my body and being for so long.

My newest Latowski belt looked very similar to my original purchase, except that it had a long, full bulge on the front shield and there was a set of four hose connections in the lowest point of the crotch, as well as a large multi-pin electrical connection at the back near the upper rim. Although I wasn’t immediately aware of it, now, inside the front crotch bulge there was a deep vacuum/electrical receiver tube with a long, curved, deeply-ribbed metal catheter/sound projecting up from its centre. The rear portion was fitted with a removable panel over my anus, but this had a huge diameter, corrugated and long, hollow dildo mounted on its inner surface.

Unaware of anything that was being done to me; they washed me down thoroughly, then slipped the thick neoprene rings along my penis to be tight against my abdominal wall. This, of course, resulted in my becoming almost immediately erect and it was at that point that one of them squirted in a long stream of lubricant and then held my organ in a rubber-gloved hand while her other guided the thick catheter into its rampant head. I shuddered unconsciously from the deeper and deeper invasion, then the questing head of the flexible metal hose inside me passed through the constricting neoprene rings and more deeply up into my belly. The process was a slow and careful one, but soon my



maleness was fully engulfed in the deep receiver tube and the blood-swollen, fleshy rod pressed firmly against the electrodes down the inner side of the tube, but did not reach to its end. That would happen, much to my screaming horror, later.

Next, with the aid of a speculum, they fitted me with the huge anal dildo, then added the steel cover and locked it in place. During the entire process I'd struggled only a little with instinctual rebellion at the awful things they did to my lower body, but the protests had been easily managed. With the chastity belt now fully secured around my waist and through my crotch, the remainder of my body harness was reconnected and my arms re-fastened, then I was once more placed in my bed, connected to the sanitary arrangements, and locked down for the night.

The next morning I was awakened and attended to as was usual, but within the belt, I felt something different. I didn't seem to feel the constriction of the penile tube as I had before, but the sensation of the ribbed catheter being embedded in my maleness was more noticeable than at any point until now. I didn't feel any immediate difference from the imposition of the new anal dildo, but that would also soon change.

Over the next weeks, nothing new happened and I forgot about being fitted with my new chastity belt because nothing new was done with it, but then one night it was time and they put me to bed with their usual cruel efficiency, telling me to prepare myself for some incredible experiences in the near future.

## Chapter Twenty Five

### *Descent Into Hell*

I waited and waited, then it slowly began.

At first the electrical torments of my breasts and penis were relatively mild, but they soon grew from pleasurable to unbearable and I began to black out, screaming and gasping, struggling madly while she gradually reduced my air supply. I passed into and out of momentary faints when I didn't get enough air and she kept me at that level of distress for the longest time until I was almost motionless with exhaustion. Then, she upped the levels again and turned off my air completely! For an eternal moment I screamed and thrashed maniacally in my restraints, then a veil of blackness descended over my mind when I was forcibly plunged deeply into the heart of an S&M nightmare of proportions I could never ... even in my wildest dreams ... have imagined was possible. All I could think of was how much I had been subjugated, then I blanked out.

Coming awake the following morning was a blessing at first, but then I remembered that what she'd done to me the night before, was going to happen every day from this point forward, and was overwhelmed yet again with self-pity and remorse because there was to be no escape for me from this Hell. I couldn't speak, my hearing was severely restricted, my vision was almost non-existent, and I was kept in a state of bondage that was almost unbelievable, and I was always kept on a leash! A normal prisoner in a penitentiary knows how long his or her sentence is to be and that there may be a chance of parole before the date of release, but for me, there was no such option. For all I knew this was indeed how I'd spend the rest of my life! Those thoughts were acid on my emotions and I struggled frantically again and again to find some sort of escape, but of course there wasn't any chance at all. After each of these times of attempted rebellion and striving's to escape, I subsided into deep despondency and long spells of incoherent thought.

The weeks and months that followed were indescribable. My body was constantly assaulted by over-whelming stimuli and this of course made me into a completely changed person with an unbelievable, new mental landscape. I slowly grew to accept the fact that I was nothing more than a sexual torment toy for the three women. Each of them delighted in making me scream silently and writhe dementedly against my restraints. By this point, I had long forgotten that I had arms, hands or fingers, for they remained always fastened up between my shoulder blades, with my elbows also connected and pulled in tight to my body. Then, one day they decided to employ a different night time bondage arrangement. I was to be kept vertically suspended every second night, in a situation that I'd imagined only in my darkest of fantasies. My first inkling came when Marie, a lady who loved to try new things, especially on me, took me to my room after dinner and at first, I thought that I was only to be put to bed and suffer the usual horrible asphyxiation journey to blackness. Not tonight though. She turned on my hearing and explained what was going to happen.

"Alexandra, I know you're now always terrified of what's coming next, and so here you go with a new experience! You're going to sleep in vertical suspension tonight ... and a lot more of them to come in the future." She led me to the centre of the room and grasped the end of a dangling chain, then clipped it to the back ring of my collar as well as the rear shield's D ring, and turned me to face her. "Hold still while I get the other

chains organized. It'll take only a moment, dear," she said kindly, but with a terrible menace in her actions.

Marie disappeared from my very limited arc of sight and I felt a vibration through my ankle cuffs, then one more on each side of my waist at my hips, and a few seconds later, all had been joined to the vertical chain's end link, then she reappeared before me.

"OK. Here's what's going to happen. The chain to the back of your collar and the other chains to your belt are now connected to the hoist and in a moment, I'm going to hang you fully by them in mid-air so that you're completely off the floor. Once you're up, I'll tighten the chain to your ankle hobble to the point that you won't be able to kick or pull up your legs so that, effectively, you'll be stretched vertically. With your arms bound as they are, they'll help to support your weight and it will also be distributed to the side rings and back shield ring, so there are no worries about being choked by your collar, but you will be very conscious of its presence. OK! Up we go!"

The collar chain tightened slowly and five seconds later I dangled at its end with the toes of my boots perhaps a half metre above the floor! I was deeply aware that the collar was around my neck, and too, I had sunk deeper into the confines of my chastity belt and become far more aware of its captivity. This sensation would grow and grow over the hours that followed, making me ever more crazy to be released from it. The suspension scared me mindless, for I knew I'd be kept like this all night and until this point I'd thought that the three women had frightened me as much as I could be. I was wrong! In a deep panic, I kicked my legs and feet against their too short hobbling chain, begging in my mind that she not do this to me, but of course, my pleading was completely unheard and would not have mattered anyway, even if they'd been able to hear my begging.

Marie knelt and grasped the flailing chain from the centre of my hobble, then dragged it tight, pulling my legs straight down into motionless twin columns, and locked the link to the floor ring. I was permitted to hear all of the noises of the fastenings being done, then she spoke again.

"You're going to entertain us, Alexandra!" she said, laughing with evil anticipation. "First, you'll be made to orgasm very strongly and we'll do that three or four times. You may not think you can do it, but your body can be made to spasm quite strongly with the proper application of the e-stim. The third, fourth and fifth orgasms will take longer and longer to make happen, and you won't like the process at all, but I'm sure you'll provide us with a wonderful display while they are forced from you.

"After that, you're going to endure a discipline session over and above the torment of the forced orgasms, then we'll allow you to rest for a while. You'll do it all again about six hours later, then at the end, you'll be asphyxiated as we normally do when you're put to sleep. You'll stay suspended for the entire night and just to keep you entertained while waiting for the next forced orgasm session, you'll be tortured at random times and intensities again. Have a nice time!"

The three women came to stand where I could see them and all waved merrily at me, then my sight and hearing disappeared to leave me strung up and helpless between ceiling and floor ... waiting. I writhed my body as much as possible in my restraints, but all that did was to increase the sensations of being immobilized.

I was frightened even more when I felt something clipped onto my bra, but I didn't know what had been done, then quickly forgot when small trickles of electricity tickled my captive, sensitive organs, making me struggle more. To my surprise, I began to feel a

slow, pulsing suction on my distended, captive breasts, dragging strongly on my nipples! I wanted to shrink away from the voracious, leech-like and painful vacuum, for I knew that this was but the precursor of what was to come. Oh God! I couldn't stand having my breasts and nipples so horribly tormented! My chaotic thoughts were interrupted when the same harsh suction suddenly came on my penis, drawing it fully into the internal tube of the chastity belt and forcefully threading it onto the ribbed urethral catheter. Thus my organ came into total contact with all of the internal electrodes and ensured that I'd be unable to escape those shocks either!

Echoing in the silent corridors of my mind, I begged that it not be done, but of course, no one heard my desperate and frantic pleading.

The mechanics of bringing a human male to orgasm are well known, but I had had further things done to my body that made it so much easier to accomplish, then too, there was the underlying mental state that had brought me to the situation I was now in. Over the months, Jessica, Juli and Marie had refined their employment of the vacuum and e-stim excitation processes and so knew precisely when and what to use and at what strengths to force an orgasm from my body and brain, even if I didn't want one. Those experiences and reactions were now deeply embedded in my synapses and so were virtually automated. Being kept constantly and cruelly silenced was perhaps the worst thing though, followed closely by having my vision and hearing controlled, but what truly frightened me was the manner in which I was bound. My arms and hands had, for all practical purposes, ceased to exist, and I was beginning to forget ever having them. I wore my new Latowski chastity belt 24/7, with the exception of weekly removals for a full cleaning and sterilization, but I was never aware that it had been removed, maintained and re-locked. This was accomplished by being given a knockout drug with my liquid intake that rendered me unconscious for 12 hours at a time, so I never escaped the chastity belt's entrapment. The other drug I'd been given to remove all of my hair had worked exactly as advertised and so that issue no longer arose. All of my piercings had by this point healed fully and were now used to encourage my co-operation, or just for my captor's pleasure at seeing the various types of leashes they clipped onto them being used.

The buzzing, tingling waves of electrical energy were unavoidable and soon, the suction became a rhythmical, prehistoric thing that my body could respond to in only one way. My hips pumped and jerked instinctually while I hung there, making me vibrate in jerks, back and forth against the tension of the suspending chains. There was no way to resist the insidious stimulation and I mindlessly came closer and closer to orgasm ... but then, it all stopped! I was left to hang in frustrated need for long, long minutes before it all began again ... then the same thing happened, and struggle as I could in my stretched out, vertical bondage, I was kept frustrated, with my hips still automatically thrusting in desperate demand for an orgasm. The third arousal procedure began and this time at its apex, I was pushed over the precipice into the blast furnace of a mind-exploding release; shuddering and shrieking into my cruel gagging system, adding even more to the orgasmic explosion because of the awful sensations from the internal nose chains being pulled at through my head by my convulsing tongue. These added to the white hot flow of sensations to my stunned mind, and as with all of the orgasms that were now forced from me, I fainted from the intensity, lost in an utterly silent and black tsunami that shook my Hellish universe.

I came back from oblivion a long time later, mentally drained and almost unable to remember who and where I was, but those fragments quickly came together when my memory returned in full. I gasped and struggled what little I could, praying that this was only the worst of dreams, but it wasn't. It was my reality ... then I remembered that Marie had said that after I had been pleasured four or five mind-searing times, I was to be disciplined yet again! Oh God! How much of this could I withstand before going utterly mad? It was then that the next arousal process began and an hour later I once more exploded inside the chastity belt. They made me do it three more times and after each succeeding release, I felt a deep weariness, but the night was not yet done. I was allowed to descend into sleep, even though suspended, but during the so-called rest period, more of the sizzling shocks and the awful, strong, sucking vacuum awakened me frequently. Some six hours after it had begun, they did the same, intentional torment of forced arousal and orgasm again! Within my mind, I screamed and screamed to escape the tormenting sensations and they were able only to get two orgasms from me this time, they began the true torture portion of my night.

No introductory teasing occurred and so my body's most sensitive and now fully sensitized parts were continually assaulted by the Lamprey Eel-like, huge, suckling vacuum, combined with almost unendurable electrical shocks, so that I was soon silently thrashing demonically, but of course to no avail.

## Chapter Twenty Six

### *Further Changes*

What followed were orders of magnitude beyond anything I had experienced until that point.

Given our relationship until I revealed my deepest secrets, Jessica had always been kind and loving, but once she'd taken over, my life had changed into something I'd never believed was possible, even in fictional stories. Now she had left much of my control, and the discipline of me to Marie, and she was a different story entirely. I'd wondered about her on occasion, and it was soon apparent that she was a dedicated and skilful sadist of the highest order. Now, I was her helpless, silenced victim, completely unable to tell anyone of the horrors both physical and mental that she subjected me to. Until this point, I had yet to suffer the anal rape that had been promised, but then a day later with Marie still tormenting me, it came to pass.

"Alexandra," she smiled, ensuring I could see her, "tonight's the time for you to enjoy being mechanically raped. When it happens, you'll have some small appreciation of what a woman feels. One of my former boyfriends raped me many years ago and I've never forgotten the feelings of shame, helplessness and horror of it. Now, it's your turn, seeing as how he's not here.

"First, however, I'm going to get you properly cleaned up and prepared, then you'll be fastened to your bed and the machine will be adjusted. After that, it'll begin its chore. OK, let's get moving. I'm going to thoroughly enjoy watching you suffer, little slave."

Less than 30 minutes later I was fastened into my bed as I had been the first time I'd occupied, it, with the exception that my arms remained fastened in the back prayer. My fear mushroomed when she'd completed my bondage, but exploded when she released the rear cover plate of the belt, then removed my in-dwelling butt plug and slowly positioned the end of the dildo against my quivering body. A dollop of slippery lubricant was spread around it and the thing that would soon uncaringly penetrate me was moved more closely into position so that its bulletted head just touched my anal ring. I tried frantically to shrink my body away from its touch, but Marie kept adjusting it while I desperately begged inside my mind for her not to do it to me. I was unaware that the dildo was self-lubricating and so would continue to slide in and out of me for hour upon hour without abrading the delicate flesh, but I would feel it with mounting horror and scream dementedly from every thrust of the blunt-headed shaft.

Under the rear shield I clenched my buttocks together in a fruitless attempt to deny entrance to the reinforced, slightly flexible rubber phallus, but this only resulted in me becoming more deeply conscious of the chastity belt's confinement. A moment after I'd been prepared, arousing pulses began to flow through my penis, breasts and nipples, preparing my mind for the assault and making me writhe frantically within the pervasive and secure restraints, uselessly attempting to twist myself away from the coming assault. The stimulation continued for the longest time, making me more and more aroused until I became almost mindless with frustrated desire ... to the point that I had forgotten about the poised anal dildo awaiting the signal to begin its awful work.

I was abruptly reminded of its presence when it began to slowly be forced into my body, then more and more deeply up into my bowels! Despite the slick gel coating it and spread thickly between my buttocks, I felt as though I was being ripped apart by the

monstrous shaft! Again and again I clenched my body, attempting to prohibit deeper penetration, but all that did was to intensify the sensations and wild screams of denial echoed in my mind. At last it stopped sinking into me, buried far up inside, but it stayed there and began to emit strong vibrations! I became a writhing mass of hysterical protoplasm while they went on and on, then the shaft slowly withdrew and came almost completely out of my body. All the while, my breasts and maleness continued to be curdled by the increasingly powerful e-stim and I shuddered and gasped with relief, but only for a moment before the awful shaft began to be forced back up into my anal passage, still vibrating strongly. Again I writhed and shrieked from the horrible skewering sensation while it sank deeper and deeper, then remained in place for the longest time. When it withdrew the next time, it was only a partial extraction, then it began to savage my defenseless body with short, hard strokes, so that I felt each thrust and partial withdrawal with mind-searing sensations. Perhaps if I'd been gay, the process might have been enjoyable, but given my orientation, it was far from it.

Another full withdrawal came and at the same time the stimulation to my genitals and partially strangled, large, sensitive breasts and nipples became very strong, so that inside its rubber prison my penis hardened into a demanding erection! At that point, the dildo slid slowly and inexorably into and through my quivering anal sphincter once more and I howled demonically, feeling the raping and combined sexual arousal in the strongest terms possible. Somewhere during the next time I lost my mind and fainted, but that was not an escape, for the process was stopped until I regained awareness, then, it began all over again!

The dildo was a multi-talented device as I was forced to discover that very soon; not only was it capable of vibration, but was also endowed with disciplinary electrodes. One was a wide ring around the base that would contact my sphincter when the dildo was fully inserted, while others were embedded along the shaft and I would soon discover how potent they were.

That was how I spent the night ... being mechanically raped, but it was not the only occasion and has been done to me innumerable times since. Every second night and sometimes for the entire day I was kept in the vertical suspension and tormented horribly. My days remained very much the same with the constant exercising in the back yard, and when the next Winter came, the girls arranged for me to be exercised on a treadmill they'd installed in my cell. This though was no ordinary device, for it had a gantry-like frame over where I was placed on the belt, as well as stout metal posts at each end from which heavy, hook-ended straps hung, waiting. Jessica permitted me to inspect it as best I could through the vision restriction system, then explained what was going to happen.

"Alexandra, this is your newest piece of furniture ... a treadmill. Seeing as how the weather is becoming more and more miserable, you won't be doing any out door exercise, but I don't want you to grow soft over the Winter, so we've got this piece of equipment to ensure that you continue to exercise each day. You'll be placed on the machine for the better part of each one until Spring arrives.

"I've also made additional arrangements so that this room becomes much more of an isolation cell than it has been up to now, dear. These involve an automatic feeding and watering system that you'll wear all the time, as well as sanitary arrangements, so you'll not need to be removed from here except for your showers every week. Now, another thing ... I've permitted you to wear those low-heeled boots since you were first placed in

your slavery, but those days are over for a couple of reasons. The first is that your present boots are wearing out and the second is that I want you to begin wearing thigh-high, laced-up, ballet-toed boots and you'll wear them full time, 24/7, beginning next week.

"The boots are being made now and are designed to accommodate all of your leg restraint cuffs. They're rubber-lined and have heavily reinforced ankles and knees to prevent any sort of instability, and as well, the toe caps are reinforced to prevent collapse. Without a doubt they are going to take some getting used to by you, and they will not be without their trials while your muscles and tendons stretch out to their new configurations.

"OK," she continued with a happy smile, tugging firmly on my nasal tether, "come over to the tread mill to get hooked up."

Thanks to her grip on my nose leash and my knowledge of what would happen if I fought its demand, I had no choice but to follow her silently to the scary-looking piece of machinery and a moment later stepped onto the movable belt and stood quietly while she began connecting me to the framework. I was first restrained by my ankle chain. From the base of each stout end post, a chain led to my hobble's central link; these acting to keep me longitudinally centred on the wide belt, unable to get off. Next, she took another set of four from the overhead frame and connected the central one to the back of my collar, one to each side of my chastity belt's waist band and the last to the back shield's D-ring. With my restraints arranged in this way, she then connected the e-stim cables to my bra and chastity belt and plugged in a feeding and watering hose to the front of my face bow. The urine collection system was also hooked-up, then she took my nose leash and led it forward to the front post and locked it there at face level, leaving only a shallow loop. Its weight was not truly painful anymore, but I could not escape its swinging annoyance. She stood in front of me and spoke once more.

"That's got you pretty much set up for your exercising, my dear. I know you'll have fun just trying to keep up with your programme. Tonight you're going to be experience the hollow butt plug so that your solid waste can also be easily evacuated ... and you can be given enemas as well. As I mentioned when it was first fitted, you'll wear it 24/7 also, unless you're going to be raped by the machine. You'll find that the butt plug's use as an enema device will, without a doubt, be a rather unpleasant experience any time it's used that way.

"I quite like that it's so thick, long and intrusive. You seemed to think that a woman who was fitted with what you call an Inhibitor Bar could learn to live with that sort of intrusion into her body. Now, you're going to be forced to wear a similar arrangement. Although not quite the same thing as the female application, you'll soon discover how terrible something like that can be. However, that isn't my concern ... you'll just have to get used to it being used to give you enemas and to the constant discomfort of it being inside you, moving all the time you walk.

"OK! You're ready, other than for me telling you how this machine is going to work. Basically, you just have to walk on the belt when it moves. You cannot step off, thanks to your hobble chain connections, and neither can you fall down to avoid walking. If you do fall or decide to let yourself collapse into the suspension/safety chains, you'll automatically receive immediate, harsh electrical discipline. Drinking water is available at any time it's needed and all you have to do is to suck on your gag pad. If you need to urinate, that too is taken care of.



“Now, on to the operating protocols you’ll be living under ... the treadmill will make you walk, jog or run for varying lengths of time, as best you can, given your hobbling arrangements. If for whatever reason you stop walking or moving when you are supposed to be, you will be automatically disciplined by the computer connected to the treadmill. At first the shocks will be relatively mild warning ones, but if you persist in not moving as you’re supposed to, you will receive increasingly painful shocks until you begin moving again.

“Your suspension and safety chains are arranged so that they are slightly behind where you’re positioned by the hobble chain connections, and what this means is that if you decide to try to suspend yourself to avoid having to move as the treadmill’s programming says you should, or if you lose your footing and fall, you’ll swing backward. When that happens your nose leash will immediately snap tight and you will, without a doubt, be very sorry from the pain of it doing so, and it will continue to remain tight until you regain your proper positioning. I know that you’ve now become more or less accustomed to your nose leash being used to control you, but you’ll find that the tension you yourself will apply when you are stopped from swinging by it, will be pretty awful, so be careful not to fall, OK?

“The governing program for the treadmill will give you rest periods as required and those will be determined by the amount of stress you’re under, as reported by the chips implanted inside your breasts. Soon, I’m going to require you to wear a full, helmeted gas mask and that will, of course, have your nose shackle integrated and connected to its chain.

“That isn’t all though, my dear! While you are exercising, you will be kept blinded and deafened so that you will be completely alone and isolated from the world and even your room. I want you to have to concentrate on your bondage and helplessness at all times. As well, your air supply will be monitored carefully and increased as required ... or perhaps removed until you faint. Just so that you don’t get too bored, you’ll also be constantly subjected to pleasurable stimulation sensations inside your chastity belt and to your breasts.

“This is going to be your world for the duration of the Winter,” she repeated. “So! That’s it. I’m off for some shopping with Marie and Juli and will leave you to your exercising. We’ll be out of the house for most of the day and evening, taking in a movie and having a few drinks after it. Have fun!”

I couldn’t believe it. This was the cruelest thing that she had yet imposed and I couldn’t escape!

## Chapter Twenty Seven

### *Exercised & New Equipment*

All sound disappeared at the same time I was plunged into a Stygian blackness, then the pleasuring pulses began to assault my captive maleness inside the chastity belt. As well, my nipples hardened around their piercings, curdling with the buzzing shocks passing through the rest of my tender, sensitive, fleshy mounds and I writhed instinctually, moaning into my gag while standing there, but then the belt began to move backwards under my feet. I was too slow to react and instantly, my nasal tether snapped tight, pulling painfully and at the same time, uncomfortably tightening the chains through my sinuses, while pulling on my tongue and making me experience the surging of the cover plate deeper into my throat! In combination, all the sensations made me scream mentally, retching violently. I had no choice other than to begin moving at the speed demanded, or suffer terribly.

It was mind numbingly boring. I could see and hear nothing whatsoever and so had to concentrate on walking while the disturbing, unavoidable pleasuring pulses continually assaulted my body and mind. It wasn't at all difficult at first, but I writhed and twisted continually, especially when the strength of the electrical shocks increased for short times. Each pace made the hobble snap tight between my ankle cuffs, keeping me constantly aware of their restriction, while above, my thighs fought to escape their tight, limiting bands. The silence was total and I could not even hear the rattling and clattering of my chains being snapped tight.

Sometime later the speed of the belt began to slowly increase and I had to walk faster, thanks to the warning tension on my nose leash. The exercising began to get more difficult and I strutted along in cruelly short paces, swinging my body from side to side and soon having to prance along on my toes in a desperate attempt to maintain my speed. Then it increased again so that I was soon doing my best to run, despite the short ankle chain, and it was inevitable that I soon lost my balance and fell to the lengths of the overhead safety chains! When I did, just as she had told me, I swung back until the nose leash snapped to a thrumming tightness and I instantly screamed from the awful pain it inflicted, but that too was augmented by a set of disciplinary shocks to my crotch appliances and breasts! I flailed frantically, dangling on the chains while the shocks grew stronger and stronger, desperately trying to get my feet under me on the now-stopped belt. Howling and weeping in misery and agonized despair, I gradually regained my feet then waited for the belt to begin moving again, but the shocks continued, making me dance in frenzied little paces. At last, it started sliding back under my feet again and the horrid disciplining pulses faded when I resumed my endless, pointless walking, all the while kept constantly aroused by the electrical stimulation. I grew increasingly frantic to escape it, especially when its strength increased, but that was utterly impossible. The remainder of the day was spent like that, as were many that followed, leaving me in constant terror of falling and the punishment that I would be made to undergo. Of course, I did fall again and again, as they knew I would, and thus suffered the terrible, merciless, self-inflicted, automated tortures.

That night, after I'd been fed by the machinery, Jessica and the others came to the cell and fitted me with the newest, huge rectal plug ... a horrific process. None of them said a thing while I was bound to the bed with my legs raised, thighs spread widely apart

and knees bent, as though about to give birth, then the rear cover plate of my chastity belt was removed. A few seconds later a slick lubricant was smeared around my rear passage, then one of them slipped a collapsed speculum into my sphincter. It was slowly expanded until I screamed into my gag from the painful dilation and more of the slick gel was injected deeply into me, then the extended butt plug was introduced and slowly forced far up inside my bowel. It was vastly uncomfortable, but they could not hear my howls and screams while the plug was inserted, then when the speculum was removed, my sphincter shrank to grip its wide neck and I was horrified by the thickness! The plug was immediately locked to the back shield and the evacuation and enema hoses were connected.

With the fitting complete, my leg bondage was locked, leaving me in the wide spread, vulnerable position, then they double checked the remainder of my fastenings to ensure I was fully secured. All I could do was stare up at the dimly revealed ceiling above. Jessica spoke.

"I trust that you enjoyed your first day of exercise, Alexandra, but if not, no matter. Now that you've been secured for the night, it's time for you to enter your private little universe once more. In a little while, you'll be given a colonic irrigation and enema, then pleased for a while before being asphyxiated as normally when you're put to sleep. The enemas and irrigation are a nightly occurrence from now on, as well, and especially needed in advance when you're going to be raped by the machine.

"Very well, it's time for you to sleep. See you tomorrow morning!"

Once again, all sound and vision immediately disappeared and I writhed as much as I could, fastened on my back, feeling horribly alone and vulnerable. Nothing happened for the longest time and all I could do was lay there and think terrified thoughts about how cruelly I was being treated and they would continue to do it to me! The first hint of what was to come was the sensation of a slowly increasing flow of fluid into my bowels, making me wriggle and shudder from the unfamiliar sensation. Within my belly, I could feel the volume of liquid begin to slosh further up into my lower abdomen, making the already tight enclosure of my chastity belt even more noticeable. At first the filling wasn't painful, but as more and more of the soapy solution entered my intestines, I began to feel a deep ache, even though nothing further was forced in. I was made to hold what had been put in and soon began to feel as though I was going to explode if I couldn't get rid of it, but it was kept inside and I began to howl and beg to have it released. At last I was allowed to expel the stuff and my belly quickly deflated as I sighed with relief, then, it was done twice more!

The horrific process of being put to sleep by asphyxiation came as she had promised it would, and the terror and stress of it being done never changed, even though I suffered through it every night. My night was restful, only because Jessica had introduced a mild sleeping agent into my air supply, and so the next morning came as usual. The schedule for my day was the same again: my machine-enforced morning ablutions and cleaning, then I was placed in my chair for a bound feeding by the pump. My only human contact was with Jessica, for my showers came only once a week, but once I was in the chair, I was abandoned for an hour for feeding, then she returned, released me and pulled me to the treadmill. Once more I was fully secured, then plunged into the black, soundless void. I waited in misery for things to happen, and soon the pleasuring sensations became stronger and stronger, then the belt began to move and I had to walk, jog and attempt to

run. The rest of my day was a repeat of the previous one's work and horrors of automatic disciplining, kept totally alone in silence and darkness, seldom permitted to see a human face, and so it continued for the next week.

My new ballet-toed boots had been completed and delivered to the house, then seven days after I'd been introduced to exercising on the treadmill, it was time to be fitted with them. My day began in the usual way, awakening to find myself enclosed in the blackness and silence, then Jessica arrived some time later with Juli and Marie, with Juli carrying a long narrow box under her arm.

"Good morning, Alexandra," they greeted me. "Today's the day you're getting your lovely new boots! We know without a doubt that you're going to find them difficult to get used to, but that's all part of the plan. Now, we'll get your restraints organised before you're fitted, then you'll soon be wearing them."

I remained locked down, but they quickly released my leg restraints from the bed's positioning arms. It felt strange to not feel their constant restriction, but that strangeness was forgotten a few seconds later when one of them slipped my right foot into the rigid shoe section of its boot, socketing it into the pre-formed portion so that my toes would be suspended within it when I stood. It was a tight fit, and so that part of the boot had to be wriggled and shifted until my heel was fully seated inside, then the laces were pulled tight, up to my mid-calf, and this resulted in the rigid boning being clamped around my ankle and its cuff, while at the same time forcing my foot down into an en Pointe posture. I was made immediately uncomfortable, but the women were relentless and had soon threaded the laces through the remainder of their holes all the way to the tops of my thighs. When they tightened them the rest of the way, my knees too were made rigid and I felt their very firm compression all the way up to the top of my thigh. The restraint rings for my ankle cuffs and thigh cuffs stuck out through reinforced eyelets, allowing the easy re-attachment of my hobble, gartering chains and thigh links.

Fifteen minutes later my left leg was similarly encased and controlled, then they re-fastened the hobble chain and connected the thigh cuffs to each other with rigid links. Not a word had been spoken to me while the boots were fitted and tightened and so I lay staring at the ceiling until it was all done, having to accept the fact that I was going to be kept in them all the time. My bed restraints were quickly released and I was helped to sit on its edge, then Jessica came to stand where I could see her.

"OK, Alexandra." She smiled saying, "We're getting closer to a full restraint outfit and it's now time for you to get used to walking in your new footwear. I've already told you that you'll wear the boots 24/7, so there'll be lots of time and opportunity to get used to them, starting right now."

## Chapter Twenty Eight

### *New Boots & Acceptance*

She grasped my nose leash and applied a mild tension, for that was all that was needed to make me instantly obedient to any of her desires, thus forcing me to slide myself off the edge of the mattress and attempt to stand in front of her. However, when I attempted to gain my feet, I staggered wildly, limited severely by the too short hobble chain, the tightly-clamped and close-linked thigh bands, and the minuscule toe caps and extended heels of the boots themselves. With my arms bound in the back prayer, I felt and was her totally helpless, leashed possession and the worst of it was that I was utterly unable to protest against any of my miseries. Juli and Marie quickly stepped forward and held me on either side, keeping me erect until I managed to find a tentative balance, still wavering erratically. Already my calf muscles had begun to cramp and hurt abominably, thanks to the new stretching and alignments required by the structure of the boots. If I'd been able to, I'd have begged to have them taken off, but I was so totally silenced.

The two women stayed by my sides, then began to move forward together, forcing me to walk between them in small, chain-snubbed steps. I dared not writhe or try to twist my body, and experimented with different erect postures while I was forcibly walked back and forth for the next 15 minutes. Jessica watched me gradually gain a small measure of confidence, then spoke again when I was stopped in front of her.

"Fun, aren't they, Alexandra?" She smiled happily.

'No!' I wanted to scream at her ... *'They are not 'fun'!*

"Well, my dear, enjoy your boots or not, they are now a permanent part of your ensemble and you'll have to learn to live and walk in them. To help you get used to them, you're going back on your treadmill for some extended practice, beginning immediately.

"Just so that you don't hurt yourself, all of the overhead restraint and safety chains on the machine will be tightened slightly and so there are no worries there. However! Your pleasuring and automatic disciplining will continue as before and if you attempt to stop exercising, you'll regret it, as you know. OK, girls, let's get Alexandra onto the machine, then she can begin practising. After that, let's go into town for some shopping and a nice meal, OK?"

"Sounds good to me!" they chorused and escorted me to the treadmill.

Two minutes later I had been fastened in place and all the connections made to my equipment. All light and sound winked out and I was alone again, waiting to begin my daily horror, now ten times more awful because I wore the ballet-toed boots. I stood swaying slightly back and forth, held in place by the side and fore and aft chains and the lengths from overhead; shifting my rigid legs as much as I could against their joining chains. My ankles were separated by only a pitiful 25 cm of light musical chain and so allowed me to take only snubbed paces on the tiny toe caps and heels. The demanding belt started to slide back under them and I hesitated for a half second, trying to figure out how to begin walking, but was instantly reminded of my subjugation when the nose leash snapped cruelly tight. I screamed as always from the sudden pain, but only deep in my mind, and swung one hip and leg forward as much as possible until stopped by the side and overhead-connected chains and my hobble. The first pace was a small one and the belt speed was mercifully low ... for the moment ... so I began my slow, oscillating, exaggeratedly hip-swinging walk to nowhere.

The rest of the day was one of growing misery and discomfort. My leg muscles were in a continual state of cramp while they slowly adjusted to their new configurations. I hated how my legs were so restricted. I wanted to bend my knees and feel the muscles stretch and relax, but the boots prohibited even that small freedom with great authority, keeping them always stiff, like thick posts. I walked and walked endlessly, with the occasional break to rest and recover, then walked again and was eventually forced to jog in prancing, limited little steps until I was exhausted and panting from the effort I'd expended. Occasionally, I could do no more, then the automated cascade of disciplinary shocks assaulted me without mercy, making me scream and writhe in frenetic efforts to escape them, but of course, I could not. Inside my goggles, my staring eyes filled again and again with tears of distress, but the silence and isolation were total and no one saw my terrified, staring misery. The tormenting sensations and exhaustion I suffered, occupied my mind fully and I was not even aware of the automatic feeding and watering that was done, to say nothing of the drain of urine and fecal matter from my body. It just happened.

At last, Jessica came and freed me from the horrid machine, then led me to my bed and forced me to lie upon it to be fastened for the night. Once that had been completed, again with my legs raised and spread in vulnerability, but now unable to be bent at the knee, I was first subjected to a triple enema, then machine-fed my meal. She granted a reward for my first day of wearing the new boots by requiring that I undergo a long session of stimulation to orgasm, then a second and third that left me a quivering wreck, but horribly and cruelly, during the ultimate climax of the third one, my air supply was cut off in the midst of the orgasm and I was asphyxiated to unconsciousness, spiraling into a deep blackness, screaming for release all the way into oblivion. And so, that is how my first of many days to come began and ended.

Days of this torment turned to weeks, then months, until with the constant walking in the ballet boots, I could eventually strut along quite gracefully in them, despite the too short hobble chain. Over the course of the Winter months, I was not permitted out of the house and only rarely was I allowed out of my upstairs cell, so it was inevitable that I slowly became fully accustomed to my captivity and status as a sexual torture toy for the three women who governed all aspects of my life. For a long time, I'd hoped to be freed of the chastity belt and all the things that so limited me, but that was not to be and I finally came to accept that I had been forever changed into a curious half man/half woman and could never return to the outer world as the person I had once been.

My days of boredom were interrupted by frequently imposed hours of sheer terror and pain when they tormented me, but weirdly, my mind, feelings and emotions reached the point that I began to crave those times of terror, just as Jessica had intended they would.

At last the Spring arrived and my life changed yet again. The first indication came one day when rather than leaving me to do my forced, solitary exercise, she again dressed me in a long skirt, the specially-designed top, then escorted me slowly and carefully down the stairs to the main floor of the house and took me to the front door. I was permitted my full, but still severely limited range of vision and hearing and allowed to breathe freely, rather than the restricted air supply she normally imposed, and so looked around at the normal things of the house that I had not seen for months. All I had become

accustomed to were the blackness of my room's decor and not being able to see anything at all.

As was usual when I was not secured to a piece of furniture, she connected my nose leash to a wall ring then dressed me in the deeply cowl'd cape and half face veil, then a moment later, I was taken out onto the front porch and stood waiting while she locked the door. Again, she helped me down the steps and walked me to the car where its back door was already opened. I could not bend my knees very much and so she turned my back to the seat, then made me sit slowly and swing my rigid legs inside. I had to sit erect in the seat, thanks to my back prayer fastened arms and shoulder brace system, then she fastened the seat belt and closed the door. She and Juli seated themselves up front and a moment later we were off. I didn't know what to expect, for she'd told me nothing of the day to come, but when we stopped on the main street downtown, I got very nervous. Although I'd slowly grown accustomed to having my prominent breasts emphasized by the back prayer bondage, wearing skirts and my boots, I was still very frightened and embarrassed to being seen dressed as I was. Thankfully, my restraints were completely concealed by the long cape and skirt, but the noises of my concealed hobble chain snapping tight with each pace could not be hidden.

I was assisted from the car, then stood waiting obediently beside it while Jessica casually removed my nasal tether while I stood there, then she spoke to me.

"Alexandra, we're going to do some window shopping and you will accompany us. Just so that you remember, you're on your electronic leash now. The usual command protocols and signals are in effect, but here's a quick refresher for you, in case you've forgotten them over the Winter."

She went through all of the signals and their commands, making me shiver, writhe and dance in desperate need to escape their pulsing intensity, much to the amusement of passer's by who didn't understand what was going on. We moved off down the sidewalk to visit all of the stores that attracted their interest. I was permitted as much vision as possible, given the way it was restricted, but the only sounds I was permitted to hear with clarity were her and Juli's voices. All other sounds were reduced to meaningless noise and so I was still totally controlled by her ... something I had long before come to accept as a normal way of life.

It was a cool but bright and sunny day, so to be seen wearing the long cape was not completely unusual and walking along between them was easy for me to do, now with some grace to my movements. I was oblivious to the stares and whispered comments of people who watched us, controlled the way I was, and so to all intents and purposes we were just three women out for an expedition of window shopping: two normally dressed and one in an unusual costume. I suppose the people we passed heard the clashing of my chain hobble, but it was somewhat muffled by the heavy skirt and cape and its swirling, snapping links were never visible under the concealment of the almost ground brushing hems. Occasionally we'd enter a store, then Jessica and Juli would check out the merchandise while I stood silently waiting for them to finish and move on. Of course, I felt totally conspicuous, but could do nothing to escape my predicament and so had to wait for the next signal. We were out of the house for the full afternoon and despite the many months of enforced exercise I began to tire and waver more and more while I walked along the street. Juli was the first to notice my growing weariness.

“Jessica? I think Alexandra has about had it. I guess we should go back to the car and return to the house.”

Jessica checked her cell phone for the readouts from my remote control and monitoring sensors.

“Yes, I suppose she’s done for the day,” she agreed, then spoke directly to me. “OK, Alexandra, we’ll soon return to the house, but you’ll have to wait here while we go get the car. Come over to this sign post, dear, and stand close to it.”

What was she going to do? I had no idea, but there was no choice allowed and so I followed her to the stout steel post set into the concrete of the side walk. She bent down, taking a light, metre long chain and two locks from her large purse, then wrapped it three times around the base of the post and clicked one of the locks closed through the links. I stood quietly while she knelt then lifted my cape and skirt a little and connected the free, end link of the chain to the centre one of my hobble. The ground brushing hems were quickly dropped to conceal the connections and she stood in front of me.

“OK, dear. You’ve been leashed to the post by your hobble and if you stand close, no one will see the chain because your cape and skirt will hide it nicely. You’ve been permitted only a short length, so don’t walk out or it will tighten and trip you into a nasty fall and you’ll hurt yourself. Juli and I will be back in about 15 minutes with the car, then we’ll go home and put you back in your lovely room. I’ll leave your hearing and vision on while we’re gone, so you can watch the world go by, OK? We’ll be back soon so don’t run away!” she laughed, then they turned and walked arm in arm up the street, leaving me chained to the post!

Actually, Juli and Jessica parted when they turned the corner and Juli doubled back out of my sight to keep me under observation while the car was brought back, but as far as I was concerned, I had been abandoned and was terrified to find myself alone, leashed and chained in public. I could barely see and all sound was turned into garbage, so if someone approached and tried to talk to me, I’d be completely unable to communicate. I shuffled a little way from the post and felt the warning tug of the chain pulling on my hobble and ankle cuffs, then retreated to stand beside it, waiting in shivering fear for Jessica to come and fetch me.



## Chapter Twenty Nine

### *My Life Continues*

What seemed like centuries later, she arrived and they both soon had me seated in the back seat. I was extremely happy to be back in the safety of her control and bondage, even though it had become a horrific, all-encompassing situation over which I had no control. Logically, I should have made every attempt possible to escape, but I was allowed no chance of anything even approaching freedom and too, by now, my mental state had altered into one of total submission. It was virtually impossible for me to conceive of living any other way.

We returned to the house an hour later, where I once again was taken to the back porch and connected to my running leashes, then permitted to stand quietly and calm down after my traumatic public abandonment. While standing there, I looked out onto the back lawn and saw that some modifications had been made. Now, there was a long, wide, paving stone path from the porch steps out to the gardens along the back fence. It was obvious that it had been laid so that I could continue my exercising, but now in the restricting thigh high ballet boots. I wasn't looking forward to it, but there was no way to avoid having to do it: Jessica had total control of my body and mind and could easily make me do as she wished. I was left to contemplate my fate for the remainder of the afternoon, then brought inside and returned to my bedroom/cell. Jessica and Juli fastened me to the bed with my legs raised in rigid and widely separated columns.

"It's time for you to be raped again, Alexandra, and that will happen sometime later this evening, after you've been fed," she informed me while Juli released the butt plug lock and panel, then slowly extracted the huge plug. "I've gone easy on you over the last weeks, but it's time you experienced it again. To add to your sensations, I'm going to make sure your breasts, nipples and penis get the full treatment as well. You'll be blinded and deafened as usual, then after a couple of those sessions, you'll be put to sleep in the normal way. Tomorrow, you're going back on your regular Summer schedule of outside exercising. Enjoy your night, dear!"

My sight blacked out and utter silence enveloped me. Sometime later I felt warmth at the back of my throat and began swallowing my food; reminded with every swallow of the horrid chains that were locked into my head by their uncomfortable tugs on my nose and tongue. At last it stopped and I waited for the torment to begin. Juli had already prepared the anal dildo, ensuring that it pressed firmly against my sphincter, keeping me intimately aware that I'd soon be subjected to its ravages.

What I didn't know was that Marie, the cruelest of the three women, had exchanged the relatively smooth anal dildo for one with distinct, corrugated ribs down its length and those would make me horribly aware of every penetration.

My first sensation was to feel my nipples and breasts begin to curdle from the teasing sensations of electrical pulses penetrating them in pleasurable waves of inescapable sensation and if I'd been able to, I would have moaned and twisted to enhance the feelings, but those were most thoroughly denied. Within my tightly clamped chastity belt, more pleasurable buzzing pulses transfixed my captive maleness and I tried hard to enhance those sensations as well, feeling the large diameter, catheter tube within it very intensely. In combination with what was being done to my breasts, it was a sensory banquet, but then I felt the anal dildo begin to vibrate and press deeper into my body! I

didn't want that! Oh God! I didn't! I didn't! My clenched sphincter was no match for the force behind the dildo though and a moment later it entered me, slowly thrusting and vibrating far up into my bowel, and I was horrified to feel the first, then second, third, fourth and all the rest of the corrugations being forced past the muscular ring! Unmindful of the pain I automatically inflicted on my nose, tongue and sinuses, I screamed as best I could, feeling those tugs and pulls add to the already boiling cauldron of sensations. It was awful and painful while at the same time, the pleasure pulses to my breasts and penis escalated in strength, but then the anal probe withdrew and once more I felt the awful corrugations while it was extracted. A second later, it assaulted me again and I tried to kick my rigid legs against their restraints while attempting to twist my body in the grip of the metal that connected it to the bed frame, but as always there was no escape!

It was then that the until now dormant shock capabilities of the anal dildo became active. I felt it sink to its hilt, and a full electrical circuit was created that sent waves of shuddering, buzzing pulses through my buttocks and sphincter! The probe remained inserted and the strength of the shocks rose higher and higher, making my body bounce frantically against the implacable restraints and I continued attempting to scream, now in near hysteria from the unbelievable flood of sensations. Then, the other electrical devices clamped to my breasts and inside the chastity belt became more active also, reducing me to a mindless, frenzied marionette.

At last the still violently vibrating dildo slowly withdrew and the awful shocks stopped until it was slowly and cruelly re-inserted and again I became a maddened thing. The rape continued without let-up for the self lubricating dildo now began a regular insertion and withdrawal, vibrating fiercely, then the strength of the shocks to my nipples and penis grew more and more, becoming no longer pleasurable, but more and more punitive! Again and again I howled out my denial of what was being done, but the gagging arrangements and tightly-strapped gas mask were superbly effective and nothing could be heard in the room. This was the full realization of all of my darkest fantasies and I didn't want them anymore! Jessica, though, had been her usual, thorough self and I was being treated precisely as I'd asked for those many, many months before. There was now no escape from any part of my imprisonment and slavery I found myself enmeshed in. Surely they could not keep me like this forever???

The over-stimulation eventually came to an end and I was allowed to rest for an hour, but then it started again, leaving me as a panting, howling and weeping wreck. I had not been permitted to achieve an orgasm, but at the climax of the third rape, I was forced over the edge into a screaming madness of an uncontrollable sensory explosion and my mind dissolved into nothingness. When I reawakened, the pleasuring pulses began again and grew stronger and stronger until my body bucked and struggled instinctually ... then my air was cut off! It was a horrid, but very effective way to end the day and I howled and screamed mentally, fighting to get the smallest breath, then fainted into a blackness that I was not permitted to recover from until the next morning.

An hour after I came back to awareness, I'd been fed, had my enema fitting re-installed, and been dressed. Juli and Marie were looking after me today and soon had me downstairs and out on the porch, connected to my running leashes.

"Here we go again, Alexandra." Juli smiled from in front of me. "You'll soon go out and begin your exercise, and of course, there'll be no slacking off permitted. Enjoy your morning! I'll bring you inside for your feeding at mid-day."

They abandoned me once more, closing and locking the kitchen door, leaving me to stand there in silence. I could see, but that was all. Some moments later I was electrically signaled to begin my walking on the leashes and that was how I spent the rest of the day.

## Chapter Thirty

### *The Newest Process Begins*

The three women quite obviously sparked each other's imaginations, especially when it came to ways in which I was to be tormented, and so the next stage of my subjugation and a deeper move into an animal-like status came a month later. They decided that now, as both a male and a female, I was to be treated like a cow with my breasts subjected to a milking machine's harsh demands, but I was also to be treated like a bull connected to a sperm drawing machine! Of course I was unaware of the plan and they prepared all of the equipment and the programs that were to so torment me in the months that followed.

The first inkling I had of what was planned came one day when I was not taken outside and Marie spoke while I still hung in my vertical sleeping position, but now fully conscious after the night's enforced sleep.

"Good morning, Alexandra!" she said happily, leaving me still enclosed utterly in blackness and able only to hear her. A slowly building set of pulses began quivering my nipples and penis while she continued speaking. "We've been adding hormones to your food supply for the last two months and you've probably noticed the increased sensitivity of your breasts. What has happened is that they are being stimulated by the hormones to begin lactating and that time has now arrived.

"In addition, we've also added a testosterone derivative, related to Viagra, to enhance your semen production and so you're now ready for the next part of your transformation. We've decided that you need a new and different arrangement to complete your life as our pet and torment toy and too, that you need some serious milking at both ends, to prevent any medical issues."

'*Oh my God.*' I thought, wondering what sort of torment they had planned for me. She partially answered my unasked question a moment later.

"I'll feed you breakfast, then you'll do a regular day's exercise out on your leashes. After dinner this evening we'll all get you ready for your first session. I'm sure you'll find it to be entertaining."

She'd deliberately told me only a little of what was going to happen so that I'd worry about it all day and be nearly crazy by the time the new process was to begin. The day passed as it usually did and far too soon, I was once more taken to my room, but this time kept blinded while I was brought inside it. Something was different. A second later I felt myself fastened to a wide, padded bar, then was bent forward at the waist. A chain was clipped to my gag panel and nasal leash attachments then tightened so that I could not stand upright. My arms and hands remained fastened securely behind my back, up between my shoulder blades, but other chains helped to support my upper body, being fastened to the side rings on the bra chest band. It was then that I felt my hobble chain released and two of the women looking after me pulled my rigidly-booted legs very wide out to each side and fastened them to some sort of frame. I didn't know what to think while they prepared me this way, but then the next surprise came when I suddenly felt the caging straps of the breast harness released to let my breasts hang freely from my chest. It felt wonderful to have them moving freely, however, I was not permitted much time to enjoy it. A pair of cold surfaced cups suddenly engulfed each large, firm, fleshy mound, then clamped firmly all over, when they were fastened to the bra's frame. I felt vibrations

at the tips of the cups when my nipple shackles were clipped into tensioning fittings, then they too were sealed away. These preparations were completed when the vacuum and milking hoses and e-stim wires were attached. Of course, I couldn't see these, but knew that something awful was soon going to be done to me.

The next and huge surprise came when I felt the always oppressive front and rear shields of my chastity belt unblocked and swung away from my body! Even so, the wide waist band remained clamped tightly around my middle, but it felt truly wonderful to feel the freedom of my genitals. It had been a long, long time since I'd actually felt this, although they had been regularly exposed and cleaned, but only when I was fully unconscious. Now, I was aware of the freedom, but as with my breasts, it was only a momentary taste. I hung free for only the briefest time, then slowly a warmly pulsing tube was slid onto my penis, suckling and squeezing it gently while being brought tight to my abdomen wall.

Having not been permitted any sort of sexual release for the past two months and with the consequent build-up of semen, thanks both to this enforced abstinence and the drug being administered, I immediately became rampantly erect and swelled tremendously into the warm, pulsating liner of the penile tube, precisely as was intended I should. Almost immediately, my hips began to buck instinctually against the restraining chains and straps and my legs strove desperately to somehow enhance the sensations. Inside the isolation mittens far up between my shoulder blades, my rubber-tubed fingers clawed feebly and I attempted to stand erect. It was forbidden! My nose shackle was snapped tight by its anchoring chain and I automatically howled miserably into my gagging arrangements. No matter how I writhed and struggled to escape, nothing changed. The milking hoses and e-stim wires also swung freely from the penile milking tube while it was strapped firmly in place, completely enveloping my penis, but that was not the end of the process preparations! Slowly, the electro-vibrating butt plug was positioned then slid partially into my bowel. Of course, I shuddered and clenched in a futile attempt to avoid this being done, but I was helpless, fastened as I was and so it remained within me, waiting. This was no ordinary butt plug though. It was a derivative of the device used on bulls, to make them come to a forced orgasm for semen extraction and in this case I was both the bull and the cow! At last, the ministrations of my mistresses stopped and I remained in silence and blindness for a few moments, then suddenly, my vision and hearing were returned. I found myself staring into a pair of TV monitors that showed my current bondage positioning from different angles and the view changed every few seconds.

"And so, here you are, Alexandra." Marie said happily. "We're ready to begin, but wanted you to know that this is going to be a regular part of your life, from now on. We'll fix you like this every two weeks, then you'll spend a full day and night immersed in each milking session.

"At first, you'll find it to be enjoyable, I'm sure, just to be rid of the pressures built up in your testicles and breasts, but after the first three times of being drained, you're going to wish you were anywhere and any thing but where you are now. That's too bad for you, but will be most entertaining for us, and too, you'll get to see what you look like while it's all being done to you. So! Here we go!"

I stared at the TV monitors, unable to look away and watched the one on the left when slider indicators slowly began to move along their tracks. I felt the actions they

represented immediately, both on my breasts and on my penis, when a slow, pulsing suction was applied. At first I just relaxed and let it be done to me, but soon, my automatic, instinctual reactions took over both my body and my mind and my hips began to thrust with increasing desperate need, tugging strongly on the restraining chains, attempting to speed the arrival of an orgasm.

What I felt initially was the warm vacuum tube pulling at my penis and squeezing the fleshy shaft in pleasant, rippling waves that felt something like this:

... Suck-a-suck-a-suuckkk ... squeeze- squeeze-squeeze. Suck-a-suck-a-suuckkk ... squeeze- squeeze-squeeze ... suck-suck-squeeze-squeeze! Suck-a-suck-a-suuckkk ... squeeze- squeeze-squeeze. Suck-a-suck-a-suuckkk ... squeeze- squeeze-squeeze ... suck-suck-squeeze-squeeze! ...

... while above, my breasts were encompassed in their also gently-heated cups and I felt my nipples lengthen and harden around their steel shackles while it felt like this...

... Sssuckkk-sssuckkk-squeeze-squeeze-sssuckkk-sssuckkk-squeeze-squeeze. Sssuckkk-sssuckkk-squeeze-squeeze-sssuckkk-sssuckkk-squeeze-squeeze. Sssuckkk-sssuckkk-squeeze-squeeze-sssuckkk-sssuckkk-squeeze-squeeze ...

Even restrained as my upper body was, I attempted to swing my pendant flesh from side to side to enhance the sensations emanating from it, but of course, nothing happened and I remained bent forward with my arms completely removed from my control, remaining fastened and immobile, high up between my shoulder blades.

I soon began panting and gasping while the sensations built and built and with dazed eyes could not ignore the indicators on the left side screen, then the right side one opened and I saw myself from the side, confined in my milking frame. The view switched to that from another camera and I saw my breast cups with their hoses and wires then a view of the lower, semen milking tube with its hoses and wires. Then I saw the positioned and waiting anal stimulation device behind me. As was intended these views made me realize and truly feel just how much of an animal I had been made into and I shuddered with the horrible knowledge that I could not escape my new role in life.

Even with all these awful thoughts flooding through my mind, I could not stay focused on anything for very long because the sensations from my breasts and nipples and from between my legs were slowly overwhelming my capability of coherent thought while I was forced deeper and deeper into automatic reaction to the constant, irresistible stimuli being applied to me so mercilessly.

No matter what I attempted to do to escape my situation, there was no way out!

## Chapter Thirty One

### *Multiply Milked By Machine*

I sank further into my role while this initial stimulation went on then the sliding indicators began to move faster and faster, with the exception of four groups of four sliders at the bottom of the screen. I ignored them for the moment, feeling the slow building of an orgasm, coming in combination with the stronger and stronger stimulation of my nipples. The inner envelopes of the breasts' cups began to rhythmically squeeze the inflated, garroted, fleshy mounds and I howled mindlessly from the sudden discomfort of this being done. Now, they seemed to tug against their shackles and my breasts swelled even more against the encirclements around their bases, then I felt a slow release of fluid begin and it soon was squirting from my nipples into the voracious cups latched onto them. This acted to make the squeezing more harsh and I wailed mindlessly each time the sensitive mounds of my breasts were compressed to make more milk flow, but this was only the very beginning of my torment for the pain of the milking process began to meld with the pleasure of the penile stimulation!

My hips bucked frantically against their restraining chains and suddenly, the penis tube began to squeeze and send waves sliding back and forth along the organ, adding more and more to the overwhelming and demanding friction until I felt a sudden on-rush of semen into the hugely sucking maw of the tube! The mental explosion of sensation washed up my body to my breasts and they also exploded with mind boggling reactions when they seemed to catch fire. The sensations were far too much for my mind to withstand and remain whole and I fainted from the hugest orgasm I had ever experienced to that point in my life. I remained deeply unconscious for the longest time, but eventually re-awakened to find myself exactly where I'd been before, alone, deafened, and staring into the TV monitors at myself in the frame. There must have been some sort of monitoring program that knew when I regained awareness, because almost immediately, the milking process of my breasts and penis began again and although slow at first, eventually it began to build to a climax once more. I enjoyed the initial part of the process once more, but soon was howling into my gag when my breasts began to be mercilessly squeezed again, then the penis tube became horribly demanding also and I felt as though the thing would remove the organ from my body, so strongly did it pull on the fleshy shaft.

This time, it took far longer to bring about the orgasm I began to crave so desperately, despite the pain, but once more my mind dissolved into chaos when it came. I thought that I was exhausted then, having fought my restraints vigorously while being milked then made to orgasm, but the machinery and the programme I was on were relentless and merciless and this eventuality had been planned for. My recovery time after the second, forced, dual milking was a long one, but again I awoke to stare into the monitors at the graphs and views of myself. I had been left completely alone in my cell to suffer the indignities of the forced milking. The women, when they were interested, watched me being tormented on the closed circuit TV in the house. The process worked the same way again, but this time the e-stim and anal stimulation probe were employed to 'enhance' my experience.

"You're going to find this to be quite interesting, Alexandra," Marie's voice suddenly echoed between my ears, "but you're going to be fully deafened when I've

finished speaking, and fully blinded after the first minute or two. I want you to watch the sliders at the bottom of this screen, because they'll show you the levels of e-stim being applied, and how low they are, compared to what you will soon get to experience. Enjoy your coming milking, my dear. It's going to be a regular occurrence in your life from now on."

Her voice cut off and at the same time, all background noise disappeared. I couldn't even hear my own blood flowing and when I attempted to moan into my horrid gagging arrangements, nothing came back to me. Once more the pulsating suction came on my breasts and nipples, and at the same time resumed its tugging on my penis and I surged against my bonds, feeling my traitorous flesh inflate with sensitizing blood. Although I didn't want it to happen, my body's automatic reactions couldn't be stopped, but then, to my horror, I felt the anal probe begin to enter my body and I howled from the sensation of penetration, even though the device was well lubricated. It seemed to be forced halfway up my torso towards my throat, but was probably only 15 cm inside my body before the wide flange pressed firmly against my anal sphincter. For a moment, it remained quiescent, then began to vibrate strongly and my maleness hardened and lengthened, straining against the confining liner of the penis tube while my hips bucked automatically.

I stared down at the monitors below my face and saw the device fully inserted, then when the view shifted to other cameras, the penis tube with its hoses and wires; my flesh rampant within it, then my inflated and straining breasts in the hose and wire-endowed cups. On the other monitor, I watched the sliders for the vacuum slowly begin to move in their syncopated rhythms to extract both milk and semen from my body. In a horrible way, it was fascinating to watch, because the two sets of vacuum extraction devices worked at differing speeds and strengths and the sliders, moving only partially along their tracks at first, showed me how much more the vacuum and the squeezing of my breasts and penis could be increased. Slowly the length of their progress along their tracks became longer and longer and I felt the increased vacuum and squeezing with a shudder of part-arousal and part-discomfort, then the vacuum began to peak and remain high for longer and longer periods, becoming painful. In distress I attempted to howl and beg that it be stopped, but this only made me retch horribly against my gagging devices.

My first clue of how much more I was to be made to suffer during this incredible set of milking processes became apparent when the sliders at the bottom of the screen suddenly flashed on and the sliding arrows turned red on their green tracks, having been only grayed out before now. They flashed on and off for a few seconds while the devices calibrated themselves, then stopped and they remained a constant red. For a moment I felt nothing while the arrows continued to flash on and off and when they went to a steady red, but then the groups of sliders; these indicating power level, current, pulse rate, and wave shape began to slowly move along their tracks in seemingly random patterns. Each track had markings along its length indicating the level for each aspect, going from zero to 100% and I stared fearfully at them all (breasts/nipples, penis, and anal probe) while the vacuum continued to suckle me. For many minutes, the arrows remained fluctuating below five percent of their full capability and although at those low levels I felt teasing tickles of electrical energy flow through my sensitized flesh, adding to my arousal. Even at only five percent, the sensations of the electrical discharges soon became very disturbing, making me struggle frantically to escape them. It was no use, of course.





## Chapter Thirty Two

### *Salvation Denied*

In the months and years that have followed, this has been the totality of my existence as their pet, torture toy and milking animal. I have remained sight-restricted, mostly deafened, chained, with my arms permanently in their back prayer bondage, and kept always locked in my chastity belt, while leashed at all times. Every two weeks I am milked and tortured in the special frame ... times I have come to dread with unending horror. Of course, there was now no way I could return to a normal life and the world beyond the confines of the house. I am occasionally taken out for excursions in town or for walks in the country, but in essence, my life has devolved into an existence in total slavery to Jessica, Juli and Marie.

However, one day while I was out in the back yard, being exercised on my running leashes, a policeman suddenly appeared before me on my paved path. His appearance frightened me at first, but then, a burst of hope flared within my mind when I realized that he could save me from my imprisonment and constant torment and so I stopped and stood silently watching him, waiting to see what would happen next. Perhaps one of the neighbours had seen me out in the yard, walking endlessly back and forth in my strange ensemble, occasionally falling and being left to dangle from the overhead wire, kicking and thrashing in silenced torture, then decided to report the situation. For many months I had hoped desperately for something like this to happen and now it had! I was going to escape from my awful slavery, or so I thought for a moment, before Jessica's voice came into my ear plug/hearing aids.

"Alexandra, Juli and I are watching and I see we have a visitor. You are to remain as quiet as possible and make no attempt to communicate with him!" she instructed forcefully, and gave me a warning trill of warning shocks through my breasts and the chastity belt. "Now, I'm coming down to talk to him and Juli will signal you how to answer any questions he will surely ask."

I stood quietly while the cop walked around me and inspected my costume and how I was controlled, but I was desperate to somehow communicate with him and tell him or show him how I was imprisoned and controlled so thoroughly and cruelly. He disappeared from my limited field of vision and any chance I might have had for escape, evaporated like snow on a hot stove. Jessica had arrived to talk to the cop, but in the meantime, Juli now spoke to me through the ear plugs.

"Remain still, Alexandra! There's going to be a lot questions asked by the cop, and you'll answer properly as I'll tell you to. Don't even think about trying to escape us!" To ensure that I understood her instruction, she sent a Level One warning pulse to all of the electrodes embedded in and attached to my body, briefly spiking them all so that I shuddered automatically.

The instructions and my actions could easily be handled by my so-called hearing aids, for they would relay any near by sound to the cell phones that Juli and Jessica always carried. My hope for a release from the torment that had become my life died instantly when I was shocked and tears of misery pooled under the eye isolating cups of my goggles. It was hopeless! I'd never escape!

Juli called out to the policeman and for the next 45 minutes I had to go along with the charade. Of course, what the officer didn't know was that I was being instructed to

answer his questions by remote control and that I was pleading in my mind that my bondage and cruel slavery would somehow be revealed and that I'd be freed, but it was not to happen.

Eventually the cop went away and I was returned to my regime of unending exercise on my running leashes. Of course, a report was filed by the officer.

*Police Department Report*

*Incident Date: 12 August, 2012*

*Constable Jackson proceeded to address 1111, on Delta Crescent, 13:45 PDT, to investigate a report of a strangely-dressed female in the backyard of the residence, who appeared to the informer to be in distress.*

*This house is located on a large, fenced lot in the cul-de-sac and the back yard cannot be seen from the street.*

*Constable Jackson, attempted to contact the home owner by knocking on the front door of the residence, but no one answered. Upon the instructions of Duty Sergeant Jones, he entered the back yard of the residence and discovered the reported female, walking back and forth along a stone pathway. She was dressed strangely in a long rubber cape, complete with a deeply-cowled hood and bonnet arrangement, with her face mostly concealed by a half veil and sunglasses.*

*Constable Jackson attempted to communicate with the female, but she was apparently incapable of speaking. He noted that the female was connected to a high, overhead wire by means of a chain that slid along it and this chain appeared to be connected to a ring at the back of the neck of the cape. Another wire at ground level disappeared under the hem of the cape and ground length skirt, but no attempt was made to discover the purpose of this wire. The young woman appeared to be in good health, despite the occasional shuddering that she did, and stood erect with a proud stance, but remained silent.*

*It was at that point that the property owner appeared and asked the Constable Jackson if there was a problem. The Officer expressed concerns about the arrangement described above and asked for an explanation of it. The property owner invited him to sit on one of the chairs on the back porch of the home and said she would explain the situation to his satisfaction. Constable Jackson did so, then explained about the report our Department had received. He asked if all was well, given the situation he'd observed. The owner replied that she and her close friend in the yard were actually playing a kinky game and that all was indeed well. She explained that her friend had suffered a most severe accident two years previously, having lost both of her arms and that she, the Owner, was now looking after the unfortunate woman. She further explained that the other woman's inability to reply directly to his questions was due to the fact that after the accident and with the trauma of losing her arms, she had suffered a huge mental shock that had resulted in her becoming a mute. She stated also that the other woman had also suffered a loss of lung capacity, as a part of her injuries from the accident and had considerable difficulty breathing, and so wore a portable respirator on her back, and this was the reason for the hump between her shoulders. Apparently, narrow cannula tubes fed air and oxygen into her nostrils, under the veil.*

*When questioned about the costume that the woman in the yard wore, the owner explained that the obscuring clothing was a protective measure. Her friend was an albino and had a very adverse reaction to strong sunlight and so she needed to wear strong sun glasses and full coverings.*

*Constable Jackson asked the owner for an explanation of the overhead wire and sliding chain arrangement. Without hesitation the owner explained that under her cape, the woman in the yard wore a body harness and corset to which the overhead chain was attached and this arrangement was being employed to prevent a disastrous fall that, without arms, the woman in the yard would be unable to save herself from. The wire on the ground acted as a means for guiding the woman along the pathway.*

*The Attending Officer accepted this explanation and informed the property owner that he would have to communicate directly with the caped woman on the lawn. The owner readily agreed and assured the officer that the other woman in the cape and bonnet could reply to any questions he cared to ask, but that her answers would be in the form of bowing slightly from the waist to answer 'yes' or by twisting from side to side to indicate 'no'. The property Owner went to the other woman and escorted her to stand at the back porch railing, still out in the yard, then Constable Jackson spent the next 20 minutes asking questions and receiving answers in the form of the body movement described previously. He ascertained that she was indeed a willing participant in the arrangements he had observed and the story of her life was correct, and that she did not require any assistance, as all of her needs were most thoroughly being taken care of.*

*The Attending Officer was satisfied that all was well, although somewhat unusual. He cautioned the property Owner about heat prostration for the woman in the cape, then returned to his vehicle.*

*This concludes the incident of unusual activity at 1111 Delta Crescent and the file is hereby closed.*

That was the only chance I ever got to escape my fate. When the policeman left me to go to chat on the porch with Jessica I knew then that I was not going to get away. A few minutes later she came out on the lawn and escorted me to stand by the porch on the lawn, still leashed, then the cop asked me a lot of questions. Inside the house, Juli instructed me how to reply to each one, by either a slight bow or a twist from side to side until at last he was satisfied and left. Juli's voice echoed between my ears.

"You behaved perfectly, Alexandra. Now, get out there and continue your exercise, but while you do, we're going to reward your good behaviour with some lovely orgasms. Get going, dear!"

I strutted back onto the path and began moving along my running leash wires, all the time crying unashamedly into my gag because I had not been able to reveal my bondage and slavery. Inside the goggles everything suddenly went black and silence enveloped me once again while I struggled along the leashes, kept from straying by the authoritative tugging of the chains connected to my hobble and collar. I have never become accustomed to walking while blinded and so was in constant worry about falling, even though the overhead wire and my collar chain would save me from injury.

I don't know how long after the cop left that I began to receive the arousing electrical stimulation pulses. They appeared very small at first and slowly escalated to a constant, irresistible teasing level that soon made me move crazily along the path. I

gasped and struggled, prancing and dancing frantically in silenced blackness while the teasing and soon, tormenting, shocks were driven through my most sensitive and now fully sensitized flesh, and soon began trying to shake my head and scream for everything to be stopped. My attempted protest did nothing other than to encourage even more teasing pulses and in moments I lost complete control of my ballet booted, rigidly held legs and fell to dangle by my collar chain, thrashing mindlessly in the throes of a huge orgasmic explosion.

My addiction to the orgasms combined with pleasure/pain was complete, and thus my slavery was once more reinforced in the strongest possible way. I have remained a slave to my wife and her two girl friends for these many years now. I suppose I should be accustomed to it, but the greatest loss I've felt, other than my freedom, has been the removal of my ability to speak, or in any way make my needs and concerns known. I am always kept gagged to silence, chained, chastity-belted and leashed so that there is no possible escape for me.

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