

# VOLUNTARY PRISONER



JG-LEATHERS

Voluntary Prisoner

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## Chapter One

### *The Day, The Equipment & The Place*

My wife, Morgana, and soon to become Owner, and I (Alaric) were in our mid-30's and had been happily married for 10 years, during which time we'd been pretty successful in our careers and financial arrangements. We had a nice home in one of the smaller communities in the Lower Mainland of BC, travelled when we felt the urge, and generally enjoyed life. Neither of us wanted the encumbrance of children or pets and so enjoyed a carefree life with both vanilla and kink friends. Actually, at first I was the confirmed bent person in our relationship and although my Owner was kink-friendly, until this point she'd not really been a willing participant and had just said that I was to go off and enjoy myself with other kinks when the chance arose, with the only proviso being that extra-marital sex was a deal breaker. She was also aware of my desires to play very strict games of self-B&D, and to dress in women's clothing (we both had separate wardrobes, but I had a male and much larger one of female clothes), but said little about it other than to remark with a laugh to our kink friends that I had a bigger and better selection of women's clothes than she did.

Physically, we were both in good shape and although not your fashion versions of beauty and handsomeness, we made a good-looking couple. My Owner is 1.65 metres tall and a beautifully proportioned 50 kg and a little shorter at 1.55 metres, slim and weighed in at 60 kg, although I was beginning to get a bit of a beer gut. Even so, when I dressed in my TV clothing, got the make-up on right and used the tight foundation garments that were needed, I could 'pass' most of the time. I liked corsets and with the ones I had, could create a decidedly feminine waist profile.

Over the years, as with most married folks, our times of sexual escapades grew fewer and fewer and we had fallen into a casual and comfortable rut. When it happened it was great, but not with the same passion and exuberance of when we'd first started and so as things moved along and being a normal male, my sexual desires were transmuted into the kink side of my life and I indulged in my fantasies more and more frequently. Self-bondage became both a passion and a challenge, and this experience, when combined with strong e-stim, vacuum, suspension, total rubber enclosure and almost but not quite inescapable restraints became something that I began to experiment with on a more frequent basis.

To set the scene properly, I should explain that my Owner and I had purchased a small ranch and horse training facility, about 160 km from our home, nearly in the mountains, on the north side of the Fraser Valley. We'd to decided to stay there for the six Summer months to just enjoy the peace and too,

so that I could pursue some of my decidedly *not* mainstream hobbies in privacy. With no livestock to have to take care of and, being removed from the nearest neighbours by some 10 km of country road, it was very quiet indeed. We made use of all the facilities, including a huge indoor arena, which was where a large part of the following story takes place. The house itself was large, very modern and came with all the conveniences, including excellent, satellite internet and Wi-Fi, so we could easily stay in touch with friends and the rest of the world. One of the nice features also, was that the previous owners had installed a large, industrial strength diesel/electric emergency generator system with huge tanks of fuel that could keep us going for over month, if need be. Too, and most attractive to me, was that it had a suite of hidden underground rooms which the previous owners had used as a wine cellar for their huge collection, and that alone clinched the deal. Being a pretty good handy man with a wide variety of skills, shortly after moving in, I began fitting out these as a 'prison' area and with the aid of local contractors, a welding shop and a local blacksmith, the work was soon completed. I'd located an old jail that was to be demolished and purchased all of the barred walls and doors as scrap, and to the doors all came with keys!

As to our recreation activities, other than travel, we were pretty much home bodies and able to run our separate companies from the ranch. We weren't interested in playing golf, messing with boats, cars, or aircraft, but liked to take the occasional easy hike into the bush on our property. My true passion though was kink: B&D/S&M, Transvestism, and fetishism, and having a reasonable talent with words, I enjoyed writing stories about my favourite types of play. Not only that though, because over the years I had purchased an extensive array of all sorts of restraints and other lovely equipment to challenge and terrify me; some of it pretty nasty, I enjoyed actually using the equipment. Unfortunately, I seldom got to do any truly intense play and this resulted, inevitably, with me indulging in self-bondage, or solo play if you prefer. At any rate I soon became quite adept at setting up self-B&D situations, but I wanted to do the ultimate one ... to the point that I would be utterly unable to escape. I contacted my good friend, Marlene; a quite evil, highly-skilled pro-domme, and arranged with her to come and release me from my solo play session, because *this* time, I would be utterly incapable of doing so myself.

It took me a couple of days to arrange all of the complex details for my solo session to come, but soon the barn/arena, separated from the house by 300 metres of open lawn and with its own paved drive, was ready.

My Owner had gone to visit some old friends on the other side of the country and would be away for about 10 days, thus giving me free rein to proceed with my plans for this ultimate session, and so on a quiet Friday morning I began the

process. Other than a visit by my good friend Mistress Marlene, a truly-dedicated sadistic lady who would come to release me ... eventually, I had no other guests coming while she was away. However, what I *didn't* know was that she and my Owner had been conspiring for some time so that I could create the environment that would allow for my intense session of suspended, rubber-entombed, imprisonment and torment to happen. In fact, although I wasn't aware of it either, they planned this to be the 'softening up' process for me to be more or less permanently locked into an elaborate, very secure, stainless steel, chastity cage and other restraints that would be impossible to remove once they'd been locked on. In addition though, the chastity device had also been created as my training and discipline aid, using remotely-controlled electric shock through the genitals. It was made by Dream Lover®, but the one that was especially created for me had been 'souped up' to an incredible extent. Marlene and my Owner had also decided that the only time I'd be released from the cage, once I'd begun to wear it, was when Marlene came to the house to torment me again. But there was to be more to my coming chastity confinement: far, far more, than just wearing the cage, as I would discover to my enduring horror. In fact, over the past year, Marlene had been quietly encouraging and training my Owner to empower herself and become both my Mistress and a full-on Owner, and at the same time to harden her heart so that she'd not worry about hurting me. Marlene had recognized a latent streak of sadism in my Owner and had encouraged it to flower.

Although blissfully unaware of it, I was about to step off the precipice and there would be no coming back.

This really serious session had been a long time coming to fruition and now it was time for me to finally go the complete route, but this time I'd use two full layers, then over these, the suspension harness.

At last, having procrastinated as long as I could, using every excuse I could come up with, I was ready to proceed. I'd taken care to set-up all of the clothing, equipment and restraints in the huge, open arena yesterday, so that they could be fitted in a logical progression. I knew from past experience that it would take me at least two hours to fully dress myself including the suspension harness, then probably another 30 minutes to connect all the hoses, wires, chains and restraints. So, I estimated that I'd begin my solo session around 11:45.

Marlene was supposed to arrive sometime after 8:00 in the evening, then eventually free me, but only after she'd had some sadistic fun, but to add to my uncertainty about how long I'd be tormented before I'd be released, she'd said that she might be delayed if other things along the way appeared more interesting. Of course she knew where the keys for the house and arena were



hidden and once in the building, was familiar with all of the controls of the discipline machinery. So, with the ability to come and go as she wished as well as a thorough knowledge of the equipment and what it could do, together with a strong desire to torture me without worrying about disturbing anyone, I felt that I'd covered all the bases.

I'd ensured that the arena was quite cool because I'd be wearing two full rubber suits; the 1.05 mm thick under-suit and on top of that, the 3 mm thick wet suit, and so needed the temperature to be as low as possible to prevent heat prostration. That didn't mean to say though that the extended session itself would not be a true trial of endurance and no doubt at points during it I'd faint or collapse for other reasons!

As to the personal appliances that would be used: over the years I'd purchased or created all of the necessary garments, toys and equipment, starting with a zipper-closed, thick rubber, under-helmet. This came with eye, nose and mouth holes and four 'buttons' around the face for the mounting of a blind fold and gag pad. I'd at last obtained my matching, custom-made, 1.05 mm thick rubber catsuit and it was closed by a strong zipper from the base of the spine to the top of the double thickness collar. It was truly a bondage suit if ever there was one, being so heavy and restrictive. It had been designed with an inner bra and at its front, small, reinforced-edged apertures were centred over each of my breasts to hold the vacuum/electrical breast cups tightly and securely in position. Its crotch had a three tab zipper to allow whatever access may be required and to ease entry, the lower arms had strong zippers on their undersides from the wrists halfway to the elbows, with the lower legs having the same arrangement from the inner ankles halfway to the knees. For my hand coverings, I had a pair of thin gloves for the inner suit, then would come a pair of long-gauntleted thicker ones to go over the inner ones.

For footwear I'd purchased a pair of thick latex, mid-calf length bootee's and these had individual toe tubes, then for the outer footwear I had mid-calf length, zip-closed bootees. My outer covering was a three mm thick neoprene wet suit with a high collar, and a separate, matching open-face helmet with a long neck tube; this with a wide skirt/bib around the base of the neck that went part way down my chest at the front and back and out to my shoulders on the sides.

There was additional equipment I had to fit myself with before the inner helmet and the first was the set of nasal tubes: two, deeply-penetrating, eight mm diameter, 10 cm long, thick-walled, flexible black neoprene hoses that were designed to penetrate into my nostrils and deeply up into my sinuses. Two cm from one end of these tubes are 'collars' of three windings of aluminium wire and these are joined by a short 'bridge' that would rest against my septum once

the tubes had been fully-inserted. Although they are certainly longer than needed and will be vastly uncomfortable to emplace, they are in fact a safety measure that will ensure that breathing through my nose will not be obstructed should the inner helmet slip down.

The next equipment is a pair of high-capacity ear buds that will act to both deafen me and to obscure all external sound when connected to a normal AM/FM radio that has been tuned to an FM frequency with only the constant hiss of static on it. The high volume being poured into my ears will eliminate any ability to hear other noise.

After the thick inner helmet has been slipped on and zipped closed after the nasal tubes and ear buds have been fitted, the next and scariest article will be a 'Butterfly' type gag partially-inflated with a silicone gel surrounding a wide diameter drinking/feeding tube that passes through it. Of course the gag is designed to ensure that any kind of coherent speech is virtually eliminated, as well as stifling any other cries, and without doubt, the screams that will surely emanate from within the confines of the gas mask. Whatever residual noise there is will be mostly eliminated by the gas mask itself and the long, corrugated air hoses attached to it.

My gas mask is a brand new, military grade one that comes with a six point head harness, two 40 mm, NATO thread air supply/filter ports and a one litre drinking reservoir that can be quickly and easily connected to its front, and then, inside, to the gag pad's drinking tube. I'd created an option for the mask so that the inner side of the transparent face plate can be fitted with a one mm thick, black neoprene liner that completely eliminates any light from entering the mask, effectively rendering me blind. With this liner mounted on the inner side of the face plate, removal is prevented unless the mask is taken off.

The hardware and machinery that would soon be used took me a few years to acquire due to its cost, but it was all top-of-the-line quality and had been brought back to original factory specification in terms of performance. There were two Gast® industrial grade, vacuum pumps that develop nearly a full of 28" Hg and coupled with each of these is a real, Surge® milking machine oscillation valve that provides the constant, simultaneous suck-squeeze-suck/squeeze cycling. For e-stim, I have two, ErosTek®, ET-312B machines that have had their firmware and software modified and again, souped-up to meet my needs. Channel A of one of them is used for the penis sucker tube and Channel B is used for the bipolar butt plug. The second e-stim unit has its Channel A split-routed to the right and left breast cups and Channel B is free to be used anywhere else. The firmware for this machine has also been modified so that the channels can mirror each other or be separately-controlled.

To control these devices and monitor my body reactions, I'd purchased a sophisticated, industrial Programmable Logic Controller (PLC) and spent considerable time setting it up to add-in all the randomness that I could imagine and thus ensure that the stimulation and torment that would come does not repeat in a predictable pattern. As well, at points during my session the PLC will remove or reduce my ability to breath, over and above the restriction already imposed by the bubbler columns of the air supply system. It will also control the volume of the static coming in from the ear buds, but will normally set it at maximum, and too, it will operate the electric hoist.

Other essential parts of the torment ensemble are, first, the set of two deep, clear acrylic, breast cups that have been modified to be vacuum and e-stim capable and a large bore, Surge®, milking machine teat suction unit and it too has been modified to be e-stim capable.. The tube is mounted in a rigid crotch cup that integrates with the suspension harness's waist cinch and the crotch strap also holds the bi-polar, electric, brass butt plug in place.

In terms of the remainder of my restraints, I'd use my Axsmar®, five mm thick, 50 mm wide, stainless steel collar, and for my hands and wrists I have modified two sets of Peerless® hand cuffs and they are connected to the ends of a 60 cm long, 15 mm diameter, steel separator bar. My upper arms would be cuffed with larger Peerless® shackles; these to be cinched tight above the elbow joints, and I have left these with their regular connecting chain. For my ankles, I've modified another two sets of these larger shackles so that they are now fastened to the end links of a 30 cm long hobble chain with its central link having a six metre long leash chain fastened to it.

Inside the arena, all of the hardware is mounted in a rack in one of the rooms at the far end of the building where the hoses and cables are connected to the PLC switcher, and from it, to the equipment itself leads in a thick umbilical across the ceiling to hang beside the dangling leash chain and suspension cable and spring arrangement, then in a long loop, ready to be connected to my equipment. High on the wall below the umbilical is a separate, lockable panel that contains the system's Master Control Switch.

The arrangements had already been set-up with all of the tools, garments, equipment, restraints, chains and leashes, pre-positioned on a large rolling table at the centre of the floor; needing only to be fitted, then have their opened locks closed before the stand was pulled beyond my reach by another winch. The keys and tools required to eventually free me of my equipment all hang at the end of the outer room and would only be available to Marlene, whenever she arrives. During the dressing sequence and for a randomly selected time before the session begins, the arena area will be fully-lit, but once the system's Master



Control Switch had been activated, at some point the PLC would extinguish the lights, then activate my ear buds so that I'll be alone in a vast, total blackness, deafened by the unending static flooding into my ears while waiting in terror for it all to begin. In terms of bondage other than the restraints and harness I'll already be wearing, once I'm fully-cuffed there will be *no* way for me to escape the small circle of freedom of movement defined by the leash chains and suspending cable. I'll be tethered by the hoist cable and spring arrangement and a floor ring directly beneath, with a six metre length of chain so that I will be unable to get near any wall, or, of course the locked-away Master Control Switch on the far away wall. A backless stool is bolted to the floor off to one side, but it's not really a place to rest.

Over the rubber suits I'll wear my full body harness with its shoulder and centre-of-the-back waist cinch rings connected to the a metre long spreader bar. From the ½" diameter cable's end hook, a shallow, the central link of an inverted 'V' of chain goes to the ends of the spreader bar and on the underside from the ends, the sets of heavy suspension springs will lead down to be clipped to the shoulder rings of the chest harness as well as to the rings on the waist cinch on each side. I employ the springs to virtually take away gravity. Any movement I make results in a gentle up and down bouncing reaction, and once I'm aloft, there'll be no way to release them. Above, the cable leads over a set of pulleys to the remote-controlled winch in the other room and at some point after the lights go out, it will be activated and hoist me until the soles of my feet are a little more than six metres above the floor, then keep me there for an unknown length of time. At that height, if my legs are straight, there will be a small loop of the hobble chain that will allow me to kick, but only a little.

While I'm suspended and even while I'm not, the PLC will unleash all of the capabilities of the vacuum and e-stim equipment, but given the randomness I've programmed it, I have *no* idea of when, for how long, or what level of strength the various torments will be! I will remain a fully-suspended prisoner until Marlene decides to release me, but I know that when she takes over from the PC, she will quite happily torture me in her own way and for another unknowable time before I'm finally freed.

Being as weird as I am and a confirmed masochist, I'd been looking forward to this session with great anticipation, and not without a little fear, but really, I had *no* idea of the consequences of what I was about to do or of how dramatically my life would be altered after the session was done.

## Chapter Two

### *The Preparation Processes*

It was time to begin.

The time was just past 07:30 and outside it's rainy, foggy and grey ... the perfect kind of weather for an extended length of play in rubber. After a single cup of coffee and a quick, highly-nutritious meal of toast, peanut butter and jam, I enjoyed a long, hot shower, shaved my face, then all of my arm, leg and body hair. This took about an hour and after thoroughly drying off, I pulled on a raincoat, then walked down the 300 metre lane to the cavernous barn and stepped inside. The whole floor area was brightly lit by banks of high intensity, overhead lights, but these would be extinguished to leave a vast, echoing dark space. I went to the room containing all of the machinery and ensured that it was all ready to be turned on by the PLC and once finished there, I stepped out onto the cool concrete floor and walked to the large tarpaulin spread out in the central area under the main beam. The rolling table was already set up with all stuff I'd need and so I returned to the wall and hung the raincoat on a convenient hook then walked naked, out to the preparation area. Once there, I immediately applied a full coat of silicon oil to my legs, arms, chest, and back so that the inner suit would slide on easily, but even though I'd fully-lubricated myself and its interior, it still took nearly 10 shivering minutes for me to slide into the oppressive rubber envelope. I'd clipped a 'pull-up' lanyard' to the suit's back zipper tab, but before closing it, I first had to fit the deep, vacuum/electrical breast cups. Before I did that though, I coated their rim and nipple electrodes with contact gel, then slipped both into the inner bra's apertures, ensuring that the central, two cm diameter, spring-loaded electrode pads were centred on each of my nipples. As well, embedded in the bra's chest band were heart rate and temperature sensors and these would also be connected to the PLC.

From there, it was a carefully-orchestrated task to pull the zipper's tab up to just between my shoulder blades where it would remain for a few moments. When the suit tightened around my chest, the undersized apertures on its front slid only part-way down over the rounded slopes of the cups because the holes are smaller than the cup's base diameter and they also have a wide, surrounding, reinforcing 'donut'. The suit's tightness would keep the cups in their proper place, pressed firmly onto my chest. For the moment, the opened crotch zipper allowed my male plumbing to hang freely. With the suit being made of a 1.05 mm thick latex, now that I'd climbed fully inside, I rediscovered its very tight fit and restriction of nearly all movement.

Although a helmet is not an integral part of the suit, I used the thick and tight, full-face one I already own as it matches perfectly. The helmet is not only an additional form of bondage and restriction, but will ensure that the nasal tubes and ear buds remain fully in place, while also providing an absolutely smooth surface for an air-tight fit of the gas mask's face-surrounding flange. It has a long neck tube with a wide 'skirt around the base that will slip under the suit itself. There are apertures for my nostrils, mouth and eyes and it will integrate well with the under-suit. However, before putting it on I first have to fit myself with the ear buds with their thin cables arranged to emerge from under the back zipper of the helmet's collar, double back up and emerge from the back of the suit's high collar, then will come the long nasal tubes. I'll only fit myself with the partially-inflated gag just before I put on the gas mask.

It was now time to put this assembly on and I began with the ear buds. They slipped easily into my ear canals, blotting out most of the noise in the already quiet barn, then, after carefully lubricating the flexible, eight cm length of each nasal tube with silicon oil, I took both at the same time and inserted them in my nostrils and began slowly pressing them fully into my sinuses. It's painful to get them all the way in, but I eventually managed it; feeling the sensation of their penetration very, very intensely. Their outer ends project two cm beyond my nostrils, joined by the narrow wire bridge that now rests against my septum, preventing them from going any deeper. I quickly slipped the inner helmet over my head, then tugged it into place so that the ends of the nasal tubes stuck out through their holes and the mouth and eye holes lined up properly. Ensuring that the ear bud's wires were comfortably routed, I closed the helmet's crown zipper to the bottom of its neck tube at the bottom of the skirt and the sensation of the snugness of the collar is both exciting and a little frightening, but I continued with the process.

At this point it was time to fully close the back zipper of the inner suit and so, grasping the lanyard once more, I carefully pulled the zipper's locking tab all the way to the top of the suit's own double thickness collar, feeling the further encasement of my neck when it closed snugly around the helmet's neck tube. This is an intense exploration of sensations and I was already shivering with the feelings of the encapsulation so far, but there's much, much more to come! As a dedicated rubber enthusiast, I'm truly driven, and so proceeded with the almost religious process. Now came the thick, black latex, calf-high, toe socks. In moments I'd lubricated them and slipped them onto my feet, ensuring that each of my toes nestled deep inside its own small, tight, restrictive tube. That feels very weird. I rolled the opened lower legs of the inner suit down over the calf-high socks, then quickly closed their zippers to my ankles, sealing the socks in

place. For the moment, my hands and lower arms remain completely uncovered, with their sleeves rolled up to my elbows and they'd remain that way until near the end of the dressing process.

The ritual of fitting myself with the under-equipment had taken nearly 30 minutes and even though the barn was cool, I could already feel the heat building up, sweating inside the inner suit. As is normal, I was beginning to feel more than a small measure of claustrophobia, but that's all a part of the 'thrill' of full rubber entombment and for the moment I can deal easily with it, knowing, however, that at some future point in the session, the feeling will mushroom to full panic and I will somehow have to handle it.

Sitting on the stool, I slipped my rubber-encased feet into the wet suit's matching neoprene bootie's and these went on easily, then were zipped closed to part-way up my calves, covering my already rubber-tubed lower legs and the under socks. Next, I slid my feet and legs into the wet suit's leggings, then drew them and the rest of the garment up my thighs and body; more and more enjoying the sensation of sinking further into the total rubber envelopment when I shrugged into it. The front of the wet suit has also been modified so that there are apertures for the breast cups and these slipped partially down over them. With the lanyard now clipped to the back zipper tab of the wet suit, I pulled the tab up to between my shoulder blades, where it would remain for a time, before being closed fully. For the moment, its crotch zipper was also open, as were the ones on the lower legs and fore arms, then I rolled the leggings down to my ankles, covering, the calf length booties and zipped them closed, sealing all of my footwear in place.

As the final, restricting touch, I slipped my rubber-encased feet and legs into my 10 cm heeled, steel horseshoe-soled, hoofed boots and laced them tightly closed all the way to the knee. A small, lockable cup covered the lace's knots and so the boots could not now be escaped until the appropriate key was used. Although not strictly a part of the rubber enclosure, the hoofed boots added immensely to my sensations of restriction and exterior control. They were heavy and forced me to walk on my toes with their horse shoe shod souls making a loud clip-clop sound when I walked across the 10 metres of floor to the step stool that waited under the lockable panel containing the Master Switch. I climbed carefully to the top step and flicked the switch to the "ON" position, then closed and locked the panel. Its key is also a part of the bunch that would be needed by Marlene to free me ... eventually. With the system now activated, the built-in delay for the programming would not start until at least an additional 90 minutes had elapsed, thus allowing me plenty of time to complete the preparations. I returned to the stool.

It was time for the first set of restraints; these being the doubled ankle shackles, joined by a 30 cm chain whose central link was fastened to a six metre long leash. The chain's other end was securely fastened with a cranked down Kwik-Link® that had been passed through a very securely-mounted floor ring, effectively restricting me to only a small central part of the large concrete floor of the arena space. Given that length, I'd not be permitted to get near any wall, or the now locked-away Master Switch. I quickly clasped the shackles around my multiply-covered and well-padded ankles, then ratcheted them tight so that they locked-on all of the foot coverings, leaving me with no hope of getting any of them off without the keys.

My suspension harness was the next part of my dressing sequence. First came the wide waist cinch and I cinched this as tight as I could, then slipped into the upper body harness. For the moment I left its front and back halves only loosely joined, but integrated their straps to the waist cinch. I'd finalise its fastening once I wore the wet suit's helmet with its wide, bottom-of-the-neck skirt tucked under the suit, thus fully-covering and rendering all of the gas mask's fastenings inaccessible.

I threaded the harness straps for the rigid crotch cup through their D-rings so that the cup hung over my lower belly with the open end of the unit positioned at my crotch, then after I'd lubricated myself with a thick coat of the slippery contact gel, then also the tube's inner surface and end-electrode ring, I partially-inserted myself into the large-bore, milking machine teat sucker. I'd modified it so that it not only performed the standard, continual, simultaneous suck/squeeze-suck-squeeze cycle action of a regular milking machine, but it now also had the e-stim capability that I want to experience in counter-point and in addition to the constant suckling action. I needed to use a small hand pump to create a partial-vacuum in the teat sucker and that immediately drew most of my penis deeply into the cold, inner rubber liner. Wow! What a sensation! The doubled hoses and electrical cable dangling from its end were potent visual reminders of what was soon to come. After making sure that there was no pinching of any of the tender and very sensitive flesh, the next component I added was the long, thick, bi-polar, brass butt plug and after applying a covering of the slick contact gel to the shaft and the surrounding washer electrode at the base, it slipped easily up into my body.

Reaching under my crotch was difficult, but I got the inner suit's zipper closed over the end of the plug, then the wet suit's crotch zipper over that, to leave the e-stim cable emerging between my legs, then passing through the hole for it in the crotch strap. In seconds I'd threaded the strap through its buckle at the central back of the waist cinch, leaving it a little loose for the moment. Next,

I pulled the under-the-buttock straps tight so that these drove the butt plug a little deeper, then I adjusted the front mounting straps of the cup so that it was drawn firmly onto my lower belly, over the wet suit and this acted to force my penis more fully and even more deeply into the milker tube. The last strap I tightened was the central back one and it pulled all of the waist and crotch harnessing tightly into place, ensuring that everything remained firmly anchored. At the centre back of the belt, the cable for the butt plug swung freely for the moment, then I routed the two hoses and the e-stim cable for the milker tube back between my legs, forming a loop of an 'umbilical', together with it, then with a cable tie, bundled them all together and to the central back ring of the belt.

From this point the hoses and wires of the umbilical had to be connected and this took about 15 minutes. They'd already been bundled together and clipped to short, supporting springs on the ceiling so that I wouldn't trip on them, nor would I be able to kick them in an attempt to try and interrupt or stop the e-stim or vacuum. First, I reached over my right shoulder and brought the hoses and e-stim cable through the shoulder ring of the upper body harness, then quickly connected them to the vacuum/electrical breast cups' two hose connections and e-stim cable; securing them with a wrench. The left side hose and cable were soon similarly routed, then behind me came the connection of the umbilical to the penis milking unit's doubled hoses, its e-stim cable and that for the butt plug. I had to manage this by feel alone, but soon they too had been tightened with the wrench and with that done, I made the electrical connections for the ear buds, the heart monitor and the heat sensors. All of these formed a loose, dangling mass behind me and because I like things neat and tidy, at the centre of my back above the belt, I used additional cable ties to make an organised group.

From this point on, things began to get more and more scary. I had to slip the partially-inflated mouth piece of the butterfly gag into my mouth, then pop the holes of its wide mounting and sealing strap onto the helmet's fastening 'buttons'. The semi-flaccid body of the pad with its pass-through drinking tube, slipped easily through the helmet's aperture and nearly filled my mouth. Even though it was not filled to the point that it pressed my tongue down and back into my throat, it did not project far enough back to bring on a retching reflex, but virtually eliminated any kind of coherent speech. Now, I'd reached the point that it was time to put on the gas mask and once I wore it with the head harness straps fully-tightened, I immediately put on the wet suit's open-faced, matching helmet.

The gas mask slipped easily over my head, then settled in place over my face, resting lightly for the moment on the slick surface of the more and more oppressive inner helmet. I wriggled it around until the facial portion was as



comfortable as possible while wearing the gag and biting down on it, then before tightening any of the head harness straps, I ensured that the reservoir's drinking tube had projected into the one going through the gag pad. In pairs, I pulled the straps tight and when I tightened the top two, the mask's soft silicon rubber, widely-flanged, edges around my face pressed into firm contact on the inner rubber helmet, forming an airtight seal. The immediate sense of restriction and the hissing of my breath through the intake and exhaust valves underlined its effectiveness as a bondage accessory, but now it was time to put on the three mm thick, open-faced, wet suit's helmet. I raised it over my head, then slowly pulled it down; its nylon lining sliding easily over the straps and buckles of the gas mask's securing harness. With it fully in place there was now no way I could loosen and remove the oppressive gas mask without first taking it off, but there were a couple of more steps to take before removal became impossible. As mentioned, the helmet is designed with a wide 'skirt' around the base of its collar and I now tucked that under the edges of the still-opened suit. To complete the encapsulation of my head I grasped the suit's zipper lanyard and slowly pulled the locking tab to the top of the suit's high collar at the back of my neck, thus sealing my entire head and body away from the outer world. Now, only my lower arms, and hands remained in contact with the outer air.

Sealed within the helmets and the gas mask, I tried to push the partially-filled with silicone gel bladder aside with my tongue, but it was now no longer possible thanks to the bulk of the pad and the snug, inner facial cup of the gas mask, in combination with the wide strap holding everything against my face. The gag pad could now only be moved back and forth a little, but was impossible to even partially eject it from my mouth and when I attempted to speak, I could only make the smallest, garbled noises. They'd barely be heard, even by someone standing beside me. Unbidden, erotic visions of being kept a prisoner inside something like this for days or weeks flashed across my increasingly fevered mind while I felt the over-all compression and containment, together with my gas mask-restricted vision and the almost total lack of sound. It all made for a unique sensory experience, but now it was time for the remaining parts of my ensemble to be added.

With my completed rubber entombment, it was time to tighten the loose straps of my upper body harness so that everything became snug and even more restrictive. I also had to hook myself up to the suspension rig that consisted of the suspending cable itself, then at its end a large locking hook. From this an inverted V of chain went out to a metre long spreader bar and from the ends of this bar, two sets of 30 kg tension rated, long springs hung in readiness. I clipped the ends of one set of springs to the hip rings of my cinch and the other two to

each of the large rings on my shoulders . Once I'd done that and everything was connected to the hook at the end of the cable, I was a doubly leashed prisoner. The overhead cable descended from a pulley on the main beam in the rafters far over my head and thence to the winch. When it was turned on, I'd be pulled high into the air, so that the horseshoe's on my footwear would be a full five and a half metres above the arena's floor and there would be no way for me to get myself down.

Although each breath against the encapsulating suits and the harness took a only small effort, just the act of inhaling added considerably to my already intense sensations of enclosure and being controlled and that would increase dramatically when the air hoses were connected. Experimentally, I held my hands over the gas mask's intake fittings and immediately felt it suck more tightly against my rubber-covered face when I attempted to inhale. Wow! I quickly removed my palms from them and looked with growing trepidation at the long, black, corrugated air hoses that looped across the ceiling and disappeared into the panel to the other room. Inside, they were connected to the PLC, then to the partially water-filled, large bubbler columns, but for the moment I didn't connect them to my mask. That was going to be one of the last things I did before fitting myself with the hand and wrist restraint system.

It was time to put on my five mm thick, 50 mm wide, stainless steel Axsmar® collar. Over the nape of my neck, the end link of its leash led up to the ceiling ring. Once I locked it closed, I'd have made myself into a total, fully-controlled prisoner, securely locked inside a double, rubber entombment and vulnerable to any of the automated torments that the PLC or Marlene would deliver. This was a *huge* major decision point because with it in combination with the floor leash, I'll be absolutely restricted to only a small circle of freedom, although I would be able to reach and sit on the nearby, bolted-down stool. Another fit of trembling anticipation and fear ran through my body, but I continued my preparations with fingers that are becoming more and more palsied. Lifting the steel band to my multiply rubber-tubed neck, I swung the wide collar closed, then used the tiny Allen Key to screw-in the small, yet very strong, top and bottom edge, locking pins located within the collar's five mm thickness. Once that was done, I tossed the small key towards the wall so that now there was *no* way for me to release myself from the collar and thus *all* of the helmets, gas mask, and suits. Marlene would decide when it was time for my release, and for all I knew she might decide to leave me just like I now was for the night and what a scary thought *that* was!

From that point, allowing some slackness, I brought the umbilical behind me up to the back of my neck and used another cable tie to keep it closely-bundled,

then an additional one to fasten this and my breast cups' hoses and cables to the back ring of the collar. The already-filled drinking reservoir was heavy when I picked it up then fitted it to the front of the gas mask, rotating its collar until there was a solid snap of the connection being made, then I sucked on the gag for a few seconds until a trickle of water came through the pad to the back of my throat. Because it's an 'on-demand' system, it would not flood the mask, but its weight on the front of my face is uncomfortable after only a minute and very soon I will be unable to escape it, once my hands and wrist have been fitted with their restraints.

The last hoses to be connected were those for my air supply and I reached around my neck, then pulled the right side, black corrugated hose's fitting to the air intake port of the mask and with my fingers screwed it into its mount as tightly as I could. I repeated the process on the left side, then with a slip-jaw wrench, tightened these fittings to the point that I'd be unable to loosen them with my gloved hands. With that done I tossed the wrench over against the wall. My first breath confirmed the secure seal of the gas mask and the air hose connections and I immediately felt the increased restriction to inhaling because now, *all* of the air I used had to first pass through the water columns and valves before I could get it into my lungs. The hissing noises of my breath through the intake and the exhaust valves were a continual cadence of my submission to the constant breath limitation but I could only sense them and not truly hear the noises. I keep calm, although I cannot help but be deeply aware of the restriction to my breathing, and already with each breath, a sense of impending panic at what I've committed myself to, begins to grow larger and larger at the back of my mind. The unending need to make an effort for every breath was both tiring and scary, but now I *could not* escape it!

My chest heaved with constrained, nervous gasps when I contemplated what I was about to do next. The keys and other tools that would be needed to open and release all the components of my entire restraint and control system hung on the wall at the other end of the room, far beyond my reach, but easily available to Marlene. For a short time I'd only be able to stare longingly at them, but that would soon stop.

The next-to-last articles were the two pairs of gloves.

The first, inner pair are relatively thin, and only slightly limit the freedom of motion of my hands, fingers and thumbs, but they *do* reduce my sensation of touch substantially. Once lubricated with the silicon oil, they slid onto my hands and fingers easily, then I rolled the sleeves of the inner suit down over their gauntlets and closed the zippers, sealing them in place. It was time for the thicker, outer gloves and after they'd been lubricated, they slipped easily over

the inner ones and partway up my already rubber-tubed forearms. *These* gloves truly inhibited touch and the ability to manipulate things. I rolled the wet suit's sleeves down over their forearm gauntlet portions, then pulled the arm zipper tabs down to my wrists so that they became integrated with the outer suit. I flexed my hands and attempted to curl my fingers, but could only partially-manage it.

I'd now arrived at the sublime state of being *completely* and doubly sealed away from the outer world, other than for the sight of it through the thick, plastic vision port of the gas mask. I was virtually almost totally deafened thanks to the ear buds in combination with the double helmets, and my vision was strictly-limited by the gas mask. If I wanted to see more, I'd have to try and turn my head against the resistance of the multiple collars and that was difficult to do. Each breath was an adventure now, and I was silenced by the gag. Oh my God! What a feeling!

Now came the penultimate and final movement toward total helplessness ... first the above-the-elbow cuffs and finally, the wrist cuffs and their separator bar. The addition of the above-the-elbow cuffs was easy because their connecting chain had already been fastened to the central back ring of the chest harness, so that it could slide back and forth. In a moment I had each of the cuffs clasped tightly around my arms just above the elbow so that they would not slide down over the joint. Both had become slightly-embedded in the neoprene suit's upper sleeves and when I dropped my arms to my sides I didn't feel much in the way of restriction, but when I attempted to move them forward, the chain across my back and the constriction above my elbows instantly reminded me that they were not free at all to move in that direction, nor for any distance.

Shivering now with some considerable terror, for this next step I was about to take was, truly, the final and irrevocable one in the whole process, I picked up the assembled hand/arm restraint unit from the top of the rolling table. To ensure that I'd be completely unable to escape these cuff sets I had one more thing to do before I locked myself into the fiendish hand and arm bondage system. I held the ends of the bar and doubled cuffs as close to my mask's vision port as I could and ensured that the key holes for all of the cuffs faced *up* my arms. With this done, there would be no possible way for me to get at the key holes for the cuffs. I next locked the chains from the ends of the separator bar to the side rings of my cinch and their short lengths, in combination with the long separator bar, ensured that I would only be allowed a strictly-limited amount of side-to-side motion and I'd only be able move the bar through a short, vertical arc. This meant that it would only just touch the under slopes of my breast cups, or barely touch the top curve of the crotch cup, but my hands and gloved fingers would *not* be permitted

to even come close to being able to touch either the penis milker tube or the cups or any of their hoses and cables.

Already, the implacable PLC was able to control and torment me with no way I could stop or avoid what kind of horrors it would force me to experience, but now, I'd reached the ultimate decision point, although truth to tell I was already well beyond the point of no return.

It was inevitable just for my own masochistic needs that I *had* to put on the doubled wrist cuffs and their separator bar, thus making my final and ultimate commitment to total bondage and helplessness. Once the doubled wrist cuffs at each end of their separator bar had been closed, they irrevocably sealed on the doubled sleeves and the pairs of gloves. The bar that separated the cuffs from one another is a 15 mm diameter stainless steel shaft, 60 cm long and is an incredibly effective piece of bondage equipment, for it severely limits the use of the hands for *any* task. Even without its severe restriction, the multiple layers of gloves ensured that I'd barely be able to use my fingers for anything. With a shiver of dread at what I was about to do, I carefully positioned the left side pair of cuffs, then slowly closed both of them around my wrist, just above the joint until their narrow metal rings sank into the suit's resilient thickness, and I felt a distinct constriction.

It wasn't the terribly uncomfortable bite of an unpadded, single hand cuff, but a more wide-spread constriction and the arrangement is very, very secure. My freedom lasted for only a few seconds longer while I manoeuvred the right side set of cuffs to my wrists, then after some straining, I felt their ratchets engage. With the absolutely certain knowledge I would *not* be able to get them off, and thus anything else I wore, with a little struggling, I also closed them tightly. Wearing the three mm thick wet suit and its gloves, together with the thick under-suit and gloves, allowed the cuffs to be quite tight, yet still comfortable ... if that can be said about wearing any kind of hand cuff.

Now that I'd completed locking on all of my restraints, like all newly locked prisoners, I was driven to experiment and discover the small amount of freedom I had left for myself. As planned, I found that I'd be able only to hold out my hands away from my body to the length of the short chains from the ends of the bar to the side rings of my waist belt, but even then, the chain across my back to the elbow cuffs firmly limited my reach. The 60 cm long separator bar ensured that I *could not* touch one set of fingers to the other, nor could I reach any distance to the sides and so I was very restricted; almost completely helpless. The only real movement I'd be permitted to make by this restraint system was to be able to lift or lower my for arms through a short vertical arc.

At long last I was fully 'in' and there was no possible way for me to escape my situation until Marlene came to release me, sometime tomorrow!



## Chapter Three

### *The Session – Part One*

There was no question that I'd present an astounding sight to anyone who could see me now: a fully rubber-encased, harnessed, gas-masked, chained thing: leashed to the floor and ceiling, and connected to a heavy umbilical of hoses and wires leading to the most sensitive areas of its anatomy, standing silently in the middle of a vast, echoing, open space.

The Master Control Switch had been activated for some time and thus the PLC and all the other equipment would at some point begin to operate on its instruction, but I had no idea how soon that point would arrive. Things like the vacuum pumps' operation and the strength of the vacuum; the e-stim machines' power levels, pulse rate, and wave form, as well as their intensity and different cycles, would be activated when the PLC's program dictated. In the past I'd very briefly been able to manage up to 35% of the available power of the e-stim machines, but after even only a few seconds, the extreme sensation and pain instantly forced me to turn the power levels down to a more bearable point. Now though, the PLC was programmed so that it would randomly select a wide range of settings from a mild 5% to a torturing maximum of 80% for short or extended durations and I had no way of knowing what would come, when, or for how long!

I'd programmed the PLC to delay the start of any kind of action until at least 90 minutes had expired, but had let the actual beginning of things to be a random time from that point and so the uncertainty factor was huge. I might have to wait for another hour or two before the session actually commenced and I had no idea how long the process had taken to reach the point I was at now, nor as a consequence, how much longer I had to wait before the 'entertainment' by the e-stim, suspension, and vacuum began. For interminable minutes I clip-clopped (although I couldn't hear the noise) around the small part of the floor that its leash and the overhead suspension cable allowed, tugging experimentally against my wrist's very effective restraint system and kicking against my hobble chain, staring longingly out through the thick plastic face plate of my gas mask at the inaccessible keys at the other end of the arena. With the umbilical fastened to the back of my collar, and thanks to my arm and hand restraint system, there was no possible way I could get at any of the hoses and cables, and even if I fell or lay down, their fastenings to my equipment would be unaffected. I tried to remain calm despite the continual and growing terror of my breath restriction, but soon I became bored and foolishly wanted something ... anything ... to happen. When I wandered too far from the centre of my allotted freedom, the overhead leash to

the back of my collar snapped tight and I felt the warning jerk of the wide collar on my neck. Panicky thoughts that the PLC had malfunctioned blossomed in my mind and I fought to remain calm until, suddenly, the high intensity overhead lights flicked off! I was instantly plunged into total blackness within the light-proofed building, and at the same time a loud wash of impenetrable static began to cascade into my ears! Even though I tried to shake my head what little I could within the grip of the double helmets and snug collars, it was impossible to avoid ... just like everything else that would soon be done to me by the merciless machines.

The vacuum pumps became active and even though at a low suction value, the sensations of the equipment slowly sucking itself tighter and tighter onto my breasts and penis made me gasp and whine into the gag pad, twisting and writhing while its strength slowly was increased to maximum, then stayed there! All around and inside the deep cups, the spare flesh on my chest and breasts was gradually sucked outward into them and began to engorge with blood flowing into the increasingly distended and painful mounds of sensitive flesh. My nipples erected against the contact gel-coated electrode disks pressed onto them and I could not help but whimper while my now very sensitive breasts continued to swell painfully further and further into the voracious things clamped onto my chest. At first the tugging sensation was reasonably pleasant, but the unending and now very strong suction quickly became very uncomfortable, then more and more painful, but it was inescapable! I could not stop the whines and gasps of pain that I made.

Below, similarly, my penis was immediately swallowed and entubed in its entirety by the suckling action of the milking tube and immediately I felt the slow cadence of the simultaneous suck/squeeze-suck/squeeze-suck/squeeze cycling dragging at it without stopping! I couldn't help my shuddering reaction to this intimate, erotic assault and began to respond automatically; pumping and writhing my hips; for the moment forgetting my breathing difficulties. Without conscious thought, I struggled against my restraints in reaction to the strong sensations; unable to avoid the knowledge that I could not and *would not* be able to escape it all, no matter what I tried! Even though at the moment I was, for the most part, enjoying the strong sensations of the vacuum, I'd not forgotten that at some point the PLC would begin to unleash high intensity e-stim for unknown durations and frequency, but where it would attack first was unknown and I grew more and more terrified of the wide latitude I'd programmed into it.

My useless, widely-separated hands and fingers clawed at the ends of the separator bar while my arms jerked against their short chains and the restriction of the elbow cuffs, trying to somehow get at either the tormenting breast cups or

the leech-like tube that engulfed my manhood, but I'd been far too clever and couldn't reach either ... exactly as planned.

For long minutes I stumbled blindly around in the blackness until I bumped into the stool, then slowly shuffled around to sit on its hard surface. It was a mistake! I'd wired the stool so that when any weight came on it, my butt plug was immediately activated and a strong course of electro-shocks flowed through it! The central shaft was one electrode and the base ring was the other and the pulsing shocks made my anal sphincter clench and squirm horribly! The electrical shocks were so strong that a spontaneous scream surged from my throat, but was mostly stifled by the bladder of the gag, and completely so by the tight gas mask and the air hoses. My screams of agonised distress remained fully-contained and the huge area of the arena remained very quiet other than for the subdued slither and clicking of my chains. If there had been anyone in the arena near me, they would only have heard very faint cries, but ten metres away it would be totally silent. Someone passing by the barn would see only a silent, well-kept building with a few small security lights on at the corners, under the roof, and have no idea of the terrors taking place inside.

The shocks were so strong that my legs trembled when I automatically jumped to my feet and flung my arms against their restraint network, frantically attempting to get my thickly-gloved fingers at the tormenting equipment, even though I knew it was impossible. For the next eternal 60 seconds I was made to dance frenetically on my hooved feet, screaming unashamedly while the pulsing, punishing shocks continued to enforce the rule about sitting on the stool. Sometimes it would be OK, but at others, like now, it was forbidden, then punished strongly. Within the minute I was gasping and panting from my desperate efforts, but then the electrical torment at last abated to a semi-bearable level and I could feel the sweat inside the thick inner rubber suit, trickling down my back and front.

The automatic application of the horrific shocks from my butt plug had not altered the rhythm of the milking cycles on my manhood, nor the strong, pulsating suction on my breasts, which, by this point, had swollen enormously into their deep cups. Although I couldn't see them, they were now coloured a deep red by the hot blood they contained. I had little freedom other than to wander to the length of my leashes, and after a while began to tire of standing and walking in the heavy, awkward hoof boots. I found the stool again, but this time, rather than sit upon it, I just tried to lean against it for some support, but that too was a huge mistake and once more the horrific shocks from the butt plug made me dance and scream madly, driven to desperate weeping by their awful

strength and duration. To add to my 'lesson', long runs of trilling, needling pulses now began to agonisingly transfix my nipples!

The awful shocks from the butt plug faded, but did not end, however, now the initially mild but still painful pulses through my distended, super-sensitive breasts began to increase in power! Once more I shook my chest madly to try and escape them, howling with frantic denial, trying anything I could think of to try and stop the horrific shocks, while inside the sealed cups my flesh seemed to be curdling and shuddering all on its own and there was no way I could get at the torturing cups or my body inside them! My nipples felt as though they were being continually punctured by the horrid, needling shocks, but the pattern changed and the pulses began to rhythmically peak then recede; each peak higher than the previous one! I could not stop the now continuous, automatic howls I attempt to make and my hands and arms flailed frantically against their chains and the separator bar, trying to somehow dislodge the cups even while I writhed my upper body like a decapitated snake. I was absolutely desperate to escape the unending electrical torment, but of course there was no way to avoid it! Even if I could grasp the cups, it would be impossible to extract them from the inner and outer suit's too small holes, nor would I be able to break them free of the grip of their incredibly strong suction on my breasts. They had become a permanent part of my rubber ensemble. Bent forward, I continued to dance and writhe, howling dementedly into my gag until at last the PLC allowed the shocks to die back, but not entirely stop, so that I was continually aware of my flaring nipples and still-curdling breast flesh.

Eventually I stood erect once more with my trembling arms hanging down so that the wrist separator bar rested against the top of my crotch cup. By this point, my throat was raw from the desperate attempts I'd made to scream and so tilted my head back to suck some water from the drinking reservoir. It was only a little, but tasted and felt wonderful. Alone in impenetrable blackness, I wondered again and again how much time had passed and what horrors would next be visited upon me by the pitiless PLC. All it did was to follow the program instructions with no concern or sympathy.

It was only a machine.

## Chapter Four

### *The Session - Part Two*

Continual standing and walking in my steel horseshoe-shod hoof boots was always tiring, but I dared not sit on the stool, for that might again unleash the horrid shocks from the butt plug. I had programmed the PLC to occasionally deactivate the weight sensor triggers, but had no idea whether they were on or off. Slowly, I sank to my knees and attempted to sit, just to take the strain off my feet and legs, but I'd forgotten that as a back-up to the stool's weight sensor trigger, another in the butt plug itself was activated on occasion when my weight came on any surface. It was active when I tried to sit on the floor and once more I was transfixed by the pulsing shocks from the butt plug! Again I howled with the pain, rolling onto my side, bucking and kicking madly against my chains while the shocks penetrated my bowels in horrifying wave after wave. Not only that though, but the breast cups pattern of shocks once more changed dramatically and slow, long, wildly-flaring skeins of electrical energy rippled from their rim electrodes out through the supersensitive, swollen flesh to my nipples! I jerked and flailed madly on the floor in automatic reactions that I could not control; the continual shocks making me scream mindlessly, but the PLC executed its programming flawlessly.

I lay on the cold concrete floor, jerking in reaction to the torment and fighting my restraints, then the next terror began when the suspension cable lowly began to tighten and I was dragged inexorably across the cement on my back then, still kicking and thrashing frantically from the extreme stimulation, was slowly drawn up off the floor and high into the air to dangle helplessly with my steel horse shoes six metres above the floor. I twisted and turned in mid-air, deeply embedded in the utter blackness and silence of the vast arena, kicking my feet and legs uselessly against their leash chain and making myself swing back and forth in short, disconcerting arcs.

The cruel shocks at last returned to a bearable level, even while the vacuum pulsations continued, but the next stage was about to begin, although I had no idea of what it would be. Still gasping and panting from the exertions I'd been forced to make, I begged pointlessly for freedom against the gag while hanging alone in the blackness and growing horror of the tortures yet to be administered. Even though I was fully aware that no one could hear me, let alone know that I was a strictly-restrained prisoner, being automatically tortured in my secluded barn, I *still* tried to escape my fate. However, I was very securely locked into a most complete bondage arrangement, and for an unknowable length of time to come, by my own hand.

The awful shocks and strong vacuum suddenly stopped, leaving me submerged in the midst of the roaring static, then it too stopped and for the longest time, perhaps two hours, I hung quietly suspended, then soon once again becoming bored mindless from the lack of any sort of sensory input. I became more and more aware of the breath restriction and tried to overcome my budding terror, but within another 10 minutes my mind was overwhelmed with panic and even though I wasn't being tortured I mindlessly tried to beg for release and pointlessly fought my restraints in useless efforts to try and get at the gas mask and tear it off so that I could breathe freely.

The next stage of my torment began with a mild, vibrating, slow pulsing of electrical energy passing up the full length of my steel-armoured maleness. The at-first-gentle shocks made me gasp and shake in spasms of frantic enjoyment from their entrancing and exciting stimulation, but it did not, and would not stop! Desperate with need, I tried to pull my legs up and twist my body to enhance the sensations because I could feel an orgasm beginning to build deep in my belly; my hips thrusting back and forth automatically, attempting to bury my straining manhood even deeper inside the suckling milker tube. To add to the intense sexual stimulation, the tube had once more began its strong, rhythmic, unending, suck/squeeze-suck/squeeze cycling! The mental image of myself, together with erratic and more and more frightening thoughts that I could be kept this way for days and days, made me harden even more!

The mental imagery was important. It set the stage for the actual physical consummation, then the triggering, erotic thought came: perhaps I was being kept in some sort of female-operated, medical laboratory, being 'tested to destruction'; kept under pervasive observation and always available for further and more intense stimulation! It was a powerful mental vision of masochistic delight, however, it would eventually come to pass, to my consuming horror. My hands and fingers twitched and grasped desperately in mid-air, making the connecting chains to my waist cinch thrum with tension when I jerked in reaction on them, absolutely mindless to get at the teasing and tormenting thing fastened onto my maleness! It continued the tireless suckling, but then the e-stim changed to a constant, slower, deeper, penetrating buzzing, vibrating and totally maddening pulse pattern that worked in conjunction with vacuum cycles so that I became rock hard inside the milker tube; straining to get more and more.

My aroused and maniac movements immediately had me swinging wildly back and forth to the length of my anchoring chain from my hobble, bouncing weirdly on the suspending springs while I convulsed in the deep throes of arousal, until suddenly the orgasm that had been building like a far off tsunami, crashed over me! I shook like a leaf in a tornado, twisting and bouncing crazily



at the end of the suspending cable, howling with mindless, animalistic pleasure while long jets of sperm were forcibly drawn from my body by the merciless milking tube. My frantic, but restricted struggling added even more endorphins to the other arousal chemicals my body produced and the orgasm rolled over and over in my frazzled mind until I passed out from the sheer overwhelming pleasure sensations. Many hazy minutes later I thought the orgasm was over, but the suckling and deeply arousing e-stim continue unabated! Soon I had become hard again and strained in desperation to climax. This time though, adding to the flood of arousing sensations from my crotch, the pulsing pattern of the breast e-stim became stronger and began to syncopate with that of the milking tube! Again I felt the incredible pattern of deep, abdominal muscle contractions signalling that my body was automatically going to attempt another ejaculation. I shook and trembled uncontrollably, unable to stop the automatic pumping action of my hips; all the while swinging erratically back and forth to the limit of my chain to the floor far below, fighting against the pervasive restraints and thus adding a witch's brew of sexual endorphins to the chemical stew already being pumped through my body and brain!

There was to be no respite! The PLC began the next stage of my torment while I hung waiting; utterly vulnerable and helpless, swinging in small, chain-restricted circles, still instinctually attempting to escape my bondage; gasping and panting for breath. In the frenzy of what I'd experienced so far, I'd almost forgotten about my breath restriction situation and equipment, then while I tried to accommodate myself to the continuing demand of the suck/squeeze-suck/squeeze-suck/squeeze of the vacuum penis tube and the constant teasing, torment and torture of the strong vacuum and the e-stim being applied to my breasts and nipples, I suddenly found that my breathing was becoming much more difficult and I was getting less and less air! The program of the PLC was slowly closing off my air supply and would continue to do so until I was getting none at all! Air would not be re-supplied to me until a minute and a half after I've fainted, just to ensure that I remained unconscious for a while, and only then would regular inhalations be permitted once more.

I'd forgotten that this would happen at some point and instantly began attempting to scream for it to stop, all the while crazy to somehow free my hands and arms and rip the mask off my head and face, but of course there was no escape possible! My hands could not even touch the air hoses nor could they get anywhere near my face mask! I knew I was going to be strangled, but my body betrayed me! Once again I hardened inside the voracious tube, then began to fight my bonds with renewed fervour, pumping my hips to bring on the next orgasm. Although I was already drained, the insatiable, armouring tube that

engulfed my maleness *could not* be escaped and in my gut I felt my body clench uselessly to eject sperm and seminal fluid that was no longer there. It hurt a lot and I howled again and again, finding less and less air even still thrashing maniacally while my body writhed and shuddered. It was then that the e-stim from the milker tube, that from the breast cups, and from the butt plug all climbed to points *far* beyond anything I had ever experienced before and that I was incapable of withstanding! With a final scream for release, I collapsed into the tight grip of my suspending harness; bright lights flashing in front of my sightless eyes, consuming the final breath of air allotted to me by the PLC. In horror, I descended into a whirling, vortex of internal, mental blackness.

## Chapter Five

### *The Session - Part Three*

Although the PLC programming was to cycle over and over, it changed the wide selection of variables each time and so I'd be compelled to experience a huge array of sensations that weren't repeated or in any way predictable.

I returned to awareness slowly only to realise I was still dangling in mid-air and now wanted out of my rubber encasement in a bad way. The rubber suits in combination with the snugly fitted helmet and worst of all, the oppressive gas mask had become very, very cloying and my restraints even more so, but fastened and suspended as I was, I could not escape from any part of my ensemble, just as intended, and for long moments I bounced erratically while uselessly fighting my bonds, feeling totally alone and abandoned. In truth, I *was* alone and abandoned and no one *would* help me! I just had to endure whatever was going to happen next and became truly frightened of the situation I'd placed myself in. My sobs of renewed terror and stifled begging to be freed were pointless. I had no idea of how long I'd been unconscious and certainly not of the total length of time I'd been a prisoner, but knew it was nowhere near long enough for Marlene to have arrived. Even if she had, I'd *still* not know and the lights would remain off until she decided to turn them on. It was quite possible that she was already here in the arena and waiting to begin her own application of the sophisticated tortures I'd devised.

The sensations that had been assaulting me so intensely and impersonally had stopped, but inevitably they resumed, but with a mild, but constant buzzing and pulsation through the steel- and thick rubber-armoured length of my captive manhood. I twisted my shuddering hips and pulled up my knees against the floor anchoring chain to my hobble with my legs together only to have the animalistic part of my brain automatically demand satisfaction for my aroused maleness. The demands became more and more insistent when the unending suck/squeeze-suck/squeeze-suck/squeeze- cycling of the milking tube began once more, reinforcing my increasingly desperate need to achieve another orgasm. I stared wide eyed out into the eternal blackness of the arena, then again for a long time flailed my hands to the limits of their short chains and separator bar, hoping desperately to find a loose restraint, but I'd been far too thorough and nothing gave 'way. I remained as I was, utterly trapped. Although the arena had remained cool, within my suits I was bathed in heated sweat of terror.

No matter *what* I did, I could not stop or avoid the sensations that the milker tube fastened over my crotch enforced, but then, slowly, the pulsating vacuum returned again to my breast cups and the previously abused and still sensitive

fleshy mounds once again got sucked deeply into their cups! Until this point, I'd never thought of my breasts as being particularly sensitive, but the vacuum in combination with the application of the strong e-stim through them and my nipples had proven to be an awful awakening. The outwardly swollen flesh had quickly become super-sensitive once more and all the while the spring-loaded nipple pads maintained a secure physical and thus electrical contact. Slowly at first, then more and more frequently, a pattern of e-stim sequences flowed first through one breast, then the other and I automatically tried to bend forward and shake my chest against the restriction of the harness, howling shamelessly while madly twisting my body in futile attempts to escape the torment. It went on for endless minutes, but then *both* breasts were subjected to the same pulse patterns at the same time and I arched back in the harness with my hands straining against the chains and separator bar, fingers clawing uselessly in mid-air, while howling into the gag for it to stop! Oh, *please!* Stop! No noise escaped from inside my sealed-on, cruelly efficient gas mask, then suddenly I realised that once again the PLC was slowly cutting off my air supply! I thrashed against my restraints in a frenzy, horrified of the sensations of being unable to breathe; yet all the while being slowly strangled into unconsciousness. This time though, the process was not completed and I was kept on the reduced air supply for long minutes, struggling for every breath while all of the other sensations grew stronger and stronger!

I don't know what to do! Nearly mindless, I once again flung myself to the limits of the suspending cable, bouncing wildly on the springs with each bounce suddenly restricted by my hobble's anchoring chain. All I wanted to do was to escape! Of course there was no way for me to manage it, but then my full measure of breathing air was restored and the PLC changed the vacuum and e-stim patterns so that once more I continued to flail in maddened distraction, trying anything ... anything at all, to avoid the fearsome shocks and leech-like vacuum.

Of course I remained a full prisoner.

A long time later, the e-stim and vacuum were reduced to just an ever-present background and I continued to dangle dejectedly in the utter blackness with only residual shivers and shaking. The one benefit of being suspended was I was off my feet. Although the hoof boots are an interesting novelty to wear for an hour or two, they very soon become oppressive and were always most limiting, thanks to the way they forced me to stand and walk and because of their substantial weight.

Inside their double layer of restrictive rubber, wearing the extremely limiting arm and wrist restraint system, my hands and fingers were totally useless

appendages with no way for me to release myself even if I had possession of the key. Only Marlene would be able to do that ... and she might decide not to!

And so I continued to hang there in nothingness for an eternity, submerged in the unending roar of static, occasionally sucking a trickle of water from the reservoir and moving my hands and arms fitfully against their restraints, kicking despairingly at my hobble chain and its anchoring one to the floor below. Another long and extremely boring time passed, then the PLC took control of my life once more and I was soon once more reduced to a screaming, reacting wreck of a human. The first thing it did was to activate the butt plug at a high setting and I bucked wildly against the harness from the convulsing strong shocks with more useless, howling protests being torn from my innermost being. The electrical pulses turned my insides to super-sensitive jelly and the plug seemed to more deeply insert itself automatically! Without any sort of build up, the vacuum on my breasts resumed its operation in full force and a moment after, the awful patterns of e-stim began to tingle, shudder, vibrate and needle through them in unending patterns of torment. I could not help myself; automatically attempting to bend over and shake my chest in a desperate attempt to release the painful suction of the cups and all the while weeping and then screaming unashamedly when the shocks climbed into realms I'd never before experienced.

It was then that the penis torture tube again became fully-active and a constant, throbbing, buzzing pattern of e-stim surged back and forth through my captive manhood, instantly making me automatically harden in an unavoidable, instinctual demand to attain another orgasm. However, my body had not had enough time to regenerate any kind of seminal fluid and I felt deep, painful twinges, but then the strong vacuum pattern of suck/squeeze-suck/squeeze-suck/squeeze-suck/squeeze cycling also returned and my hips began to instinctually bounce and pump in animalistic demand. It was impossible for me to remain still and so I flailed and floundered erratically around and around in small circles, dementedly fighting my restraints when the shocks became too much to bear. It went on and on until once more I fainted into an exhausted blob of suspended misery, mindlessly struggling. Over the ensuing long hours this pattern was repeated many times and when I could think coherently and not just react to the torturing, I sank into a horrified deep despair at what I'd done to myself. I became terrified that I'd never be freed from my self-created Hell on Earth and began to hallucinate because it seemed as though I had been here forever and would be kept like this ... forever.

How true that was to come to be, would come as a soul-destroying revelation. &&&

## Chapter Six

### *The Session - Part Four*

The lights flashed on and I had to blink my eyes rapidly, then stare around from within the confining helmet and gas mask at what little I could see of the arena around and far below me. I was still suspended, but none of the tormenting machinery was active and so I fully experienced the compression and constriction of my helmets, the suits and the harness, then at last Marlene moved to where I could see her. She smiled up at me with a happy, evil glint in her eyes, holding a microphone in her left hand, then with her thumb, switched it on and held it to her face.

“Good evening, Dear Larissa.” she purred happily, her voice dripping with menace, despite her lovely smile. “I’m very glad to find you prepared and ready for me to have some fun. It’s been *far* too long since we’ve had a session, but until now, I’ve never *really* had a chance to do with you as I want, or to take you to the high levels I want to use. *This* time, Dear, you’re going to scream very loudly and very long for me and I have no worries about passers by hearing you!”

Hearing her voice in the ear buds, I shuddered with unalloyed terror because I knew that she had a distinct, broad and very deep streak of cruelty and sadism in her personality, but until now, she’d always masked it well. I couldn’t say anything, thanks to the gag and so just watched her nervously from within my sealed and locked-on gas mask.

“I really must thank you, Dear, for offering me this lovely opportunity! You can be sure I’m going to make the most of it! For the longest time I’ve wanted to see you jump and twist and scream to my command *and* I want that to happen *a lot* over the coming night!

“No, Dear!” she smiled still, “I’m *not* going to free you from your lovely restraints and situation for a *llllooonngg* time to come. You’re *perfectly* outfitted and restrained, and now that you’ve been softened up by your experiences during the past day, you’re well-prepared for me to torture you!”

I’d arranged for her to come to the house and readied the spare bedroom, with the thought that I wanted to experience the true measure of her dark side in all of its evil glory, but now I doubted my sanity in doing so. We’d known each other for many years and she had always been a most considerate and careful dominatrix when we’d played in the past, but in our recent communications I’d told her that I wanted her to let her internal “beast” off its leash and had given her my written permission for a full and no-limits session. It appeared to have struck a responsive chord and so here she was.

“First, Dear, I’m going to leave you suspended, but with one change. Now hold still for a few moments.”

She lowered me until she could reach my hoofed feet, then out of my sight below my line of vision a minute later I felt my ankle cuffs tugged strongly outwards! She’d connected chains to other floor rings off to the sides, then, using the step stool, had released my hobble from one ankle cuff before reconnecting both cuffs to the outer chains and tightening them! Now, my legs were held spread wide apart and straight out, unable to bend at the knee. She stood back so that I could see her and smiled again at me.

“Excellent! I love seeing you ssssoooo vulnerable and now you’ll just have to hang there and take what I want you to experience and with no way to kick or to bring your legs together! I love seeing men so vulnerable, and especially you! Oh, of course you can still move your hands and arms a little, but *that* won’t do you any good at all, sweetie, as you already know. Even though you’re gagged inside that lovely gas mask, I’m going to make you scream loudly enough that I can easily hear you and I’m going to love watching your eyes and see your tears when I torture you. Are you ready to begin?”

No! I *wasn’t* ready! I was scared absolutely brainless by what she could and would soon do to me and was totally desperate by now to be released from my costume and for all of this to stop! However, now all of my daydreams and nightmares were about to come true ... but I *didn’t* want them to! Chickening out, though, was not an option and she continued speaking.

“I really must thank you, Larissa, for arranging to have this wireless remote control for all of your toys, and too, for the option to return them to automatic when I go to bed. I’m going to ensure that you enjoy a really unforgettable experience, so you’re going to remain precisely as you are until sometime tomorrow afternoon or evening! Isn’t that nice?

“Oh, of course I’ll allow you to get some rest along the way, Dear, but that’s only because I want you to be physically up to the wonderfully horrible experiences I have planned. Otherwise I’m going to take you to the point of complete physical and emotional exhaustion. Being who and what I am, as to how *you* actually feel about what I’m going to do ... well, frankly, I don’t really care at this point, nor for that matter, what kind of mental state you’re in while it’s all happening. You said and wrote that I was free to let my inner beast off its leash and now ... it *is*!

“I’ll just refill your drinking reservoir, then do a quick inspection of your equipment before I begin. Hold still for a moment, please!”

She used the handheld control to lower me again to where she could reach my gas mask and disconnected the drinking reservoir, then left the arena for a

moment. Upon returning, she snapped it back on, then walked slowly around and checked the tightness of everything, making sure that all of the e-stim cables and hoses remained securely connected. She stopped in front of me and reached out to hold my gloved and trembling left hand, stroking the gleaming rubber thoughtfully.

“Oooohhhh, my Dear,” she smiled into my gas-mask entombed face, her inner ‘beast’ glinting with evil happiness from within her eyes, “I’m going to have ssssssoooo much fun torturing you! I really love the idea that when I go to bed, I can return you to the automatic, and from what you’ve told me, quite nasty care of the PLC, then leave you alone for the night, knowing that you’re not going to escape and that it will continue to subject you to some really awful and very strong sensations.”

‘Oh damn!’ I thought in terror. *‘I can’t even handle what I’ve already been experiencing without nearly losing my mind! What sort of a monster have I unleashed???’*

“Very well! It’s nearly nine o’clock and I want to get in a good couple of hours with you before I use that lovely bed you’ve made up for me. However, before we begin I think I’ll go back to the house and make myself a nice cup of tea while I warm you up. So, here we go!”

She held the TV remote-like device up and I fearfully watched her fingers dance over the buttons, then the electric winch drew me high into the air again, and I began to buck madly when her index finger pressed one of the buttons a couple of times. The butt plug began pulsing out quite horrible shocks, making me twist and jerk, but then she added in the milker tube’s long, slow, deeply penetrating electro-shocks! These emanated from the spiral, cap-like electrode that covered the tip of my vacuum-elongated manhood at the bottom end of the milker tube, then flowed through the drawn-out length of super-sensitive flesh to its base electrode against my body. Immediately, I made more frantic jerks and thrusts, writhing dementedly and loudly howling from the assault of the intimate, strongly pulsing electro-shock; frantically but unintelligibly attempting between screams to beg for it to stop. I could barely withstand the strong e-stim down there, but it continued without stopping and in minutes I began was screaming constantly like a banshee, squirming madly in desperate need to escape the awful torment. She wasn’t quite done and added-in strong pulses from the rim electrodes out to and through my nipples, curdling the flesh and making me howl and scream even louder from the maddening sensations, clenching my eyes shut and trying to shake my head in negation. From inside the tightly sealed-on mask I saw the video camera, focussed on my eyes so that she could watch my face intently, smiling with pleasure at the tears that flooded out onto my rubber-



encased cheeks, inside the mask even while I continued to try and scream for her to stop the horrible torturing.

“Ah! That seems to have caught your attention! OK, I’ll leave you alone for a while and go have some of that excellent Earl Grey tea you’ve put out. I’m not sure when I’ll get back to you though.” She mused, “I’ve got a screen play and movie script to work on, but of course I don’t really need to be here because I have the remote! Thanks to that, you’ll know I’m taking care of you and besides, I can actually watch you on that huge TV you’ve got in the living room, back at the house. A lovely arrangement!”

*‘No!! No-no-no-no! Please-please-please don’t leave me like this !! The e-stim is making me crazy! I know I’ll die if you keep me like this!’*, I tried to yell at her, but of course my efficient gag and the gas mask stopped any coherent words and reduced my protests to only barely heard whispers in the arena’s hugely echoing space.

“Ta-ta!” she smiled again, waved, and left while I helplessly watched her, suspended high in the air, then I heard the heavy barn door lock.

I hung there in renewed horror of what I’d done to myself, mindlessly shaking and struggling to somehow ease my situation and accept the tormenting electrical shocks, but after a few minutes I could take no more and began to howl and frequently scream in earnest, then began to weep and beg incoherently even while still madly fighting my restraint system. It went on and on for what seemed like hours and I flung myself back and forth at the end of the suspending cable, bouncing up and down with every violent movement, trying to pull my legs together in a futile effort to alleviate my suffering. No matter *what* I did, all of my protests and tears made not the slightest difference, then without warning, she changed what was being done to me.

The milker tube suddenly became active and in a second my maleness was drawn strongly deep into the milker tube, then the suck/squeeze cycling began once more to endlessly assault my body and mind, even while the awful, pulsing shocks continued without let-up! My legs tensed automatically and I continued to attempt to pull them up to protect myself, but of course, now that they were kept chained to the widely-separated floor rings, I could do nothing other than feel totally vulnerable, exactly as she intended. The static roar died back and her soft voice hissed into my ears once more.

“Are you having fun yet, Dear? Oh, I *do* hope so! You’re making the most delightful struggles and I love hearing your almost silenced pleading and howling, but how about ... *this?*”

The cups that I had built with such loving care to detail suddenly began to suck with horrible force, clamping themselves even more firmly onto my chest,

then drawing any remaining spare flesh out into their voracious maws; much like a Lamprey eel fastens itself onto the host fish. The flesh and muscle immediately became filled with more sensitising blood and the shocks, although remaining for the moment at the same strength as they had been to this point, seemed to increase dramatically! I couldn't stop the immediate screams that battered against my gag, nor any of the ones that followed when she slowly and viciously increased the power of the electro-shock through my nipples. I wanted to die ... anything to escape the horrid pulses, but then the milker tube's shock pattern also changed again and I went absolutely berserk with my struggles to escape: frantic, begging scream after scream ripping from my throat.

"Oh, Larissa! You react so delightfully when I do that!" her voice, dripping evil, whispered into my ears. "However, I don't think you can handle too much of such a good thing without having a heart attack, so I'll be a little merciful, but only for the moment."

Thankfully, everything almost died away in intensity and I slowly settled down and began to breathe normally again, still gasping and sobbing from the horrors she had just visited upon me so uncaringly.

"OK, Dear. I'll let you recover for a while longer and meditate on your sins, and remember that no good deed goes unpunished! Be assured I'll be getting back to you in due course. Ta-ta!"

The lights flicked off to leave me still suspended high above the floor in the vastness of the open space, swathed in utter darkness, trying to recover my senses and not panic totally. I knew, with terror squeezing my heart, that it was going to be done to me again and again! Fevered, fractured thoughts whirled around and around in my mind about how I was going to escape and I automatically struggled, but was soon panting and gasping from the futile effort. I remained strung up in mid-air, battling my demons alone. I don't know how long she left me in the silence and blackness, but my struggles had been so strong that I was exhausted and believe it or not, somehow fell asleep, despite being confined in the gas mask, oppressive rubber suits and harness. I think I dreamed, but really, they were nightmares ... until her insistent voice awakened me and the lights came on.

"Wakey, wakey, Larissa!" she hissed. "You've had a nice chance to rest and recover and even to sleep, although I don't know how you managed *that*! Nevertheless my Dear, it's time once again for me to continue enjoying your screams, tears and maddened thrashing to escape what I'm doing to you! I've *never* had a victim so readily available at all times! You know, it's actually quite wonderful that I can make you scream and jerk and weep with just the press of a button or two! Let's see what this combination does, OK?"

The milker tube suddenly began to suck strongly, then to emit the pattern of low level, deeply-penetrating, buzzing and vibrating stimulation shocks and the butt plug emitted only small pulses in counter point. That was all that happened. No increase in power and no breast stimulation, just the unending sexual teasing that was an exquisite torment. I gasped with pleasure, then when it did not stop, attempted to beg for her to provide the impetus that would take to the edge of orgasm, then hurl me over it into the maelstrom of sexual satisfaction. My hips bounced and humped frantically in mid-air while the orgasm built higher and higher and I could feel it beginning its final approach when Marlene suddenly changed the pattern of shocks and raised the power dramatically. My breasts seemed to catch fire when unalloyed, high level pulses surged out through my nipples and I screamed and screamed, shaking my chest wildly, maniacally fighting my harness and chains. The orgasm collapsed and I howled from the seemingly unending torment, then fainted from the sensory overload. When I returned to awareness, everything had stopped again and she, having lowered me to within her reach, was standing out in front of me, smiling evilly.

“Hello again, Dear.” she smiled, reaching out and stroking my shivering, rubber-tubed arms. “You know, Larissa, I normally like whips, floggers and paddles, but *this* is so much less tiring and I do like to keep abreast of the hi-tech torments that you’ve specialised in. Then, to be able to use them on you, the inventor, without *any* concerns about whether you like or hate the sensations that can be delivered by what you’ve built, is really great!

“What I’m really impressed with, though, is that you’ve fastened yourself like you have! When you did it, you obviously wanted it to be that the only way you’d ever get free, was if I assisted. Because of the way you’ve set things up there’s no possible way for you to manage it on your own! What a delightful present of yourself you’ve made me and I’m going to give my very best in efforts to show my appreciation, Dear. Unfortunately for you, that’s going to involve a good deal more of the nasty and strong ‘corrective therapy’ you’ve experienced so far. Of course I’m happy to do it!

“Very well, enough of my babbling.” she smiled happily up at me again while I stared out at her in absolute terror from within the imprisonment of the sealed-on gas mask. “It’s time to make you do your rather specialised dancing and ‘singing’ for me again my Dear and I hope you’re ready, but if you’re not, that’s just too bad. Here we go!”

Once more she began to play with the controls and soon had me doing precisely what she wanted. It went on and on for the longest time until I was absolutely crazy with need to escape the torment and bondage and all the while she smiled and laughed with delight, staring avidly at my maddened gyrations.

She frequently reached out and held my frantic fingers, stroking my rubber-encased head and trembling arms even while she turned up the power and made me scream. I eventually fainted once more, then again and again, from my exertions and she'd leave me to recover for a time before returning to my torturing.

"I really *do* love to hear you scream and watch you dance, Dear Larissa, but it's been a long day for me, so I'm going to go to bed, but of course I won't leave you totally alone and bored! That would be *entirely* too unkind! I see that there's a program on that PLC thing that says "Night Entertainment Routines" and so I'm going to activate that and leave you to enjoy whatever the program has in store.

"However!" she snarled, "I saw that there was an option on the PLC's menu that governs all of the sensations delivered. The sliding scale indicator showed that you'd only set it at strength three of a possible 25 for your entertainment. *That* my Dear has now been changed! I've adjusted the control to strength 12! So, I'm sure you'll be properly disciplined when I get back to you in the morning. Isn't that nice of me? Hahahahaha.

"Very well! I'll switch control back to the PLC now and I'm sure you'll find it interesting. I'm off to bed. Nighty-night!"

She walked out the door and I watched it close then lock, leaving me alone again, then the winch drew me high into the air and left me dangling helplessly. The lights went out after I'd waited in growing terror for the longest time, then it all began again! Over the next eight hours I suffered the torments of the damned, frequently fainting after screaming fits. I was kept in utter blackness for the entire duration and so had no idea of the passage of time. I'm sure that the programming allowed me periods of rest during the night, but the worst of those times was when the PLC removed my air supply and I was forced into unconsciousness. Exhaustion kept me there for an hour or more at a time, but I was always brought back to awareness by strong e-stim that was soon followed by the vacuum assaults on my breasts and crotch equipment. On a couple of occasions the program brought me to a full-on orgasm, but then, after, administered a long session of horrid 'therapy', leaving me as a blubbering, pleading, screaming wreck.

I was dozing when the lights flicked on and Marlene appeared below my feet a few seconds later looking fresh and happy. She lowered me to within touching distance.

"Good morning, Larissa!" she said brightly, coming to me and running her hand over my rubber-encased head while she smiled into my eyes, deeply-

confined under the gas mask's impenetrable face piece. "I hope you've enjoyed an interesting night, Dear?"

I tried to shake my head in denial and articulate my desperate desire to be released. The partially inflated gag pad made incoherent gibberish of the attempt; muting it to almost nothingness.

"No? Oh, that *is* too bad!" she said with obviously fake concern. "Well, no matter! I'll get some more water for you and arrange the hoses so that you can have a pee. That will give you a chance to get ready for your next dancing and singing sessions! Now just hold still and I'll take care of the chores, then we'll get going."

She reached to my mask and quickly disconnected the empty reservoir then left the room to refill it and bring in the urine drainage system. The reservoir was again snapped onto my mask, then she knelt before me and with the wrench, undid the main vacuum line before connecting the urine drain hose and bag. I didn't realise how full I was until I released a strong, continuing flow of urine into the vacuum tube and sighed with that simple pleasure. With this arrangement, it was possible that I would never, *ever* freed of any of the tormenting devices! At last I was done and she rapidly reconnected the vacuum hose then stood up and smiled at me again.

"I'm sure you must feel much better after getting rid of all that fluid my Dear, but it's now time to resume our explorations! Isn't that exciting!? *I* think so and I'm going to sit right here and watch you."

'*Oh God!*' I wailed in my mind, struggling in near hysteria against my restraints and the suspension cable. '*I can't do this anymore! Please-please-please! Please don't do it again? Please!!*'

She watched me struggle for a moment, then raised her hand to stroke the smooth outer surface of the face plate.

"Oooohhh! What's the matter, Dear? Don't you *want* to play again and make me happy? Of *course* you do! So, here we go!"

All of the horrors that I had been forced to experience over the past day and night began once more and the next hours were a continuing nightmare of unending torment that left me a sobbing wreck after each part of the session until she finally relented and lowered me to stand on shaking legs, still partially-supported by the cable to my harness.

"Well, I guess it's time to get you out of that outfit, Dear. It'll take a little while but you'll soon be freed enough to do most of it yourself."

Although it had taken me a long time to get into my ensemble, then connect all of the hoses and wires, within 15 minutes I was out of everything and stood

drooping with exhaustion and feeling more submissive and thoroughly dominated than I'd ever believed was possible.

"OK!" She asserted. "You go and have a nice long shower and I'll get your lovely new chastity cage and leash system ready."

*That* came as a completely unsuspected development! Sure, I'd always liked playing around with chastity belts and cages and the various additions that could make them quite a trial to wear and as well, all of the cages I'd purchased had been modified so that a leash could be locked to them. When I'd worn the devices in the past, most of the time it was with one of these tethers as an integral part, but now, Marlene was going to *make* me wear one! However, I was too tired and wrung out to question her about the new arrangement and staggered off to the shower. If I'd had the presence of mind or the energy, I should have tried to escape right then and there. I'd live to deeply regret the lost opportunity.

I staggered over to where I'd hung my raincoat, and with exhausted steps, slowly returned to the house, then up the stairs to the bathroom and spent the next 20 minutes luxuriating in torrents of hot water while I soaped and rinsed repeatedly. After drying off, but not really wanting to, I went down to the living room where she waited and when I entered, she pointed wordlessly to the table on which was an the array of the gleaming chastity cage, a couple of light chains with locks in their end links, and a thick, 35 mm long, steel scrotum collar complete with a tight, thick loop of a divider strap. Although not really wanting to submit myself to this intimate control, I was too mentally wrung out to object doing it.

"Larissa, your lovely Owner and I have talked quite a lot about you and your kinky interests. Even though she's not really a fully-fledged 'player' in our types of games, at the moment, she's in complete agreement with keeping your genitals locked up for the foreseeable future. So! We've decided that from now on you are not permitted to have *any* access to your sexual organs unless we permit it. You're going to be wearing these very efficient and actually somewhat punitive control devices 24/7365 for most of the rest of your life, however long that may be. We all know that for most of your adult life you've had some pretty intense day dreams about that sort of life and so now we're going to make *all* of them come true!

"We've also agreed that it's going to be a permanent situation, unless your Owner or I want to play with you again, but she's not into kink the way we are. So! I'm going to use some of that thread-locking stuff to prevent easy removal, but first, you must also understand that from now on, you'll always wear a steel tube catheter just to reinforce the sensations you'll have of being under control, then we'll proceed."

My mind and body were betraying me again! She handed me the thick, hollow, next-to-the-body, lower abdomen, collapsible steel ring that was to surround all of my male plumbing and it was easy enough to apply, but she inspected it closely once I'd fitted it.

"Tighten it *all* the way, Larissa!" she commanded. "I want you to be always aware of it and always to want to get it off."

I squeezed it into an even smaller diameter opening then slipped the locking piece into place, becoming intensely aware of the constriction. She reached over and clipped a strange looking device to the cage, then handed it to me.

"Now, put on that lovely cock cage and lock it, if you please!"

Inside the cock cage I saw a long, ribbed, and thick stainless steel tube that was obviously designed to go into my urethra, but the scary part of the arrangement was that it's projecting, outer end had a thick wire connected to the newly clipped-on device and another to the ring that would rest against my belly, and thus the divider band. She spread a generous layer of lubricant/contact gel on the long tube.

"Insert that all the way, Larissa! As you know, when it's all the way in, there'll be *no* way for you to try and get it off."

Shivering uncontrollably with both terror and desire, I held my organ gently, then slowly worked the smooth end of the thick steel tube into it. For a moment, I thought that the catheter was too large a diameter to go inside me, but once the end was past the opening, the ribbed length began to slowly slide up inside my urethra! The sensation of the deeper and deeper insertion was very strange and for some reason I began to get an erection and that increased the resistance of the insertion! The open end of the shiny steel cage slipped over the swollen head of my penis, then down along its growing length until the tip of my manhood pressed firmly against the interior of the closed, rounded end of the cock cage, but it was still not close to the body ring I already wore. By this point, the inner end of the catheter had passed through my abdominal wall, but to make the cage connect with the body ring, I'd have to press it onto my self even more, driving the tube in my manhood all the way in. Marlene looked at me and smiled happily.

"Well, go ahead! Press it against yourself so that the lock fittings engage!"

I shuddered and wanted to stop, but my desire to experience this sensory experience again was overwhelming my common sense and so I did as she commanded and pressed the cage down onto my rampant organ and felt the tube inside me very strongly, then the locking fittings engaged. She was very fast and adroitly slipped a shackle over the end cross-hole. The shackle had already been slipped through the end link of a light, but very strong, metre length chain, and

after putting a dollop of the thread-locking compound on the threaded part of the cross-pin, she used a small Allen Key to turn it fully in and as tightly as could be managed. If the threaded joint was left undisturbed for 24 hours, the shackle would have to be cut off. I looked down at the leashing chain with the small, secure lock at its other end now attached to my cock cage, but she interrupted my musings.

“OK, it’s time for the remainder of your chastity system.” she said gesturing to the other device. “It’s the locking collar with leashes for your scrotum. I’ve got some additional stretcher collars that will be eventually be fitted above this one and you won’t like them at all, but you *will* be fitted with them! Now, put that locking compound on the threads of the collar’s bolts, then put it on and tighten them all the way.”

Being 35 mm wide, the collar was nearly 15 mm thick and on its inner side the bent ends of the tight loop of a thick rod that would act as a divider for my testicles would snap into their drilled out holes. On each half, a heavy ring bolt was embedded and these had metre long chains attached, complete with small, but strong locks in their end links.

‘*Oh damn!*’ I thought with feverish dread. ‘*This doesn’t look good at all!*’

It was difficult to get the thick, heavy and long collar fitted without pinching the thin and very sensitive skin because it was so tight. The hole for the scrotum to go through was so small that there was no possible way I was going to be able to pull the heavy donut off once it was fully closed. Eventually I got it on then slowly tightened the bolts while Marlene watched closely.

“OK, Larissa. I know that the cage is quite heavy and will soon become uncomfortable without some sort of support arrangement, so here’s two chains that will go around your body, just above the hips and they’ll hold up the cage and prevent you from trying to pull it off. Even so, Dear, the stretcher collar will be supported only by your body. Hold still!”

She clipped the chains to loops on each side of the base of the cage, then wrapped them tightly around my waist just over my hips before locking their ends together over my spine. The chains became embedded in my flesh, just above the swell of my pelvis.

“Excellent!” she smiled happily. “*That* arrangement is a delight to see you wearing and I absolutely *love* how controllable it makes you!”

She reached out and grabbed the two chains from the scrotum collar and pulled sharply! The sudden, unexpected tension made me stumble forward and I gasped from their jerk, but followed her instantly. The sensation of the collar jerking on that part of my body was hugely intimate and utterly controlling!



“Oh those really work *great!*” she smiled at me over her shoulder. “I hope you’ll enjoy your new leashes, Larissa, because they’ll always be used, in addition to your ankle hobble and collar leash, every night from now on, to keep you fastened to your bed down in your new prison rooms in the basement and of course they’ll be used a lot in other situations. Your Owner has decided that since you’re determined to fully enjoy your kink, *that’s* where you’ll sleep from now on.

“When you’re allowed out, those collar leashes can be tucked up into your undershorts and the one from your cock cage will hang out of the front slit of them, down your leg. When you need to be guided, the cage leash will be pulled out through your fly and be used to direct you, or, if you’re wearing a skirt, which will be most of the time from now on by the way, it’ll be hanging freely and easily available by reaching under the hem.

“You’re probably aware of what that device is that I’ve attached to you chastity cage, but if not, it’s a Dream Lover® electro-shock control, training and, most importantly, a discipline device designed specifically for men like you! And too, it’s been souped-up from the original power availability to something that can really fry your ass. So! Now that you’re wearing it and cannot get it off, your Owner can make you do whatever she wants with just the press of a button, and she can do it from anywhere in the world using her cell-phone!

“No doubt you’ll find it embarrassing at times, especially when she makes you grovel and beg, but you obviously crave this kind of control and so this is how it *is* going to happen. You’re not going to be doing any travel by air when you’re wearing this equipment and as a matter of fact, once your computer has been moved down here, you’ll be lucky to be let out of your rooms at all. As a matter of fact, your leashes will be used to keep you confined to this level of the house, so you may as well get used to the idea that you’ll always be very easily-controlled, Dear.

“Now for the next news! Just to ensure that your enslavement will become something truly real, you’re also going to wear, as permanent additions to your new, intimate personal jewellery, *all* of those lovely Axsmar cuffs and the collar that you’ve had made for yourself. Your Owner tells me that you spent *far* too much money on them and so now you’re going to utilise them *fully* for the foreseeable future, whether you like it or not.

“OK, come over here and sit on your bed, then hold out your arms and stay still while I lock on your wrist and elbow cuffs. They’re not coming off either, and like I said a moment ago, they’re now a permanent part of your 24/7/365 equipment, just like those nice ankle cuffs and their hobble chain you’ll next be fitted with.”

The prospect of being made to always wear the Axsmar restraints was horrifying! Yes, I'd played with them a lot and gotten accustomed to their weight and restrictions, but had always had the option of removing them when they became too much to bear. Now, I'd have no choice! I could not resist when she again pulled sharply on the scrotum collar's chains and so walked quickly over to the narrow cot and sat on its edge, totally stunned with this sudden turn of events. Things were moving so fast from fantasy to reality! I'd always had fantasies about this sort of thing happening to me, but *never* with the expectation that it would come to pass! Mentally numbed, I held out my arms and watched in terror while she first coated the tiny locking bolts of the cuffs with a dollop of the thread locking compound, clasped the cuffs around my wrists, then screwed-in each bolt very tightly. Both of my wrists were soon snugly encircled by the five mm thick, 50 mm wide stainless steel bands, then she did the same above each of my elbows with their cuffs: these being 40 mm wide and five mm thick. My ankles followed immediately and I shuddered with terror when she locked the 30 cm long hobble chain between their inner rings, then using another lock, joined the rings themselves together, but the worst of it was when she wrapped my five mm thick, 50 mm wide, very oppressive Axsmar collar around my neck and locked it closed, again using the thread locking compound!

Although I'd worn all the cuffs and collar as a complete ensemble many, many times in the past, I'd never done so for more than a couple of hours. By this time tomorrow, they would be completely irremovable! Their weight alone filled me with nervousness, never mind that I could now be quickly, easily and total restrained by them, even though this had been a day dream of mine for many years.

I watched with misery while she brought over the heavy, thickly-padded, discipline helmet I'd purchased from Top-To-Bottom Leathers then removed the over-harness and unlaced its back opening. She picked up the soft and resilient Latexa® rubber ball gag and handed it to me.

"You know what to do. Put it on, then hold still while I fit your helmet."

I slipped the gag's stretchy strap over my head then put the compressible ball into my mouth. It wasn't huge, but it would certainly inhibit any attempts at coherent speech. Marlene held the opened helmet and I stared apprehensively up into its black interior while she pulled the heavy bag-like thing down over my head and face, then, with it still loose, she spoke again.

"Put your hands by your sides and keep them there, Larissa."

When I did, she closed the locks from the inner rings of the wrist cuffs through a link over each of my hips.

"Good! Now hold still!"

Marlene moved behind me and slowly tightened the laces from crown to base of my skull so that the entire thing was pulled into a firm contact all over my head and my hearing disappeared completely and I couldn't see a thing. A couple of minutes passed while she arranged the 'security harness' straps around the helmet before tightening and locking each one and when that was done I was completely helpless once more. Her hand pushed me down to lay on my side, then I felt a movement at the back of my neck and from the crown of the helmet. She first connected and locked a chain from the back ring of my collar to one on the end of the bed and then had taken a long strap, threaded it through the top-of-the-head ring of the helmet and clipped the other end to the same ring. When she tightened it, my head was kept held down and almost motionless.

I drew up my legs protectively, but she immediately slapped my thighs hard and I straightened them, then a few seconds later, she pulled down on my chain hobble then jerked it tight and locked it so that I couldn't bend my legs! Although I didn't feel her do it, she connected the urine collection system's hose to the chastity cage's end tube, then to enforce the fact that I was intimately and now permanently controllable, she took the front leash of the scrotum collar and fed the chain through a ring on the side of the bed, then tightened it and clicked the lock shut. I tried to pull back against the strain, but there was no slack at all and so I moved my hips forward slightly to ease off the intimate tension, but then she did the same to the back ring! I was fastened in place very securely! No matter which direction I moved my hips, I felt the intimate and inescapable tug of the intimate, tight steel collar that now encased my external, male plumbing.

"Sleep well!" I heard very faintly, then she pulled a light sheet over me and I was left alone to once again deal with a bondage situation that I had only imagined in fevered dreams in the past. *This* was real though and for the longest time I twisted and turned carefully on the narrow cot, feeling the intimate jerks of the scrotum collar's leashes and the constant compression of the helmet and restriction collar's chain. What she'd told me about my newly-defined life was scary and I just could not imagine being kept so closely-controlled all the time, never mind for the rest of my life! What I didn't know was that Marlene had video-taped the whole sequence of my being put down for the night so that my Owner would easily be able to do the same. I guess I eventually drifted off to sleep, strange as that may seem; only coming awake when the sheet was pulled off and my bed restraints were released.

"And another good morning to you!" Marlene smiled when I sat up, then she freed my wrists from my hip chain. "You go and have a shower and get dressed, then we'll have breakfast. I'm sure you must be ravenous."

My first shower wearing all of my so-called jewellery was an education. I had to take care to dry myself carefully, especially under the width of the cuffs and collar, but an hour later I was beginning to feel more human again. Other than the occasionally visible, gleaming steel of my wrist cuffs slipping out slightly under the cuffs of my sweater, no one would know about my new status and because I wore a turtle necked sweater, the wide steel collar was also mostly hidden, although it's top edge occasionally showed. My ankle cuffs were hidden by my socks, but I felt the length of the cock cage leash down one trouser leg and it was so long that I'd had to tuck it inside a sock. Marlene looked over at me.

"OK, Larissa, the plan for the rest of the day is for you to drive me to the ferry terminal and I'll head off home. You will immediately return here to the house. Once you're back, you're to lock all the doors then come down here to your new rooms and lock all the doors down here, too. Leave the keys outside when you do this. Then take off all of your clothes and you'll lock your cock cage leash to the running leash in the hall. We'll deal with the ball stretcher collar leashes in a second. Next, connect your ankle cuffs with the hobble chain and lock its leash to the centre link, then sit on the mattress. Connect the pre-loaded spring tension mechanism the ankle hobble leash and feed the hobble chain leash through the one-way locking clamp on the bottom of the bed.

"At the top of the bed, you'll see that there's a back-of-the collar leash chain on the pillow, already threaded through the steel loop projecting through the mattress, just below the pillow and you are to lock that to the back of your collar. It's already connected to its own pre-loaded spring tension device and running through a one-way clamp. For the moment at that point you'll have some freedom left. Then you'll lock the front and back leashes of your scrotum collar to the auto-tightened chains on the sides of the bed, and connect the urine drainage hose. Next, you will put on your gag and that lovely discipline helmet, complete with its security cage harness, fastening all of its locks, then connect the chain between your elbow cuffs once that's all done. I've left all of the locks opened and ready, but of course the keys to your open-able restraints are hidden. From there, you'll put your hands and wrists in the cuff and separator bar arrangement with the key holes for the cuffs facing up your arms so that you can't get out of it. You will then lay back on the mattress and on the right side, there is a toggle switch that you'll be able to reach even while wearing the separator bar. You will flick that closed and it will only operate the one time. What it will do is to activate the auto tightening mechanisms for your hobble chain leash, your back-of-the-neck one, and for the scrotum collar leashes. These

will all then be tightened through their one way clamps, holding you securely on the bed, and you'll be set for the day.

"Your Owner phoned and said she'll be home later this evening so you'll have to wait until she gets here before you're freed, but even then, she's still going to keep you on your house leashes and that applies from now on. I've told her what to expect when she returns, so you're well on the way into your new life. OK. I'm packed and the bags are in the car. Let's get going."

Three hours later I was back in the house and soon fastened as she'd commanded, laying on the narrow cot that was my new bed. I flicked the toggle switch. Immediately, my collar leash tightened with a firm jerk and then my head was pulled down onto my pillow, while at the same time, my legs were slowly yet inexorably pulled out straight. I lay there on my back, my hands helplessly wide spread by their separator bar; unable to escape it. Then the scrotum collar leashes tightened under my thighs, pulling my genitals down onto the mattress surface! And so there I was, a full bound and helpless prisoner in my locked set of secret rooms inside the locked house. My new life had begun with a bang and I could see no way out of it! I lay quietly on the bed, enclosed once more in total blackness and silence, able only to shift a few cm from side to side, before the firm jerks of the scrotum collar leashes stopped the movement. I couldn't sit up nor could I pull up my knees and so I remained for the next endless hours.

## Chapter Seven

### *Introduction To My New Life*

My Owner arrived at last, removed my helmet, released me from my self-imposed bed, but supremely effective bondage then stood before me, smiling silently with a gleam in her eyes that I'd never seen before. She left my hands still chained and fastened in the separator bar arrangement and I didn't like what I saw. After carefully inspecting all of my 'jewellery', and especially the cock cage and scrotum collar with its front and back, dangling leash chains she spoke at last.

"Hi, Honey! Marlene has been most kind to explain what she's done and told you, and has left me with some quite specific instructions as to how you can so easily be made to behave the way I want you to, from now on. Actually, it shouldn't be a problem, what with the aid of this lovely little cell-phone control, although I'm going to have to experiment with it to get the right idea, but I'm sure you'll not mind *too* much. Now, the manual says that if I use *this* button and depress it three times, you'll do nearly anything I want. Let's try it, OK?"

My eyes were rivetted to her hand then suddenly the most horrific of electro-shock pulses transfixed my caged maleness and I dropped to the floor, writhing in agony, jerking my still pinioned hands and arms against their fastenings, pleading frantically for her to make it stop. She reached down and clipped a leash chain under my chin, grasped my other tethers from the cock cage and scrotum collar, then jerked firmly on them all.

"Get up!" She commanded unsympathetically. "It's time for a shower, then some breakfast. I've got a surprise for you ... some new footwear that you'll begin wearing immediately. After it's been fitted, you'll get dressed in that long, restrictive leather skirt you like so much. Once we've had our breakfast, I'm taking you into town to the local piercing salon because I've decided that you're going to get *all* of those evil and exotic piercings you've been writing about in your stories, whether you want them or not. Now, I do *not* want to hear *anything* from you unless I ask you a direct question! Just nod your head to show you understand."

I nodded with terror clamping my heart, then, with my hands still chained and separated, feeling the aftermath of the first severe 'training' shocks she'd just administered, I struggled to my feet. Silently and subdued, I followed the tugging and uncomfortable demand of my embarrassing leashes upstairs to the bathroom. She gestured to the shower stall and I stepped inside, then she short-chained my neck collar leash to the shower head and my cock cage leash to the taps so that I was held securely inside, but that wasn't the end! Grasping the

chain leashes from my scrotum collar, she connected the front one to the same place as the cage leash, then took the rear one and pulled it tight before locking the other end to the towel rack. My ankle hobble chain was left loose for this time only. She had arranged for a handyman to come and install dozens of restraint rings in all of the rooms, and particularly in the bathroom and shower stall in the hidden suite of basement rooms, and as well, she'd arranged for him to install ceiling and floor level, running leash wires in the secret rooms downstairs. Not only would I be physically tethered, but too, she now had the Dream Lover® device to enforce her commands remotely.

I watched silently while she disrobed, then stepped into the shower stall to stand beside me and I felt my usual arousal when she reached to the taps, turned on the water and her breasts brushed softly against me, but I was helpless to do anything! She noticed my silent agitation and sudden arousal, then reached to the side shelf and tapped the buttons on my new remote control, and I immediately felt a series of semi-pleasurable pulses pass through the length of my hardened manhood, thoroughly imprisoned in its secure cage.

"Oh no, my Sweet!" She whispered in my ear. "*That* sort of thing is forbidden to you now. Be good or I'll *really* punish you."

I moaned in desperate need and moved spastically only to instantly feel the firm tugging of the leashes both around my caged and collared testicles and on the cock cage leash, but could not escape any of their tensions. She turned on the shower and began to wash us both in the strong spray of hot water, until a few minutes later she stepped out of the shower enclosure.

"OK, that's good for me, but I see that you're still all hot and bothered. Hhhmmmm. Ah! The perfect solution, so to speak!"

She reached past me and turned off the hot water, then turned up the volume of the cold, so that I was instantly immersed in an icy flood. Moaning and wailing from the freezing onslaught, I automatically jumped and attempted to escape it only to feel the harsh jerks of all of my leashes.

"I'll leave you for a few minutes to cool your ardour, Dear, then release you."

By this point I was shivering violently; jerking and dancing in the freezing torrent, then disobeying her rule of silence, I began to beg her to turn off the water. She tolerated no breaking of the rule of silence though and I received the same series of 'Training Shocks' (Level 2 of an available 10) and tried to collapse to the floor when my knees gave 'way, only to once again be reminded of my leashed state when all of my tethers snapped to a thrumming tightness! At last she stopped the icy flow, then came into the stall and dried me off with a fluffy pink towel, not saying a word. I gratefully watched her unlock my leashes,

then, grasping them all in one hand, she led me back to my new room; actually a cell now, and pointed at the bed. I shuffled to it and sat on the edge while she pulled up a stool and drew over a new cardboard box with the words “Specialty Stainless Steel Creations” on its top and sides. When she opened it and pulled off the covering of bubble wrap, two shiny, bulky devices were revealed, then when she lifted one out and held it up for me to inspect, it was obvious what it was.

“This is your new and permanent footwear, Dear.” She said smiling happily while slowly turning the obviously quite heavy ankle boot-like thing in front of my eyes.

I saw fully what it was ... a high-heeled hoof, just like my knee high boots. However, this foot wear was made completely of a gleaming stainless steel and came with a cleated, steel horseshoe for a sole! It was designed with a clam-shell style closure so that the sides folded together over the top of the foot, then their joint was locked together with a flexible, 2 mm diameter steel rod. She held the sides open to show me that the interior had a padded in-sole and an inner liner of black neoprene rubber. Around the base of each side and at the back heel portion, were what could be called ‘scuppers’ like on a ship, and these allowed washing water and ventilating air to flow in and out of the footwear without it having to be removed. On the upper rim of each half of the foot pocket, when the sides were closed, was a deeply-lipped rim with long U-shaped slots on each side. An opened bar would close the top of each of these slots and I understood without asking that they would accept the ‘necks’ of the restraint rings of my ankle cuffs.

“Yes, Dear! These are what you’re going to wear on a 24/7/365 basis, from now on. I’m quite sure that you’ll soon grow to hate them, but you may as well accept that they’ll seldom, if ever, be removed. Now, lift your right leg and place it in my lap and I’ll put on the boot.” She watched my understanding and horror that I’d always wear these things, even while asleep!

Very reluctantly, I did as she commanded and a moment later my foot was engulfed in the blunt-toed hoof, then she closed the halves together, slowly forcing my foot down into an uncomfortable, high-heeled posture that was even higher than what I’d worn until now! Even just sitting there, I could feel the potential for agonizing calf muscles cramps. After my just-finished long session in the arena wearing my other hoofed boots, I didn’t like it at all! When she’d finished locking it on, she gestured wordlessly to my other foot and I lifted my leg from her lap to be horrified at the weight! The so-called shoe was a form of bondage and punishment all on its own, just as she intended it should be. I was quickly fitted with the other one and she gestured for me to place them both in



her lap, took a small Allen Key and pushed it into a hole in the right side hoof, on its inner side, then turned it slowly. To my horror, inside the closed hoof, I felt a wide band slowly clamp down around my big toe, then get tighter until the ball of my foot was held firmly on the so-called boot's slightly cushioned inner sole, locking the shoe onto my foot! This process was immediately repeated with my left boot, then she gestured for me to stand; grasping my leashes and tugging peremptorily on them to enforce her command. I had to follow her into the large, walk-in closet with a high, dressing stool in the middle of the carpet. The so-called boots were horribly heavy and very difficult to stand still in, forcing me to take constant small steps to maintain my balance. Then when I walked, even on the carpeted floor, the horse shoe soles made a distinct clip-clip sound, so that together with the musical rattling of my 30 cm long hobble chain's sturdy links, there was *no* way I would not be noticed! I shuddered with misery, knowing that whenever I was in public, I'd be a subject of intense scrutiny by anyone that saw me or was near when I walked past. Also, with the hobble chain being a permanent fixture now, there was no way I'd be able to wear any kind of trousers. It condemned me to having to wear skirts or dresses of some kind if I was to appear in public any time in the future.

She reached up and locked my neck's collar leash to a dangling chain, stood back to look at me with a speculative eye, then walked to the closet, selected a frilly-fronted, long-sleeved blouse and unlocked my wrists.

"Put that on. It's a little loose at the moment, but that's going to change when you get a pair of large and oppressive breasts in a couple of months. They too will be permanent, because you're going to be made to grow them yourself, then you'll get some nice, large silicone implants under your chest muscles. However, in the meantime that blouse will do for the moment."

My body had always been naturally almost hairless, other than arm pits and my crotch, but even so, I'd had those annoying little forests removed completely by far too many long and unpleasant laser treatments, so the blouse's cleavage would not reveal any chest hair ... a small comfort. The soft nylon slid on easily and I fumbled doing up the small buttons, because I wasn't accustomed to the weight of my wrist cuffs. Unfortunately the sleeves were only to mid-forearm and so left my wrist cuffs and their far too obvious dangling restraint rings completely exposed with no way for me to hide or disguise them and their intent was stated without a doubt. She handed me the full-length leather skirt with the flare below the knees and without a word, I slipped my newly-hoofed feet into its snug, limiting envelope and drew it up to my knees before standing. My Owner grasped the two scrotum collar leashes and doubling them, hung them from their rings, then took the cock cage leash and dropped it between my legs

so that the bottom link with the small lock hung down between my legs to ankle level. A moment later she'd pulled the skirt up over my buttocks and hips to my waist then went behind and pulled the heavy duty zipper all the way to the top of its slide and locked it. The wide, yoked waistband's flap covered this fastening. While I was sitting, the skirt's hem clearly revealed my hoofs and ankle chain, but when I stood, it was only a little below ankle length, given the height of the hooped boot's heels. When I walked, the gleaming steel of my hoof would always be visible when the hem of the skirt swung out or swirled around my legs and if I stood with my legs together, my hobble chain would loop down between my ankles, impossible to keep hidden! With its flare below the knee, the skirt didn't restrict my ability to walk normally, but the 30 cm hobble and high-heeled boots certainly did! When I walked, the hobble's sturdy links would snap tight with a distinct jingling, disappearing briefly under the skirt's hem. Of course it's noise and the hollow, clip-clopping of my horse shoes would be very noticeable, but what wasn't visible was inside the skirt's concealing envelope, my intimate leash chains swung annoyingly back and forth between my thighs and knees.

She reached to my side, below the tight waistband of the skirt, then dug her fingers into a barely noticeable slit and pulled the hip ring on my waist chain through it, then did the same on the other side. To add even more to my distress she next took two more of the 30 cm long, light but sturdy, gleaming stainless steel chains, and locked the ends of each one to the now-exposed rings.

"Hold out your hands!"

When I did, she locked the free end of each chain to the inner ring on each of my wrist cuffs, then stood back and looked me over, before bringing out my remote control and touching the buttons in a sequence, looking at me again before touching the last button.

"*This* means," she touched the last button once, "that I want your attention to what comes next, or to what I have to say."

Unreachable, under the tight leather tube of my skirt, my penis was subjected to a slow, vibrating pulsing that went on and on for what seemed like forever and I couldn't help writhing my hips and my shuddering thighs. I moved my chained hands to the front of my skirt at the crotch and tried to claw at myself, but she was prepared for my reaction and instantly touched the same button twice again in rapid succession. A much stronger pulsing sensation that wasn't quite painful, but very disturbing, zapped back and forth through the length of my maleness and I gasped and danced erratically. It was incredibly disturbing and inescapable! I began to moan incoherently from the continued assault.

“OK! Good, you’re beginning to understand.” She smiled. “*This* I’d what you’ll feel if I’m displeased with the speed of your response, and it’s only 20% of what I *could* use.”

Her index finger stabbed the keypad three times and I could not stop the automatic small scream I made when an awful set of rapidly pulsing and trilling shocks lanced through me and I danced with wild, frantic agitation, making my hobble chain rattle loudly and jerk firmly on my ankle cuffs.

“This is all part of your training, Dear. I now require that you remain silent at all times, and that you obey me instantly, or you’ll be punished like ... *this!*” She pressed another sequence of buttons then held her finger down on the keypad.

A horrendous needling and tingling, violent and painful pulsing engulfed my maleness! My knees folded instantly and I fell to the floor and lay on my side, curling into a foetal position to try and escape the shocks, my body writhing while my legs and feet kicked spastically against the restriction of my skirt and hobble chain. The intimate pain was completely unbearable and I gasped as though I’d been kicked in the stomach, then began to make small, breathless screams and almost incoherent begging for her to stop the discipline. What seemed like endless minutes later, actually only about 15 seconds, she lifted her finger and stared down at me laying on the floor, shaking, gasping and sobbing.

“I’ll be demonstrating more signals as time goes on, but that’ll do for starters. Now, let’s go into town to get your piercings done.”

I slowly and awkwardly clambered to my feet and she handed me a hip length, full leather cape with a high collar, but it wasn’t long enough to hide the chains swinging between my waist and wrists unless I gathered them in my hands and pulled them up under the hem of the cape to hide them from public view. A moment later, she’d dressed and with a firm grasp on my upper left arm through the leather of the cape, she marched me out to the car, then fastened me into the passenger seat.

## Chapter Eight

### *Pierced For Control Jewellery*

I sat silently, thinking of what had happened to me over the past five days. It was a fulfilment of many of the fantasies, daydreams, and truth be told, nightmares, that I had had for much of my teen-aged and adult life. My Owner had taken command and I'd never imagined *that* would happen, but now it had, and I didn't know how to deal with the sudden harsh reality. Mentally realizing then enduring the sensations of being kept confined in a truly non-removable (by me) chastity cage that I now knew I would always be locked into was terrifying to say the least, because as a male, until now, my sexual equipment had always been available. No longer! Then there was the new reality also of my now-non-removable Axsmar restraints. As with the chastity toys I'd played with in the past, these had always been removable, but now I was faced with the awful reality that I'd never be freed of their restriction and weight, to say nothing of the fact that made me so easily controllable at any time and that was a horror-filled mountain range of indescribable terror! The direction of my life had spun wildly out of my control, but it was about to become a good deal more painful and a trial and I had no idea of how much so. I was scared of what she had planned for me in terms of what she'd called 'exotic piercings', because in the past, I'd written *a lot* of fantasy that featured some truly awful devices that I'd learned about from having made connections on the internet with various Tamil and other ladies in India that actually had to wear the awful jewellery .... some of them for life! Obviously, she'd read my stories and now fully-intended to have me fitted with them, but which ones, and how severe would they be? '*Surely she was joking!*' I thought, when she'd said that I was to get them all? God, I hoped not!

I sat beside her in nervous silence while we drove into town, then once we'd arrived, to my horror and embarrassment, she parked four blocks away from the piercing salon, even though there were open spaces right in front of it! Obviously, she intended to show me off and at the same time to demonstrate to me that *she* was the one in command. She came around to the passenger door, opened it, then assisted me to stand beside the car. With my face flaming with embarrassment, I grasped the swinging loops of my wrist chains and pulled them up under the hem of my cape, attempting to hide them, but even so, the fullness of the cape would swirl out while I walked and reveal glances of my hands holding the gleaming chains.

"Stay!" she commanded as though I was her pet dog, and essentially, that is what I'd become, but I wasn't even permitted to bark! To make sure I

understood that the command was to be obeyed, she tapped the remote and I felt the shocks instantly, and remained rooted to the spot while she locked up the car. This was the first time I had been in public wearing a skirt and with no makeup or false breasts to support my look of being at least partially-female, so not only was it a highly embarrassing thing for me, but to have to show off my hoofs and hobble was also a deeply humiliating situation.

“Start walking, Dear. Two paces in front of me and I’ll give you turning information.”

She tapped the remote again and I began walking, taking each step forward to the length of the hobble chain, making its links click and jingle noisily with my every pace, but what was immeasurably worse was the loud and very distinct, hollow clip-clip of my hoofs on the cement. I could not stop from making the sounds and for the first half block, all was fine until a group of people came toward us, walking in the opposite direction. At first they were all pretty absorbed in their own conversations, but then the sounds of my footwear and ankle chain made them stop and stare with shock and surprise. The women gave me the usual, females, quick once-over inspection, then a much more intense second one before they turned to one another, whispering and pointing. Their male companions also looked me over, then passed to my well-dressed Owner, before snapping back to stare at me. I blushed furiously, but had to keep walking until at last we reached the door of the salon.

“Turn here!” Came the command from behind, accompanied by another burst of training shocks. These weren’t especially painful, but they *were* unpleasant and made me pay shudder.

We were obviously expected and upon entering, all of the female technicians stood around looking at me while I in turn inspected the salon. It was spotless and set up with display cases showing a lot of really nice jewellery, and at the back was a series of booths closed off by long curtains.

“Welcome, Mrs Larsen!” The lady who owned the salon greeted my Owner. “We received the package of jewellery the day before yesterday and I must say it’s quite unlike anything we normally deal with, but there’ll be no problems fitting it. However, that being said, what you want done is a lot for one session, even if we take the whole day.”

“Thank you for setting the time and staff aside for us, Erica.” My Owner replied with a smile, while I shifted nervously on my hoofs, making small clip-clops on the tiles, my hobble chain rattling in small clinks. The women all stared at me and I blushed a deep crimson, but said nothing. My Owner spoke again.

“Also, thank you for letting me know that all of his jewellery has arrived, and yes, I know that what I want done to him is quite a lot for one session, but he’ll

just have to live with it. Perhaps we can get started?”

“Of course, of course. Please follow Jeannine to the booth at the back. The chair and equipment are all prepared. I assume that you’ll want to have him fully restrained while we do the piercings and fittings?”

“Thanks! Yes, I want him to be restrained at all times, please. I’ve also got him on an electronic leash system, so he’s not going anywhere.”

“Oh, really! That’s way cool! How do you manage it?”

“It’s a long range, remotely-controlled, electronic chastity cage that is hugely powerful and the batteries last a long time, so he can’t escape without the device frying his dick. I can do that anytime I wish, of course, but there’s also a proximity setting that I use to keep him near by, when we’re out in public, like today. It produces an amazing reaction and instant obedience.”

We reached the last booth and the curtains were swished aside to reveal one of the most fearsome bondage chairs I’ve ever had the chance to imagine; complete with a plethora of wide, thick black rubber restraint straps and a head rest and its harness. On both sides of the chair was a high, rolling stainless steel, multi-drawer cabinet with its top covered by a brilliant white sheet. My Owner turned to me.

“OK, hold still and I’ll remove your cape and unlock your skirt, then you’ll sit on the table and lay back to be strapped down. For this session and until we leave for the car, you’re allowed to speak, and if necessary, to scream, but all of your protests and denials *will* be ignored.”

She unlocked the clip that held the cape closed and whisked it off, then reaching to my waist, unlocked the wrist chains from the hip one, leaving them to dangle from the cuffs. She went behind me and I felt the click of the lock of the waist band being opened, then the zipper was pulled down and I felt the skirt loosen its compression of my hips, buttocks and thighs when it slid to the floor in a rippling black leather puddle. The women all gasped when the skirt slid down and revealed my chastity cage, scrotum collar and their leashes, then, when I stepped out of the piled-up leather, they gasped even louder upon seeing my ankle cuffs, short hobble chain and most of all, my heavy, gleaming, stainless steel, hoof boots with their steel horse shoes locked securely onto each of my legs.

“My God!” One of them breathed. “That’s fucking incredible! How the Hell does he walk in that rig?”

“Oh, over the years he’s had a lot of practise, but these are new. I’ve just fitted him with them hoofs about two hours ago, so he’s still getting used to them, but over the next while he’ll become quite adept, because the hoofs will not be removed except in emergency situations. His hobble chain is also

permanent.” My Owner smiled, then looked meaningfully at me. I got the message loud and clear: learn or suffer. “Now, Dear, just lay back on the table and follow directions.”

“Those cuffs on his arms and legs, and that collar sure do look pretty impressive, as well!”

“Oh, I assure you, they absolutely *are!*” My Owner replied enthusiastically. “Initially, when he bought them, they were removable, but with the help of a little drop or two of thread locking compound, now they’ll *never* come off. They’re all made of stainless steel, five mm thick and an angle grinder or cutting torch would be needed to remove them.”

“Oh, wow!” They all exclaimed in awe.

Both physically and mentally, I had no choice, despite the horrors of what I knew was to come, but truly, I had *no* idea! When I lay back, they prodded and poked to get me to move into position on the chair, then quickly and efficiently strapped me to it so that I could not move at all. My head was the last thing they dealt with and a tight, sturdy harness was soon fitted around my skull, then it too was fastened to the head rest so it became immovable. I gasped nervously and tugged at my restraints, but there was no ‘give’ at all.

“Very good!” My Owner exclaimed happily. “As we’ve discussed, I would like you to do his nipples complete with the stretcher cages, after you’ve done his tongue, nose and ears.”

“Yes. That certainly works for us, and as you’ve instructed, we’ll *not* use any numbing agents. It’s going to hurt a lot and he’ll be quite vocal especially when we do the cartilage penetrations.”

“Well, that’s not a problem for *me!*” My Owner laughed and so did the other women. “OK, can we get going?”

“Right! Let’s do it, ladies!”

I heard but did not see the white cloth’s whisked from the tops of the rolling cabinets, staring up at the ceiling and into the large operating room, light array. A few seconds later a pair of gloved hands appeared above my face, holding some frightening tools, then descended and I felt cold metal ‘fingers’ slide far up into my nostrils! They didn’t block them completely, but were large and most uncomfortable and I *knew* what was coming!

“Oooohhhh! Ppppleeeaaassseee, nnnnooo!” I wailed in frantic protest, hoping to God that it wasn’t going to be done.

“But *of course*, Dear!” My Owner asserted and I guess she signalled to the person holding the inserted tool, because I immediately felt a most horrific pain high in my nose and couldn’t stop the short scream that was torn from my steel-collared throat. I felt the blood flow instantly and my eyes filled with flooding

tears while the tool, called a dermal punch, was withdrawn and one of the women held a towel to my face, wiping away the blood. Eventually it nearly stopped and medication soaked swabs were put into my nostrils.

“We’re using a new drug to begin healing the wounds immediately , so we’ll fit the full nasal equipment before you leave, but using a nasal leash too harshly is not recommended for the next seven days. That being said, you can definitely use it to control him.”

“OK. That works for me. What’s next?”

“We’ll do his tongue next, seeing as how those piercings are pretty close together.” She said and I heard a set of metallic clinks. “You said five or seven?”

“I’d like him to have seven, please.” My Owner said and I moaned and jerked frantically at my restraint straps.

“It appears that he’s not too happy with that, but it’s no problem for us. Just let me put the right profile plates on the retractor.”

I still sniffled from the burning sensation of the septum’s cartilage piercing being made, in combination with the stinging of the drug-soaked swabs. There was *no* way that I wanted my tongue to be pierced in the manner I’d written of! I continued my futile struggles and when that did no good, began to weep and try to beg them not to do it. I was ignored. When I opened my mouth again, one of them slipped a jaw spreading device inside and over my upper and lower front teeth, then squeezed the ratchetting handles beside each of my cheeks so that my mouth was forced wide open. The handles were squeezed again and I felt as though my jaw would be dislocated, but then the next part of the awful ordeal began when the set of hands appeared in front of my face holding what looked like a wide, flat-jawed pair of pliers. I wailed incoherently in denial of what was about to be done when the holder of the tool spoke.

“Sir! You must stick out your tongue and be as still as you can. What I’m going to do *will* hurt, but I’ll be as quick as possible. Now, please do as I say.”

With extreme reluctance I stuck my tongue out and the tool she held was slipped far back over and under it. Beneath, on each side of the ‘web’ a wide ‘finger made me retch a little, while on the upper surface, the wide plate covered it completely, other than for the sets of holes used for the piercings I was about to receive. Suddenly, it clamped tightly onto my writhing tongue, stopping all movement, then was pulled strongly outward! I wailed with misery and hurt, then the retractor device was fixed so that it kept my tongue drawn far out of my mouth when she took her hands away. I could not stop my despairing and incoherent wails of misery and shuddered continually against the tight straps that held me a prisoner.



My eyes crossed when the pair of hands once more moved to my face and I held my breath for what was to come next. Almost immediately at the very back, on the right side, I felt the sharp agony of a thick needle pushed all the way through my sensitive tongue, bringing an automatic, short, convulsive scream from my throat, but I wasn't given a chance to worry about it, because a second later the same was done on the left side! Each wound was left with a thick post inserted to hold it open for the actual jewellery. The next two piercings towards the front were done almost immediately and each one elicited a short, sharp yelp and gasp of pain, then the final two side piercings were done. My tongue felt as though it was completely filled with metal, but there were two more piercings to do ... the front, centre one and the thick ring under it, through the web. The hand appeared once more and I held my breath until the sudden stab of the needle made me scream again, then gasped with the sensation and before I could really recover from that one, she thrust the needle through the under the tongue web, as far back as she could. I felt the blood, welling from the wounds they'd made, but it was quickly sopped up and so didn't cause any problems.

The worst was over until it became time to fit, then lock-in the jewellery, and so I was left with my tongue still forcibly extracted, gasping and weeping though my loud sniffing.

"After we do his ears, we'll do his nipples and breasts, then the three belly button ones."

"Excellent!" My Owner enthused. "I'd not really thought about getting his belly button done, but I love the idea of them, because they act even more to feminize him once they're being worn and can't be removed."

"Yes, those will be the final ones of the lot, then we'll start mounting the actual jewellery. You said you wanted it to be removable, but only for the immediate present, correct? I gather that you have further plans for his nose and tongue."

"That's right. Once all the piercings have healed fully, I'll bring him back here to have the additional jewellery fitted and at that point it will *all* be made permanent. When that happens there'll be a lot tears of course, but they won't bother me."

"Well, the additional arrangements are definitely unique, for sure. I've never seen any of that kind of application, and it's really severe, especially if you're going to make it permanent."

"Oh, it'll be permanent all right, but if his training goes well, and he's been good, I *might* think about having some of it removed in about ten or fifteen years."

“That’s a pretty severe sentence! Anyhow, I’ll do his ears now , then in about two hours start putting his jewellery into the piercings.”

## Chapter Nine

### *Horrible Enhancements*

Having my ear lobes pierced, even though three times in each, was no big deal, but the large, punched hole in the upper shells were quite painful because of their size. None of them were at all sympathetic to my wailing and howls and continued the process with inexorable precision. They moved down my body to my breasts and I heard a hissing sound from the side, then a small diameter, deep cup was placed over each of my nipples and latched on to them very strongly, sucking the erectile tissue harshly outward.

I was left all alone in the booth, thoroughly immobilized, hearing only the quiet hissing of the very strong vacuum cups while they tugged my still-sensitive nipples harshly out of my breasts, and my semi-strangled wails of pain and discomfort were totally ignored. I didn't know what to concentrate on, because I hurt in so many places, but then to my horror, my Owner decided to play with my cage's remote control! A slow, continual, throbbing pulse made me fruitlessly harden inside the steel armour that imprisoned my manhood, making me gasp and writhe with arousal and pleasure; not truly recognizing that I was already being trained like a Pavlovian dog. Maddeningly, it went on and one without stopping and I began to moan more and more loudly with the unending assault. Even so, I was left alone for at least the next 30 minutes, and it felt like the unending and strong suction of the cups was going to pull my nipples right out of my breasts, to the point that they had been forcibly extracted to nearly three cm!

At last one of the technicians returned and after making some preparations out of my sight, removed the left side suction unit and immediately thrust a thick, extremely sharp needle through the base of my vacuum-extended and blood-sensitized nipple. The pain was instant and I screamed loudly then fainted from the extreme sensation. While I was unconscious, she repeated the process on my right nipple and for both piercings left very thick pins thrust through the wounds.

I came back to awareness slowly, only to feel the grip of a navel retractor device just before the first, central piercing was made through the fold of flesh above it. Again, I screamed unthinkingly but was not allowed any chance at all to recover, because the next ones were immediately done on each side. The only thing I could barely think, was that at last the awful and painful process of the hugely thick needles forcefully transfixing my flesh was over and I relaxed all of the tensed muscles that had not, in fact alleviated the pain, but actually made it far worse. Normally, someone who was to receive all off the piercings that had

just been done to me were under full anaesthesia. Again, I was left alone for nearly an hour, but it seemed like days, before they came back and off to the side my Owner spoke.

“I hope you enjoyed the process, Dear?” She asked rhetorically. “*I* certainly did! However, back to the business at hand. You’ll now be fitted with your jewellery and I am afraid you won’t like it at all. As a matter of fact, you’ll soon grow to hate it quite intensely because of the way you can be so easily controlled by it, and the pain that it can inflict, never mind its constant and annoying discomfort. We’ll start with your wonderfully vulnerable tongue.”

That was the one area I *didn’t* want touched again in *any* way, but with my mouth still jacked wide open, I couldn’t resist the fitting of the actual jewellery. As with the piercings themselves, the first thick, short, stainless steel posts to be placed were the ones at the very back. They resembled a thumb tack with a wide, flat top and that was the under portion, while at the end of the shaft was a finely-threaded section for the securing ball.

The first one slid through its hole easily, causing me only a little pain, and she screwed on the large ball so that it pressed firmly into the upper and sensitive surface of my tongue, before she moved to the one on the other side. The process went quite quickly and soon all of the six edge posts and the tip one had been fastened tightly. The sensations of all the metal both pressing into the upper and lower surfaces of my tongue and the sheer weight of the jewellery was most unpleasant, but not really painful. What I was *not* aware of was that she had followed my written-out designs for the nasal/oral restraint system almost to the letter, and so the balls on middle posts on each side of my tongue as well as the tip-of-the-tongue post all had a provision for the mounting of, and locking-on of, the internal, snake-like, anti-speech chains. It was time for the final ring ... the one through the web under my tongue. Because that piercing was so far back in the web, the thick ring could only face to the front of my mouth and I could not escape its restricting influence, but the worst came when she freed my tongue from the retractor pliers and I was finally permitted to pull it back into my mouth.

It was awful! I felt every one of the posts and balls clicking together and the wide tops underneath, but the worst was the under-the-tongue ring. The rearmost posts and balls soon also became incredibly annoying and uncomfortable for they kept me on the verge of retching, while the tip post seemed to weigh everything down. I was quickly freed of the jaw spreader and given a small cup of water, then, when I swallowed, the true horror of the deeply-set posts was made plain. I didn’t want to even try to talk! Misery washed over me because my worst daydreams and night mares had begun to come true! Silent tears leaked

from the corners of my eyes and trickled down my cheeks while they prepared to fit my nipples with their own evil and painful decorations.

The low level stimulation that had been assaulting my maleness for the past hours was suddenly stopped, then I felt a wide, thickly-diametered metal ring slipped onto my right breast, surrounding the outer edge of my areole, but couldn't look down to see that there were two, diametrically opposite, 15 mm high, inverted V's with shallow U saddles at the apex of each. One of the technicians used a set of hook-ended pliers and slipped the hooks under each exposed end of the transfixing cross-pin, then slowly pulled it outward! At first, I just gasped and moaned, but as the tension grew, I began to make low screams and more of them even after the cross-pin had dropped into its U saddle. My nipple remained constantly and painfully stretched, but it was about to get worse! The technician repeated the same process on my left nipple and I wailed from the constant, burning pain. She next took a set of short, steel, bow shackles and fitted them onto the cross-pins so that they were tight to the inverted V's then to finish off the nipple and breast decoration, she screwed a short, tubular joiner onto the inner ends of both cross-pins. The next addition came when she took a long, six mm diameter stainless steel rod, threaded at both ends, and positioned one end into my right side nipple's cross-pin joiner tube, then pushed on it until she could do the same on my left nipple. The sideways pressure was transmitted through the inverted V's and onto the areole surrounding rings, keeping me always aware of both the tension on my nipples and the rigidity of my breast joining bar. It was slightly curved and at the centre had a swivelling ring for yet another leash and/or decorative chains. I felt her make the final additions, but for the moment was not aware of what she'd done. I soon discovered though that she'd fitted me with substantial weights on each nipple's U-shackle and an additional one at the centre of the bar! They would all swing freely when ever I moved; always tugging at the sensitive flesh.

That was not the end of the pieces of jewellery that were designed to dangle and swing weightily and annoyingly from my various piercings, because now they added the thick steel rings through my navel piercings and locked them permanently closed. A chain was added between the centre of my nipple-to-nipple bar to the central belly button ring, then they reached to my ear lobes and I felt something threaded through each hole; the thick rings, then weights were attached to each of them and left to dangle down beside my neck, clinking against my wide steel collar.

The next thing they did was to fit me with the wide-shouldered grommet for my septum. It was most painful when they inserted the halves from each side and became more so when these were locked together with a pair of 'setting

pliers'. I felt the internal pressure on each side of my septum with misery, knowing that in a moment, I'd be fitted with a steel bow shackle, that, although small, would be perfectly able to control me. The shackle was fitted then it all stopped and I gasped hugely with relief that my horror was done, at least for the moment. In seconds, all the straps had been loosened and my Owner stood before me.

"Stand up! I'll inspect you, then you'll get dressed and you'll be taken home to your new rooms. I have some plans for our entertainment tonight, although you probably won't enjoy them too much."

I swung my legs to the side of the chair when the arm had been moved out of the way, and immediately felt the weight of my ankle cuffs, hobble chain and the awful footwear. My hooved feet thumped onto the floor and I carefully stood up, swaying a little and wobbling in the awkward boots. I had to keep my weight on my toes, because there was no heel. It was then that I felt the weights pulling on my nipples, belly button, and ears and I instantly hated the constant and annoying tugging, but like the rest of my so-called jewellery, it could not be escaped. The swinging leash chains from my cock cage and scrotum collar were also annoying, but when I reached to touch them and try to ease my discomfort, my Owner tapped the buttons of the remote control and delivered a burst of horrid shocks that made me scream and double over from the pain. The salon's staff stood wide-eyed with fascination with my ability to be remotely-controlled. My Owner handed me my long, concealing leather skirt and watched closely while I stepped into it, then pulled the restricting garment all the way to my waist, careful to allow my belly button weights and chain to emerge above it. She moved behind me and pulled the zipper up to the skirt's reinforced waistband, then locked it all together. My embarrassingly frilly blouse was handed to me and I slipped into it, but immediately felt the tips of my agonizingly tensioned nipples rubbing on the smooth fabric; a sensation that soon had me once more in tears.

"Hold your hands out!" My Owner commanded.

What could I do? Nothing! I held out my lower arms and she immediately locked the chains dangling from the wrist cuffs to the hip rings of my chastity cage's supporting chain, she flipped the long cape over and around my shoulders, tightened the short zipper and locked its fitting to the front ring of my collar. Beneath the cape, my blouse hung outside to just a little below the waist of my skirt, allowing my nipple weights and belly button ones to swing freely back and forth. When I turned to look at her and the other ladies, my earrings clinked noisily against my collar and each other when they swung back and forth. They were awfully heavy and their drag was constant so that I could not

help but be always aware of them and at my waist the dangling weight from my belly button piercings were equally as annoying.

“Hold your head still.”

Of course I did, daring not to speak or ask why, but a second later found out when her hand reached up to my dangling nose shackle and clipped on a light, very sturdy, gleaming stainless steel chain that must have been two metres long. I moaned and felt more tears trickling down my cheeks when it's swinging weight made itself felt, then stamped my foot angrily, making a very loud clip-clop.

“Stop that at once!” My Owner snapped, her fingers descending to the buttons of her cell-phone remote control and a second later, long, slow, strong, deeply penetrating pulses of electronic excitement flowed up and down my caged maleness making me writhe my hips and drop my chained hands from under the cape to scrabble frantically at the front of my impenetrable leather skirt. I immediately became desperate to get at my throbbing and hardened penis, by now once more filling the chastity cage to its maximum capacity. It became even more uncomfortable while I struggled, then, suddenly, my nose leash tightened.

“Stand up and show some manners! Stop trying to get at yourself! If you don't right this minute, you'll be punished here in front of these ladies, then again at home more severely, tonight.”

I slowly stood erect, shivering while the maddening, arousing pulses continued unabated under the leather skirt.

“Thank you, ladies for your time and your expertise in taking care of my husband's jewellery. I'll bring him back in two weeks and have the remainder fitted. So, we'll be off.”

She walked from the booth and I had to follow at the end of my nasal tether, watching it swing back and forth in front of me through tear-streaming eyes. It was obvious that she was going to take me back to the car this way. My hoof boot's steel horse shoes made their characteristic loud clip-clips on the tiled floor and those became even more pronounced when I was drawn out to the sidewalk, then along the street behind her.

## Chapter Ten

### *Restrained Regret*

We'd arrived at the piercing salon around 10:00 in the morning and it was now about 4:15 in the afternoon. As a consequence, the street was much more crowded, but even so, at first my Owner and I attracted little attention while I tried frantically to keep up with her long strides, but my hobble was too short! Each rapid pace I took made the ankle chain snap tight and jingle loudly and of course the rapid clip-clopping soon drew curious glances, instantly followed by hard, continuing stares and quiet, shocked comments between the women and couples. I could do nothing! Blushing furiously and praying that I'd not see anyone who knew me, I had to, literally, prance along behind my Owner at the end of the humiliating nose tether. She seemed oblivious to the commotion we were causing and strode along as though there was no one around or watching us. When we stopped for the lights at each corner, a crowd surrounded us, standing back and I wanted to sink into the cracks in the pavement; my cheeks flaming with embarrassment.

We at last reached the car and I sighed gratefully, but my misery was *not* yet over. My Owner drew me over to the parking sign, wrapped my nose leash twice around the steel post and secured it with a small padlock.

"You'll have to wait here. I forgot something back at the shop. I'll be back in about ten minutes. I know you'll not run off of course, but I want you to be entertained until I get back, so I'll do ... *this*. Now, be good!"

She turned and sauntered leisurely back up the street to the salon, not at the brisk pace she'd used to get the four long blocks to the car. Under the skirt, my manhood continued to be pulsed by the now stronger shocks and I couldn't stop the small dancing steps I made, my partially-hidden hoofs and hobble making a lot of noise. Moaning and with my eyes clenched shut to try and alleviate the sensations of the strong pulses, I still managed to move close to the sign post and try to be inconspicuous and casual, standing beside it with the long nose chain looping down over my cape and skirt to brush the ground. However, by this time I had been noticed by passers by and soon a few couples watched me from a short distance away, then, one of the women approached and closely inspected my leash and nose ring. She reached down and lifted the hem of my skirt to my knees and gave a shocked gasp.

"Jesus! What the *Hell* are those?" She demanded, straightening and looking me in the eye. "Why are you dressed the way you are? I think you're a male and you shouldn't be wearing a skirt! Are you and that woman playing some sort of



bondage game? Can't you get that nose chain off?" then she called to her companions. "Hey! You *gotta* see what this guy's wearing for shoes!"

Ignoring the admonition from my Owner to remain silent until she gave me permission, I tried to reply, my cheeks flaming with agonized embarrassment. I didn't know that the Dream Lover® was set to recognize my voice and if I attempted unauthorized speech, it would discipline me.

"Those are my booties and I can't take them off .... Aaaahhhh! Aaarrgghh!!! NNNnooo!!" The six long shocks through my penis made me bend over and shake my hips frantically, yelling with frantic need to escape the pain.

"What's happening to you? Are you wearing other stuff?" She asked then becoming more bold, she lifted the hem of my cape and gasped loudly when she saw the chains from my waist to my now visible wrist cuffs. "Oh, wow!" She exclaimed upon seeing them and the dangling belly button weights. "Doesn't all that stuff hurt?"

I remained silent and nodded my head. She seemed to understand that I was somehow being controlled, but her curiosity wasn't satisfied.

"*What* are you wearing in your mouth? I saw some of it when you tried to speak, and it looked horribly mechanical. Please open and show me?"

I had nothing to lose or gain and so opened my mouth fully and stuck out my tongue as far as possible, then lifted it so that she could see the ring underneath.

"Holy Mother of God!" She whispered in awe and shock at the revealed posts and their large end balls. "How can you speak with that stuff fastened into your tongue?"

I already knew that from now on, speech was going to be very difficult at the best of times and now, even though forbidden from speaking, the full realization hit me and I began to weep silently with large tears trickling down my cheeks.

"Oh, Honey!" She said, suddenly sympathetic. "I'm so sorry for you! I can see you're some one's property and so I have to leave you alone like you are. I can't help you."

She and her friends moved off, leaving me to stand forlornly by the sign post, chained to it by my nose leash, but they turned back to look at me while they walked away. Under the skirt the maddening arousal pulses went on and on, making me writhe my hips in a futile attempt to achieve some sort of sexual satisfaction.

At last my Owner sauntered casually back and unlocked the wrapped leash chain, then smiled with happiness while she adjusted the shoulder strap of her capacious purse.

"You know," she grinned, "I could as easily have put you in the car before I went back to the salon, but I wanted to show you off a little and for you to know

that there was no possible way for you to escape or not be noticed and just as an FYI, it's going to get worse.

"Now, let me get you into the car and we'll go home so that you can rest and recover a little."

By this point of the day after all of the things that had been done to me and the extreme sensations I'd been forced to experience, I was completely knackered, and so sat quiet and very subdued in the passenger seat while she strapped and locked me in. While we'd been at the salon, she'd had some modifications done to the passenger seat and the foot well. Now there was a ring bolt in the well and my ankle hobble was locked to it. The seat belts had also been changed and were now a complex arrangement with two over the shoulder straps, a wide chest strap that locked to the shoulder ones, a waist belt to which the shoulder belts were also connected in a large locking fitting. The only one not used this time, because of my long tight skirt, was the crotch strap. I sat back in the seat and relaxed while she tightened the belts until I was totally immobilized, then to finish me off, she brought up a strap from behind the seat and clipped it to the back ring of my collar and pulled it tight, dragging my head firmly back against the rest. A few seconds later, she slid into the driver's seat and after a quick, inspecting look at me, we were off down the road.

Within two hours, we arrived at the house. Despite my strict seat bondage and continuing discomfort from my new piercings and jewellery, I'd fallen asleep. My Owner awakened me then released all of my seat restraints.

"OK. Time for you to be put on your house leash in your rooms. Get out of the car, if you please!"

I swung my legs to the side and put my feet on the ground, then with great difficulty, thanks to my chained hands, struggled out of the seat. My nose leash had remained attached and she grasped the chain and bundled most of it in her hand so that her fingers were quite close to my face.

"Come!" she commanded, giving a small tug on the leash. I wailed from the hurt and the humiliation, then followed, bent humiliatingly forward at the waist. In a minute we were inside and down in the area that had been made into my own secret, personal prison. The first thing she did was to fasten a dangling, metre long chain from the thick wire near the ceiling to the back of my collar, then free me of the cape and release my wrists before the blouse and skirt came off. I watched her put the clothing away and lock the closet then she returned to where I stood, naked, but for my now permanent restraints and newly affixed jewellery.

"I'm very happy to see you this way my Dear! I *must* thank Marlene for getting me started on the path to domination and control. It really is quite

invigorating and I'm going to thoroughly enjoy you, your body and your reactions. She has helped me to understand that my sadistic streak is not a bad thing, and so to accept it and to exercise it is even more fulfilling than I'd ever expected.

"I know that you've been wondering why the sudden sea change for me, and that's the reason. Then, *you* helped enormously by doing that softening up solo play session, with Marlene finishing it off. Anyhow, here's how things are going to go from now on. This set of rooms is now your only home and prison. You'll live down here, always in restraints, for the foreseeable future while I make the rest of the house mine. You will not be permitted upstairs unless it is to do the chores, and when you are, you'll always be kept on a leash and in restraints too, of course.

"However, I don't want you to fade away down here and so every day you'll be taken over to the arena where I've had a new exercising machine built just for you. You'll spend the whole day on it. As well, there's a very secure stall there that will be your second home and I may eventually decide to keep you there all the time. You know the old saying ... "Out of sight, out of mind".

"Now for the actual logistics ... For the next two weeks I'll prepare your meals and they will be mostly liquids or semi-liquid until your tongue piercings have healed and even after that you'll only be fed the same stuff. Really, it's more fuel than it is food, per se. I've tasted it and it's consistency and flavour aren't very pleasant, but that's all you're going to get from now on. I may allow you to make your own meals in the galley kitchen down here, with the food I supply and to my specification. You're going on a diet, Dear, and with it you're also going to be put on a high dose, estrogen-enriched regimen and a strenuous exercise program. I want to increase your strength and stamina because you might get used as a draught animal at some point.

"The hormone supplements are going to ensure that you begin to grow natural, fully-functional, female breasts, and so when I take you into the hospital to have the large silicone implants fitted, you'll have the spare flesh already. Once I've got you the way I want you, I'm also going to make a *dairy* cow out of you and to the point that you'll need to be milked twice every day! After a few sessions on the milking machine, you'll probably grow to fear and hate it, and regret the day you ever wanted to have big breasts, but that's to come. However, from now on, it's just too bad if you don't like what's happened or what's being done to you."

Needless to say, I was utterly stunned upon hearing of these plans and how they kept expanding and getting worse and worse for me. Over the years that I'd been writing fantasy sexual fiction, I'd precisely covered these areas in the detail

that she was now telling me would happen! Little did I realize that she had been reading my stories and taking notes for a long time, and now it was all going to come true! I stared at her in horror and shook my head vigorously, making my earrings and their weights swing annoyingly back and forth tugging on my ears and clinking musically against my steel collar.

“Oh yes, Dear!” She smiled, “It’s *all* going to come true! I’ll soon have you turned into my total slave and multiple role pet and *that’s* your future. Tomorrow, you’re going to sign over complete power of attorney to me and also sign a contract of total life time indenture to me. I’ve already begun the process of selling the house in town and so we’ll live out here from now on where no one will hear your screams, when they are permitted that is. That’s only for a short time to come, and you *cannot* escape from me, ever! Even if you *do* get off your leashes, you’ll still have to walk 10 km to the highway in your new footwear and hobble chain, and I’d of course catch you quite easily. That’s to say nothing of your electronic leash control system. It has proximity and an electronic fence settings so that if you go beyond a certain distance, it will deliver a truly severe set of shocks until you return. I’ve seen video go that being done to a male wearing the Dream Lover® device and he just collapsed right where he stood, screaming and thrashing around on the ground trying to pull his chastity cage off as though he’d been tasered right in the crotch. He was *most* obedient after that!

“Once I’ve got you slimmed down, Dear, I’m going fit you with that lovely steel restraint belt you spent so much money on ... and I’m going to make it permanent, just like every other Axsmar® piece you’re wearing now.. Just for your information, I’ve had its size reduced by 10 cm and so you’ll soon have a very defined and corseted waist, and you’ll *have* to maintain it.”

Upon hearing that I shuddered and twisted against my restrains, feeling the firm tug of my nipple and belly button weights when they swung back and forth, and tears began trickling from my eyes. I’d played with the belt for years and it had always proven to be a most intimidating thing to wear, as it already compressed my somewhat flabby gut, but to hear that she’d had it resized downward by 10 cm was terrifying. Especially when she said that it would become permanent, just like my cuffs and collar.

“OK, that’s the plan for that facet. Now, as to your jewellery ... we’ll go back to the salon in two weeks and the rest of your oral/nasal ensemble will be applied. You’ve written a *lot* about that system and I’ve become quite fond of the concept, as horrible as it is, so ... lucky you! You’re going to get to live with and in it first-hand, and as far as I’m concerned, that too will be a permanent fixture and part of who you are. Yes, Dear, you’re going to get to enjoy your

fantasies in the real world, *and* be unable to escape them! Once it's all in place and locked, you're going to be a very silent and very obedient slave, I can assure you. If you even *think* about talking, you'll be very sorry.

"I've already made arrangements for you breast enhancement surgery and that'll happen in a month, so in the meantime, your hormone dose will be quite substantial and you'll find that you will be very emotional and easily upset, but that's all a part of the process that women live with every day.

"Marlene has a pretty busy schedule for the next three months and so will not be visiting until sometime in October and by then, you'll be fully healed. However! I have ideas for your chastity arrangements also!

"Here's what I've got planned: first off, I'm going to have your penis pierced to accept two rather complex transfixing rods *and* an end collar. This will require a general anaesthetic and so will be done in the local clinic. Your steel catheter will be extended and slightly curved and will be mounted to a new and longer cage so that it will remain always deeply and fully inserted and impossible to remove. The cage itself will have two longitudinal slots and the outer ends of the new cross rods will pass through them, being secured with two screwed-on and locked balls, but before that, a set of long U shackles will be fitted over the ends of each of the transfixing rods. There'll be just enough clearance between the outer side of the cage and the bottoms of the balls.

"With this arrangement, I can lock a leash to either U shackle and if any tension is placed on them, your dick will be pulled strongly towards the end of the cage! No doubt you'll find it to be vastly unpleasant and a very intimate and painful experience whenever the leash is tugged on because it's going to be a wonderfully effective and a delightfully painful means of control. In combination with your electronic leash, there'll be no possible chance for you to escape. The consequences of any sort of rebellion or fighting against that particular leash are just too horrid to even think about, as I'm sure you'll soon agree, Dear.

"So, that's the state of things at the moment. I'll be down to feed you in a couple of hours, but before I go upstairs, I'm going to change your hand restraint arrangement. Put your hands together behind your back and stay still while I adjust it all."

I did as she commanded and a moment later, both of my wrist cuffs had been locked to the central ring of my chastity ensemble's support chain, but then she shortened the chain between my above-the-elbow cuffs, forcing me to pull my shoulders back. It was awful and I was totally helpless. I could only move along the running leash wire near the ceiling, but the collar chain was too short to

allow me to sit or lay down and so I had to remain standing. I stared at her silently with tears of misery trickling from the corners of my eyes.

“OK. Bye for you now! Enjoy!”

With that she walked to the heavy steel door that sealed my prison rooms away from the rest of the basement, walked through and locked it behind her, leaving me in the dim silence of the long, sterile, cement corridor. I couldn't even go into any of the rooms, other than the toilet at the far end, and even then I'd be kept standing.

## Chapter Eleven

### *Scheduled Seclusion*

Essentially, I was all alone in the house and of course no one knew I was imprisoned in the secret set of rooms behind a hidden door in the basement. The entire area I inhabited now; walls, ceilings, and floors, was painted a gleaming, glossy white and so was a very sterile and stark environment with all of its lighting controlled from outside. There really wasn't much to it, with the four rooms all down one side of the 15 metre long corridor and the bathroom at the end, but all had one common feature: a tightly-barred, locked door. The room nearest the entrance door was a kitchen and pantry with a high table and one stool, then the room next to it was a sort of living room with a big, flat screen TV, a couch and a coffee table. The room next to this was my new Whine Cellar and contained only a complex bondage chair and a couple of rolling, multi-drawer cabinets. Above the chair, a thick umbilical of cables and assorted hoses hung, waiting. There were no controls for the torment machines, as they were all in the upstairs office where my Owner would determine how, when and for how long I would be tortured, and be able to watch and listen to me on the closed circuit TV system. The last room was a large bedroom with two pieces of furniture: one was a regular, single bed with rubber sheets, and the other was a very narrow, padded plank with a dozen sets of heavy black straps dangling in readiness to fasten me. This room also had a long, looping heavy umbilical of hoses and wires. I didn't know it then, but that was where I'd spend most of my nights over the coming year.

I wandered up and down the bleak corridor in despair, always accompanied by the loud clip-clopping of my footwear and the constant, merry musical jingle of my hobble and the leash chains dangling from my scrotum collar and chastity cage. They both were by now, *very* uncomfortable and when I moved my legs I felt the captive flesh bounce back and forth between my thighs. I hurt all over, but there wasn't any way for me to ease the misery, and with every movement I made, my ear, nipple and belly button weights all swung back and forth with maddening jerks on my flesh, so that I was soon nearly crazy to escape the sensations and began to moan and shake myself wildly to try and get them to fall off, but being locked on all that did was to make them swing and jerk even more erratically. When I began to verbalize my misery the Dream Lover® chastity guardian immediately delivered a set of horrid shocks and I screamed, despite my tongue being so thoroughly impaled. When I did, however, the shocks were repeated, but stronger and stronger each time while I screamed again and again, my hooved feet making a frantic drumbeat on the concrete floor until I fainted

and hung by my collar and it's overhead-fastened leash. I was only out for a few seconds, then staggered to my feet, but that was long enough to stop the punishing sequence, leaving me to sob silently, but of course no one heard nor did anyone care and after a few minutes I began walking back and forth again.

Of course my Owner kept me under surveillance, thanks to the small, hi-def video cameras at each end of the corridor and in every room, but I never knew when she was actually watching me. That's how I spent the next three or four hours; bored out of my mind, thoroughly restraint and silenced by the electronic horror that now seemed to govern my entire life. At last I heard the end door unlocked and my Owner appeared with a tray of food, plastic knife, fork and spoon, a paper cup and a plastic jug of water; none of which could be used as any kind of weapon.

"Come to the kitchen and I'll free your hands and arms and you can feed yourself. I'm going to put you to bed after you've used the bathroom, then tomorrow I'll start you on your exercising and you'll be at it for the whole day. I've automated the system so that you can be fed and watered without having to be removed from the rig and so you'll remain attached all day while I do some banking and the necessary legal stuff in town to gain control of all of your assets and to organize the paperwork to make you my total possession and slave. OK, hold still and I'll release you."

Thirty minutes later, I'd eaten my dinner and she had me stand, then walk to the bathroom and take care of business. I clip-clopped to the bedroom and through the door, to wait silently while she changed my running leash to the one for the room itself so that I couldn't leave. She fitted my urine collection system hose then gestured to the small, narrow, single bed.

"Time for you to get some rest. Lay back and move when I tell you to. You may speak briefly."

I settled on the bed's firm, thickly-rubber-covered mattress, then lay back. I wanted to say so much and ask so many questions, but the most important thing for me at that point was my footwear.

"Pleathe! Can I be freedth from theethe horrible booths? I truly hathe them and how they conthrol my walking so much and my legs are always cramping becausthe to their high heels."

"Nope! Ain't happening!!" she stated emphatically. "As I told you when they were fitted, they *are* permanent. You'll wear them 24 hours a day, 7 days a week and 365 days a year from now on, just like the rest of your personal restraints and jewellery. You'll just have to get used to them."

I was so dispirited and knew that no matter what I asked for now, would be denied, and so said no more. She looked closely at me then began to wordlessly



fasten me to the bed. My back-of-the-neck collar leash was threaded through an inverted, thick U bolt that stuck through the mattress, then under the rubber pillow. She tightened it so that I could not raise my head out of the cup in the pillow into which it had sunk.

“Turn on your side.” she commanded and released my scrotum collar leashes then fastened first the back one to the side of the bed then the front one to the other side, pulling on both quite firmly until they thrummed with tension and held my hips on the mattress. Grasping the penis cage leash, she drew it off to the side of the room and clipped the end ring to an arrangement on the wall. The chain hung from the pulley and at its end was a long bar onto which weights could be slipped. She added four of the 500 gram ones and I felt an immediate and miserable uncomfortable drag on my entire male plumbing package. I moaned quietly from the discomfort, knowing that it would only grow worse.

“Now, slide your hands and arms underneath you, Dear. It’s time for them to be chained behind you for the night.”

I had no choice but to do as she commanded and a minute later my right wrist cuff was locked to my left elbow cuff and my left on to my right elbow cuff. It was unpleasant, but bearable. She moved to the foot of the bed and taking a chain mounted to the bottom frame, locked it to the central link of my hobble and tightened it until my legs were pulled out straight, then locked it. Standing back, she surveyed her handiwork.

“Excellent! You’re safe for the night. Let me plug in your electronic device to recharge its batteries and I’ll also set it to a pleasure pattern to entertain you. After all, all work and no play makes you a dull person! Hahahahaha.”

She pulled a light rubber sheet up over me, then went to the door.

“Ta-ta, my Dear! Sleep well, if you can!”

She locked the barred door behind her, then a few seconds later I faintly heard the outer door to my dungeon also locked. Once again, I was alone and helplessly bound, being subjected to maddening, pleasurable pulses that didn’t stop and suffering the constant tensions on all of the most sensitive parts of my head and body. No matter what I did, something either dragged annoyingly or painfully and the combination of the arousing pulse pattern and tension on my genitals made me go crazy after only 15 minutes. I began to howl and beg incoherently until the automatic speech inhibitor of the chastity device went active, and plunged me once more into the scream-shock-scream-shock cycle until I passed out from the horribly painful sensations, to lay quivering and sobbing quietly on the bed. My feet hurt from the harshness of the hooved boots and cramps seemed to be always near because they couldn’t be escaped, to say

nothing of the unending tugging on my ears, breasts and belly button and the tensioned weights constantly pulling at my genitals.

I knew I'd brought this all on myself and *that* made things even worse! If my Owner had followed my written ravings closely, and apparently both she and Marlene had done so, I was a total captive and from this point on would always remain so. I don't know how it happened, but the silence, utter blackness and loneliness of my cell eventually combined with my exhaustion from the day's events and I fell deeply asleep, despite the continuing arousal pattern of intimate shocks.

I awoke the next morning, at least I thought it was morning, but had to lay as I'd been fastened the night before. Everything still hurt and now again I felt the crazy-making sensations of the orgasm e-stim teasing and tormenting my maleness to a crushing tumescence inside its cage. Jerking my hands against their restraints did no good at all and so I remained a frustrated, terrified and thoroughly tormented prisoner alone in my silent, black universe, completely frightened of just trying to beg for release. A long time after I awakened, I heard the outer door to my dungeon open, then the lights of the corridor outside the barred door of my bedroom flicked on. There was the sound of some movement in the rooms up the hall, then my Owner finally appeared and unlocked my bedroom door. It took only two minutes to free me.

Forty-five minutes later, after being taken to the toilet and the bathroom for a cold water shower, she drew me to the kitchen at the end of my chastity cage leash, then locked it to a ring under the table once I was sitting on the stool and my hands had again been fastened behind me. She fed me my semi-liquid breakfast and as much water as I could drink. Coffee was now a forbidden food, as was alcohol, white bread and sugar. It all tasted different than I remembered and that, although I wasn't aware of it, was thanks to the heavy dosage of estrogen hormones mixed into the almost un-eatable mush, even though it was highly-nutritious. I managed to choke it all down because I was ravenous, but didn't like it all. However, that was everything I'd be given for my three daily meals for a long time to come. I dawdled as long as I could over the last spoonfuls until at last my Owner spoke again.

"Right! You've had your sleep and some healthy food and now it's time for your first exercise day. Stand up! I need to fit your leash and reconnect your wrist cuffs behind your back. You've had their use for far too long already."

Of course I did as she commanded because to not do so would bring absolute misery, instantly. A moment later she'd clipped on my nose leash and also, one to the centre ring of my nipple joining bar, then even though I was frantically anxious to follow her, she snapped both of them to reinforce her control.

“Hands!” She snapped and I moved them to the small of my back. My wrist cuffs were speedily connected to each other and the central lock, then she pulled my elbows together and locked their cuffs to each other. Only then was my room leash released from my collar’s back ring and we walked down the barren corridor. I carefully climbed the stairs behind her, feeling the twinges of my calf muscles with each pace in the hooped boots. The swinging leashes occupied my full attention and she made sure by tugging on them while we walked through the house. It was another grey and misty dull day, but not really cold, and so she stopped at the front closet and threw a poncho over her shoulders, but offered me no covering at all! She turned and smiled at me.

“Come along, Dear! No need to worry about someone seeing you leashed and restrained. It’s not so cold that you need to be covered and besides, I want to toughen you up a lot. You’ve become far too flabby and soft over the last year or so.”

I glanced up at her but said nothing while she opened the door, then pulled me out into the clammy, dank misty rain. When I looked around I could barely see the nearby evergreens through the semi-fog, but then her cruel tugging on my breast/nipple leash and my nose demanded my attention to the tethers, and I *had* to follow her lead down the long paved drive to the distant arena building. I was in a sea of misery from wearing the hoofs and shoes and too because I was required to take prancing, loud, clip-clopping and hobble chain-jingling, short steps! I truly hated my new foot wear and how they made me walk, but not only was there the misery of wearing the boots, but also the widely swinging and consequent tugging of all of my the dangling jewellery in my ears, breasts and belly button. Feeling great self-pity while I was drawn down the 300 metre long road at the ends of my tethers, the cold immediately began seeping into my bones. The misty rain beaded on my exposed skin and all of the cuffs seemed to grow more and more cold with every step I was forced to take. My tears of misery were indistinguishable from the rain that trickled down my cheeks, and I could not stop the moans and gasps that were forced from me from being made to walk so fast. Every pace made the too-short hobble chain snap thrummingly tight between my wide and restricting ankle cuffs; again reinforcing to me that I was strictly controlled.

At last we reached the large building and she led me inside, then fastened my leashes to a handy ring on a post, before walking off to the tack room to get a coarse towel. I stood shuffling and shivering nervously while she was gone, wondering fearfully what the exercise was that she had planned. She’d said that she’d leave me all alone (again!) for the full day on the machine and I was frightened to near collapse with the knowledge that I’d be left helplessly

restrained for the entire time, completely isolated from the rest of the world, gagged and unable even to scream. Sure, I'd intentionally played that way before, but always with a safety factor of having someone come to release me if I really needed it. Now though, it was totally for real and there were no safety arrangements that she'd told me about. In truth, she'd not made any.

"OK!" She smiled at me happily after drying me off, "It's time for you to begin exercising and get into shape. I want you to be ready and physically up to withstanding all the fun things, at least they'll be fun for me, that I have planned for you over the next years."

My tethers were released from the post and I had to follow her out an across the arena's grey concrete floor to the far end where I saw the awful device to which I was to be attached for the day and each exercise time to come.

## Chapter Twelve

### *Exercised To Exhaustion*

She stopped about five metres from the machine and allowed me to inspect it, but I could make no immediate sense from what I saw and she didn't bother to explain.

Essentially, it consisted of a four metre high, half metre diameter post. This had a series of broad bands along its length and from each of these, four, five metre long thick arms stuck outward; essentially they were spokes, and at their outer ends and a half metre closer to the post, light chains dangled in wait. The lowest set was at crotch level, then the one above was at my mid-chest height. The one above that was at the top of my head height and the highest one was at the top of the post. From one of the chest high spokes, a two litre bottle of water hung; a long rubber hose coiled over the end.

"Allow me to demonstrate, Dear. Now, pay close attention!"

She tapped buttons on the cell-phone remote that also controlled me and I heard the subdued, low hum of a powerful electric motor, then watched closely when the various sets of spokes began to turn slowly. However, they didn't all rotate at the same speed and some of them would seem to hesitate at times then snap forward in quite a jerk! To my intense horror, the rotation speeds of the various sets slowly increased, and I instantly knew that I would be made to run around in unending, ten metre diameter circles! I instinctually tried to pull away from this horrid torture device, but she immediately snapped my two tethers making me scream and stand still.

"Be a good slave Larissa, or I *will* be really nasty to you! Now come!" She stopped the machine, then drew me to stand between two of the spokes. "Stay! I have to fit you with your drinking gag and air mask, then I'll hook you up to the exerciser."

She affixed my nose leash then walked back to the tack room to get the drinking gag and air mask. Why she wanted it was beyond me, for the moment. She returned two minutes later and came to stand in front of me with the mask's head harness slung over one arm, then held up the drinking gag.

"I *know* you hate the very idea of a penis being stuffed into your mouth, even if it is a fake and so I'm going to insist that you wear this lovely soft, thick and long one for your exercise periods!" she said with a revengeful smile. "Don't worry, though, Dear. It's hollow and too, after you've sucked on it for a minute or two, it'll give you a nice spurt of warm semi-liquid, just like sperm! You're going to get throat-fucked, Dear!"

"Now, open!"

With misery and revulsion I did as she demanded and a second later she'd inserted the fat shaft fully into my mouth! When it was all the way in, my front teeth sank partially into depressions for them near its front, while at the back it very nearly touched my throat, almost brining on a retching reaction. My tongue jewellery made its presences even more difficult to bear. She wrapped the wide, stretchy securing strap around my head, then locked it tight so that it cut into my cheeks and though tear-filled and embarrassed eyes, I looked at her while she readied the mask to be applied to my head. Reaching to my face she released my nose leash, then turning the mask partially inside out and connected my septum ring to an internal fitting! She allowed the mask to partially-resume its original shape and connected another internal fitting to the drinking hose one on the front of my gag strap then allowed the mask's thick neoprene to snap back into shape, pulling the mask tight to my face and keeping constant, almost painful tension on my nose. I immediately found that he vision panel was completely blacked out! She quickly tightened the head harness and locked the straps, then I felt her connect the drinking hose to the mask's front, and something else. She spoke again.

"That last fitting was for your nose leash, Dear. Now I'm going to connect the rest of your restraints."

I twisted my head in misery, hoping to somehow get to see, but al that did was to make my heavy earring weights oscillate back and forth in tugging discomfort, clinking against my collar. A sudden forward dragging tension came on my scrotum collar and I moved to ease it, but then almost immediately, a strong tension was applied to the collar's rear leash and I had to step backward, but could only manage half a pace before the front leash became tight again. Now, I couldn't move forward or backward! The next tension came on my dick cage leash when she pulled it out in front and angled up, then that tension too remained uncomfortably constant. It would be far worse though when I had been pierced and wore the new chastity cage! Suddenly both of my nipples came under tension when she connected their joining bar's central leash to the spoke ahead, yet leaving my nipple weights to drag and swing freely and painfully. The next connection was made when she fastened a chain from the back and front rings of my steel collar and led them out to the fore and aft spokes I stood between, quivering with unalloyed terror and fear. The final connection was made when she placed tension on the external nose leash, then locked it to the spoke ahead of me so that it snapped tight, keeping me looking straight ahead, even though I could see absolutely nothing.

"There!" She spoke quietly from beside me. "You're all set. There's enough liquid for your needs of the whole day and so we needn't worry about that. The

temperature here in the barn is good so you'll be fine, even if you do sweat and be assured that you will, my Dear!

"I've got the timer and program set so that you'll soon be pushed to your limit. Now, I'm off to town for the day to get the financials and the ownership papers finalized. By this time tomorrow, you'll be my legal possession; a slave with no rights, property or money. You'll just be a thing. See you tonight! Bye!"

I didn't hear her walk away because I was concentrating on all of my sensations of restraint, vulnerability and helplessness, then for long moments just stood there in my personalized black universe of discomfort and bondage, hearing only the occasional creak of the barn-like building and gusts of wind under the eaves. Otherwise, it was eerily quiet and I knew without question that I was totally alone and at the mercy of the soulless, pitiless exercise machine.

At last it started when the lowest layer of spokes swung slowly into action, then the others layers followed, beginning their own rotation. The harsh tug on my scrotum collar's front leash could not be ignored and I stumbled forward immediately, hearing the solid clip-clip of my hoofs on the concrete floor at every pace. My neck collar's spokes rotated at the same speed, but the other three began their own dance of torment while I stumbled blindly around in a never-ending circles. Then, I remembered the seeing the snapping motions they'd made when my Owner had demonstrated the machine a few moments before and suddenly my nipples and nose were simultaneously subjected to an increasing tension, then released and this didn't stop! Each time it happened I yelled from the pain from the increased tension, but then the same thing been to happen to my chastity cage leash, dragging my manhood painfully out before releasing it! With every snap and tension release, a fresh scream was riven from me, but then another horror was added-in when pleasurable, long, low and deeply penetrating electro-shocks flowed back and forth along the length of my caged and armoured manhood, making me writhe, dance and prance madly against my chains while I circled. Unseen and unheard, abandoned and utterly alone inside a locked barn on a remote farm far out in the country, I wept and begged with despair inside my sealed-on air mask, even though knowing no one was there to release me ... and I had only been confined at my exercise for 15 minutes!

I was dragged in the never-ending circles and had no chance to escape my restraints, any one of which would have held me with utter security. However, my ordeal had *only* just begun, because suddenly the rotation speed of the layers of spokes became faster and I had to begin prancing around rather than walking, and the clattering of my hoofs got louder and louder. I could feel my steel horse shoes occasionally slip on the polished concrete and became desperately afraid

of falling, then soon I was panting and gasping for each breath and had begun to sweat freely while I danced frantically at the ends of my tethers, weeping freely with misery, pain and despair at what I'd gotten myself into. No one could see my tears and agonised expressions under the obscuring mask and it was then that I remembered that I could drink, even while still being exercised. With a feeling of revulsion I began to suck on the fat, penis-thing fastened into my mouth. Nothing happened for the longest time and so I suckled the awful thing even more avidly until at last a couple of spurts of the gelatinous semi-liquid was squirted into my throat. I nearly retched when that happened, both because of the length of the penis gag and from the taste of the gooey stuff, to say nothing of the psychological awareness of the fact that I had been turned into an involuntary cock-sucker!

The speed of the exercise machine slowed a few endless minutes later and I grateful resumed my regular walking, hating the sensations of bondage, the painful automatic tugging, and the noise of my hoofs. My forced circling was an endlessly boring progress that accomplished nothing more than to make me sweat and scream frequently, then deep in my crotch, the electronic stimulation rose to a higher level making me squirm and jerk frantically against my restraints. It was another layer of exquisite torture and I could do nothing to stop the assault.

Once more the exerciser sped up and I was again forced to run in demented circles for a slightly longer time than the first, but it eventually it slowed down again. The horrid, unending process went on and on and I thought I'd go mad with boredom, but at last I was allowed to stop completely and rest in chest-heaving, panting, deep gasps. To my vast relief, the arousing shocks ceased to torment my caged maleness. I wavered back and forth while standing with trembling legs and nearly cramping calves, having to take continual small steps to keep from falling. My feet hurt! But I couldn't get off them thanks to the multiple leashes that kept me attached to the machine, and of course I pulled my hands and arms against their restraints, instinctually, but uselessly fighting to free myself. Each time I moved, all of my dangling jewellery made itself annoyingly and unpleasantly felt, especially when the machine had speeded up and I almost had to run. I'd failed to realize what a huge part this constant swinging and tugging would play in keeping me subdued and controlled.

My musings and self-pity were cut off when the machine started and once more plunged me into another maelstrom of screaming and tears during the harsh exercising; walking and running in unending, goal-less circles, now seemingly always in tears of remorse and pain. Even though bored by the sameness, my mind was filled with the terror of what was coming with the speed



and the inevitability of a runaway train ... my Owner's plans for me. And so the day passed in long, arduous hours of misery and increasing terror, until at last it all stopped and I heard her voice.

"Oh!" She exclaimed in mock surprise. "I thought maybe you'd managed to escape and run off, but I see you haven't been able to manage it. Oh well, too bad. You'll just have to stay and be tortured, I guess. Now, hold still while I release your restraints and the other stuff, then I'll take you back to your lovely prison rooms and I'll feed you some more of that gooey crap. You drank the whole thing, you know?"

Oh, I knew all right! I'd hated every drop of the stuff that I'd had to suck through the awful penis thing still locked into my mouth. No doubt that it was nutritious as all get out, but the consistency and flavour were anything other than pleasant! The thought that I'd have to again consume more of the same made me start to cry and my tear-streaming eyes were revealed when she unstrapped the air mask.

"Oh, Honey! Don't you like that lovely concoction that's been created especially for you?? It's very good for you, you know? Well, never mind. You'll soon grow used to it, because other than water, that's going to be all you ever get for food and drink for the foreseeable future."

I had hoped that she would remove the oppressive and embarrassing penis gag, but she didn't! It was left strapped securely into my mouth. She knew I hated it intensely and watched with evil pleasure while I tried to accept that I'd have to wear the horrid thing for a long time to come.

"Yes, Dear. You're going to wear that particular gag most of the time now because it just makes feeding you that much easier, and too, it'll keep you pretty quiet. I love the idea, also, that you hate it because you don't want to be associated with any sort of closeness to cock sucking. Not to worry though! Over the next week, I'm going to train you to take a longer and fatter penis all the way into your throat and perhaps most of the way to your stomach, then you'll become a true slut. Hahahaha."

I continued to weep and struggle against my restraints unashamedly while she unlocked all of my tethers, re-connected my nose and breast leashes, then pulled me across the wide floor to the far door we'd entered by so many long hours ago. Although I didn't know it, the time was now about 6:30 PM. I was never permitted to know the actual time or date, right from the first day of my slavery as her possession.

When we came to the door, she resumed wearing her long poncho, then uncaringly dragged me, still naked other than for my restraints and jewellery, out into the now-hissing-down rain. It was horribly cold and I screamed into the gag

feeling the assault of the freezing air and needle-like drops, making all of my metal adornments turn instantly into tormenting, icy blocks. She sauntered along the road with me in tow at the end of my leashes, prancing and dancing on my hoofs in a desperate attempt to speed up our walk. Even though exhausted, the change in temperature from the interior of the arena to the outside was huge and I desperately wanted to be taken into the house, still some 200 metres away. She turned and smiled happily at my shivering and cavorting antics, keeping a firm hold on my nose and nipple tethers while I pranced at the ends of them behind her, then continued her meandering progress until at last we reached the back door of the house. She took her time opening it while I shivered desperately, then was drawn inside and down to my secret suite of rooms and to the kitchen area. She fastened my collar leash to the room's chain, dangling from its ceiling ring and pointed at the stool.

"Sit!"

When I'd done so, she reached to the cupboard beside me and opened the door, then from the top shelf, withdrew a long, thick amber, rubber hose and came to stand in front of me.

"Hold still!"

A second later it had been connected to the front of my gag, then she reached into the cupboard again and pressed a switch.

"This is an 'on demand' feeding system, Dear. When you suck on the penis it will deliver two and sometimes three generous spurts of your sperm-like, gooey food. So you must swallow it all each time before you ask for more. Now, you be a good boy and eat all of your food, or should I say, fuel and hormones? I'm going to go and make myself a lovely steak with all the trimmings. I'll see you in a couple of hours, but in the meantime, here's some e-stim to keep you hard and horny ... for all the good it'll do you! Hahahaha. See you later!"

That's how she left me: my arms and hands still bound behind my back and so unable to tear off the feeding hose and escape the humiliating feeding process and the awful tasting, so-called food. The arousing e-stim began again making me writhe and twist on the stool and unable to stop it, I began to shudder and moan helplessly again, shaking my head frantically to try and dislodge the feeding hose while I gagged again and again on the awful, gluey taste. I caught a glimpse of myself in a mirrored surface and was horrified at how helpless and exotically decorated I'd become.

A long time later she returned and soon had me free, then drew me along the featureless corridor to the bathroom. As soon as I was done there, I was pulled back up to me so-called bedroom, then once inside was speedily bound and strapped down as I'd been the previous night, now with the addition of the awful

gag. Once she'd brought the covering rubber sheet up to my neck, she looked down and smiled.

“Sleep well, Dear. You're going to do it all again tomorrow! Nighty-nite!”

I heard the bedroom cell door crunch shut and lock, then all the lights went out and I was once again alone, fastened down and helpless.

## Chapter Thirteen

### *Legal Enslavement*

The two weeks that followed were repeats of my first day, and she didn't give me any rest at all. The weather got colder by the day, but she still did not cover me when I was walked to and from the barn and I shivered quietly, with each long walk making me more fully aware that I was indeed her slave. Although I was slowly getting used to all of my dangling jewellery and my cuffs and collar, it was not easy. The flesh of both the internal and exterior piercings had begun to toughen and so there was less and less pain, but the nagging tug, drag and swinging of all my new decorations was constant and increasingly annoying. I did not understand why women wore the stuff. Now though, *I* had no choice.

Too, I was slowly getting accustomed to the weight of my cuffs and the inescapable restriction of my wide collar, but the continual bondage and being kept on a leash at all times was making me more than a little crazy and at the oddest moments, I'd find myself tearing and jerking frantically against them in an attempt to be free. Of course kicking my feet against the short hobble chain was another fruitless effort, but I did it anyway. The weight and awkwardness of my hoofed footwear was always bothersome, but now I could walk semi-gracefully and with a semblance of normality, always on my toes. I truly hated the implacable exercise machine's programmed cruelty, especially when it was made to rotate at a higher speed and for longer periods so that my stamina would increase, and of course, it did.

The other thing I hated about my new life was the so-called food. Bland and boring would be doing it a kindness and enjoyable was definitely not in the description, but it was nutritious and being overly-laden with the female hormone supplements, my emotions were now always very close to the surface and I frequently found myself sobbing with self-pity even though I might be in the middle of an exercising period or fastened to my bed. As well, my breasts had begun to swell and become extremely sensitive. Every tug on the cruel nipple bar and piercings made me yelp with pain, but otherwise, my weight began to drop away and I became thinner and more muscled than I ever had in the past, and that brought closer the day of my having to wear my wide, steel corset-like, cinch belt. My Owner was fully aware of my changes though, having read widely about the psychological and physical effects of the massive doses of estrogen and other uniquely female elements I was forced to consume, mixed into my food. With the hormones raging through my bloodstream and brain, my male urges for an erection faded a little, but my reluctant penis was brought to

full hardness within its confining cage every day by the judicious application of arousal-patterned e-stim.

I cannot say that I was beginning to enjoy my life ... *far* from it! However, I had grown to partially accept that I was about to suffer permanent changes to my physical appearance and too, that I would remain my Owner's captive and slave for the remainder of my life. It was a horrifying set of thoughts and my mind shied away from thinking too deeply about my future. She spoke to me frequently though about how matters were progressing, concerning my having become her slave and full, legal property and how the transfer of assets was proceeding, but I was still forbidden from speaking and even so, did not really want to, what with all the metal in my tongue. It still hurt. Then one night after she'd fastened me to my bed, she looked down at me and spoke.

"Dear, we're going into town tomorrow to have all the legal documents finalized with your witnessed signature. Once you sign them, that's the end of your freedom, forever. When that's been done, we're going to the salon to have the next part of your oral and nasal equipment added, then made permanent. Both of those appointments will take up the morning and a part of the afternoon and after that, I'm taking you to the clinic for to get your penis pierced and the new hardware mounted inside it.

"The visit to the clinic is a multi-part one in that at the same time, your breasts will get their augmentation and your cheeks will be pierced and grommited, then you'll be kept there under sedation for a couple of days. As soon as you're released, we'll return to the piercing salon and you'll be fitted with your new penis cage and cheek bar. I can't wait until your dick is fully-healed so I can use the leashes on it!. I'm going to make you scream and wish you'd never been born with that appendage. Now, have a good sleep and we'll be on the way by 9:00 tomorrow morning. Nite-nite!"

The lights flicked off and the cell door of my bedroom thumped closed and locked, leaving me once more a helpless, entombed prisoner. I could not help but roll over and over in my mind what she'd said and with every turn, I became more and more frantically afraid and soon began sobbing inconsolably, fighting my restraints madly, although I knew perfectly well that it was a pointless exercise. Eventually I cried myself to sleep, still tugging desperately against the things that held me.

The morning came too soon and my Owner made sure that all of the necessary chores and ablutions were completed, then I was dressed once more in the long leather skirt, frilly blouse and cape before being led out to the car, seated, strapped in and chained. I'd noticed when I showered and then was dried off, that my breasts had swollen a lot and now filled my blouse substantially

more than they had just two weeks previously. What had become worse and worse over the past week was that they now bounced and jiggled seemingly with a mind of their own, but held in check by the nipple-to nipple bar and the chain from its centre to my navel. Feeling this every day confirmed to me why women wore bras despite their dislike of the garment. Although I'd worn a bra frequently as a part of play, *now* it was going to become a necessity. My Owner had plans for a special one as I was to discover to my horror. I would not be permitted the sensual garments women favoured, but have to wear what could loosely be defined as an industrial version.

I sat twitching and silent in the car while we drove into town and like the last time, she parked four blocks from the salon, then strutted along the street, leading me on my nose tether while I frantically tried to keep up with her in loud, clip-clopping, prancing paces. My face flamed scarlet with embarrassment at being seen like this, but for the moment there were only scattered, small groups of women on their way to their jobs. Many of them glanced in my direction, then stopped and stared with gaping mouths and began to giggle when they looked more carefully and heard my clattering progress. The hem of my long skirt didn't conceal my footwear and flashing ankle chain, and those seemed to fascinate them all. Embarrassed tears trickled down my cheeks and I shook my head to flick them off, making my heavy earring weights swing maddening, tugging always. One of the women, a stunning, long black haired one a little shorter than I came over to walk beside me and inspect my appearance in detail. My Owner looked back and smiled at her, but kept a more firm and shortened grip on my leash. The woman spoke while keeping pace with me.

"You're her slave, aren't you, Honey?"

I didn't say anything, but only turned my head slightly and nodded what little I could against the tension of the tether, before it was jerked and I was forced to look straight ahead again.

"That is the most appalling footwear I've ever seen!" She stated. "How in the world do you manage to walk in it, especially with that short chain between your ankles? Amazing!"

What could I do other than to strut and prance along at the end of my leash? Tears flowed freely from my eyes over my flaming cheeks.

"Oh! You poor Dear!" The woman exclaimed seeing my distressed expression and tears.

She left me then and angled off across the street while we continued for another two blocks, then turned in at a lawyer's offices. The dimly-lit spaces spoke of a solid, well-established and rich, talented lawyer. The secretary,

expecting us, led my Owner and I to his luxuriously-appointed office, without batting an eye at my attire, or means of being guided. A distinguished and slim, beautifully-dressed man stood from behind his desk and greeted my Owner, then looked at me with a quizzical expression before he spoke.

“Nice to see you again Mrs Larsen, and now with your associate.” He said with a deep, resonant voice. “I’ve learned a great deal from this situation, ma’am, and am surprised that the process we’re about to enact remains legal in this country. However, that being as it may, please be seated and we’ll proceed.”

“She’ll remain standing, Mr McClintock.” My Owner said without explaining. “As well, she has some rather substantial tongue jewellery that makes it difficult for her to be easily understood. Actually, it’s rather punitive, in that if she even attempts to speak or make a sound, it will immediately make her retch very strongly, and thus it quite thoroughly discourages any kind of voluntary speech attempt. Too, I have kept her under a Rule Of Silence for the past weeks, and even though she is allowed to speak in this office, she won’t because of the speech suppression system. She’ll use eye blinks to signal agreement.”

“Very well.” He said looking me over more intensely. “I’ll need to actually hear her say that she fully accepts the entirety of all the documents and the acceptance of her loss of freedom, and too, that she is turning over complete power of attorney to you from this point forward, forever. Of course she’ll also have to sign the documents, then you and I will sign them and my law student will add her signature as a witness. As well, all of these proceedings are being video taped.”

“That’s all fine with us both.” My Owner said with a smile, “Isn’t it, Dear?”

“Yeth.” I whispered, shifting on my hooved feet, almost retching even with that minimal word.

“She has the use of her hands, despite them being cuffed and loosely chained, so signing the documents will not be an issue. Shall we get the process in motion?”

The lawyer’s brows rose when she so blandly told him of my restrained wrists and arms, but he turned to the side credenza and drew out a thick folder, sliding the top set of documents onto the desk’s otherwise empty surface.

“We’ll deal with the documents in the following order.” He stated. “First, will be the Power of Attorney papers, then the Absolving of Responsibility ones that I must have for the legal conclusion of all proceedings in this office today, then will come the Surrender of Personal Freedom papers that detail the conditions and irrevocability of the enslavement agreement. Each page of each

document must be signed by all parties and witnesses. There are five complete sets of documents and so the process will take about an hour to complete.

“As I stated a moment ago, this process is being video recorded and the resultant footage will also become a part of the document package. The various packages will be distributed as follows: two of them will go to you, ma’am. I will keep a copy in my vaults, and one each will go to the Provincial and Federal Registrars of Records. Very good! Let’s proceed.”

For the next hour there was little in the way of speaking. I was the first to sign each document, then my Owner. then the lawyer, and finally, his law student. Whenever I bent forward to sign, my wrist chains swung into full view and my massive, gleaming cuffs were revealed. The first time the lawyer and the law student saw these restraints, their eyes bugged a little at the sight, but by the second set of documents being signed, they ignored the flashing wrist chains and gleaming cuffs, as well as my collar.

At last we were done and the lawyer added his seal at the bottom of every page, had the assistant make five copies of the video and my Owner was given hers. I was now, legally, a non-person and a slave: her personal property to do with as she wished, and I had no recourse but to accept all of her decisions, no matter what they concerned in my life from now on. By this point my feet and legs were aching from the prolonged standing. My Owner grasped my nose leash, then turned to the lawyer and shook his hand while I danced around behind her, trying to ease the tension.

“Thank you, Mr McLintock, for all of your assistance and guidance. It’s most important to me that we have an air-tight set of agreements and if you would transmit the necessary information to the various financial institutions, I’d be much obliged.”

“Ma’am,” he replied with a benevolent smile, “it has been both a pleasure and a considerable learning process for me, and that has become increasingly rare these days. I wish you both as much happiness as you can make for yourselves. Jeanine will guide you out. Good day.”

With a peremptory tug on my leash, my Owner made me turn and follow her from the office, down the corridor and out onto the street. I tried to crowd close-in behind her when she turned and began strutting rapidly along the sidewalk, back towards the piercing salon, but by this point the street was more heavily-populated with shoppers and again the walk along the street, even though only for two blocks, were a horror of huge embarrassment for me because of all the stares I drew and sniggers I heard behind me at being seen to be so bizarrely dressed and on such an visible tether. I didn’t think it was possible, but I was very relieved to step into the salon. It was nearly 12:00 o’clock.



When we entered, my Owner was greeted warmly, ignoring me while the rest of the staff giggled when they saw me now leashed and hugely embarrassed. For the moment, we were the only clients and so were led directly to the back booth where the piercings had been done. The clinical smells were not oppressive, but definitely spoke of a medical type of environment.

## Chapter Fourteen

### *Forever Silenced*

She tugged firmly on my leash eliciting a small, strangled scream of pain and I was led to the horrific chair. I sat without further ‘encouragement’ and the technicians went rapidly to work, fastening the straps and dragging them very tight before locking each. My head was the last to be secured, but first they again fitted me with the bridle-like harness before it was connected to the rest, then pulled firmly back until I could stare only at the ceiling, my eyes darting nervously from side to side. The technician came to stand where I could see her and my Owner moved into view as well, then spoke with firmness.

“Larissa you’re about to be fitted with one of those nasty, evil, punitive and silencing tongue plates you’ve been writing so descriptively about for years and years. I know perfectly well that you are scared brainless of having it fitted and of course what it will feel like when it’s locked onto your tongue. However, I want you to know without a doubt that you’re going to wear it for the rest of your days as far as I’m concerned. You *are* going to be kept gagged by it and unable to speak coherently, if at all. I’ve had the plate re-designed a little so that it covers the top and sides of your tongue completely, and as you have written, with a deep cup for the tip. However, *my* design has a longer throat piece and *that* means that it will make you retch much more quickly than the ones you’ve written about. So, if you even *think* about trying to speak, you’ll regret it instantly.

“Once your tongue plate has been installed, the ladies will fit you with those awful internal nasal chains and connect them to your septum shackle cross bar up inside your nostrils so that no one can see them. I’m insisting that they be tight and completely hidden inside your head, but you can be assured that when tension is applied to your septum shackle, it will be transmitted through your sinuses to the chain’s connections on your tongue plate, and that too will make you gag and be *very* obedient. You’ll quite hate the restriction and constant discomfort.

“When that’s all done and everything is locked securely, the ladies will then inspect the rest of your piercings and lock those that have not already been secured. After that, I’ll walk you over to the clinic for your other procedures. They’re expecting us and it’s only six blocks away, so you’ll easily be able to walk there, although you’ll hate being the public spectacle you’ll become along the way. *That* won’t bother me a bit. OK, ladies, let’s get the deeds done.” She stepped out of my view and the technician soon stood over me.

“OK, ma’am,” she smiled down at me, recognizing my enlarged breasts, “please open your mouth to accept the jaw spreader, then we’ll need you to stick out your tongue again, I’m afraid.”

Tears of terror trickled from the corners of my eyes, flowing down my cheeks, because I *knew* that within the next 30 minutes, I would become a permanently and painfully gagged slave; voiceless other than for inarticulate howls, wails and screams she would make me create.

I very reluctantly opened my mouth and the technician slipped the padded, covering brackets over my front, top and bottom teeth, then squeezed the handles, forcing my jaws far apart, so that I was nearly gagging. At last she was satisfied and locked the handles, but then held the tongue retractor device over my face.

“Please stick out your tongue, ma’am. I really *do* need to fit this so that we can apply your tongue plate and I’ll be honest with you ... it’ll be very uncomfortable during the process and the attaching of the chains. Just so you understand the term, these nasal chains are actually quite flexible and smooth and are made of titanium. Now, please just relax as best you can.”

With my mouth forcibly kept open, my tongue was utterly at her mercy, but she was gentle when inserting the retractor then hooking it over my front pair of side piercings. She quickly and expertly mounted the retractor device on my head harness, then carefully, but mercilessly turned adjustment hand-wheels that dragged my tongue further and further out of my mouth. I felt as though she was going to tear it completely out and screamed inarticulately from the pain of this awful, forced extension, but she ignored my terrified and horrified agony and distress. Once fully satisfied, she reached down and picked up the tongue plate in its clear plastic envelope and inspected it for flaws before opening the sterile bag, then held it up for me to see what would so thoroughly silence, discipline and torment me for the rest of my life. It seemed quite small, but I noted the many holes in it, then when she turned it, I saw the curving edge lips and the deep cup for the tip. The worst of it though, was the narrow, long curving piece that would descend into my gullet.

“Excellent!” My Owner said from the side. “Please fit her with it.”

The technician first moved to the back of my mouth and unscrewed the balls on the rearmost posts, then the middle ones, then paused a moment and spoke to me again, looking deep into my horror-filled eyes.

“Ma’am? Please listen carefully, OK? I’m first going to apply a numbing agent to your throat and the area that creates the retching reflex. After two minutes, I’m going to slide your tongue plate all the way into your mouth and quite a way down your throat so that I can re-mount the securing balls of the rear

and middle, side posts. That will pull the plate most of the way out, although there will still be a long piece projecting down your throat, over the back of your tongue.

“Once those pins are locked, I’ll change the retractor arrangement to grasp the middle posts, then I’ll remove the front side post’s balls and the one for your tip ring. The tip post will be pulled out completely, but only for a few moments. Once that’s done, I’ll get your tongue to slip inside the edge lips and the deep cup for its tip, then remount the front side balls. At the tip, the post will be slipped through the underneath hole in the bottom of the cup, then through your tongue and out through the top of the plate then I’ll screw it tight and lock it on. I’m sure you know that you’ll be kept very quiet once it’s locked in place, because if you try to speak or make any sort of loud noise, it *will* make you retch quite violently and that will be extremely uncomfortable, if not very painful.

“After that, you’ll be fitted with your intra-cranial chains, but I’ll explain the process later. OK. Here we go.”

A cool mist was sprayed into my mouth as well as deep into my throat and on the back of my tongue, then she sat and waited for the topical anaesthetic to take effect. Oh God! I was ssssooo uncomfortable! I hiccupped and sobbed quietly, horrified more and more by what was about to be done to me in the next minutes. Without speaking she gently placed the cold metal tongue plate inside my mouth, slipped it far, far back and I felt the curved rear portion slide deep into my throat! The numbing agent worked and I didn’t retch at all and for a foolish moment, I thought that this wasn’t really that bad. I was so terribly wrong!

She worked speedily and efficiently, fitting the rearmost, thick posts though their mating holes in the tongue plate, coating the inner threads of the balls with the locking compound, then screwing them tightly onto their posts so that the plate was drawn firmly onto the upper surface of my tongue. She completed her work on the middle balls with equal speed, but by now I was truly suffering from the horrible tension and weeping unashamedly.

“Just a little while longer, ma’am, and we’ll be all done. Hang in there, OK?”

Long, drawn-out gasps shook my shoulders while she changed the tongue bondage, then again quickly finished the intimate and severe fastenings. The tip of my tongue slid fully into the deep-lipped, metal plate and became slightly compressed in the deep, end cup. It felt very odd to have it nearly fully-encased and not be able to taste anything but metal. I was surprised when she didn’t fit the original post at the tip, but replaced it with a small ‘bow’ type shackle. It was obvious that this was to be yet another place that a leash could be attached. She looked down into my tear-streaming eyes.

“OK. Now it’s time to fit your into-cranial, silencing chains. You know what they do, how they’re fastened and what they do, so now you’ll personally find out just how effective and cruel they are. They will be *very* uncomfortable for you to wear and will probably stay that way all the time they are in place. However, that’s none of my concern.

“Now, the first thing I’ll do is to get a couple of pieces of string through your sinuses to the back of your throat, then pull them forward to the middle set of your tongue’s side posts and temporarily tie them off there. Inside your nose, I’ll tighten the strings until I see the tension on your tongue posts, then mark the string at the position of the cross bar of your nose shackle.

“Obviously, this is going to be a pretty uncomfortable process for you, but I’ll be as quick as I can. When that’s done, I’ll take out the strings and thus have the correct length for the internal chains. Locking fittings will be added to their ends, then I’ll put another string through each of your sinuses, attach the tongue post’s locking fittings and draw the chains through your nose and sinuses to the back of your throat and then forward to the middle of the tongue posts. It will only take a moment to mount them.

“From that point, I will place tension the chains until their nasal ends’ locking fittings move forward in your nostrils, then pop the loops over the ends of your nose shackles’s cross-pin. The pin’s threads will be coated with the locking compound then tightened and we’ll be done! Oh! One more thing ... there will be a spare link on each chain, just below the nasal bar, and that’s there so that your Owner can add the external nasal chains when she wishes. When *they’re* used, you’ll be very unhappy indeed.

“Actually, it’s a most elegant arrangement, I feel, for keeping anyone quiet.” She smiled happily. “Without the external nasal chains to give its presence away, no one knows that you’re wearing the internal arrangement. So, with these chains, in combination with the tongue plate and them being fastened to it, if you even *think* about speaking or trying to make any sort of noise at all, you’ll be punish automatically *every* time.”

The process went precisely as she said it would and 15 minutes later I wore the entire, horrid and agonizingly effective silencing ensemble.

“There! All done! We’ll get you cleaned up, then you can go to your next appointment.”

I stared up at her and my Owner in absolute misery; totally terrified of making even the slightest sound or attempt at speech and 10 minutes later I was drawn out of the salon and into the late afternoon crowds. With it being about 4:00 pm, the street was quite busy, so I naturally attempted to stay very close to her while we walked to the six blocks to the clinic. I remained in an agony of

embarrassment all the way, but no matter how I struggled to keep up with her long paces, the tight leather skirt and my 30 cm hobble made it very difficult, so that soon I was trailing her by nearly the two full metre length of my nose leash. Everyone could see when it swung back and forth, glittering in the strong sunlight and so once again we soon accumulated a following of gawking on-lookers.

At last we stepped inside a quiet waiting room to confront a starched, severe-looking nurse who inspected us both from inside her booth, then smiled at my Owner when she came to the counter.

## Chapter Fifteen

### *Pierced & Pinned*

“Good afternoon ladies, and welcome to our facility.” She said with an English accent and slid a set of documents across the counter. “Please fill in the high-lighted boxes and we’ll go from there. Doctor Johansen will be doing all of today’s procedures and the operating theatre is prepared to receive the patient as soon as possible.”

My Owner signed all of the papers with a flourish, then handed me the pen and I followed suit. The papers were returned to the nurse and she moved to the side and opened the door to a long hallway.

“Please follow me.”

Of course I was the last of the small procession and felt the commanding tug of the leash with misery, then we entered a small, stark room with only a chair, a clinical restraint-endowed bed and a small table beside it. The nurse turned to my Owner.

“Please have the patient disrobe completely, shower and when dried off, lay on the bed.”

“Her collar and cuffs are non-removable as is the scrotum collar she wears. Will those present any issues? My Owner asked.

“No, none at all that I can see. Please be quite thorough with the washing though, especially the crotch area. I see from the chart that there will be some rather extensive surgery down there and so we don’t want to take any chances. I’ll be at my desk until you’re ready. Just pick up the phone. It’s a direct line.

“Very good and thank you, Nurse Douglas.”

She left us and I was soon freed of all of my clothing except for the non-removable jewellery and other equipment. Ten minutes later, I sat on the bed, waiting, and again horrified with what was about to be done to my body. For the moment, the numbing agent was still working, but each time I swallowed, I was aware of the horrid thing fastened to my tongue and sticking far down into my throat. The nurse returned and emotionlessly looked me over.

“Please lay back on the bed. I’ll fit the restraints, then we’ll be off to the operating theatre.”

My Owner stared hard at me and I did as she indicated, then the nurse rapidly applied the comfortable, but very secure and strong Segufix®, clinical restraints to my body and all of my limbs and head so that in short minutes I had again become completely immobilized and could only stare up at the ceiling. She drew a light green, cotton sheet over me.

“Oh, how I *love* to see you like that, Larissa!” My Owner smiled down at me. “I *know* you’ll fear and hate the new equipment that will go into the piercings, especially when I begin to use them. Now, I’ll not be seeing you until you recover from the anaesthetic, sometime tomorrow, so you must do precisely as the doctor and nurses tell you to. I shall be off home. Enjoy!”

She left the room and the nurse came over to look down at me, then spoke unsympathetically.

“So! You have become a permanently silenced semi-female slave? My Dear, what you are about to be fitted with will be orders of magnitude beyond what you imagine it might be. I know you are incapable of coherent speech and so will speak freely. You deserve everything that has happened to you and that will be done to you, slave. I’m most happy to assist in your descent into the state of being nothing more than an animal; and will be here to see it all carried out.

“Now it’s time for things to be done. Here we go.”

She released the bed’s wheel locks and I was pushed out of the door and along a short corridor to the operating theatre. I struggled a little against my restraints, beginning to get more and more scared of what was going to be done to me, because even to them, the procedures were truly out of the ordinary, as was the equipment that they were about to embed in my body. They had no real idea of why the procedures were being done, other than that they were at a patient’s request, but for me, what was to happen was going to be life-changing and would determine how much I was going to be made to suffer in the future as my Owner’s slave and sex toy.

A few seconds later, my bed was pushed into the small operating theatre and under a large array of surgical lights. She re-locked the wheels then left and another masked and gowned nurse came to stand beside the bed, while an anaesthesiologist readied the gas rig above my head. Dr Johansen, a tall woman, appeared beside me.

“Good afternoon.” She said in a very professional voice. “We have some delicate procedures to perform on your male member, then we’ll proceed to your breasts for the addition of the implants, and that operation is relatively straight forward. When that has been completed, we’ll extract the teeth that have been indicated, then the cheek piercings and their grommets will be done.

“The entire set of procedures should take about three hours to complete and you’ll be given a general anaesthetic to allow us to make the necessary additions and other procedures. From there you’ll be taken to your secure recovery room and kept under sedation for the next two days to encourage speedy healing.

“Very well.” She turned to the anaesthesiologist. “Please proceed.”



Above my head I heard a slight hissing sound, then a large black rubber mask was lowered over my entire lower face. I stared up into its blackness, then it was clamped onto my face and for a moment I smelled a slight sweetness, then everything went away.

I came gradually back to awareness to find that I was in a dimly-lit room and securely held by numerous restraints on my body and limbs; immobile, still. Of course I remembered absolutely nothing of what had been done to me, as these sort of things should be, but the more wide awake I became, the more aware of the newest discomforts I was. If not for the drugs being administered by drip feed, I would certainly have been in pain from the procedures just completed, however what was immeasurably worse, was that I now felt the full effect and sensations of my new, speech-denying tongue plate when I unconsciously attempted to speak. As soon as I even thought of making a noise, my throat's muscles moved and that made me hugely aware of the metal device that curved deeply down into my throat, held immovably in place and inescapable. I instantly retched harshly, gagging and feeling the awful, yet hidden chains inside my head dragging against and through my sensitive sinus tissue while they also tugged at the thick pin that pierced my septum! The true horror was that the initial retching sensation and action was the trigger for four or five more before I could bring myself under control! It was a horrid lesson, but it was only the first of many I'd be forced to endure every day for the many years to come.

I gasped quietly in my restraints, feeling my collar and cuffs most intensely with their constant weight and slight compression. My feet inside their locked-on, awful hooped boots felt totally alien to me, and it was at that point that my attention rose to my crotch. Everything from my navel to mid-thigh was numb and felt as though swathed in bandages, then my attention rose higher up my body to my chest. I was unable to look downward or to even sit up thanks to the head and shoulder harness restraints that kept me laying flat, to say nothing of the fact that the back ring of my collar had been locked to a fitting in the bed frame that projected through the thick mattress. My ankle hobble had been similarly attached.

It was then that I felt something weighty on my chest, but didn't the weight didn't remain still, shifting slightly under the bandages with every breath I inhaled, and I suddenly realized that my Owner had not been telling fairy tales to frighten me, but had been making a promise, and now it had come true! I had been endowed with substantial breasts and there was no way I would ever be able to hide or escape them and how they changed my life!! The thoughts of this situation and the new sensations I would be forced to experience made me gasp and writhe with emotional reaction, but then my attention rose to my collar and

its constant restriction, weight and slight but never-ending constriction. Each time I swallowed I felt it, but also the long, narrow metal device inside my throat! The combination was awful, reinforcing my status as a silenced slave.

When I consciously and very tentatively tried to move my tongue, it created the near onset of a retching reaction again and so I stopped, feeling the enclosing device with misery and the knowledge that I was now denied the ability to taste anything while I wore it, and that would be always! I tried to twitch my cheeks and immediately felt a strange numbness and resistance. Four mm diameter holes had been punched through the flesh of each cheek and the muscles moved aside to permit mobility, then the wide-shouldered grommets had been put into them and clamped tightly so that they would have to be cut out if they were ever to be removed. That would not happen.

Of course I knew why they had been placed and shuddered with the horror of what they meant, especially since I'd described why and thought about it innumerable times. Within the next hours, or day at the latest, a cross-rod would be inserted through the grommet on one cheek, passed through the balls on the tops of the two middle-of-the-tongue posts, then out through the other cheek's grommet and thus would hold my tongue and its plate firmly attached. I'd be completely unable to escape the captivity of the intimate, cruel rod and to add to the sensations and visual aspect of the captivity its ends would immediately be fitted with wide washers to cover the grommets. The rod's ends were finely-threaded to accept fittings with four mm loops welded to them, then the decorative snake like chains that emerged from each of my nostrils would be added.

By the time all of my costuming was completed and with the addition of all the jewellery, none of which I'd be able to remove myself, I'd be held in the most appalling and comprehensive system of restraints imaginable. Now, as my Owner's legal slave and possession, I had no protection whatsoever so she could and was doing with me, precisely as she wished. I lapsed into semi-sleep again and over the next hours became gradually more awake until at last everything began to make perfect sense and reality set in with a vengeance. My first, non-fuzzy thoughts, were that I wanted everything to stop and I wanted off the ride, whatever it was. I desperately wanted to be free to move as I wished and to return to the life I'd had before my most recent excursion into self-bondage. Before now, I'd been free to try, and to reject, things and experiences that were too harsh or intense (even though I had always sub-consciously craved more), and then to return to my normal life. Now, however, I was absolutely and inescapably committed to a life as a helpless, vulnerable, speechless torture subject for my Owner to play with as severely as she wished.

Slowly, the bed began to change so that I was raised to a semi-reclined position and despite the head harness restraint, I managed to twist my head slightly to the side and saw her sitting next to me, smiling.

“Hello.” She said in a low voice. It’s good to see you awake at last.. Your recovery is going very well and all of the sites that were operated on have begun to heal rapidly, so that means I’ll be able to add your new equipment immediately! Isn’t that great? Of course I’ll have to wait a couple of weeks to be able to use it to its full capabilities, but I can manage that, and too, you’ll grow more and more terrified of the sensations that you’ll be made to experience! I just love the idea that this is a gift that will keep on giving, and you were so generous to me to allow it to happen.

“At any rate, the doctor will be here in a few minutes to show you what’s been done and I’m sure you’ll find it all to be, if not fascinating, at least terrifying ... I hope.” She grinned, saying the last. I shifted what little I could, now aware of my cuffs and collar and the weights dangling from my ears. “Oh Larissa, and I just love calling you that, because now it’s your name, as my slave, I can’t wait to see your face when you see yourself.”

She sat back with a wide smile on her face and I glanced silently back at her for a moment, then unthinkingly tried to speak. Of course the deeply-projecting tongue plate immediately made me begin to retch violently and I began to cry with misery, realizing that I could never speak again! Not even the smallest sound emerged from my mouth.

“Isn’t that system delightfully effective, Dear?” She asked rhetorically with a huge cruel smile curving her lips, watching the obvious result: my agonized convulsions in bondage.

No! It was *anything* but ‘delightful’! It was absolutely horrible! It was Hell!! I sobbed harder knowing that I’d never escape it, but even that was awful, nearly bringing on the horrible retching reaction again.

I heard the door open quietly and the doctor stepped into the room. She was a stunning woman. Nearly six feet tall and generously proportioned in all the right places. Her long blonde hair helmeted her head in a most attractive manner and her face was a study in Scandinavian aloofness and classical beauty, but her eyes conveyed an icy coldness that made me want to shrink away from her when she came to stand beside my bed and look coolly down at me.

“I see that you are now fully cognizant of your surroundings, Miss.” She spoke with a slight Swedish accent. “You will be happy to know, I am sure, that all of your procedures have been successfully concluded and that you are now healing quite rapidly. All of the incisions will be completely healed in 14 days. This is most gratifying to me of course, and too, for your Owner.

“I am aware of the personal dynamic between you and am most certainly in favour of it.” She smiled coldly at me. “You would be surprised at how many former full males like yourself have made the transition you are making now. All of them are slaves to their genetic female owners as it should be, of course.

“Now, enough of my personal views.” She again smiled coldly. “Allow me to show you what has been done. You will remain fully-restrained and so I must needs use a mirror.”

My Owner stood on the other side of the bed then the doctor lifted the sheet and folded it to the foot. I immediately saw the large mound of bandages covering my upper chest, then below, my dressing-covered crotch. Below them I saw my ankle cuffs and gleaming, stainless steel, hoof boots and their horse shoes. Just visible was my tethered hobble chain.

“I’ll show the male organ enhancements first.” The doctor said without expression. “The incisions and internal adjustments I’ve made to it to accommodate the devices have been very successful. Now, allow me to show you.”

She bent over and began to deftly remove the thick gauze dressings that enfolded my manhood and I was surprised by how gentle her touch was. At last, I was fully revealed and she held up a mirror, angled so that I could see what had been done. The flesh was still deeply discoloured with the inevitable bruising but the fine stitches that closed the incisions were nearly invisible. The most vision-arresting things were, first, the thick, tight, 30 mm wide sleeve just behind the swollen head of my penis and I saw the tell-tail ends of the cross pins transfixing the organ that held it in place, never to be removed. It was then that I felt myself become aroused and the blood flowed into me, making me become erect while fighting to expand against the three mm thick sleeve. Towards my body, the ends of the two thick rods that emerged from the skin; one was set halfway along the shaft and the other near my abdomen wall. I moaned and wailed, feeling the sensation of such intimate constriction, but was immediately made to retch. I pulled my hands uselessly against their restraints.

“Ah! I see that the speech suppression system is working very well.” The doctor smiled coldly. “As you can see, all of the devices are well-placed for disciplinary and training purposes. The transfixing rods will be most effective when tension is placed upon either of them, and with your organ being locked securely into its cage, you will feel any discipline imposed most strongly.

“I’m sure that you are curious as to what additions have been made to you down there. Here,” she said, reaching into the pocket of her white lab coat, “are exact copies of the actual devices.”

The first she showed me was the collar that now was clamped around my shaft just behind the bulbous head. It was 30 mm wide and three mm thick and at its mid-point an interior, transfixing bar had been mounted across the diameter, but this was not just a straight rod! The rod itself was three mm in diameter and machined flat so that they were flush with the outer surface of the collar, but inside was where the permanence lay. There was an inner ring in the middle of the rod so that it looked like this: —O— The doctor pointed at the central O.

“This central guide is inside your urethra and will act to guide the catheter. Now, as to the other two cross rods, they have the same profile, but with the —O—’s on the outer side of the urethral wall, and as you can see, their ends project out through the flesh of your penis. In this way, they can slide along the urethral catheter when tension is placed on them and they will not injure it. However, as is the design intention, you being the wearer will feel the tension most intimately and with considerable discomfort if not pain. No doubt after even a few trials and errors with this device, you will do almost anything to avoid any tension being applied. So, as you can see, the surgery to emplace these was rather delicate, but now they are securely and permanently emplaced within you and cannot be removed, unless you are castrated.

“Now, as to the urethral catheter ... First off, your bladder has also been operated on and now has a sleeve device affixed to the urinary tube itself. Once the catheter is fully inserted, it’s interior end will slip into this tube and stay there, so that, essentially, your male organ will be skewered and completely impossible to pull out of its cage.

“Let us now proceed to inspect your breast and nipple enhancements.

## Chapter Sixteen

### *Extended Misery*

Her hands and long, highly-skilled, scarlet-nailed fingers moved to my chest and with a pair of surgical scissors cut vertically through all of the dressings, over my sternum, leaving the bandages to fall away to either side and I was thankful for the removal of their compression. What was revealed took my breath away.

Standing proudly out from my, until now, rather flat male chest were two perfectly-formed, normal female breasts, complete with large brown nipples and areoles. These were definitely not the bimbo, inflated versions of strippers, but the real thing. Unfortunately for me, my original nipple jewellery remained fastened through the tumescent and now doubly sensitive flesh and I saw how the bar between my nipples shivered with every breath I took. My nipple weights had been temporarily removed, but the hoops for the transfixing bars remained pulled cruelly outwards, keeping my nipples extended. With my every inhalation the firm, fleshy mounds rose and fell with rhythmic beauty. I knew that I'd soon feel the brutish control and compression of a bra, but had no idea of what was to come in terms of that type of garment.

"Very good!" The doctor stated. "You can see that the results are very close to perfect. The jewellery is impressive and very effective, I am sure. Now, we move to the cheek piercings and they are relatively straight forward. The holes were created with a dermal punch when the cheek muscles were moved aside and so will not fill in. They are quite permanent and especially so with the addition of the grommets that will prevent undue abrasion.

"So! There you have it, ladies. I hope that what has been accomplished brings you both much joy, or at least, entertainment if not pleasure. The nurse will shortly release the patient and prepare your exit papers, then you can be on your way. It's been a pleasure. Best wishes to you both."

She turned and left us with a swishing of nylon encased thighs brushing against one another, then my Owner turned to me and clipped on my nose leash.

"You'll behave yourself of course after your bed restraints are released, then you will get dressed and I'll re-apply your wrist chains. I'll not ever have you running around with your hands completely free and unleashed."

I nodded silently, now terrified of trying to make any noise at all, just as was the design intent of the original Tamil creators of the tongue plate system in India, a thousand years ago. It had been time-tested and refined to the point of extreme cruelty and effectiveness, as they wanted it to be to control their women.

The nurse entered the room and wordlessly released all of my bed restraints, then helped me to sit up fully and stand beside the bed on trembling legs. My Owner handed me a full support, under-wired, black nylon bra and I inspected the garment seeing that the tip of each of the deep, full coverage breast cups had a large circular aperture at its apex, these defined by surrounding seams and tight stitching. It was obvious that my caged and stretched nipples would fit through these, and thus allow the re-attachment of my nipple joining bar and its chain to my central navel ring, and worst of all, the dangling weights.

“Hold still for a moment before I put you into the bra.” She commanded, then released one end of the nipple-to-nipple bar and threaded it through one of the nipple apertures. “OK. Slip your arms through the shoulder straps and fit your breasts into their cups.”

Once I’d done that she moved behind me and clipped together the four hooks of the tight, wide and oppressive chest band, then ensured that the wide, slightly elastic straps settled into the hollows of my shoulders. Still behind me she pulled them tight, making sure that my breasts were fully holstered in their cups and lifting them slightly. It was short work for her to refit the nipple bar, its connecting chain and the weights; these now being small, heavy silver bells that would drag at my flesh, chiming and tinkling with every movement I made. They were obviously meant to bring attention to my breasts and I already hated the concept, much as I thought I’d love them.

She gave me nothing in the way of crotch covering. A new, frilly fronted blouse was slipped on next and I marvelled at how well it now was filled by my new breasts, but she wasted no time and handed me the restrictive, long leather skirt. I stepped into the tight envelope and it was pulled up my legs, over my buttocks, then zipped up and its waist band was locked closed. My wrists came next and were quickly connected to the opposite arm, above-the-elbow cuff behind my back; still leaving the hip to wrist cuff chains connected. She threw the cape over my shoulders and clipped it closed just below the bottom edge of my collar and down to its hem; revealing the wide glittering band of my collar fully.

“Excellent! Let’s get going! We have a busy day ahead.”

Her firm tug on my nose leash made me gasp from the pain but made sure I followed and so we were off. It was mid-day with the pedestrian traffic at its normal, small town bustle, but as was usual, my Owner cared little about the spectacle I made prancing along behind her dressed and tethered as I was for the six blocks to the piercing salon. Of course the loud clip-clopping of my hoofs accompanied by the flashing snap and rattle of the hobble chain’s links, frequently visible below the swirling hem of my ankle length skirt, drew

immediate stares and sniggering comments. Appearing publically with large breasts plumping out the blouse and the cape, bouncing and swaying a little with every pace I took, combined with the nipple-stretching cages, their joining bar, dangling bells and connecting chain to my navel ring, I was horribly aware of myself, just as she wanted me to be. This was my first time in public fully dressed and enhanced and I could not but be deeply aware of how the large breasts I had so desperately craved for so many years, swayed and jiggled despite the full support bra. It was unexpected and very disconcerting and their weight was a shocking surprise. I meekly followed her, but wanted to shrink into the cracks of the pavement because every man who passed stared at me, at first drawn by the distinct sound of my unique footwear, then they ogled my breasts as all men do, but were shocked to see the chain tether to my nose and my very visible, wide and gleaming collar. It seemed to trigger something primitive in all of them; intensifying their stares and smiles, seeing me as an object of fun, but of course they had no real idea that what they saw was all in deadly earnest. As before, my embarrassment was huge, and I could not help the tears I shed.

My hair had grown longer over the past months and nearly hid all of my dangling earring weights, but now it was time to get a more feminine cut done and that was to happen after we'd been to the piercing salon. We finally arrived and I was drawn inside; deeply thankful to be out of the public eye and the staring inspection of all the people who'd seen me. Even though the salon was busy, my Owner had reserved the rearmost room once more for what was to be done and we were led right to it. The door closed and I had a quick chance to look around before my tether was fastened to a wall ring then my skirt was removed and my wrists were released. Next to the restraint/fitting chair was the multi-drawer rolling cabinet; its top covered by a white cotton sheet with something underneath humping it up. From my waist down I was naked other than for my steel footwear, ankle cuffs and hobble chain and I felt horribly naked, especially seeing myself in the mirror with the thick, wide collar and the ends of the two rods projecting from each side of my penis. Despite my state of nakedness, or perhaps because of it, I suddenly got a straining erection! I moaned and writhed in sudden need, desperately wanting to touch myself and bring on an orgasm, but could only stand there panting, watching my Owner silently.

"Not yet, but soon, maybe. It'll be the last one you'll get for a long time to come. Now, get on the chair and I'll strap you in."

She rapidly fastened me in place so that in a moment I was fully bound, helpless and vulnerable once more and almost immediately, the technician came



in, wearing a pair of rubber gloves. She smiled at my Owner after glancing at my rampant male organ.

“I see that the chastity regime has him, or should I say her, ready to have an orgasm. If we can get that over with, then it will be much easier to fit the new chastity cage.”

“Yes. I imagine it will!” my Owner laughed, then donned a pair of rubber gloves and came to me. “I hope you enjoy this, Larissa. It’s going to be the last one you’ll truly get pleasure from with a free standing penis, but I will permit you to have others, however, you’ll then be disciplined for having them. After all, even though you cannot control your body’s needs, you are still not permitted to have an orgasm other than for the punitive ones I’m going to administer.”

Her hand grasped me then with a slight pressure, moved up and down on the straining flesh until my sperm jetted out into a towel held by the technician. I groaned and involuntarily tried to shout with relief and pleasure from the long-delayed release, but when I did, of course the cruel silencing system made me begin to retch and shake and I sobbed with misery, despite the slowly fading wash of pleasure. The technician bathed me and applied a cold wash with an alcohol soaked pad, then stood back.

“OK! Next, I have to spread her legs and bend her back so that I have full access to the site, then I’ll begin.”

My Owner moved to the side and the technician reached to the adjustment hand wheels of the chair and began turning them. First, my thighs were spread wide and my ankles were also separated to the length of the hobble chain, then the chair flattened out and folded back so that my hips were prominently held up. The platforms holding my legs were bent at the knee and I gasped when the whole chair was also rotated so that my head was down near the floor and my hairless crotch and vulnerable genitals were uppermost.

“Excellent!” the technician said enthusiastically. “This should be pretty straight forward, if you’ll pardon the pun.”

“My! What an interesting bondage!” my Owner exclaimed, “Where did you get the chair? I want to get one just like it.”

“Oh, a local work shop that specializes in bondage furniture can build one just like this for you. Not a problem.”

“Great! I’ll get the details a little later. OK, let’s do it!”

“Yes, ma’am.”

I heard the sheet whisked off the top of the trolley and there was some subdued metallic clinking, then it began. I felt the first wide ring clamped around the base of all of my genitals, tight to the abdominal wall, then it was quickly

tightened with a ratchetting compression sleeve and I felt some sort of locking bolt slipped into it. I still wore the scrotum collar with its dividing strap. A thin tube was inserted far up into urethra, then I felt a thick gel pumped into it while the tube was slowly withdrawn. Now came the worst parts. The technician lifted my still semi-erect organ and slipped the eight mm diameter, curved, 200 mm long, stainless steel catheter tube into its tip; at the same time moving the long cage onto it. With great care she continued forcing it deeper and deeper, carefully massaging the fleshy shaft up and down, to ease the catheter's progress into my body. The thick, rigid metal tube was difficult to get past the middle — O— of the wide thick collar just behind the head, but then slipped further into me until suddenly, I felt a most disconcerting sensation when it passed through the —O— internal ring of the first cross-rod, slipped further along, then through the second cross rod's internal ring near my abdominal wall! From my slight convulsions and stifled and garbled howls she knew where the end of the catheter was, but then pressed it slowly and inexorably deeper and deeper far up inside my abdomen where its end slipped into the long sleeve of a curved internal fitting that had been placed for this purpose when I'd been operated on. When it did I felt the intimate rigidity imposed on me with fear and loathing.

While the cock cage had slipped slowly down along my organ, some uncomfortable adjustments to the positioning of the with the transfixing —O— 's had to be made and I felt the manipulations with increasing horror; wondering what these awful things would do to me and how they'd feel. The outermost cross-rod's long, exposed ends projecting through the skin on either side of my organ took some time to manipulate and slip into the cage, then into their narrow slots on each side. When she moved them too harshly, I gave an inadvertent little yell of pain, then suffered the automatic retching punishment of the gagging system, gasping and sobbing quietly in my bondage.

My penis felt full of metal, and in truth it nearly was, and had again begun to swell with sensitizing, arousal blood, filling the width of the long tube. The technician knew she had to work quickly now, and so with some additional painful manoeuvring got the exposed ends of the second cross rod to pop through and into the same long longitudinal slot as the other one. I felt the cage seat on its next-to-the-body ring, then with a quarter twist of the close-once-only joint, the bayonet mounting snapped home. She'd taken the additional step of using the locking compound and so there was no possible way to remove the cage or its awful, continually uncomfortable steel catheter. The technician ensured that the scrotum collar was secure, then to my horror, I felt her carefully add another wide, heavy ring above it so that my testicles were now stretched out from my body even more uncomfortably. The sensations of all of this being

done were unpleasant in the extreme and hurt but I could handle it ... for the moment.

She reattached the front and back leashes to the intimate collar then went to work fitting and attaching the long U's for the cross-rod shackles. The front-most was designed so that it would nest inside the rear one and so both could be used individually or as a single leash mounting. She stood back.

"OK!" she happily exclaimed, "He's all locked up and that cage *cannot* be removed. I guarantee it. If you leash his dick with either or both of those shackles, he'll have absolutely no choice but to go where you lead him, or should I say her? They'll be very uncomfortable to the point of painful when any firm tension is applied and with that end collar clamping his dick so tightly inside the cage he'll do anything you want him to do to avoid it being pulled." she laughed.

"Oh yes!" my Owner smiled at her joke, "She is going to be a *very* good little boy/girl. And too, the Dream Lover training and discipline tool will add even more fun to the play. He can get hard and lengthen inside the cage, but he'll feel its confinement very strongly and too, I'm keeping his hands chained and so he'll never be able to play with himself again. He might be permitted to look at his dick once in a while, but he'll never touch it again. I like the idea of the end cap and urine drain a lot. Makes his/her maintenance much, much easier.

"For the moment we'll continue to use the hip chains to support the cage, but once he's lost some more weight and gotten rid of that belly fat, I'm going to fit him with that lovely, wide Axsmar restraint belt and connect the cage to that, and the belt will then also be made permanent. In addition, I've got a special butt plug arrangement that she'll be fitted with and that too will be used to control and torment her."

"That's going to be some incredible chastity and control rig when you're done!" the technician said in awe."

"It sure will be," my Owner agreed enthusiastically, "but there's additions to come. She'll soon be fitted with a milking and chastity bra and that has electric contacts for her discipline and will become permanent. You've noticed that the penis cage U shackles remain removable? That's not an over sight, because I have a special milking machine arrangement for her orgasms and the exposed ends of those cross rods fit into the milker tube for the dick.

"The way things will work is that he'll be a cow-boy *and* a stud at the same time, getting milked at both ends! Hahahahaha.

"OK, please fit the hip supporting chains nice and tight just over her hips, then we'll get her to stand up so that she can see her genital imprisonment, before the skirt hides it all."

The technician soon brought the chair back to its normal configuration and I sat quietly in deepest misery and despair while she released all of the straps.

“Larissa!” my Owner snapped. “Quit your damned snivelling! You now have what you’ve so desperately wanted for many years! At no small expense, I’ve made your day dreams all come true! So get with the program before I become really angry!”

I gulped and tried to stop my tears, but they continued to leak from the corners of my eyes and trickle down my cheeks. The technician pulled over a floor-length, three panel mirror and positioned it in front of me so that I could see myself in full frontal and from the sides. When I looked up, I was horrified.

I looked at my face. Oh, God! What a sight I made with the gleaming steel bow shackle hanging so noticeably out of my nostrils with its long, light, shiny leading chain attached. Then, there were the long dangling weights pulling on my ear lobes and below them the wide, obdurate expanse of my 50 mm wide and five mm thick collar with its obvious restraint ring. My new breasts seemed mountainous under the blouse, swaying markedly with my every breath, and even more so because the nipple cages poked out, making the small but heavy silver bells chime loudly.

I was scared to do so, but looked down at my newly-caged male organ, feeling the steel armouring very intensely. The stainless steel device was a horror to me, for it was pulled tight against my abdominal wall by the support chains and the 100 mm long, 30 mm diameter tube stuck out but curved down and would be pushed further down against my thighs by the tight skirt, or left to project if I wore a full one. I could see flesh through the slide slots and ventilation apertures, but sight was all that was permitted; there would be no way to touch it inside the three mm thick walls of the tube. In terror, I saw the long U’s of the cage’s leashing system. For the moment these hung below the end of the cock cage with the front one nestled inside the rear. They could rotate fully around their cross rods and be used for a straight forward pull, or lifted for upward tension or underneath for a lower tension: any of which would be horrid. Both were ready to have a leash chain attached. I was terrified of it being done, but knew that it inevitably would be, then beneath the organ I saw the gleaming expanses of the locked-on, steel scrotum collars and the dangling, but for the moment doubled up, front and back leash chains that hung nearly to my knees.

My gaze dropped to my lower legs and I saw the incredibly restrictive and horrible, heavy stainless steel hoofs that I’d been fitted with. My feet had been slipped into the high-heeled footwear, then the clam-shell type halves had been fastened together with an almost invisible seam from the top mid-point of the arch to just above my ankles, where they each had a deep lip into which my

ankle cuffs had slid, then been locked in. The ultimate sign of my slavery was the 30 cm long, medium weight hobble chain between the cuffs.

## Chapter Seventeen

### *Returned To My Hidden Prison*

My Owner handed me my long tight skirt (by this point in my life, it had become a required restraint) and I stepped into it, and pulled the garment to mid-way up my thighs, but I had to stop. She reached forward and pressed the penis cage down so that I'd be able to continue pulling up the wide, yoked waist band. When the cage was pressed down, two things happened almost at the same time: inside my belly I felt the catheter move alarmingly and very uncomfortably, then the entire assembly pressed the scrotum collars back between my thighs and I felt the collar's rear chain also pressed back between them. As soon as the waist band had been slipped under the weights dangling from my navel rings, the skirt was zipped up over my buttocks, then the waist band was closed fully and locked. My blouse had not been tucked in and so my nipple bells swung freely, chiming out their punitive presence with every breath and movement, then she threw the cape over my shoulders and locked its clasp below the bottom edge of my collar, leaving its front ring ready for a leash. At my waist, she connected the chains from my wrist cuffs to the hip rings of the cage support chain, then stood back and inspected me.

"Good! You're ready for another nice walk; this time to the hair salon. It's only a couple of blocks and you can easily manage it, however, I suppose that the real considering factor for you is the public exposure. It's a good thing you have no control over that. I intend to exhibit you as often as I can, specially because it humiliates you so much." she smiled at me, not expecting a verbal answer of course, thanks to the automatic disciplining inflicted by my nasal-oral chains and the tongue plate. I shook my head a little against the restriction of my uncomfortably tight, high steel collar, making my nose leash swing back and forth and doing the same with my earring weights.

"Come along!" she snapped, flipping the chain so that it dragged painfully on my nose. I had no choice but to follow her down the corridor, through the main part of the salon, and out into the mid-afternoon crowd. As had happened before, I wasn't paid much attention to at first, but once I'd walked 10 metres, I began to draw increasing attention and embarrassing comments that made me blush furiously. Given the speed with which my Owner was walking and my too short hobble chain, as always I had to literally prance along behind her, accentuating the sounds that my footwear, breast bells and hobble chain created. Even against the tightness of the full support bra, my breasts oscillated and bounced while I made my own kind of fetish music. With my hands having gathered the long wrist chains and holding them up under the cape, I also tried to stop their

gyrations, but their weight and inertia fought successfully against the restriction of the tight bra and my clasped arms. I was only just beginning to appreciate what a burden such large organs, so publically displayed, could be.

The tight, long skirt was an encumbrance and bondage just by being worn, and in combination with my hoofed foot wear and hobble, there was no way I could keep up with my Owner's long, confident strides, even though she also wore heels. When we stopped to wait for the traffic lights to change and I managed to catch up with her and stand close to try and conceal the long, dangling length of the chain to my nose ring, but even then a small crowd of curious on-lookers collected. No one did anything other than stare, then laugh a little nervously at me. We finally made it to the hair salon and I was soon seated in a chair wearing a plastic cape while the hair ladies began their magic. They all commented on my appearance, nose ring, earring weights and collar, as I still wore the full, hip length leather cape, but I was able to relax my grip on the gathered wrist chains and allow them to remain collected in my lap. One of the women asked me a few direct questions, but my Owner spoke before she asked them again.

"My slave girl/boy is prohibited from speaking, or for that ,matter, making any sort of noise at all. Actually she can't, without making herself react very strongly." she then went on to detail precisely what had been done to keep me silent and how the system worked. With her clear explanation, most of the other women in the shop smiled and said that was how men and slave girls *should* be kept, then looked over at me and smiled. I sat and said nothing while my eyes filled again with unshed tears, then my Owner told me to open my mouth to show off the horrible arrangements and with the aid of a small flash light, showed the chain connections to the tongue plate at the back of my mouth, then shone the light up into my nostrils to show how they were connected to the bar through my septum. They crowded around to see and all of them shuddered and oohh'd and aahh'd ... some sympathetically, but others with an unspoken desire to inflict my silencing system on their own men.

"Actually, I can give you a demonstration, if you'd like?" my Owner offered.

"Oh! Yes please!" they all chorused.

She took the cell-phone from her purse, having integrated all of the features of the Dream Weaver's® remote control into it, and looked at me with a happy, but evil glitter in her eyes. This was the first time that any of the general public would see me disciplined, and my reaction. I stared back at her in terror while she tapped the keypad and the others looked on curiously while she did, then her finger hovered for a few endless seconds before tapping the key pad again.

Under the skirt, my penis seemed to explode with a truly awful set of strong, pulsing shocks that were in *no* way pleasurable while they zipped back and forth along its steel-caged, impaled length! I screamed instantly, or tried to, and the gagging system functioned precisely as it was designed to; making me bend over, retching violently time after time, until I toppled from the chair and lay on the floor writhing, kicking my chained hoofed feet and howling wordlessly, my chained hands scrabbling frantically at the crotch area of my skirt to try and get at my chastity cage and pull it off.

“Jesus Christ!!” they all seemed to say in unison, then one asked the obvious question. “*What* did you just do, to make her react like that? She was calm for a minute and then went crazy like I’ve never seen before!”

My Owner gestured to me, laying in a foetal ball on the floor in front of her, sobbing and still spasmodically kicking my chained feet from the aftermath of the shocks, then asked a couple of them to get me resealed while explaining that I wore a punitive and obviously very effective chastity cage. She told them that it was remotely-controlled and she could “reach out and touch me” by using her cell-phone and from anywhere in the world, being able to use any level of discipline and training shocks to the point that if they were strong enough, I’d just collapse in place. So there was no way I could escape it. Once I’d been resealed they all looked at me with wide appreciative grins and no sympathy at all.

“How long will she wear that stuff? It must be truly awful!”

“Larissa is my possession and slave and so has no say in the matter. She will wear all of her devices and restraints for the foreseeable future; in all probability until she dies and I fully intend to discipline her for much of the rest of her life, just like she always wrote her stories about.”

“Good God! Won’t she go crazy?”

“Well, Larissa has been forced to discover that she actually likes being subjugated.” my Owner smiled at them.

‘*Nononono!*’ I screamed in my mind, shaking my head as much as my collar permitted. ‘*I hate having to wear all the restraints and so-called jewellery! I want to escape my breasts! Please-please-please!*’ I sobbed quietly, knowing that it was hopeless and I was totally vulnerable for what she had planned for me.

“It’s the kind of situation she dreamed and had nightmares about right from the time she was going through puberty as a young man,” my Owner explained, “and now I’ve made it all come true. What you see is just a small part of the price she has to pay for getting her daydreams to become reality. However, I don’t think she likes what’s happened and her new life, but it’s too late now by a long shot.



“Ladies, I should tell you that up until about a year ago, I was your normal-issue woman and a pretty reserved person in general, but one of her/his friends, a professional dominant, has shown me the light and I am truly enjoying being Larissa’s Owner now that I have.

“Thank you for taking care of her hair and we’ll be back in about three weeks so that you can begin removing it with the laser treatments. Now,” she turned to me and grasped my dangling nose tether then snapped it cruelly, “come!”

With the painful tug, I surged to my feet and danced for a moment on my hoofs to maintain my balance, then automatically grasped handful’s of my long wrist chains and clasped them up under my cape. One of the staff held the door open for us and we emerged into the late afternoon sun and crowds. The walk from the hair salon to the car was another horror of humiliation and total embarrassment, even though now, with the new and fashionable hair style I more and more resembled a woman. My earring weights peeped out from the under-curved sides and clinked musically on my collar while we moved down the street until at last we reached the car.

Two hours later we’d returned to our ranch out in the middle of nowhere and without a word, she led me down to the set of hidden prison rooms, then once inside the locked suite, she immediately fastened a long chain dangling from the overhead running leash to my back-of-the-collar ring. Still without speaking, she undressed me to the point that nothing else could be removed and it was a wonderful relief to have my caged manhood now once more able to stand out from my crotch and not be forced downward. As well, the front and back chains of the scrotum leashes now swung freely, reminding me of their potential to cause misery, as did the elongated U’s fastened to the penis cage and now swinging freely under it. Seemingly as an afterthought she picked up my wrist separator bar, then looked at me.

“Hands!”

I reluctantly presented my wrists, spread apart in front of me and she quickly snapped the connections onto my wrist cuffs, then checked the tightness of the chain across my mid-back between my above-the-elbow cuffs.

“Larissa! If you show that kind of slowness again or any kind of sullenness, I’ll discipline you without mercy. Do you understand?”

I nodded my head frantically above my uncomfortably wide and miserably tight collar with vivid memories of what had happened only short hours before at the hair salon. I *didn’t* want to have that done to me again! Even so, I knew that she’d used only a small part of the potential of the discipline system to make me react as I had.

“OK. Although I don’t need to explain anything to you ever again, I’m going up for a nice cup of coffee and to catch up with the correspondence and bills, then watch a few of the TV programs I like. I’ll bring your dinner down in a couple of hours. In the meantime you’re free to do whatever it is you can. Other than the bathroom, all of the rooms down here are locked and will stay that way. As an FYI, now that you’re fitted with your new cock cage, I’ve installed a urination station for you in the bathroom. You’ll eventually have to have a pee and will discover how it all works when you do. I think you’ll find it ... ah ... amusing and perhaps a little punitive. You should know that with the new device and its long catheter, you will be unable to release your bladder unless you use this station. OK! That’s it for the moment. Bye!”

She turned and left me standing naked but for my restraints, then exited the suite and locked the door behind her. I stood in the silence wondering what in God’s name I’d done to myself. The enormity of my imprisonment and discipline situation sank in fully and with the realization that I would *never* be able to escape her, I began to wail, but only inside my mind. My shoulders shook and my breasts swayed erratically back and forth, but were snubbed short by the nipple bar’s central chain tugging at my central navel ring. I moved my arms and felt the restriction of the across-the-back chain of my elbow cuffs, then reached down as much as I could and grasped my projecting penis cage’s U shackles and pulled tentatively on them. I was horrified at the sensation of utter captivity I felt with even the slightest tension. Yes, I was a sensation slut, but what I was being forced to experience now was *many* orders of magnitude beyond anything I’d ever thought that I’d enjoy. I desperately wanted to escape everything I wore, even knowing without a doubt that it was all quite permanent. My desperation to be able to touch myself and have an orgasm was huge, but that possibility was absolutely not in the cards.

Then, fighting both my upper arm bondage arrangements and the separator bar, I managed to cup one of my large breasts and to gently squeeze its soft firmness. I was surprised by how much I felt and enjoyed the sensation, even though the implants under my chest muscles were quite large. My bell-adorned nipples were extremely sensitive and remained dragged painfully outwards in their stretcher cages, but then, foolishly, I placed a little tension on the central chain to my navel and the immediate sensation of a burning pain from my nipples made me give a small yelp which of course, made me retch instantly, then sob silently with misery, trying to recover. I was terrified of making even the smallest of noises, as was the intention of the design.

For the next endless and boring hours I wandered up and down the corridor on my overhead leash, denied entry to the kitchen, the so-called bedroom and the

TV room by their locked, barred doors. Only the bathroom was available to me and eventually my filled bladder became so painful that despite my fear, I *had* to use the new urination station and so clip-clopped down the sterile corridor and into the room. The new ‘station’ was mounted on the wall at my cage height and I looked at the gleaming and complicated plumbing and hardware arrangements with trepidation and deep terror.

The deep, large diameter, rubber-lined receiver pipe for the penis cage was self-evident, but it was scary. It was a stainless steel tube, gently curved to accept my new cage and along its sides were what looked to be a couple of electric cables, as well as some sort of electro-mechanical latching system, while at the outer end was a three-jawed, curved hook arrangement. An electrical cable led upward to another strange fitting on the wall at my shoulder height. This one was a square bar a little shorter than my wrist separator and at its ends were two opened latches that I could see were pressure-activated. On the floor immediately under the ‘station’ was a step of slightly depressed, metal hoof prints and between them a raised and open hook. I’d have to stand with my legs spread to the length of the hobble, obviously.

I could no longer stand the pain of my over-burdened bladder and stepped onto the floor hoof plates, then heard a distinct ‘snap’ and felt my hobble chain pulled down, locking my feet in place. Then, fighting back my terror, I stuck my penis cage all the way onto the deep tube until it reached the end and when it did, the side latches on the pipe snapped closed on both of my cage’s cross-pins while at the same time the three claws at the body end of the tube snapped closed onto the next-to-my-abdominal wall, base ring so that I was held at the wall! Then, the inner rubber liner of the tube inflated, fully engulfing my armoured manhood and so I was ready to urinate, or so I thought, yet the release mechanism for my catheter had *still* not opened the internal valve! I saw the faint lettering on the wall: “Place wrist separator bar in retention brackets.”

With extreme reluctance I did as it commanded and my wrist and arms also became instantly locked to the wall! I stood for long minutes, straining to pee, but nothing happened. What I didn’t know was that the system was calibrating itself, then deep inside my belly I felt a subtle click and suddenly I was peeing a veritable Niagara, feeling better and better by the second. At last I was fully drained and felt a vast relief, but I remained locked in place, staring helplessly at the wall. To my surprise I felt a slow pulse of arousing e-stim begin that made my captive organ harden around the awful catheter, swelling inside its cage until I felt the confines of the sides pressing on me. My automatic, but useless reaction, was to try and pull away from the urination station, but thanks to the latches on both my body ring and the cross-pins of the penis tube, I could not

move more than a few millimetres and so just stood shuddering and writhing what little I could, trying to stifle my moans of growing arousal. If I made any voice noise with my rising passion, the gagging system would operate as planned. The system she'd had made was designed to arouse while keeping me an intimately restrained captive, then to eventually extract an orgasm, but even *then* it would not release me! I shook and trembled in frantic, flooding need until finally long jets of sperm were sucked from my wildly pulsing and throbbing organ and I howled with the release and as a result immediately began to retch horribly, remaining still locked in place.

It was at that point that the next part of the horrible process began when terrible rippling shocks surged through my captured maleness, seeming to make it sizzle and curdle inside its armouring steel prison and making me scream again and again, continuing to frantically try to dance free of the floor restraint system; retching all at the same time, sobbing and howling mindlessly for it all to stop. I must have fainted from the sensory overload, but came awake to find myself still imprisoned at the wall. I had to stand for the longest time before all of the locks snapped open and I was released. Oh God! If that was going to happen every time I used the urination station (and it quite frequently would), my life had surely deteriorated to the depths of Hell! I staggered out into the long corridor then clip-clopped despairingly and in silent tears back and forth along its length for the next boring hours until at last my Owner appeared with my gelatinous, awful, tasteless meal.

## Chapter Eighteen

### *Belted & Plugged*

The evening went as most usually did now and so after the meal and I was soon strapped again to my bed. I went out like a blown candle and slept deeply, then the next morning after the normal things had been done, I was again taken out to the terrible exercise machine and left there for the entire day to suffer and work; walking miles in endless, useless circles and being constantly punished by the evilly-designed machine.

The new pattern of my life as my wife's slave and girl/boy sex torture toy became an unvarying routine for the next three weeks. I feared using the urination station with utter terror and frequently was in severe pain from an over-filled bladder, but eventually had to give in. It seemed to know when my sexual need was growing, sensing it I suppose through the machinery somehow, then I'd be forced to orgasm and punished for it afterward, as she'd told me I would be. Then one day, I was awakened and after choking down the awful breakfast, I was prepared for travel when she brought in my normal, publically-used, long tight leather 'bondage' skirt, a full support bra, a blouse and my hip length cape. As soon as I was dressed, I was, as usual, leashed by my nose and led to the car, then we drove into town to the hair salon. This time we parked right in front and so my public exposure was very brief.

Once inside, I was seated in one of the chairs, then it was reclined so that my head hung over a deep sink. From there, after I was shaven nearly bald, they began the laser removal of all of my head hair, beginning with my eyebrows. It was a long and painful day and even so they'd only removed the hair from my forehead, back to a line over my skull between my ears, with the commitment that we'd return in a week to have the work continued. The technician said that the whole process would take at least six visits to remove all the roots, then I'd need to have follow-up visits every six months to completely eliminate every last hair. We were back at the house by 6:00 pm and I was immediately taken to my rooms where my life resumed its normal and boring course. The exercise regime I had to do began to make a serious difference to my well-being and physical dimensions and I'd lost all of my impending gut and was soon down to below the waist measurement I'd had even as a teenager and that's when the next stage of my imprisonment was enacted.

My Owner brought my newly down-sized, custom made Axsmar® steel restraint belt to my rooms one morning after I'd eaten my meal and had me stand by the table, then released my wrists from their chains and removed the penis cage supporting chains from around my hips and waist.

“Lift your hands over your head, suck in your stomach and hold it in.” she commanded and of course I did as I was told. She fitted the heavy, strict, 50 mm wide and five mm thick belt around my waist, then after having coated the fine threads with the locking compound, screwed in the edge mounted locking bolts on the top and bottom at the front centre section. Like all the other Axsmar® restraints I wore, within 24 hours the Lok-Tite® compound would cure fully then the only way to remove the belt would be to cut it off. It had eight, equally-spaced rings around its circumference and was designed so that it curved up over the top of my pelvis then she went to work adjusting the narrow, flexible stainless steel straps that connected it to the chastity cage. When she’d finished and they were locked in place, they had the effect of pulling the cage’s base ring tightly into my soft lower belly, making the cage almost immovable.

“OK. You can drop your arms and I’ll reconnect your wrist cuff chains to the belt’s side rings and fit you with that lovely separator bar. The belt looks really good on you, Dear.” she smiled while she worked. “And I *really* like the fact that all of your restraints are now completely permanent, because it makes things so much easier when I want to bind you. And too, you now know deep in your subconscious that you can *never* get them off. Hell, even *I* can’t get them off without a torch or angle grinder, so you’re stuck with wearing them for the rest of your days.

“We’re going into town tomorrow for your next laser treatment, then after that, we’ll go to a specialty shop and have the work begun on your milker, discipline bra. I’ve been continuing the heavy doses of the estrogen hormone additions to your diet, so you’ll need to start being milked every day, but that’s a little ways off.

“Now, it’s time for you to get your butt plug fitted. It’s a removable addition and you *won’t* like it in the least, but it’s going to make your sanitation requirements much easier to deal with. Once it’s in place, you’ll just need to have the evacuation and wash-out hose fitting attached, then you can be left for the work to be done and too, it will be used to give you your daily enemas. You might get to enjoy those at some future point. Here! Look it over.”

She held up the awful thing for inspection, then turned it slowly in front of me. It was huge! Over all, I estimated that it was probably about 15 cm long and being conical in shape would be far, far inside me. The widest diameter of the base of the cone was 50 mm and below this was a narrower ‘neck’ of 30 mm diameter, before it widened out to a long, ovoid base that would nestle in the crack between my buttocks and at each end of the ovoid was a small D ring. There was a strange feature though that I didn’t for the moment understand. The tapered, last 50 mm of the plugs inner end was a silver colour, as compared to

the gleaming black rubber of the rest of it, then at the base, I saw the 20 mm diameter silver end. She explained.

“The silvery part is a removable core. That locks in with a bayonet fitting and will be extracted each time for your bowel to be flushed and drained when the hose is connected. That’s an automated process and will now be done at the same time as you have a pee.

“Now, come over here to the bar and lean over with your legs apart.”

Shuddering with terror at the sudden development of being fitted with the monstrous butt plug and what it would do, when she grasped my nose chain, I had no choice but to do as she commanded. Once I’d been bent over the bar, she clipped the end hook of the nasal leash to a floor ring, keeping me bent forward, then kicked my hoofs apart and fastened them in place. I moaned fearfully when she applied a thick coat of gel between my buttocks then forced some inside me.

“Oh, *stop* that!” she snapped with irritation. “You’ve used butt plugs before and this is not much different! Bigger than usual, yes, but just relax and it’ll be easier for us both.”

I tried to relax myself, but it was most difficult to do and I tensed automatically when the narrow, rounded, cold metal tip began to press against my sphincter. The lubricant she’d used was also a type of muscle relaxant and so the initial part of the process was easy enough, but then the widest part of the cone began to spread me further and further and I squirmed around its length while she pressed it deeper. I bit back my groans of discomfort, then at last the narrow neck slipped past my sphincter so that the plug slid all the way up into my bowel and the long ovoid end slipped into place between my buttocks. There was no way that I would be able to eject the thing once the muscle relaxant wore off, but just to make sure, she next connected the small D ring between my thighs to the next-to-the-body ring around my genitals, then, with a short, rubber strap, connected to other on to the central back ring of my cinch so that the plug was pulled firmly into me. I felt as though my insides would split from the huge pressure of the thing and too, felt that it projected nearly to the back of my throat! Eventually the sensation would ease, but for the moment I felt the thing with incredible intensity. She released my hoofed footwear and then my nasal leash and urged me to stand up. I did so with slow reluctance, feeling the vastly uncomfortable sensation of the shifting plug inside my belly, but soon I stood upright, facing her at the end of my awful leash. She showed no sympathy for me at all but just shook the chain a little and grinned evilly.

“OK!” she chirped happily, “Time for you to be taken to the barn for your exercise. I quite like to watch you prancing around on the machine and hearing your strangled screams when it hurts you. The scene you make is truly

something else, especially when you *do* scream, then begin retching and madly fighting your restraints. It's actually interesting to observe because it's all automatic, including your reactions!"

Today though, my leashing took another and more painful path. She reached down to the long U shackles of my cock cage, flipped them to nest together with each other over the end of the cage and clipped a leash to them! Inwardly, I begged that she not lead me this way, but said nothing because of my overwhelming fear of the violent retching reaction. I *had* to just stand passively and wait for her to proceed, hoping that I'd be able to anticipate her move. She slowly placed a gentle tension on the cage leash and I instantly felt the insistent tug on both of the transfixing piercings inside the cock cage! They moved only a couple of millimetres along their slots towards its end, sliding also along the ribbed, internal catheter tube! The sensation was horribly intimate and my hips surged forward, automatically attempting to ease the strain on my sensitive, caged male organ inside its strict, armouring cage. I gasped with the uncomfortable sensation and my hands fluttered uselessly at the end of the separator bar.

"An interesting sensation?" she asked rhetorically, then with an evil smile, increased the amount of tension until I gasped and writhed frantically, feeling my penis pulled out along the length of the cage, she maintained the tension dragging it further and further out and it became horribly uncomfortable, then began to really hurt! I bit my lips fiercely to keep from screaming and bringing on a retching fit, and pranced rapidly after her, up the stairs. When I did though, I felt the butt plug even more intensely and mentally howled from the varied, intense assaults of all of the devices I was forced to wear. I waited while she slipped into a winter parka and slipped only a long woollen poncho over my shoulders before pulling me out of the back door into the freezing cold, then along the 300 metre road to the arena. I was horribly cold! The poncho offered only the most minimal protection and when the wind blew up under it, my scrotum collars and their chains, the penis cage, and my belt became instant, freezing horrors to have fastened onto and inside my body, as did my footwear.

Once inside the arena she quickly connected me to the exercise machine, but now added the cage leashes to the 'tugging' system. I knew that the session to come was going to be awful when that leash was fastened and made just the smallest of inarticulate whines.

She came over with the feeding gag that I so hated and as well, the air mask, and stood before me.

"I *know* how you hate the mere thought of a penis being stuffed into your mouth, even if it is a fake one and so you shall wear this lovely, long and soft



one for your exercise periods. It's about time you learned to accept the longer version. Like the trainer, when you suck on it for a minute or two, it'll give you a spurt of warm semi-liquid, just like sperm!

"Open!"

With revulsion I did as she demanded and a second later she'd inserted the thick shaft fully into my mouth over the top of my tongue plate, until it pressed on the chains at the back of my mouth! When it was all the way in, the chains were drawn very uncomfortably tight through my sinuses, then my front teeth sank partially into formed depressions at the front while she wrapped the wide, stretchy strap around my head and locked it so that it cut into my cheeks. As always when she prepared me this way, I stared at her with fear while she readied the air mask, then released my nose leash, turned the mask partially inside out, and connected my nose septum ring to the mask's internal fitting. She allowed the mask to partially snap back to its original shape and connected the other internal fitting to the drinking hose fitting on the front of my gag strap, then allowed the mask's thick neoprene to fully resume its normal shape, pulling the horrid thing onto my face. Once again my vision was removed and I was completely blind inside the mask. She quickly tightened the head harness and after locking its straps, she connected the drinking hose to the external front fitting.

I twisted my head despairingly, but all that did was to make my earring weights oscillate back and forth in tugging misery, clinking against my collar. A sudden frontal dragging tension came on my scrotum collar and I moved a little forward to ease it, but then almost immediately another strong tension was applied to its rear leash and I had to step backward, but could only manage half a pace before the front one became tight again. I could move my hips neither forward or backward! The next connection was made when she fastened a chain from the back and front rings of my steel collar and led them to the fore and aft spokes I stood between, and the next connection was made when she placed tension on the nose leash; locking it to the spoke ahead of me. In terrified misery, I felt her connect my nipple bar's central chain to the 'snapper' bar ahead of me, already gently tugging on my jutting free breasts and the connecting chain to my central navel ring. Oh God!

I didn't hear her walk away because I was far too busy concentrating on all of my sensations of restraint, vulnerability and helplessness, and for long moments just stood there in my personalized black universe, hearing only the occasional creak of the barn-like building and gusts of freezing wind under the eaves. Otherwise, it was eerily quiet and I knew without question that I was totally alone and at the mercy of the soulless, merciless exercise machine.

At last it started when the lowest layer of spokes swung slowly into action, then the others layers followed, beginning their own rotation. The harsh tug on my scrotum collar's front leash could not be ignored and I stumbled forward immediately, hearing the solid clip-clip of my hoofs on the concrete floor. My neck collar's spokes rotated at the same speed, but the other three began their own dance of torment while I was drawn blindly around the 10 metre diameter circle that now defined the entirety of my universe. Suddenly my nipples and nose were simultaneously subjected to an increasing tension, then released! It didn't stop but was repeated over and over and over and each time I howled with pain so that my retching reaction became almost constant, but then the same thing began to happen to my chastity cage leash when the long U's were drawn painfully out before being released. With every snap and tension release, a fresh scream was riven from me, but then another horror was added in when pleasurable, long, low and deeply penetrating electro-shocks flowed back and forth along the length of my caged and armoured manhood. They made me writhe, dance and prance frantically all the while I was forced to continue circling, still wailing from the maddening and painful applications of tension. Unseen and unheard, I wept and screamed dementedly with despair inside the cloying air mask, *knowing* that she had left me totally alone for the balance of the day and I would suffer horribly.

I was dragged around and around with no chance to escape my restraints, any one of which would have held me with utter finality. However, my ordeal had only just begun, because suddenly the rotation speed of the layers of spokes became faster and I had to strut around, rather than just walk, and the clattering of my hoofs on the polished concrete floor got louder and louder. I could feel my horse shoes occasionally slip and was desperately afraid of falling. With a feeling of revulsion I sucked on the fat, penis-like thing fastened into my mouth until at last a couple of spurts of the gelatinous semi-liquid was squirted into my throat. It was horrible!

The speed of the exercise machine slowed at last and I gratefully resumed my walking; hating the sensations and noise of my hoofs. My forced movements were an endless, boring process that accomplished nothing more than to make me sweat and scream frequently, then deep in my crotch, the electronic stimulation rose to a higher level making me squirm and jerk madly at my restraints, feeling the horrid dragging at my encased penis very intensely. It was another layer of exquisite torture and I could do nothing to stop the assault!

Once more the machine sped up and I was forced to run in demented cycles for a slightly longer time than the first time, but it eventually slowed down again and at last stopped for my first break. I was allowed to rest in chest heaving,

panting, deep gasps, and to my vast relief, the arousing shocks ceased to torment my caged maleness. I wavered back and forth while standing on trembling legs, having to take continual small steps to keep from falling. My feet hurt! But I couldn't get off them thanks to the multiple leashes that kept me attached to the awful machine, and of course I pulled my hands and arms continuously against their restraints, instinctually still fighting to free myself. Each time I moved, all of my dangling jewellery made itself annoyingly and unpleasantly felt, especially when the machine had speeded up and I had to run. I'd failed to realize what a huge part this constant swinging and tugging would play in keeping me subdued and controlled.

At last my day ended and my Owner came to release me from the machine, but *not* the gag and air mask! I was taken back to the house in the freezing, snowy darkness and returned to my rooms where I was fed dinner via the mask and gag's connections.

Once I'd finished consuming the awful stuff, she took me to the bathroom at the end of the corridor and made me fasten myself to the urination station, then I felt her behind me releasing the core of the butt plug. The flushing and drain hose fitting was plugged into the removed core's hole and secured with a quarter twist, then she left me to stand there, fastened and blinded. Nothing happened for a couple of moments, then my bladder valve was opened and I sighed with relief, feeling myself freed of the burden. I was unprepared though for what happened next! Suddenly there was a surging pressure of warm water being injected into my bowel, far up inside! It seemed to go on forever, and my belly expanded painfully, pressing hard against the tight steel belt, making me writhe and twist frantically until a few minutes later the pressure was released and my bowel flushed itself clean, but then, the process was repeated three more times and then at the same time as the last three flushes. The other parts of the process happened ... the arousing e-stim through my captive maleness and the tugging action on it! At last, it all ended and I was released. She took hold of my leash and drew me down the corridor to my bedroom/cell while inside the mask I wept for my lost freedoms and desperately wanted out of all the horrible things I was now fastened into, but she dragged me to my bed and fastened me to it. For a moment she stood beside me than reminded me of the next travail.

"Hair day tomorrow again! Nighty night!"

Despite my restraints and the hated gag and air mask, I fell asleep almost instantly, deeply exhausted.

## Chapter Nineteen

### *Bald Under Rubber & Back Prayer Bondage*

Over the next two weeks my laser hair removal was completed, leaving my head as bald as a billiard ball and this really emphasised the presence of my earring weights and nose ring. I was truly androgynous; looking neither male or female.

After we returned to the house when the final laser session was completed, my hands were once more confined by the horrid separator bar and I was connected by a short chain from the back of my collar to the overhead running leash in the corridor. I was prohibited from sitting or even squatting a little, then she informed me of the next horrors; taking great delight in describing the newest things I was going to be forced to wear.

“I think it’s time we moved to the next step, my Dear. You’re going to wear a fantastic new helmet pretty much all the time from now on, but unfortunately, you’ll find that it’s very tight and will be rather uncomfortable. It comes with wireless ear buds and large, sound cancelling domes on the sides that will accommodate your earring weights so they need not be removed. That means of course that your hearing will become fully-controlled, but most of the time I’m going to keep you completely deaf. After the helmet is fitted you’ll resume wearing the feeding and watering fat penis gag, and then to cover your face completely, your full air mask. Of course all of the equipment will come off for washing every week, but only for the shortest possible of times. Before that happens though, you’ll be drugged so that you’ll to sleep through its removal, washing and replacement, so, effectively, you’ll never be aware of being freed of any of it. So, as far as you’re sensations are concerned, it will be an unending and uninterrupted confinement.

“As well, the mask’s vision ports are very strong neutral density, distortion lenses and act to dim out and obliterate nearly all detail. Effectively you’ll be blind unless you’re in a very strongly-lit environment, and too, the vision ports are at the bottom of deep wells on the outer face of the mask, so in effect, you’ll also be wearing blinkers like a work horse does; able only to see straight ahead. The mask has been designed so that it will fit your face perfectly, even wearing the gag, and so there will be no pressure on your jaw, but it your chin will be cupped quite snugly. The end of the noise bulge has a narrow slit so that your septum ring can pass through and be available for fastening.

“Now, I’m going to spread lubricant all over your head and face, then it’ll be time for you to be put into the helmet. Hold still!”

She poured a large measure of the syrupy silicon oil into the palm of her hand, then massaged it all over my head and face, before reaching down into a cardboard carton and pulling out the slightly floppy, two mm thick helmet. She also applied a thick coating of silicon oil to its inner surface and I got a chance to briefly stare into its opening with considerable loathing while she prepared it for me. The heart-shaped face opening had a reinforced edge that would strictly define the visible skin of my face, while at the sides, where it narrowed a little beside my lips, I saw a thickened portion with shiny metal inserts and wondered what these were for .... but only for a moment. As well, around the edge of the facial opening, about 20 mm from it, was a series of bright fittings. There was a very strong zipper from just behind the crown to the bottom of the long, double thickness, neck tube/collar, then over each side of the zipper was a flap with a curved, piano hinge-type of joining arrangement. The zipper would pull these hinge halves together, then a long, flexible, one mm diameter, stainless steel rod would be pressed through all of the mated halves then the ends would be sealed under tightly screwed-in caps on the completed hinge, making for a very secure locking system. Inside the large domes that would enclose my ears were the long, thick ear buds that would control my ability to hear, dangling on short wires.

“Lift your chin then keep your head still!” she commanded, pulling the opening wide and I watched with detached, but fear-filled interest when she picked up the helmet, kept it spread open with both hands, and slowly lowered it. I stared up into the dull, black interior while she dropped the cool, thick rubber horror slowly down over my oiled head; miserable, again, of what it would feel like to have my head so fully-encased and to be rendered deaf nearly all of the time, then closed my eyes. The lubricated, cool, thick rubber slipped easily over my bald head, then she reached up inside while it was still loose and carefully pressed the ear buds into my ear canals before tucking my earring weights into the sound insulating domes. With a few tugs, the helmet settled into place with my face tightly-framed in its opening, then she reached to its crown and slowly pulled the zipper’s locking tab down the back of my skull to the nape of my neck. As she did, the head encasement tightened firmly all over and the ear-encompassing domes clamped tightly against the sides of my head. Suddenly, I could only hear her very faintly, but I did feel the distinct “click” of the zipper’s tab being locked. She spent the next couple of minutes threading the stainless wire through the hinge halves, then screwing in the end caps that prevented its removal.

“OK! Looks great! Now, open your mouth for your feeding and drinking gag.”

What choice did I have? None at all! I opened my mouth against the restriction of the tight helmet, gently forcing me to keep it closed. She smiled evilly at me while bringing the awful thing to my face, then pressing it slowly into my mouth and I shuddered with revulsion when she pressed its broad tip between my wide-spread teeth, then over my tongue and all the way to the back of my mouth until its lip-covering front plate pressed against my face. As soon as I relaxed my jaw muscles, my top and bottom front teeth settled into depressions for them, effectively locking the fat penis in place. She pulled on the gag's cover plate and it snapped into the helmet fitting beside my mouth on the right side, then did the same of the left side, ensuring with the closure that the cover panel would not be easily released; doubly ensuring that the gag itself would remain locked in my mouth. I could barely move my tongue under the fat thing, and even then I felt the horrid tug of the chains passing through my sinuses. It was a completely horrible arrangement.

"Time for you to wear this lovely and quite horribly effective air mask, my dear!" she enthused, picking it out of the carton and allowing me to inspect it thoroughly before it was fastened over my face.

It's exterior was an insectile-faced thing with deep eye wells on either side of the open-ended nose bulge. Around the edge of the mask was a series of fastening of bright fittings that would lock the mask tightly onto my face and ensure a full air tight seal. One was at the top centre just above my forehead, then at eye level another on each side, with two more on the cheeks, under the ear domes. Below, over the position of my mouth was the bright metal feeding and drinking fitting, and on either side of this, the intake ports into which the corrugated air hoses could be screwed. The horrid thing would completely cover my entire face and settle directly onto the helmet in an airtight seal. On the mask's inner side were two soft silicon cups that would surround each of my eye sockets keeping them fully separated, while below them inside the nose bulge were the long, flexible, deeply-penetrating nasal/sinus tubes. At the position of my mouth, was a short hose that would be connected to the fitting on the gag's cover panel, and below this, the deep chin cup.

"Hold still!" she commanded unsympathetically. "This is going to take a little fiddling to fit properly."

The awful mask was lifted to my face and she moved the chin cup into place, then connected the food and drinking hose. She next fitted me with the nasal/sinus tubes; slowly and carefully threading them past the bar for the septum shackle before wriggling them further and further up into my head, alongside the nasal chains. It was painful and in my mind I wailed and howled for it to stop but of course, it didn't, but the torment continued when she clipped

some sort of fitting to the bow shackle, of my septum ring. With these internal connections made, she slowly brought the mask up over my face, ensuring that the silicon eye cups were properly positioned and settled into place around my tear-filled eyes, then she clamped the mask firmly into its surrounding, double channel, making an airtight seal. In seconds all the locking fittings around the edges of the mask had been clipped securely into their mounts on the helmet and I felt the encasing rubber all over my head. I opened my eyes and stared out through the dark grey lenses, barely able to see anything at all and what little I did see was all very out of focus. I felt pressure over my cheeks when she clipped the air hoses into their fittings and then another small set of pressures when they were also clipped to the sides, under my ear domes and their long loose extensions were left to flop around behind my back. My ears were suddenly assaulted by a wash of static and then there was a hollow silence for a few seconds before she spoke.

“Larissa, if you can hear me OK, waggle your right hand.” I complied and she continued. “OK you’re all the way into your new gear, but this isn’t the end by any means! You’ve got today to do your regular exercise as you are now equipped, but tomorrow I’m going to take you to the start of a process that in the past you’ve written thousands of words about ... it’s the full back prayer bondage. It’ll take a few weeks to train your muscles and loosen the tendons, but by the time I’m satisfied, your wrists will be able to be brought right up between your shoulder blades to the base of your neck and your elbows and forearms will touch. Once I’ve achieved *that* goal, that’s how you’ll stay for most of the rest of your days.

“Oh yes! I understand that it’s quite painful and for a long time until everything stretches out and too, that your arm muscles will atrophy over time without being exercised, but your hands are going to be kept confined in tight bondage isolation mitts anyway and will be utterly useless to you, so the atrophying aspect is moot. Now, I’m going to connect your dick cage leash and the nose one and take you out to the barn for your exercise.

“By the way! The latest new piece of bondage equipment has arrived! It’s your milking stand and you’ll soon get to be intimately acquainted with it and I mean that in so many ways. It’s been set up in a separate room in the barn, but it’ll be a while before you get to experience it.

“OK! Time to get you over to the barn and busy on your machine. It snowed last night and I’ve not yet plowed the roads so you’ll find it to be a bit of a misery getting there. Let’s go!”

All sound flicked off then I felt her snap my leashes onto the connecting rings and loops before I was pulled in silence out of the set of my prison rooms,

up the stairs, then to stand waiting while she slipped into her parka and boots. As usual, I got to wear only the loosely fastened poncho. She opened the door and I was pulled after her into a bright day, made even more so by the glare of the sun off the white crystalline snow. I shivered with the cold flooding up under the poncho and instantly making all of my steel equipment into miserable torturing devices. Until this point I'd been almost blind, but the bright sun and snow allowed me to see, even though strictly-limited by the helmet's deep wells over my eyes. The ground was covered with an uninterrupted, pristine, white blanket with only the trees and bushes sticking out, and they too had a thick covering. Without waiting, she stepped off into the 10 cm deep covering and tugged firmly on my leashes to make me follow, and then I danced frantically and shrieked in my mind, trying to escape the cold snow that my steel shoes and hobble chain had to plow through while she walked slowly ahead of me. With desperate eyes inside the thick and now icy cold rubber helmet, I stared avidly as we gradually drew closer to the barn/arena, knowing that I'd somehow slipped off planet Earth into another world of horrible cruelty.

At last we were inside the warm building and within 10 minutes, I had been fastened to my exercise machine, now including air hoses connected to the respirator, then for a moment the ear buds were turned on.

"You're all set now, slave girl. As always, you're on your own here for the day. I've got to get the roads plowed then go into town for supplies. Be good! Bye!"

The sound snapped off leaving me in utter silence and the dimmed-out light of the already sparsely-lit arena and I stood waiting for the machine to start while my mind churned with the knowledge that tomorrow I was going to be forced to start training for full back prayer bondage and that within a couple of weeks, I'd not longer have the use of my arms and hands! The thought that I'd effectively become armless and with no way of doing anything to stop it from being done to me was completely terrifying. She was correct ... I had written thousands, probably tens of thousands of words, about the back prayer, how it was trained for and achieved, and I was sure she'd taken note of all the points and was going to use them on me for real!

My frantic thoughts were terminated when the machine began to make me walk in the endless circles once again, constantly tugging and snapping at my nose, breast and penis cage leashes. With each jerk I screamed dementedly in my mind, but could actually make no sound at all. Other than for the hum of the exercise machine and the snapping and clattering links of my ankle hobble chain, the dimly-lit arena was completely silent. My traitorous mind began to arouse me, despite or because of the awful situation I was trapped in, and when



the Dream Lover® began to feed arousing pulses of e-stim through my manhood, I felt myself harden and lengthen inside the tube, aided and abetted by the tugging of the cross pins through the organ. The tight collar just behind the head of the organ kept it inflated and supremely sensitive and I felt the inserted, thick, ribbed sound intensely every time it slid back and forth on the catheter tube. This time though, with my arousal and the constant tugging on my penis, I lengthened fully inside the cage to discover the next horror she'd not told me about!

Spaced around the projecting sound mounted in the rounded end of the cage, on the inside, was a series of small, sharp, pins pointing toward my body! With my full arousal and the persistent tugging and jerking of the cross pins, combined with the collar keeping the head of my penis fully-inflated, suddenly the sensitive head was forced into contact with the pointed pins and I howled in agony from the horrid, intimate sensation. The pins weren't sharp enough to break the flesh but they were very painful, even so and my hips automatically jerked back as much as possible, but doing *that* only made the situation worse! I danced madly on my hoofs while still being dragged around and around knowing that I had landed in Hell for sure!

At last I was allowed to rest and recover; suckling on the fat penis gag with revulsion until the thing spurted the semi-liquid gel down my parched throat, but I had to keep doing it to get the moisture I needed! My Owner had made my subjugation a horribly humiliating and embarrassing process.

The machine started up again and so my day went until I was released in the evening. After the hoses were disconnected from the air mask, the trip back to the house was shorter than the one to the barn in the morning because she'd plowed the road and I could walk along it unimpeded by snow, but even still, my feet seemed to freeze solid within the steel, hooped footwear. My evening was a quiet one and I was permitted to hear and watch what little I could through the dark lenses of the TV in my 'lounge' room, but remained fully-confined in the oppressive head confinement system and wearing my wrist cuff separating bar. Bed time came early and I was strapped down and restrained as usual, hooked up to the breath control system, then the unending and frustrating e-stim began, making we writhe and buck frantically against my bed restraints in a futile attempt to attain an orgasm, and of course this made the large mounds of my breasts shift back and forth tugging on the navel ring chain and making the weighty bells pull against the straining flesh. Somehow I went to sleep eventually, probably through sheer exhaustion, despite the awful helmet and bondage.

The next morning after all the required stuff had been done, including another washout by the new plug, we returned to the arena and she took me to a side stall. Inside was a small platform and above it were two dangling chains from an overhead winch, while off to the side various lengths of other chain hung from nails. I looked around fearfully, as best I could, knowing what was about to happen. She confirmed my fears a few seconds after we entered the stall when the ear buds were turned on.

“It’s time for you to begin the training for your back prayer bondage. Climb up there and we’ll begin.”

As soon as I did, she fastened the central link of my hobble chain to a ring bolt on the surface of the platform, then stood beside me and connected one of the dangling chains the ring on the back of my collar and tightened it. My bra’s chest band was unclipped and she released the broad shoulder straps, then tossed it aside.

“You’ll not be wearing *that* again.” she stated. “What’s going to replace it will be *much* more interesting!” Next, she released all of my wrist chains and the separator bar and I *knew* what was coming! Oh, God!

“Hands behind!”

As soon as I’d reluctantly complied, she undid my elbow-to-elbow chain, then, rotating my lower arms, pulled my wrists partway up my back and one at a time connected the other, longer, of the dangling chains to their inner cuff rings. I heard the faint hum of the electric winch and a second later my arms were very slowly drawn higher and higher, forcing me to try and bend forward against the tightened collar chain. The posture became increasingly uncomfortable the higher my hands rose, until at last she was satisfied. I twisted and writhed, trying to make it more bearable while she went over to the wall and returned with another short length of chain that she also connected to the collar’s back ring, then to both of my wrist cuffs. No matter which way I turned, the bondage was inescapable. She proceeded to the next step, hauling my elbows as close together as she could before re-fastening the chain between them and that had the effect of pushing my wrists even higher and so she shortened the tensioning chain again, then adjusted the newest one to my collar. Satisfied with the progress so far, she released the tensioning one and connected the centre ring in the small loop of slack in my elbow chain the central back ring of my steel belt. Thanks to this bondage arrangement, my rib cage was expanded and I was forced to stick out my already prominent breasts in an embarrassing display of vulnerability, then she stood back to inspect the results so far.

“Very good! I’m going to keep you like that until it’s time to tighten the chain again tomorrow and yes, you’re going to sleep just like that. I’ve replaced

your regular mattress with a properly-shaped one to allow your bent-behind arms to fit snugly into the pocket. From the looks of the way this session has progressed with your arms positioned as they are, I think I'll have you in a full back prayer in three days, then that's the way you'll stay. OK! On with the day. It's time to get you onto the machine."

She released my collar chain then with a tug on my cage leash that could not be ignored, I was pulled to the platform's stairs, down to the floor and out to the exerciser. Being nearly blind inside the helmet made my life even more miserable than it had ever been before and I again began to weep with shoulder-shaking sobs of self-pity while she pitilessly fastened all of my tethers to the machine.

"Enjoy your day, slave *girl*! Bye!"

Other than the fact that my breasts were unrestrained by the tight bra, the day went as they usually did now and I was, as always, bored mindless, but now I was deeply aware of the masses of flesh bouncing and swing in their own oscillating orbits on my chest, to say nothing of the dangling, weighty bells chiming out their message of bondage and so went my day.

The next one arrived far too soon and I once more found myself standing on the platform, waiting in terror for the tightening of the chain to my wrists. This time was worse. The first centimetres had been reasonably easy, but the next four cm were nasty, making me shake and writhe wildly while my wrists were dragged higher and higher, then locked at the new position. As before, she pulled my elbows closer, but didn't shorten the wrist chain ... this time. Moments later I was back on my exercise machine suffering the torments of the damned, weeping silently inside the helmet from the ache and hurt of my shoulders and my realization that this was just the beginning of the remainder of my life as her slave and torture toy and there was no possible way for me to escape it, controlled in all respects as I now was. It seemed that I was always in tears now.

I suppose my constant, forced exercising had loosened and stretched my muscles without me even knowing it and so rapid progress, if that was what it could be called, into the more difficult bondage situation was easy. The rest of the day and evening went as they always did, then it was the next day and I was once more back on the platform. She stepped beside me and turned on my hearing.

"Today's the day, Larissa! Your arms are going up as high as they can, then will be locked there. I have a special metal strap to go between your wrist cuffs and collar and another between your elbow cuffs and the back of your belt. Once they're in place, you'll be kept in the best possible erect posture and your breasts will be properly presented and delightfully vulnerable for all I've got planned for

them. The other nice benefit is that I'll be able to hang you up by your collar and/or your belt and not choke you to death, because nearly all of your weight will be transferred to your waist and crotch! Isn't that neat??"

*'Nnnnnoooo!!! It was not neat!! It was horrid!'* I howled inside my mind while she continued enthusiastically.

"I can hook you up anywhere and torture you, and you'll always be completely silent and only able to squirm and jerk, but I'll not want you kicking too wildly, so when I do, I'll anchor your hobble to the floor. Before we go any further, I'm going to put your hands into the isolation glove/mitts so that you'll be unable to even feel anything at all with your fingers, then I'll do the final tightening."

She placed tension on the wrist chain and I felt my left hand pulled slightly away from my back, then it felt like a glove with widely-separated fingers was slipped onto it and latched tightly-closed. My right hand followed suit immediately. It was the end of the line for me when additional tension was placed on the chain and I rose onto the tips of my hoofs, but then she did something truly horrible. After stepping off the platform, she pulled it out from under my feet! My wrists rose the last cm when my weight came on the chain, but my desperately kicking hoofs were *still* a long way above the floor! Standing on a step stool beside me, she rapidly fitted both the collar-to-wrist cuff strap and the elbow-to-belt one then locked everything tight, including another short strap that joined my elbow cuffs to each other. It was awful and inside the sealed-on, thick helmet and inside my mind, I screamed and screamed inarticulately. Eventually the hurt would stop, then I'd feel nothing. I was now utterly helpless to defend myself in any way.

She left me to dangle there for the next hour while going about some sort of business in the arena, then came and let me down. I was taken back to the awful exercise machine.

The days after that became a blur of misery and pain and although the pain from my shoulders eventually faded away, my misery remained constant and if I'd been able to, I'd probably have committed suicide, but that option though, would never be available to me. I suppose it was a week later that the next surprise was revealed. I was to be cared for by a Governess! My Owner came into the barn accompanied by a tall, stern faced, Amazonian woman wearing a nurse's uniform and they stood in front of me.

"Larissa, this is your Governess, Frau Helga Kruger. She will be taking care of most of your day-to-day needs and has my full authority to reward, but more than likely, discipline you as she sees fit. I have other things in my life that need to be taken care of, rather than constantly attending to you, and so Frau Kruger

will release me from that burden. You can be assured that she knows all about you and will enjoy your training and disciplining as much as I do. Now, be a good girl for her and your life will be relatively easy, but if correction is needed, it will be administered immediately.”

She and my new mentor turned and left me alone to wonder what was coming, as I was scared just by the physical presence of the Governess.

## Chapter Twenty

### *A Boy/Girl, Milked*

In deepest throes of misery I lost all sense of the passage of time, but I suppose it was three weeks after my arm bondage was finalized into the extreme back prayer, that the next horrifying, at least to me, step of my voyage came.

My breasts had continued to develop and mature as the weeks passed; growing heavier and more fully-shaped, as well as showing their ability to lactate, and it all combined to make me remember that my Owner was going to take me into a deeper servitude as her sex and torture toy ... I was about to be made into a combined *cow* and a *bull* boy! Not only would my breasts be milked, but so would my male plumbing and mostly at the same time and both would be accompanied by the use of unlimited e-stim torture!

The day started in the usual way, but changed for the worse when we entered the barn and crossed the wide floor to a room I'd not been taken into before ... the milking parlour. Inside the brilliantly-lit chamber, my Governess stood aside when we entered so that I could see what awaited me. I had initially thought that my Owner had told me about the device as a means to keep me scared mindless, because I couldn't escape the visions that her words had created, but now, here was the truth in its vivid, terrifying, steely glory. I was pulled off to the side and a dangling chain from overhead to the back ring of my collar, then tightened it so that there was no slack, making me stand in place, then she stood in front of me and my hearing was returned.

"Today, my Dear, you're going to begin wearing your discipline, milking bra and it too will be on a full time basis, coming off only when you need to be washed, then being re-fitted immediately after. Once you're outfitted, it'll be time for your first milking session, seeing as how your nipples are leaking now that your breasts have filled with milk, but this introductory session will take most of the day to get things moving. You'll go back on your exercise tomorrow and after that be milked first thing in the evening. Now, let me remove your nipple bar and the chain to your navel ring.

"Initially, we'll concentrate on your breasts, but soon I'm going to add the next element ... getting your dick milked at the same time. *That* should prove most entertaining to us all, I'm sure! There's another system I'll add-in quite soon and it's one that you'll truly hate, without a doubt. It's a butt fucking machine and it's going to get used a *lot* in the future and especially when you're being milked at both ends!

"OK. Time to get you into your new bra."

What she produced looked like something from an industrial design company or a clinical instrument company ... definitely not a fashion house! Superficially it was a bra, but had distinct features: first was the neoprene lined, wide, gleaming metal chest band that would clamp firmly around my ribs. It obviously had no 'give' at all. The shoulder straps were also metal and were attached to the chest band at the back, spaced close to the spine and rose to the shoulders near the bottom of my collar, then down to connect with the top fittings of the breast cups' harnesses. The cups themselves were large, gleaming, steel, bullet-shaped devices that would fully-encompass each organ, right from under my arm-pits to their tips. There was a distinct lump at the nipple of each from which a hose fitting projected, as well as a short length of cable and its connector. Another hose connection was at the base of each, underneath while inside each one at the rim was a flexible although too small, wide collar that was designed to surround the base of the breast and squeeze it continually with a gentle strangulation. These would ensure that once inside their cups, my breasts would be constantly filled with sensitizing blood. Above the collars was the flexible rubber liner and at the tip a deeper, small cup for the nipple that would easily accommodate my jewellery.

I shuddered when I saw the hose and cable fittings, knowing exactly how they would be employed, but I really had no idea of the sensations I'd be forced to experience now that I had fully-developed, sensitive female breasts. The sensations would prove to be almost soul-destroying.

The first thing she did was to slide the wide chest band under my back-prayer-fastened arms, then position the straps over my shoulders. The chest band was tightened on each side under my arm pits and this made the cup harnesses settle snugly around my breasts, waiting to accept their cups. Taking the right one, she coated its interior and the collar with the combination lubricant and contact gel, then clipped it to the latch on the chest band under my arm pit and swung it around to the front, having to gently prod the fleshy mound to one side to allow it to slip partially through the interior collar. With gentle manipulations she moved the flesh more and more through the collar and I felt the wide rubber band slide slowly down until suddenly the breast popped all the way into the deep, cold cup! I felt the collar immediately begin to strangle my slowly ballooning flesh and shuddered with the strange sensation of the hidden, intimate captivity. She smiled at my shuddering; pressing the containment down onto its mounting harness and fastening the small latches at the top, under the bottom curve, and over the sternum so that the its edge sank into a deep groove on the surrounding harness, making an air tight seal. My already stretched nipple had been swallowed by the smaller, internal end cup for it. She wasted no time and

immediately fitted me with the left side device and I felt myself sink deeper and deeper into utter slavery while in some dark corner of my brain a small voice laughed at my ever-growing horror of what I'd done to myself.

Both women stood back and smiled at me, hands on their hips, then my Owner pointed to the thing I'd soon come to hate and fear ... the milking stand. I was allowed to inspect it for two or three minutes and saw that it was a skeletal device of gleaming pipe and wide, thick metal structural members adorned with multiple adjustment hand wheels and wide, thick rubber restraint straps that would be locked at any tightness level. It stood on a thick pedestal and could be rotated to any alignment, but for the moment it was fully vertical and so would allow me to be easily mounted. There was an obvious hip rest bar at the mid-point, then below that, two arms on either side with knee pads; these with extensions for the lower legs that could be bent or straightened if desired. Each of the portions for the legs had three sets of the wide straps: one at the ankles, one just below the knee pad, and another half way up the thigh portion.

From the hip rest bar, a wide metal pan projected upward, widening for the large holes of the bra cups to pass through, then it narrowed again to continue upwards to a neck and chin rest. Along its length there was a series of more of the wide rubber restraint straps: one for the waist, another for the chest at the point of the bra's chest band that would be passed completely over my back-prayer-bound arms and the top one for my neck. As if those were not enough, a set of wide shoulder straps also waited.

What scared me the most though was below the hip bar. At right angles to the bar and just below it was a large diameter pipe with a deep rubber liner and this was the receiver for my cock cage, capable of being moved in any direction to be properly aligned with it, but the scariest parts were the mechanical linkages along its sides. However the other device was the worst: on a set of adjustable arms facing towards it was a heavy casing with a long, thick shaft sticking upward from the end. Along this shaft was, for want of a better description, what I called a 'squirter' nozzle also aimed upward along the length and I knew instinctively what it was for! It would lubricate the butt dildo! Then, too, I noticed that there was also a cable for e-stim, fastened to the shaft. This entire lower assembly was locked to the frame and so would change orientation with it. In front of the awful machine was a short T shaped pedestal and from its arms hung the breast and chastity cage milker's vacuum hoses and those that provided the squeezing action for them, the e-stim cables for each breast, and the ones that would connect to the butt plug. The heavy, black, corrugated air hoses were looped over the post, also. It was a complete and sophisticated torture device, designed specifically for me.



“OK! You’ve had enough time to look it over, now I want you to get on by doing what I tell you. First, as soon as I loosen your collar leash, you’ll walk over there and put your knees on the pads, then I’ll adjust those and strap your ankles and lower legs to their respective arms. Then, I’ll bend the knee joints of the pads and strap your thighs. From there, I’ll move to your waist and chest, fastening those straps in turn, then to your neck strap. Next, I’ll bend you forward, then adjust the chastity cage vacuum tube and join its mechanical connections to your chastity cage.

“Once that’s all been done, it’ll be time to hook up your hoses and wires, but that won’t take very long. Since this will be your very first milking session, it’s going to take some electrical ‘encouragement’ to get your milk flowing freely. I’m afraid that you won’t find that to be a pleasant experience because from my understanding of the physiology, a formerly male breast needs some substantial electro-shock, so that’s what you’re going to get.

“Now, get over to the stand and allow yourself to be fastened.”

Ten minutes later I knelt on the stand’s knee pads and had been strapped fully into place, to the point that I couldn’t move and all of the hoses and wires had been connected to my body’s equipment. My head was held rigid; facing forward, then she adjusted the milking frame’s orientation on the thick hydraulic piston of the pedestal, so that it went lower and my butt was raised, but she hadn’t quite finished. She spun the hand wheel that controlled the spreading of my thighs and lower legs and in seconds my knees and thighs were spread wide apart, leaving all of my caged and cruelly-controlled male plumbing hanging vulnerably between my legs, then she came to stand before me once more,

“OK! You’re all set!” she said enthusiastically. “The computer program’s running and in a few minutes your session will begin. We’ll keep you under observation of the CCTV system, but won’t interfere with the proceedings. The machinery and the programming will quickly break down any residual physical and mental resistance you have. Of course, you’ll be fed and watered, so you’ll not see us until this evening when it’s time for you to be released and showered, then put to bed in your cell. Enjoy! Bye-bye!”

Fastened as I was, I could not see them, nor did I hear the door of the chamber close and lock, but then the lights flicked out, leaving me alone in the blackness of the silent room, praying desperately that this was only a fevered nightmare from which I’d awaken to find myself safe and totally free in my own bed. But, it *wasn’t* a nightmare ... it *was* the real thing! I shifted what little I could, staring out from within the deep wells of the helmet, hating the tight rubber encasement of my head, and even more, the horrid gagging system that

kept me utterly silenced, other than when I was forced beyond bearing into screaming.

Then it started.

At first, the sensations of the electrical discharges through my breasts were just a gentle pulsing and tingling, coming from around their bases out to my nipples, then the inner liners of the cups began to slowly and rhythmically squeeze the garrotted and now more swollen, sensitive flesh at the same time as a strong suction came on my nipples! I felt my breasts curdle and shudder inside their rubber imprisonment while the squeezing grew stronger and more painful, then inexorably, the strength of the electrical stimulation grew and I wailed miserably, but only in my mind. The next awful phase began when the rubber liner of the large tube engulfing my chastity cage swelled out to create an airtight fitting and the internal latches clicked onto its cross pins! For a moment that was all I felt from below the waist, then slowly, they began to be moved fractionally back and forth and at the same time, a small but continuing flood of arousing pulsing and vibrating shocks passed through my armoured and inaccessible organ! My body automatically tried to withdraw from this intimate assault by the mechanical demon and again, but only within my mind I began to gibber mindlessly from the combination of the sensations. My newly female breasts were *far* more sensitive than I could have ever imagined they would be and I howled frantically from the strong suction, feeling something indescribable happening on my chest.

It went on and on for the longest time, leaving me floating in a haze of semi-pleasure, semi-pain, but then the strength of the e-stim to my breasts rose higher and higher until I *had* to scream, but that did no good at all of course; rather the opposite! My cruel gagging system did what it was designed to do; making me retch violently while all the time and alone in my own personal chamber of horrors, the machinery continued to work on my defenceless, vulnerable partially-female body while my mind started to disintegrate inside my skull.

I don't know what happened for the rest of the day until my new Governess came to release me and lead me stumbling blindly in my horrid rubber isolation helmet, back to my prison rooms. The feeding hose was plugged into my mask and I was forced to accept the sustenance, even though I wanted desperately to somehow rebel. Soon after feeding I was led to the urination station again to suffer the indignity and harsh treatment of the automated device, then she put me to bed and I vaguely heard her before I faded into a totally exhausted sleep.

"You are progressing well, slave Larissa. Tomorrow I will leave you on the milker for the whole day, rather than exercise you and that should get your milk flowing. Unfortunately, nothing was obtained today.

“Gute Nacht, Sklaven!”

## Chapter Twenty-One

### *Butt-Fucked In Chastity*

The days that followed my introduction to milking were a continual horror of endless discomfort and forced orgasms that I could not escape, but my milk ‘let down’ after the first day of painful encouragement and things got a little better. The milking process, although harshly mechanical and merciless, began to become pleasurable and was one of the sensory bright spots of my otherwise boring days. I have no idea what my Owner did with the milk that my body yielded, but she soon wanted me to give more and that’s what prompted the next awful phase of my life as her slave and torture toy. All of the capabilities of the milking stand were to be used because she’d read somewhere that good (or at least orgasmic) sex for dairy cattle increased their yield, sometimes by as much as 30%, and so that justified her next move. What it meant for me was that she was soon to employ the capabilities of the butt fucking machine (and my own masochistic desires in combination with humiliated embarrassment) to get more milk per session. After a couple of weeks of enduring the regular milking process and while standing and waiting to be told to move to the milking machine’s frame, she informed me what was going to happen just before the actual process was to begin.

“Hello, my Dear.” her disembodied voice whispered into my ears. Being kept always deafened, I was starved for any kind of conversation and so listened avidly, then with growing horror. “I’ve decided that it’s time for you to experience *all* of the talents of the milking stand and it’s going to happen right now. Once I’ve got all the details ironed out, it’s be used from now on for all of your milking sessions. Unfortunately, I doubt that you’ll find it at all pleasurable, but them’s the breaks for creatures like you, especially in your role as my slave and torture toy.

“You’ve already seen the butt fucking machine. Believe me, it’s a truly talented device that will give you a good deal to think about when it goes to work, and of course, all the rest of your devices will be doing their thing at the same time. Because I want you to be able to concentrate fully on the sensations and on your feelings and emotions whenever it’s done from now on, you’ll be kept blind and deaf for the sessions. I don’t want you to be distracted by any outside influences so you can enjoy the sensations to their full and if they become too much for you to bear, well, that’s just too bad. You can scream and beg all you want, but no one will help you escape your fate.

“OK. Move to the stand and I’ll strap you down.”

Because there was no possible way for me to resist, I very reluctantly and with considerable terror, I shuffled to the milking frame, then remained passive while she flipped the thick, wide, black rubber straps over my legs and body, and added an additional two over my shoulders to hold me even more firmly in place. Finally my head was fastened to the rest. Next, the air and feeding and drinking hoses were attached to my mask, then she moved down to my breast cups projecting through their apertures, and connected the primary and secondary vacuum hoses and e-stim cables, although I barely felt those being made. The large diameter, rubber lined pipe for my chastity cage was slipped into place and fastened to my crotch harness so that it could not be escaped and I felt the warning tingle of the e-stim system doing a self-test on my body, then the gentle back and forth tugging on my chastity cage's cross-pins. Using the hand wheel, she quickly separated my thighs, then to my shuddering terror, I felt her unlink the D rings of the butt plug's long, ovoid base plate from my next-to-the-body cage ring, and from the back connection to my waist cinch. By this point I had worn the horrid thing for so long that I'd almost become accustomed to its intrusive presence, but now, when she slowly extracted it, I felt the monstrous thing with renewed misery, then relief, but that was to be short-lived.

Her rubber-gloved fingers covered my anal area with the slick lube/contact gel, then forced some inside me and although it contained a muscle relaxant and would ease the entry of the butt plug/electrical dildo, it was still a terrifying preparation process that *I* couldn't stop or avoid! Once the process began the piston action of the butt plug's entry and withdrawal would be lubricated by the squirter mechanism.

She changed the orientation of the frame, rotating it to horizontal so that I was held kneeling with my head below the level of my hips. With a silenced shudder of distress, I felt the broad head of the dildo moved into firm contact against the ring of my anal sphincter, then be slowly, inexorably pressed partially past it and into my bowel! Nothing further happened at that point, but I was horribly conscious of the thing that had been forced into me and despite my wriggling and squirming, it remained only partially inserted. What I *wasn't* aware of was that with each full stroke of the variable speed, vibrating shaft, when its base pressed against my body, a long pulse of e-stim would be released and continued until it had been nearly withdrawn!

"Excellent!" she exclaimed happily. I stared out through the deep eye wells of the helmet to see her standing about three metres in front of me, then she moved aside so that I had an uninterrupted view of a wide screen, 4K, TV monitor and on it a series of live images of me from the side, front, top and back. "That's you, slave. Impressive arrangement, isn't it?"

What I saw was an apparently female figure kneeling and fastened into a gleaming steel frame a metre above the floor at the top of a thick hydraulic pedestal. Looping from the figure to another post about a metre high, to the front, was a plethora of hoses and wires that betokened evil things to come. The scariest thing for me though, was to see the device mounted a half metre behind my buttocks; this with a thick, gleaming shaft projecting forward up between my forcibly wide spread thighs and between my buttocks, it's head already partially-buried! Of course my face was invisible thanks to the obscuring mask and helmet, but I knew it was me because when I tried to struggle, so did the person on the screen.

“Let's get this show on the road. Here we go!”

My sight was suddenly blotted out and I stared into the deeply enfolding blackness inside my mask while the roar of static assaulted my ears. The vacuum of the breast cups came on and my milk-filled mounds were drawn deeply into the rubber liners of the cups, their pierced and pinioned nipples slipping all of the way into their own smaller recesses at the tip of each, then the liners simultaneously squeezed both of my breasts very firmly. At the same time a strong suction enveloped each of my nipples and slowly the milk within my breasts began to be painfully squeezed out of them. This suckling action repeated a couple of times and my milk began to flow, then the teasing and tormenting of the e-stim 'encouragement' pulses started to pass through the mounds of flesh and the milk glands within each, making them give up even more. The sensation of the milk flowing was a pleasant one and a relief because my breasts had become very full and tender with the accumulation of fluid and so each day I *had* to be relieved of the burden and it became something that in many ways, I looked forward to. It was after a few minutes of this milking that the penis tube came in for the same treatment and arousing low-level excitation pulses flowed along and through the entire organ making it become erect in its long cage, but that wasn't all! The mechanical connections to the cross-pins through it at the base and mid-length now began to drag the organ back and forth, and although the length of the strokes was only about 30 mm, they were enough to add more excitation and make me even harder and more demanding. Each time I experienced this manipulation and e-stim, I desperately wanted to reach down and massage myself, but that was, of course, quite impossible, what with my arms now permanently held in the back prayer. All I could do was to wriggle and squirm against the straps and chew on the fat penis gag fastened into my mouth ; whining and wailing in frantic need and tormented misery.

I bucked more and more wildly against the restraint straps while I came closer to an orgasm, and at the same time, the tempo of the breast milking cycles

increased, as did the e-stim pattern and strength! My maleness was also flooded with surges of rippling, throbbing electrical stimulation and I felt an orgasm begin to tower over my slowly disintegrating mind, but then ... it happened!

The broad head of the butt dildo began to sink slowly deeper and deeper into the depths of my body and I automatically tried to scream in protest, this having the usual result of me retching strongly and the unexpected one of my impending orgasm seeming to multiply in strength! I felt as though the dildo was going to totally impale me so deep did it go, then it came to the end of its penetration stroke and stayed inserted, beginning to buzz and vibrate madly deep within my abdomen! At the same time, it also began to send wave after swirling wave of electrical energy into the surrounding flesh and my anal sphincter, making the muscular ring clench and shudder spasmodically, then it slowly withdrew and the buzzing and e-stim ceased for the moment. I was conscious of the dildo head nearly emerging from me, but then the squirter device operated and the dildo plunged back inside my body a little faster and harder than the first time, again remaining deeply-inserted, vibrating fiercely, then withdrawing before the cycle was repeated again and again! On the tenth insertion of the butt plug the vibrations were crazily violent and its e-stim was very strong, as was the vacuum and e-stim being applied to both my straining breasts and penis!

That did it!

The orgasm that had been hovering over me suddenly crashed down in a tsunami of incredible and indescribable sensations that washed from my crotch to my throbbing breasts, then to my disintegrating mind. My whole body shuddered and shook while the orgasm continued for what seemed like endless minutes and my internal muscles kept clenching and attempting to ejaculate more sperm. I know that I screamed for the longest time, pleading and begging to be allowed to escape the sophisticated torment until I passed out, completely overwhelmed.

I'm not sure how long it took to get to the point at which the orgasm occurred, nor how long I was unconscious, but it must have been at least an hour after I fainted that I re-awakened to find that I was still entombed in a world of utter blackness, but at least it was now silent. My Owner had returned to the house and left me to the tender mercies of the milking process and I knew I'd be left alone here for at least a couple of hours, until every last drop of milk and semen had been drained from my body by the merciless and pitiless machines. I struggled what little I could in the tight bondage, knowing that there wasn't a prayer of me escaping it, and even if I did, I was still leashed to the ceiling ring by the chain from the back of my collar and with no hands and arms, there was nothing I could do to free myself. Then, it began again! Oh, God!

The butt dildo assaulted me for long horrible minutes, making me fully aware of exactly how vulnerable I was, but this time though, it was a punitive session. At the first, the cycling in and out of my body was slow and regular, with a long pause when it had reached its pre-set, maximum length of stroke, but when it paused and was subsequently withdrawn, it was then that the deep vibration and pulsing e-stim happened and continued until the head of the dildo was almost ready to come completely out of me. The lube was squirted and the horrid thing was mechanically and irresistibly forced into my bowel once again. I grunted and screamed with embarrassment and humiliation, but only in my mind. I was being brain-washed and conditioned to accept this form of stimulation without guilt, but it was a slow mental process of breaking down my deeply in-grained horror of this type of sexual encounter.

After what seemed like an hour of this, but was probably only 10 minutes, it was then that my punitive chastity cage tube became active again; first flooding the organ with throbbing, pulsing, arousal shocks that made me moan with resumed, frantic need and wriggle madly; becoming more and more aroused. I'd never had any sort of experience like the combined milking and butt fucking and my brains couldn't reconcile the sensations, nor could they integrate the ones flooding from my breasts when they too were suffused with electrically-induced shudders, at the same time as they were strongly suckled. Mentally, I reeled and felt my mind disintegrating. All of my teen-aged years through puberty, and all the way through my adult years to the present, I had been basically unsure about my sexuality and now that ambivalence was being reinforced in the most evil manner imaginable. I was on the very brink of a mental collapse when the next series of mind-twisting orgasms blew away what few coherent thoughts I had and my awareness disintegrated into atoms.

A long time later I came back to my reality, still strapped to the milking frame, but now I could see again and her voice whispered into my ears.

"Welcome back, my little slave. I see that the introduction to the full capabilities of your milking machine was rather traumatic because I see you're still trembling and crying inside your helmet and mask, but I expected that to happen. However, my dear you're *not* going to be freed of either. I'm going to leave you sealed up like that for a long time to come.

"However, I'll free you from the milking frame to be taken to the exerciser for your next workout. After dinner tomorrow night, I've got another surprise for you! Isn't that nice? Now, be a good little dairy cow while I release you."

Within 15 minutes I was again trapped on the exerciser, being forced to prance around and around in endless circles, staggering and weaving from side to side with exhaustion. The remainder of the day passed in a haze, then my



Governess took me back to the milking parlour to be fastened again and fed while on the stand. Hating what was to come, I tried to resist being taken to it, but my control devices were superbly effective in making me obey her demands, eliciting stifled screams and howls even though they were only in my mind. The milking was, once more, an excruciating process, but this time and for the next three days, the butt fucking did not occur at the same time. Apparently, this combination was only needed every four days to increase my yield and that was the program that I was kept on from that point forward. I began to understand the schedule after a few weeks; both fearing the humiliating process, and at the same time, becoming deeply addicted to the huge wash of sensation I was forced to experience, without being able to object or to escape it ... and that was yet another part of the psychological conditioning. It was a huge mental rush and fed the deepest core of my masochism in a big way, thus making for even stronger orgasms.

The next evening, after my exercise, she snapped my chastity cage leash and drew me in silent dancing misery to the centre of the arena.

“Sklaven, you’re going to do a variation on a theme for me and it may become a regular part of your schedule. I’ll not say anymore and just let you experience what’s coming, as it happens.”

I could see very little, thanks to the deep wells over my eyes in combination with the dark gray filters, and so only stared to the front, waiting in both curiosity and fear for what she was going to do. The Governess had proven to be very creative and with a truly evil mind that I had never before seen or even suspected the existence of and she’d used her imagination in many areas. I was the unfortunate victim she got to practise on and this was the next part.

The steel hoist cable and the bundled umbilical of hoses and wires hung from the centre of the high roof in the vast open space of the arena, with the umbilical about two metres away from the hoist cable, but I had not and could not see them. After speaking she moved behind me and clipped the hook at the end of the cable to the ring at the back of my collar, then quickly connected all of the swinging hoses and wires to my ensemble. Of course I felt the vibrations while she carried out the process and thought that I was in for a session similar to the one that had been used to trap me into my present situation, but I was only partially correct. The last thing she did was to kneel and connect the central link of my hobble chain to another that came from a deeply-set ring in the arena’s floor, between my two hooved boots.

“Very good!” she said enthusiastically. “Now, I’m going to hoist you up until your horse shoes are two metres off the floor ... then leave you for the night, just like that! I’m sure you’ll find it scary and uncomfortable, but that is too bad. It’s

just what I want you to feel, and yes, your milking will be done while you're suspended! A nice change, I think. Hahahahaha. Have a lovely evening and night! Guten nacht, Sklaven!"

I couldn't see her and didn't know exactly when she left and so stood there before shuffling in small circles for the longest time until I felt a slow dragging on the back of my collar, pulling me to stand under the hoist's pulley high in the rafters, then seconds later my feet came off the floor and I was drawn higher and higher, dangling in mid-air at the end of the thrumming cable. Although I was not being strangled I felt my wide collar intensely, and also the weight that was transferred to my steel waist cinch and crotch harnessing; made very uncomfortable and aware of my total vulnerability. My legs were somewhat free and I could kick them slightly as well as to partially bend my knees against the swinging, loose weight of the anchoring chain leading to the floor below and so that's what I did for a few seconds, setting up a gentle swinging back and forth, but that was the *only* freedom I had.

There was no way I could measure or even to estimate the passage of time, and true to her usual cruelty, I was made to wait for the longest interval before anything happened. As always, it began with slow, arousing pulses of excitation electro-shock that passed up and down my manhood inside its armouring steel cage and I automatically writhed my hips and began an animalistic, instinctive pumping, while at the same time other evil electrical pulses curdled and shivered the bulk of my breast flesh and stretched nipples. Within a minute I was whining and crying out with denied need, but only inside my mind. It went on and on, passing beyond arousing to becoming hugely annoying and I kicked my feet to the length of the hobble chain, attempting to pull up my knees and somehow ease the sensations from the monstrously cruel penis tube, but nothing I did made any difference at all! It went on and on for a long time before the vacuum assault of the breast cups and the penis tube began and within the next 15 minutes I had been made to orgasm and my milk flowed again, then 30 minutes after that, it all happened again and again! I became a screaming wreck by the time of the third session, but the oxygen-enriched air fed to me by the respirator kept me awake for longer than I would normally be, until my mind just could not handle the unending onslaught of huge sensation and simply shut down.

And so, there I was ... a silent, apparently female figure, dangling high in the gloom at the end of a thrumming cable, in the middle of a vast, echoing space, inside a remote barn, far out in the country. There was no one to hear what little noise I could create and so all of the screams and weeping I did in my mind were totally removed from rest of the world.

True to her word, I was left for the entire night, as she'd told me would be the case, then in the morning my day resumed its normal, boring yet terrifying regularity, interrupted by the occasional times of horror when I got butt fucked at the same time I was milked. My life had actually become boring in the extreme, kept as I was: silenced, nearly blind, mostly deaf and unable to communicate other than by gross physical reaction as a result of what was being done to me. I had become accustomed to being always easily controllable by both my cruel leashes and by the electrical discipline and training system, but I hated it and grew wildly rebellious on occasion, but my attempted resistance was easily crushed and controlled. My Governess took great delight in making me intensely aware of my situation.

## Chapter Twenty-Two

### *Restraint Research*

My days passed in a regular, unchanging parade of incredible torments and horror and Spring then Summer eventually arrived. By July I was totally accustomed to my boots and the back prayer bondage, and with great difficulty had come to accept the reality of my breasts and enforced, inescapable chastity. Occasionally my Owner or Governess took me into town with them and I suffered unending public humiliation when I was taken shopping by them; always leashed and hooded so that my thick, gleaming black rubber helmet and sealed-on, ugly face mask couldn't be easily seen. Now though, I wore a heavy, long, leather skirt and on top of that, a full, floor-length rubber cape with a deep hood. My penis cage leash was always connected to the elongated U's of the cage; it emerging through discrete slits in the cape and skirt and any kind of tension on it guaranteed that I'd follow all demands very, very attentively.

Other than those rare excursions, I was kept at the ranch, either in my basement prison suite or in the barn/arena. As far as I was aware no one had come to visit, but actually there had been a regular stream of interested people to observe my combination milking /butt fucking sessions and I had become famous on the internet because of the video that was always taken of them.

At last Mistress Marlene came to visit again to enjoy long and terrifying sessions with me over the following three days and in so doing reconfirmed that I was nothing more than a possession ... more of an intelligent pet that could be tortured at will and there would be no consequences. She and my Owner had come to enjoy each other's company and newly-found common ground more and more, and I was the focus they concentrated on when they arranged for next part of the process of my continuing subjugation to take place in a few weeks. My Owner took great delight in explaining the process to me, even though she was aware that I knew all about it already.

I would be taken into town to the piercing salon and the next part of my oral/nasal restraint system would be fitted; a fairly straight forward addition that would be completed in less than an hour, but the effect would be awful. First, my helmet and air mask would be removed, then with delicate precision, a set of long, thick, snake-like chains would be clipped to the available link inside each of my nostrils, then led out of them to be passed through my septum's bow shackle, then through another small ring. From there, on either side, they would be taken to my cheek-bar's end loops, passed through them, then up to and through the large grommets in each of my ear shells. Then, they'd be led around to the back of my totally bald head and at the nape of my neck, just

above the top edge of my collar, they'd be welded together with a 250 gram weight that would dangle on a short central chain. This arrangement would have the effect of keeping a constant tension on my nose chains, all the way through my head and also on my tongue, further inhibiting any attempt I might make to speak. With the external ring left to slide along the external lengths, a leash could be clipped to it rather than my septum ring and when it was pulled on, I'd be subjected to terrible and inescapable discomfort, then pain.

That particular leash was a truly nasty one and was used immediately after it had all been connected. When it was pulled on, I experienced an immediate uncomfortable tension on my septum and a horrible dragging sensation on the chains passing through my sinuses! I immediately wanted to scream, but didn't, even though by this time I had become almost accustomed to their presence, but most horribly, they pulled my tongue backward, forcing the extremely cruel, deep-curving plate even further down my throat! Of course I responded immediately, unable to resist the horrid internal tensions and pressures, having to bend forward to accommodate the demand of her fist. But *then*, she pulled firmly on my penis cage leash, dragging the cross pins and my organ painfully further along the cage! No matter what I did, she made me dance in terrorised misery; my hoofed feet clattering loudly on the tiled floor. All of this was done to me in the back room of the salon with all of the staff watching my cruelly-silenced antics in horrified fascination, unable to look away. Tears flew from my browless eyes while I was made to cavort before them, but at last she relented and I was permitted to stand upright again, gasping and silently weeping. Ten minutes later, after I'd been fully hooded once more, she led me from the salon by both the penis cage leash and my cruel new nose one. Just outside the door, a tall, elegant and imposing lady stared at my gleaming tethers with cruelly glittering eyes, then followed us to the car, unable to stop staring while I pranced along in abject attendance beside my Owner, then she spoke in a beautifully-modulated, low contralto voice.

"Excuse me for being so curious, and I do hope you'll not be offended, but the scene you present is so very different and extreme! I just have to know more, please? My name is Julia Cardiff and I'm a doctor at St. Mary's Hospital; a psychiatric facility outside Kamloops, where I specialize in sexual dynamics and interplay." she said, presenting a business card. "On infrequent occasions in the past I've seen you come to town, but this is the first time I've gathered the courage to be so nosey. Would you be willing to discuss your life style with me?"

Of course I could say and do nothing other than to look at her beauty from within the depths of the deeply hooded cape, but my Owner turned and smiled at

her.

“Hello!” she said holding out her other hand for a handshake which was instantly given. “Thank you for your interest, Dr Cardiff.”

“Oh! Please, just call me Julia. That will be just fine!”

“Very well ... Julia it is.” my Owner replied with a ready smile, tugging gently on both of my leashes to make me continue dancing on my hooves. “What would you like to know? Although this is rather more public than I feel comfortable with.”

“Oh, please excuse my enthusiasm!” the doctor said contritely. “Of course. This *is* rather public, isn’t it? There’s a lovely little restaurant just around the corner, about a block from here, and they know me well. Would you care to walk there with me?”

“Sure!” my Owner agreed happily. “However, my pet may slow us down somewhat. I hope its leashes won’t cause too much of a commotion at the restaurant?”

“Oh, I think they’ll be able to deal with it. We’ll just get a table at the back and no one will notice once we get settled. No doubt there will be some stares, but the patrons are generally quite private and so won’t disturb us. Shall we go?”

“By all means! Please, lead the way.”

And so off we went with me strutting between the two of them at the ends of the very uncomfortably tugging leashes; my hoofs clip-clopping loudly in combination with the jangle of my hobble chain snapping tight with each of my short, hurried paces beneath and within the concealing envelope of my skirts. They ignored me, chatting merrily while we moved down the sidewalk, not paying any attention to the stares and strange looks our trio got. Both of them wore stylish clothing and were well turned-out and so naturally attracted a good deal of male attention as a matter of course, but *I* was the focus of most of the stares. It’s said that there’s safety in numbers and in this case I found it to be true and I didn’t feel nearly so vulnerable as when I was alone with my Owner. This gave me the chance to notice more of what was going on around me, even though the tug of the nose leash made me keep looking straight ahead most of the time and my vision was limited by the helmet, the deep wells over my eyes and the deep grey lenses. Being early in the Spring, it was still quite cool and so my voluminous, long and heavy skirt and cape were not entirely out of place, but they definitely *were* unusual attire for this place time; like something from the 1890’s. Although they tended to muffle the sounds of my hoofs and hobble, their noises were definitely still noticeable and attracted a lot of attention.

At last we turned into the restaurant and I sighed with relief. The place was decorated to resemble a Parisian sidewalk café, complete with cast iron furniture

and the usual old-fashioned theme posters of French street scenes. Dr Cardiff was warmly welcomed, then both my Owner and I received a once-over assessment, and as was always the case, I was subjected to a much more intense inspection before the hostess turned back to Dr Cardiff.

“Welcome! Welcome! I see that you have a pet with you. It will be most welcome also of course, but I’m afraid I must request that it remain leashed at all times. I’m sorry, but I’m sure you understand?” She spoke over her shoulder while guiding us to an alcove near the back of the dimly-lit dining room.

“Oh, of course.” my Owner agreed. “I understand completely and you can be assured that my pet will be kept leashed and fully-controlled at all times. I don’t tolerate any nonsense at all from it and it is *most* easy to discipline.” she said, snapping both of the leashes and making my eyes fill with tears, while I howled in low, inarticulate misery. Naturally, I followed them all in frantic, prancing little steps. Before sitting down across from the doctor, my Owner took a pair of small locks from her purse and drew me over to a decorative iron street lamp that was part of the decor of the place, then wrapped my tethers around it and locked them. I had no choice but to stand there with the looping silvery chains holding me in place, still having to take automatic, constant, small steps to maintain my balance, unable to turn completely to watch them.

Reaching into her purse, my Owner brought out her cell-phone and tapped its screen for a moment then a second later deeply buried under the cape and skirt, I felt the inescapable arousal pulses begin to flow through my manhood. I closed my eyes while shuddering and dancing more energetically from the pleasant, but quite disturbing sensations and of course when I moved too far from the lamp post, both leashes snapped tight, jerking my head around to face it and at the same time, dragging sharply and most uncomfortably on the penis cage’s elongated U shackles. My hips shuddered and writhed of their own accord and both of the seated women and the restaurant Owner watched with fascination for a moment before resuming their chat. I couldn’t stop myself from writhing and gasping and although the three of them ignored me for the most part, I quickly became an object of curiosity for the rest of the patrons, most of who had soon made some sort of excuse to come and inspect me more closely. Dr Cardiff watched my cavorting and shuddering with great interest.

“Pardon me, but what did you do to elicit this strong reaction, please? It certainly appears that whatever it is, it cannot be resisted!”

At that point a waitress, dressed in the typical French Maid costume came to the table. The two women ordered drinks and a light meal, then after she’d gone to place the order, my Owner began to explain both her and my situation in detail, while Dr Cardiff sat back and listened in stunned fascination. She

interrupted my Owner's narrative at times with a few questions, but otherwise said nothing; all the while staring at me with renewed interest when she was told that I was actually still a genetic male.

"Oh! That is *most* interesting! And you say that the contract for his slavery is perfectly legal and fully binding, so to speak?"

"It absolutely is. I had the topic researched, then sought numerous legal opinions before having the documents executed by Jerome McClintock, just down the street."

"Ah. Yes, he's very thorough and very good." the Doctor acknowledged, then continued. "How long have you had him like this?"

"He's been my slave now for 11 months, and fully outfitted with his restraints and jewellery for nearly a year. I'm going to keep him like he is for a few years, but I may sell him to someone who likes the concept, when I get tired of him. When the slavery documents and power of attorney documents were all finalized, I also divorced him, and so there's no binding legal hold on either of us. Essentially, now, he's just a type of livestock property."

"Oh! That's pretty incredible in this day and age." Dr Cardiff said with predatory smile curving her lips. "Would you be interested in bringing him to the hospital at some point for testing? I'd keep him under lock and key while he's there, of course, and I'd like to have him for at least a couple of weeks or maybe, months and I'm sure my colleagues will find him to be a most interesting case study."

"I have no problems with that," my Owner said with a speculative look at me, "but as I've mentioned, Larissa can't speak because of her silencing system and neither can she use her hands to write out answers, so there will be some difficulty in getting any kind of comment or detailed, explanatory views from her."

"Oh, I'm sure we can work something out. We're already testing a system for exactly that sort of thing, but let's leave that for the moment. I'm quite fascinated with your work and would like to know more, please?"

Their discussion and more and more amicable chatting continued for the next couple of hours while I remained leashed to the lamp post, shuddering and moaning with denied desire, occasionally twisting my body to tighten the chains, trying to enhance the sensations being imposed on me. At last they finished their desert after the meal, having agreed during it, that sometime in the coming month, the Doctor would come out to the ranch and spend the weekend to see the set up.

At last I was released and we all left the restaurant. Doctor Cardiff accompanied us part of the way back to my Owner's car, then with a wave, got



into her Mercedes. A sudden snap of both of my tethers made me follow my Owner and in a few minutes we were driving out of town.

## Chapter Twenty-Three

### *Transported*

The next several months, at least they seemed like months, but it could have been a couple of years, passed slowly and my life as a slave and torture toy didn't change. I sank deeper and deeper into my simultaneous roles of being both a dairy cow and a source of semen, and had by this point completely given up all hope of ever being freed; coming to accept the constant bondage and limitation of my restraints and cruel control of my leashes as a normal thing. This was so much so, to the point that it was increasingly difficult for me to remember what it had felt like to have hands and arms and to be able to talk. Dr Cardiff's desire to have me as an experimental object to be studied and assessed came to pass some time after she'd introduced herself and so I was to be taken to what I was told was St Mary's Psychiatric Institute. Special arrangements had been made to get me there as unobtrusively as possible and the solution was to employ a very plain aluminium, military surplus coffin. She'd had it modified and delivered to the house a week before I was introduced to it one morning, before being taken to the milking parlour.

"This your shipping container," she said gesturing at the opened, tilted-back case. "You'll be put into it this evening after you're milked, then be transported to St Mary's for some rather extreme tests that Dr Cardiff would like to have done."

The inside of the coffin-like case was deeply padded and lined with a thick, dull black rubber. At the top end, a pair of the corrugated black hoses hung from chrome fittings while along the length on the sides, numerous wide, thick black rubber straps with chromed locking buckles hung in wait, in addition to the sets of e-stim cables also waiting to be connected. She pulled firmly on my cage leash, drawing me closer to the coffin while I wailed low in my throat, knowing that I was going to be forced to get inside the awful thing, then be sealed up in it and tortured unmercifully all the time I was imprisoned in the sealed, sound-proofed case. I twisted my head in futile negation, but she just smiled and tugged more harshly on the intimate leash, making me dance closer to her.

"Oh! *What's* the matter, Larissa? Don't you *want* to have someone test and analyse you and try to figure out why you wanted this to be your life in such a bad way?"

There was nothing I could do to fight her, other than to shudder in silent despair while standing at the end of my thrumming, cruel leashes in front of her, then without another word, she increased her tension and led me to the milking parlour. The rest of the day went as it always did and by the time the sun was

setting late in the evening, I'd been fed and taken back to the room where the coffin awaited, as always continuing to wear my feeding gag under the air mask and punitive, thick rubber helmet.

"Now, in a few seconds, I want you to step into the coffin, then turn around and face outward. I'll get you organised, then fastened down and hooked up to your 'entertainment system' and air hoses. You'll be breathing regular air of course, and that will come from hidden holes in the case along the sides that feed into pipes for your air mask, but otherwise, once the lid is closed up and locked, the coffin will be airtight. It's been very well insulated so no noise will get in and most importantly, none will get out.

"Very well! Get in!"

Really, I had little choice. She *would* use pain to make me do whatever she wished and I couldn't protest or even come close to attempting to resist. Even with my short hobble chain, it was easy to step up into the deep container and turn outward, then she bent and lifted my left foot up and back, to stand more vertically centred inside, and I automatically did the same with my right foot. A wide black rubber strap was flipped over my already steel-cinched waist and tightened, then she did the others. One went around my neck over the steel collar and was also tightened, forcing my head back into a deep, cupped rest then she moved down my body; next adding a wide, below the breast cups' strap, but then she stopped and I heard the smile in her voice.

"I've got a nice surprise for you, Dear! I'm going to loosen the waist strap for a moment to fit you with a rigid, electrified, vibrating, butt plug, that will slip right into your regular one! I'm sure you'll love it! Hahahahahahaha. After I loosen the waist strap, you'll have to raise your hips and spread your legs as wide as possible so that it goes in easily. Otherwise, the insertion will be quite nasty and you'll be sore for a long time after, so I'd suggest you allow me to do it without using force, OK?"

Oh, God! I didn't want the awful thing inside me! I wailed and begged in my mind that she show me some mercy and not do it, but of course, she heard nothing and loosened the waist strap, then forced my thighs apart and reaching between them, released the core of the butt plug already in place, then replaced it with the blunt headed monster. I felt the head of the thing deep in my bowel and of course she knew she'd found her target when I bucked and shuddered involuntarily, howling from the awful penetration of my body.

"How does it feel to get raped like this?" She asked with a nasty edge to her voice. "Now *you're* feeling what I experienced when you insisted on sex and I wasn't ready!"

It had finally stopped moving upward, but then the next misery was enacted when she fastened its outer end into a sturdy bracket, making it into a very rigid impalement. If I shifted even a little, the unmoving post made me suffer truly uncomfortable twinges deep in my abdomen. Immediately, she connected the cables for the vibrator and the e-stim then re-tightened the waist belt. My thighs were next and each one was wrapped with one of the wide straps at mid-point above the knee, then my lower legs got two more each: one just below the knee joint and another over each ankle cuff. My back prayer bound arms had dropped into a snug cavity for them under the back of my chest and so I now lay flat and completely restrained, staring straight ahead and unable to turn my head.

She connected the air hoses to my mask, then moved down my body and hooked up the breast/nipple e-stim wires, then the one for my chastity cage and the urine drainage hose. Shaped padding was added next, down each side of my body and a wedge went between my legs, then other pads down their outsides, with the final one in this lower portion of the case going under my hoofed shoes. The padding ensured that I couldn't even twitch side to side, but it wasn't the end of my packaging because she next laid a 15 cm thick sheet of rubber-covered foam over me. It had been formed to press deeply into the cavities that contained my head, body and limbs so that I could not move in any direction! My sight was blotted out immediately and I was immobilised in a deep, black, silence when she swung the lid closed; this with its own slightly over-sized layer of padding that pressed down on the one that covered me in the lower part.

The casket had the standard, crank-closed, locking lid and she speedily engaged the handle in the discrete hole in the top end, then turned it until the grooved edges of the lid sank into the rubber sealing gasket all around the edges. When she'd finished, a set of wide, orange, nylon webbing straps was passed around the casket, then a winch was used to bring it to the horizontal, about two metres off the floor. She shut off the lights, locked the door and returned to the house, leaving me inside the sealed casket, suspended in the gloom of the locked room in the barn.

Although I'd spent a lot of time in the silent and black universes of my own and her devising, this was different. I felt the coffin swing to the vertical and wondered what was happening but then nothing more. Over and above the fact that I was utterly immobilized, deafened and blind, was the psychological knowledge that I was, in fact, in a sealed casket and no one knew I was here! Visions of actually being buried like this thundered through my chaotic thoughts for the longest time, but then my 'entertainment' system began its program of torment.

I'd suffered the horrors of the strong e-stim before, but had always been able to twist a little to try and alleviate the extreme sensations, but now I couldn't move at all and that made it ten times worse. The high-powered vibrator of the butt plug was the first thing I felt and it began to slowly shake my world to pieces with its surging waves of internal stimulation. I gasped in desperate need to escape the thing, but found to my horror that my air supply, though available, was limited. If I tried to inhale too deeply, the limiter valves snapped closed for a moment! I could only twitch while the unending vibrations drove me nearly mad, then the patterns of arousal pulses of e-stim began to flow through my chastity cage! I couldn't stop the howling wail of despair that surged in my throat and mind. My organ; transfixed and filled with metal restraints, imprisoned within its unreachable and indestructible cage, attempted to escape the cascading sensations, but there was no way to do so! My anal sphincter clenched and my insides seemed to writhe around the rigidly-mounted, thick dildo, adding an incredible sensation of being intimately bound, then the next part of my torment began when my trembling, deeply-imprisoned, inflated and armoured breasts began to be stimulated with the mind boggling sensations of electrical energy flowing through the masses of flesh and up to my caged and stretched nipples! I tried to writhe my chest away from the torment but of course, fastened as I was, there was not even the slightest chance of avoidance.

At some point soon after it all began, my mind went away somewhere and coherent thought evaporated in a heated orgasmic explosion that continued for the longest time. I guess that made my incarceration, actually, entombment bearable because it telescoped the amount of time I was aware that I was in the casket. Other than the times I was stimulated and tormented, my imprisonment was utterly boring and I tried to sleep as much as possible until I was released at the hospital.

I came awake when the lid was swung back and the layer of foam covering me was peeled away, but saw only the white painted, cement ceiling above. The securing straps and all of the cables and hoses were speedily unclipped, then a couple of pairs of strong hands lifted me out of my rubber envelope and slid me onto the firm mattress of a hospital. Immediately, all of my bondage equipment was employed to fasten me to it and I was soon fully-immobilised once more, but now, at least I could see a little. Dr Cardiff spoke, moving into my field of vision with my Owner by her side.

"Welcome to St Mary's." she smiled down at me. "You will soon be unlocked and have your rubber helmet removed temporarily, but the remainder of your ensemble will remain in place, of course. I will eventually employ a means that you can communicate, other than by signalling a mere yes or no, then

the interviewing will proceed before the actual physical limit testing. We will be exploring your ranges of motion, strength and endurance as well as your pain tolerance levels. I'm sure you'll find it to be a most interesting process.

"Now, just as an FYI, you will continue to be fed the same meals you have been consuming for the past year complete with all the hormone additives. This means, of course, that you will continue to need milking twice daily, but all of the requisite machinery is now on-hand here at the hospital. As well, of course, you will continue to enjoy the kind of stimulation regimes that you have for these past 14 months and these will be spaced at roughly the same intervals as before.

"No doubt you will find the situation a little strange, but be assured that you will be well-cared for at all times. I'll be leaving you now for a few hours to arrange all of the relevant paperwork for your stay with us and in the meantime, your Owner will release you as far as she feels is necessary. Good bye for the moment."

She turned and left the room. Really, it was a cell, and I would spend a very long time in it.

## Chapter Twenty-Four

### *Abandoned To Institutional Testing*

I was soon released me from the rubber helmet and sighed with vast relief. It was a horrible thing to be confined in and she knew I hated it with a passion and so insisted that I wear it as often as possible; especially in combination with the air/feeding mask and the awful feeding penis gag. I lay quietly on the bed and she pressed a button, raising it so that I was in a semi-reclined position and could look around a little. Specially formed cushions had been placed behind me to form a pocket for my reverse prayer fastened arms. The bed restraint straps were not tightened to the maximum and so I could twist a little from side to side, but my never-removed ankle hobble was connected to the bottom of the bed frame with a short chain from its middle link, and its present slackness allowed me to pull my feet up and bend my knees to about 30 degrees. My collar, as was always the case, had a chain leash attached to the ring at the back of my neck, and this went under the pillow, then was locked to the top of the bed's frame. My security as a piece of valuable property was of paramount importance. She looked at me strangely for a few minutes, saying nothing, then spoke at last.

"You know, Dear, you've really opened my eyes over the past while." she mused. "Without Marlene's assistance I'd still be a shy and retiring house wife, who just put up with her husband's crazy ideas, but now, I know the kind of power I can wield, as a self-realized woman, and that's one of the reasons I've divorced you, even though I still own you as a piece of property, at least for the moment.

"As a matter of fact, I'm going to rid myself of you. Dr Cardiff has arranged to purchase you, together with all of your wardrobe and equipment, and so you'll be kept here at the hospital in a very private, secured set of rooms just like at the ranch. However, once you've been fully installed here, you'll be used for all sorts of clinical experimentation. The only bright spot is that they *may* release you in a couple of years, but by that time you'll more than likely be a true candidate for being institutionalized for the rest of your life. Of course all during your time here they'll keep you in a full set of restraints and in chastity and you might even die that way.

"Just for your information, no one knows you're here, other than the doctor, her bosses, some selected staff, and your Governess and I. Don't expect to have any visitors other than the staff and me, perhaps, or to get a chance to convince someone to free you. It isn't going to happen.

"I've terminated Frau Kruger's employment as your Governess, but she'll be staying on with me as a personal assistant and the ranch will soon be sold.

Together with the sale of our place in town and your own price, the proceeds give me a couple of million to enjoy, and believe me, I fully intend to.

“And so, this is good bye. I’m not sure when we’ll meet again, if ever. Enjoy your life as a clinical experimental animal!” She turned and strode purposefully from the room without even a backwards glance.

I lay securely fastened to the sturdy, stainless steel, mental hospital type of bed, totally enveloped in misery and utterly stunned by her announcement of what my fate was to be. OK, I had had to accept the forced semi-sex change and chastity, and even the fact that I was no longer a person but only a piece of property, however, I had always expected that my Owner would want and care for me! I’d *never* wanted anything like *this*! Tears of anguish seeped from my eyes while I lay alone and abandoned to my unwanted fate. I struggled demonically against my restraints for a long time, then both physically and mentally exhausted, I fell asleep.

When I came awake it was late evening from the angle of the sun coming through the tightly-barred window. Until this point, I’d not seen them, for the drapes had been closed, but now it was evident that I was in a lock-down ward, but I didn’t know that I was in a disused and secluded building of the hospital complex. I heard a small noise and rolled my head to the side to see Dr Cardiff sitting watching me intently, then she smiled, seeing me come awake.

“Good evening, Larissa.” she spoke in her well-modulated voice. “I’m happy to see that you’re back with us and want to assure you that we will be taking very good care of you for as long as you are with us. Your former Owner has provided us with all of the necessary information for your care, entertainment, discipline processes, and maintenance, so there will be only small changes to your daily life, at least for the present.

“You will continue to be milked as you were before and the same schedule will be observed; that is to say, that every third day you will also be sexually stimulated by your anal dildo. We shall experiment with that particular application and there are plans to enhance it, although you may find the changes to be ... ah ... rather unpleasant, shall we say.

“Now, knowing why you dare not attempt to speak, I shall require only eye blinks for yes or no answers, for the present. Two blinks means “no” and three blinks means “yes”. Agreed, the system is rather crude, but there is a new arrangement being tested and you will soon be using it to give comprehensive answers, and in fact, to write fully about what your sensations are, what you are feeling mentally, what you’d like to have happen, and your life to date. We’ll arrange for that system to be used at some point in the future.



“It’s time that you were fed and milked, and so the nurse and orderly will place you on your milking frame, feed you, then milk your breasts and penis. After that’s completed, you’ll be washed and taken for your bathroom duties, then returned to your bed and fastened for the night. Tomorrow, you’ll be awakened at 8:00 am, if you are not already awake, the usual bathroom ablutions will be completed, then you’ll be fed and milked again before being taken to the cellars to do your exercising.

“Very well! That’s the general plan and most of your days here will follow it unless you are being used for experimentation or interviews. I shall leave you now and the nurse and orderly will be along shortly to take care of your needs. Good night!”

She stood, then left the room and I heard the solid, metallic click of a high security door lock snapping closed.

From that day to this, much has happened. My life, or what was left of it as a sentient human being, was tested to the limits by the horrible and extended sessions of milking and sexual torment that seemed to never end, but eventually always did when I physically or mentally collapsed under the onslaught of incredibly intense sensations that were forced into my brain. I suppose that for many, many months, I *was* actually quite insane. Even so, Dr Cardiff was a stern and unsympathetic mother figure; ensuring that I was instantly and exactly obedient to any demands she made. I suppose it was nearly two years later that a huge change came for me when she revealed that the proto-type, non-verbal communications system was ready to be tested and I was to be the one to do it.

What this involved was a further enhancement of my head-enveloping, thick rubber helmet, but the one the Hospital had developed had an open face and came with Blue Tooth ear buds. Scattered in precisely calculated patterns all over the helmet’s interior was an array of very sensitive sensors that targeted certain areas of the brain to monitor the minuscule electrical activity that thought, speech, and movement generated. These signals were fed in turn via Wi-Fi to the hospital’s network, then to a near by computer monitor where they would be transferred into letters and written words, or speech of sorts by a synthesized voice. There was also an auto-complete function and the program learned to recognize the brain activity that generated partial words as a whole words. It was quite ingenious, even though the technology had been around for years.

One morning she came into my cell/bedroom and stood by the bed I was, as usual, fastened into, rather than the regular nurse or orderly that normally took care of me. I’d completed all of my morning ablutions and been fed the usual awful meal then, unusually, returned to the bed and been fastened again, but

sitting up. A large, TV monitor was affixed to the wall and a laptop computer sat on a side table, together with what, superficially, looked like my regular rubber helmet, but then I noticed the differences. This helmet had dozens of sensors embedded in it and I could easily see the network of wires that ran under its surface to a large connector at the back. The doctor watched me inspect it, then spoke.

“Good morning. What you see here is going to change your life hugely.” she went on to explain what it all was and how it worked and I became very excited to try it. “This is a way for you to be able to communicate with the rest of humanity again, after being kept voiceless and unable to write for over five years. I’m sure you’ll find it to be an immense relief to be able to speak, after a fashion.

“From this point forward, you’ll wear the helmet at all times, even while you are being milked or exercised and of course you will be made to answer any of the questions you are asked and in a much more comprehensive way. Keep in mind though, that you remain a piece of property and that will not change, nor will you be freed of *any* of your restraints, just because you are once more able to communicate. Other than answering my questions and those of my colleagues, your other project is to record your journey and experiences in getting to this point in your life and to do it in as much detail as you can remember. I am sure it will make most fascinating reading. So, let me fit you with the helmet and we’ll begin your training in how to use it.”

In short moments my head was encapsulated in the tight thick rubber, then we began the lessons that would train both me and the computer to communicate just by thought alone. The training went on for nearly a month from that time with a half of each of my waking hours being dedicated to the device and soon I was, after so many years of being incapable of it, communicating with the world beyond my skull.

The doctor was as good as her word. I was not freed of any of my bondage or restraints and even though I begged piteously via the computer interface, I was ignored. If I became petulant or rebellious, she punished me with the severe e-stim during my milking. Even if I’d only been freed from the dangling and still most annoying weights fastened to my ears and nipples, that would have been something, but even those seemingly minor annoyances were left as my original Owner had had them fitted. They were there strictly to keep me reminded of who and what I had become.

The somewhat crude original skull cap and its array of sensors had been used to adapt my regular, full-face one to do the same thing and so Dr Cardiff once more imprisoned me in the torturing rubber horror of the air mask and feeding

penis gag, then continued her tests. Of course the worst of them all were the pain tolerance ones. My screams and begging, weeping protests were utterly ignored while I thrashed madly in mid-air or against the straps that held me in place on the Milking Frame or bed. Over the years of being the horrified and unwilling subject of the intimately personal assaults by my tormenting equipment, I thought I had developed a resistance to pain of all types, but now, the doctor explored these limits further and further, and I know that at points I truly did go crazy. I was taken out of my rooms of the hospital only rarely and allowed to exercise in a secluded, high-walled yard where a regular horse's "hot walker" and a long, overhead wire for a running leash had been installed, but those times were rare.

Two years after I had again been incarcerated in my now permanent rubber helmet and air mask, complete with its hated feeding dildo. I was communicating easily via the computer interface, and even my silenced screams and wordless, incoherent begging were voiced and recorded.

However, as the saying goes, all good things must come to an end.

I have been told that I will be placed in what is termed 'permanent storage' in the deepest sub-basement of this disused building of the hospital and will remain there for the foreseeable future, or until someone wants to examine me again, or until I die of natural causes. Before that happens though I am being compelled to write this history of what has befallen me and the doctor will use whatever means she feels is necessary to make it happen.

Of course, I'll not be left unattended, because arrangements have been made for an automated feeding system as well as a fully-automated milking and discipline program while I'm there. The doctor has informed me that EMS technology will be used to keep my muscles in reasonable tone and all of the necessary tasks will be delegated to orderlies who will complete whatever chores, such as washing and the maintenance and cleaning of equipment, need to be done on a regular basis, but essentially, I'll become nothing more than a lab animal that needs to be maintained. Every one of my communication capabilities will be removed and once again I'll scream what little I can in my own private, soundless, black Hell. There is no escape and no appeal. I have consigned myself to a personal prison of the most unimaginable kind where I will be automatically disciplined for the rest of my days.

## Epilogue

The above narrative came to the author's attention when Dr Cardiff died in a car collision and he was tasked with the disposal of her personal papers. As matters have turned out, the psychiatric facility is not located where the manuscript says it is, and neither is there any institution by that name, despite a wide-ranging search. To the best of the author's knowledge, the preceding narrative is a real life story of extreme sexual deviancy carried out to the maximum possible, by dedicated persons with the most extreme of appetites, that could not be satisfied by any other means.

As far as is known, the main character remains in his/her soul-destroying, solitary, hidden prison cells and continues to be automatically tortured by a specialized computer in the most intimate of manners imaginable. The search continues, but without much hope of success.

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