

Chained Convict For Life
The Biography of Sabrina
By
JG-LEATHERS
ISBN 13: 978-1-934349-70-0
ISBN 10: 1-934349-70-4
www.jg-leathers.com
A Pink Flamingo Ebook Publication
Copyright © 2005 JG Leathers
All rights reserved
Smashwords Edition

Acknowledgements

A story, such as the one that follows, requires me as the author to give credit where credit is due, and I'll try to be as brief and concise as possible so that the reader can proceed directly to the tale itself.

First and foremost, I deeply thank Wanda, my long-suffering wife of nigh on 30 years for she has managed to survive my 'addiction' to the plight and life of Sabrina (as well as a host of other weird interests) with incredible understanding, and thus has given me the freedom to pursue this rather strange fascination to the fullest possible degree.

Thanks must also, of course, go to the creator(s) of the Sabrina web sites, and if she is real, to Sabrina herself and her erstwhile friend (but eventually, jailer and tormentor) for being so forth-coming about her life. Without the inspiration that was spawned by her incredible revelations, none of what follows would have been written. In fact, her tale has provided me with the inspiration to write nearly 2 million more words in other stories.

Many elements go into a story's creation and one of the most important, after the content and the way it's written, is the editing and the relationship with one's publisher. I'm happy to say that I have had full, forgiving and understanding support from Lizbeth and Ken, who really didn't know me from Adam when I first made contact. It's wonderful to work with people like them, all the while pushing one's ravings at them and howling for attention.

Another friend who most assuredly deserves my deepest thanks is the gentleman who did the cover art for this story, Geoff Ridgway. He has suffered my long-winded requests for changes in the imagery, in the forms of a blizzard of email corrections and a snow storm of rather crudely-executed concept sketches, with a happy stoicism that I find hard to believe one person can muster, without committing murder most foul.

Of course there are many, many other friends to whom I prattled on at endlessly about the Sabrina thing in my life, and I'm sure at some points, they'd have quite cheerfully and with out any regrets, throttled me to silence. A long-ago influence was the late F. E. Campbell who gave me some elementary lessons in the writing of fiction, but more recently, Jeff Owen of the House Of Gord, who has also managed to withstand my gabbling and make a huge success of his own endeavours in the fields of kinkery.

Without the support and enthusiastic encouragement of a large number of other friends, this story would not have been written and brought to market as it has.

For those whose names I haven't mentioned (and without doubt there are legion of them), I plead increasing senility and a bad case of TBS - Teflon Brain Syndrome - in that nothing sticks.

In closing, I accept the full blame and responsibility for any errors of fact or fiction contained in the story, and ask forgiveness in advance.

My sincerest thanks to everyone

JG-Leathers

Tsawwassen, July 2005

FOREWORD

This is only a partial biography of a young German woman by the name of Sabrina Wheeler, who has become the victim of her deepest desires.

Her status as an, eventually, unwilling victim, then, in the later years, as an accepting and an, again, willing participant is best illustrated by two ancient Chinese sayings: “May you live through interesting times.” and; “Do not pursue your dreams with too much dedication, for they may come true.”

This biography has been compiled from web sites created by and for Sabrina, and, after its demise, from the numerous letters between the author and her, written over a period of some five years. At times during the correspondence, short, fictional stories were written both for and about her in an attempt, by the author, to understand and appreciate her life and the situations she found herself subjected to. These have, in many cases, been incorporated into this narrative. For the most part, Sabrina informed the author that these were remarkably close to the environments and disciplinary regimes she actually endured, and supposedly still endures on a daily, weekly, monthly, and year-in-year out basis.

In some cases, the fictional scenes created by the author to both enhance and add to her otherwise drab and boring existence in the cell were appropriated and *acted upon* by her jailers, though whose hands every email had to pass. Needless to say, this terrified Sabrina beyond words, adding all the while even more to her submission and controllability by the jailers.

There are four main characters, five if the Author is included, so the following narrative will revolve around their interaction.

To some, the desires of Sabrina, and the events that have befallen her, may seem to be *completely* outside the spectrum of normal human behaviour, but the dynamics of her situation are not for the Author to judge, nor anyone else for that matter. As true or false as you may wish to believe the following account, it is something that should be considered for its view into another aspect of human sexual interaction. That it *is*, in fact, a type of sexual adventure, I believe is self-evident.

Here is Sabrina’s story.

Part One
CHAPTER ONE
Early History

My name is Sabrina Wheeler, and I was born on the 14th of April 1970.

So I was thirty-two years old and on the 14th of April 2005, will become thirty-five. I am still, at the time of *this* writing, held in a private, secret, basement dungeon in a house somewhere to the southwest of the city of Munich, Germany, in the direction of the Starnberger Zee. I have been kept in this dungeon for over well over eight years now. So I* am told, always in solitary confinement for the first four, but that is not the worst of my situation ... by any means.

This is the story of how I came to my present life here in the dungeon.

I was born in Munich and moved through my childhood quite normally, being the only child of a loving mother and father. Although they wanted more children in their lives, I was the only one they were to receive, and so they lavished their love upon me, providing a happy, secure, and wonderful home to grow up in.

My mother was an educated, intelligent woman and, as such, elected to stay at home to raise me while my father worked as an engineer for a large aviation company here in Germany. I suppose he would have preferred a boy as his only child, but he made no issue of this and spoke continually to me about his work, as he would had I been a boy. As a consequence, I became interested in mechanical things quite early in life, and like most children who are taken into the world of an adult I wanted to be just like him.

I was a happy girl and a good student, but I'm sure my curiosity was a constant source of wonderment and some worry to my parents. I followed the path of most young German girls, doing all of the things that were expected and programmed for me along the way. I read all the fairy tales about young, beautiful princesses, handsome knights and fearsome dragons that are used to entertain children. However, it was at this point in my life, probably seven or eight years of age, that I discovered I had more than the usual fascination with the plight and fate of the princesses in those stories.

At first, it was an unfocussed desire to experience what they were subjected to as the poor victims of evil men, with no thought in my young mind that perhaps the heroines had been imprisoned for good reason, at least in the eyes of their captors. Too, being such unwilling prisoners, I knew they would eventually be freed by a valiant knight on a white charger then taken off to a land of never-ending love and being cherished. At some point, my desires began to clarify. My attraction was to the fact that these women were kept captive in very strong chains and that they were always locked away in deep secret, and secure dungeons from which there were no possible escape. I don't know *why* these visions held the attraction they did. They became an over-riding fascination that I thirsted after, and read all the tales I could find about this kind of situation, but never spoke to my parents or friends of this strange enchantment, enjoying its terrifying attractions in the privacy of my room.

One of the highlights of my teenage years, at thirteen, was to secretly buy a pair of real handcuffs. I spent many enjoyable nights playing with them in the privacy and

sanctuary of my bedroom, wondering what it would be like to be truly locked into these restraints with no means of removing them from myself. I tried them on my wrists and occasionally clasped them around my ankles, enjoying the sensations of strict control they engendered. Along with this playing, I also learned how to pick their rather simple locking mechanisms, as well as those of the regular locks around the house.

My attraction to these situations continued to grow while I passed through adolescence, but schooling took precedence. Thanks to my father's influence, I studied mechanical and aviation-related subjects until eventually, I graduated and went to work for the same firm that employed him.

I knew I was a pretty girl by most standards and some even called me beautiful, but I tried not to let it go to my head. Just before I was incarcerated by my Master, my measurements were: 177 cm tall (5' 9"), a weight of 68 kg (150 lb), bust 84 cm (33 in.), waist 67 cm (26 in.), and hips 91 cm (35 in.). I have green eyes and a light complexion, so there was really nothing special about me, but a lot of men liked me, and so my social life was quite normal for a young woman in the 1980's. Although I wasn't a promiscuous lover, I enjoyed the attentions and romancing of many young men and showing off my body provided me with a great deal of excitement and pleasure. My boyfriends were always very attentive and treated me with kindness and respect, but I knew there was something missing in these relationships, no matter how satisfying the sex.

I was unlike my friends, for most of them had married and had children by the time they were twenty, whereas I remained single, still searching for my ideal lover. I despaired of finding someone who could take me off to the land of pleasure I dreamt of, where I could freely enjoy my growing dream of being chained and held as a loved and valued prisoner by a caring but strict 'Master'.

Fate was unkind though, for at the age of twenty, in the summer of 1990, I suffered a devastating loss when both of my parents were killed in a terrible automobile accident, and I was left alone in the world. There were no aunts or uncles for all of my father's and mother's relations had been killed during the war, leaving them both as surviving orphans and so with few close friends, I was actually quite alone in the world. I do not know how I managed those first months after they were gone, but my few girl friends helped me through this period and work provided much relief. I immersed myself deeply in my job, only going to bars and clubs on Saturday nights and without doubt, I became somewhat of a flirt and very opinionated. In so many ways, those traits were my undoing. By the time I was twenty-two, I'd begun to think I'd never find the man I was looking for, but *then*, I met Thomas.

At first, I didn't think too much of him, for at twenty-six years of age, I thought he was a little too old for me. However, there was something in his eyes and the way he talked and moved that was distinctly attractive. Surprisingly, for some strange reason, we didn't have any sex that first night, even though it certainly seemed to be around the corner. We danced and enjoyed ourselves immensely and over the next weeks, the forces drawing me to him, and him to me, became stronger and stronger. Within a few more weeks, we were going to all sorts of events and clubs together, and our pleasure in each other's company grew. We dated for a long time, then came the fateful night when he asked about my dreams and secret desires. After a bottle of wine and a lot of stammering and blushing, I revealed some of my secret longings and the scene that followed stands

out in my mind as one of the most memorable and fateful nights for me, for that is where the story of my present life truly begins.

Thomas reached into his pocket and casually drew out a pair of handcuffs that matched the ones I had at home! A tremble shook my body, and I gasped at the sight of the shiny, steel restraints that lay revealed between us on the table of our booth. They were his, and he obviously knew how to use them. He watched me closely while I stared at them, then I glanced up into his eyes and realized *he* might be the man to make all of my secret dreams come true. How much so I had not the foggiest of ideas! We decided, then and there to leave the club and go to his home, which, strangely, I'd not visited until now. Thomas had been a very private person until that point and I trembled with thoughts of what delights we would enjoy now that his desires were also partially revealed.

My mind was in turmoil while he escorted me to his car, and along the way, between street's lights, he asked if I'd wear his cuffs. I whispered yes without a thought, and we stopped, then I turned my back to him, slowly moving my arms behind me, feeling how doing this made my breasts even more prominent. His strong hands held my arms, and while I stood trembling, he turned mine so that my palms faced outward, then slowly clasped the steel circlets around my wrists until they were painfully tight. Thomas turned me to face him and wrapped me securely in his arms, then bent to kiss me deeply. I responded with a fervour I'd never felt before, shuddering in ecstasy and almost fainting from the flood of sensations flooding through my mind. My desire was plain when I pushed myself forcefully against him, writhing with arousal. When we finally broke from our embrace many minutes later, he took me firmly by the arm and led me further along the street to his expensive car ... a convertible Mercedes sports coupe.

Wearing high heels together with a tight, black, leather mini-skirt made my progress slow, but the rasping sound of my nylon-sheathed thighs when they rubbed against each other while I walked, both felt and sounded incredibly sensuous. Thomas had draped his coat over my shoulders then slowly pulled my pinioned hands up my back until they were hidden beneath it. I never noticed the cold, revelling only in the sensations my captivity had brought forth.

I was soon strapped into the passenger seat, but he'd left the cuffs firmly fastened, then I was driven sedately to his home, some twenty km to the south of Munich, near the Starnberger Zee. I was surprised at the size of his house even though over the course of the dates we'd enjoyed, he'd told me that he also was an only child. Both of his parents had been older than mine but died within months of each other a few years ago and so now he was fully his own master. From the appearance, location, and size of the house, he was indeed 'comfortably off', and after seeing his car and now his home, it was apparent that he was, in fact, quite wealthy. I asked him about this as discreetly as I could while we drove up to the garage door, watching it open by remote control.

Until this point he'd said little about his life, despite our having talked of many things. I knew Thomas worked with computers and did a lot of travelling, but he really didn't need to do any work at all; it was more of a hobby and to pass the time. The garage door slid down and closed, then he assisted me from the car, being the very essence of gentlemanly behaviour while he escorted me inside and to the living room. When he'd removed his jacket from my shoulders, hanging it in the closet, he came back and asked if I would like to have the handcuffs taken off. I replied that I didn't want to be freed of them just yet and pulled a little against their restriction, rubbing my thighs together under

my skirt, feeling the growing wetness while my fingers fluttered uselessly in the air behind my buttocks. Under my thin blouse and bra, my nipples remained rock hard and super-sensitive and I found myself almost panting with desire to be taken by him, even bound as I was!

He looked deeply into my eyes when I declined to relinquish my captivity, then came over and wrapped his arms around me again. I melted against him, shuddering with this discovery of what I had so long sought ... but this was *only* the very beginning! Our kisses and his caresses seemed to go on forever, but at last we stopped, and he went to the kitchen for a bottle of wine. I lay on the couch in a daze of happiness and waited, still fastened.

Over the next hours, Thomas spoke far more freely about himself than he ever had in the past and I was entranced to learn of his dream of keeping a woman as a total slave. Having the money and time he did, he told me that he would treat her, quite properly, as a total possession and would ensure by whatever means possible, and necessary, that she would remain that way. I wanted so desperately to be *that* girl and a moment later told him how much that dream meant to me, also. The rest of our night was spent in a glorious marathon of sexual revelry and it is a night I shall not soon forget. All during our joy, he kept the handcuffs clasped firmly around my wrists, but unlike most men when they've completed the sexual act, he was caring and comforting in the extreme. What topped it off for me though, was that just before we fell asleep, he took another pair of handcuffs from his bedside table, leant down, and clasped them around my ankles! I was in heaven and almost passed out from the overwhelming wash of sensation and emotion. He covered my shivering body with a silken sheet and blanket, opened the window to the night, and only then returned to the bed and lay beside me. He was soon carried off to a deep, satiated sleep while I continued to shiver, although not from the temperature, but from the sensations of my longings at last being brought to reality while he'd held and caressed me moments more.

For many minutes after he began gently snoring, I lay there beside him, pulling a little at my restraints, then, before I knew it, I too had fallen into a deep, satisfied sleep. It was the very first time I felt that I was where I was supposed to be. At last I'd found the man I wanted to be my 'master', even though some of the dreams, thoughts, and ideas he'd told me of were more than a little scary. My growing love, I think, was because of the fact that his dreams so closely mirrored my own. Like most people when they are confronted with a long-held vision about to come true, I was nervous about the possibility of it actually happening.

The next morning, he freed me of the cuffs, then joined me in the shower where we happily scrubbed and washed each other and before we knew it, we were once more entangled, enjoying wet and wonderful sex. Over the rest of that day and for most of the next week, we revealed ourselves more fully to one another and discussed how we were going to manage our lives to reach our goals. I wasn't independently wealthy, but was certainly not short of money and I suppose that had made me into somewhat of a bitch and not just a little headstrong, although he had yet to find out more fully about these facets of my personality.

CHAPTER TWO

Getting Together

We decided to live as we were for the next two weeks, then I moved in with him. More importantly, I became his full time 'slave girl'. I continued to work at the aircraft company, but we decided at the end of the first month of living together that I would quit my job and take care of the house. At first, I would have my own room, my own bed and a place to store my clothes and other belongings, even though I'd probably spend most nights in his bed.

The situation evolved and I happily settled into my new role, but my life, as the lady of the house, was substantially different from that of most other women. Thomas and I had come to an agreement that I was to be his, in all respects, and I agreed to his conditions with a happy heart and soul. These lived up to what I thought I'd enjoy, and soon he began to spend freely to create the equipment and environment of my dreams. Within a month of my moving in, Michael, a close friend of Thomas, came to the house and constructed the first version of my 'Dungeon'. This was actually quite a small area, having originally been a large basement bathroom. Michael equipped it with strongly-mounted restraint rings complete with dangling chains, then replaced the normal door with a tightly barred one, just like a true jail cell. Thomas and I wanted this little playroom to remain secret, and so Michael was at the same time commissioned to build a cement partition wall, complete with a heavy, steel-covered door, hidden behind a set of shelves that were apparently bolted firmly to the wall.

Michael is a man of many talents, and amongst them was the fact that he was a metal worker of extraordinary skill with all of the tools required to build the next pieces of equipment I hungered for. Thomas and I spent a lot of time discussing the kind of restraints we wanted to have created and I made it very clear that the ensemble I was to be locked into was to be an all-encompassing restraint harness, imprisoning not only my limbs, but also my head and body. The ensemble was, of course, to be utterly secure and inescapable once they'd been fitted to me and Thomas happily agreed with my desires, then added-in elements I'd not thought of. He demanded that I also be required to wear a chastity belt as a part of my bondage harness in addition to a thing he called a 'chastity bra'. I wasn't sure I wanted *those* additions, but he insisted, and so I reluctantly agreed to them. When he suggested that a gag and blindfold should also be incorporated as add-ons, I almost passed out with the desire to experience everything ... *right now!*

We began to work on the actual design of the restraints and soon came up with one that met all of our requirements. It was a lot of fun making the patterns and we used much construction-type cardboard to create the designs that Michael would soon bring to reality. Naturally, Thomas wanted my restraints to be of the highest quality, so Michael would make them from a very tough grade of stainless steel, despite how difficult that material was to work with. Once we'd finalized our designs for my restraints, Michael did casts of my head, arms, and legs, telling me without doubt that Thomas was seriously intentioned about having the harness made.

It actually took some months to create the designs to his and Michael's satisfaction, but during our wait, we continued to play with the handcuffs, and soon we'd added other chains to the ensemble. I was very happy with these changes, but while the weeks passed, I began to wonder when my other restraints would be ready. Thomas soon discovered

how nimble my fingers were when I showed him the ease with which I picked the locks of the handcuffs and released myself, and so purchased some extremely high security ones from an American company and I quickly discovered, once wearing them that I couldn't get them off.

We continued to go to the clubs and play our games, but now, he kept me under stricter control, for during the wait for my new restraints, he'd purchased a light, steel collar and a chastity belt. He now required that I wear them whenever we went out to clubs and it was fun for me to tease and flirt with other men, knowing I was safely contained. Thomas, though, was unhappy with my behaviour even though he held the keys. By nature he was a jealous man and he soon demanded that I wear the chastity belt and collar at *all* times when I was out of the house. On one hand, I rebelled at the idea that he considered me incapable of being faithful, but on the other, I was secretly thrilled at this deepening of his control. I agreed to this increase of my slavery with somewhat feigned reluctance, but wearing the collar and chastity belt didn't stop me from doing the chores, and if I *really* wanted to get them off, I could pick the locks or cut them off.

One of the consequences of my new underwear was that now, I had to forgo wearing the tight trousers I'd so enjoyed, for they revealed the prominent lines of my chastity belt and so I took to wearing looser, skirts that quite effectively hid its presence. Even so, I was always conscious of the steel around my waist pressing firmly into my belly and the band cinched up tightly between my legs. When he was home, I was free of the chastity belt most of the time, but the wearing skirts or dresses at all times was another facet of Thomas' desire to make me more and more his undeniably *female* slave. At first I rebelled against this dictate, and forcible reminder of my femaleness, but he was adamant and so I gave in and accepted that I must. My collar, however, *never* came off, and I soon got used to wearing it twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. If I left the house on an errand, I wore a scarf or a turtle neck sweater to hide its presence, but was always fearful that someone would see the steel band locked snugly around my throat, precisely as he intended I feel.

Sometimes, when we played, he'd take me down to the small dungeon and once there, I'd be leashed to the wall with a strong, short chain. During these adventures I was of course kept naked and restrained with the handcuffs, and most times I was also fitted with ankle cuffs joined by a short or long chain, depending on his mood. I very much enjoyed the love-making when this happened! But one night, when we'd finished, or so I thought, he closed and locked the cell door, leaving me inside with my hands still cuffed behind my back, ankles chained closely together, and still leashed to the wall by a chain just long enough for me to lay on the mat that served as my bed! At first, I was shocked when he didn't release me to come back upstairs with him, but the seriousness of my situation struck me fully when he closed the heavy steel door and I heard its bolts slide closed. It was locked from the outside and I was alone, helplessly chained, and for the first time in my life, *truly* a prisoner! What a rush of sensation surged through my body! It was deathly quiet in the basement, and for long moments, I lay on my side, staring out between the tightly spaced steel bars of my little cell. I wanted to have sex with him again, immediately!

Over the next hours, I prayed he'd come back and ravish me, but he didn't return that night, having already fallen into his bed and dropped immediately into a deep sleep. I, however, could not sleep and lay writhing against my bonds, trying to masturbate. Of

course it was totally useless, fastened as I was, but I too eventually fell asleep, as restless as it turned out to be. Although the basement was warm and the mat comfortable within reason, I wanted some sort of sheet or covering, but there was nothing. I could use the toilet with little difficulty, but when I wanted a drink of water, it was very difficult to manage.

Nearly all homes in Germany are made completely of concrete; it being used for the floors and walls and so I knew no one would ever hear me if I tried to yell for help. I *was* his prisoner, held in an inescapable, little concrete prison, and knew without a doubt that it would be impossible for me to break out. Thomas' house is located in the suburbs, separated from all of the neighbours by a large garden space and trees and in addition, there wasn't a house directly across from it, so, in effect, it is isolated even more. Not only that, but the house is built into the side of a small hill with its front facing to the road some twenty-five metres away and my 'cell' is at its back, facing north. Even if I made a lot of noise, the chance of being heard beyond the walls of the cell was very small and the chance of anyone hearing my cries and screams beyond the walls of the house, to say nothing of beyond the property line (and it is a big lot), were non-existent.

At the end of the room, beyond my bathroom cell, there was a small window set high in the wall. Outside that is a three metre deep, narrow, concrete-walled air shaft that rises to a small window box against the foundation at the back of the house. Its top is fitted with a closely barred grill and this is locked securely so that only a small amount of sunlight can come down the narrow shaft. The window always beckons to me as being a possible means of escape from my 'dungeon', as I'd already begun to think of it.

At last morning came and I found myself standing before the barred door, straining against the chain leash that tethered the back ring of my collar to the wall, wanting now with more worry than arousal to see him. The hours dragged endlessly by, and still he did not come. When he finally returned I was overjoyed, even though he stood beyond the bars and made no move to free me. He smiled when I asked that he release me from my leash and cuffs.

"No, Sabrina." he smiled happily. "You will remain precisely where you are, as you are now confined, for the next three days. This is your first lesson of imprisonment."

For a moment I stared at him speechless, then, just before I began to protest, he spoke again.

"Isn't this what you've always wanted?" he asked, another small smile twitching his lips.

I swallowed what I was about to say and glanced up at him, then looking down and blushing deeply, whispered a reply.

"Yes, this is exactly the sort of thing I've dreamt about ... for years."

Being chained and leashed behind the bars and having to make that admission was far more embarrassing than I thought it would be, so I continued to stare down at the floor, my face still flushed with embarrassment. He disappeared, but a few moments later returned with some covered, plastic plates of food. I was commanded to come as close to the bars as I could to be fed, and soon he began passing my meal through them with a spoon. I found this to be very erotic and pulled against my restraints and short leash while I ate, much to his amusement. When I was finished, he collected all of the implements.

"I'll be back tonight with your evening meal. Good bye!" With that, he turned and walked away leaving me standing there, dumbfounded.

Short seconds later the outer door of the dungeon boomed closed and he was gone again leaving me confined in the locked cell, tethered to the wall by an inescapable chain leash! While those first hours wore away, the knowledge that I was a naked, helplessly chained, secret prisoner, perhaps alone in the house and with no way of telling anyone about my situation, made me feel really wonderful. I became very aroused and struggled what little I could against my tightly clasped cuffs, surging against the implacable length of chain linking me to the wall, enjoying the realization of this long-held fantasy. However, the eroticism of my situation soon faded, not having anyone to share it with, or to take advantage of me while I was restrained like this and I was left bored and becoming bitchier by the moment. I wanted to escape my solitary confinement, but could do absolutely nothing!

Thomas returned with my meal that night, and when I was finished he left me alone once more, even though I begged him to stay and talk a little while. I tried to get him to come into the cell and have sex with me, but he was resolute, and with a smile I had soon been left alone again, my frustration overtaking all of the arousal I felt. The next two days passed in the same way, but late the third night, he returned, opened the cell door, and came inside. By that point, I was pathetically glad of his company and very nearly in tears.

He came to where I sat against the wall, pushed me onto my side then casually rolled me onto my back. He disrobed while I shivered and whimpered with need, then quickly lengthened the chain between my ankle cuffs, but left my hands still cuffed securely behind, remaining snugly collared and leashed to the wall. Only then did he make slow and excruciatingly prolonged love to me. I could not contain myself, becoming aroused immediately, and soon, screaming for him to penetrate me to the deepest he could manage while I writhed and fought my bonds like a demented thing. It was the most intense series of orgasms I had yet experienced.

When we finally collapsed from our lovemaking, he re-joined my ankles as before, then fell asleep almost instantly, leaving me bathed in sweat, still shivering with reaction against my restraints. With nothing to do, I too fell soundly asleep, only partially waking when he rose and left the cell, leaving me still locked within.

The next morning he returned to release me from the leash and my cuffs and within two minutes, I was upstairs enjoying a blissful, long bath and shower. When I finally emerged from the bathroom, he silently handed me my chastity belt and pointed to the bed where he'd laid out my favourite leather skirt and a nice beige top with a high turtle neck.

By the appearance of these, I knew I was to be taken out of the house and so quickly donned my clothes, finding the chastity belt to be as oppressive and controlling as always. I obeyed his unspoken command, and soon thereafter we were eating breakfast. He informed me that today I was to get my hair cut to a very short style then after that we'd go to a local dive shop to get my dungeon suit.

It was then I knew my new restraints must nearly be ready and I couldn't help my shivers of part-worry, part-excitement, and part-arousal, knowing that at some point soon, I would finally get to wear them! I didn't like the idea of having my long, beautiful hair cropped, but he was now even more fully my master and so I didn't complain about his conditions. An hour later, we were on our way into town and my first taste of what was to come.

CHAPTER THREE

Preparations and Beginnings

The day went as Thomas had planned, although I found it to be a difficult time when we went to be fitted for my dungeon suit. After finding one he liked, red and silver, three mm in thickness, I went into the dressing room, stripped off my outer clothing and put it on. The suit was unlined, so it was difficult to get into, but eventually, I managed it and looked into the dressing room's mirror. I was horrified to see that the lines of my chastity belt showed clearly and there was no way to conceal its presence. In addition, the suit was quite tight, making me feel uncomfortable and somewhat claustrophobic once it was on, but when I emerged from the dressing room and whispered to Thomas that I didn't really like these sensations, he ignored my concerns. He spent a lot of time with the store's owner, indicating the modifications he wished to have made to the garment and describing the manner in which he wanted it fashioned and finished. My suit was to have a full, head-covering helmet glued and sewn onto the body; there was to be a zip-on face mask with holes for my nostrils, eyes, and mouth; and the back zipper was to be modified to have a lock-type fitting that could be secured at the base of my spine. He required three other rubber-edged-apertures, and I stood blushing furiously while he indicated that there were to be two made at the level of my breasts (thus allowing them to protrude) and the third was to be in a wide triangular shape that extended from just below my pubic bone, down between my legs to the base of my spine. This last would be cut so that the top, inner, ten cm of my thighs would also be uncovered, and the rear portion would outline my buttocks, coming tightly into the crease under them. Nearly in tears, I returned to the dressing room, peeled off the tight suit, and got dressed again in my street clothing. When I returned to the main part of the store, the two of them were finalizing arrangements and I was informed that the modified suit would be ready in a week. We'd return for it then.

Unknown to me, some weeks previously, Thomas had already taken a sample of the type and thickness of the material to Michael, and he'd made allowances for the thickness in the manufacture of my restraints. Nothing had been left to chance. Two hours later, after my hair had been cut, I felt nearly naked, but over the ensuing week, I soon got used to the new style and actually began to like the lack of care that came with it.

We returned to the house where Thomas revealed another secret; one I wasn't sure I liked at all. As soon as we were inside, he ordered me to get undressed and follow him to the kitchen, then once there; he reached into the broom closet and pulled out a length of chain. I was told to turn my back then felt the cold, steel links trail up across my flushed skin. There was a loud click at the back of my neck, and he told me that, from now on, I would always be leashed while inside the house, and if he felt like it, I would also be cuffed. Hearing this, I shivered with a delicious sensation of deepening captivity while he left me standing there for a moment and went to his study, returning with the pairs of now-separated heavy-duty cuffs, each with a short chain dangling from it. I automatically held out my hands and he quickly closed the smaller pair around my wrists, then, taking two heavy locks from his pocket, fastened the free ends of their chains to the side rings of my chastity belt. That wasn't all though, for he knelt before me and clasped the heavy, snug shackles around my ankles, then joined *their* short lengths of chain with a third lock. All were quite tight, but I soon got used to the sensation of restriction, and from then on, I

was never without them while in the house, and many times even had to wear them when we went out. When this happened, my cuffs were always hidden by concealing clothing.

A week later, we returned to the dive shop and immediately went to its back room where I was handed the newly modified suit. Once we were alone in the dressing room, Thomas ordered me to get undressed and remain still while he unlocked and removed my chastity belt. Once I'd taken it off, he handed me a large bottle of oily liquid and told me to rub it all over my body and neck. I did as he ordered, finding the liquid to be extremely slippery, and all the time he watched closely. I pushed my feet into the suit's legs, and its unlined interior felt funny, but this time, it slid easily over my feet and up my legs, thanks to the slick stuff I'd covered myself with. I slopped more of the lubricant onto my body, and the suit slipped on easily while I pulled it up, blushing red from the sensation and knowledge that the insides of my upper thighs, my buttocks, and my sex were framed and so visibly displayed in the wide aperture at my crotch. It felt so strange! Next, I leant forward and slipped my hands into the sleeves and down them into the attached gloves, then slowly straightened until its torso slipped up and over my shoulders. The tough material gradually settled into place, tightening slightly while I shrugged to get the upper portion to fit more closely and with a blush, I felt my full breasts being compressed, bulging somewhat through the two undersized holes for them. They didn't hurt, but the compression, like a bra that is too tight, *was* uncomfortable. For the moment, the helmet hung down in front, then Thomas unlocked my collar and ordered me to pull the helmet up over my head and face. I obeyed, and my face emerged through the aperture for it at the front, also distinctly framed by its reinforced edging. He ordered me to stand still, then moved close behind and slowly pulled the zipper closed from the crown of my head to the base of my spine and I faintly heard a small click. I was surprised by how much of the everyday sounds the suit's helmet eliminated and felt as though I was partially deaf! Thomas had had another addition made to the helmet so that now there was a double thickness layer of sound insulation incorporated into its sides, over and around my ears! He quickly passed the (until now slightly loose) collar around my neck, locking it in place once more so that I felt its width clasping my throat with increased authority and shuddered from the sensation.

Once the suit was completely closed up, it formed very snugly to my body and he came around then stood before me, smiling happily. I was told to stand still and he reached up to gently clamp my right nipple, then slowly pulled my compressed breast out through the hole. It hurt when he grasped the tender flesh, then even more when he applied a gentle tension and I could not stop the small yelp and whine I made. However, he continued gently tugging until the fleshy mound had slid all the way through, and the suit settled even more closely onto my rib cage around the now gently constricted base of my breast.

He repeated the process on the other side, and a moment later, I felt an even brighter flush of red cover my face, feeling how my breasts were now so blatantly displayed, bouncing, and jiggling with every breath I took! That wasn't all I felt though! The holes he'd had cut were too small for the diameter of my breasts at their base, and each aperture was designed with a narrow but thick, thick, rubber collar! These, of course, immediately tried to resume their original size, garrotting my flesh gently so that my breasts slowly began to swell with sensitising blood, turning a deeper pink in colour and making my

nipples stand out in rampant arousal, demanding attention. I became totally and completely aware of myself as a female, for there was *no* way to avoid it.

Thomas stood back and inspected me, then ordered me to stand still while he re-applied the waistband of my chastity belt. It was even tighter than usual, thanks to the thickness of the suit, but soon, it too was firmly secured. Because of the compression of the suit and the effect it was having on my breasts, I was already wet with arousal when he ordered me to spread my legs and he immediately brought the crotch shield forward between my thighs then up over my lower belly. It was cold and I shuddered uncontrollably with sensation when he pressed it tighter over my quaking loins, shutting my eyes when the tamper proof lock clicked closed. Around the rapidly warming steel covering, my slightly bulged and exposed flesh felt very vulnerable and I could feel the shield's edges pressing lightly into the sensitive skin of my upper thighs.

He said he wanted to see how my mask looked and so I stood still while he joined the ends of the strong, nylon zipper under my chin then carefully pulled the rubber shield up over my face. In seconds, the zippers on either side had been drawn up then across my forehead to the middle and I both heard and felt *another* soft click! The sensation of the thick, obscuring rubber, both pressing itself onto and completely covering my face was quite unpleasant! Too, I knew it would also hide any expression I made, acting very strongly to depersonalise me and I didn't like that one bit. The mask quickly began to feel sticky and even more uncomfortable, but no matter how I twitched my facial muscles I *couldn't* avoid the sensations. However, the zipper had been locked closed, and I was unable to pull the awful thing off or away from my skin. I'd just have to get used to it.

Thomas handed over my leather skirt and silk blouse and I sat down to put them on, wondering what was going to happen next. I desperately wanted to wear a bra to at least limit the embarrassing bobbling of my breasts, but he didn't offer to return it and so I quickly buttoned the blouse to cover myself. Even though it was now hidden beneath the concealment of the cloying rubber mask my face was flushed red once more. The skin around my eyes and mouth was all that could be seen, for even my hands were fully gloved by the suit. It felt *very* strange! Next, I put on my shoes, a pair of Converse Runners, and the suit's extra padding felt weird at first.

Thomas left the dressing room for a moment but quickly returned with a full, head covering, motorcycle helmet of the kind with the chin cover and drop-down face shield. That wasn't all, for in his other hand he carried a thing I'd begun to hate with a passion: a harness gag with blow-up mouth filler. He silently held up the mouth balloon and I unwillingly opened for it, then he slipped the straps around my rubber-encased head and rapidly tightened the whole network. I felt that he was unnecessarily harsh with his adjustments, but soon, the un-inflated balloon was held securely within my mouth. Seconds later, he attached the filler bulb and its hose to the fitting on the wide strap that covered the whole of my lower face, then with a half dozen quick squeezes, made the bladder within swell into a hard firmness. I almost retched, feeling my tongue immobilized on the floor of my mouth, but he knew how far I could be pushed and gave the bulb yet another squeeze! A small, whistling moan was all that could be heard when I tried to protest, but then I looked at the helmet. The shield was up, and I saw that it was tinted a deep grey, supposedly to reduce the sun's glare for the wearer, but I was absurdly glad because it would conceal the fact that I wore the dive suit and was now most thoroughly masked and gagged.

He slipped it over my head and tightened the strap under my chin, making it even more difficult for me to open my mouth, even if I wasn't already wearing the harness gag. When he dropped the facial shield, I heard another small click and knew I be unable to raise it on my own. Next, he handed over my light leather jacket and I slipped it on. He zipped it closed right up to my chin under the helmet's bottom edge then buckled it snugly over my steel collar. I was deeply embarrassed at being gagged in public, by the strange underclothing I wore, and the knowledge that my breasts were bouncing freely on the front of my body, but anyone who looked at me would have just assumed I was a motorcyclist ready for a run on her bike. That was his intent.

Once he was happy with the way I was dressed, we left the shop and walked hand-in-hand along the street to his car. I was terribly conscious of myself and how I looked, but none of the people we passed even stared. I looked perfectly normal! Once in the car, Thomas provided my next surprise. He said he'd already made the arrangements with Michael, and today I was to have my nipples pierced and fitted with shackles that could not be easily removed. I gasped with surprise then growing arousal, for I'd always wanted to have it done, but had never gotten up the nerve. *Now*, there was no choice, and it *was* going to happen! I shivered in my seat, hunching myself against the restriction of my new dungeon suit, feeling even more vulnerable when my swollen and sensitive breasts rubbed against each other, with my nipples sliding against the slick fabric of my blouse whenever I took a breath or exhaled.

Three quarters of an hour later, we'd returned to Thomas' home and gone inside. He immediately instructed me to remove all of the clothes I could, but didn't release me from the helmet, nor did he raise its visor. A moment later, he'd locked my house leash chain to the back of my collar and cuffed my hands securely to the side rings of my chastity belt, then fitted my ankle shackles and short hobble chain. Both sets of cuffs fastened more tightly than usual, having to sink into the cushioning of the suit, and so I felt their restriction even more intensely than ever before. He left me standing in the kitchen, saying he'd be back a little later with Michael then the door closed behind him. My leash was long enough that I could reach the back door, but it would not permit me to go outside, nor could I get near the front door, and so I was confined to the ground floor of the house, waiting nervously for what was soon to be done to me. There was another chain upstairs that was just as restricting, and of course, the leash in the small cell in the basement, but by now I had grown used to being limited by them.

I stood quietly for a few moments, still fully gagged and helmeted, feeling utterly foolish. My breasts bounced sensually with every breath and when I tried to walk, they swung freely from my chest, snared captives of the suit. I wanted desperately to reach up and massage them and feel my nipples, or try and shift the oppressive mask on my face, but my wrists had been strictly fastened to my waistband so that I couldn't move them to touch myself. The slipperiness that had allowed the suit to glide over my body when I'd first put it on had begun to disappear, being slowly absorbed into my skin and the result was that the suit became more and more sticky over its entire inside, seeming to bond itself onto my skin and trapping me ever more thoroughly inside its cloying encasement. For the next hour, I shuffled distractedly around the main floor, barely able to see where I was going. I couldn't do a thing other than stare out of the windows at the garden and world beyond, and surprisingly enough, began to enjoy this newest facet of my erotic captivity.

At last, I faintly heard the garage door open and close, and walked slowly to the back door then knelt as I was supposed to whenever he arrived. I wanted the gag out very badly, but it was not to be. Thomas and Michael came through the door, then stopped and stared at me for the longest time. I wasn't embarrassed that Michael saw my nakedness, for that had happened many times already, but he immediately came over and cupped my ballooned, left breast, bouncing and squeezing it gently and now I *did* blush and whine. Still holding me, he asked Thomas if *he* was ready to have the piercings done then with that confirmed, Michael's grasp on my swollen breast tightened, and I struggled to my feet when he pulled upward. Maintaining a firm grasp, he pulled me to the door of the stairwell leading to the basement. Gagged and with my head concealed inside the helmet, he could not hear my wail of distress, nor could he see my face and eyes when he'd mercilessly drawn me to my feet then after him. In the meantime, Thomas had released my leash from its ring and followed Michael and I down the stairs and into the dungeon, all the time keeping a tension on the chain to ensure I *knew* that I was fully a captive. Michael also maintained his firm grasp on my tender breast until we reached the room outside the small bath cell, then once inside, released me. Thomas tugged me over to the back wall and made me kneel. I was pushed toward the wall until the soles of my shoes pressed against the cement, then he bent me back and drew the chain from the rear of my collar to a wall ring, just below neck height. A lock went through a link and was immediately closed, leaving me bowed uncomfortably backward from the waist, my hands still fastened at the sides of my cinch and gagged within the locked closed helmet. In a loud voice he told me what was to come.

"Sabrina, you are going to be left precisely as you are now for an hours or so while Michael and I make the final preparations, then your nipples will be pierced and fitted with shackles. After that, you'll be fed a small meal then remain here overnight, leashed, cuffed, gagged, and helmeted. In the morning, your regular life will resume."

They left and did not return for a long time, for he obviously wanted me to think and worry about what was coming. All the while, I shivered, whining into the huge gag filling my mouth. I couldn't move away from the wall, and so knelt where I was, held arched uncomfortably backward with my breasts sticking out prominently, swaying and trembling gently with every breath. I was somewhat frightened of what was to come, even though I wanted it to happen, but still spent all of my time worrying until at last they returned. Even though I couldn't see very well thanks to the dark tint of the face shield, I struggled what little I could when they moved closer.

Thomas walked slowly into my field of vision, then, saying nothing, his hands pressed my shoulders tight to the wall. A calloused hand cupped my right breast then I felt a coldness swabbed over its apex. A second later, a blazing pain erupted at the base of my nipple and I screamed frantically into my gag while it went on and on, shaking my helmeted head frantically. I cannot really describe the sensation, for the white-hot lance seemed to be centimetres thick (but was, probably, only about three mm) and I felt it push slowly through then pull back, burning fiercely all the time. I panted as though giving birth while this was being done, for it seemed as though the needle being withdrawn was *far* longer than the one that had been inserted, but it was actually the straight, cross-pin of a shackle. The pain radiated away from my nipple, seeming to suffuse my entire breast, especially now that it was swollen and sensitive, constricted around its base.

My other nipple was swabbed and again, the fire erupted! More wailing pants hissed through my flared nostrils while the piercing was done, but at last it was over, or so I thought when my shoulders were released. There were some gentle manipulations at the tip of my right breast, then I felt a vibration and a small, but substantial, un-ignorable weight came on it, swinging slightly. It didn't hurt, but I was definitely aware of the drag!

The same thing happened on my left side, then my collar leash when it was released from its shortened length and while helping me to stand, they both congratulated me on having withstood the piercing so well. My leash hung from the back of my collar to its full length of just under two metres then they left, closing and locking the barred door.

Inside, still helmeted, gagged, with my hands secured at my waist, I sank to the floor overwhelmed with the knowledge that each of my breasts now bore a shackle I would be unable to remove, no matter how I tried. I could feel their weights swinging slightly back and forth with my every breath, but couldn't reach up and touch them!

For the longest time, I just sat and thought aimlessly, wondering at some point why I had allowed myself to become enmeshed in this life, but wanting to experience even more!

CHAPTER FOUR

The First Taste

Thomas returned a long time later, and within two minutes of his entering the cell, I'd been freed of the helmet and gag, but he left my wrists securely fastened to my cinch then helped me to stand. I looked down at myself to see the silvery U's dangling enticingly from the tips of my swollen breasts and was awed at their thickness and how they so blatantly transfixed the brown flesh, sinking into and *through* it. Thomas had brought a bottle of disinfectant with him and proceeded to wash the wounds, making me whine from the fierce stinging it evoked when he gently moved the bars back and forth.

He informed me that I was to be kept here for the day and he would take care of the cleaning and disinfecting process. Soon, I would have to do it for myself until the piercings had healed fully, but in the meantime, I was forbidden to touch my new jewellery, and my hands would remain immobilized to ensure this. He left again and returned with my evening meal, then fed me while I sat with my back against the wall. Between mouthfuls of food and glasses of wine, we discussed how things would progress from this point.

My life, for the most part, would remain unchanged from how we had lived until that point, but he said with a happy smile, he was now in possession of my Stainless Steel Restraint and Discipline Harness, and it *would* be used. I smiled with nervous happiness and asked if we could do it right now, but he was determined that I would have to wait a while yet, for it was his intention to expand my cell and make the area immediately outside it into a larger accommodation, complete with a barred wall, a puppy cage, a computer, and some other equipment. Michael, he said, had already drawn up the plans and would begin work as soon as I was released from my current imprisonment. I would still remain collared and leashed while in the house of course, and any time I was permitted out, but from this point onward, it would only be with his permission and accompanied by him. I didn't really want *that* kind of strict control, but I could live with it, I thought, without too much difficulty.

Next, he told me of the two ways I could be secured in my Stainless Steel Restraint and Discipline Harness. One was that it could be secured with locks for short terms of incarceration, and the other was with security shields fitted and secured by rivets, sealing me into it with utter finality for longer terms of imprisonment, perhaps months in length. When I heard *that*, I shivered with even more terrified delight, knowing that eventually, I would so badly break the rules he'd laid down that he'd *have* to imprison me for a very long time. We talked more about the general things in our lives then he gave me a last drink of wine and told me to open my mouth to be gagged for the night. I *really* didn't want him to do it and leave me alone again so helpless, but he is a strong-willed man, and so I soon wore the head harness with gag fully inflated once more. He encased my head in the helmet then its visor was closed and locked. Passively, I let him bring my hands down beside my waist and felt the two locks snap shut, then stared hungrily out through the thick plastic over my face and watched while he closed and locked the cell door. I was left alone in my prison cell.

Sitting was about the only thing I could do with any comfort, but even *that* was not easy, thanks to the rigid steel of the chastity belt's crotch cover between my legs. I spent the next hours trying to find a comfortable way to rest, focussing on the now far more

intense sensations of bondage and knowledge of helplessness I was being forced to experience. My dungeon suit had, at first, been an interesting sensation because of its all-over compression of my body, limbs, head, face, and hands, but *now* I began to grow tired of its unrelenting restriction and compression, and badly wanted to get out of it. I particularly disliked having to wear the obscuring, cloying mask, but of course, there was no way for me to manage removing *any* part of the suit without Thomas' assistance. My chastity belt was always a trial, for it not only prevented me from stimulating myself, but it was also uncomfortable nearly all of the time, firmly compressing my belly and pulling tightly up into my crotch. With my hands fastened as they were, I could do nothing to alleviate *any* of these sensations, and when I jerked my arms against their restrictions, I felt the chastity belt even more intensely when it moved fractionally. To add even more to my personal vision of being enslaved, I was now also supremely conscious of my newly decorated breasts. The shackles at their tips made me supremely vulnerable, I knew instinctually, even more so than just having breasts!

Finally, I lay on my back, for it was impossible to rest in any other way, and tried to get comfortable for the night, but sleep was a long time coming, and I rolled back and forth restlessly. I had to get up to use the toilet once, but there was nothing else for me to do. At last I slept, despite all the discomforts I had to put up with, not knowing that they were as nothing compared to what I'd eventually have to live with.

Thomas returned early in the morning, and within minutes, I had been freed of the helmet while my shoes and my hands were released from their cuffs. He unlocked the chastity belt, and with the door of the cell still locked, freed me of the chain leash, and I was permitted to remove my dungeon suit. I quickly peeled it off my head and face then carefully down my body, sighing with relief when I pulled my breasts back out through their too small holes. They only ached a little by this point, but my nipples were still sensitive and tender around the piercings, so for the moment, I didn't touch them. I stood submissively with my back to him when he reattached the leash to my collar then released it from the wall ring. A few seconds later, the door of the cell was opened, and I walked submissively ahead of him, on my tether, to the entrance of the dungeon and out into the normal part of the basement.

We emerged into the short corridor then walked to the bottom of the stairs, and a few minutes later, I was in the upper bathroom happily running the water for a long and luxurious bath. Thomas had carried my chastity belt while I scampered happily ahead of him at the length of my leash, anxious to bathe, but inside the bathroom, he locked its free end to a wall ring then with a smile, told me to call him when I was finished and ready to get dressed. I spent the next hour, I suppose, splashing happily and closely examining my new adornments. The metal pins transfixing the bases of my nipples were massive in their thickness! I washed myself carefully, gently flipping the shackles up and down while soaping the areas of their imposition and as always, I enjoyed caressing my breasts, feeling their resilience and weight while at the same time and doing the gentle palpitations to check for lumps.

"I'm so lucky," I thought to myself, *"to be a woman with such a nice body!"* At last it was time to get out of the bath and dry myself and I enjoyed the short time before getting dressed.

I called out and a minute later Thomas came in and freed my leash from its ring then led me to the bedroom. My chastity belt and regular clothing was laid out on the bed and

within a few more minutes I was fully dressed again. Thomas had placed a bra with the clothes this time and so I was ready for another day as his slave girl. A few moments later he'd released my room leash and we went downstairs, where he attached my house leash then left for his office in downtown Munich.

CHAPTER FIVE

Growing Control

Life returned to our version of normality with both Thomas and I enjoying how our relationship was evolving. We did not play again in the downstairs dungeon for nearly two weeks. Some days he left me on the main floor of the house while he was at work, and on others I was left upstairs, but always kept in hand and ankle chains, always securely leashed. On the days when groceries or other supplies were needed, he'd take me into town to shop, but each time this was scheduled, before he left the house, Thomas double-checked to ensure I was securely locked in my chastity belt. On weekends, we worked in the garden, and the occasional night we'd go into town to enjoy a dinner and some dancing. In the meanwhile, Michael continued his work in the basement, expanding the dungeon to its new size, but I wasn't permitted to see the progress of his work. He always brought the materials at night, so no one in the neighbourhood knew there was any sort of construction happening, although I could occasionally hear very faint noises when I was upstairs. Of course, I wondered what it was that was taking so long, but eventually, he finished the work, and Thomas inspected it. I was still not permitted to see what had been done, and so grew ever more curious.

We occasionally went to the kink clubs and that, for me, was always a lot of fun. Thomas normally took a great deal of care to keep our secret life hidden, but on those occasions we'd be properly and visibly in role. Some weeks after Michael finished his labour, Thomas had me wear a short black leather skirt over my chastity belt, and I put on a loose, low cut, clinging sweater. Of course this revealed a lot of cleavage, and my collar was fully visible, but he wasn't yet done with dressing me. Before I put on my coat, he insisted that my hands be chained as usual, then added another element he thought I'd enjoy. I crossed my arms behind and he locked the rings of my cuffs to the side rings of my belt, on the opposite sides! I was, of course, quite helpless, and he slipped the coat over my shoulders, buttoned it closed to my neck then tucked the ends of the unfilled sleeves into the pockets. As a last touch, he clipped a gleaming, silvery chain to the front ring of my still-visible collar and only then unlocked the house leash from its back ring. Seemingly without a thought, led me out to the garage and fastened me into my seat then off we went. Luckily, we were able to park close to the club, and at that time of the evening, in that part of town, there were few other pedestrians on the street when he pulled me from the car by my leash. Thomas had also insisted that I wear boots, so I'd put on my platform soled, knee high, lace-up ones and strutted along beside him on the end of my leash, blushing furiously. In short minutes, we'd entered the club and I relaxed. As soon as we were inside, he released my wrists but kept them still on short chains to the side rings of the waistband of my chastity belt, clearly visible above the skirt's waist.

He led me to the bar and bought us a couple of drinks then we wandered around until he found a table and sat down to watch the crowd. Of course, my costume drew a lot of looks, and I enjoyed the attention, particularly from a young, handsome guy at the next table. I smiled at him, and we flirted with our eyes for many minutes then Thomas took me to the dance floor, seeming not to have noticed my adventures, and for the next three or four hours, we enjoyed ourselves while I continued to flirt with our neighbour. I began

talking with him and became even more obvious about my apparent infatuation, ignoring my Master for longer and longer periods.

Perhaps this was a subconscious desire on my part, but Thomas was not at all happy with the way I was carrying on, and so eventually he stood and with a firm tug on my leash, pulled me to the coatroom and retrieved our outer garments. While I stood with the end of my leash locked to a nearby wall ring, he re-cuffed my hands as they'd been fastened when we'd arrived then threw my coat over my shoulders, but didn't button it. A moment later, he'd put on his coat then unlocked my leash, and with a harsh tug, pulled me wordlessly out the door and into the cold night. I immediately wanted to pull my coat around me and got instant goose bumps on my exposed flesh, but of course, with my hands crossed behind my back with the wrist cuffs locked to my belt, there was no way I could manage it while he strode rapidly and angrily down the street ahead of me, jerking harshly on my leash. I already knew I was in trouble, for he hadn't said a word after leaving the table.

Wearing the high-heeled boots made me almost stumble while I ran to keep up with him, but he paid my distress no attention and when we got to the car, he opened the passenger door then forcefully tore off my coat and threw it into the back seat. I stared at him with some worry for I'd never seen him this angry before. He tersely told me to be seated and quickly fastened me, then a moment later we were zooming down the deserted streets, returning to the house. The trip home was a silent one and I nervously wondered what was going to happen when we got there, having completely forgotten about my newest bondage equipment.

At the house, Thomas took me inside and immediately downstairs to the basement. If I hadn't known any better, I'd not have been aware of the secret door, but he released the hidden catch and pulled me through into the short corridor, closing the outer door behind us. Still saying nothing, he drew me along past a storage room on the left then through another door, this made of thick, steel-plated wood, secured by two heavy beams locked into brackets. I shivered with delicious terror when I saw this arrangement, and he pulled a key ring from his pocket and opened the locks. The beams slid through their steel mounts with a metallic slithering sound, then he used yet another key for the heavy lock in the door itself.

"Come!" he commanded while pulling firmly on my leash and I had no choice but to follow him inside. He closed the door once we'd entered.

What met my eyes was, in some ways, the stuff of all my fevered, teenage dreams, and in others, the worst nightmare some could possibly imagine. Across the full width of the room immediately in front of me was a lattice wall of tightly spaced bars with a closed, heavily barred door on the right side. I turned my head and saw that the window had also been barred and thick glass now sealed it from the outer airshaft. I turned back when I heard the mechanical rattle of the door being unlocked and a second later, my neck chain jerked harshly at my collar and I was immediately pulled into the cell. Thomas left its door open, but dragged me to the back wall and quickly locked my leash to a ring set high on the wall. This already had two, long and heavy chains fastened to it, these falling to a pile of gleaming links on the floor below. I stared around the cell and dungeon with fascination, for it was the first time I'd been in it since Michael had finished his work. The smells of fresh paint, new concrete and the subtle oily scent of steel fittings

was an added ‘attraction’ I thought, then. I didn’t know that it was eventually to become my entire world.

Each wall was equipped with many rings, all set deeply and very securely into the concrete, then I noticed that mixed in with the pile of links at my feet, was a thirteen kg steel ball equipped with a short length of chain welded to a swivel ring. I began to inspect the other equipment Michael had installed and saw that at the front of the barred wall, on the left side, was my ‘puppy cage’. This was like a pet kennel, but of much heavier construction. It measured perhaps a metre on a side, with the door opening toward the back wall of the cell and its walls and top of the were made of one cm diameter, shiny, steel bars separated by a space of five cm between each. Steel crosspieces were spaced every twenty-five cm and so it was a very secure, but terribly small cage. It had a substantial, integrated lock for its door and at the bottom of that there was a space of three cm between it and the thick, rubber pad. Next to it, on a bolted-down steel table, was a computer, monitor, keyboard, and a mouse. In front of where the keyboard was bolted to the desk’s top was a small, hard-surfaced, steel stool on a short sliding track, also bolted to the floor.

If I faced the back wall to which my leash was attached, on my right side, a pair of thin, black rubber mats had been glued to the cement while to my left and slightly beyond the wall of my original, small bathroom cell, approximately one and a half metres from it, was a pair of ten cm diameter stanchions rising from the floor to the concrete ceiling. Each of these had ten rings welded to its inner side, facing each other, and every ring had a chain dangling with its end link welded closed around it. Locks were closed through the free ends of each chain.

The cell was lit by bright, overhead lights set into the ceiling and protected by thick armoured glass and I’d soon discover that they’d never, *ever* be turned off. I also quickly noticed that a small TV surveillance camera was mounted high up in the corner of the walls and ceiling, and it swivelled to cover the whole cell, always tracking our movements. The walls and ceiling were painted a light blue with the bars a dark green and so the whole environment was rather depressing. On the other side of the barred lattice wall was a space across the width of the room, it being about two metres wide. Hooks were set high on the outer wall under the barred window to the airshaft, and there was a comfortable chair and table.

“Sabrina,” Thomas said with quiet intensity, interrupting my somewhat fearful but fascinated inspection, “you were *badly* behaved tonight at the club!”

“Yes, I suppose I was, Thomas. I’m sorry.” I whispered with a shiver.

“You *are* going to be punished for your misbehaviour and when I free you of your bonds and chastity belt, you will put on your dungeon suit and prepare yourself to be fitted with your Stainless Steel Restraint and Disciplining Harness.”

“Y-yes, Master.” I whispered again, shaking, wanting to experience this thing we’d worked so hard and so long to create, but more than a little frightened of what I was about to experience.

He released my hands and spoke once more.

“You will get undressed as much as you are able, Sabrina and I will fetch your dungeon suit and harness. Be quick about it!”

He turned and left the cell, locking the barred door with me inside, then let himself out of the dungeon, closing that door also. I quickly slithered out of my skirt and boots,

unbuttoned my sweater, and dropped it onto the pile of clothing so that, in seconds, I stood chained to the wall, wearing only my collar and chastity belt, waiting with nervous anticipation. Thomas wasn't gone very long, and when he returned, it was with full arms. On top was my dungeon suit and underneath, the obviously heavy steel harness I was about to be imprisoned in. Once back inside the cell, he placed the pile on top of the puppy cage with a loud clattering then came over and picked up my discarded clothing. That was taken out into the anteroom beyond the barred wall and tossed on the chair, then he returned with the bottle of slick, oily liquid.

I stood quivering with nervousness while he silently unlocked my chastity belt, and stepped out of it. He handed me the bottle, and I began to spread the silicon lubricant all over my body, then, when I'd finished, I walked over and sat gingerly on the cold steel top of the stool. Without a word, Thomas carefully clipped the nails of my hands and toes very short.

"Now, spread the lubricant on your head and face also!"

While I was doing it, he locked the dungeon's door and only then removed my collar. As soon as I'd completed my task, he went to the pile on the puppy cage and returned with my dungeon suit in his hands.

"Put this on!"

"Yes, Master." I whispered, shivering slightly, even though the temperature in the cell was pleasantly warm.

I slipped my feet into the legs and within three minutes, it had been locked onto my body and limbs, completely covering and encasing me. The mask was next and I hesitated, drawing back from him when he approached me with it. I *didn't* want to wear the awful thing, but he insisted and made sure it went on quickly then was locked securely over my face. I *really* disliked the feeling of the sucking rubber on my facial skin, its overall compression, and constriction, but I had to bear it. Next, he ensured my breasts were fully through their apertures, and that the suit fit tightly with no wrinkles or folds anywhere. I raised my hands and cupped myself feeling the warmth and vulnerability of my breasts while I stood there before him. Then, for a couple of minutes, he allowed me to twist and turn my body, flexing my hands and fingers within their gloves to make sure the whole suit settled into place properly. At last, I stood motionless before him and he smiled grimly at me while I stared back at him with nervous apprehension and not a little arousal.

"It is time for you to be fully-confined, Sabrina." he stated ominously, then: "You are sentenced to be kept a prisoner in this dungeon and restrained in your discipline harness until I decide you are well behaved enough to be freed. I have not made a decision at this point as to how long that will be, but certainly not less than one week.

"You will remain still and obedient while I place you in your restraints and secure them, because if you do not, there are other disciplinary measures that I *will* use to ensure your obedience. Do you understand?"

"Y-yes, Thomas." I replied, shaking harder now, partly in fear at his seriousness.

"From now on, Prisoner, you will address me only as Master Thomas while you are being disciplined!" he barked.

"Yes, Master Thomas!" I replied, enjoying how he was playing his game of dominance.

"Very well! You will hold still, moving only as I direct!"

CHAPTER SIX

The First Time

He returned to the pile of glittering steel equipment on the top of the puppy cage and picked out the chastity belt part of my harness.

This device was distinctly different from the one I'd worn until now, being of far more substantial construction and, of course, made of the very tough and considerably thicker stainless steel. I stared at it while he prepared to place the wide cinch around my middle, and he looked up at me.

"You'll have to suck in your belly when I fit the waist cinch. It's going to be very tight."

"Y-yes, Master." I acknowledged with a quavering voice.

The cinch was twelve cm smaller than my natural waist, being five mm thick and ten cm wide! He clasped it around my middle then forced the edges close together, compressing and imprisoning my body unmercifully until the holes in the flanges at the front lined up. The bolts were already in place, so he stuck the hexagonal-headed key into the top one and began screwing it into the other flange. Once the bolt's threads engaged those in the hole, he started with the bottom one, then pulled the dungeon suit's material out of the way so it wasn't pinched, and tightened both of the bolts fully.

"Spread your legs apart widely!"

I obeyed wordlessly and he reached between them then drew the wide crotch covering shield forward. *This* one was also different from the normally smooth inner surface of my previous chastity belt's crotch shield for there was a wide, formed wedge mounted on it and this just touched my labia ... at first. When he pulled the shield further up, the wedge slipped between them, penetrating my sex for about five cm! I gasped with shock then writhed my body trying to make it more comfortable, feeling it sink deeper and spreading me; at the same time, shuddering from its light pressure on my clitoris. He paid my unvoiced protest no attention but pulled it higher and more uncomfortably against my lower belly. The slot at its top end slipped over the flange on the front of my uncomfortably wide cinch, until it lay flat against the waistband. He took a heavy, tamper proof lock from his pocket and closed it through a hole of the flange and I couldn't stop the shudder of arousal that passed through me when I experienced the sensation of being securely bound and locked away from myself once more. As well, the knowledge that this was *only* the beginning of incarceration in my personalized steel restraints made me shudder anew. Despite the tightness of the waist cinch and the pressure of the shield on and through my crotch, I continued to writhe my lower body, trying to find some way of easing the discomfort of the wedge, but could discover no way to ease the sensation of its distressing penetration. Each time I moved, its upper portion brushed and caressed my clitoris, making me automatically shiver and move even more, continuing my arousal!

Behind, he pulled out one of the chains from the wall ring to the central rear ring of the waistband and somehow affixed it. I discovered later that all of the chains I wore were fastened with heavy, stainless steel, marine type shackles, and when he'd finished applying them fully, the only way they could be removed was with a heavy, compound-jawed bolt cutter!

"Step into the thigh bands, Sabrina."

I dutifully did as commanded and he drew them up my legs and over my knees to the midpoints of my thighs. These two cm wide, five mm thick cuffs were joined together with five cm of chain and served to prevent me from spreading my upper legs apart to avoid the constant pressing of the rounded edges of the shield against the sensitive flesh at the tops of my inner thighs.

“Stand still while I fit your chastity bra.” he ordered, going back to the pile of equipment.

This device consisted of two, large, bullet-headed hemispheres joined together with a ten cm wide, five mm thick band. It was hinged on the sides under each of my arms then curved around my ribs to where its flanges clamped together over my spine at the back. At the front, a triple set of chains hung from the middle of the cup-dividing busk and a doubled set came from loops welded to the band at the outer side of each cup. At the back, two more doubled chain sets hung loosely, while at the sides, one under each of my arms were other short lengths of chain.

He took some minutes adjusting the fit of the heavy piece, then screwed the bolts into the flange, making it clamp snugly around my chest, sinking slightly into the rubber suit beneath. It was quite tight and, with each breath, I felt the wide band stop my chest from expanding! The steel domes prevented me from touching my breasts in any way and I moaned from the sensation of feeling my now captive and swollen, sensitised flesh bouncing freely inside them, still untouchably snared! The cups of the bra were *not* designed with the idea of supporting my pendant flesh though, only of imprisoning it and preventing me from touching myself.

Wordlessly, he held up my wrist cuffs and their separator bar. Each cuff was five cm wide and five mm thick; oval-shaped to prevent me from twisting my wrists inside them once they'd been closed. The cuffs were separated by a, forty cm long one and a half cm diameter steel bar, welded to loops on each, and would act to prevent me from touching one gloved hand to the other. I would soon grow to hate having to wear this awful thing for it was extremely restrictive ... far, *far* more so than I'd ever imagined it could be!

“Put you right wrist into the opened cuff, Sabrina!” he commanded firmly.

I was a little frightened of having to wear this portion of my harness, even though I'd specified it as a required, permanent part, but nevertheless, I tentatively placed my right wrist in the opened portion of the cuff, and he swung the other half closed. The wide metal band didn't shut completely at first because of the thickness of the suit's rubber, but when he screwed in the bolts and tightened them, the flanges met, clamping firmly around my wrist, sinking slightly into the rubber. Being as tight and shaped as they were, I could not now shift or twist my arm within it, as intended. Feeling this restriction, I wasn't sure that I wished to continue and have my other hand and arm made captive, but Thomas was determined.

“Give me you other hand and arm.”

Without waiting for me to obey, he grasped my left hand and I reluctantly allowed him to place it in the opened cuff. A minute later, it too was held captive. I stared down mournfully, moving my arms a little against their restriction, able only to rotate my whole arm because of the eyes on the ends of the bar passing through similar ones on the cuffs.

“Interesting, isn't it?” he asked conversationally, picking up the cuffs for my upper arms. “Raise your arms!”

I dutifully held them up out to my front as far as I could while he clasped the five cm wide, five mm thick bands just above my elbows, then screwed their flanges together until I could feel their tight restriction. Once he was done, I allowed my arms to drop so he could connect the 10 cm long chains from the sides of the bra chest band to their rings then held them to the length of the chains while he screwed the shackles closed. From the above-the-elbow cuffs, the chain continued down to be fastened to the wrist ones, then another length was left to dangle freely ... for the moment. Another shiver of delicious apprehension swept through my body while I felt myself becoming ever more fully a captive, but he spoke little, other than his commands to make me more accessible for my binding. When he'd finished with my arms, he began to fasten the chains between my cinch and the bra's chest band. One from each outer side of my breast cups was dropped to my chastity belt and these were quickly shackled to rings on the top edge of the belt, immediately below. Next, he took the two outer chains from the dividing strap between the cups and connected these to the same rings then their shackles were also screwed tight. He went behind me and drew the chains from the chest band on each side of my spine, down to *their* rings on the upper edge of the cinch, requiring me to straighten my body and bend slightly backward for them to be fastened.

I closed my eyes and began to pant and gasp, feeling myself becoming more and more deeply enmeshed in my incredible steel and chain restraint system. I clenched my tightly gloved hands, feeling how they, and the tightly clasped wristbands, restricted my fingers but when I unconsciously tried to bring them together, the separator bar completely stopped the attempt before it even began. I stared down stupidly at this restriction, and another shivering fit passed through my body when I realized that I was soon going to be utterly helpless. A wordless moan hissed from between my lips and I writhed fitfully.

“OK! Sit on the stool while I fit you with the Spanish Trapezoid.”

I'd tried on the proto-type of this device when Michael was making it and *hadn't* liked the feeling very much at all, but when I told Thomas it wasn't very comfortable, he then insisted that it *was* to be a part of my ensemble, like it or not, and so it had been built. Now, I was going to be fastened into it for *real*! I sat, but found immediately that wearing my new chastity belt, even over the dungeon suit, it was quite uncomfortable with the crotch shield clamped tightly against my body and between my legs. When my weight came on the crotch plate fully, it pressed even more deeply into my lower belly and, at the same time, forced the waistband higher on my stomach. I wished then, and have countless times since, that the stool had a padded seat, but even that small comfort has never been granted. Sitting down also drove the wedge deeper into my sex when my weight settled onto the crotch piece, and I moaned from the increase of the sensation. Yes, it was arousing, but there was no possible way for me to gain access to my sex!

The Spanish Trapezoid is a hellish device. It consists of two sets of wide steel cuffs and joining bars with each of its cuffs being five cm wide and five mm thick.

“Spread your legs!” he commanded firmly.

I obeyed with reluctance then felt the top pair fitted just below my knees, into the hollow below each, above the bulges of my calf muscles. These cuffs are formed like a flattened tear drop so that they tightly conform to the shape of the shin bone and are separated by a twenty-five cm long, one and a half cm diameter steel bar; this being fastened to them in such a manner that the cuffs can move freely at the bar's ends. In a

couple of moments, their flanges had been bolted together and I felt how tight they had become. I automatically attempted to bring my legs close together, but nothing happened! My legs remained held apart! It was time for the ankle cuffs to be fitted and they, like the wrist cuffs, are oval shaped and designed to fit so tightly that they sink into the suit's neoprene.

"Spread your lower legs wider!" he ordered, holding onto the bar that separated the ankle cuffs.

I moved them as far apart as the bar between the below the knee cuffs permitted and Thomas wasted no time. He grabbed my rubber-sheathed left ankle and pulled my leg out to the side then flipped the ankle cuff closed. I stared at the top of his head, unable to bend forward very much because of the tight chains between the chastity belt's cinch and my bra chest band at the back, silently watching him work. Unresisting, I allowed him to pull my right leg out until its ankle cuff could also be fastened, and when he'd finished, my legs were splayed even further apart! The lower spreader bar was even longer than the upper one, some forty cm in length, fastened to my ankle cuffs in the same way. The two sets of cuffs are kept vertically separated by slightly thinner steel bars on the inner side of each of my lower legs and so once the cuffs had been affixed, they could not be moved, and no matter whether I lay down, sat, stood, or tried any other way, I would *never* be able to get my legs closer together or further apart!

"Stand up girl!"

With his help, I rose to my feet and stood before him, shivering with delicious terror. Thomas took the two sets of gartering chains dangling from the front and sides of the waistband and adjusted them to rest on my thigh cuffs, then screwed their shackles tightly closed with a wrench. Next, he pulled up the inner and outer side chains from the below-the-knee cuffs and used another set of shackles to secure them to the thigh bands, pulling *those* tight!

A shiver of anticipatory terror passed through my body and while I stood there, he again knelt then took the fifty cm long chain from the thirteen kg steel ball and shackled it to the central ring of the ankle spreader bar, even further limiting my freedom of movement!

"Walking isn't going to be easy for you, Girl!" he commented with another grim smile, "but that's part of your punishment."

He stood back and looked at me while I stared out at him from within my mask and helmet, already feeling *terribly* a captive. Turning, he went back to the puppy cage and picked up the last of my harness, the combination head cage and collar. This was a terrifying device even though I'd enjoyed having it made and playing with the semi-confinement of the cardboard form it had been made from. However, I'd had no *true* thoughts about what it would *actually* feel like to be locked inside and *not* be able to get it off! Now, I saw the steel cage for the first time, and it scared me nearly brainless to realize that it soon, in fact, *would* be locked around my head and neck! There was no way I could avoid Thomas fitting it to me though, held and restrained as I already was. He walked casually over to me carrying the combination head cage and collar with its sides swung back and ready.

I moaned with terror at what was about to be done to me and tried to shrink from him, tugging my hands and arms in futility against the wrist bar, staring at the gleaming web of steel.

“Does this piece of your harness scare you, Sabrina?” he smiled.

“Y-yes, Master!” I whispered, staring at the thing. “I-I don’t think I want to wear it!”

“It’s a very important part of your restraint ensemble, Sabrina.” he explained as though to a small and not very intelligent child.

“M-m-master? I-I-I *know* that, but-but I think it will be very uncomfortable and-and I’d rather not wear it, please?”

“No, Sabrina. You *will* wear this head cage and collar. Now, hold still while I put it on you.”

He quickly stepped behind me then brought it down in front of my face and head, waiting for me to settle down. I could not suppress the moan of terror and arousal that came from my soul, for this thing was the embodiment of some of my deepest dreams and worst nightmares. When he heard this, he slowly moved it back toward himself ... and my head and face!

The cage is designed to fit very snugly onto and around my head, face, and neck, and its integrated, high collar is rigidly fastened to the web of straps that encase my skull. At the top central junction, on the crown of my head is a large ring, while at both the front and back of the collar hung two others and they all flopped noisily back and forth. Wide steel straps rose up the sides from the collar, snugly covering my ears over the thickened helmet of my dungeon suit. A wide band went across my forehead, curving around to join to the ones covering my doubly insulated ears. Another wide strap surrounded my lower face, curved to fit the contours of my head, and was joined to the ear covering straps also. It had an opening for my mouth, and below that, a cup for my chin. Beneath my chin, it was joined to the collar, while on its upper edge was a triangular opening formed by the two narrow straps rising on each side of my nose to be joined to the forehead strap in the middle, over its bridge. Above my upper lip, the thinner strip just beneath my nose had small pins set onto it, and there was a hasp at the place where the point of my jaw was covered by the chin cup.

Thomas slowly and deliberately moved the whole thing closer and closer to my rubber covered face, and I felt the collar begin to surround my throat over the neck tube of my dungeon suit! I gulped nervously while he slowly wriggled the cage backward onto my head until the two, narrow metal straps on either side of my nose pressed firmly onto the mask pressing the mask even tighter onto my face! I had to lift my chin to allow it to slip into its cup; therefore, my head would always be held up and I would be unable to lower it!

“Ah! An excellent fit!” he exclaimed happily while he closed the curved side panels until they met at the back of my skull. Like the cuffs, they could not be completely closed because of the thickness of the helmet’s material, but with a small grunt they were soon joined. The wide, back, vertical strap from the crown swung down and locked the flanges together, as well as having a slot in its end click down over a staple at the back of the collar! I felt him place the bolts then tighten them and when he did, the pressure of all the shaped steel straps around my head, neck, and over my face slowly began to increase! I tried to shake it and say that it was too much to bear, but discovered that I could barely twitch my head, and I could *not* lower my chin! Thomas finished cranking the bolts into their holes until the cage was securely fastened, ignoring my despairing moans then he began to fasten the remaining chains of my restraint and discipline harness.

The first he added was the neck leash chain from the wall, and this he immediately fastened to the back ring of the collar then began to work on the harness chains again. He bought up the others from my bra, (the ones from either side of my breast cups at the front, and the middle one from between the breast cups) and shackled them to a ring at the bottom front edge of my collar. Next, he pulled up the remaining two back chains and fastened them to the ring on the bottom edge at the back of the collar and when they'd all had been secured, they acted to pull the entire harness securely into position webbing my body in steel. I tried again to lean forward and look at myself, but *now*, the chain web choked me very effectively when I tried to bend forward! He wasn't finished yet and took the chains still dangling from my wrist cuffs, led them back to the side and over the hip rings of my waistband, then shackled them there. Now, I could barely straighten my arms because the ones from the wrist cuffs to my belt were only fifty cm long, stopping me from raising my forearms any higher than the bottoms of my breast cuffs! I could *not* touch my head or face, even if I bent forward, and when I did, I began to be choked again!

Another wordless moan shuddered from my throat when I tried to raise my hands and touch myself, but I was sealed inside the dungeon suit and the gleaming steel harness restricted nearly all of my freedom of movement, as was the intent. Thomas went to a small box on the puppy cage while I shifted on my hard seat, still attempting to sit comfortably in the chastity belt, but my buttocks were left bare by the design of the suit and I didn't like the sensation at *all*! He returned, this time carrying the box, a hammer, and a long, square piece of steel.

"It's time to fit the security sleeves," he stated calmly, as though he chained girls every day. "You will hold still while I place them and set the rivets!"

"Y-yes, Thomas." I gasped in a flood of terror at what was being done to me.

"*Master!*" He barked.

"Y-yes, M-master." I whimpered, now more than a little frightened by his harsh tone of voice.

All of the flanges of my restraints, other than the front one for my chastity belt, are at its back or positioned so I cannot get at them, no matter what I try. He slipped the shielding, steel security caps over those of my ankle cuffs then made some adjustments to my legs. I heard the hammer smash the rivets down into their countersunk holes then immediately the remainder of the security shields were placed and riveted into place. Fifteen minutes later, I was totally locked into my restraints. Next, he took the wrench and tightened every one of the shackles for my chains, then with a portable grinder, burnished off all of their turn out heads! The last thing he did was to bring over my running shoes, put them on my feet, lace them tightly, and tie the knots.

Again, he stood back and looked at me, this time with a wide smile of satisfaction playing over his lips.

"You are now ready to serve your sentence, Convict Sabrina!" He said quietly.

"Toiletries have been provided for you and you *must* use them as best you are able. I will be observing you on the closed circuit TV and you had better do as the rules say!"

"Your rules of behaviour are contained in the booklet on your computer desk. For your information, the lights will never be turned off and every Friday, at 6:00 am, you will be diapered then placed in the puppy cage as a day of enhanced punishment. You will stay there for the full twenty-four hours and while you are in the cage, you will

always be fitted with the feeding gag. The only nourishment you will receive during that time is a water and bread mash. Otherwise, each evening, you will hear the monitor beep when it is time for you to lie down for the night, and that will come at 9:45 pm. Another will sound at 10:00, and you must be lying on your mat at that point. The monitor will wake you at 6:00 am, and you will perform your normal morning toilet functions.

“Now, stand up!” I did, and he turned to me once more. “You are permitted to use the computer to amuse yourself convict, but it does not connect to the Internet. You may write email to your friends, and they may reply, but *all* messages are subject to my censorship and control. When I leave the dungeon, you will immediately lie down and go to sleep. It is now 2:00 am, so you’ll have a short night. For the moment, that is all.”

I stood awkwardly, my legs forcibly separated by the Spanish Trapezoid, watching him gather the tools he’d used and all the small pieces of chain and the other materials left over after I’d been dressed then imprisoned in my harness. Even now, so soon after beginning to wear it, I desperately wanted to claw the mask off my face and somehow get out of the compressing suit that seemed to be slowly sucking itself onto my skin.

Whenever I tried to move though, my chains and harness made their authority felt, prohibiting most of my natural until now second nature gestures. I wanted to raise my gloved hands and touch him before he left, but he quickly stepped aside, not even permitting me the smallest allowance of familiarity! I dropped them, feeling the wrist separator bar pulled down by the weight of the steel to lie against the fronts of my thighs, hands held securely separated.

“P-Please ... M-Master ..?” I whimpered, “A kiss before you leave?”

“No, convict Sabrina! You are being punished for bad behaviour!”

I shuffled slowly toward him while he moved to the door but then suddenly felt the chain leashes tethering me begin to tighten; their weight stopping me when their loops swung freely between their harness connections and the wall ring. They were of sufficient length that I was able to get close to the lattice wall, and unthinkingly I tried to reach between the bars, only to have my wrist separator bar clang loudly against them. The cell’s door slammed closed, locking with a terrible, final, metallic sound then he went to the one that sealed my dungeon, and, just before stepping through and closing it, turned to me.

“Sleep, convict.”

I whimpered plaintively when the door slid shut and heard the heavy clacks of the bolts being slid home. I was alone and chained ... just as I’d always dreamt of being, but a small despairing wail passed my lips while I stood at the bars, for I began to realize that I was *truly* a prisoner, chained and utterly helpless in a very secure dungeon! No one but Thomas and Michael knew I was in here ... and *they* were not about to tell anyone. I stood at the bars for a long time, holding them in my gloved hands, then at last, with difficulty, turned and stared back at the small area of my cell ... my new home. I turned again and looked at the small, high barred window to the outer world, through the closely spaced ones of the lattice wall. It was hopeless! There was *no* way I could escape from here! Shuffling and swinging my legs awkwardly, I moved slowly around the small area of the cell, feeling the constant drag of the steel ball and the unending tug of my leashes, always reminding me of my status as a prisoner. My new life’s reality was reinforced even more by the rattling of my chains and the clicking sounds of my harness, in addition to the sound of the ball rumbling erratically back and forth when I attempted to walk. It

added even more to my penance and I jerked my hands and arms against their short chains and the separator bar, struggling to find some easement in my strict bondage. There was none.

Within their isolating steel domes, my breasts had swollen with trapped blood and bounced uncomfortably with my every movement! I soon became desperate to touch them, as I had always been able to do until now, but they were held as constricted captives under their imprisoning domes and I *couldn't*! At the same time, under my crotch cover, I could not avoid or escape the continual, teasing rub of the wedge on my clitoris and felt myself getting wetter with arousal, but as with my breasts it too was armoured and utterly beyond my ability to touch! I experienced a great excitement at my state of being so thoroughly restrained and deeply imprisoned, and desperately wanted to caress myself and enhance the pleasurable sensations. However, no matter *how* I twisted my hands and arms against the restriction of their cuffs, chains and separator bar, attempting to get at my crotch cover plate ... it was useless! When I barely managed to touch it with my gloved fingers, it was, of course, tightly locked onto my body, and I could do nothing to slake the burning need I had begun to feel so deeply.

Another whimper, this now of frustration, hissed from my mouth, slowly turning to a moan of misery, and I fought my restraints frantically, hoping that something was loose or would break but *knowing* that nothing would. Despite the cushioning effect of the dungeon suit's three mm thick neoprene, the cuffs *hurt* when I struggled against them too hard, just as they were supposed to.

At last, I went into the small bath cell and, with great difficulty, brushed my teeth, got a drink of water, then used the toilet. It was *very* awkward to do all of these activities, and my harness automatically choked me while I bent over to brush my teeth. When I sat to use the toilet, the harsh metal clank of my chastity belt's crotch piece hitting the steel seat acted also to inform me of how strictly I was bound. Drying myself was also very difficult and I began to silently snifle, writhing slowly, trying to escape the terrible restrictions to my freedom. I struggled out of the bathroom to stand beside the thin mat that was my bed and slowly knelt beside it. When I tried to lie down, the harness proved to be even *more* restrictive than I'd ever thought it would be, prohibiting me from doing anything unless I partially-choked myself!

Finally, I bent far forward and placed my hands on the warm cement floor then carefully tipped myself to the side until I overbalanced and fell onto the pad in a flurry of flung chain and a fearful yelp. It was very uncomfortable but I slowly wriggled to the middle then lay staring up at the ceiling nearly three metres above. This was *awful*! I'd only been a prisoner and fastened into my dungeon suit and harness for an hour, and already, I wanted to escape from it! However, there was a voice growing more powerful in my mind, and yes! *this* was what I had craved for so long! Unthinkingly, I tried to bring my legs together or bend them, but the horror of the Spanish Trapezoid made its self felt immediately! There was no way I could lay on my side because it always held my legs apart, and when I partially rolled, my wrist separator bar forced my opposite arm high, pulling very uncomfortably on my chest harness!

My sleep that first night was not easy, and I got little of it. Once, I struggled slowly to my feet and went to the bath cell to use the toilet, but it was a long, uncomfortable, and awkward process to get to my feet again. With my legs fastened as they were, spread

always the same distance apart, and my wrists captives of their separator bar, it was almost impossible.

Too soon I came awake to the insistent beeping from the monitor and I slowly got up again then walked to the lattice wall and held its bars, waiting for Thomas to appear. Eventually, I heard those that locked the door to my dungeon slide back with a heavy *clack!* and the door opened a moment later. He came in and stood on the other side of the lattice and looked at me, holding some covered plastic dishes.

“And so convict, you have spent your first night in your dungeon. How did you enjoy it?”

“I was *very* uncomfortable, Master.” I said with dry lips, looking longingly through the bars at him.

“That is how it should be for a prisoner.” he stated without feeling. “Now, here’s your breakfast and lunch. I’ll stay until you finish your meal and we can talk a little before I leave for work. Your midday meal is in the other dishes, together with a plastic fork and spoon.”

“M-Master?” I asked, worried. “Will you leave me here alone all day in the cell? There will be no one else here in the house? What if I have an accident and fall? What if there is a fire?”

“Of *course*, you’ll be alone!” he smiled with evil amusement. “You’re perfectly safe and secure in there! No one can get into the house, and you will be able to sit and enjoy your dreams, now that some of them have come true.”

“But ... but, *no one* knows I’m in here!” I wailed in considerable terror, knowing I’d be utterly abandoned, locked fully into my harness, leashed to the wall inside this secret, sealed cell, and the house would be locked also!

“That’s *right!* You are completely my secret prisoner. *Mine!* And I can do with you as I please.”

I shut up and began to think worriedly about this whole new dimension that had suddenly become apparent. It was the classic case of the Law Of Unintended Consequences being hammered home. Until now, I’d always thought that he’d be somewhere nearby, but now, the full realization came that I’d be *completely* on my own, chained and helpless! He, in the meantime, had pried off the tops of two bowls, knowing it would be nearly impossible for me to do, then passed them through the bars. I grasped each dish with one hand and placed it awkwardly on the computer desk then he passed a soft plastic spoon to me.

“Eat!” he commanded quietly.

My hands automatically wanted to come together, but the bar between them stopped that attempt before it even began. He’d prepared cold cereal and unbuttered toast, but how was I going to be able to eat it?

“M-master? I-I can’t eat while I’m chained like this!” I wailed, struggling to get the spoon to my mouth.

“Certainly you can. You’ll just have to try harder.” He sat in the comfortable chair under the window, watching me struggle to feed myself.

I sat on the stool uncomfortable as it always is, and bent my head forward as much as the chains of my harness permitted, then raised the spoon to my metal-surrounded mouth. I could barely reach it and slurped at the cold mush, even though I wanted a hot meal. To eat the toast, I had to chop it up single handed with the spoon and feed myself that way

also, but then, I wanted something to drink. He passed a large plastic cup of juice through the bars, this with a top and a long, bent straw sticking out. I took a sip and instantly disliked the astringent taste of unsweetened grapefruit that flooded my mouth.

"Please, Master?" I looked up at him. "Can I have some hot coffee?"

"No. While you are a prisoner, you are forbidden the consumption of *all* luxuries and stimulants. This means, caffeine, nicotine, alcohol, chocolate, and sugar are forbidden. You are here this time for *punishment*, and those prohibitions are part of your sentence."

"Oh!" I whispered, a little shocked by just how thoroughly my imprisonment was to be enforced. Then I thought to gain relief from the horrid rubber mask that was sucked onto my facial skin and did so much to depersonalise me into only a female-shaped being. "Master? Please take off my face mask?"

"No!" he snapped, "That, *too*, is part of your punishment. You will wear it as and when I feel you should."

"But it's so *awful*!" I wailed with misery, "I'll go crazy! I can't even touch myself or make it more comfortable!" The prospect that I, Sabrina, would remain concealed beneath it as only an anonymous female rattled my mind and awareness deeply.

He came close to the bars and looked into my eyes.

"That too is a part of your imprisonment, convict, and it will be explained more fully while your sentence is served. For the moment, that will do. Your lunch is in those other bowls." He handed them to me, taking back the ones I'd emptied. "I'll see you tonight."

I stood when he turned and left, again holding onto the bars with the forlorn hope that he would at least give me a kiss before leaving, but he walked through the door then slid it closed behind him. The bolts crashed into place then were securely locked. He hadn't even kissed me! He'd just turned and walked away, leaving me chained! The steel shaft between my wrist cuffs banged into the bars of the lattice wall when I unthinkingly tried to reach through it, then I dropped my arms and let them hang limply, securely separated.

The silence of my cell was nearly absolute, broken only by the sounds of my chains and the ball rumbling on the floor behind me when I shuffled away from the barred wall. Not a sound penetrated into my dungeon from the outside and I knew, no matter how loudly *I* screamed, nothing would be heard by anyone beyond its thick concrete walls and ceiling. It was then that I *thought* I could begin to appreciate just how strong my imprisonment would be, but I was so terribly, terribly wrong!

I looked through the bars at the high, small window and saw only the grim, grey, cement wall of the small shaft outside, faintly lit from above. After a few moments of staring wistfully, I turned from the impenetrable lattice and struggled around the cell, attempting to get some form of exercise, but of course all of my efforts were strongly resisted by the Spanish Trapezoid and restricting drag of heavy ball. It was something that I'd eventually become accustomed to, but now, experiencing it for real and knowing I would not and could not be released, I feared for myself.

No matter how I tried, I could not bend my head against the rigidity of the thick, high collar encasing my throat, and the steel web of the head cage forced me to keep it held up. Certainly, it allowed me to open my mouth, but not all the way, and I shivered, feeling the unrelenting grip it held me in. Occasionally, I lifted my arms as high as the chains from my waist cinch to the wrist separator bar and those to my above-the-elbow cuffs permitted, but even that motion was extremely limited.

Fastened apart as they were, my hands were useless to try and employ together. Inside the material that thickly gloved my fingers, I clawed them to try and, somehow, ease my growing feelings of claustrophobia. Even looking down as best I could, I barely saw my hands and could only make out the top curves of the bright, steel cups clamped onto my chest, covering and imprisoning my breasts. Oh, *how* I wanted to touch and caress them! They throbbed and bounced, inflated with sensitising blood within their prisons, but I could do *nothing* to get at them! If I tried to bend forward to alleviate the sensations a little, my harness began to slowly choke me until I had to stand upright again.

At last, I shuffled slowly to the stool in front of the computer keyboard and sat. Immediately, I was forcibly reminded of the presence of my chastity belt when it hit the stool's hard seat, and I groaned from the discomfort of the closely curved, wide steel band being pressed tighter into the aroused and heated flesh between my legs. My thighs shook and trembled, struggling instinctually to close together and somehow ease this posture, but their spreader bars could not be escaped. My bare buttocks slipped on the coolness of the seat, clenching together against the tight steel strap that forcibly divided them and another moan of discomfort hissed from my steel-cased throat while I contemplated my situation more deeply. My wordless sounds soon became those of frustrated arousal and a rolling shudder of sensation shook my whole body while I writhed frantically against the impersonal restraint of my guardian metal harness and restraints. Oh God! What a feeling of being bound!

Despite my terror at being left alone so thoroughly chained and imprisoned, *this* was what I had wanted! A short time later, no longer than two hours I'm sure, I stood again, unable to remain seated any longer because I had become so uncomfortable.

CHAPTER SEVEN

My First Taste of Dungeon Life

On that first morning, I suppose I spent until nearly noon just trying to get used to wearing my new ensemble, always discovering the different ways in which it restricted me, and, as was the intent, disciplined me. Occasionally, I used the toilet and found the whole process to be embarrassingly awkward. My face flamed beneath the mask when I did, for the TV camera followed my every movement. I would have to get used to being constantly under its close observation.

At one point, I moved to the heavy ring set deep and high in the back wall of the cell, to which my two leash chains were attached, and looked closely at it. This high security arrangement was utterly solid, without a break of any kind in the chain links themselves or the ring. Soon, I gave up all hope of being able to pull the chains off it or their fastenings to my harness and what little I could see of my arm restraints was just as permanent! I could see but could *not* touch them!

Eventually, my stomach told me it was time to eat, and so I returned to the computer desk then sat again on the hard stool. I took me a long time to pry the flexible lids from the plastic dishes, but I eventually managed it then with great difficulty, fed myself with the soft plastic spoon Thomas had left behind. I hated plastic dishes, but now I had no choice. No juice had been left with my midday meal and so I soon had to struggle to the small bath cell to fill the plastic cup, and *that* whole process was a difficult one. I dropped the cup once, it slipping through my gloved fingers then spent a long, uncomfortable time picking it up. At one point I fell over then just lay in stunned misery, squirming uselessly with my legs held spread apart and chained hands widely separated. No one was to help or pity me, and it took a while for that fact to sink in, then, in silent tears I managed to get to my feet once more.

My harness was uncomfortable and horribly limiting, just as I'd designed it to be, and I now began to realize that I had done *far* too well! The unending silence was dreadful, for I was permitted no radio, TV, or music. This of course was an additional punishment to being confined. I felt foolish talking to myself, other than the small moans and curses torn from me when I discovered yet another way the harness inhibited my movements. At last, I returned to the computer table and sat again on the stool. Before me was the book of rules Thomas had created and instructed me to memorize, for they would govern my life completely. On the last page it stated that there would be many types of additional punishments I would receive, over and above the fact that I was already being disciplined by my imprisonment and harness. Even the smallest breaches would be dealt with. However, he'd made no mention of the actual types of discipline I'd receive and the phrases were ominous.

At last I got tired of trying to memorize his dense wording and turned to the computer screen. All that there is on the steel desk is the monitor, keyboard, mouse, and the computer itself, locked into a steel mesh enclosure. I raised my hands as high as the chain permitted and found I could reach all except the top row of keys, but with only one hand at a time! The separator bar ensured this, and so I held the mouse with it and used it as the 'Shift' key. With some experimentation, I found that if I slid my body forward on the hard seat so that my crotch plate rested on the edge of the stool, pressing it more firmly into my body, then raised one of my feet from the floor, I could touch the top row

of keys, but this quickly became very tiring and uncomfortable. Basically, I had to learn to type all over again, and at the same time, build up my stamina because my fingers quickly tired, fighting against the constant restriction and compression of their thick gloves.

I'm not sure how long I sat and played with the keyboard, but soon, my seat again became very uncomfortable because of my chastity belt. I stood and wandered slowly around the cell, trying to accustom myself to the feel of my new restraints and the environment. At that time I guess what bothered me most was the total lack of sound from outside. Certainly I was lonely and bored, but that was expected, and I thought I could live with it. However, over time, the oppressive silence began to make me feel even more and more a prisoner. I automatically and continually pulled at my arm and hand restraints, trying to somehow find a way to ease their restriction, but of course, there was no possible chance of this. The head cage, pressing firmly on the mask, made me almost crazy, and even when I tried to lean forward against the bars and rub it away from its leech-like grip on my face the steel straps prevented any release from the constant sensation of its stickiness. None of the cuffs I wore could be shifted from their clamping of my limbs, for they compressed the underlying three mm thick dungeon suit firmly, and being oval in shape, I couldn't twist my limbs within them. It was *very* frustrating and served to continually remind me that I was a prisoner. For the rest of the day, I alternated between sitting at the computer and moving slowly around the cell, occasionally stopping to inspect the two, vertical steel pipes and their attached rings and chains, wondering how they would be used. Hanging from the ceiling, near the back wall, about a metre and a half away from my mat, was a single chain connected to the middle of a thick, steel bar, this about a metre in length. At either end a chain was welded to the underside loop, hanging down to end in a very sturdy lock, approximately 20 cm above the level of my chastity belt's waist cinch. Welded to the middle underside loop was another chain and locked to that was much shorter one. There was a similar arrangement inside the small bath cell, and I knew I would eventually discover just how all of these ominous devices could be used.

At last, I heard the noises of the bars being moved on the outer side of the door to the anteroom then Thomas stepped through carrying more of the hated plastic dishes and a plastic cup. He closed the door behind him and came and stood on the other side of the barred wall.

"Good evening convict!" he said, unsmiling.

"G-good evening, Master." I answered, struggling slowly to the bars then reaching out and holding them.

"I trust you enjoyed your first full day as a prisoner?"

"I-I was scared, Master." I whispered, forced by my head cage to stare up into his eyes. "But I am slowly getting used to the idea that I am totally helpless."

"That's good! I want you to have a deep and full psychological understanding that you are completely at my mercy and unable to escape your harness *and* this dungeon."

"I-I am beginning to understand that, Master."

"Excellent! Now, take your food and eat. After, we'll talk for a while."

He passed the containers between the bars, and I placed each and the cup on the computer desk and was about to sit on the stool.

“Convict!” he barked, “Ask permission to do anything other than stand or kneel while I am in the dungeon.”

“Yes, Master!” I replied, shocked that I was to be even more closely controlled. “Please, Master, may I sit and eat my meal?”

“Go ahead, convict.”

I lowered myself gingerly to sit on the hard-topped stool, again feeling the uncomfortable presence of the steel strap between my legs. Although I tried to make myself a little more comfortable it was impossible. He leaned against the wall under the high window while I bent forward as much as I could and began spooning the mushy food into my mouth. With every movement of my hands and arms, I was conscious of how stringently I was bound, this reinforced by the clicking and rattling of my chains. Every few bites, I looked up to see him smiling grimly, knowing he was my Master. At last, my meal was finished.

“Stand, convict, and hand me your dishes.”

I did as he commanded then turned to face the bars.

“Sabrina,” he began, “you made me very angry last night and *that* is why you are here now. However, I did not spend all the money and time I have, just to have this dungeon and the harness created, as punishment, for *only* a single occasion such as that. I know you have committed other crimes, but we will get to them sometime in the future.”

“But-but ...” I stammered, confused by his accusation. He cut off my protest.

“You have seen some of the other things in here that will be used as further discipline measures when I feel they are necessary.”

“Yes, Master. I’ve looked at them and wondered what they are for.”

“You’ll find out soon enough. Given your strong will and the lack of effort you make to obey my rules, it’s certain. However, not at the moment. While you are in here, you will be kept chaste at all times unless I require you to serve me sexually and that is one of the reasons for the fixing bars and their chains.

“They will also be used to secure you when you are cleaned every two days. This will begin tomorrow morning. The fixing bars will also be employed when your harness or any of its parts, needs to be changed or adjusted, or even if I just feel that you should be punished by being kept fastened between them.”

I wanted to ask about the chain and bar arrangements hanging from the ceiling, but didn’t for fear I would immediately find out. He continued.

“I want you to begin constructing a web site, convict. All of the required programs and files are contained in the computer, and so you will begin learning tomorrow. I expect a preliminary design from you within four days, and if it isn’t ready then, you *will* be punished for disobedience.”

“Yes, Master!” I replied with some worry. Even though I had some computer knowledge, it wasn’t very good. “Master? What am I to do in here? I am almost helpless, and the harness is *much* more restrictive and uncomfortable than I ever thought it would be!”

“What you do in there, other than the tasks I set for you, convict, is of little interest to me. This dungeon and your restraints are designed to discipline you for misbehaviour, and the fact that they are extremely efficient in achieving those aims can only be to the good! So, you have found your harness to be far more restrictive and punishing than you

thought it would be? Excellent, but you will not be permitted to alter or escape it, and you had best get used to that!”

“How-how long am I to be kept in here, Master, please?”

“I haven’t made a decision. Certainly for some time yet.”

“Oh!” I whispered, pulling forlornly against my chains, hoping he’d take pity on me.

We talked for another hour about the house and what we might do on our proposed vacation in the south of France, as well as a few other things. He came close to the bars and stared down into my dungeon suit and steel-surrounded eyes. The fingers of one of his hands reached up and slowly caressed the small area of open skin around my eyes. He touched my lips gently, while below, I felt the feathery brushes of his other fingers tracing the visible flesh surrounding the steel plate clamped so tightly into my belly. I closed my eyes and shuddered with desire to hold him, but the steel bar separating my wrists clanged fruitlessly against with finality those of the lattice wall. He silently continued his soft, tantalizing caresses, and I moaned even more, fighting to touch him, but was forbidden to do so by the equipment and chains locked onto me and the bars between us. My harnessed hips thrust out hard against the bars, needing more and more attention from his teasing fingers, while under the crotch plate, my labia engorged with sensitising blood, pressing against the impervious steel and I felt my body begin to lubricate as a prelude to sex and, Oh, God! I wanted to feel him inside me *so* badly!

His fingers left.

He’d stepped back from the lattice wall and was staring at me like a hawk waiting for its prey. He turned abruptly and walked from the dungeon without a word then the door slid shut with a solid thud, and I heard the bolts slam and lock with that oh so final sound. I continued to stand at the lattice wall, banging my armoured crotch repeatedly into the bars with frustrated desire, gasping and whining pitifully. Next, in desperation, I shuffled to the corner of the table and tried even harder to somehow stimulate my body through the iron panty; repeatedly thrusting my hips and the steel crotch plate into its edge. *Nothing* I did made the slightest difference, and even worse, inside the cups imprisoning my breasts, I felt them swell demandingly! My hands jerked at the steel bar and chains while I tried to get at my sensation starved erogenous zones, but all I attempted was utterly useless!

I don’t know how long I continued like this, but I finally gave up and with groans of frustration, sat on my mat. Once down, all I could do was stare at my Spanish Trapezoid and the heavy chain that linked it to the steel ball, as well as the pile of my leash chains that had settled over my shoulder and puddled on the floor between my lower legs. The dungeon remained utterly silent, other than the clicks of my body harness and my slowly subsiding, gasping pants. He had been cruel to have teased me like that then just abandon me, but, somewhere in the back of my mind, I was enjoying my state of being a total, vulnerable, and helpless prisoner. Whenever the thoughts of my dreams came to mind, I couldn’t stop the shudders that swept through my restrained, rubber-encased body.

Finally, much later, the first beep sounded, and I got awkwardly to my feet then went into the bath cell and completed my evening ablutions. I had just lain down on the mat when the other beep sounded, and I closed my eyes, trying to go to sleep. It was a long time before I drifted off and then I suffered terrible nightmares when I struggled unconsciously against my bonds. The wake up beeping came far too early!

Thomas delivered my breakfast soon after and again, I had to ask to sit and eat, driving home my controllability once more. He spoke little while I ate then took all of my used dishes and the cup and set them on the floor, next to the outer wall. I watched closely while he fished out the gold chain from around his neck that held the key to the door in the barred wall then came to the door and opened it.

“Go and stand between the fixing bars!” he commanded brusquely.

Without a word, I shuffled noisily over to stand between them then stood waiting for him to make the next move. He quickly came to stand beside me then reached out and drew a mid-level chain from each post and locked them to the side rings of my waistband. I shuddered with a strange sensation, feeling myself made even more helpless, but he was far from done fastening me, for another pair of chains was pulled out and fastened to the outer staples on each of my wrist cuffs, pulling them up and holding them firmly immobilized, well away from my crotch. He knelt and took the bottom most chains on each post and locked them to the outer staples on each of my ankle cuffs. By this point, I was gasping and shaking like a leaf in the breeze, both in apprehension and growing arousal. He stood, then took two more chains, these at a level just above my neck, and fastened them to the ring of my collar and head cage combination, at the back of my neck. The last ones came down from the uppermost rings of the fixing bars and were fastened to the ring mounted at the crown of my head cage and were drawn so tightly that I was completely unable to move my head in any axes.

“M-master ... ?” I quavered, wondering what he was going to do to me next.

“Be *silent*, convict!” he ordered, leaving me for a moment. I heard the running of the water in the small bath cell then he returned to where I stood immovably chained. “It’s time for you to be cleansed, and, as I told you, this will be done every two days while you are a prisoner.”

I heard a subtle click at my waist, and suddenly the wide steel of the front shield of my chastity belt sprang free of its bracket. He swung it down then back between my chained together thighs and I shivered from the coolness of the air that washed across the heated skin of my lower belly and sex. Oh, it felt *so* good not to have that thing clamped tightly between my legs! Even though chained, I writhed a little with the simple pleasure of it not being there and reminding me so constantly of the control I was held under. I couldn’t help the moan of pleasure I made.

“That feels better, doesn’t it, convict?” he asked quietly. I heard the sound of water moving in a bowl.

“Oh, Master!” I gasped, “It feels *so* wonderful!”

“Perhaps in a moment you will not think so!” he stated ominously, but said no more.

Again, I faintly heard some noise, then all of a sudden, felt the bristles of a brush gazing the skin of my lower belly! It got worse, for he moved the brush downward and its spikiness slid across the lust-inflamed lengths of my shaven labia, *then* inside me to pull along the sensitive flesh there! *This* was why he had chained me so thoroughly! I screamed then, jerking dementedly at my chains, frantic to escape this horrid brushing and cleaning!

“AAAAAAHHHHH! Nnnnooooo! Pppplllleeeaaasssee! No! *No more, Master!* Please, please, *please!*”

“Be silent, convict!” he snapped. “You must be cleansed every two days at the very least, and *this* is how it will be done!”

I couldn't stop my howling and pleading while he continued brushing, soaping, then rinsing of my belly and sex. He next shaved away the little of my pubic hair that had grown out and I felt how naked I was with a flaming face. I didn't see it, but he moved around behind me and, this time, briskly applied the brush. I certainly needed the attention there, but again, the scraping of the bristles on the tender flesh between the two hillocks of muscle nearly drove me insane! No matter how I tried to surge away and clench myself, the brush found its mark, and I was soon howling wordlessly, sobbing with humiliation and discomfort.

At last, he was done and spent some minutes spreading a soothing, antiseptic ointment over my exposed flesh. When he moved away, I heard the flush of the toilet when he poured away the water he'd used, then I stood trembling and gasping for another couple of moments while he took the brush and bowl out of the cell. I desperately wanted him to caress my sex and give me some sensation and he sensed my need, for when he returned, he stood in front of me, then I felt the feather-light brushing of his finger tips. They traced along my labia and I tried to swing and thrust my hips out to enhance his touch, but could only move a very little bit. All the while, his fingers continued teasing, stroking slowly, maddeningly, up and around my clitoris. I moaned with frantic need, almost screaming from the delicious sensations, fighting to get closer to him, and he smiled into my eyes all the while, knowing I was nearly crazy with desire.

A moment later, he stopped, and I wailed with wordless misery when he slowly pulled the wide, uncomfortable shield forward between my trembling thighs then up over my still quaking belly. The top end slipped over the front flange of the waistband and I felt him fit the lock, driving the teasing steel wedge deeply up into my sex. The lock closed with a snap, and once more, I was fully sealed into my chastity belt. There had been no way for me to free myself or try for *any* sort of stimulation and now he stood and smiled down into my imploring eyes.

"That, convict, is what might happen, *very* rarely when you are cleaned."

He quickly unlocked all of the chains holding me between the fixing bars then stepped away, leaving me standing in shocked dismay at what had just happened and at what he'd just said. Thomas exited the cell very quickly then I heard the sturdy lock of the barred door snap closed and the next day of my boring existence began. I stared hopelessly at the window and grey cement wall beyond it, then sat at the desk and began to study how to create the website. When that became too much, I reread my Dungeon Rules and tried to memorize them, always feeling the continual discomfort of my ensnaring harness. Occasionally, I walked around the cell but there was *nothing* else to do!

Later, in a fit of remorse and boredom, I lay on my mat and curled up as much as my chains would permit, then stayed that way for a couple of hours. All I could do was struggle fitfully against the overwhelming restriction of the ensemble and stare at the obdurate, thick steel that so efficiently confined me

The next ten days followed the same pattern and by that point, I was nearly a raving mad woman from the lack of sexual satisfaction. Finally, one night after my meal, while we were talking, I exploded with anger; frustrated and tired of this game, as I thought of it at *that* point.

"Thomas!" I yelled at him, "I want you to free me from this horrible prison! Right *now*!?"

“*Sabrina!*” he shouted back at me. “Be quiet or I’ll come in there and punish you for your impertinence!”

I was stunned into silence. Thomas had *never* shouted at me before!

“Now, before we go any further, you will come to the bars and remain there.”

Slowly, I shuffled up to them. He reached to my chastity belt’s waistband and pulled it tightly against the lattice then with short lengths of chain and heavy locks, fastened it there, holding me tight. I stared at him wildly while he did then to my surprise and misery, he began to slowly caress and tease me again! Oh, how I wanted to have sex with him! But I *didn’t* want him to just tease me and leave! He had his plans though and when I tried to escape his tantalizing fingers by jerking myself away from them, of course, I couldn’t! He silently continued, staring fiercely down into my eyes until I closed them in silent surrender, shuddering and moaning pitifully while I writhed frantically in my restraints, trying to enhance the sensations, or to somehow reach out to him through the bars. I couldn’t, thanks to the separator bar between my wrist cuffs and so thrust my steel-clad body urgently at him, but the lattice separated us without mercy. Inarticulate begging rose from my soul, and tears of misery filled my eyes.

“Oooohh! Mmmaassstterr! *Pppllleesee!*” I whimpered in desperate need, shuddering, trying desperately to get nearer to him.

“Soon, Little One, you will learn how much of a slave you *truly* are!” he whispered, all the while continuing to excite my body with his busy fingers.

“*Ppppllleeeaaasssee*, Master!!! I howled with urgent desire flooding through me, “I need you so badly! Please! *Please!*”

“No!” he said, yet still continuing to tease. “You will be kept here as you are for some time yet.”

I began to weep in near-hysteria, for the sensations his dancing fingers forced me to experience were maddening! I shook and fought madly to escape his ministrations, but chained to the bars as I was and restricted by my harness, all I could do was to stand and stare helplessly up at him while he tormented me. At last, he stopped and quickly unlocked the chains, then without a word or a kiss, left me for the night.

The dungeon door slammed shut and was locked, leaving me in a deep whirlpool of frustrated desire and anger at how I had been treated. Without thought, I began screaming wildly, fighting my harness, cursing and crying at the same time while I struggled to my mat and flung myself down upon it. Still nearly hysterical, I flailed as best I could with desperation to escape the unbelievable restriction to my free movement. I rolled back and forth, kicking against the Spanish Trapezoid and leash to the steel ball, but nothing I did changed my bondage in the slightest, and *that* made my struggles even crazier! At last, I stopped to lay gasping and panting hard from the effort of my struggles, weeping like a small child, pulling despairingly and haplessly at my chains. I was exhausted and soon fell into a tear-filled sleep.

Thomas kept me there for another 15 days.

One morning, he arrived, and to my surprise came to the door in the barred wall and opened it. Other than the too brief times he’d so impersonally cleaned me every second morning, this was the only time he’d been inside my cell. I was absurdly grateful to have him come close, struggling against the restriction of my terrible harness to be near him. He watched me impassively for a moment then went back into the anteroom and brought in a drill and hammer. I stared hungrily at them, for they betokened, perhaps, a coming

freedom. He spent a few moments getting the equipment set up then beckoned me to come close to him and stand still. With a smile, he began drilling out the rivets that secured the cuffs and harness around my body then stopped part way and spoke quietly.

“Your imprisonment is over ... for now, Sabrina.”

CHAPTER EIGHT

A Return to Normality And Babs

An hour later, I had been freed of everything. Thomas clipped my house leash to the back of my regular collar then took me to the bathroom on the upper floor and once there, I spent a long, long time soaking and showering, enjoying the feeling of finally being out of the oppressive suit and restraints I'd been held a prisoner in for the past three weeks.

It had been a very stern introduction to my suit and harness and I could not *imagine* having to live in it for an extended period, but it *had*, in retrospect, been a mostly enjoyable experience. Even though only having been out of everything for a short time, I looked forward to my next experience. "*I must be totally crazy to want this!*" I thought while drying myself with a big fluffy towel and another unbidden fantasy slipped into my mind. "*What would it be like to be kept confined like that and never know if I was going to be freed?*" I wondered, shivering with delicious horror at the prospect. How often I have regretted that fantasy in the years since.

After Thomas brought me back to the bedroom, I was soon fully dressed, and we went down to the main floor where he again locked my house leash to the back ring of my collar. He left for work shortly thereafter, and I immediately went to the living room and stripped off all of my clothing then lay on the couch and masturbated myself to a frenzy of climaxes over the rest of the day. Oh, it felt so *wonderful* to enjoy my body again! Every few minutes, I held my breasts and looked down at the gleaming steel shackles fastened so deeply into my nipples, tugging gently on them and testing how they felt being fastened into flesh, but of course, the steel devices were securely fastened and irremovable. I had to accept that I would probably wear them for the rest of my life. At last, I dressed again and prepared the house and a dinner for Thomas' return. By the time he got back that evening, everything was as it should be, or so I thought. I never saw the miniature TV cameras he'd placed in every room, so gave no thought to his preoccupation when he came in, attributing it to a busy day at his office.

For the next months, our lives returned to normality as we knew it and when we went to the clubs, I was *very* well behaved. Some weekends we played in the dungeon, and I would be placed in my dungeon suit and the strict harness. We'd normally start on Friday night when he'd dress me in the whole ensemble, then, *always* leashed while in the cell, he'd fasten me between the fixing bars, standing, to sexually tease and caress me until I was weeping and screaming with desire to be used. Many times, he'd leave me fastened like that for the whole night, unsatisfied, then return to the dungeon in the morning and release my crotch cover to begin teasing me again until I shuddered and wept with unfulfilled desire.

All of the chains holding me, other than those to my waist cinch and wrist separator bar would be freed, and he'd push me back, rotating around them then with slow, deliberate pressure, penetrate me and take his pleasure as my Master! Oh, God! Those times gave me such indescribable pleasure! I was his chained, helpless, and vulnerable prisoner and could not resist him in *any* way! Hanging in the chains, feeling myself being skewered upon his thrusting maleness, were some of the most incredible experiences! My screams and pleadings for him to violate me resounded like the wails of a mad woman in our secret dungeon. I could not resist what he did and longed for him to caress my swollen, sensitive breasts, yet he kept them locked away under their steel domes.

Naturally, I fought my restraints to touch and hold him to me, but was totally controlled by the harness and could do nothing, precisely as he required.

For these short sessions in the dungeon, Thomas used only locks, rather than rivets, to hold on the security caps that covered the flanges to my restraints, for it was too much work to employ the steel rivets then to drill them out when we were finished.

On other occasions, he chained me kneeling between the fixing bars, held immovably in place, wearing all of my steel harness, and I would be required to provide oral sexual satisfaction to him. With my head held so securely a prisoner within its cage, there was no possible way to escape his demands. To feel his hot maleness within my steel-delineated mouth was a wonderful sensation, but when he started to thrust his strong erection deeper and deeper, I was nearly gagged! The chains to my collar, and those ascending from the top ring of my head cage, kept my head properly positioned and so all I could do was to accept him, on *his* terms. Many times he would leave me still fastened on my knees after he'd achieved orgasm, pleading to be freed to enjoy sex, but it never did any good, for he ignored my tearful requests completely.

During those first months after the arrival of my harness, especially during and after our play with it, the thought of being locked away in it forever, not knowing if I would again be free, began to return more and more frequently. Some days it became a fevered scene I could not shake from my mind. By this point, I'd accomplished the basics of web design and acted to refine some of my thoughts, as Thomas had directed, waiting only for him to tell me to go ahead with it. Strangely, he made no such demand, and I wondered to myself why, then one day, he asked how seriously I regarded my oath of slavery to him.

"Sabrina, if you are truly intent about being my slave and possession, I want to have some discussion with you about the rules you would live by, then, soon, to make a contract with you that will be totally and fully binding to us both."

"Thomas," I replied fingering my collar nervously, but happily, "I have wanted to suggest something similar, but I was reluctant."

"That's excellent!" he smiled with a strange glint in his eyes. "Let me do some work on it, and then we can discuss what I've come up with, OK?"

Frequently, I caused Thomas to become angry with me, even while I was wearing the harness, so he began to invoke additional punishment with a riding crop. When these times came, I was always angry and yelling at him, normally fastened between the fixing bars, but he'd suddenly get quiet, and I knew I was in trouble. The first time it happened, I didn't know what to expect for he left the cell for a moment and returned carrying a black thing and my gag in his hands, then he went around behind me.

"Open your mouth to be gagged!" he snapped.

"*No! I won't! Fuck off!*" I yelled, fighting my restraints. "You're such a bastard to me when I'm helpless like this! I want to ... aarrggggrrrrggg!"

My protesting was suddenly stopped when he stuffed the rubber plug into my mouth then locked it onto the head cage. I wanted to explode with curses and yell at him again, but now, I was silenced and that *wasn't* the end! I couldn't see what he was doing behind me, but suddenly, a thick, stretchy, black rubber thing was pulled down over my face, shrinking tightly onto my face and head. I couldn't see anything and howled even louder than before, but now, only small hisses came from my nose.

"*This* is what will happen to you from now on, convict, when you are to receive further discipline!" he stated coldly.

Suddenly I heard a strange whistling sound then a line of fire sizzled across both of my buttocks! I tried to howl from the horrid pain that immediately erupted, but another line of incandescence slashed below the first, and I screamed madly into my gag once more, flinging myself wildly against the chains, frantic to escape, then began to weep with great, gasping sobs. He let me subside for a moment, and I shuddered with slowly decreasing wails, feeling my buttocks glowing on either side of the thick, steel strap that divided them. Tears had sprung from my eyes, and I tried to shake my head and beg that he stop, but the third blow struck above the first, and again, I jerked and fought madly to escape my chains and harness. He laid the next two diagonally one across each of my buttocks, increasing the burning that now suffused my bottom then finally placed the last one on the undersides of both cheeks. By that point, I was screaming and weeping hysterically in my black confinement, desperate to do *anything* to stop the discipline; struggling and frantic to have both the hood and gag removed. He spoke again at last.

“That is only *one* of the additional means of correction that may be employed, convict!” he stated calmly while I continued to gasp and recover in near-hysterical sobbing. “You’ll stay as you are for the rest of the afternoon.”

I heard the door of the cell close and lock then the door for the dungeon, and I was alone with my pain, feeling it burn more strongly, with no way of touching myself to assuage it. The next hours, I spent struggling fitfully and sniffing with misery, standing there blinded, gagged, and chained between the fixing bars.

I never really seemed to learn though, so I was punished in this manner frequently, always in horror of the pain that was to come when he pulled the bag over my head. Many times, he would leave me for hours and hours before returning to whip me and this added even more to my terror, because I *knew* he would do it. Most of the time, he gagged me in advance, but sometimes, I was free to scream and beg for forgiveness, but it was never given. Thomas was slowly training me to become better-behaved.

At the beginning of July, 1997, Thomas and I made a formal agreement that I would become his Slave Girl, and that I would be marked properly to reflect his ownership. To seal our agreement, I consented to having a brand placed in my left buttock to show that I was fully his property as a Chained Convict. The brand looks like the example below:

CCFL-1

On the 19th of July, 1997, early in the morning, Thomas chained me between the fixing bars, leaving me alone and locked in the dungeon for the next two hours. Finally, he and Michael returned, bringing with them a portable furnace and I stared fearfully at the wall in front of me while they prepared to do my branding. The furnace lit-off with a whooshing sound then settled down to a steady hissing roar. Michael came and stood in front of me.

“Slave Girl Sabrina, do you agree to being branded?”

“Y-y-yes, Master Michael!” I whispered, shivering and gasping with nervousness.

“Are you absolutely *sure*?” he asked. “The marking is permanent and will be plainly visible.”

“Yes, Master Michael! I know.” I gulped, wanting him to get on with it.

“It is going to hurt a lot when I do it, and yet you accept this without reservation?”

“Yes!” I howled. “Please do it now!”

“Very well, Slave Sabrina,” he said calmly, looking me in the eye. “However, you have some moments to wait before the branding iron is at the correct temperature.”

Nothing can stop it from being done to you now, for you have agreed to being branded at least three times in my presence.”

He turned from me, and I saw Thomas standing and smiling happily. I smiled nervously back at him. He lifted the large gag and came to me.

“Open, slave girl!” he said quietly.

I did as much as the head cage permitted, and the thick plug slipped between my teeth and all the way inside my mouth, then the steel plate to which it was fastened pressed firmly onto my lips when he locked the cover plate to my head cage. I gasped with increasing terror at what was to be done, hearing the subdued roar of the flames heating the branding iron to a white heat. My eyes were wide with both terror and anticipation, but I was not to be permitted to see when it was actually going to be done, for Thomas pulled the thick black rubber thing over my head and face! When he did, I felt like I was a condemned criminal about to be hanged, and now, my terror got the better of me and I began to scream and weep again, trying to beg them not to brand me, but it was *far* too late! The furnace continued to roar.

Suddenly, there was a kiss of terrible agony on my trembling buttock, and I felt the sizzling of my flesh while it was turned to carbon under the heat of the iron! It was held, pressed deeply into the fleshy, muscular mound! I don’t know how long he held it there, but I immediately smelled the odour of my own flesh burning, and, screaming with pain, I fainted into the grip of my harness and chains. The job had already been completed though, and the iron withdrawn.

Many minutes later, I returned to my world of bondage, still fastened between the fixing bars, but Thomas had removed my hood and the gag. Michael and the noisy furnace were gone, and he’d come to stand before me.

“Convict Sabrina, you now have a permanent brand to show that you are a Chained Convict For Life ... and that you belong to me.”

“Y-y-yes, Master!” I gasped.

“You will take very good care of the brand until it is fully healed, Slave Girl.” He commanded. “Does it hurt badly now?”

“Yes, Master, I will take very good care of the brand. No, it does not hurt too badly now, but when it was done, I do not know how to describe what I felt.” I gasped, slowly recovering my voice. “It was *so* intense, and it seemed to last forever!”

“I’m happy it doesn’t hurt too badly.” He smiled, “I have some salve for the pain and have already applied some to the brand, as well as a proper dressing. It will have to be done three times a day for the first week while the initial healing takes place, then once a day after that, until all returns to normal, probably in a month or so.

“Now, we have done enough for today, and I am going to release you from the fixing bars so you can rest, in here, for the next two days.”

“Please, Master?” I whispered while he freed the chains from the fixing bars to my harness, “Please, can I be taken out of the harness and my dungeon suit also?”

“Slave Girl, you know *that* is a breach of your rules!” he snapped, losing all sympathy at once. “No. You *will* remain confined for as long as I wish. I’ll be back a little later with your evening meal.”

Thomas grasped my wrist separator bar, and with a heavy lock, secured it tightly to the front of my waistband then turned and left the cell and dungeon, closing and locking the doors securely. I wanted to touch my brand, now throbbing with a dull ache, but my

hands had been rendered almost completely useless. There was nothing for me to do other than walk around the cell, or lean against the wall, and that's what I did for the rest of the day, unable and unwilling to sit on the stool. In the evening Thomas returned with my meal and came into the cell. He fed me himself, leaving my hands still fully secured, standing humbly before him with my leashes leading back to the wall ring. We talked a little after I was fed, then he left again saying he would be back to help me get down onto the mat to sleep.

The date was sometime late in August of 1997, after my brand had almost completely healed, that my true fate began to close in upon me. The trap was soon to be sprung, with me blithely unaware and walking casually into it. Occasionally, Michael came to the house and had dinner, then one of the women Thomas had met in his business world also came to the house one night, and we began to see more and more of her as the friendship between us deepened. Her name was Barbara (she liked being called Babs), and she was a stunningly beautiful woman two years younger than I. It was obvious Thomas liked her a lot, and I did too, so we had much fun partying together in the newly created basement recreation room.

This room though, was not the same one as the dungeon area, for a twenty cm thick concrete wall separated them, and Michael had added an additional layer of sound insulation. Even if I were in the dungeon on the other side, screaming my lungs out, no one in the recreation room would know I was there, no matter how hard I howled or hit the bars! A couple of times, Thomas had invited Babs to the house for dinner and some entertainment in the recreation room while I was confined in the dungeon and she had *no* idea I was there. He'd just told her that I was out for the evening! Of course, I had no clue that she was on the other side of the wall either! Some weeks later, Thomas swore her to secrecy then told her of the dungeon and my special steel restraints. Babs was immediately fascinated by the concept and wanted to see everything right away, but he told her she'd have to wait for a while before he'd show it all to her. She was disappointed, of course, that she didn't get her wish granted immediately, but said she'd somehow manage to wait. That night, she slept in my room and I slept with Thomas, as was normally the case unless I was confined in the dungeon.

We enjoyed ourselves immensely that weekend, and on Sunday night, she returned to her apartment in town then went back to work at the bank. I spent a day house cleaning and enjoying myself, leashed and chained as was usual now, unless we had vanilla guests, but they were very few.

Thomas said no more about the contract we were contemplating, but I knew he was thinking long and hard about something, for I'd occasionally find him staring at me with a strange, almost predatory look in his eyes. To my delight and sometimes, great anger, he had turned out to be a very strong-willed and exacting man. Everything he said he'd do, he *did* with the utmost precision and dedication, and although sometimes annoying to me, I was impressed with his total adherence to rules and regulations, even the ones he made for himself. Once in a while, we'd have a fight, and it was then that my headstrong nature, and occasionally abrasive tongue became known to him. We always patched things up with a happy bout of lovemaking, and I always resolved to be a nicer person to him, but sometimes I forgot myself.

On a Sunday night, following one of Babs' visits after we'd told her our secret, Thomas and I decided to play in the dungeon again, and so I went down to the basement

and undressed outside the hidden door. Thomas followed soon after and went to the laundry room to retrieve my dungeon suit then opened the panel that hid my secret cell. I stepped through the door with a delicious shiver, knowing I would soon be locked into my harness and a helpless prisoner, subject to his sexual enslavement once more. Once we were inside, he locked the door as he always did, removed my collar, and handed me the dungeon suit.

Within an hour, I was clad in my undergarment and fully locked into my harness, leashed to the wall, and also fastened between the fixing bars. He spent a long time teasing and arousing me, until finally, when I began to wail and howl for an orgasm, he changed my bondage arrangements. I was momentarily released and told to squat then he re-chained me like that. Next, he took two long chains and fastened them to a high ring on either post and released the ones that kept my legs and ankle separator bar fastened. Wearing the full harness, I was nearly thirty kg heavier, so it took a grunt of effort for him to lift my legs in the Spanish Trapezoid and the steel ball up until he could clip the chains to my ankle cuffs. He immediately shortened these so that my legs were pulled high in front of me and I lay almost on my back, with my steel-clad crotch held facing him at his own crotch level. It was very uncomfortable to be held in this manner, but my discomfort was eased when he tightened other chains to my wrist cuffs, pulling them and my already restricted arms high and to the lengths of their own harness-connected tethers. The last ones he added were fastened to the front ring of my collar and acted to hold my head in place, locked in its steely web. I was still uncomfortable, but it wasn't unbearable, even though my legs were held up and out as though in some sort of kinky obstetrical examination chair. Until now, I had never felt so vulnerable in my life, but became felt more so when he opened the steel chastity cover and left it to dangle from its fastening at the back of my waist cinch, exposing my shaven crotch and sex to him.

I faintly heard him take his clothes off then slowly felt his manhood teasing and rubbing along the length of my wet, lust-inflamed labia! A vast shudder shook me, and I swung in short, snubbed arcs in my chains, writhing against the strict bondage of my harness, moaning wordlessly with deep arousal. The restraint and sex combined was an experience I craved constantly, and now, it was to happen again! It was the first time I'd been fastened like this for sex, and I was over the moon with anticipation as to how it would feel.

Thomas teased and caressed me for long minutes, soon drawing out wails and howls of desire, and I felt myself shaking like a volcano about to explode while my arms and legs fought instinctually against their bonds, adding my own muscular endorphins to the witch's brew of sensations flooding through my mind. I couldn't see him because the collar and head cage kept me looking almost straight up at the ceiling and this added even more to my arousal! At last, the blunt, bullet head of his organ began to teasingly slip between my labia, and I thought I'd go utterly mad when his fingers twirled around my clitoris then gently squeezed it! A long, wailing scream came from the depths of my soul then slowly, his shaft sank deeply into my core. I climaxed immediately, violently, then again, and again, and again! He thrust slowly and repeatedly into my streaming sex, revelling in his maleness, driving me to insane, incoherent howls of need and even more shuddering, totally engulfing climaxes while I fought my restraints and harness frenziedly. When he finally plunged fully into me with a violence I couldn't believe, he orgasmed, and I was in a mindless haze of pleasure, even though remaining fully chained.

All I could do was gasp and pant erratically from the exertion of my struggles, weeping from the overwhelming sensations. His fingers gently traced along my quivering and engorged labia, and again, I exploded with primal shudders and screams, feeling myself propelled into a vortex of inescapable sexual awareness. My sensations were so intense that I passed out, awakening many minutes later to feel myself being gently washed and a soothing balm being spread.

When he'd finished ministering to me, Thomas quickly released my legs, then relentlessly and without pity, fastened the crotch cover of my chastity belt. I *didn't* want to be sealed again so quickly, but he was now, truly, my Master, and I had to accept this fact of my life. Even while he locked me up, I shivered in delicious terror with the knowledge that this *was* what I truly wanted; even if it included the annoying, tantalizing penetration of the thick wedge on the inside of the crotch cover. It assuredly drove me nearly crazy with constantly insatiable lust. Not so strangely perhaps, I felt that being his chained and helpless prisoner absolved me of any responsibility or guilt about liking what I did, and how he treated me. At the same time, my desire to experience the bondage of my harness and life in the dungeon as a prisoner grew greater each time we played.

As soon as I was sealed, he released the fixing bars' chains, and I was free to wander in the cell. He bent down and kissed my steel-surrounded lips while holding me close, and I wriggled my trapped, harnessed body against him, staring into his eyes and wanting to hold him in my arms, but the wrist separator bar prohibited that sort of intimacy on my part with absolute authority. Only *he* could bestow intimacy.

"Oooohh, Master!" I sighed when he released me and drew back. "I want to be yours, in here, *forever!*"

"You may get your wish one day, little Sabrina." he smiled then turned and left me standing in the middle of the cell, securely restrained and tethered to the wall by my leashes. The door in the lattice wall closed with its normal steely crash, and I heard the heavy locks snap closed with very final sounding mechanical clicks. Just before he left, he turned and stared through the barred wall at me and spoke again.

"I have decided that we shall soon go on our vacation. You will be entirely free during that time, and I expect you to behave properly."

I struggled to the lattice wall and stood holding onto the bars.

"Thank you, Master!"

"Sleep well, little slave," he said quietly, stepping through the dungeon's door. It too thudded closed, and I heard the heavy noises of the bars sliding into place, once more leaving me as a helpless, solitary prisoner. Eventually, I lay down and faded off, still instinctually struggling to escape the restriction of my harness, even though I slept deeply, exhausted by our night's play. The next morning went differently than normal, for Thomas did not come to see me in the dungeon until late.

"Babs will be visiting you in here today, convict." he stated, handing my plastic dishes through the bars. "You may speak with her about being a prisoner, but she will not be permitted into the cell."

"Thank you, Master." I replied nervously. "*What would she think, seeing me so fully restrained, even though we'd told her about how we played?*" I wondered while waiting for him to grant me permission to sit and eat. I looked pleadingly at him, and at last he gave it, then turned and left again, locking the door as always. I suppose it was about an hour later when I heard the heavy bars in their brackets and the door slid open. Thomas

stepped through then Babs followed, dressed in a nice leather cat suit. He closed and locked the door while she looked a little shocked when she saw me standing there on the other side of the barred wall in my harness and on my leashes, a fully restrained prisoner. A large smile came slowly to her face, and she walked to the bars.

“Oooooohhhh, Thomas!” It’s *wonderful!*” she hissed, staring at me with something like greed. “How do *you* like being so thoroughly restrained, Slave Girl?”

I knew I had to show proper respect because she was not a prisoner.

“Mistress Babs, it’s an interesting experience, but it’s very restrictive and quite uncomfortable to *have* to wear all the time.”

“*That*, I think, is a good thing for a volatile and headstrong young woman like you, convict Sabrina!” she said with a stern look then smiled happily at me again. “I *very* much like how you are so thoroughly restrained! Turn, so that I can see your back and your leash attachments.”

I did as she demanded then shuffled closer to the bars when I’d turned back again. She put her hands through and felt how tight the wrist and elbow cuffs were clamped onto my arms then looked closely at all of my other restraints.

“Do you sleep well, wearing all that?” she asked.

“I am uncomfortable all the time while wearing my harness, Mistress Babs, but yes, I can sleep.”

“Good!” she smiled then turned to Thomas. “May I give her an order?”

“Of course!” he smiled back.

“Convict Sabrina! Go to your mat and lay down!” She turned to me and snapped, all traces of friendliness gone from her face and voice.

I was shocked and surprised that Thomas had granted her this freedom, but I grudgingly shuffled across the cell to my thin mat, knelt, and finally lay on my back, tugging against my chains and restraints to try and get comfortable. Lying down, I could only stare straight up at the ceiling and could not see them on the other side of the barred wall.

“Her restraints are absolutely beautiful, Thomas!” Babs said admiringly then to my further dismay, she spoke again. “Let me take you to the gasthaus, Thomas? I would like to discuss this further and buy us some lunch. *She*, of course, will stay here and play in her lovely little dungeon.”

“That sounds very nice Babsi. Let’s go.” he replied happily, and a second later, I heard the door thud closed and the bars slide into their locked position.

“*No!!!*” I yelled angrily, still lying on the mat then began to fight my harness, desperate to escape it, but no matter how I rolled and jerked at the chains, I was held fast! Somehow, I got to my feet and walked to the wall and with one gloved hand, began pulling frantically and mindlessly at the leash chains that tethered me to the heavy ring. Of course nothing gave way, then I shuffled over to the lattice wall and began to try and pull *those* bars loose, repeatedly banging the steel shaft between my wrist cuffs against those of my cage. Finally, I gave up my attempts and retreated again to my mat, then sat and stared at the steel that so securely entrapped me. I was angry and felt sorry for myself that Thomas and Babs had not included me in their plans, but had left me confined in the dungeon and my harness. Even though I tried to stop them, tears began to trickle from my eyes. It was *so* unfair of them to leave me in here and go off for an afternoon of fun!

Much later, Thomas returned to the cell by himself, bringing my dinner in its regular plastic dishes. I sulked on my mat, ignoring him while he placed the dishes on the floor. After a minute, he spoke quietly.

“Sabrina, you are being foolish to be angry at me. *You* are the one who wanted to be imprisoned, and this afternoon was only a small example of what *real* prisoners feel. They are kept isolated and fully controlled while the rest of the world enjoys itself.

“Now, I will leave you here for the next couple of days to understand this more fully.”

The door of the dungeon closed and the bars were locked. I crawled awkwardly across the floor and put my dishes on the computer table. Sometime later, I ate my evening meal alone, hearing only the clicking of my chains and the noises of my harness; beginning to hate the constant drag and control of my leashes. I thought long and hard about what Thomas had said, and had to admit he was right.

With that now understood, a somewhat terrified shiver ran through me when I again pondered what it would be like to be chained up like this for the rest of my life, unable to escape and no one knowing I was in here as a prisoner. Later in the evening, I walked around the cell, brushed my teeth, and used the toilet then, when the computer monitor beeped, I went to the mat and lay down, and for the next two hours, tossed and turned restlessly, trying to get to sleep.

The next morning, Sunday, the seventh of September, 1997, Thomas delivered my breakfast and while I ate, he sat in the comfortable chair in the cell’s anteroom and spoke of our vacation. We would leave early on Friday, the 12th September, and drive across the Alps to Venice, then to Milan, and on to Nice. After that, he said, we’d spend some time just wandering around the south of France toward Toulouse and Perpignan then come back along the coast to Monaco and from there back to Munich. It would be a long drive, but we’d enjoy ourselves, seeing all the sights and drinking the French wine I so enjoyed.

I was very happy to hear that these plans had been made, and knew that with his exact planning and adherence to any he made, it would be most enjoyable. My mood became much better and all of my anger at him for what he and Babs had done the day before disappeared. I wanted to hug and kiss him, but he remained on the other side of the bars. A short time later, he left again, leaving me still locked securely in the dungeon and my harness. I sat at the computer and worked on my web site, but every two hours, I had to stand up and move around. I happily spent the hours until he returned with my evening meal, working as best I could on the computer.

I remained in confinement for the next two days then on Wednesday, Thomas released me and ordered me to pack for our holiday when he’d left for his job. I spent the following days preparing for our trip and on Friday morning we left.

For me, it was the end of our beginning, although at that time, I had no clue or even thought that it would be.

CHAPTER NINE

Holidays And Their Aftermath

I felt so happy to be totally free! I wore no cuffs, no chastity belt, and Thomas had not even made me put on my collar. It was the first time in nearly a half year since this had been the case, and I felt almost naked without them. My life of the last months seemed to drop away with every mile we travelled from Munich, and I was giddy with happiness to be out and away. Each night, we'd stop at some nice hotel and enjoy the local food and a few bottles of the excellent wine, then be early to bed. Thomas did the driving while I just gazed at the passing scenery, enjoying it all immensely. Naturally, this was very tiring for him, and he had little urge to have sex, but I was very anxious to enjoy more, it now having been nearly two weeks since that last, very intense time in the dungeon.

One night, after Thomas had fallen deeply asleep, I got up and dressed then went to a lively looking club I'd noticed on the same street as the hotel. It was buzzing with all sorts of people about my age, and I went to the bar to get a drink. I wasn't bad-looking, even with my still short hair, so I wasn't surprised when a handsome guy came up and offered to buy it for me. I looked him over and happily agreed, knowing then exactly where I wanted our evening to go. The details of my time away from Thomas are not important, other than that I slaked my appetite for sex. It was fast and dirty to be sure and I returned to the hotel by 1:00 am, but my adventure had *not* gone unnoticed.

The trip went as Thomas had planned then on one of the nights in Nice, when we were at a disco, I saw another man that entranced me. I suppose I was being bitchy, for Thomas had only made small efforts with our sex during the trip, and so I openly flirted with the guy and enjoyed his attentions during the evening. Thomas was tired from all of the driving of the previous days and sat sipping his wine, watching me with an enigmatic smile. I had no idea, then, of the storm that was gathering, and so when he asked Thomas if he could take me to the dance floor, I just went along with him and had a wonderful time. The rest of the evening passed in a blur and finally, very early in the morning, we returned to our hotel.

We began our return trip and on one hand, I was a little sad to be going back to Munich, but on the other, I was looking forward to playing in my harness and dungeon again. We finally got back to the house on Saturday afternoon, 4th of October, and it was wonderful to be home. After unpacking, I began to do the laundry from the trip, and that night, we both fell into bed, completely exhausted. The next afternoon, we drove into Munich, parked and walked along the River Isar, had a really nice dinner, then returned home around 9 pm. Thomas disappeared upstairs for a moment, then came back down and held me briefly, giving me a small kiss.

"Come, let's go down to the dungeon," he said with a strange smile curling his lips.

Of course I was happy to do it! I'd not worn any restraints for more than three weeks and so willingly followed him down the steep stairs and into the anteroom of my cell. It took me less than a minute to strip off all of my clothing and start spreading the slippery silicon oil over my body. I hesitated for a second then slathered it over my hair and face, and five minutes later, I was securely locked into my dungeon suit, including the oppressive mask. Thirty minutes later, Thomas had me fully imprisoned in the harness, and I felt strangely happy and good to feel its weight and restriction, even that of the

Spanish Trapezoid. He'd screwed all of the flanges together very tightly, as he always did then slipped the anti-tampering shields over them, but he didn't fasten them in place with their usual padlocks as he normally did when we had a short play session. I *thought* he'd done this only to save himself some work and time. Thomas unlocked the door of the cell, grasped my arm above the clamp, and marched me inside, shuffling awkwardly because the attached steel ball acted to miserably restrict my ability to walk. I was pulled to the back wall where my leash chains hung, waiting.

"Stand still while you are put on your leashes convict!" he commanded harshly, falling into the role he played so well when we were in the dungeon.

I faced the concrete wall, my legs trembling with nervous anticipation while he picked up the four metre long leash chains and fastened the first to the back of my collar, then the second to the ring at the back of my waistband. When they'd been mounted, he took two wrenches from his pockets and twisted the joining shackles very tight while I stood with my back to him. The drag of their weight felt a little strange at first and a shiver of delight passed through me, then he grasped my neck chain and jerked firmly on it.

"Come! Over to the fixing bars!" he commanded, tugging upward on the chain, partially lifting me from the floor while forcing me to walk ahead of him.

I began to choke from this strong tension, feeling truly helpless while I was frog-marched over to stand between the steel posts. Naturally, I instinctively tried to use my bar-separated and fully chained arms and hands to protect myself, but of course, the restraints rendered my struggles completely pointless, and he was behind me. The psychological effect of my being made to feel so helpless, vulnerable, and controlled really turned me on for no matter what I did, his overpowering strength, height, and command of me was undeniable. No matter how I writhed and struggled, he could make me do *anything* he wanted!

I enjoyed this aspect even more, so continued to fight as much as I could against being taken between the two posts, but his strength was far superior to mine, and bound as I was, there was no hope for me to avoid it. We had both played this small game of rebellion in the past, for it always added immensely to my mental scene of being coerced into what happened after. I'd always cursed and wept; struggling against my restraints while he dragged me to a 'terrible fate' and I did so this time too, but there was something subtly different in how he handled me. Perhaps it was the harshness with which he made me move into position. He was totally ruthless with his jerking and tugging on my chains then fastening me in place, and for some reason, rather than continue to falsely rebel against his handling I began to truly weep and struggle frantically, sinking deeply into my role as a chained female convict about to be punished for her 'crimes'. How true my situation *really* was, I had no idea at the time.

A couple of minutes later, I was inescapably fastened between the fixing bars, and he began to manoeuvre my body into the position he wanted for sex. I whined and moaned all during this time, shuddering anew with my sudden need of him, and two minutes later, I was ready to be used.

I hung above the floor, bent forward at the waist being partially choked, but held in place by a different set of chains than he normally employed. One went from each side of my cinch to rings on the fixing bars, and another two came down from higher rings and fastened to those on my chest band, just under my arms. My collar also bore two chains

from its side rings, and these held my head at about his crotch level, while my wrist cuffs were also connected off to the sides by two more chains, held down as far away from my body as possible. He'd made me bend at my knees then had brought others from the sides and clipped them to my ankle cuffs so that my feet were held far above the floor with the steel ball swinging weightily back and forth, adding even *more* to my sensations of bondage. In effect, I was crouched forward in mid-air between the fixing bars, completely helpless! I *had* to stare straight ahead because of the rigidity of the head cage and collar combination, and this added even more to my feelings of vulnerability. I heard him take off his clothes.

To my surprise he brought up the gag and quickly locked it into my mouth! I tried to protest against this, but fastened as I was, there was no choice! Suddenly, his large hand slapped very hard onto my exposed rubber and steel-outlined buttocks, and he began to spank me slowly! I howled with outrage into the rubber plug, wanting him to fuck me, *not* spank me, but then I felt myself getting more and more aroused! The gag prevented me from any sort of coherent protest and made things even more intense!

At last the spanking stopped, and even though I was in tears, I shivered with delight when he bent down, unlocked my crotch cover then swung it through my legs and up over my back. He teased me with his manhood, stroking it along the lengths of my now inflamed labia, at the same time, caressing and gently manipulating my clitoris until I was howling for him to impale me. I was quite mindless with desire, feeling utterly helpless and vulnerable, gagged and suspended above the floor in the restriction of my chains and harness. *This* was what I had wanted for nearly the entire time we had been on holiday! I hung there in my chains swinging jerkily back and forth through short arcs, in mid-air between the fixing bars, wailing and crying out against my gag while he continued his tormenting, then suddenly, he plunged into me! I screamed like a wild cat, riding his pummelling while his manhood bored deeper and deeper into my presented body with his every thrust! My hands and arms pulled maniacally against their chains and my legs tried to kick against the chains that held them, making me fight with female instinct to somehow control or escape what was being done, but it was useless! I *had* to accept what he did, and it was then I felt an approaching orgasm.

He was harsh with his approach to my being made love to, but I revelled in the sensations! Inside the locked-on cups, my blood-inflated and sensitive breast flesh bounced erratically while I was forced by my head cage to stare in gagged silence at the wall, even then still partially choking! I jerked my arms against their cuffs and chains, straining to escape his depredations, but was totally helpless while he, quite literally, raped me! An overwhelming orgasm flashed my mind to incoherent steam while he continued to assault my body, and I screamed like a banshee, trembling all over ... but it *didn't* stop! He withdrew himself and continued to tease and caress my wet, streaming crotch until I exploded into orgasm again and again. The last ones were so powerful that I fainted and collapsed totally, still held suspended between the fixing bars. When I finally returned to awareness, I was still locked into the forward-crouched position and suspended between them, but my gag had been removed.

"And so convict, you are back with me!" he spoke from behind. "Now you must provide some *other* pleasure for me." He walked around until I could see his lower body, but not his face or chest then moved up close so that his manhood projected toward me at the level of my mouth. "Begin your work!"

He grasped his thick, upstanding, fleshy shaft and slowly forced it into my mouth, holding the top ring of my head cage securely. I tongued and laved it with my lips, sucking powerfully, trying to excite him into climaxing quickly, for I didn't like to perform oral sex, but his control was incredible. He held himself back, no matter what I tried then began forcing himself deeper and deeper into my mouth and steel encased throat! At some points, I nearly fainted so far in did he go. I couldn't breathe! My throat swelled with gargling attempted protests, but he kept on and on! Finally, he exploded in white-hot jets of sperm, and I felt the salty gel propelled down my collared throat while he gave a satisfied shout of triumph then withdrew, but he left me to hang in my chains, choking and gasping, trying to recover my breath. I heard the water in the bath cell then a moment later, he gently washed my still exposed crotch.

"Oooooohhhh *Master!*" I whispered, "That was incredible, and it felt *ssssooo* good!"

"Yes, it was," he said simply. "Hold still while I get your restraints properly organized."

What else could I do? He spent a couple of minutes getting me to stand back on my feet, but still fastened between the fixing bars then with a stern look into my eyes, he moved the crotch shield of the chastity belt forward between my thighs, pulled it firmly up over my lower belly, and locked it closed. I shivered with knowledge and sensations of my sex being once again sealed away from any sort of access, already hating that the annoying wedge had been once more pressed deeply into my body. There was a rattle of some paper then he came and unlocked the last chains that held me between the posts.

"Come over here to the computer desk convict!" he barked, staring hard at me.

I shuffled over as fast as I could, for his tone of voice told me that he was not in a mood for any reluctance on my part.

"Read this!" he said pointing down to a set of three, thick, stapled together booklets.

Bending forward as far as I could, I stared down and this is what I saw:

* JUDGEMENT AND SENTENCE

OF IMPRISONMENT FOR

Sabrina Wheeler: CCFL-1

* PREAMBLE *

The Slave Girl, Sabrina, has already acknowledged her status as a convicted felon. On the 19th of July, 1997 she agreed to, and received, a brand on her left buttock, marking her as the property of her Master.

The convict, Sabrina, has shown continual neglect of her duties and required behaviour. This has been demonstrated by; inappropriate behaviour, the conscious breaking of the rules set for her, a disobedient and undisciplined attitude, and constant flirtatiousness. Given her attitudes, she is in need of severe correction. It is, therefore, appropriate that she be prevented from further misbehaviour and made to change her ways by means of permanent incarceration and the full restraint of her person.

The convict, Sabrina, has previously served several brief terms of imprisonment in the dungeon and during these times of incarceration, it was noted that most of the above faults did not occur. However, the punishments of the convict have had no lasting influence on her behaviour and attitude, and therefore, the following Judgement is agreed to by both parties, and will hereby be enacted as indicated in the document below.

* JUDGEMENT *

The convict, Sabrina, because of her continual and repeated disobedience, is on this day sentenced to incarceration within the household dungeon of her Master, Thomas.

The term of this punishment shall be for the remainder of the convict's natural life. This term is mandated because of the serious nature of her various and continuing crimes, misbehaviours, and disobedience.

The convict, Sabrina will serve this sentence as a Chained Convict For Life (CCFL), always confined in the Steel Restraint And Discipline Harness. This disciplinary measure *will* be enforced twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, three hundred and sixty-five days a year.

This punishment GUARANTEES that the chained convict, Sabrina Wheeler, will be unable to commit further offences or violations of the rules and regulations set out for her.

Her incarceration will ensure that the Chained Convict For Life has the opportunity to continually reflect upon and regret her crimes.

*** RESTRAINT EQUIPMENT ***

To ensure that the CCFL serves her sentence in a proper and penitent manner, she shall be required to wear a Stainless Steel Restraint And Disciplining harness (SSRADH) in the place and under the conditions hereinafter specified:

- 1) The CCFL will serve her entire sentence in the household dungeon of her Master.
- 2) The CCFL will be required to wear her SSRADH at ALL times while serving her sentence, with the only exception being when she is to be cleaned. On those occasions, she will be otherwise fully restrained.
- 3) The CCFL shall NOT be permitted access to her body's erogenous zones at ANY time while serving her sentence.
- 4) Except as noted, all parts of the SSRADH shall be fastened with bolts and riveted-on, anti-tampering shields.
- 5) The CCFL's dungeon suit and SSRADH shall be affixed and configured as follows:

A) - Dungeon Suit: This is the CCFL's undergarment, to be worn at all times while she is serving her sentence in the dungeon. The dungeon suit shall be made of a three mm thick, neoprene rubber, bonded to a strong nylon fabric. The dungeon suit is designed to cover the CCFL from head to toe and includes a full head helmet with a detachable face covering mask, permanently attached gloves, and foot coverings. The dungeon suit will be locked onto the CCFL prior to her being fitted with the restraint equipment.

B) Chastity Belt: This consists of a ten cm wide, five mm thick waistband, and a five mm thick crotch shield. The waist cinch, belt portion shall be fastened to the CCFL by means of bolts and rivets. The crotch shield will be affixed by means of a heavy-duty, tamper proof lock.

C) Thigh Bands: These consist of two, oval shaped bands, designed to tightly fit around the CCFL's legs at mid-thigh. These bands are five cm wide and five mm thick, permanently joined to one another with a ten cm long chain.

D) Chastity Bra: This consists of the following parts: two steel breast cups that cover and prevent access to the CCFL's breasts, and a ten cm wide, five mm thick chest band together with positioning and securing chains.

E) Head Cage & Collar: This consists of a network of steel straps, three mm in thickness, formed into a web that will totally enclose the CCFL's head, rigidly connected to a formed, seven and a half cm wide, five mm thick collar.

F) Wrist Cuffs & Separator Bar: These restraints consist of two, tightly-fitted, five cm wide, five mm thick, oval-shaped cuffs for the CCFL's wrists, permanently joined to each other by a forty cm long, one and one half cm diameter steel bar.

G) Above-the-Elbow Cuffs: These consist of five cm wide, five mm thick, oval shaped cuffs, designed to fit tightly around the CCFL's arms, above the elbows.

H) Spanish Trapezoid: This consists of two, below-the-knee cuffs and two ankle cuffs, these cuff permanently connected by spreader bars between the below-the-knee cuffs, and the ankle cuffs. The upper spreader bar shall be twenty-five cm long, one and one half cm in diameter. The lower spreader bar shall be forty cm long, one and one half cm in diameter. The two spreader bars will be kept vertically separated by steel rods between them, of sufficient length to prevent the spreader's movement. The vertical steel rods will be one cm in diameter. All cuffs are five cm wide and five mm thick. The below-the-knee cuffs shall conform to the profile of the CCFL's legs, fitting snugly onto them, above the bulge of the calf muscles. The ankle cuffs shall be oval shaped and fit her legs tightly, above her ankle joints.

I) Steel Restrictor Ball: This consists of a steel ball weighing thirteen kg, equipped with a fifty cm long chain. This ball is permanently fastened to the central link of the ankle spreader bar.

6) The SSRADH will be inter-connected, from the top down, as follows:

A) The Head Cage/Collar will be connected to the chastity bra in the following manner: at the front by means of three chains shackled to the central ring on the bottom edge of the CCFL's collar. These chains descend to either outer side of the cups of the chastity bra with the middle one to the central, dividing busk of the breast cups. At the back, two chains shall be shackled to the ring at the central bottom. These descend to their fastening rings on the upper edge of the chastity bra's chest band on either side of the CCFL's spine.

B) The chastity bra will be joined to the waist cinch of the chastity belt in the following manner: at the front by means of two chains from the outer sides of the breast cups joined to rings on either side of the centre, upper edge of the chastity belt's waist belt. Two chains will descend from the ring at the front and centre of the chastity bra chest band to be fastened to these same rings. At the back, two chains will descend from their rings on the bottom edge of the chastity bra's chest band to rings on the upper edge of the chastity belt waistband on either side of the CCFL's spine.

C) The thigh bands shall be gartered to the waistband of the CCFL's chastity belt in the following manner: two sets of two chains shall be employed. One chain on each side will descend from its ring on the bottom edge of the waistband over the hips of the CCFL to a ring on the side of the thigh band. The other two chains will each descend from their rings on the front, bottom edge of the waistband to rings on the fronts of the thigh bands.

D) The Spanish Trapezoid will be gartered to the thigh bands in the following manner: two sets of chains will be used for each leg and these are connected to the same rings as the ones from the waistband, on the front and outer sides of the legs.

E) The steel restrictor ball's chain shall be permanently connected to the central ring of the ankle spreader bar.

7) The CCFL shall, at all times while in the cell (twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, three hundred and sixty-five days a year) be kept tethered to the back wall of the cell by means of two leashes, each four metres long, unless being taken for cleaning. These leashes will be shackled to the central back rings of the CCFL's collar and chastity belt waistband.

*** EXECUTION OF SENTENCE ***

1) Each Friday the CCFL will be required to serve a Penance Day in the puppy cage within the cell. This day of penance will begin at 0600 on Friday morning and finish at 0600 on Saturday morning.

During the CCFL's Penance Day, she will receive only water to drink and a bread mash as food.

Prior to entering the puppy cage, the CCFL will be fitted with a diaper and a feeding gag. She will wear them for the full duration of the Penance Day.

The CCFL shall NOT be freed of any of the components of her SSRADH during Penance Day.

2) Within the framework of this sentence, the Dungeon Authority may, at his discretion, require that the application of further educational and disciplinary measures be imposed upon the CCFL. These may take the form of, but are NOT limited to any of the following: withdrawal of the use of the PC, the long term application of a gag (feeding or otherwise), a blindfold, or ANY OTHER measures that may be deemed necessary.

3) Relief of punishment will only be granted at the sole discretion of the Dungeon Master upon good behaviour and demonstrated repentance by the CCFL.

4) During the ENTIRE length of her sentence, the CCFL is totally prohibited the consumption of semi-luxury foods and/or stimulants. These consist of, but are not limited to: nicotine products of any and all types, caffeine, alcohol, and chocolate. The Dungeon Master will ensure that there is no access to any of the prohibited substances.

5) Providing she behaves properly, the CCFL may be permitted access to the PC within the cell, at the sole discretion of the Dungeon Master. The cell computer shall not have direct access to the Internet but shall be routed through the household computer.

6) The CCFL may write and receive email. However ALL in-bound and out-bound correspondence will be checked, corrected, censored, or stopped by the Dungeon Master at his sole discretion.

7) The minimum duration of this sentence shall be two months (sixty days), before any parole shall be considered and shall be reviewed periodically by the Dungeon Authority in order to determine if she is eligible for parole or pardon. Any such modification of the CCFL's sentence shall be at the sole discretion of the Dungeon Authority.

8) The CCFL shall serve her sentence with patience and demonstrated regret.

9) The CCFL is NOT permitted the use of 'SAFE' words or 'SAFE' signals of any kind. By her signature below, she acknowledges that she is fully aware that she CANNOT escape from her lawful punishment by ANY means.

10) The CCFL shall NOT make any attempt to escape from this lawful sentence. She shall make NO attempt to escape her SSRADH, or any of its components, the cell, or the dungeon.

11) The CCFL, is prohibited from any sexual stimulation, of whatever type, unless granted by the Dungeon Authority. She will not be permitted access to her sexual organs

or breasts while serving this sentence. ANY such attempts shall be punished immediately and with extreme harshness.

12) The CCFL shall, at ANY time during the serving of this sentence, be required to provide sexual services and full satisfaction to the Dungeon Authority but may be denied personal relief notwithstanding.

The second last page of the document was Thomas' statement of intent to carry out my sentence and I read it with terror beginning to clasp my heart.

*** STATEMENT OF THE DUNGEON MASTER ***

I, Thomas, as the Dungeon Master of the convict Sabrina, Chained Convict For Life (CCFL), do solemnly swear and attest that I will ensure that the preceding JUDGEMENT & SENTENCE will be executed, in ALL of its parts, without fail, and with all necessary severity.

I affirm that I will ensure that no damage to the health of the CCFL takes place.

I am aware that the CCFL, Sabrina, is unable to free herself from her Stainless Steel Restraint And Disciplining harness (SSRADH), either through the use of tools or keys, OR a 'safe' word or signal. Furthermore, I hereby pledge to TOTALLY IGNORE any pleading, begging, or attempted use of 'safe' words or signals that the CCFL may attempt employ to in ANY way ease or terminate her incarceration or any and all disciplinary measures that she may be required to undergo.

I hereby FULLY commit myself to NOT consider ANY desires expressed by the CCFL that concern a suspension of any punishment/discipline procedures, an easement, or removal of any component of her SSRDH for the entirety of her breadth of confinement within the dungeon, or a shortening, or termination of her sentence as a CCFL, so long as any of the above pose no risk to her physical health.

I shall pay special attention to any signs or circumstances that may indicate the possible endangerment of the CCFL's physical health and take all required measures to remove any such endangerment.

The final page of the document was an already prepared statement from me, and another clamp of terror shook my body when I read it.

***STATEMENT OF THE CHAINED CONVICT ***

I, Sabrina Wheeler, by my signature below, ACCEPT FULLY AND ACKNOWLEDGE the entire preceding judgement in ALL of its points.

I hereby submit myself to the full and complete execution of the sentence as described in the preceding document.

I am FULLY aware that the execution of my sentence, being confined to the household dungeon, is without any temporal limitation, and that any suspension, parole, or termination of this sentence is at the sole discretion of the Dungeon Master, Thomas.

I am FULLY aware that I will be required to wear the Stainless Steel Restraint And Disciplining Harness for the full duration of my sentence, and that by doing so, my personal freedom of movement within the cell shall be strictly limited by it.

I hereby declare and state that I understand fully that ANY and ALL desires I may express, in ANY way, at ANY time during the duration of my sentence, to escape, alleviate, suspend or terminate disciplinary processes, or to remove any or all of my SSRADH, shall be completely DISREGARDED and IGNORED by the Dungeon Master.

I FULLY understand that I am utterly unable to free myself, either directly or by means of a “safe” word from ANY portion or the entirety of my sentence described above.

I shall not, at any time in the future, raise complaints or demands to the Dungeon Master during my sentence, provided he has fulfilled his obligations as specified in the preceding document.

THIS DOCUMENT AND ATTESTATION DATED:

_____ (08th February, 1998)

AND AGREED TO BY THE PARTIES BELOW:

(Thomas: Jailer, Responsible for Execution of Sentence)

(Sabrina Wheeler, Chained Convict For Life - CCFL-1)

I stared at them in shock for a moment then looked up into his stern and uncompromising blue eyes. My thoughts turned into a confusing whirlpool when he placed the pen in my shaking, gloved, chained hand then held the signature sheet down on the desk top. Suddenly, all of my secret dreams *could* be made real! All I had to do was print then sign my name and I would be taken to that world! Unthinking, but with trembling fingers, I slowly and awkwardly printed my full name on the appropriate page at the back of each of the three booklets, then signed and dated them all. He took the completed forms, affixed his name and dated them also, then stuck all into a large, brown envelope.

I was given no further chance to do anything, for he immediately began to slip rivets into their holes in the anti-tampering shields and smash them flat with the hammer. I realized he was utterly serious! He’d obviously thought long and hard about this Judgement and Sentences then properly prepared and printed it. I *was* going to be imprisoned for a long time, and not just a few days. I thought back to the phrases he’d employed in The Judgement “...*this is a life long sentence...*”

A terrified shiver shook my whole body while he went behind me then removed the padlocks that connected the leashes to my harness one at a time and replaced them with heavy-duty shackles. A moment later he’d removed their screw-out heads, and I had become permanently leashed with *no* hope of getting them off!

I shrank away from him as best I could, but he had a firm grip on my neck leash and tugged harshly on it. When I felt his authoritative jerk I began to moan and whimper piteously for the aftermath of what I had just agreed to, began to make itself apparent.

“Ooohhhh, Master! P-p-please ... please...” I wailed and started to sniffle contritely, staring up into his hard blue eyes. “I’m so s-s-sorry. Please, Master! Please l-l-let me go! Please, give me another chance!”

I sank to my knees before him, sliding deeper into shock and in a growing whirlpool of despair at what I’d committed myself to. It was already too late but I wept quietly, jerking my hands and arms against their cuffs and chains.

“Convict! I am aware of many of your crimes and misdeeds since we began living together *and* during our holiday! Your actions and attitude have never lived up to your words and promises and so *now*, you must pay the price! Open your mouth!”

He was going to gag me again, and when I saw it, I began crying even harder, but my pitiful noises were instantly stopped when the rubber mouth filler was unmercifully

rammed between my teeth then deeply into my mouth. Thanks to the head cage and collar combination holding my head up, I could not escape being fitted with it.

I choked while he locked the front face panel onto my head cage, fighting to get used to its deep intrusion into the far reaches of my mouth. He turned without a further word, collected the envelope containing The Judgement, and walked from the cell. The door closed and locked with a horrible, final, metallic crash then the dungeon door too was shut and locked. When we'd arrived in the dungeon and had our play, I had been ready for anything, but not *this*!

I remained kneeling in the centre of the floor with my leashes looping back to their sturdy wall ring, weeping with self-pity for the longest time, but only small, very faint incoherent moans escaped through my nostrils. I could not chew on the gag pad, and despite its discomfort at first I knew I would eventually become accustomed to it ... again. The fact that I was, once more a prisoner in the dungeon, this time without any idea of when I would be released, if ever, both frightened and aroused me in a terrifying mixture of emotions. I raised my arms and stared down at their forged-closed irons then foolishly pulled against them, attempting to find some escape, but of course, there was none. I was a total prisoner!

Those first days were very unpleasant, for I was again unfamiliar with the sensations and requirements of wearing the harness. Sleeping was particularly bad, for the flanges on the back of the chest band and the chain leashes were difficult to get comfortable with. I hated that I had to drag the heavy steel ball around and could never escape its severe restriction. Its movements were totally unpredictable and wearing the Spanish Trapezoid made it *very* awkward. I knew from my preceding dungeon terms that I'd soon become accustomed to the restriction imposed by the harness, but it was not a pleasant experience, in any way! The longest I had been imprisoned in the dungeon, to this point, was thirty-eight days, but *now*, I was going to be kept in here for 'life'! I couldn't believe this was really going to happen, but I wasn't sure! Certainly, I'd had my fantasies about something like this, but now that I was confronted with it being *real*, I was scared almost witless by the prospect of never getting out of here.

I knew with certainty that Thomas was a man of his word and once he made a decision, he followed through with his commitment to the very letter. I had to assume that I would indeed be kept in here as a "Chained Convict For Life". Initially, *then*, I didn't despair of being freed, but was often frustrated and got very bored. I suppose that, unconsciously, I'd wanted to provoke him into placing me in this situation, for when we'd first discussed the plans for the dungeon and my restraints, I'd confided to him that I wanted to experience the uncertainty of being condemned to an undetermined length of imprisonment.

After a week in my harness and the dungeon, I'd gradually become accustomed to the situation once more and adapted my movements to the restrictions imposed on me, getting along as best I could. My harness is a truly diabolical set of restraints, for it only permits the smallest and most humble of motions of my limbs, always snubbing them short with the jerks of the chains, but I couldn't really complain about these restrictions, because I had designed-in the limitations myself!

After three weeks, I was pretty well adapted to my new life and had come to regard my sentence, a 'Dungeon Detention For Life', as being a truly deserved one, especially when I thought back to my past and what I'd done while we were on our holiday. This

realization and fulfilment of my long-held, secret dreams and internal longings was both terrifying and arousing. Strangely enough I felt that my harness was almost a reward or an honour and when I walked around the dungeon, the rattling of my chains and the rumbling of the steel ball on the tiled floor actually sounded like some sort of sombre but pleasing melody!

Each Friday, as promised in The Judgement, Thomas came into the dungeon early, fed me my breakfast, then fitted me with the feeding gag. Before and while this was being done, I always whined and tried to complain, but he forced me to accept the horrid rubber plug, and I could not avoid it. From the front fitting on the gag, a long, thick-walled, amber coloured, rubber tube hung to my waist level. Next he fitted a diaper over the chastity belt, and I found this to be very humiliating. With a harsh jerk on my neck chain, I was pulled me over to the puppy cage then he forced me to kneel and move in a backwards crawl into it. His strength was irresistible. I somehow got myself completely inside the one metre cube then he threw the loose lengths of my leashes inside with me, then the steel ball, and closed and locked the cage's door. The leashes emerged from the narrow little slot under the door, leading across the tiles and up to their high wall ring.

It was at that point he slipped the water and food mash bottles into their holders and stood back. I stared silently at him through the bars of and always the tears came while I thought about the terrible, twenty-four lonely hours to come, hoping for pity. He always looked back at me with a grim expression, determined to follow through on his commitment to my punishment, then turned and left the cell, locking all of the doors and leaving me to endure, paying dearly for my disobedience and crimes. I could nothing more that stare out through the bars at the back wall of the cell. The only thing that broke its otherwise featureless expanse was the wall ring to which my gleaming leashes led. I could not move very well while confined in the cage, and soon, began weeping with self-pity. Occasionally, I would scream against my gag with misery, but only small hisses came from my nose. When I became thirsty or hungry, I could with difficulty, using one hand, grasp the tube from the front of my feeding gag then plug it onto one of the bottles, open the valve and suck. There was *nothing* else for me to do for that whole twenty-four interminable hours, other than think about how I had gotten there. Until that point, I'd not *really* thought my whole dream through to its logical conclusion. Much of my penance day, I thought of my situation with misery and regret, and many times wept at my foolish desires, for they *had* come true!

During those first weeks, I tried to come to terms with what had happened to me, much as a normal prisoner does. I began to dream and, at times, hope I would never be released from this truly incredible confinement. At Christmas of 1997, I got very upset and sentimental though, for I remained deeply confined in the dungeon, leashed and fully restrained in my harness. Thomas made no special thing of the day, treating me with his usual, determined enforcement of my Judgement. There were no relatives I could visit, and all of the friends I used to have, had forgotten about me. I was *truly* alone in the world, with only Thomas, Babs, and Michael knowing I was down here. He informed me that some of his and my former friends had recently asked where I was. At first, he'd told them I was away studying in another city then later, that we no longer saw each other and he had not heard from me for a long time and didn't know where I was or what I was doing now.

Nothing unusual happened for some weeks, and I sank ever deeper into my imprisonment. It was a great surprise to me when on the morning of Saturday, 17th of January, 1998, after I was released from the puppy cage confinement, Thomas told me he was granting me a parole for good behaviour! I would only have to wear my collar and the light chastity belt, as I had before being incarcerated, and I would return to being leashed at all times while in the regular part of the house. To add to my joy, I knew that I would also soon sleep with him and so was very happy.

I didn't know whether to feel glad that I was being freed, or sad that my 'dream life' had ended! However, I knew that the 'release on parole' meant if I misbehaved, or broke any of his House Rules, then I would be returned to full imprisonment. After the first couple of days of freedom though, despite my awareness of the possibility that I could be returned to the dungeon detention, I found that I didn't regret my incarceration term of 105 days. It had, in the final analysis been a wonderfully terrifying experience, despite the times I had been so vastly afraid and wept to be released, but I had no *true* fear, at that time, of being locked away in the dungeon again, and as a matter of fact, I looked forward to it happening again!

It was then I truly began to work on creating my web site with the help of a computer friend, Max.

CHAPTER TEN

Back Into The Dungeon

I was only free from my incarceration in the dungeon for twenty-one days, a ridiculous three weeks! Thomas and I went away for a three-day visit to friends and returned to the house on Saturday, the 7th of February, and as always when we were in the house, he immediately locked a leash to the back ring of my collar. We were glad to be back home, and that night, enjoyed an evening of pleasure playing with our toys but not the harness or in the dungeon. On Sunday morning, the 8th of February, I woke up and enjoyed lying in the soft, comfortable bed of my Master, thinking what a lucky girl I was, even though my chain tugged slightly when I moved my head on the fluffy pillow. Thomas came in while I was waking up.

"Go and have your shower then get ready for the day, Sabrina. When you're done, come back and see me here in the bedroom."

"Yes, Master!" I happily agreed. I leapt out of bed and skipped happily into the bathroom with my chain clinking musically along the carpet behind. Nearly an hour later, I returned and slipped into a short leather skirt and a nice, loose top

"Place your hands together in front," he commanded with a grim smile.

I quickly and happily obeyed. He slipped the very secure, hinged handcuffs around my wrists then tightened them until they were very snug, making me shiver with the delicious feeling and sound of their closing. I noted that he had turned the cuffs so that the keyhole faced up my arms and prohibited me from trying to pick their locks.

"These will keep you safe" he said with a smile. "I may wish to play with you later." he smiled again while double locking them. A short chain was clipped to the ring under my chin and he released the longer one from the back of my collar.

"Come, Girl!" he smiled, tugging gently on the short chain, and I followed him down to the kitchen. Once there, he connected the leash I was kept on while on the main floor of the house. This was long enough that I could get into any of the main floor rooms, part way up the stairs to the second floor, or partially down the ones to the basement. I could even step outside the back door and a little way out into the garden if I wanted. That, however, was something that Thomas forbade me from doing ... *ever*.

He fed me breakfast and the rest of the morning passed quietly while he worked away, up in his household office and I cleaned the main floor then prepared our lunches. Around 1:00 pm, after we'd eaten and Thomas had returned to his office, I removed the filled-up garbage bag from its container in the kitchen and took it to the trash bin just outside the back door, still wearing the handcuffs, and of course, on my leash. I don't know why I did this, for one of Thomas' rules is that I am strictly prohibited from going out of the house, on my own, with *any* restraints being visible, particularly without being accompanied by him. He didn't want to take even the smallest chance that the neighbours would see me, especially if I was obviously fitted with the restraints he required that I wear. It was improbable that anyone would, thanks to being at the back of the house and well distanced from them, but rules are rules.

Had I forgotten? Perhaps, perhaps not, but I went out anyway and was back inside very quickly and so thought nothing about it. Maybe I did it with an unconscious desire to be returned to the dungeon, but I had again demonstrated my disobedient and strong-willed nature. Thomas, of course, had looked out his office window when he heard the

alarm beep and it told him that the kitchen door had been opened and closed, so he actually saw me go outside. A moment later while I stood at the sink he came into the kitchen and stood behind me. Having heard him enter the room I turned to look at him and he shook his head, looking very displeased. I knew immediately that I'd done something bad.

"You'll never learn, will you, Sabrina? My instructions were explicit, and yet again, you've broken the rules you *know* you must live by, haven't you?"

"But I only wanted to ..."

However, he'd turned away and a minute later came back to the kitchen with my dungeon suit.

"Hold out your hands, Sabrina, and I will free them. You will dress in your dungeon suit."

Trembling already, I silently did as he commanded, and a moment later, I was free of the cuffs. He handed the bottle of silicon lubricant to me without a further word.

"*Must* I go into the dungeon, Master?"

He nodded but said nothing, looking grim.

I hesitated for a moment then looked at him.

"How long, Master?"

"You'll find out soon enough," he said without a smile. "Now, put your suit on."

Shivering with more than a tinge of dread, I slipped out of my clothes, and he unlocked my normal collar, watching impassively. Had I really gone out to the trash wearing the cuffs to provoke him into putting me into the dungeon and my harness again? Or, was it just an accident? What was done was done. I spread the slippery stuff all over my limbs and body then slid into the suit when he handed it to me. "*Perhaps he's just having fun?*" I thought foolishly, hoping there wouldn't be any serious consequences.

I turned my back, and he closed the zipper all the way then came around to the front and attached the mask also immediately locking its zipper. I *hated* the feeling of it covering my face and making me into only an anonymous female body! He pulled my hands behind my back, turning my palms to face outward, and I felt the hinged cuffs clasped very tightly closed around my wrists. Thomas released my leash from the ring then holding its glittering loops of links in one hand and grasping my upper arm, he marched me to the stairs and down to the hidden door of the dungeon. It was quickly opened then I was forced with reluctant steps to walk inside to the anteroom where I stood facing the lattice wall and staring into the grim cage beyond. I looked to the side and saw my harness lying on the floor, opened and waiting. The sight of it both excited and depressed me because I knew I'd soon be locked into it again. He gave me little time to think, but opened the door and pulled me inside the cell, then locked my leash to the ring. Within thirty minutes, I again wore almost the entire steel ensemble and then he reached down and picked up the head cage and collar combination and came toward me with it. As always, I shrank away from him as much as I could, but in seconds, he'd slipped it into position with its front straps pressed against my masked face. He quickly closed the sides and bolted them together at the back of my head. He had not yet slipped on the anti-tampering sleeves and so I suspected something serious about to happen.

"No locking sleeves, Master?" I asked with an innocent expression.

"I'm *not* finished with you yet, Girl!" he said grimly and opened the door of the cell.

He grasped my wrist separator bar and pulled me closer to the back wall. I moved awkwardly because of the Spanish Trapezoid, but soon stood facing the concrete while he brought up the leash chains and shackled them to the back of my collar and waistband. Only then did he slide the anti-tampering shields over the flange joints of all my cuffs and the harness and I whimpered tremulously, feeling this happen. Next, he took the rivets, the hammer and the steel backing plate then carefully flattened them in their counter sunk holes. I knew I was going to be kept in the dungeon for a long time. Oh God, what a feeling!

“So, I’m to be imprisoned for a long time, Master?” I whispered, hoping against hope.

“Yes, of course, but you already know *that*.”

I nodded my head as much as the head cage permitted. It wasn’t very much at all.

Here I was again, a fully chained prisoner in a secret cell, and although I wanted to experience the sensations once more, it was obvious I was going to be kept here for an extended period this time. There was a large element of terror in my jumbled thoughts, and they were becoming increasingly chaotic. I’d probably have cancelled everything then and there, but he did not give me a chance. It was just after 2:00 pm when he had ground off turn out heads from all of the shackles, collected all of the tools and walked out of the cell door, locking it behind him. I’d turned away from the wall when he was done and moved slowly and awkwardly to the bars then held them nervously in my gloved hands while he prepared to leave the dungeon.

“H-h-how long, Master?” I asked in a frightened whisper.

He stopped and turned to face me.

“What’s wrong with you, Convict? You were originally condemned to a sentence in this dungeon and your harness as a Chained Convict For Life! I gave you a parole, but you didn’t seem to understand that if you broke the rules, you’d be imprisoned again, and so you have been!

“*Now*, you’re going to serve the remainder of your sentence term under the *full* conditions of your judgement. I’ll be back with the papers in a day or two and you’ll sign them then, making everything legal.”

I gasped at his forceful words. The door slid closed and locked with a terrible, final thud then came the *clacks!* when the door’s bolts slid home and were locked. All of the protests and excuses I wanted to make were stopped in my collared throat, and I gulped with growing terror when I thought back on The Judgement’s implacable words. Thomas was adamant and exacting whenever he made a promise or a commitment and The Judgement stated that I would stay in here for the rest of my life, always on my chain leashes, and always wearing this harness! I hung onto the bars for long minutes, then the weight of the chains finally made me back away, and I turned to look around my depressingly small cell. *Surely*, he wouldn’t keep me a prisoner in here for the rest of my life, restrained like *this??* He couldn’t! But, a voice at the back of my mind said that he *could!* No one, other than him, Babs, and Michael knew I was here. I wandered slowly up and down, thinking harder about what he’d said and what had just happened. Yes! I wanted to experience what it was like to feel like a chained convict, and maybe that I would be here for long time ... but to spend the rest of my *life* in here ... it was inconceivable. It had to be a joke ... a game he was playing with me. It *had* to be!!

“*Oh, God!*” I thought, trying automatically to reach and touch my armoured crotch then my imprisoned, garrotted and increasingly sensitive breasts, “*What if he’s serious? What will I do? How can I get out of this situation?*”

Of course, the harness prohibited any sort of touching of my flesh and wearing the thick, tough gloves made the attempt even more foolish to try. Deep moans of arousal, frustration, terror, and despair came while I contemplated my fate, struggling slowly back and forth, hearing only the clicking of my chains and harness parts, and the rumble of the ball chained to my ankle spreader bar. The rest of the day passed with nothing happening and that night, Thomas brought me my meal in the usual plastic dishes. From then on, my schedule reverted pretty much to what it had been during my previous stays in the dungeon.

As had happened before, that first week I spent much time getting used to the severe restrictions. Two days after I had been incarcerated, Thomas brought the papers of The Judgement down to the cell and I signed them all with great misgiving but making the resumption of serving my full sentence official. I was scared while I did it, but strangely, I felt a great relief when everything had been completed. Again, there were three copies and he told me one would be kept under seal at his lawyer’s office, one would be here at the house, and the other would be placed in his safe deposit box at his bank. I realized, once more, how serious was his intent to keep me in the dungeon to complete my sentence as a Chained Convict For Life, a CCFL! During the remainder of the week, I worked on my web page, and on the 15th of February 1998, I put a report of my first week in the dungeon into it.

My initial enthusiasm for being back in the dungeon retreated rapidly, for I realized that *this* time, I would be kept in here for a *much* longer time than the 105 days I had, until now, endured. Initially, I’d felt very excited and aroused when Thomas had fitted me with my dungeon suit, harness, and chains, but over the weeks that followed, I began to regret my stupidity. I was contrite for my disobedience, but it was far too late. I’d signed the papers agreeing to *everything*, including having no ‘safe word’ to ever get out of this situation and I suppose I was still in shock at what had happened.

As before, the restrictions of the harness and chain leashes soon drove me nearly mad. Even when I sat and tried to write at the computer, it was very hard to do. Its limitation of my freedom of motion served to constantly remind me of my status and so I tried other forms of diversion to break the monotony of my imprisonment. I spent long hours walking back and forth, across, and up and down the length of the cell, hearing only the rattling of my chains and the rumbling ball. Often I stood at the bars gripping them and staring at the small window in the wall, knowing there was a wonderful world beyond, but it was totally prohibited to me now. Many other times, I lay on my thin mat and struggled against my chains and harness, staring at the heavy links that tethered me to the wall.

I felt as though I was a very bad criminal, but realized that this was the only way my Master could keep me properly disciplined. Even a week in this confinement had improved my attitude a lot so that now I was always polite and smiling when he came to the dungeon. I did everything he told me to do as quickly and as happily as I could. I became so very obedient, because I was so utterly dependent on his continuing good will and *had* to keep my temper. I made no contradiction because I knew if I did he would immediately take strong disciplinary measures to correct my bad behaviour and I wanted

to somehow preserve the chance to get another parole, even though *that* now seemed very unlikely to come.

Of course, I urgently wanted to enjoy sex again because, as I was now restrained, there was *no* possibility of this happening, thanks to my chastity belt and steel bra. All of my restraints are designed to fit very snugly and very securely onto my body and limbs, and with them being worn over the 3 mm thick dungeon suit, they were even tighter and so immovable. Fastened as they were, they gave me no opportunity to find any sort of relief from their constant restriction. What was worse though, as my desire became stronger, was that the insidious wedge on the inner side of the crotch plate continued to torture and tantalise me whenever I moved! I could *not* escape its constant, blatant, arousing sensation when it slid over my clitoris, no matter how I tried! Desperation to ease this constant stimulation, or to somehow bring myself to an orgasm, made me nearly crazy. I tried *everything* I could to make myself come, but the harness was totally efficient in preventing it. My legs were locked apart at a constant distance, and I had great difficulty getting my gloved fingers to even touch the thick crotch plate, let alone try to get under it. Then, of course, my fingers were also thickly gloved with the tough neoprene! I tried banging my steel-clad belly against the bars of the lattice wall, then I tried to lie on my stomach and hit the floor but that was far too uncomfortable. The edges and corners of the computer table and the puppy cage didn't help either. Each time I attempted to get sexual relief, my arousal and subsequent frustration only grew worse! Too, I wanted to caress and hold my swollen my breasts, but I *couldn't*! When I'd finally give up trying, I howled and screamed for him to come and satisfy me, but remained alone and nearly hysterical, frequently breaking down to bitter sobbing, kicking, and thrashing mindlessly while I lay on the mat, desperate for attention and affection.

I received many email letters once my web site became active. Every one had all sorts of questions, although many were the same. Here are some that were asked:

Question: How often does your Master visit you during your dungeon punishment?

Sabrina: Normally, my Master comes to see me at least twice during the day. He brings my morning and lunch meals, and then again in the evening. Sometimes, if he is at home and feels like doing so, he comes to see me at noon. If he is away from the house for more than a day, sometimes Babs, his and my friend, come to give me my food.

Question: How do you manage your personal hygiene while you are so strictly restrained?

Sabrina: That is, admittedly, a problem. I cannot take a bath or a shower during my time in the cell, but I manage to wash myself a little with a face cloth and towel at the wash basin in the small cell. My success is very limited because of the way my hands and arms are chained. However, every second day before my morning meal, my Master fastens me between the fixing bars with my wrist separator bar chained high so that I cannot get them near my genital area. Only then does he open the heavy anti-tampering lock for my crotch cover and wash me thoroughly. I didn't have any problems with this procedure, even during my 105 days in the dungeon.

Question: How do you deal with your period, especially if you *always* wear a chastity belt?

Sabrina: I am *never* freed of the chastity belt unless my hands are secured away from myself! However, my Master leaves me with supplies of gauze and other absorbent

cloths. These I can pull down under the front shield until they are positioned correctly. It is similar to using a panty liner.

Question: How long have you had to wear the feeding gag?

Sabrina: At that time, only for a day at a time when I'm held in the puppy cage for my day of penance.

Question: What do you do in there on a normal day?

Sabrina: I wake around 6:00 am, get up, and go into the bath cell to complete my morning toilet, which includes brushing my teeth, urination, and bowel movements. One of the very small benefits of being a CCFL is that I do not have to worry about getting dressed because I already have on all that I am ever permitted to wear!

Around 7:00 am, my Master comes down with my breakfast and lunch in the plastic dishes. When I am alone again, I can eat my breakfast. This is a hard thing to do because of the restrictions of my chains and wrist separator bar. After I am finished eating, I clean the plastic pans and walk around the cell and try to do some exercise, as much as I am able while wearing my harness. After that, I work on the PC, reading and writing email and doing more things for my web site.

When I cannot bear to sit anymore in my uncomfortable chastity belt, usually after about a two hours, I walk some more and, sometimes, lie down on the mat and think about my bondage situation as a CCFL.

Around noon, or when I get hungry, I eat the meal prepared for me in the plastic dishes. The afternoon passes much like the morning. My Master normally comes down to the dungeon with my dinner around 6:00 pm. Sometimes, if he feels like it, he stays, talks, and then leaves me alone in the cell. At approximately 10:00 pm, I lay down and try to go to sleep.

Question: What do you think about during the days in the dungeon?

Sabrina: It depends on my mood. I often think and wonder if it is correct to have sentenced me to this term in the dungeon, restrained as I am. Too, I spend much time wondering and worrying about how long I will remain in here, serving my sentence. I've already considered, several times, what it would be like if I *did* remain locked up in here for the rest of my life. Of course, this is a very frightening thought, but at the same time, it is a fascinating and exciting one!

Much of the time, I am frustrated with being so stringently controlled, and think feverishly of ways to try and escape from my harness and from the dungeon, but I always come to the conclusion that neither are possible!

Question: Do you have any daylight in your dungeon? Can you see out of the window?

Sabrina: The ground at the back of the house is sloped up and is about one metre higher than the ceiling of the cell, so the tube outside the window is at least three metres in height and it is very narrow and not too wide. All I can see is the dirty grey concrete of the back wall of the airshaft. Very little daylight gets into it and so I can only imagine what the time of day is, and what the weather is like outside.

The lights in the ceiling of the cell and the bathroom area are always left turned on. I cannot shut them off because the switch is outside the dungeon.

I slowly got used to being in here again and, once more, wearing my harness, but it was not easy. Nothing changed for me over the next week, and on Friday, the 20th of February, my Master locked me, gagged and diapered, into the puppy cage for my Day of

Penance. For the entire twenty-four hour period, I could only sit crouched over or lying with my legs drawn up, always separated by the Spanish Trapezoid. My hands remained held far apart. Occasionally, I wept and tried to scream for help even though I knew it was useless and that no one could hear me, or know I was held in such strict restraints.

Time slows to a standstill, and it always takes ages until my Master appears the next day. I wait, praying that he will soon return, but he never comes to visit during my day in the cage! I could be seen by him, on the closed circuit TV, so I remained in solitude and he only returned to free me after the full, lonely day and night had passed. I lose all track of time because the lights are always on, but even if I manage to get some sleep, I am always awakened when I try to stretch myself out. On the 22nd of February 1998, my second week in the dungeon, I made the next entry for my web site. Actually, at that moment, I felt quite happy with my situation as a CCFL.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Last Orgasm

That evening, Thomas came into the dungeon and fed me my dinner, which was very unusual. When I was done and we'd talked a while, he stood behind me while I remained sitting on the hard stool in front of the computer table. I sat quietly with my wrist separator bar resting across my thighs just above the bright bands that confined and joined them, having to stare straight ahead because of the confinement of the head cage and collar, wondering what was going to happen. Thomas took a strong grip on my neck leash and lifted me off the seat then partially into the air, making me feel his power and control while I danced on tiptoe, choking and whimpering.

"Come, Girl!" he said commanding, almost harshly. "You're going to give me sex."

Wearing my harness and chains, there was no possible way for me to do more than make a token struggle against his strength and he easily forced me over between the fixing bars. I stood trembling with desire while he clipped chains from them to either side of my waistband while inside the steel cups my breasts began to swell even more with sensitising blood. Oh, how I wanted to feel his hands, anyone's hands, upon them! He bent and grasped my ankle spreader bar then lifted it high in front until I lay almost flat on my back; connecting other chains from rings high on the fixing bars to the outer rings of my ankle cuffs!

I could not stop my yelp of surprise and frantically tried to grab at something for support, but of course, my wrist bar and arm chains stopped me from being able to do anything at all! He next lifted my wrist bar as high as it would go against its tethers to my waist then fastened it in position with another set of chains from the fixing bars. To ease my discomfort slightly, he connected another set of slightly longer ones from the upper rings to the front ring of my collar so that my neck and head cage were supported. I hung there between the two steel posts, presented to him as he wished: a totally helpless, masked, and completely-chained prisoner, shivering with desperate need and whimpering wordlessly at feeling myself made so utterly vulnerable. He said nothing for long minutes, letting me adjust to my situation and at the same time, imprinting the sensations and emotional depth of my utter captivity ever more deeply in my mind. I couldn't stop the sounds welling from my inner soul and tried to struggle against the chains to ease my position, but nothing I did made the slightest difference. With my head held captive in its cage, immobilized by the wide collar, I could only stare up at the concrete ceiling, able to see only a little to the sides in my peripheral vision.

There was movement at the front of my waistband, and a moment later, he peeled the crotch piece away from my lower belly to expose my sex. Oh, how good the cool air felt! Already, I was wet with desire, trembling uncontrollably while he swung the crotch shield down between my chained-together thighs and then left it to move freely back and forth from where it was fastened at the rear of my waistband. Nothing happened! I waited for what seemed like *forever*, until finally, got the courage to gasp a question to him.

"M-M-Master?" I whispered, "Wh-what are you ..."

"Be *quiet*!" he snapped with harsh command.

I suddenly felt my femininity very strongly, and this in combination with his lack of tenderness made me begin weeping with silent desolation. This lasted for only a moment

though for he came to stand above my head so I could look up at him from within my mask and steel-banded face. He stared coldly down into my tear-filled eyes.

"You *will* be silent," he stated calmly. "You are here to be punished, convict."

Without a word of warning, he lifted a large punishment gag into my vision, slipped it between my fear-chattering teeth and locked it onto my head cage. I was so surprised and shocked by this that for a moment, I could not even think to say anything, but anger surfaced and I screamed and howled for the horrid thing to be taken from me, thrashing and writhing madly against my restraints. Of course nothing happened other than making myself swing slightly back and forth in the chains like some crazy, erotic pendulum, cradled by and locked into my discipline harness. It was a fit of disobedience that until now I had not allowed myself to show, but *this* situation, together with his cruelly uncaring attitude, was *too* much to bear! I do not know how long I fought and screamed at him, but of course, all of my efforts were ultimately useless because I remained fastened exactly as before. Again, the hopelessness of my situation sank in, and I descended into a whirlpool of frustrated sobs and growing horror of my life to come as a chained convict and sex toy.

Through it all, he stood and watched silently then his love making punishment began in earnest. I shuddered, feeling his feathery, tormenting touches on the exposed flesh between my legs, without any way to avoid them, then began to convulse with instinctual muscular contractions, demanding for him to both increase the level or to have it stop entirely. My desires and feelings though made *no* difference, for he kept doing it, on and on, until I thought I would go utterly mad! Soon I was screaming frantically against the strangling rubber pad locked into my mouth, attempting to beg him to stop his torturing, but it seemed to continue for hours and hours! At last, in a haze of overwhelming sensation, I felt his manhood slowly begin teasing my inflamed labia, but there was no way for me to move myself closer to him! As was their intent, I was *totally* controlled by my harness and chains, and he wanted me to realize this in the most strongly reinforced manner.

"Yes!" a small voice at the back of my mind cackled gleefully, "*This is the kind of captivity and control I have longed for all of my life!*" but I dared not consciously admit this to myself and screamed back, "*Shut up! Shut up! Shutupshutupshutup!*"

Over the next minutes he tantalizingly began to penetrate my body with exquisite, planned slowness. The only sounds in the cell were his harsh breathing, the clicking of my suspending chains, and my hissing whimpers coming faster and faster and faster. An eternity later he began to slam into me to his full length and I wailed, writhing around him with frantic need. I was held, staring up at the ceiling, unable to stop or in any way resist his violation of my body, capable only of pitifully small, gag-muffled whimpers of protest at what was being done to me. My subconscious triumphed and I surrendered to being totally a prisoner then with the rush and thunder of a runaway locomotive, my first orgasm struck like a thunderbolt and turned me into a thrashing, screaming maniac!

My mind dissolved in a vortex of overwhelming pleasure when the sensations of orgasm roared out from my lower body, flooding up to my straining, garrotted, still-armoured breasts, then assaulting what little was left of my conscious mind. I blacked out for a few seconds then the second orgasm exploded throughout my body, adding-in the endorphins from my straining muscles and my mind blanked out again! More and more orgasms cascaded through my body and mind while he continued his wild pummeling of

my exposed sex, flinging me into the chain web of bondage. I could not stop the screams of satiation that surged up my steel-encased throat and tried to howl against the rubber horror locked into my mouth until finally, my mind could stand no more of the intense stimulation, and I passed out completely.

Thomas spent himself and withdrew, leaving me to hang there in mid-air, still fastened between the fixing bars in my chains. I didn't see it, for I was utterly lost to the world around, but he collapsed onto my mat and slowly recovered. I have no any idea how long I was unconscious, but I awakened to find myself still suspended on my back! Desperate for solace of any kind, I tried to speak around the gag, begging for release, but only soft whimpering noises hissed from my nostrils, and I heard nothing. "*Surely,*" I asked myself with growing misery, "*he wouldn't leave me fastened like this?*" Apparently he had, and I began weeping again, struggling more and more to be freed. I *hated* how the cloying mask felt, always pressed against my face by my tight head cage and how it so depersonalised me. Oh, how I wanted to be freed!

At last, Thomas returned to my field of vision, and I stared up into his eyes, silently pleading. When I blinked, tears trailed from my eyes down under the rubber of the mask, but he remained impassive and spoke once more.

"Your tears and begging will not release you, convict. Nor will they ease your captivity or discipline! That is affirmed in your Judgement in Article 9, and I will follow the provisions of your Judgement exactly.

"Now, I will release you, and you will spend your night as you normally do."

He soon had me cleaned, and I groaned with the sensation of the thick wedge once more penetrating my sex when he pressed the cold, steel plate over my still-sensitive labia and fastened it with the heavy, anti-tamper lock, at the front of my waist cinch. A moment later I stood trembling before him, freed from the fixing bars, yet still wearing the gag and I raised my hands to the limits of their chains, trying to gesture to my face, moaning.

"No! You'll wear it until tomorrow morning."

I stared at him and my shoulders slumped then shook with devastated sobs when I began to weep quietly again. He turned and walked to the cell door then after opening it, stepped through, closed the heavily barred portal, and locked it. I stared after him in misery, whimpering pitifully then shuffled out to the length of my leashes to grip the bars of my cage in trembling, gloved fingers. He left the dungeon without even a backward glance and the heavy door thudded shut then the bars were slid into their brackets and locked. The whole situation was just too much to bear and with gag-stifled wails, I made my way to my mat and sank slowly onto it. For the longest time I lay there pulling and jerking hopelessly against my restraints, lost in a swamp of despair until I at last fell asleep.

The next morning I was awake and aching for him to come and free me of the silencer, and of course, ravenously hungry. He arrived a little later than normal, but soon, I was eating and drinking as best I could.

Not too much more happened over the next day, but Wednesday, 25th of February 1998, my resentment at the way I had been treated by him when he'd had sex with me, finally boiled over and I stood behind the lattice wall, screaming and yelling at him without thinking of the consequences. Thomas remained standing on the outer side and answered me calmly and reasonably, but this served only to drive me to even wilder

shouting. Finally, I grabbed the cup of water from the computer table and threw it as best I could. Of course it came nowhere near him but bounced off the barred wall and emptied itself all over the PC. Immediately, there was some crackling and snaps from inside the case and the computer died then and there.

“Go to the back wall where your leashes are fastened,” he said calmly, “then turn and face it.”

I knew I had seriously broken the rules, in many ways. I’d been argumentative. I’d disobeyed his instructions. I’d yelled and cursed at him, and I had been physically violent. All of these acts were direct breaches of the rules he’d created to govern my behaviour while I was a prisoner. For a moment, I did nothing, then sorrowfully made my way to the back wall and stood in front of it, staring at the concrete only a couple of centimetres in front of my eyes. Behind, I heard the cell door unlocked and a moment later, he grasped the chain to the back of my collar and pulled it up to the ring then I heard a sharp click and the tension remained constant. He’d shortened my neck leash to the point that it was tightly strung between the wall ring and my collar! It seemed that I was always weeping. Tears of regret at my impetuous outburst began and I started to beg him for forgiveness, but he wasn’t finished yet. His hand reached around to my face.

“Open!” he barked.

I was about to speak again when the large rubber plug of my punishment gag was once more rammed into my mouth and locked to the head cage, leaving me to silently snuffle what little I could. Behind, I heard him move away, and tried to turn, but with my legs spread by the Spanish Trapezoid and my hands also held widely apart by the separator bar, it was impossible. I had to somehow shift myself away from the wall to get the freedom to rotate my legs and body, but to do *that*, I had to, quite literally, hang myself from the chain to the back of my collar, then fling myself out and try to spin! With the steel restrictor ball chained to my ankle spreader bar this was almost impossible, but at last, I managed it and when I recovered from the near strangulation I’d had to subject myself to, I looked across the cell and saw him removing the last of the computer equipment. He returned to stand before me a moment later then stood glaring down at me while I quailed before him. I was utterly helpless to escape his wrath and felt my captivity *very* deeply.

“You will spend the rest of the day fastened as you are!” he said coldly then turned and left the cell.

There was *nothing* I could do or say other than to look dolefully at his retreating back. Perhaps I had five cm of free movement away from the wall before the chain to my neck snapped tight, and of course, I had to stand all the time. If I bent my knees even a little, the collar immediately began to strangle me! More desolate and frightened tears trickled from my eyes and I raised my hands as high as I could manage against their chains to my waistband, fighting to free them. I wanted to scream for release or help, but nothing emerged from my stuffed full mouth!

The rest of the day was extremely boring, except when I occasionally slipped downwards, then stifled howls of terror hissed out into the stillness of the dungeon because the steel tube of my collar seemed to clamp more tightly around my throat.

At last, he returned with my dinner and released me from the wall and my gag, but immediately stepped out of the cell and only then handed me the usual plastic containers.

As soon as he granted permission, I sat down and ate, then when as finished, I looked at him through the tightly-spaced bars of the lattice wall.

"You were very badly behaved today," he said mildly, staring intently back at me.

"Yes, Master, I was." I replied contritely. "I'm very sorry for what I did and said, Master. Please forgive me?"

"I have no doubt that you *are* very sorry, convict. You broke many of the rules that you are required to live under while a CCFL, and you did it in a very short period of time. This shows me that you are *still* an undisciplined, misbehaved, and headstrong young woman. Those being the things you know I dislike about your personality, I have decided to remove them from it."

"Y-yes, Master." I whispered, wondering where this conversation was going.

"Not only did you break the rules, but you also destroyed the computer. I have taken the machine to be repaired and it is going to cost a lot of money. The power supply and the motherboard were completely ruined. As a consequence, you will be without it for the next four weeks.

"When the computer *is* returned, I am restricting your use of it to communicate. From then on, you will receive your email of the preceding week on Saturday and will only be permitted to send out your replies on Sunday, after your regular chores are completed."

"Very well, Master." I gulped, having to accept his sentence.

"That is not all, convict!" he snapped. "In your Judgement, you are required to serve a minimum sentence of two months before a parole or pardon will be considered. That period has now been adjusted so that you are required serve one full *year* as a convict before any parole will even be considered."

I was stunned and stared at him, speechless! The thought of being kept as I was now, for a *year* before he'd even bother to think about a parole, was both terrifying and arousing. My thoughts whirled around the fact that I'd not be able to escape from my chains or the harness that so closely controlled me, or the dungeon.

"M-m-aster?" I gasped in horror. "You're not serious?"

"Of course I am!" he smiled grimly. "You'll be here *at least* a year! We'll discuss this further only after you have served the full, pre-parole term before being considered for one." With that he got up and left me sitting there to think about my fate as a Chained Convict For Life. The dungeon door thudded closed then came the noises of the bolts being placed and locked. Oh my *God!!*

The 22nd of February 1998 was the last orgasm I received for a very, very long time. I had always had a very high sexual appetite and so even after just a few days, I began to feel the lack of satisfaction strongly. My need was always being added to because of the constant, teasing torment of my chastity belt's inner, clitoris-teasing wedge and so being kept totally chaste was yet another way I was punished.

Most of my nights in the cell and lying on the mat, I tried *everything* possible to try and escape from the chastity belt and bra, desperate to somehow stimulate myself to an orgasm, but both were fitted so tightly onto my body that it was impossible. I have no doubt that he enjoyed seeing my desire climb higher and higher until I wept with frustrated arousal and longing. To reinforce his control, once or twice a week he came into the cell in the evening and chained me kneeling between the fixing bars then required me to give him pleasure with my lips and tongue. This only drove me to wilder

and more frantic efforts to attain *some* sort of relief, but I continued to spend all of my nights alone in the cell, whining and writhing in overheated frustration, hearing only my own pitiful whimpers and the rattling of my chains. There was to be no respite and most nights, I descended into sleep after begging into the concealed microphones to be released from the sealed cell and dungeon. And so the days of my confinement stretched into weeks. I was always chained and always in a fog of both excitement and terror that, at last, my girlhood dream had come so terribly true. Just how much so, I had *yet* to learn in full measure.

CHAPTER TWELVE

First Intensive Cleaning

On Saturday morning, the 4th of April, 1998 my fifty-seventh day in the dungeon, now eight weeks, Master Thomas arrived at 6:00 am and released me from the puppy cage. A short time later, I was chained between the fixing bars while he removed the diaper, then he spent a considerable amount of time cleaning me up. After finishing this chore he left me fastened then went out and returned with a tool box, locking the cell door behind him once inside again. The drill had soon removed the rivets from the anti-tampering sleeves, and he slipped them off and unscrewed the bolts. The heavy-duty bolt cutters came next, and with loud snaps, he quickly removed some of the shackles that held the harness so tightly on my body. By 7:00 am, I was completely free of the terrible system of restraints for the first time in fifty-seven days, and it felt incredible *not* to have my waist and crotch so tightly-covered and controlled, but I was not allowed to remain unrestrained. He unlocked the zippers of my dungeon suit and I quickly peeled it from my face, head and body, feeling a great relief at being out of the oppressive encasement that I had been so utterly unable to escape. Oh, it felt *so* good!

However, Thomas allowed me no chance to touch myself. As soon as the suit came off below my waist, he tightly wrapped the waist chain of the American L-200 Prisoner Transport Restraint System around it and locked it behind my back. When each of my hands came out of its sleeve, he grasped my forearm strongly then pushed it to the side of my waist where it was secured in a tight handcuff, palm facing outward. Obviously, he knew I would try to escape, and at the same time wanted to ensure that I was unable to touch my pussy. When I stepped out of the legs of the suit he fastened shackles tightly around my ankles, making me whimper from their discomfort, but what was to prove worse was the fact that these were joined to each other with a only a forty cm long chain so that to take even a step or two was painful. At its centre, another rose to be locked to the waist chain behind my back. I stared down at my steel tipped breasts, seeing them for the first time in eight weeks, and shuddered at the thought that I would always bear these signs of slavery embedded in my body. He unlocked the cell door then came back.

"It's time for your intensive cleaning," he said brusquely, reaching out and hooking a finger through the steel U swinging from my right nipple, ready to be used. "Come! Up to the bathroom!"

"Oh, Master!" I gasped, feeling the sudden and painful tension applied. "Please! Please!"

"Come along! Hurry!"

What could I do? I *had* to follow him! My breast, so long unused to *any* sensation at all, other than tenderness from being continually strangled by the dungeon suit, hurt abominably when he tugged even gently on the shackle, and so I took my first steps.

"Oh! Oh! Ouch! Oouuuww," I wailed in misery, feeling the tight ankle shackles biting into my Achilles' tendons when I tried to walk normally. "Oooaaauuuu... Master, Master! *Please* slow down!"

"Keep moving!" he snapped, pulling more strongly on my nipple shackle, showing me no sympathy while I hobbled behind him, whimpering from the pain of my tugged upon breast and the ankle shackles.

I discovered that if I walked on tip toe, the pain from the tightly-clamped shackles was lessened a lot, and so I pranced across the floor behind him, hands chained at my waist, my fingers fluttering uselessly in mid-air over my hips and breasts bouncing embarrassingly. We stopped briefly in the outer, regular part of the cellar and he threw my dungeon suit into the washing machine and started it, then we went to the stairs. My face flamed with humiliation and tears of distress trickled from my eyes, but he paid my misery no attention while he began to climb to the top floor bathroom. It had already been prepared for me.

High on the wall at the end of the tub, opposite the faucets, a heavy ring waited for me and from this hung a light, two metre long chain with a lock on its free end. He turned me to face the door and I felt him lock it to the back of the one digging so deeply into my waist.

“Stand still,” he ordered, picking up an electric clipper.

I stood in front of him, desperate to reach out and hold him, or for him to hold onto me still quietly sniffing from the pain I’d suffered while being brought upstairs. It was then that he gave me my next shock when he plugged in an electric clipper.

“Please, Master! Please let me keep my hair!”

“No!” he replied unsympathetically. “It’s a filthy mess and needs to come off, now hold still!”

My head was quickly and completely shaved until my hair was only about two mm long, then while I sniffled with desolation at losing what had once been my pride and joy, he spread shaving cream on his hands then covered my skull and forehead with it! It took only a couple of minutes to make me completely bald then he also shaved off removed my eyebrows! My hair had been badly tangled and felted, so in some ways it was a relief to have it taken off, but for some strange and compelling reason, I *didn’t* want him to remove my eyebrows! When I saw my face in the mirror and how much more depersonalised this made me, I began sniffing and softly sobbing again. I jerked my hands against the tight wrist cuffs and they hurt the bones of my arms terribly.

“Get in the tub, convict. I’ll be back later.” He turned and locked the bathroom door behind him, leaving me alone.

I looked again into the mirror and saw how much of a nameless prisoner I had been turned into then turned and sat on the edge of the deep tub. With a careful swinging of my legs, I got them inside and gradually dropped them into the hot water then at last, I let myself slide slowly into it. Oh! It felt absolutely heavenly! I slowly rolled around, enjoying the feeling of it caressing my skin, but he’d left my hands fastened in the manner he had for good reason. No matter how hard I tried, I could *not* touch my pussy or breasts! I desperately wanted to, but the waist chain was far too tight and sunk deeply into my belly, and my hands were turned the wrong way! Nevertheless, it was a great feeling to stretch myself out and not be restricted by the harness, and so for the next two hours, I luxuriated in the slowly cooling water.

Thomas returned some time later, opening and closing the door behind.

“Are you enjoying yourself, Convict Woman?”

“Oh, Master, it is *so* wonderful to bathe again!” I smiled happily up at him.

“That’s good. However, as you know from the Rule Book, you are only allowed this once every eight weeks.”

“Yes, Master, I know.” I mumbled looking away from his stern eyes.

“Move as I indicate while I wash you, convict.”

“Yes, Master.”

He took the next ten minutes to soap me thoroughly and rinse me off, repeating the process a couple of times, because I was utterly unable to do it myself with my hands chained as they were. At last, he pulled the plug and helped me to stand while the dirty water drained away, then after a last, thorough shower he dried me and checked my body all over for any damage or skin problems. There were none to be found and so I'd gotten through my first eight weeks as a CCFL.

It was about 11:00 am when he'd completed his inspection. He next took some heavy-duty nail scissors and drastically shortened all my finger and toe nails, for it would not be done for another eight weeks. Of course, all of my fingers and toes had been inaccessible, locked inside the gloves and feet of the dungeon suit, and they'd grown very long over the past two months, so they desperately needed this attention. I remained standing while he went out of the bathroom then returned with my washed and dried neoprene dungeon suit. When I saw it opened and ready, I shuddered with distaste, for I knew I'd be encased within it for another long time, unable to escape its tight, cloying embrace of my face, head, body, and limbs. He draped it over the toilet, took the bottle of silicon lubricant, and smeared it generously all over my head, face, body, arms, and legs.

Next, he opened my ankle cuffs, one at a time, leaving all my other restraints still secure, and I stepped into the legs of the suit. Each time, he clamped the ankle shackle tightly again, keeping me always fully controlled.

The dungeon suit was pulled slowly up my legs and over my hips and at that point, he momentarily released my waist chain, but immediately pulled it in tight around my middle again after the suit had been pulled above my waist. My wrists were freed, one at a time and immediately re-cuffed, then the suit was pulled up my body until it was over my shoulders, the helmet still hanging down in front. It struck me fully then that I was about to be completely entombed in it once more, and I twisted to him and begged.

“Oh, please, Master? *Please* don't make me wear it all again!” I wailed, starting to sniffle with the despair of facing another eight weeks of being unable to escape my personalized rubber and steel prison. “I *hate* the mask!”

“Too bad. Remain facing forward!” he ordered harshly, pulling the edges of the suit closer together behind me.

“I-I *don't* want to wear it!” I whimpered, but he said nothing and continued enclosing me. It slid slowly around my body and my breasts came under increasing pressure when they were forced partially through their apertures on the chest; their silvery U shackles very prominent. Thomas made me sit on the toilet seat then went behind and pulled the full helmet up and over my head. The mask was already zipped securely to it and I gasped with misery while it sucked tightly onto my face. Again he was relentless and soon had drawn the zipper closed right from the crown of my head to the base of my spine. I felt its lock click closed and felt as though I was a condemned prisoner when the helmet and mask tightened even more onto my skin, reinforcing my claustrophobic sensations.

“Stay there, convict!”

Still whimpering, I did as commanded, feeling the cool, wooden lid on my exposed buttocks and the untouchable, heated flesh between my legs. I was in a strange mixture of sensations and emotions, for I knew I would soon be imprisoned in the merciless steel

harness once more. In some ways, I wanted it, but in others I dreaded the confinement, loneliness, boredom, and unending restriction that was inevitably coming.

Thomas knelt before me and slipped the running shoes onto my feet then laced them tightly while I sat there pulling my hands desultorily against their tight wrist cuffs. Again, he'd made me turn my palms outwards to prevent me from even attempting to get at my body.

"Stand and remain still, convict!"

He moved in front of me, then reached to the protruding tips of my breasts and grasped the two gleaming U shackles hanging from my vulnerable nipples. I closed my eyes and bit my lips, steeling myself for the painful tugging I knew was coming, but nothing happened for a moment. Thomas was fully enjoying this means of intimate, female control, knowing I could do nothing to stop him, nor could I escape it! Slowly, he increased the tension on both of my nipples, and I felt my slicked breasts begin to slide slowly through the raised collars on the front of the dungeon suit.

The pain wasn't sharp, being more of a burn, and I whimpered while it grew stronger, but twisted my upper body to speed the process. At last, the tension eased when my breasts popped most of the way through their openings, but he kept my right one under a mild tension while pressing the suit more fully against my chest, extracting it completely and thus allowing the collar to begin garrotting its base. He did the same on the left side a moment later, and I blushed with embarrassment, feeling my pendant flesh swell and bounce on my chest whenever I moved. There was no doubt of my femaleness.

Thomas released the bathroom leash from my waist chain, grasped me by my left arm, and unlocked the door.

"Come, convict!" he ordered coldly, grasping me by my right upper arm, "It's time for you to return to your cell."

He marched me to the stairs, and I tip toed along as quickly as the too short chain between my ankles permitted. It wasn't as painful as when I'd been brought up from the dungeon, because the suit cushioned the steely clamp of the shackles, but still, it wasn't easy! While we descended the stairs and passed through the main floor of the house, I looked longingly out the windows at the world beyond, wondering miserably if I would ever breathe fresh air and feel the sun on my skin again. Thomas saw me looking.

"Enjoy the view while you can. This is the last time you will be permitted to see it!"

With that, he forced me through the door to the stairway and down to the cellar, helping me to descend and always keeping a secure grip on my arm.

Only four hours had passed since I'd been freed of my harness and the dungeon suit and it was *far* too brief a reprieve before being returned to my imprisonment! When we entered the dungeon again, I stared at the airshaft window then was forced into the cell where my harness awaited me.

I tried desperately to hang back, not wanting to become its prisoner again, but his control of me was impossible to escape. The door to the cell was closed and locked after we'd entered, and he only released my arm when he'd positioned me between the fixing bars and locked a chain from each to my waist cinch.

"Will you co-operate while you are fitted with your harness, or shall I leash you by your breasts?"

"I-I-I will do as you require, Master." I sniffled, fearing any more painful attentions he might pay to my body.

By 1:00 pm, I was completely imprisoned once more in the dreadfully efficient Stainless Steel Restraint And Discipline Harness, leashed securely to the wall and equipped with the thirteen kg steel ball attached to my ankle spreader bar.

I jerked my hands miserably against my wrist separator bar, feeling the tight and inescapable bands around my wrists and arms, shivering with the knowledge that I was here for another eight weeks, just like this! For the moment, the thought that I would never be freed from this restriction and sentence was forgotten, while my thoughts concentrated on only the near future.

The whole period of relative freedom had lasted from 6:30 am until about 12:30 pm, only six hours!

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Life in The Dungeon

For the next weeks little changed and I quickly got re-accustomed to being captive in the harness for I had not been out of its grip for very long at all. After receiving my intensive cleaning, I began to work on my web site once more, answering the many emails that arrived. Most asked the same questions, but being restrained as I am by the harness and chains; it was very difficult for me to answer the messages at any length.

The crotch piece of the chastity belt continued to tease and torment me, so I couldn't stay seated for long periods and because of the wedge inserted into my sex, neither could I walk too much without becoming even wildly aroused and horribly frustrated!

I have reproduced a copy of my daily schedule here because many of my correspondents wanted to know how I spent my days, and this I put into the web site on Sunday, 12th of April 1998, the ninth week, my sixty-fourth day in the dungeon:

DAILY ROUTINE

(Except Friday)

06:30-07:00 – I get up from the mat and do what little washing I can manage while wearing the harness and the dungeon suit. Getting up is awkward, uncomfortable, and takes a long time.

07:00-07:30 – My Master arrives with my breakfast and passes it through the bars of the lattice wall. Sometimes, he stays to chat with me, but every morning, he checks my chains and harness for wear and security.

07:30-08:30 – Breakfast and after I go to the bath cell to complete my dental hygiene.

08:30-09:00 – Morning Exercises. I do different ones, such as knee bends and some stretching, this very limited, of course, by my harness.

09:00-09:30 – Morning Walking. This is always difficult to do because of the Spanish Trapezoid and the severe, limiting effect of the steel ball having to be dragged along. I don't like to do it, but I must, because I need it and the rules say I have to.

09:30-12:00 – I read and write on the PC, sometimes walking again when I become too uncomfortable while sitting. I occasionally sit on the mat, and I must clean the cell. The rules say that this must be done as best I can manage, even while harnessed.

12:00-13:00 – My mid-day meal period, and afterward, dental hygiene. If my Master is at home, sometimes he brings my food otherwise I have to open the plastic containers that were brought with my breakfast.

13:00-15:00 – Quiet time. Mostly, I spend this period lying on the mat.

15:00-18:00 – Similar to the time between 09:30 and 12:00.

18:00-19:00 – Evening Exercise the Evening Walking.

19:00-19:30 – My Master brings my meal and once again checks all of my chains and my harness for security. Usually, he stays with me for some talk or discussion.

19:30-20:30 – I eat my evening meal, and then go to the bath cell for dental hygiene.

20:30-22:30 – End of the day. Sometimes I work on the PC again and also walk around the cell.

22:30-23:00 – Washing, dental hygiene, and toilet use before lying down.

Friday is a simplified schedule because it is my Day of Penance, when I am required to spend a full twenty-four hours locked inside the puppy cage. For this, I am placed in

diapers and gagged. My Master again explains to me why I am being punished. The schedule is as follows:

PENANCE DAY (FRIDAY)

06:30-07:00 – I get up from the mat and do what little washing I can manage, wearing the harness and the dungeon suit. Getting up is awkward, uncomfortable, and takes a long time.

07:00-07:20 – My Master arrives in the dungeon and immediately chains me between the fixing bars. My crotch plate is opened, and I am cleaned, then he closes it and puts a diaper on me. Next, he requires me to open my mouth to accept the feeding gag and locks it to my head cage, complete with the long, rubber tube attached. He again tells me that I must serve this day in the puppy cage as my Day of Penance.

07:20-07:40 – I am led to the cage and must kneel down facing away from it, then back inside. Sometimes my Master is in a hurry to get me into the cage and pulls on my neck leash and harness chains from behind, choking me if I don't hurry to obey his command. I do not like this, but I cannot speak! When I am completely inside, he places my leashes in their slot at the front then closes and locks the door.

07:40-07:45 – My Master brings three, one litre, water bottles and two, one litre, liquefied bread mash bottles. He places them in their holders on the outside top of the puppy cage. Each bottle has a spigot and valve that sticks into the cage from above and with some struggling, I can reach up, hold the rubber tube from the front of my feeding gag, and plug it onto one of them. With more effort, I can open the valve and either drink some water or suck at the awful mash that is my only food.

07:45-08:00 – I settle as comfortably as I can in the puppy cage and arrange my chains. I can only sit with my knees drawn up, or lay crouched awkwardly having my legs spread by the Spanish Trapezoid and my arms kept apart by the wrist separator bar. It is constantly uncomfortable!

08:00+24 hrs – Official beginning of my Day Of Penance. My Master has already left the cell and dungeon, closing and locking all the doors behind him. I am left entirely alone in the dungeon and cage for the *full* twenty-four hours. No matter how much I weep and try to beg against my gag to be freed, it *never* happens. Even if I begin to cramp, I must bear the pain. I can only sit there, inside the little cage, to think about and regret my crimes against my Master.

The time passes with extreme slowness and feels like years and years. I always try to look towards the dungeon door, hoping to hear it being opened and see my Master, but my cage opens toward the back wall of the cell, and I cannot twist myself enough to see anything other than my leash chains trailing across the floor and up to the heavy ring on the wall. It's truly a terribly depressing sight.

I get very anxious sitting there in enforced silence, fastened into my harness, inside the locked cage, seeing my leashes, and spend hours just trying to find some way to ease wearing them.

Most of the time, I think about why I am in here and wonder what will happen to me. There is *nothing* else for me to do! Eating and drinking while in the puppy cage is a difficult, humiliating experience, and a lot of times, I am in tears at the futility of my struggles and at having to spend the day like this, but this is the intention of the Penance Day Thomas is relentless and each week I am forced to endure the humiliating process of preparation then imprisonment!

WEEKEND SCHEDULE

SATURDAY (Optional Day)

08:00+24 Hrs. – Master returns to the dungeon and cell then releases me from the puppy cage.

08:00-09:00 – I am fastened between the fixing bars where my diapers are removed, and my crotch plate is opened. Master then cleans and washes me carefully, and I am again locked up. My gag is removed, and I am allowed to eat my breakfast.

09:00-09:30 – Dental hygiene and maybe some talk with Master. He leaves my Saturday midday meal in the plastic containers to be eaten when I wish.

09:30-12:30 – Clean cell, polish the harness and leash chains that I can reach.

12:30-19:30 – Free time to work on PC with email and website, rest on mat.

19:30-20:30 – My Master brings my evening meal and after I have done my dental hygiene, we sit and talk.

20:30-22:30 – More exercise and walking, and maybe some small work on the PC.

22:30-23:00 – Dental Hygiene, toilet, and lay down.

SUNDAY (Day of Rest)

08:00-08:30 – I get up and do what little washing I can manage, then anxiously wait holding onto the lattice wall bars, for Master to bring down my morning meal.

08:30-09:00 – First, I faintly hear the bolts on the outside of the dungeon door being unlocked then louder sounds of them being slid back in their brackets and the door is opened. A moment later, Master unlocks the door of the cell and comes inside with my food. Sometimes, it is hot, but mostly, I get cold cereal. This is one of the few times he does not close and lock the cell door, it being a day of ‘rest’ for me.

Certainly I can move to the cell door, and into its opening, but my leashes keep me firmly connected to the wall, and so I cannot get all the way beyond the barred lattice wall.

09:00-10:00 – I eat my meal then do my dental hygiene. Most of the time, Master stays and talks with me about my week and life as a CCFL. He leaves me with my midday meal in its plastic containers to be eaten when I feel hungry.

10:00-12:00 – Wash all cell floors, polish the harness and leash chains I can reach.

12:00-19:00 – Free time to do as I wish, work on the PC, lay down, answer and send email, etc.

19:30-20:30 – Master brings my evening meal, and after I have done my dental hygiene, we usually sit and talk.

20:30-22:30 – More exercises and walking, and maybe some small work on the PC.

22:30-23:00 – Dental Hygiene, toilet, and lay down.

And so the weeks passed slowly, the schedule never changing. I kept count of my days in confinement, as futile as it seemed, but did it anyway for there was little else to do. As my confinement grew in length, I began to believe that it was quite correct that my Master kept me as a Chained Convict For Life. I *know* I am a disobedient, undisciplined, and often misbehaved person and so tried to accept that he was justified in locking me up as he had. But then, too, I am bound this way because I *wanted* to be locked up, and so it has come to pass! My harness *always* ensures that I remain totally controllable, obedient, humble, and well behaved. If I am not, it prohibits my bad urges very efficiently, allowing Thomas to easily enforce whatever extra disciplinary measures he wishes. Even though I had become accustomed to wearing it all, the my ensemble serves to constantly

remind me that I am a prisoner and that it was and always will be impossible for me to leave the cell or dungeon.

Thomas had stated that I was to remain locked in here for full a year and I had no doubt of his intention to carry out this promise to its fullest extent. He'd shown many times that he was totally consistent with his word or a promise made, and so I had to expect that I would stay here as long as he said I would. At *that* point of my imprisonment (sixty days had passed), I saw no problem with being able to bear this imprisonment term, but *then* he reminded me that The Judgement I had agreed to and signed, stated that I was to be a CCFL for 'life'. The year term of one year that he'd spoken of was the *minimum* time I would remain locked up and harnessed as I was before a parole would even be considered! I had been shocked to hear this fact reconfirmed, but at *that* point of my life, I did not want him to renege on his decision.

The realization that I would have to be perfectly behaved and totally obedient to him and the Dungeon Rules was obvious, but I didn't think I'd be able to manage it, no matter *how* hard I tried.

The most severe part of my punishment was that I was utterly prohibited from any sort of sexual release, but was always teased and aroused by the wedge hidden inside the chastity belt's crotch shield. Since I'd thrown the water bottle and ruined the computer, Thomas had kept me completely chaste and not provided me with *any* sort of sexual stimulation and I felt this lack terribly. Very soon, I was always on edge and ready to explode with frustration and anger, but for the most part, was able to stop myself from any disobedience or misbehaviour. I'd been kept without sex of any sort for forty-eight days and spent much time cursing with desperation and fighting to free myself of the cruel chastity belt and bra, but they were totally secure and, no matter what I attempted, I couldn't even touch myself!

Life went on and I did not put a new page up to my website until Sunday, 03rd of May, 1998, my twelfth week in the dungeon and eighty-fifth day as a prisoner. Life was relatively good until the 24th of April, but then there was some trouble.

While my Master was preparing to lock me in the puppy cage that day, I complained about the way he handled me when he did it. Of course, it changed nothing in the process, and actually made matters worse because he regarded this complaint as another breakage of the Dungeon Rules and a sign of my continuing rebellion and disobedience! He looked hard at me then added to my sentence while I stood before him, gagged, and diapered!

"Convict! Because of your complaint, your sentence is adjusted as follows: for the next four weeks, you will spend forty-eight hours, Friday *and* Saturday, in the puppy cage. In addition, the minimum time you must now serve before being considered for your parole is hereby increased by one month and any further disobedience will automatically add another month to your pre-parole sentence."

With that, he released me from between the fixing bars, grabbed my neck leash close to the back of my collar, and forced me to walk to the cage. All I could do was sniffle in misery and struggle slightly against his strength and control, unable to resist, even though I tried. In seconds, I'd been forced into it and the door had been securely locked. It is a *very* hard punishment to endure, especially being gagged and fully restrained! The boredom is terrible while I sit there gagged and crouched over, unable to do anything. It

was now seventy days since my last orgasm, and I was wild to experience anything sexual. *Anything!*

On the 1st of June, 1998, my sixteenth week in the dungeon, the one hundred and fourteenth day as a CCFL, I posted another page on the web site, four weeks after the previous one.

The thirteenth and fourteenth weeks had passed without anything of special note happening in my life, but on Sunday the 17th of May, I had another incident with my Master. He'd brought my midday meal to the dungeon and passed it through the bars to me, but when I managed to open the containers, I saw an ugly mess of food that was totally unappetizing. It was disgusting, and I angrily swept the dishes off the computer table, and they fell on the floor.

"This is *garbage* Thomas!" I yelled, facing him through the bars, jerking angrily at my hand and arm restraints. "I won't eat that *shit!* I deserve better food than *that* for my Sunday meal!"

"Convict!" he snapped. "Be *quiet!* You are already in trouble again! If you keep on as you are, you will be in even more!"

With that, he turned and left the dungeon, leaving me to stare stupidly down at the food spread on the tiles. I was very angry, frustrated and began to cry. Now I truly wanted to somehow to escape from this terrible place, but there was *no* chance! I slowly got down on my knees and cleaned up the mess I'd made, but this was difficult, because the head cage and collar would not allow me to bend my head and see what I was doing! When I bent my back, the harness *always* choked me! That evening, he brought my dinner without saying anything and left immediately. I was very obedient and ate it all, hoping he would soon come back, and we'd have some conversation. Two hours later, he returned.

"Convict, you were disobedient and disrespectful *again* today."

"Master, I'm so sorry!" I moaned in terror of what was coming.

"That's good, convict and as it should be!" he smiled grimly then continued. "But your regret doesn't alter the fact that you must pay for your unruliness and disobedience."

He came to the door of the cell taking the key from around his neck, opened it and walked inside to stand before me. I stared up at him, trembling.

"You are hereby sentenced to the following," he stated calmly. "You shall be confined to the bath cell for two weeks of intensified punishment and one month has been added to your pre-parole time, bringing it to a total, now of fourteen months. Your use of the PC for the next two weeks is withdrawn."

"Stand up!"

I didn't say anything when he pronounced this sentence, but inside, I was angry and despairing while I struggled to my feet.

"Come!"

He grabbed my neck chain and, half lifting me by it, forced me to walk ahead of him across and into the bath cell.

"Face the wall and stay that way while I prepare you, convict!"

What could I do? *Nothing!* I stared at the concrete two metres in front of my face and slow tears trickled from my eyes while he prepared me for my stay in the small cell. I heard the rattle of chain and saw the loops from the ring move when he picked them up, and a moment later, felt him attach them. One was locked to the back of my collar and

the other to the back of my chastity belt's waistband then he tightened the shackles with a wrench, and a second later, I heard the barred door close and lock.

"You'll stay in here for two weeks convict." he stated unequivocally.

I turned to look at him and shuffled forward until the short leashes from the back wall jerked hard on my collar and waist. I felt terrible! He'd also left me leashed by my normal chains to the wall on the outside and the weight of all the steel pulled constantly on my neck.

"Please, Master!" I moaned, "I'm very sorry for my bad behaviour!"

"That's as it should be but it will not change your sentence. Good night!"

A few seconds later, the door of the main cell crashed closed then the dungeon door too. Shuffling slowly back to the wall I sat with my knees drawn up so that I could move my hands a little more than normal. I wanted to hold my head in them but could barely reach it and only with one hand at a time! More tears came then and I moaned from the terrible sensation of unending bondage and control. At last, I lay on the thin mat and tried to get comfortable, but the chains from the high-set ring in the wall above were two metres long and permitted me only to lay close to it. If I tried to roll away from the wall, my neck leash immediately snapped tight and began to choke me. No matter *what* I tried, I was uncomfortable ... and bound!

The two weeks were bad. All I could do was look out into the cell, unable to see the door leading into the dungeon and even though Thomas brought my meals everyday, he didn't relent in his sentence, only passing them through the slot in the door. Those were my only breaks from the silence and loneliness. Each time, I was waiting for him, holding onto the bars and staring out with desperate, pleading eyes. Occasionally, he'd spend a few moments talking, but he always left me without a kiss or any sign of sympathy. Finally, my confinement in the bath cell came to an end, and I was released into the regular cell once more.

On Saturday, the 29th of May 1998 I had my second 'Intensive Cleaning' and for a short time, was allowed out of the harness and dungeon suit, but again I was kept securely chained. The difference, this time, was that he had closed all of the drapes and blinds in the rooms that I was taken through and so I had no chance to see the outside world! This was perhaps the worst thing other than the very tight ankle cuffs. I asked him if I could see the flowers, grass, trees, and sky, but my request was harshly denied and so I went to the bathroom and came back down to my dungeon in silent tears of regret at this forced withdrawal of even the smallest hint of freedom.

Far too soon, I was back inside my cell, suited, harnessed, leashed, and locked securely, there having been no signs of physical problems when my Master inspected me. I held up my hands and stared at the tight, thick, seal on the cuffs around my wrists and the steel bar that kept them always separated, shaking and straining against them, trying to somehow escape. There wasn't a chance of course, and I moaned with despair, feeling the restricting sensations with increased awareness, then, my body and mind betrayed me! Inside the steel cups locked onto my chest, my breasts swelled and trembled, while under the steel crotch plate, my belly convulsed with burning desire. Another wail of denied desire pulsed out of my encased throat and my frustration drove me to yet more tears and fitful struggles.

On the 14th of June 1998, it was my eighteenth week in the dungeon, my one hundred and twenty-seventh day as a prisoner, and I posted another page on the website. Really,

there was nothing special to report, and I had tried to discipline myself to serve my sentence as a properly behaved convict.

For many, my conditions of confinement would seem to be intolerable and inhuman, but strangely, I was at that point, grateful to my Master for helping me realize my dreams by holding me in strict detention. He insisted, and I thought I had come to accept, that this was the only way that I would pay for my disobedience and breaking of the rules he'd set. There was nothing I could do but agree! My restraints had become an almost integral part of my body, but nevertheless, they constantly reminded me that I had been very disobedient and misbehaved.

I didn't know when, if ever, I would be released. The Judgement stated that my sentence was 'for life', and that was a terrible thing for me to contemplate as being my true fate. And so, my existence had fallen into a rhythm, and I was again able to write email.

On Sunday, the 28th of June, it was my twentieth week in the dungeon, my one hundred and forty-first day as a prisoner. There was nothing new to report, but I had begun to correspond with a person on the west coast of Canada who had just found my site. I created a copy of 'The Judgement', and put it onto the web site, but that was the only real change for me until the twenty-second week, then, things got very bad.

The previous week had gone by without incident and I was well behaved, but the level of sexual frustration I was feeling had grown worse and worse, until finally on Saturday, the 11th of July 1998, I became wild and very crazy. Thomas had come into the dungeon, and we were talking about my life and needs when suddenly everything that had been done and all of my frustrations boiled over in a thundering torrent. I just *couldn't* stop myself, even knowing that I would be immediately and harshly disciplined for my outbreak. The sentence I received was to be a terrible one, as I soon found out.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Disobedience And The Slave Swing

It began when my Master had released me from the puppy cage and was cleaning me while I stood chained between the fixing bars. I wanted sex *so* badly and pleaded for him to use me, but he ignored my desperate need and locked my chastity belt securely once again, forcing the horrid, constantly-irritating and teasing wedge into my sex. That was when I blew up.

“Thomas! You’re a *rotten shit!*” I screamed while he stood and looked at me coldly. “How can you *be* so cruel and uncaring of my needs while I am a prisoner in here? I want some sex, and I want you to give it to me *now!*”

“No, convict! Being kept chaste is a necessary part of your punishment.” he explained calmly.

“It’s not right! It’s *not* fair!” I shouted getting angrier and angrier. “Nuns can touch themselves, but I’m not even permitted to do *that!*”

“Too bad for *you* isn’t it?” he said with grim determination. “Remember, *you* designed your harness and restraints then begged to be locked into them!”

“I don’t *care!*” I yelled crazily, “I demand that you let me out of them immediately!”

“*No!* You agreed to The Judgement and that says, *specifically*, that you will *not* be freed from any of your restraints, this dungeon, *or* the entirety of ‘The Judgement’ itself, *in any way*, no matter what you want, or beg for! No tears will help you, Sabrina, and there is *no* safe word to release you!”

“You’re a heartless, fucking *bastard!*” I screamed, fighting my chains and twisting like a snake, as much as I could inside my harness. He looked on coldly while I tried to escape.

“You *will* continue to serve your sentence as it has been decided, convict.”

“Call me by my *name* you, *fucking* asshole! You miserable *prick!* I hate you! *I hate you!!!*” I screamed, completely losing any sense I had retained until that point. “I want to quit! I want to be free! Stop this *now* and let me out!”

“You have no right to keep me imprisoned like this! I won’t obey you any more, and I’ll do whatever I want!” I screamed, yelling and struggling insanely.

“Convict!” he snarled, “You are being very badly behaved, and I will *not* stand for it! Think back to your Judgement! I have every right, *and the obligation*, to keep you here in your harness and cell. You *cannot* just quit, and you will *not* be freed just because you want to be! Remember ... *no* safe words!”

“I assure you that you *will* obey me, as and when I want you to, and you *will not* be permitted to do whatever you want. *That* is why you wear your harness, so that you can be easily controlled and disciplined!”

“*Nnnnoooooo!!!!*” I screamed wildly, fighting against my harness even more wildly. “I demand that you free me ... *ppppllllleeeaaaaaseeee!!!!*”

“You *will* remain as you are! There *is* no release for you!” he growled. “I will return in an hour with the latest modification to your Judgement.”

It was then I realized just how bad and unruly I had been for the past few minutes, and *knew* there was *nothing* I could do to escape from this situation. I sagged into my chains and began to sob hysterically while he went out of the cell and dungeon. Two

hours later, he returned with a piece of paper in his hands, then came into the cell and stood in front of me where I huddled on the floor in my chains.

“Convict Woman Sabrina Wheeler, you have been badly behaved and broken many of the rules set down to govern your life as a Chained Convict For Life. How do you plead?”

I straightened and gulped nervously.

“I-I am guilty, Master.” I whispered with a trembling voice.

“Very well! You acknowledge your behaviour as being unacceptable to me as your Master and Jailer. You *know* that any breakage of the rules is punished fully and in any manner I consider necessary.”

“The document I hold explains the punishment you have earned, and how it will be administered. All of the disciplinary measures fall within the structure of your original Judgement and will be carried out in full measure. Read it!”

He held it up so that I could see it and this is what was presented.

* ADDITIONAL DISCIPLINE *

SABRINA WHEELER: CCFL-1

Effective on the evening of the 7th of July 1998, the Convict Woman, Sabrina Wheeler, is sentenced to the following disciplinary measures, in accordance with the conditions contained within her original Judgement, dated the 8th day of February, 1998.

DISCIPLINARY MEASURES

The CCFL will spend one week (seven days) confined within the bath cell on short leashes.

The CCFL will wear the feeding gag for the entire duration of this sentence modification.

3) The CCFL will receive only bread mash and water during the term of punishment within the bath cell.

4) Every night, while confined within the bath cell, the CCFL will be placed in the slave swing. Each night is defined as beginning at 6:00 pm and ending at 6:00 am the following morning, totalling twelve hours.

5) After being placed in the slave swing each night, the CCFL will receive six strokes of the riding crop on her buttocks.

6) Two months will be added to the pre-parole sentence of the CCFL.

THIS DOCUMENT DATED AND EXECUTED ON THE 7TH OF JULY, 1998.

(Thomas, Dungeon Administrator, Responsible Jailer)

“*What is the slave swing?*” I wondered fearfully while he folded the paper.

I quickly found out.

Thomas brought over the feeding gag and looked at me for a moment.

“Do you have anything to say before your sentence is executed, convict?”

“P-p-please, Master ... ?” I whimpered, tears filling my eyes.

“Open your mouth!”

I could do nothing but obey! Further disobedience was unthinkable. The thick, flattened, ‘pacifier’ type rubber pad was pushed into my mouth, and my teeth slipped into their grooves when I bit down. I whimpered pitifully while he locked its front panel onto my head cage, paying my noises and tears no attention. Only then did he release me from between the fixing bars, grasp my neck leash, then force me walk into the bath cell. I was

made to face the door of the cell while he attached the two short leash chains from the wall ring then tightened the connections, then a moment later, he brought in the heavy bolt cutters and removed my normal leashes. Their freed lengths fell to the floor with a heavy clashing of links and he kicked the piles of chain out into the main part of the cell, leaving me now a full captive of the two, two metre long tethers. A second later he'd stepped around me then through the door then swung it closed in my face, leaving me to stare out at him from inside the tiny chamber. It was horribly depressing and very frightening to stand there in my harness, feeling the short but heavy chains dragging at my neck and waist but what was immeasurably worse for me was the certain knowledge of even further punishment soon to come! Instinctually and automatically I pulled my hands and arms against their separator bar and chains, whining unintelligibly through my nose in attempts to plead with him. What was it going to feel like? How was I going to withstand what he was going to do to me? *"Oh God! Oh, God! Please let me wake up from this awful nightmare!"* I thought over and over.

"I'll be back this evening to take care of you." he stated coldly then turned and left the cell and dungeon. I could do nothing other than stand close to the door, barely able to hold its bars in my gloved and separated hands, whimpering with misery, and feeling the short leashes dragging at my collared neck and cruelly compressed waist. I started out into the main cell, and now, I could not even see the small window high in the wall! *"Oh, God!"* I thought desperately, *"What have I done?"*

The rest of the afternoon passed with glacial slowness until I heard the doors being opened then Thomas walked to the small cell and looked in at me. In his broad strong hands he held a fist full of light chain with two lengths leading down to a pair of wooden blocks, each perhaps ten cm square and about thirty cm in length. *"What are they for?"* I wondered in panic.

He opened the door and stepped inside, then looked up at the concrete ceiling to where the thick bar and chains hung. I'd wondered for months and months what this arrangement was for and how it would be used, but now, a horrid sinking sensation came to me when he looked at it in a calculating manner. I quickly began to understand the arrangement when he placed the two wooden blocks on the floor directly under the bar, separated by about forty cm from one another, then turned toward me.

"Come here!" he commanded, pointing to the floor in front of him.

I shrank back against the wall under the ring that held the ends of my short cell leashes, trying to shake my head and protest against what was to come.

"You are afraid, aren't you?" he asked quietly. "Convict, you have broken the rules. You were told that your disobedience would be punished and now it is time! Come over here immediately and stand on the blocks!"

There was no way I could resist and so I slowly struggled to my feet then with a slow, reluctant shuffling, moved to the blocks, and awkwardly stepped up onto them. He grasped my right arm with one hand, steadying me, then snagged the central chain from the bottom of the bar with his free hand and brought its free end to the top ring of my head cage. I heard the solid click of a heavy lock then felt the loop of links clatter against the metal web imprisoning my skull over the helmet of the dungeon suit. They swung around from their mounting on the top of my head clattering against the steel web and I could not stop the shivering of terror that shook my body.

Still holding my right arm, he next took the chain at the end of the bar on the right side and pulled its end link down to my waist, just over my hip. Another solid click sounded in the cell, its silence broken only by my panicked gasping and the rattling of loose chain. He released my arm and walked around to my left side, then pulled down hard on the chain from the bar on *that* side and I felt a sudden upward tug on the waistband of my chastity belt on the right side!

“*Oh, God!*” I thought in a panic, “*Please! Please! No!*”

Another solid click sounded then he came to stand before me and looked into my face.

“You are now prepared for the first part of your discipline, convict.”

I stood there on the wooden blocks, not quite flat-footed, gasping and trying to beg into my gag, but all that emerged from my fear-dilated nostrils were faint hisses of terror.

“Your twelve hours in the slave swing begins ... now.”

Thomas held up the chains to the wooden blocks so I could see them and they grew tight then he pulled on them slowly and deliberately. I felt the blocks begin to slide from under my feet and danced on them until there was nothing but air under my feet! With a gagged wail, I suddenly found myself sitting firmly in my chastity belt, only able to touch the floor beneath with the tips of my shoes. I *didn't* like the feeling of the steel crotch band being pulled so tightly up between my legs and pressing against my sensitive labia and so forced myself to stand on my toes to ease the uncomfortable penetration of the thick wedge into my sex. When I did, of course, I felt the tight cuffs of the Spanish Trapezoid suddenly seem to constrict around my legs!

Thomas stood silently in front of me, watching my struggle to stand and alleviate my distress, waiting. I stared back at him in silenced distress, moaning into the gag with even more tears beginning to trickle from my eyes, trying to shake my head in negation. Within a couple minutes my calf muscles began to cramp painfully while I tried to maintain the constantly arched posture I had to, to keep them touching the floor. I *didn't* want to sit fully in my chastity belt! At last, I couldn't deal with cramping anymore and slightly raised one leg to ease the pain. As soon as my weight came off *that* immediately permitted me to swing in the suspending chains and my other foot lost *its* contact with floor! Immediately, I again sat fully in the awful embrace of my chastity belt, swinging and twisting back and forth like a pendulum in my suspending chains. I writhed with discomfort, trying to howl for release. “*Oh God!! Oh God!!!*” I wailed in my mind in fearful awareness that I would spend the next *twelve hours* like this! I jerked my legs frantically, but the heavy steel ball, with its fifty cm long chain prevented any large movements, serving to mostly anchor me in the same place.

For a few seconds, I managed to remain upright but then the laws of physics and gravity took over. My head and upper torso, ensnared in a heavy web of steel, made me swing forward, rotating around the mountings of the chains to my waist belt! This rotation was harshly jerked to a halt when the chain to the top of my head cage snapped tight, pulling my head backward until stopped by the high collar and its chains to the rest of my harness, while behind me, the leash chains from the wall ring looped to my harness. And so I sat firmly in the grip of my unforgiving chastity belt, legs kicking in mid-air against the restriction of the Spanish Trapezoid, while in front, my bar-separated hands and arms jerked wildly at the limits of the chains connecting them to my waist cinch! I *couldn't* reach anything! Hanging there with my body bent forward at about

thirty degrees, I was forced to stare out into the main cell, almost unable to right myself and began gasping and sobbing with true repentance. There was no doubt I'd spend the next week in this horrible situation, I *knew*, then it slowly dawned on me that Thomas had stepped out of my sight!

I'd forgotten about the last part of my discipline sentence and nothing prepared me for the strike of the riding crop across my steel-divided buttocks! It was a *horrible* surprise! They were already compressed and outlined by the edging of my dungeon suit and further accentuated by the tight steel strap between them, and so were plumped and well presented to him. The line of the crop strike blazed with a fierce, fiery pain that radiated through my flesh, spreading the agony wider and wider and I shrieked mindlessly, struggling and surging against my harness and chains in near hysteria to escape! The second blow fell, and again, I danced mindlessly in mid-air, flailing and thrashing wildly while I swung back and forth with my buttocks tantalizingly presented. *Nothing* I did was any good, and the third blow fell on my jiggling and flexing flesh while I howled for mercy and freedom from his discipline, but I was *totally* helpless and vulnerable! Already, even after only a few minutes, I was in a whirlpool of pain, trying desperately to maintain my sanity, but then, the *fourth* blow fell, and I again gyrated crazily, jerking instinctually at my bonds, praying I would faint and awaken to find myself out of the horrid nightmare I was living. "*Please?*" I prayed, "*Please let this be only a bad dream???*"

Of course, it wasn't.

By then, I was howling like a banshee into my stifling gag from the spreading, burning pain of the blows of the riding crop. For some reason he paused and I gradually stopped my futile struggling, then with a strong effort, managed to get my toes to touch the floor again and stand. I tried to turn and face him, but the chains from my collar and waistband, attached to the back wall prevented me and so I balanced like that, staring out into the main cell in haze of pain, tears and despair. He left me to think about my situation for long minutes, saying nothing, then the fifth stroke exploded across my already-welted buttocks, and I fell forward again in screaming reaction, kicking my feet insanely against the restriction and weight of the Spanish Trapezoid as well as the ball and chain! My hands and arms jerked madly against *their* bar and chains, but he still wasn't finished! He allowed me to recover myself then the sixth blow fell, sending me into a paroxysm of wild, but useless flailing and howling screams while I arched myself from the agony of burning pain in my behind, bawling hysterically while I uselessly fought my bonds.

I went 'away' somewhere when the last stroke was delivered, but eventually, came back to where I dangled alone in the cell. Its door had been closed, and Thomas stood on the other side holding the chains from the two 'step-up' blocks in his hand. He looked at me.

"*That* is how you will be disciplined at the beginning of every night for the next six days, until you have served your full sentence of intensified discipline! Remember! These measures are being used to make you behave properly and to remind you of your place in the world!

"Good night."

He turned and walked from my sight, leaving me to hang there, sobbing with horror and despair in gag-strangled tears, locked securely inside the small cell. The door in the

barred lattice wall crashed closed and was locked then I heard the dungeon's door thud closed and the faint sounds of its bolts being locked. I'd been left to hang there in the silent dungeon's inner cell, semi-suspended and totally abandoned, weeping and contrite, but there was to be no release for the next twelve hours. Oh, how my buttocks burned and pulsed from the crop's blows! I wanted to hold and caress my flaming skin to somehow ease the pain, but my wrist bondage prevented my hands from getting anywhere near, and the gloves I wore would not permit me to touch myself anyway!

For long moments, I managed to stand on my toes, taking only the smallest of steps with each foot attempting ease the onset of the cramps, but soon, I again had to lift a foot, and with a small, strangled shriek, I swung in crazy arcs at the ends of my slave swing chains, tethered both to the wall and steel ball. I hung there tilted forward, staring out through the bars until I could stand it no more, then spent long, difficult minutes until I could regain my feet. I could only sit for a short time, but it was never long enough, before I again fell forward. I truly hated feeling the impenetrable steel plate and its horrid, insidious wedge being pressed into my sex, but it was a thing and sensation I couldn't escape!

No sound at all came into the dungeon and the lights continued to burn brightly while I dangled there, totally helpless. Only the small clicks and subdued rattles of chain came to my partially deafened ears under the helmet and I could do nothing to escape my punishment or to ease my pain. The long night stretched ahead and I knew that upstairs he was enjoying a nice meal and perhaps watching me on the monitor, but there was to be no escape from my sentence. I would be left just as I was.

I do not know how many times I fell forward and eventually recovered to a standing position that night, but the cycle repeated endlessly. What little sleep I got lasted no more than a minute or two at a time for the whole twelve hours I hung in the slave swing.

The next morning he appeared outside of the bars holding a large box and the chains for the step up blocks in his hands, then unlocked the cell door and came inside.

"That was your first night of seven convict. I hope you thought about why you are being disciplined like this?"

He stepped out of my sight and I trembled like a falling leaf, fearing that he was going to whip me again, but a moment later, he spread some ointment on my still sore, burning buttocks. I'd fallen forward again and hung there, unresisting, in front of him until a few moments later he pulled me back to a standing position and placed the wooden blocks under my feet. I stood gratefully on them, keeping very still while he unlocked the side chains then at last released the one at the top of my head cage. Once freed, I stepped slowly and tiredly onto the tiles, staggering from exhaustion, but he held me up and guided me to the toilet. I sat on it with a heavy clank of my harness hitting the steel seat, then, without a sympathetic word, he screwed the long rubber hose onto the front of the gag plate covering my lower face. The bottles of water and bread mash were fitted into brackets on the wall, then he spoke.

"Your food and water are here convict and so you may eat and drink whenever it is necessary. Tonight, you will be permitted to drink again before you are placed in the slave swing."

I looked up into his stern eyes and raised my chained and separated hands in a desperate, begging gesture, fresh tears trickling from the corners of my eyes again while I attempted to get him to have pity or mercy.

“It is no use to try begging,” he said quietly. “You *know* there are no safe words or signals for you! I have every intention as well as the obligation of your Judgement to carry out your sentence, and it *will* be carried out ... to the letter.”

I collapsed back against the wall as best I could and closed my eyes in tearful resignation that he was doing precisely what I had begged for, then agreed to. Gasps of misery hissed from my nose, and my shoulders shook with cruelly suppressed sobs while he stepped out and locked the small cell’s door. A moment later, the dungeon was silent again and I had been abandoned to this latest permutation of my lonely sentence of being a Chained Convict For Life. Eventually, I gathered enough energy to drink some water and to suck on some of the disgusting bread mash that was my food, then sank to my knees and crawled to the mat, feeling the leash chains to the back of my collar and waist with terribly increased humiliation. I lay in the most comfortable position I could manage then quickly passed out from exhaustion.

I suppose I must have slept for a couple of hours before I had to struggle up and use the toilet, then drink and eat after which I crawled to the mat and slept again. The day passed, but much too soon, I heard the doors being opened once more! Oh *God*! He was coming for me again! Thomas appeared and stared harshly at me. I immediately saw the riding crop hanging from a hook on his belt on the left side and shuddered with terror, knowing I would soon feel its horribly painful slashes again!

After the first two weeks of my incarceration, he’d always worn a black leather cover-all that looked like a uniform and now, I somehow knew I’d never see him wear anything else.

“It is now 5:50 pm,” he said quietly. “Get up!”

I struggled to my feet while he opened the door and brought in the step up blocks then placed them as he had the previous night. I cringed against the back wall of the cell as far as I could, holding out my chained and bar-separated hands, wailing in terror into my gag and trying to ward him off when he approached. Oh God! *Oh God!* I *didn’t* want to be suspended and whipped again! My eyes became riveted to his hands when he grasped my wrist bar then pulled me to the blocks and again I stared with horror at the evil whip swinging from his belt.

When he propelled me up onto the step up blocks, I looked up at him, silently trying to shake my head in a desperate plea to be spared another night in the slave swing. He was resolute in his determination to carry out my sentence and with horror flooding my mind, I tremblingly stepped onto the blocks once more, feeling as though I was a terrible, female criminal about to be executed!

He continued to hold onto the hated separator bar until I was positioned, then my head cage chain was connected, and a moment later, both of the side suspension chains were also locked to my harness. I stood shaking as though very cold, staring out into the main cell while waiting for him to pull the blocks from under my feet, but for long moments, nothing happened, then he spoke.

“It is now 6:00 pm, Convict!”

The blocks were dragged from under my shoes and again, I swung erratically back and forth when there was only air beneath my feet. Tonight, there was waiting and a slicing blow from the crop immediately fell across my jiggling buttocks! I screamed and jerked maniacally when it sank into the still-tender flesh, swinging wildly in my chains before him.

He ruthlessly administered the next five strokes in quick succession, making me flail madly like a crazed, silenced marionette, howling, weeping and screaming mindlessly. When he'd finished, I was left to continue my silenced screaming and weeping in isolation, struggling uselessly against my restraints. I finally stilled and regained my senses, but my mind was in a typhoon of near-hysteria, knowing that I had *five more nights* of this awful punishment to endure! He only took a moment to connect my watering tube to the bottle hanging on the wall of bars then pushed me to stand erect in my suspending chains.

"Your sentence, convict," he said with a steadfast look into my eyes, "and all of the associated disciplinary measures will *always* be carried out in full. It is my duty. Remember that!"

With a last, grim look into my tear-streaming eyes, he stepped out of the cell, then closed and locked the door behind him. My second night passed in the same manner as the first, as did the next day.

The third night I fought frantically not to be hung in the slave swing, again knowing what was soon to follow once I was in it, but there was no possible way I could resist, and I soon dangled in mid-air again. This time, the pain from the six whip blows was incredible and it took me many hours to stop weeping and howling while I swung back and forth erratically.

The rest of the week passed in the same way, and each evening, I was consumed with great horror when I saw him open the door and come inside for me. I would have done *anything* to escape my sentence and discipline then, but it was hopeless and stupid to even think about it!

Finally, the week of punishment came to an end, and I vowed to myself to never, *ever* do anything to anger him or to break the Dungeon Rules again!

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Another Intensive Cleaning and ... Babs!

On the 19th of July 1998, Thomas released me from the intensified punishment, and I was allowed back out into the main cell. It took nearly ten days for the tenderness of my whipped buttocks to disappear.

Then, on the 25th of July 1998, after my intensive cleaning, Thomas came into the bathroom to return me to the cell, but when he arrived Babs accompanied him! Until now, she'd only been allowed to visit me in the dungeon while in Thomas' company, and occasionally, to bring my food when he was away from the house for more than a day. She had always been sympathetic, to this point, and I'd looked upon her as a friend, especially in the face of the sentence I was serving, and sometimes enjoying.

They stepped through the door and closed it behind them while I remained sitting in the deep tub, fully and helplessly chained, securely leashed to the ring. Thomas looked down at me sitting there, flushing a deep red of embarrassment with Babs seeing me like this. I was mortified.

"Convict, I will be away on business until next Thursday and so Babs will be your jailer until then. I thought it would be good for her to watch while you are placed in your dungeon suit and harness so that she can understand the process and see exactly how efficient and secure it is. I hope you won't mind?"

I looked up at the two of them standing there, unable to do anything.

"And if I *do* mind?" I asked a little sarcastically, still blushing furiously.

"Of course! You're right!" He smiled sarcastically at me. "That's just too bad because you're only a convict and your feelings and thoughts don't make a bit of difference. OK, let's go! Time for you to get out of the tub so we can proceed."

Thomas grabbed my upper arm, helping me to stand then lifted me out, because my hobble chain wasn't long enough to allow me to step over the tub's edge. Babs watched, a strange smile playing across her lips while he dried me thoroughly with a fluffy blue towel, then checked my body for any damage. The welts from my being whipped while serving the intensified discipline had pretty much disappeared by then and so I passed his inspection without a problem.

Grudgingly, I sat on the toilet seat while he again shaved my head and eyebrows away then clipped my finger and toe nails very short. I was deeply embarrassed and humiliated when this was being done, but all the while, Babs smiled wider and wider!

Next, he took the silicon lubricant and spread it all over me, then reached over and took my dungeon suit from the hanger on the back of the door. I looked at it with deep loathing, knowing that once again I would be encased in it for the next eight weeks, but there was no way I could escape having to wear it! Once he had me locked into it, I again had to sit while he put the running shoes on me feet and laced them tight. Again, I felt myself blushing deep red under the obscuring, depersonalising mask when Babs looked at how the suit made my breasts and their U shackles stand out from the front of my body so vulnerably. Until now, only Thomas had seen that I wore the pendant nipple jewellery and I was stupidly concerned about what she would think, even though she had already seen me in chains, leashed, and helplessly harnessed in my dungeon.

"Stand!" Thomas commanded.

I stood before him in my chains, my bulging breasts shuddering with goose-bumped terror, anonymously masked and ready to be harnessed and leashed once more. I shuddered with misery at what was soon to come then his eyes moved to my gleaming nipple shackles, then he reached out and hooked a finger through the right side one.

"Come!" he said with a small tug.

What else could I do but follow him quickly and obediently from the bathroom, biting back my moans of discomfort from the insistent, irresistible tension he applied to my sensitive breast!

I was totally humiliated but still had to prance along behind him on my toes to prevent the tightly clamped ankle shackles from hurting too much, unable to stop the small wails and yelps of pain that hissed from me with each step I was forced to take; Babs following closely while we descended to the dungeon. Thomas had again closed all of the drapes, not allowing me to see anything of the world outside and when we passed through the kitchen, I saw it was only 10:00 in the morning! Within five minutes, I was back inside the concrete and steel containment of my dungeon.

Once there, Thomas pulled me to the fixing bars and immediately began to fit the awful steel harness to my body and limbs with Babs willing assistance. He explained the purpose and design of every piece to her, and very soon, it was again bolted around my body. She was fascinated with the design, its total security and restriction, and the process of fastening me into its unforgiving and inescapable grip. Babs closely inspected each piece before and after it was fastened and when Thomas had finished tightening all of the bolts, she smiled happily when he slipped the anti-tampering sleeves over the flange joints then riveted them all very tightly. He stood back, collecting his tools and turned to Babs.

"Do you think that she's able to escape her harness or the leashes *now*?"

"No, Thomas, there isn't even the *smallest* chance!" she said with a broad smile.

"That's right. As I've told you, she'll *never* escape them. The convict has been sentenced to wearing this her dungeon suit and the harness for the rest of her life sentence: twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, every day of every year. I *certainly* won't release her unless it's time for her to be cleaned and you saw how secure that arrangement is, also. Fastened as she is now, the convict is completely helpless and easily controllable, as you can see."

"Oh, yes, Thomas!" she laughed happily. "You're absolutely right! She has *no* chance of escape, and I think it's *wonderful*! This is the very best of equipment and arrangements for a disobedient and headstrong woman like the convict. I must say I'm *very* satisfied with her incarceration, fastened and restrained like she is!"

I had been quiet all the while Thomas was fastening me, looking back and forth between them, but now I stared at Babs while she laughed at my terrible situation and humiliating, horribly restrictive costume.

"You really enjoy how securely fastened and helpless I am in this awful harness, don't you?" I asked her angrily. "I'm going to be kept in here *forever*, leashed to the wall and locked in this cell like a wild animal, and you *enjoy* seeing me like this?"

Suddenly, she had turned from the friend I thought I knew into another person entirely.

"Oh, *yes*, convict! I like it a *lot*! To see you standing here in front of me, so helpless and controllable, makes my heart sing! I promise you that I'm going to do *everything* I

can to make sure that you really *do* stay here in this cell, always a prisoner in your wonderful and punishing harness ... for the rest of your *life*! Yes, you will live here, you will eat in here, you will sleep here ... and one day you will die in here! However, I hope you have a very long life so there will be plenty of time to do penance for all the bad things you've done! I'm very happy to know that you'll stay well chained, harnessed, and locked inside this dungeon."

I shuddered with the awful realization that Babs' views about me had changed and she *really* wanted to see me kept in here for the rest of my life! I turned and looked desperately at Thomas, hoping somehow that he'd not agree with what she'd said.

"Sorry, convict, but Babs has stated it correctly. That *is* your judgement and you *will* remain here for the rest of your life, just like you are now."

"Nnnnooooo!!" I screamed, shaking with terror and fighting frantically against my chains.

Babs walked closer and looked at my harness. Her fingers trailed lightly over the cuffs and chains, noting how the clamps, waistband, chest band collar, and head cage were so tight that they'd compressed the material of the dungeon suit.

"Convict, Thomas has told me that you are quite accustomed to your harness and the restriction. Walk around the cell for me!"

I looked at him with despair, but he nodded curtly and so with a rattling of chains I struggled to walk in the awkward, crablike way that the Spanish Trapezoid enforced, balancing myself with my chained and bar-separated hands. It is always difficult because of the heavy steel ball attached to my ankle spreader, rolling back and forth erratically behind, always jerking and moving unexpectedly. It rumbled on the tiles while I struggled across the cell then back to stand in front of them and Babs watched closely all the while. When I again stood before her gasping and panting a little from the effort I'd had to make, she smiled happily and turned to Thomas.

"You're right, Thomas! She's totally helpless. It's *really* good!" Then, she reached out and again touched my wrist cuffs gently. "Ah, yes! I like how nice and tight they are on you convict! You've got *no* chance to escape them! Thomas' friend has done a very fine job in making them so well fitted and the rest of your harness is truly wonderful in the way it restricts and controls your movements so thoroughly. Marvellous!"

Thomas spoke again.

"For your information, convict, from today until next Thursday, Babsi will be staying here in the house. In the morning, she will bring your breakfast and lunch because she has to work downtown all day, so you'll be all alone here in the house. In the evening, she will bring you your supper. No one but me, Babsi, and Michael are aware that this dungeon exists, *or* that you are held here.

"In case of an emergency, if one occurs while Babsi is here in the house, I've placed a key for the barred wall's door here in the house, but she has no idea where it is. You will remain in here with no one to touch or hold you for the whole time. However, Babsi has my phone number if she needs it in an emergency, so I can tell her where the key is, but she has no possible way to free you from your leashes or the harness. You will stay *fully* confined in the cell until I return.

"If there is an emergency while she is away, you'll just have to suffer it until she returns in the evening, so be careful. Any questions?"

"No, Master!" I responded, looking at them both in depthless misery.

With that, they both turned and left and I watched while the doors were closed and securely locked. I was once more alone and chained, then just before the dungeon door shut I heard Thomas and Babs laughing together and caught a quick glimpse of him with his arm around her waist! A sizzling bolt of lightening pierced my heart, and I howled, standing at the barred wall, trying to shake the steel shafts with despair, repeatedly banging my wrist separator shaft on them, my tightly gloved hands stuck between bars, grasping at air.

“Oh *no!*” I moaned frantically, “Please ... *nnnnnnnoooooo!!!*”

Many long minutes later, I staggered over and collapsed onto the mat with a clatter of chain, then stared through tear-filled eyes at the heavy cuffs bolted around my wrists, separated by their thick steel bar. I looked at the others clamped so securely around my arms and legs, and at the dangling and swaying lines of steel links from them. Behind me, the chains of my leashes trailed across the floor and rose to the heavy ring set into the concrete wall nearly two metres up. It was hopeless! I’d *never* escape!

Later, Babs came back with my dinner and stayed to talk for a while, saying nothing about her and Thomas. I didn’t ask because I didn’t really want to know, then later that night I lay on my mat, struggling to somehow get comfortable in my bondage and mentally shaking with fear of what I thought was going on between them. He’d called her ‘Babsi’ and it was a form of endearment! What was going on upstairs? Were they kissing and fondling each other? Were they in bed together? Did she sleep with him now? *What* was happening? Of course, there was no way for me to know, being kept isolated and a secure prisoner, and they were not about to tell me! Sleep was a very long time in coming while I continually tossed and struggled against my restraints, even after I finally drifted off to a nightmare filled sleep.

The next morning, Sunday, 26th of July 1998, I got another terrible shock when she came into the dungeon with my breakfast. She smiled happily while she handed the plastic containers through the bars of the barred wall then remained, watching me struggle to open them.

“How are you feeling today, convict?”

“Not too bad, Babs.” I replied, very unhappily.

“Oh! I forgot to tell you! From now on, you will call me ‘Mistress Babs’ because I am now one of your jailers, and you are only a criminal being punished. Are you clear on that?”

“Very well, Mistress Babs.” I agreed in a miserable whisper.

“Excellent! You had a good night?”

“I managed OK, Mistress Babs.”

“That’s good, because I had a *very* nice night!” she smiled nastily at me. “I slept in what I believe *used* to be your bed, in your former room. Sorry to say, but you’ll no longer need, or ever be able to use them again. Do you know why?”

“Yes, Mistress Babs!” I whispered, wanting scream it at her.

“And that is ... ?”

“Because I’ve been sentenced to be a chained convict for the rest of my life!” I wailed, trying to stifle the sobs that threatened to engulf me.

“*Very* good little convict!” she laughed happily. “I see you’ve learned this very easily, and you are absolutely correct! This dungeon *will* be your home for the rest of

your wretched life, and for the whole time you're in here serving your sentence, you're going to be kept in your harness, and always kept leashed.

"For your information convict, I spoke at great length with Thomas about you yesterday after we left and he agrees completely. He said that he is as much bound by the sentence imposed on you in your Judgement as you are, and so it *will* happen!"

"*No!*" I yelled at her. "I don't believe it!"

"Oh? You don't believe it do you? Well, maybe in ten or twenty *years* you *will!*" she snarled.

"That's not *fair!*" I yelled. "He *has* to give me another chance!"

"You've had *more* than enough of those in the past, Convict!" she snapped. "Thomas told me the full story, and now, you have to serve the *whole* sentence you received ... and agreed to! Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress Babs!"

I gulped tearfully; trying to calm the fear-filled ricocheting of butterflies in my stomach, cruelly compressed under the wide steel belt of my chastity belt. Babs stared at me in satisfied contemplation for a moment, the fingers of her left hand idly twirling a strand of her raven hair.

"By the way convict! I've been reading the email you've been sending and receiving from your friend in Canada and it is *most* educational!" she smiled with a predatory look on her face. "In one of your last letters, I read a very nice description of two additional chains that could be added to your harness to make you even *more* controlled than you are now! Apparently, they lead up from your ankle cuffs to your wrist irons and are *very* confining to the movements of your hands and arms."

I stared at her in horror. My e-mail friend and I had only written a little of the concept, with never a thought that it might actually come to reality!

"I liked the idea *so* much that I've asked Thomas if they can be added them to your harness."

"*No!* Please Mistress Babs!" I howled, my worst fears coming true. "Not *more* chains! *Please?*"

"It's too late, little convict!" She stood laughing maliciously on the other side of the lattice wall. "Thomas has decided that you *will* be fitted with the additional 'Restrictor' chains next Saturday. Once you're wearing them, they'll always hold your nasty little paws down at your waist whenever you straighten your legs.

"You'd better enjoy this coming week, because starting next Saturday, you'll have to sit down or kneel if you want to be able to reach to your head cage and feed yourself." She stared at me, gloating. I looked back at her, terrified of what she had said and what was going to be done.

"You *can't* do this! It's not agreed to in The Judgement!" I wailed in despair, but she only smiled nastily back at me.

"Oh, but it *is!* You're wrong, Convict, because in Section 2, and I quote: 'Within the framework of this sentence, the Dungeon Authority may, at his discretion, require that the application of further educational and disciplinary measures be imposed upon the CCFL. These may take the form of, but are NOT limited to any of the following: withdrawal of the use of the PC, the long term application of a gag (feeding or otherwise), a blindfold, or ANY OTHER measures that may be deemed necessary.'

"Do you remember now?"

I remembered all too well!

“Well, *do* you?!” she demanded again, harshly.

“Y-yes, I do, Mistress Babs!” I whispered brokenly, sobs beginning to shake my shoulders.

“Very good!” she smiled happily at me again while I wept. “I’m going back upstairs now. I may go out and enjoy the sun, or perhaps go for a walk and enjoy the afternoon in town. You, of course, will stay down here in your nice dungeon and chains. Eat your breakfast!”

She turned away from where I stood weeping in terrible despair on the other side of the bars then a moment later, the dungeon door was slammed shut and locked. I *couldn't* believe this had happened, or what they were going to do to me next! A few moments later, when these black thoughts had totally engulfed me, I sat on the mat and fought my harness and chains like a mad woman, screaming and howling to be freed, weeping wildly. It did no good, for I was sealed into the silent, concrete cell, behind the thick bars of the lattice wall, inside a sound insulated concrete dungeon and *no one* could hear me, or even knew I existed! I don't think anyone but a prisoner that has been condemned to death then sits in a cell waiting for the execution can understand how trapped and helpless I felt. The thought of, “*What can I do? What can I do??? Nothing!*” kept hammering into my thoughts over and over.

I had only until next Saturday. A mere seven days before I was to be even further restricted! They'd probably fit me with the new chains after I was released from the cage and cleaned. I *knew* Babs was the driving force behind this increase in my restraints and perhaps she'd made Thomas believe that she felt threatened by me, despite my being imprisoned and harnessed. She was right, because if I could have gotten near enough, I'd have attacked her! I spent the rest of the day in alternating fits of screaming to be released or fighting my chains and all the time, in the back of my mind, was the slow, tangling horror of what would be done on the coming Saturday.

That night, she came to the dungeon with my evening meal and without saying anything, slipped the dishes between the bars and left me alone again to think about what was coming. It was awful and I cried myself to sleep.

The ensuing week passed slowly and as the day drew closer and closer, I became more and more afraid. On Friday morning, Thomas came into the cell and immediately applied my feeding gag before I could say anything. Ten minutes later, I had been cleaned and locked again in the puppy cage for my Day of Penance and all I could think about for the next 24 hours were the two new chains I was soon to wear. I could not sleep at all, and the vision of Babs' happily smiling face when she had told me what was going to be done would not leave my mind, no matter how I tried to shake her off. “*She used to be my friend!*” I wailed over and over, now she was my *jailer!*

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Additional Chains

Punctually at 6:00 am on Saturday the 01st August 1998, Thomas and Babs came into the cell. I couldn't see them at first but heard the bolts being unlocked from the outside of the dungeon door and then the mechanical sound when the lattice wall door was also unlocked.

I was badly cramped from the twenty-four hours in the cage and wanted deperately to be freed but on the other hand, I knew something awful was soon to happen. They walked around to stand in front of the puppy cage, and I saw that Thomas carried a plastic Curver-Box that rattled and clattered ominously. Up to this point, I'd hoped he would not add the additional chains, but it was in vain.

When I looked up, I saw that both he and Babs were now dressed in similar black leather uniforms, and truly, they were a smart looking pair, but very scary. Babs smiled down while I stared silently up and out through the tight bars of my little cage then stood back while Thomas unlocked its door then grasped my collar leash and pulled firmly on it, dragging me slowly, choking, from the cage. I was so humiliated to be seen by Babs while being treated in this way. It took a couple of minutes, but I was soon secured between the fixing bars and I had the impression that, for Babs, it couldn't happen quickly enough. Thomas said nothing while he first removed the feeding gag and then the diaper. Next, he released my chastity belt's crotch cover and spent several minutes cleaning me, as always, making me howl while he used the brush. As soon as he was finished, he brought the cover plate up over my lower belly and then allowed Babs to close the padlock. I hated that he permitted this because it made it very plain that she was becoming a larger and larger force in my life. At last, he spoke.

"And so it is time for the next additions to be made to your harness, convict! How are you feeling this morning?"

"P-P-Please Master..." I whispered, for my jaw was sore from wearing the gag pad for the past twenty-four hours, and my mouth was dry. "*Please!* Please do not put more chains on me!"

"It is too late, convict," he said flatly and without any sympathy. "I have made the decision to modify your restraint system so that you are kept more stringently under control, and it *will* happen."

"But I did nothing to earn the increase!" I wailed in despair.

"So what? That doesn't matter!" He snapped. "I've decided that you need the additional restriction, and so it happens, as is stated in your Judgement."

"Oooooohhhh, *please!*" I sobbed.

"Be quiet, or I will fit your gag again!"

I shut up. I hated wearing it.

He got the first pieces out of the plastic containers and began fastening them to my harness. These were two short, ten cm long chains, each with a three cm diameter, thick steel ring already welded closed through an end link. They were soon fastened to the eyes of the clamps under my knees with shackles. Subsequently, two similar chains (but only about five cm long) were fixed to the two front eyes of my waistband on the left and right side in the same way and then, the first, long chain was installed. Again with a shackle, this chain was first fastened to the eye of the ankle cuff where the lower spreader bar of

the Spanish Trapezoid was connected. It was then threaded up through the rings on the chains from the knee clamps behind the upper spreader bar, and finally, through the rings on the short chains on my waistband.

With happy assistance from Babs, I had to lift my left hand so that the wrist separator bar was kept close to the ring, and I couldn't help but notice the upward tension on my ankle cuff. Thomas shortened it, using the bolt cropper to cut off the extra links then secured the end to the eye of my left side wrist cuff where the separator bar was also fastened. My left hand was well secured. He immediately installed the right chain in the same manner, taking care that both were the same length; thus ensuring that my wrist cuffs and their bar were held down by this arrangement and was now pulled tight against the waistband of my chastity belt! Thomas ground off the screw heads on all the shackles and then they stood there before me looking very pleased with their work. I closed my eyes and wept silently, feeling my increased bondage and restriction, trying to pull my hands and arms free, but at last, I gave up to see Babs smiling spitefully at me. She looked at Thomas.

"Can we release her from the fixing bars now?"

"Yes. She may as well start to learn right away just how much more restricted she is," he acknowledged, speaking as if I wasn't even there! He quickly opened the locks that held me, letting the chains fall back, rattling harshly against the steel posts.

I stood helplessly before them in my newly modified harness feeling how the two chains kept the separator bar firmly against my belly while I was standing. I could only get a little free chain if I raised a foot, and even then, just reach that hand a little further upward! Babs inspected me again with a nasty smile playing around her lips.

"Well, convict! How do you like these pretty additions? Not particularly nice are they? Try to raise your little paw!"

Of course I knew already it wouldn't be possible, but nevertheless, I pulled at my hand irons and showed her that they were securely held down.

"I-I can't!" I sniffled, struggling futilely.

"That's *exactly* how they're supposed to work!" She laughed. "Now, you won't be able to do anymore bad things with your hands while you're standing! Sit down at the PC!"

I looked inquiringly at Thomas.

"You heard what Babsi said! Do it!" He ordered with no pity at all.

I moved awkwardly to the PC desk and sat on the hard stool.

"Now try to operate it!" Babs commanded.

The PC desk is relatively low and so when I sat and bent my knees the new 'restrictor' chains gave my hands and arms some additional freedom. I struggled to reach up, pulling on them and found I could still touch the keyboard and the mouse; however, in order to reach the keyboard's the upper rows; I had to lift my leg from the floor to gain the extra length. It worked, with difficulty, and of course, as soon as I raised either of my legs, I sat fully into my chastity belt making the crotch plate press more firmly into my flesh, reinforcing my sensation of being a chastity belted female prisoner.

"OK!" Babs said. "Now, can you reach your head cage with your hands?"

I tried, but the chains were *far* too short! Although I bent my head forward as far as possible against the head cage/collar combination, I could only just touch the top of my steel bra cups, and, with some straining, the bottom edge of my collar.

“Oh, that’s *very* unfortunate, convict! You can’t eat at the desk any more! Come! Now try it on the floor! Kneel!” Again, she had a horridly satisfied smile on her face.

With difficulty, I knelt then crouched into a humble ball. This allowed the chains still more free play so that now I could just barely raise my chained and separated hands to my face.

“It seems that the arrangement works as I planned!” Babs exclaimed, obviously pleased. “Now, we want to see whether you can eat, restricted like that.”

She retrieved a Tupperware bowl, opened its lid, and brought it over to where I huddled on the warm, tiled floor unable to do anything more than look down at it.

“Mmm! Have a look at this!” she said with false enthusiasm. “Your breakfast! Very fine porridge!” She placed the plastic container on the floor under my face then gave me a soft plastic spoon. “Eat!”

“*Please*, Master!” I sobbed, kneeling there so humbly and then came erect, only to feel the chains tighten and my leashes drag at me. I looked at him, and he shook his head slightly.

Once more I crouched into position then started to spoon the disgusting, gooey mush into my mouth with my right hand. Babs turned to Thomas.

“Look! Isn’t it charming? She manages to eat quite well!”

“Yes, Babsi, you’re right! It’s a very pretty sight. I believe *this* is the appropriate manner for our convict to feed herself.”

He had packed all of the tools back into the Curver-Box while Babs remained standing before me, watching me struggle to eat. My humiliated gasping sobs were accompanied by the rattles of my chains swinging back and forth and it must have been a compelling sight for her to see me like that on the floor in front of her. The heavy duty restraint and discipline harness with the bright links of my chain leashes looping away from the back of my neck and waistband to the ring set high in the back wall were obviously a satisfying and compelling vision for her. I finally emptied the small container of porridge.

“You may rise again Girl.” Babs said in a strict voice.

I slowly got up and found while I arose that my wrist separator bar was being pulled irresistibly against my waistband by the chains linking it to my ankle cuffs. When I came fully erect, it had once more been drawn in tight against my armoured belly, just as the design intended it to be. Babs stood before me and each of us stared directly into the other’s eyes. She could see my hate-filled look.

“Would you like to strike me, convict?”

I was in deep despair at finding myself in this new situation and very furious with her. She was *supposed* to have been my friend, and I could barely control myself. My fists clenched while I pulled at my handcuffs and the two chains that kept their separator bar fixed at my waist. Babs reached out and grabbed it then held it tightly in her fist.

“This is truly a marvellous addition! Without the letters to your friend, I would never have thought of this idea! Thus, the chains we’ve added are *your* fault, and you certainly have my respect and admiration. She smiled nastily at me, “I will make sure that you enjoy these two nice friends for many years to come.”

I could no longer stand her gloating and happiness at my terrible bondage and the additional severe restriction.

“You’re a nasty, horrid, *bitch*!! You were *supposed* to be my friend! And now you’ve sneaked between Thomas and I and are trying to steal him away from me. Then, you *shit*, you have the nerve to treat me like dirt! Like some kind of animal!” I screamed, struggling frantically against my restraints and gasping with wild anger. “You’re a lying, conniving *pig*, and I hate you! You disgust me!”

Before Babs could answer, Thomas spoke.

“Slowly, convict! You are condemned to this dungeon punishment as a Chained Convict, and I remind you, for life! Isn’t that correct?”

“Yes, but...” I moaned with despair.

“...and you accepted your Judgement in all points. Correct?”

I nodded again as much as I could in the head cage and collar.

“Then you must also accept *this*! Do you understand?”

“No! I can’t! I will *not* accept it! *Never!*” I screamed, angrily fighting my restraints even harder.

Thomas turned away and took the Curver-Box into the anteroom, but while going out, he turned to me and spoke again.

“OK! Then you do not accept it! However, given your situation, nothing will change!”

“You *too* are a miserable, crawling, piece of dog shit!” I screamed in near hysteria, struggling to get to the barred wall. “You and your new lover *bitch* are both the same kind of ass holes!”

“She isn’t my new lover, convict; not yet.” He was not impressed by my outburst and remained quite cool. “However, you have insulted Babs and me very badly. Do you know what that means?”

“I don’t *care*! Do what you fucking well *want*!” I howled stubbornly and crazily.

“Well, it appears that you obviously need some sort of additional punishment! So, here it is: the first measure: a Punishment Extension to...”

“A Punishment *Extension*?” I interrupted him, laughing crazily. “I’m *already* condemned to stay in here until the end of my life! What kind of stupid *bullshit* is this? An extension of my punishment?”

“You’re right, of course, convict; however this is going to be handled formally and correctly. The result of your last offence was an extension to your pre-parole time in the dungeon of two months. This time it’s another three months! And because you insulted both Babs and I the time is multiplied. Thus, the total new extension to your pre-parole time will be *six months*!”

“*Only six months*, Thomas?” I laughed madly, by this point completely overwrought, “Why not make it *six god damned years*? There’s obviously no difference by now!”

“A very good idea,” he agreed soberly, “I’ll think about it. Now, there is a further decision to be made about educational and disciplinary measures, but because of your current bad behaviour and language, I will leave it to Babs to decide what measures should be employed.”

“Oh, *really* Thomas?” Babs asked enthusiastically. “I can think of something else for her?” Of course, she was very pleased with this opportunity.

“Yes, but it must be appropriate, and whatever you decide upon requires my agreement.”

“Of course!” She smiled quickly at him and turned to me. “I will think of something *very* pretty for you, convict! You will have much fun with it, I guarantee!” She looked at me, and her eyes flashed dangerously. “Additionally, it will constantly remind you of your inexcusable behaviour and bad language, as these chains do already! In the meantime, you’ll have a little time to divert yourself, getting used to your two new friends!”

She walked out of the cell ahead of Thomas while he closed and locked the door in the barred wall, and then the heavy steel door of the anteroom into the dungeon was also closed and locked. I heard the noise of the bolts being slid into their mounts and I was alone again, but now with even *more* restricting chains!

For the longest time after they’d left, I stood at the lattice wall with my wrist separator bar held at my waist, holding the thick bars and stared out through them at the small window. All the while, great sobs shook my shoulders while I struggled uselessly to get some small freedom for my hands and arms.

I was absolutely shattered! When I thought about it, it was immediately apparent that Babs and Thomas had become far more than mere friends since we’d met! In the past she’d only helped him look after me while he was away on business but now she knew for sure that he was *truly* going to keep me as his captive here in the dungeon. Obviously, he still needed some sort of sexual satisfaction, and with her here at the house to look after me, she’d made sure he knew she was available ... and willing. There would be no worries or consequences for her because I was now *always* kept securely chained here in my cell and so I would know nothing of what happened on the upper floors of the house, or in the outer world.

In faint hope, I decided to think that they were really only playing a game to make me feel that my situation was for real, but then, even worse thoughts began to creep into my mind. Maybe Thomas was going to avenge himself for all the flirting and other bad things I’d done? Did he *really* intend to keep me harnessed, leashed, and locked up in here for the rest of my *life*? Oh, *God*! If he was going to do it, then Babs had for sure become his lover and new playmate, and I had become ... *what*? I desperately needed to know what was happening, but I *couldn’t*! There was no possibility of me finding out unless they decided to tell me.

I was so lost in these terrible, chaotic feelings and realizations that I’d forgotten about the two new chains. However, the new reality of my increased bondage was immediately brought home to me when I tried to reach my hands up and wipe away the continuing flow of tears from my eyes. I unthinkingly jerked at the bonds, fighting against them for a few seconds, then with a moan of misery, sank to the floor and tried again but I *still* couldn’t touch my face. And so, crying and moaning with despair, I crouched into a humble little ball and folded myself until I could swipe at my face with my gloved hands. There was no other way to get either one close! I huddled in front of the bars, weeping with misery, my shoulders shaking under the compression of the dungeon suit, occasionally screaming and struggling mindlessly to escape my implacable harness. Behind me, the chain leashes looped back across the cell to the wall ring, dragging on my collar and forcibly reminding me that I *couldn’t* escape! I don’t know how long I stayed like that, but at last my tears stopped and I struggled to my feet again, feeling the new chains slowly but surely immobilize my hands and arms. Once my legs

had straightened fully, my hands were kept spread out to either side of my waist in a gesture of vulnerable helplessness and supplication.

Some of the things that I had until now been able to do, even wearing the already strictly limiting harness, suddenly became very difficult, but I had yet to understand just how severe my new system of automatic self-restraint was going to be. After recovering from that bout of weeping, I wanted a drink of water and shuffled slowly into the small bath cell in my awkward walk. Only when I tried to get a drink did I begin to realize just how cruel this new chain arrangement truly was.

Standing at the washbasin and trying to open the tap didn't work! First I had to get the cup positioned, and that was difficult because of the immobility and positioning of my hands out of my sight below the swelling of my breast cups, at my side and I couldn't turn my head to see or look down because of the high collar and the way my head cage kept my head up! At last, I thought I had the cup in the correct position and tried to turn on the tap, but my hands couldn't reach! I had to lift my leg and get some slack in the chain *then* fill the cup. The tap is spring loaded, so I had to balance to keep it opened and the water running and then as soon as I stood erect again, my hands were immobilized! I managed to grasp the cup and then carefully walked back to the computer desk and placed it near the edge. Next, I sat on the stool and tried to bend forward to sip from it, but there wasn't enough slack for me to reach the cup with my hand, and when I tried the collar began to choke me again!

I realized I would have to place it on the floor and only after I'd done that would I be able to grasp it and hold it to my mouth. My new chains were intended to keep me feeling humiliated and totally controlled at all times, and suddenly, I couldn't stand it! I stood abruptly and my hands and arms immediately and automatically snapped into position when the restrictor chains tightened. I screamed long and loud, swinging and twisting my body wildly in futile efforts to free myself of their control, but then my gloved hand hit the cup and it spun off the desk and fell to the floor! Yet another flood of frustrated and angry tears filled my eyes, but I sank down, and finally, with great difficulty, found the cup many minutes later. Still weeping with desolation, I went into the bath cell and filled it once more.

This time, I sank slowly to my knees, placed the cup carefully on the floor, and lastly, crouched down over it. Now, I could take it and hold it to my mouth to drink, but the thick neoprene gloves limited my sense of touch tremendously. Without the head cage and collar, it would have been incredibly easier for me to do all these things, but they were an important part of the whole disciplinary ensemble, and I *couldn't* get out of them! When I was finished drinking, I grasped the empty cup and slowly got to my feet again then took it back into the bath cell and placed it in its holder. That too was part of the Dungeon Rules: everything had to be kept neat and in its place. I realized how difficult it was going to be to perform any of the things I'd done before, like brushing my teeth. Again I'd have to crouch down on the floor like a scared little animal! *That* was what I'd become ... a chained, helpless animal kept in a locked and very secure cage!

I shuffled back into the main cell in slow, mournful steps, listening to the clatter of my leashes and rumbling of the steel ball, feeling its constantly restricting weight dragging at my ankle cuffs and legs. Once I was beside the mat, I sank to my knees and carefully manoeuvred myself until I was lying on the thin, spongy rubber mat with my knees drawn up and it was then that next horror became apparent. For some stupid

reason, I'd not remembered that whenever my legs were straight, even while lying down, my hands would be automatically immobilized and so of course, it happened as soon as my legs were flat on the mat! I rolled frantically from side to side, groaning with the suddenly, again increased restriction, trying to find some manner to ease my immobility and discomfort, but now, because the wrist separator bar had been tightened to my waistband, I could *not* roll onto my side! When I tried, my Spanish Trapezoid would not roll, always keeping my legs spread apart! I had to pull them up to get some slack in the restrictor chains just to free my arms even a little, and only then could I roll from side to side and try to stand. I panicked when, after the first attempts, I thought I would not be able to do it and screamed desperately for help. None came of course, and they left me there alone in the cell, fighting and wailing in terror and panic to get up. I finally managed it then stood in the middle of the cell for long moments, panting and gasping from the effort I'd had to make. At noon, Thomas brought my meal and slipped the plastic bowls between the bars onto the floor.

"Eat it all!" He snapped.

"Please, Master?" I whispered, staring out at him. "*Please* take these chains off? They're terrible!"

"No! They have become a permanent part of your harness."

"Oooooohhhh, *God!*" I wailed and sank to the floor on my side of the bars, kneeling before him in a welter of deep, shoulder shaking sobs, jerking frenziedly at the chains while they loosened slowly.

He'd turned away and stepped out of the dungeon. I heard the door thud closed then the heavy *clack!* of the bolts being closed and locked. While I struggled to eat, I thought back to some of the recent mail I'd exchanged with my friend John, and realized that Babs had got her idea from our discussions about additional chains. I'd told him that I did not need or want any more restriction, but Babs had obviously seen the letters and made sure that what I *didn't* want actually happened. Certainly, the additional chains were originally my idea, and I'd thought forgotten about, but now I would *always* have to wear them! Thomas and I had discussed employing an arrangement like this when we were originally designing my harness, but we'd not included it and I realized now that he'd been holding back on employing the idea until a suitable excuse came along. It was then I understood (or *thought* I did ... at that moment) that he'd always intended to make me his permanent prisoner.

And so the day passed while I slowly got used to the newest restrictions to my freedom of movement. Night came and I struggled again to somehow get comfortable and sleep, but it took a long time and I suffered horrid nightmares during the little I managed.

Early on Sunday morning, Babs came to the dungeon dressed in her tight black leather 'uniform' and high-heeled boots, carrying my meals for the morning and midday and it was obvious she'd stayed overnight. When she opened the dungeon door, I turned and stared at her in surprise because she was wearing handcuffs and ankle shackles! Their chains rattled with a different sound than mine though for hers were only the normal type with each cuff joined to its mate by forty cm long length of light links, but, they were locked on! At first, I was totally dumbfounded at the sight and all that it implied about her and Thomas' relationship, but then I had to smile. She glared at me and opened the door of the cell, ready to bring my meals inside.

“Good morning, Mistress Babs,” I smiled sweetly. “I see *you* are wearing handcuffs and leg irons too! Is that part of your standard jailer’s uniform?”

“You should think about your own chains and uniform, convict!” She snapped angrily. “Actually, I wanted to wear them to make Thomas happy.”

Of course I didn’t believe her. I thought that he had made her wear them if she wanted to act as my jailer, something she obviously desired badly. When she came in, I looked closely at her and saw the outline of a chastity belt under her uniform! I wasn’t entirely sure but asked anyway.

“And so, Mistress Babs, you also wear a chastity belt as a normal part of your uniform?”

She was obviously surprised that I’d seen the indentation at her waist where the band was lightly locked and looked at me.

“You have noticed then, little cat?” She asked with a strange smile. “You’re right, I’m also wearing a chastity belt because I like the sensations it gives me and too, I have a nice dildo inside me too!. I like that feeling! However, you’ll never enjoy any sex again convict but *I* will!”

“And Master Thomas has the key!” I stated impudently, hating her for her obvious enjoyment of my severe bondage and inescapable, constant chastity.

“That’s none of your business!” She blushed, snapping angrily, her hips writhing all by themselves against the restriction of her chastity belt.

Without another word, she put the dishes on the floor and left me for the rest of the day.

The balance of the week passed slowly; as had all of the previous ones I’d been confined in the dungeon. With the new chains, I could only manage to answer a few e-mails for they limited me in a very strict way, and it was tiring to have to continuously lift my legs to fully use the keyboard.

During that week, Babs brought all of my meals and I did not see Thomas. She was pleasant enough when she appeared and sometimes stayed and talked for a few minutes, but my hatred for her grew. Nevertheless, I still had to be polite, smiling and always well behaved when she was in the dungeon because she now had such terrible power over me. Although she said nothing, it was obvious she was staying here at the house full time. I wanted her to leave, but there was nothing I could do or say! And so, the next weekend arrived.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Babs' Revenge

It was Saturday, 8th August, 1998, my one hundred and eighty second day as a prisoner when Babs and Thomas returned to the dungeon to release me after my weekly day of penance in the puppy cage. When they came into the cell, both wore their leather suits and Babs was once more fitted with handcuffs and leg irons. I knew they planned to carry out some other procedure on me, as Babs had promised because they'd both appeared, rather than Babs or Thomas alone.

He opened the cage door then reached inside and grasped my neck leash, letting it slide through his fingers until he stood erect once more, then he jerked harshly on it to speed my exit from the cage. I choked into my gag, trying to howl for him to allow me a little time, but only small hisses came from my nose while the irresistible pressure of the collar on my neck choked me into submission to his desires. As soon as I stood up, he pulled me over to the fixing bars and quickly chained me between them. The fastening style was not unusual because it was the normal procedure when I am to be cleaned, especially after my Cage Day, but today was different because Thomas made no move to take out my feeding gag, even though he knew I was always desperately glad to be freed of it. I was cleaned normally, then the chastity belt's crotch plate was closed tightly again, and he stood back. Babs came to stand in front of me and smiled cruelly.

"There is an educational measure pending from last week, convict. Do you remember?"

I could only nod my head silently a little within the head cage, scared of what she had planned.

Thomas handed her a thick, black, rubber hood from of the Curver-Box, and she held it up so I could see it. I shuddered with terror, whining into my gag, because this was only used when I was to be disciplined with the riding crop. My eyes darted frantically around the cell looking for escape, but of course, there was none.

"I've come up with a very nice idea for you, convict, and I want you to *fully* experience and enjoy it! To ensure that you do, I'll put this nice hood over your head, and additionally, your gag will remain locked on so that you cannot become abusive again like you were last week. That was an *excellent* recommendation from your dear friend, if I remember correctly."

She stretched the thick, tight, black hood over my head, and as much as I wanted to evade it, I was too securely chained. Babs slowly drew it down over my face until it snapped tight onto my collar, thoroughly blinding me; just as though I'd been hooded to be hanged! I thought I knew what would happen next: I was going to be whipped with the riding crop, but nothing happened and I stood there in growing terror, even though I could still hear a little. Only a faint clicking sound came to me, and the two of them remained silent.

Suddenly, I noticed some fiddling at the left, rear side of my waistband, then I heard the same noise as last week when Thomas had installed the rings for the additional chains to my wrist separator bar! I got a horrid, sinking sensation in my stomach! No blows had come from the riding whip, but something additional was being fitted to my restraint harness! Anxiously, now in sickening fear, I pulled against my securing and positioning

chains, writhing furiously against them to be free, but I was fastened securely between the fixing bars and there *was* to be no escape.

I heard the short, harsh squealing noise of a grinding wheel and knew that the screw head of a chain shackle was being burnished away! The same happened on the right side, and when I moved a little, I felt the swinging of something attached to my belt.

When this was completed, Thomas (I supposed it was him) did something else down at my ankle clamps, and I heard a cracking sound. In the next seconds, the tension on the chain between my left ankle clamp and my left wrist cuff disappeared, but I was *not* being freed! My hand remained firmly and securely attached and a few seconds later, the tension returned, then again I heard the sound of the grinding wheel! The same procedure was immediately repeated on my right side and so I was not freed in any way!

Then, I felt another chain being pulled upwards from below, *behind* my back, through the ring installed last week at the knee clamp and the just-installed one on back of my waist belt! I think it was Babs that pressed my left elbow firmly against my body and moved it so that the upper arm clamp was towards my back, facing inward. I *didn't* want this! No matter how hard I fought to free my arm, she kept it pressed around behind my back and tight to my body and then I felt something being done with the cuff. Next came the cracking noise when a chain was shortened with the bolt cutters!

I felt hot and cold all over!

I trembled when my elbow was again pressed to the rear and held tight against me. Something was affixed to the upper arm clamp and again came the grinding noise when the screw head of a chain shackle was removed! The grip on my arm was released, and as soon as it disappeared, I tried to shift it from the uncomfortable position, but I *couldn't* move my elbow out or forward. It was firmly fixed close to my body! The same procedure was repeated on my right side, and all the while, I panted with horror at what they were doing, hoping against hope that it wasn't true.

Still blinded, I was left standing chained between the fixing bars. Whatever they were going to do to me was obviously complete, but suddenly, I heard still more noisy activity from the direction of my mattresses, another rattle of chain, the cracking sounds of the bolt cutter, then again the noise of the grinding wheel. At last, there was silence in the cell.

"There! Finished!" Thomas exclaimed.

"May I remove the hood from her head?" Babs asked politely.

"Yes, of course. She may as well see the arrangement."

The hood was pulled off quickly, and again, I looked into Babs' face and saw she was smiling and obviously very content.

Instinctively, I tried to move my arms away from my body, but it didn't happen! Even though I was still securely chained between the fixing bars, that alone wasn't the only reason. I knew they had added yet *another* set of even more restricting chains to my harness! Choking against the restriction of my collar, I attempted to bend forward and look down at my feet. Exactly as I had felt them, two more upward leading chains were now fastened to each of my ankle cuffs! There were the two in front of my wrist clamps that had been affixed last week, and now, *another* two now rose behind my back and ran through the newly attached rings to my waist belt. These were fastened to the clamps just above my elbows; acting to pull my elbows in behind my back and keep my upper arms tight to my body! Oh God!

Thomas released me from the fixing bars then stood back while I clumsily took some small steps forward, feeling the unending drag of the steel ball and its chain as well as the weight of my leashes. The other effect of the new arrangement became apparent immediately, for, when they'd tightened fully, I found that they forced me to stick out my chest even more and my arms had been *totally* immobilized. I wailed into my awful gag with misery and horror at what Babs had done to me and bitter tears began to flood from the corners of my eyes while whirling thoughts about how utterly helpless I'd been made washed in a chaotic torrent. What was I going to *do*! Then answer was ... nothing! I was utterly vulnerable to whatever they planned and that was all there was to it ... just as I had always envisioned for myself, but *not* with Babs in the equation!

"Good! It's exactly as I envisioned it, convict!" she laughed nastily. "I believe your harness is almost perfect now. It's so secure that you will never have even the *smallest* chance to become violent."

"Oh! And some other nice benefits are that you can't hurt yourself, nor can you even attempt try to commit suicide! You'll just *have* to live in your pretty restraints and suffer for the rest of your life here in the dungeon, dear. And, I'm going to make sure you have a long life, too!"

I wanted to hit her so bad, or spit at her, but neither was even remotely possible. I just had to stand there helplessly and listen, but she wasn't done yet! She reached out and grabbed the middle chain running from my bra to my collar then harshly pulled me over to the thin mat that was my bed.

"That's not all, my darling!" She laughed again. "Look! Do you see the nice additions Thomas has installed here for you at my suggestion?"

She pulled down hard on the chain, forcing me to bend forward, choking against the pressure of my collar and gag and I saw what had been done while I'd remained fastened between the fixing bars. I felt another curdling of horrible, sick sensation in my stomach when I saw that there were now two sturdy rings mounted deeply into the concrete floor; one at the top of the mat and the other at its foot. Connected to each was a short but strong chain that matched those of my leashes, each some thirty cm in length with a heavy lock welded to its end link. I didn't have to think very hard to understand their purpose because Babs, still holding me forward, bent down and took the chain at the foot of the mat and pulled it up so I could see it clearly.

"Do you see this?"

"Yes, I do!" I moaned into my gag.

"Good!" She grinned at me, "Thomas has agreed that from today on, *every night*, with the exception of Friday, you will be secured to the mat with these two chains. It is my requirement that from now on you spend your nights in calmness and to ensure that happens, you will be chained down for all of your rest times."

"Thanks to the monitoring camera, I've seen that you often toss and turn during the night fighting against your restraints, and sometimes, you even get up and walked around! This is no longer permitted!"

"Every night from now on, at 10 pm, you will be fastened to your nice bed with these chains and locks. One will be fastened to the top ring of your head cage, and the other to the central ring of your ankle spreader bar. Of course, you will be leashed to the wall as always and the steel ball will remain fastened as usual for additional security. You will

only be released from your sleeping chains the next morning at 6 am So you will be kept laying down for a full 8 hours.”

I howled with misery at how I was to be secured, but my gagged protest was barely heard. Babs stood silent for a moment smiling maliciously at me still then spoke once more.

“Nights for your will certainly not be as pleasant as they were in the past, convict!” she smiled again in her repulsive way. “By the way, I require that you be lying in place on the mat at 9:45 pm when I arrive to chain you, and by then, you must have used the toilet and brushed your teeth. There is no way you will be able to get to the toilet until you are released in the morning. Do you understand?”

I nodded what little I could. What could I do otherwise?

“To help you with this procedure, the monitor will beep at 9:30, then again at 9:40, and you had better be in position when I arrive, or you will be *very* sorry!

“You’ll continue to wear the gag until this evening. If you are not properly penitent and polite when I take it out, it will be fitted again immediately. Understood?”

I nodded silently again, tears still welling from my eyes.

The two of them turned and left me standing in deep despair while the doors crashed closed and locked securely behind them. I stared at the barred wall through a blurring veil and began to howl into my gag, writhing and twisting in the steel horror that webbed my body and head. I think I became a little insane at that point.

The new chain arrangement reduced my freedom of movement *far* more than I had ever wished for, and the knowledge that I would now be chained on the mat for a full 8 hours every night was awful. I tried not to think about it, but the image of the restraint I would be made to suffer through haunted my next hours. Far too soon Babs returned to the dungeon with a large bowl of vegetable mash soup and placed it on the floor.

“Come!” She commanded harshly, as though I was her pet dog. “Here is your lunch.”

I moved to stand before her, feeling my heavy leashes gradually tighten behind me then knelt with great awkwardness in front of her.

“Stop!” She barked before I was fully crouched down. “Hold still!” She took a short rubber hose from her pocket and screwed it to the fitting on the front of the steel plate that covered my mouth and to which my gag was mounted on the inner side. “*Now*, you may eat your lunch.”

I was humiliated even more but crouched into a small huddled and chained posture at her feet. My arms slowly came free in their chains and I reached up then guided the end of the hose into the dish of soup. The only one thing I could do to get my food was to suck strongly, and that is how I had to consume my meal. All the while, Babs stood over me, occasionally laughing at my attempts to eat, and when I was at last done, she picked up the dish and left me crouched there on the floor, weeping very hard at how I had been so humiliated. I wasn’t aware that she had a library of other plans for me, and in the coming year, my sentence and how I served it would become an even *more* terrible ordeal.

My new chains *weren’t* at all comfortable, and it was a horrible sensation not to be able to move my elbows outward any longer, feeling them always pulled in firmly behind me. I had always been embarrassed about the size of my breasts, and the dungeon suit’s garrotting of their bases, making them more prominent had made me even more so, but

now I was forced to stick them further out into their armouring cups, blatantly displaying myself like a prostitute.

At last, my tears and struggles died away and I moved to look more closely at the chaining arrangements for the mat. I saw that the rings at each end holding the chains were very deeply and securely set into the floor and there would be *no* possible way from me to escape them once they'd been locked onto my harness. A continual shuddering of horror shook me when I contemplated what it would feel like to be fastened down for the whole night, every night.

The afternoon passed slowly while I tried to write email and my mind kept going back to the terrible process that was going to happen in short hours. I could not concentrate my thoughts at all. The newest chains made it extremely difficult to do anything, so I alternated between standing, staring out through the bars, and sitting on the stool. I could only remain seated for about thirty before the discomfort of steel pressing up into my crotch drove me to stand again, uncomfortable and aroused at the same time by the wedge penetrating my sex. Despair and fear were my only companions in the silent dungeon while I waited, cursing myself for signing The Judgement and not asking for any safe words to allow me an escape, but then again ... I had desperately wanted to feel this! What an *idiot* I had been!

At last, I heard the bars of the dungeon's door being unlocked then Babs stepped in and closed the heavy steel slab behind her. She held the plastic dishes containing my supper in her hand while she opened the door in the barred wall, and a moment later, she strutted into the cell.

"Good evening, convict," she said pleasantly, smiling at me. "Hold still while I unlock and remove your gag, OK? Remember what I said about being well behaved and polite!"

I stood quietly then sighed with relief when she prised the plug out of my mouth. Oh God, it felt so good to be freed of the horrid silencer! I worked my jaw what little the head cage allowed while she placed my dishes on the floor.

"I'll be back later to chain you," she stated. "Ensure you follow the procedures properly! Remember, at 9:45 you must be in place on your mat and ready to be chained! Do you understand?"

"Y-yes, Mistress!" I acknowledged miserably.

"Very well. You may now eat your meal."

She left, and I slowly sank to my knees then crouched over my food. It was a cold, tasteless mash, and I hated it, but there was nothing else for me to do. Eating with the new chains was even more difficult than it had been, and I struggled for every mouthful, but at last, I'd consumed it all. After I'd finished, the time until I was to be chained down for the night passed *far* too quickly.

When the first harsh beep came from the computer, I struggled into the bath cell and with great difficulty then completed my nightly ablutions. With great reluctance I moved to my mat then slowly knelt and crouched on the warm tiles beside it, hating that I *had* to make myself available to be chained, but now, I was permitted no choice! At the back of my waist and neck, felt the chain leashes swung from my neck and waist in heavy loops to the wall behind and I couldn't stop the shivers that trembled through my body when I thought for the ten thousandth time of how I was so securely tethered. The act of having to crouch and humble myself is always a difficult one, physically as well as mentally. My

restraint and discipline harness is a *very* restricting ensemble, as is its function, but assuming this posture of surrender and humility was the only way I could get even a little freedom for my hands and arms! While I did, the thoughts that passed through my mind were corrosive and humiliating and I was ashamed that I *had* to do it, and that I'd look like this every time I wished to lay down from now on. Tears of embarrassment, hopelessness, and desolation hovered close while I knelt there beside the thin, rubber mats.

Finally, I bent forward, and because I could not turn my head within the head cage and collar, blindly attempted to reach to one side with the hand nearest the mat, feeling for the floor. When I did, of course, my hands only moved a very short distance because of the new restrictor chains and so I had to crouch even more to touch it. My other hand, fifty cm away at the opposite end of the separator bar, was totally useless and so when I leant toward the mat, the Spanish Trapezoid became even more awkward to deal with than usual. Leaning further, I eventually over-balanced and fell onto the thin mat with a steely clashing of thrown chains then lay gasping for a minute, knowing I had to somehow move myself to its middle.

I was partially stunned by the short fall but knew Babs would soon enter the cell and so gradually slid myself to the centre of my so-called bed, writhing within the confines of my restraints and making small, gasping moans of effort to get where I was supposed to be. It took me a couple of minutes, but I finally located myself in the correct place, for I'd picked a point in the concrete ceiling above that told me I was there. Oh, I know *that* spot so well! I have lain and stared at it for untold hours, praying sometimes that the concrete would fracture and collapse to bury me forever, and take me from the terrible life I was living now as a prisoner.

While I waited for Babs to arrive, I kept my legs bent at the knee and thus retained some small measure of freedom for my separated wrists and hands, but now, it was *never* enough! Oh, God! I wanted so badly to be free of my restraints! I'd so desperately wanted to experience them, but *now*, there was no escape from their tight and secure embrace, *ever*! Thomas and I had very carefully designed the body harness and cuffs so that everything was bolted, then riveted closed, and so I could not help but be aware that there was no escape possible. Not only did I know consciously that I couldn't escape, but there was also the unconscious awareness that had penetrated to the very core of my mind. For the moment, I could pull my arms up slightly, but the multiple chains connected to my cuffs were a severe limitation, and the noises of them moving reminded me that I was a prisoner. I had to lay tilted to the side, for the joint of the bra chest band, the central back ring and leash of my waistband and the back flanges of my head cage quickly became uncomfortable.

What seemed like a long time passed before I faintly heard the locks on the bars securing the dungeon's door being opened and then Babs came in. Although I couldn't see her, her perfume wafted through the barred wall, and I knew she stood on the other side observing me. A second later, the thick, sound proofed, anteroom door to the outer world thumped closed and so even *that* very faint chance for me to escape disappeared. Really, the possibility was non-existent, for I remained *always* securely leashed to the concrete wall with the two, four metre long chains that would not permit me to pass through the door in the wall of bars.

“Hello darling convict!” She cooed happily. “I see you are almost ready for the night. *However!* You have forgotten something! Your legs must be straight out!” Her last sentence was spoken with a poisonous snap making me shake with terror. I’d forgotten! “Straighten them immediately!”

“Oh, Mistress Babs!” I wailed in despair knowing she would punish me for this transgression of her regulations. “I’m sorry. I d-d-didn’t mean to break the rule!”

“Well, you *have!* And you *will* be punished! Do as you were told! Right now!”

She walked to the door in the barred wall while we spoke, and with a solid metallic click from the locking mechanism, opened then closed it behind her.

I reluctantly straightened my legs until they were flat on the mat, but this was not an easy thing to do. Getting the newest chains to slide through their rings was difficult, for they occasionally caught or knotted, slowing down the process. Of course, as it was supposed to, my wrist separator bar was automatically and irresistibly pulled tight against the front of my chastity belt’s waistband, completely immobilizing my hands. What was far worse though, at the same time my elbows were drawn firmly toward the centre of my back by *their* chains! This was the first time I’d tried to lay down and I discovered with horror that I had to arch my back when my elbows were pulled in under me, now immobilized under my body. I had made myself totally helpless and vulnerable, and could now only stare at the ceiling in tears with my hands held widely apart beside my waist in a gesture of vulnerable supplication. Babs walked over to where I lay and smiled down at me while I twitched slightly, trying without success to find some small comfort.

“*That’s* better!” She cooed, smiling spitefully. “Now, remain still while I fasten your head cage.”

“Oooooohhhh! Mistress, *please!*” I moaned. “This is *so* awful!”

“Too bad! You’ll have to get used to it. Now shut up!”

Babs knelt beside my head and I heard the rattle of the chain when she pulled it out then threaded the lock’s thick shackle through the ring at the top of my head cage and a link of the chain then closed it with a final sounding metallic *snap!* I began to weep again quietly, sensing the sudden increase of restraint, twisting my head slightly from side to side and feeling the wide inescapable band of my collar seem grip itself even more snugly around my throat. When I attempted to lift my head, the collar clamped tighter and choked me with automatic discipline because the shortened, locked chain tightened with a jerk and so I *had* to subside onto the mat!

“You should *know* better than to fight your chains, convict! There is never going to be an escape for you, *ever!*” She smiled happily at me and stood. I stared up at her long, black nylon stockinged legs, rising beside me, into the envelope of her knee length, leather skirt. She spun on her heels and walked to the bottom of the mat.

“Straighten your legs you stupid cow!” She snarled.

With a small sob, I did as she commanded then felt her grasp the ankle spreader bar of my Spanish Trapezoid. She paused for a moment, holding it, to deepen my sense of vulnerability then gave it a sharp jerk! I heard the rattle of the lower fastening chain when she pulled it taut then felt the vibration of the lock’s shackle being slipped through the restraint loop on the bar, and the end link of the chain, then it closed with another of the solid, metallic, clicks. Babs stood and took a couple of paces back to my head while I twisted and writhed uselessly against the unbreakable chains, all the while watching my struggles with no pity whatsoever.

“You weren’t lying flat when I came into the dungeon, convict! So, as an additional punishment, you’re going to wear the discipline gag all night, and not the feeder one you seem to like so much.”

“*Please*, Mistress Babs?” I wailed. “Haven’t I been punished enough today? It’s a horrible thing! It almost makes me sick when I have to wear it. I *promise* I’ll always be fully and properly ready from now on. Oh, please ? *Pppllleeeassse? Nnnnoooo!?*”

She’d made her decision though and turned to pick up the large phallic plug then swiftly crouched beside me holding the steel plate with the protruding pad on its inner surface towards my face.

“Now, be a good girl and open wide, my little Darling,” she smiled happily, speaking with a conspiratorial low voice I could barely hear. “This *will* keep you nice and quiet for the night. No more screaming or wailing and begging. Oh, and one more thing ... you are additionally sentenced to wear it each night for the next week too!”

I struggled even harder against my implacable tethers, although I knew I could never escape them then began to weep and beg even more abjectly.

“Oh, please, Mistress Babs! I’m so s-s-sorry for my bad behaviour! Oooohhhh, *God!* Oh, God! Why did I ever let this happen to me? I *have* to get out! I *have* to! *Please*, Mistress? I have to get ou-arrggghhhh-mmmphhhh...”

My crying and pleading were cut off in mid-stream when she slowly and forcefully pushed the long, thick rubber phallus deeply into my howling mouth. I tried desperately to fling my head to the side and prevent her from silencing me so cruelly, but once its tip had passed between my teeth, there was no hope! The flattened phallus shape advanced over my tongue then far back into my mouth until it almost touched the back of my throat. I bucked wildly against my chains, retching in reaction and screaming incoherently while I stared frantically upward through tear flooded eyes into her evilly smiling face. Near the front of the long pad, at the mouth covering plate end, were deep grooves and my teeth sank into these, allowing me to partially close my jaws, but it *wasn’t* enough! Under her silk blouse, Babs’ breasts heaved with excitement and arousal while she hungrily drank in my frantic, rebellious struggles then with a final push on the steel plate, she forced it down over its locking pins! I writhed like a snake with its head cut off, my body reacting automatically to the deeper plunging of the gag, jerking crazily against the tight chains confining me. A second later, she closed a small lock through the fitting on the mouth cover plate and head cage, fastening it irremovably inside my mouth for the next eight hours!

“Now you’re properly silenced and ready for the night. Thomas and I have been getting a little tired of listening to you screaming and weeping all the time when we review the surveillance tapes.” She stood beside me, and I stared up at her beautiful face through tear-flooded eyes, then up her long legs, hating her intensely for her cruel delight in my misery. “Bye, bye now! Sleep tight!” She called in a merry satisfied tone then turned and walked quickly to the cell’s door.

I heard it shut with a crash and then a moment later, the dungeon’s door was also closed and I was alone, gagged and chained for the night. Already my jaw had begun to ache, being so widespread around the huge plug and I could not stop the small moans that pulsed up my throat and seeped from my fear-dilated nostrils. For the longest time, I lay twisting back and forth what little I could manage, hands spread out to my sides in

helpless, silenced pleading. Oh, God! How deeply I regretted my desire to become a prisoner! I *couldn't* spend the rest of my life like this! I just *couldn't*!

These thoughts flooded my mind, and I thrashed even more frantically against my obdurate steel chains, but nothing changed. For the longest time I lay there, wailing insanely into my gag, but my regretful tears were of no use, only trailing annoyingly down my cheeks to slide under the rubber of my dungeon suit's face mask, adding to my discomfort. I could only stare up at the concrete ceiling, desperately wishing to be allowed some small darkness and privacy, but the lights are *never* turned off for they keep me fully visible on the video surveillance system at all times. Every few minutes, the prodding of the gag at the back of my throat made me instinctively retch uncontrollably, as was Babs' intention and so, for the next long hours, I was kept awake by my own body's reactions. Eventually, exhaustion overwhelmed my exhausted mind, and I fell into a light, uncomfortable doze.

After that first horrible night, I slowly became used to the process, and the fact that I couldn't move from the mat. It is *never* a pleasant experience no matter how many times it has happened since then and I grew to hate Babs more and more intensely each day because she took such great delight in chaining me at night. Certainly, the opportunity to voice my hatred for her was available, but the consequences would be awful and so I dared not give voice to my feelings in any way, trying to maintain a smiling and obedient behaviour whenever she came.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN
Official Notification

It was Thursday the 20th of August, 1998; the one hundred and ninety-fourth day of my sentence when Babs unlocked me from my sleeping chains and gave me my breakfast, leaving the midday meal in its plastic containers. We didn't speak to each other and she immediately left for her job at the bank in downtown Munich.

After I'd eaten, I retrieved a piece of wire I'd discovered in a crack in the floor then hidden in the dungeon and began to try and free myself of the chastity belt's crotch cover. I sat on the mat with my back to the video surveillance camera so I wouldn't be seen trying to pick the very secure lock, but I didn't have a prayer of opening it - especially because I was only able to work with one hand, thanks to my wrist separator bar. The only result was that I made some scratches on the lock's case. No matter how I tried, nothing worked. Some days before, I'd tried to grind through the lock's hardened steel shackle by rubbing it against the corner of the door into the bath cell, but that also had met with no success at all and only resulted in other scratches.

By midday I was very frustrated, and so stopped trying to escape from the chastity belt for the lock had totally defeated me. I cried a little and squirmed against the confinement of the wide and tight steel band around my waist, but remained fully locked into my chastity belt. Of course I knew that there is always a video recording made by the camera, but I also knew that Thomas and Babs didn't have the time to look at all of the tape made during the day. Naturally, they'd fast forward the tapes to see if there was something different and my hope that they'd miss the attempt to free myself was a totally stupid one. I soon discovered just how idiotic that presumption was, for Babs had obviously looked at them and seen my attempt to be covert. At 6 pm they both arrived in the dungeon.

"Convict!" Thomas barked in a very serious, harsh tone, "Have you attempted to open your chastity belt so that you could stimulate yourself?" The two of them stood on the outer side of the bars in the cell anteroom staring in at me.

"No Master! I didn't!" I lied desperately, knowing if I was caught doing *anything* like that my punishment would be terrible.

"You're lying!" He stated calmly. "We've seen you trying on the video tape."

"It must be an error, Master! I've been well-behaved!"

"Convict," he said menacingly, staring deeply into my steel webbed and rubber masked face and eyes, "I'll give you *one* last chance. If you confess to your guilt now and give us the tool, your additional punishment will not be too harsh. Otherwise, you will be disciplined in a *very* strong manner."

"But I have no tools and nothing to confess, Master!" I began to sniffle in deepening terror. He and Babs quickly entered the cell, took me to the fixing bars, chained me and then checked the padlock.

"What about these scratches?" Babs asked with a happy smile.

"I don't know! Perhaps they're from when I fell against the wall?"

"OK, that *was* your last chance!" She snarled. "We will now search the cell."

I watched as best I could from between the fixing bars hoping they'd not find where I'd hidden the wire lock pick, but there aren't many things in the cell and so it was less

than two minutes until she lifted the edge of the mat and found the wire. Thomas took it and held the short piece in the palm of his hand so I could see it.

“Do you confess *now*?” He asked with mild emphasis.

“Yes, Master,” I whimpered in defeat. “I’m sorry, but I’m *horribly* frustrated and alone in here! I *must* have some sexual stimulation! Please!!!”

“It’s too late for that! We’re going upstairs to discuss your punishment. You will hear our decision on Saturday morning after you’re released from the cage.”

I was freed from the fixing bars, but because it was already late, Babs immediately locked me into my sleeping chains.

On Saturday morning, the 22nd of August 1998, my one hundred and ninety-sixth day in the dungeon, they arrived in the dungeon at 6:00 am and my cleaning was done quickly, but they left me securely chained between the fixing bars. Babs stood back and watched with a smile while Thomas retrieved a large envelope then took out a sheaf of papers and began reading. When he’d finished, he presented it to me.

MODIFICATION OF EXECUTION OF SENTENCE

* PREAMBLE *

The Slave, Sabrina Wheeler, was condemned on 8th of February 1998, to a lifelong dungeon punishment as a chained convict. This sentence was decreed because of her repeated disobedience and breakage of the rules and regulations established for her guidance and correction.

Within the Regulations established for the Execution of Punishment of the CCFL, it is stated under Points 10 and 11 of the ‘Execution Of Sentence – *Point 10: ‘The CCFL shall NOT make any attempt to escape from this lawful sentence. She shall make NO attempt to escape her SSRADH, or any of its components, the cell, or the dungeon. Point 11: The CCFL is prohibited from any sexual stimulation, of whatever type. She will not be permitted access to her sexual organs or breasts while serving this sentence. ANY such attempts shall be punished immediately and with extreme harshness.’*”

On the 20th of August 1998; the convict, attempted to use a tool to open the lock of her chastity belt: Proof – video record from the surveillance camera. Upon being questioned by the Dungeon Master, the convict at first persistently denied any such attempt.

The serious consequences of lying to by the Dungeon Master were pointed out to the convict and she was again requested to confess her guilt and hand over the forbidden tool. The convict refused to do this.

A close investigation of the convict’s chastity belt lock showed marks on its shackle and case. During a subsequent search of the cell, a hidden article was found and confiscated by the Dungeon Master; this being a wire of ten cm in length, bent at the end and sharpened, prepared for the manipulation of a lock mechanism.

Upon being presented with this evidence, the convict confessed her attempt to open her chastity belt’s lock. The convict did not only try to extract herself from her mandated punishment, but did, despite repeated admonishments and warnings, attempt to deceive the Dungeon Master, and several times lied about her attempts to escape her lawful punishment.

Therefore: the Chained Convict For Life is hereby subject to an extension of her original Judgement dated from the 8th of February 1998. Definitions to the Execution of Sentence are therefore modified as follows:

*** MODIFICATION OF SENTENCE ***

7) The minimum duration of this sentence prior to an application for parole is considered, shall be a term of 5 years to be served in the household cell, always confined in her harness. The types and ranges of additional punishment shall be decided unanimously by ALL Dungeon Masters. Any decrease in the application and the amount of chains fitted to the CCFL, and of the wearing of her harness SHALL NOT BE AVAILABLE to the CCFL until the minimum period of ten years term has been served.

12) The CCFL shall, at ANY time during the serving of this sentence, be required to provide sexual services and full satisfaction to ANY of the Dungeon Administrators for any and all of their sexual or other demands, at any time.

The Dungeon Master hereby inserts a NEW POINT to the Execution Of Sentence:

13) The opportunity of the granting of a Pardon, premature dismissal, or release of the CCFL from her life term of dungeon detention, shall not be possible and will remain impossible FOR ALL TIME. The Convict Sabrina SHALL remain in her strict detention, always wearing the prescribed Restraint and Discipline Harness, chains, and be kept on secure leashes until the end of her life. No appeal to this point is permitted.

*** IMMEDIATE DISCIPLINARY ACTION ***

In addition to the aforementioned modifications to The Judgement, an immediate punishment for her attempted deceit and attempts to escape lawfully fitted chastity equipment an immediate punishment is required. This Intensified Execution of Sentence shall take the following forms, to be administered as follows:

The convict shall be locked and chained in the Small Bath Cell for three weeks.

The convict shall be tethered on short leashes for the entire twenty-one days.

The convict shall be fitted with and wear the feeding gag for the full twenty-one days, twenty-four hours a day.

The convict shall be suspended in the slave swing every night of the twenty-one day sentence, from 6:00 in the evening until 6:00 the next morning.

These measures are hereby declared and agreed to on the 22nd of August 1998.

The execution of this sentence shall commence on the 22nd of August 1998, at 6:00 pm.

Termination of this Intensified Execution of Sentence shall not occur before the 12th of September 1998 at 6:00 am.

Thomas, Jailer Responsible for the Execution of Sentence

Barbara, Jailer Responsible for the Execution of Sentence

Thomas looked at me sternly

“Do you understand this sentence, convict?”

“Y-y-yes, Master!” I gulped in nervous misery. “I’ll be kept imprisoned here in the dungeon until the end of my life, and I have no chance to be freed!”

“That’s right!” he said solemnly. “Will you sign it?”

“And if I don’t?”

“If you don’t sign it the result will still be the same! These measures are already covered by your original Judgement. This is only a clarification.”

“OK, I’ll sign, but I want to give an additional declaration.”

“Accepted!” he said, looking a little surprised.

The following paragraph was then added:

* DECLARATION *

OF

CHAIN CONVICT SABRINA

This Declaration is made freely by me and without obligation.

I, the condemned Convict, Sabrina Wheeler, accept my lifelong dungeon punishment with regret. I am today serving the one hundred and ninety-sixth day of my punishment. I acknowledge and accept the above definition of the Dungeon Authority and the modification of the Execution of Sentence.

My punishment of dungeon detention as a Convict For Life (CCFL) is very hard, but I acknowledge that it is the proper action to be taken by my Master to correct my bad behaviour and to discipline me for the crimes and misbehaviour I have committed in the past.

After 28 weeks dungeon detention as a prisoner, I know that I am able to bear the Execution of Sentence as it has been determined.

I am aware that the execution of the sentence to a dungeon punishment for life is without any temporal limitation. I am also aware that a suspension of the execution of my sentence is not possible from this day forward. Similarly, I acknowledge my awareness and the full implications of a suspension of my pre-parole time to be not less than 5 years.

Sabrina, Condemned Chain Convict For Life

I signed all of the copies while Babs held them for me, all the time smiling hugely when she gave each signed copy to Thomas.

“Very well, convict!” he said solemnly while he placed the signed documents back in the envelope. “You know now that this *is not* a play. Your sentence and imprisonment is *totally* for real! I hereby re-affirm to you and promise that it is now one hundred percent certain you will be kept in this dungeon as a chained prisoner until you are dead. There is *no* chance for you to be freed before that. Although the conditions of your sentence will remain unchanged, you have given permission and indicated your understanding by signing the documents that various portions of your punishment regime may very well be increased or modified further, if I feel it is required. Perhaps in five years you’ll be allowed a radio or be permitted to read a newspaper. *However*, your restraints will *not* be reduced for at least 10 years, then, *perhaps*, there will then be some slight modifications.”

“O-OK, I understand!” I sniffled miserably. I knew he was not ‘playing’ with me.

“As stated, your Intensified Execution of Sentence will begin today at 6:00 pm. I will then show Babs how to place you in the slave swing because she will do this every day of your intensified punishment. Any questions?”

“No, Master!” I whimpered, totally defeated and now *very* frightened at what I had committed myself to.

They left the dungeon and I was alone, once more in tears at my stupidity.

That evening at 5:45 pm, Thomas and Babs returned to the dungeon and dragged me by my neck leash to the fixing bars then fastened me securely. I was given no chance to plead or beg, for the feeding gag was immediately forced into my mouth and locked and then I was freed and pulled harshly into the small cell. The two short leashes were quickly fastened to my waistband and collar, and only then did Thomas crack the

shackles of my regular leashes and take them out to be hung from the ring in the main cell. Now, I could only shuffle out to the ends of the bath cell's two metre lengths of chain.

Above, the slave swing hung from the ceiling, waiting, and I stared at the diabolical arrangement, shuddering with terror but the two of them allowed no time for me to think about what was going to happen. The two wooden blocks were already positioned. Thomas explained the important points to Babs while I stood there trembling with terror of what was going to be done to me.

"As you can see, Babs, there are already marks on the floor for the correct positioning of the wooden blocks."

"Yes, I see them."

"Convict!" He ordered, "Step up on the blocks! You may need to help her," he said to Babs.

I obeyed, shaking, and saw how she was relishing my fear and misery. A moment later I stood precariously on the blocks while Thomas took the first chain and showed it to Babs. "This is locked here, to the top ring on the convict's head cage."

"OK. Why is it so loose?"

"When she over-balances, she'll fall forward or backward, but the extra length is there so that it will not permit her to rotate too far. It is a part of her punishment."

"Ah! That's a *great* idea!" Babs said with a satisfied purr, smiling happily at the distress I'd soon be forced to suffer. Thomas grasped the right side chain.

"OK, these lock to the side of her waistband's rings, here." He fastened that chain then the one on the other side, leaving me standing there, ready for my night of misery.

"Now she is ready to begin her punishment. You only need to pull the wooden blocks out from under her feet with these chains."

I was terrified by what was to come in short seconds for when I was punished in the slave swing, I always felt like I was about to be executed!

"Can I do it?" Babs asked excitedly, glanced gleefully into my tear-filled eyes. Thomas looked at his watch.

"It's 6:01 pm. Go ahead."

Babs took both chains in her gloved fists and then slowly tightened them, all the time staring at me with malevolence. She suddenly jerked the two blocks away and my feet swung in mid-air so that I was immediately forced to sit in my chastity belt, feeling the wide wedge on the inner side of the crotch cover push even further into my sex! I flung my head against the awful restriction of the head cage and collar, howling mindlessly and beginning to weep soundlessly into my gag. The new set of restrictor chains held my elbows tight against and in behind my body, keeping the wrist separator bar clamped tight to my chastity belt's waistband and so my hands were spread uselessly off to the sides of my waist! I was utterly helpless and even when I stretched my toes down I was *barely* able to touch the floor!

"Now, *that* is a *very* nice punishment!" Babs laughed. "She's almost completely suspended, and I'm sure she hates the feeling of having that wedge in her sex. Until tomorrow morning then convict! Enjoy a nice night!"

They left me in the bath cell, locking its door while I stared out through its tightly spaced bars and a moment later I heard them leave the dungeon. Inside the small cell, I swung slowly back and forth in gagged silence, staring helplessly out through the barred

door while flooding tears of despair, misery, and discomfort rolled down my cheeks. Soon, I fell forward to the limit of the chain on the top of my head cage, and to my horror quickly discovered that now that I wore the newest sets of chains, it was *incredibly* more difficult to get myself upright again! I began to howl hysterically while the sensation of sitting in my chastity belt grew more and more intolerable, but at last I managed it then stood on tip toe again.

For the following three weeks, Babs was the only person I saw. During my sentence, I could do nothing but think about my life in here and how I'd squandered my freedom. I've written my thoughts about a dungeon punishment for life before, but with the new relationship that had developed between Babs and Thomas, it was virtually certain I would now be kept in here *forever!* In the past I'd hoped that there was a small chance for me to be freed at some time in the future, but *now*, there was none! I know Thomas, and I know Babs, so the decision that I would remain in here until the end of my life, always kept in strict bondage and locked in my harness, *was* definite!

I had to face that I'd stay here, chained to the wall for very many, many years, knowing I'd see only the concrete and heavy steel bars of my cage and the only sounds I'd be permitted to hear, faintly, would be the rattling of my chains. All I'd be permitted to feel would be the cloying encasement of my dungeon suit and the tight, inescapable clamping of my harness and cuffs. The whole thing was *extremely* frightening for me now and even though it was rare, strangely enough, it *still* fascinated me! Nevertheless, it was horrifying to think that I'd be kept in here under these conditions for ten, twenty, or thirty years ... or more! I *couldn't* imagine that as a possibility, but the more I remembered how dedicated Thomas was to keeping his word; the more I feared it was *really* going to happen. No matter how long the time was, I'd die here in this dungeon still locked within my harness and dungeon suit!

I couldn't imagine, now, after over two hundred days in this almost intolerable confinement, what it felt like to be free and able to move as and when I wanted. A small thought at the back of my mind said that perhaps I was born to be a chained prisoner? As strange and terrifying as my situation was I had accepted this punishment of myself by agreeing to both the original and the modified Judgement. Yes, it was a very stupid thing to do, but I had been somehow driven to it by my own strange compulsions, and now, it was far too late to change anything. I *had* to try and make the best of it and so every night while I hung alone in the small cell, I thought about how, only a few metres away on the top floor, Thomas and Babs were enjoying themselves in bed while I remained down here, dangling in mid-air, chained and imprisoned, unable to do *anything!* It was a horrible, frustrating situation, but I couldn't change it!

On the 19th of September 1998, my two hundred and twenty-fourth day of imprisonment, I was released for my next intensive cleaning. They only took only four hours then I was once again chained and locked securely inside the dungeon and my cell. Thomas started his business trip at midday, and before leaving, he came to the dungeon and spoke to me through the bars of the lattice wall.

"Convict! You *will* be well-behaved and to do all that is ordered by Babs!"

"Yes, Master!" I promised dutifully.

He turned and left immediately. Later in the afternoon, Babs came into the cell wearing her black, leather jailer overall, complete with thick, neoprene gloves. I was a little surprised at first to see her because she normally left me alone, except for bringing

me my meals, and I was even more surprised when she entered the cell and said she wanted to have a little 'play' with me.

"What kind of play, Mistress Babs, please?" I asked, very curious. She laughed.

"Oh, convict! Do you remember the changed parts of the Extension of your Judgement? *'During the serving of her sentences, the Convict shall satisfy all of the jailer's sexual or other demands, at any time.'*" Now I can tell you I'm bisexual."

"You're bisexual, Mistress Babs?" I asked in total surprise. "Does Master Thomas know?"

"Yes, of course! Thomas has no problem with it, and so now, I want to have a session with you."

"Oh, no, Mistress Babs. Please no!" I said with shocked surprise. "I don't think I'll like it."

"Perhaps you won't, but *I* will, and you have no alternative. Now, was that a refusal of my desires? If it was, you've broken the rules again and *will* be punished!" Babs smiled happily. "You *must* do what I want!" She looked at me harshly then grabbed my neck leash and pulled me to the fixing bars. "Come!"

I soon stood chained between them, and she made sure I was unable to move.

"First, I will take some kisses from you, convict! Come! You'll enjoy it!"

I felt her lips on my own; outlined and protruding through the mouth opening of my face mask and head cage and her tongue pushed at my lips. My eyes closed and I opened my mouth then her tongue speared inside! Suddenly, I found that it was very stimulating and we enjoyed a long and intense French kiss. I tried to twist my head in the cage to get more while her gloved hands caressed my chained and steel harnessed body, touching the bulging flesh around the tight crotch piece of my chastity belt. I became even more stimulated, writhing against the grip of my restraints and the positioning chains that held me so much a prisoner but Babs stepped back, taking a break, and smiled at me.

"I see you're enjoying it!" She laughed.

I moaned and twisted against the tight restraint of my harness for yes, I enjoyed it! After over 200 days without *any* kind of sexual satisfaction, it didn't matter to me now if it were a man or woman! She unlocked the upper chains and made me kneel before her then again locked me into position. Babs stepped back and removed her leather overall and I saw that under it, she wore a full body, black latex body suit with a front zip over her pussy. She opened it then came to me again and thrust her hips into my steel banded and rubber-masked face.

"Come, convict! Lick my pussy!"

I hesitated at first but then began to lick her hairless labia and this was also very stimulating! I enjoyed it a lot, forgetting for the moment that I was so helplessly chained. Babs revelled in it also and clung to the fixing bars, groaning and twisting her body, thrusting her crotch into my face.

"Oooooohhhh. That's *very* good, convict! Keep going! Don't stop!"

I think it went on for about ten or fifteen minutes then she took a vibrator from a pocket of her leather over-all and lay on my mat in front of me, inserted in her pussy, and there, right in front of me, turned it on! She rolled around, caressing her clitoris, breasts and nipples until she had a strong climax moaning and writhing from the strength of it! It was very frustrating for me because I was forced to realize again that I was helplessly

chained, completely and securely armoured against *any* sort of sexual stimulation! When she'd finished, she stood up and smiled spitefully at me. I looked at her and begged.

"Please, Mistress Babs! Me too!"

"Sorry!" She really wasn't. "That's not possible *nor* is it permitted, as you know. I'm a jailer and you're a prisoner under punishment but, you can lick my pussy again." Babs smiled maliciously at my desperate need, and came back to where I knelt in my chains then I licked her pussy again. It was wet and warm and I enjoyed it, much to my surprise, but after about ten minutes more, she put on her leather overall and released me from the fixing bars.

"That was very nice!" She smiled happily. "You're well behaved today convict, but this doesn't change any part of your punishment, understood?"

"Yes, Mistress Babs!" I whimpered in terrible frustration and despair.

She left the dungeon quickly and I was alone once more, stimulated and frustrated at the same time, holding onto the lattice wall bars at the ends of my leashes. I stood there for a long time, looking into the locked anteroom, trying to understand just how bad my imprisonment had become.

On the 20th of September 1998, my two hundredth and twenty-fifth day of imprisonment, I had a long talk with her and begged in desperation for any kind of chance to be released at some time in the future. She only smiled.

"No. With the last extension of your Judgement, there is definitely *zero* chance of your ever being released convict. You should forget the world outside because you'll *never* go back to it. Sometimes, it's not very easy for me to think about your heavy punishment, but then I realize you must pay for and deeply regret your past crimes and misbehaviour. Too, it *was* your decision to submit yourself to it *without* a safe word, and so you *will* stay here for the rest of your life. That is absolutely unchangeable. There is *no* escape for you."

Upon hearing her reiterate the absolute certainty of my sentence to life long imprisonment I wept quietly for a long time, then we talked about my life in the dungeon, about Thomas, and other things such as the problems with the ISDN card, etc. It was very nice, but the longer we talked, the more positive I became about their intent to keep me as a life long prisoner. She left, and I remembered a part of our earlier conversations. Although my harness is a strong punishment to have to bear, it is also a protective device. If, at sometime in the future, I became so despondent that I wanted to commit suicide, it would be *completely* impossible for me to do! Here in the dungeon, the only possibility would be by hanging myself, but I'm not permitted access to sharp objects or any kind of tool, and with my wrists and neck being encased in steel, together with the fact that the harness prohibits me from nearly all kinds of free motion, there is *not* a chance for me to injure myself intentionally. The Spanish Trapezoid prohibits me from climbing on the stool or the computer desk and with the newest chain arrangements for my hands and arms I could only hold them out to my sides at a height of about 1.3 metres above the floor when I am standing. Hopeless!

The next week went as normal and I again had to serve Babs sexually like I had the previous Saturday. It was both good and bad because it was a nice diversion, but it left me even more frustrated and desperate for some sort of *real* sexual stimulation.

During that week, I saw nothing of Thomas for over the past month, he had retreated further and further from me, and I was in a deep depression about this. Every day, I asked

myself why, oh *why*, I had agreed to my Judgement and spent a lot of time struggling to escape my harness and leashes, but of course, without any success at all. We had designed and created it to ensure that *any* escape from the total restraint of my body and limbs was utterly impossible, but I still tried. When it became too much to bear, I screamed and howled like a mad woman, begging to be freed, but that did no good. The cell and dungeon were fully sound insulated and none of my despairing wails escaped, and my two jailers didn't come down to comfort me. I remained a secret, chained prisoner.

CHAPTER NINETEEN
Fantasies, Things To Come

I was unable to write to any of my friends for a few weeks because my Master's computer had some difficulties with the ISDN card. Finally, on the 2nd of October 1998, my two hundredth and thirty-seventh day as a CCFL, it was on-line again, and I got to send some email.

Babs was my only contact with the outer world now, and Thomas had obviously designated my care to her. One evening, after I'd eaten, I spoke again with her about my situation here in the dungeon.

"Mistress Babs?" I asked, kneeling in front of the bars while she stood on the other side looking down at me, "Please? *Please*, Mistress Babs! Can you release me from the chains and harness and let me escape?"

"Of course not convict!" She smiled happily. "There is no chance of that *ever* happening! You've been condemned to a life sentence, and so you'll stay in here until you're dead. I'm going to do everything I can to make sure that the sentence is carried out fully."

"Mistress Babs, I'm *only* twenty-eight years old!" I wept, "I can't live like *this* for the rest of my life! I'm too young!" I howled, struggling against my chains and harness, feeling the leashes dragging at my neck and waist.

"You *should* have thought about that a lot sooner, convict! Anyone older than seventeen is eligible to become a chained prisoner. I think it's very good that you're twenty-eight!" she said happily. "At your age you'll remember all of the years of freedom you had but then realize that there are a *lot* more years ahead of you, and all of them will be filled with strong and unending punishment. I *promise* you that Thomas and I will do all we can to ensure that you will never, *ever*, be freed from your Judgement!"

"So! You may as well give up any thoughts or dreams you had about returning to the outside world and your former life. You're still a disobedient, headstrong woman, and so you *need* to be kept just like you are now.

"Yes, it *is* a hard and strong punishment you've accepted, but now, you *have* to enjoy it as much as you can."

Babs left, and I spent the next several hours crying hopelessly, fighting and twisting against my restraint harness as I so often did now.

Each meal I ate was now done in the same manner because I *had* to crouch on the floor, eating like a dog from its dish. It was totally humiliating for me, but I had no choice! Gone were the times when I could sit at the table and eat like a human being. Sometimes I woke in the night and felt the hard steel of my harness and cuffs, all clamped tightly around my body and limbs and I'd try to sit up or somehow ease my position, but the chains on the top of my head cage and ankle spreader bar were so short and tight that I couldn't move more than a couple of centimetres before they jerked me into submission. I thought, when I awakened at those times, that perhaps that I was in a nightmare, but quickly realized that it was *real* and I was very securely chained. Oh, I was so stupid when I agreed to The Judgement!

It was obvious that Babs had become the girl friend of Thomas and I hated them both for keeping me a prisoner like this, even though I *had* asked then begged to have it happen. Babs was the wild card I *should* have known would surely come into the

relationship. The evidence had been there for me to see right from the time we had revealed our way of enjoying ourselves to her. She had immediately seen the potential of making Thomas hers and had acted accordingly. Then, when I'd signed The Judgement, it was too late and I was in deep, deep trouble.

I had not been permitted any sort of sexual stimulation for two hundred and fifty days and was nearly mad with desire and frustration. To add to my near hysteria to have any sort of sexual stimulation, Babs came to tease me cruelly every week, ensuring that *she* got to enjoy sex, but she always left me in frustrated, bitter tears. When she came into the cell, she always made a point of grabbing my leash chains and jerking harshly on them so that I was made to understand how much I could be controlled by her and that I couldn't resist nor could I fight against her harshness. Each night she always took great delight in chaining me down, knowing how much I hated being immobilized like that. It was an even more bitter pull for me because I knew that she and Thomas would soon be romping wildly in his big bed!

On Saturday, 14th of November 1998, the two hundred and eightieth day of my sentence, I was given my intensive cleaning once more, but this time, I was out of the cell and the harness for an even shorter period than at any of the other times in the past. Thomas had purchased another wet suit of the same design as my red and silver one: this one a dark blue in colour and so this meant that there was no need for me to be kept free while the red one was being washed and dried. My total time out of the dungeon and my harness was reduced now to only two hours, and this only happened every eight weeks!

Once I was back in the dungeon and cell, I stared around at what was my home for the remainder of my life and saw that it was very grim in so many ways. On the other side of the barred wall in the anteroom, set high are a series of hooks one of which held the key for my chastity belt's lock, and others holding the hand cuff and leg iron combination that is used when I am taken for my intensive cleaning, with another holding the riding whip used to discipline me. There are other hooks, but at that point, they were unused.

On Sunday, 15th of November, my two hundredth and eighty-first day in the dungeon, Thomas came for the first time in many weeks, and I was *very* glad to see him. Babs had been administering my life for so long, that I'd begun to think he'd never come again. When he opened the dungeon's door, I struggled to the bars as quickly as I could then stood holding them, feeling the leashes to my neck and waist swing free of the floor and exert the tension of their weight. I was so happy to see him that tears came to my eyes, and I stared hungrily while he came to stand in front of me on the other side of the barred wall. He stared at me for a few moments, and then spoke quietly.

"Good afternoon, convict."

"Good afternoon, M-Master." I smiled tremulously at him, my hands and arms immobilized, spread vulnerably off to the sides of my waist, and forced to arch my back and stick out my steel armoured breasts at him. I *hated* being compelled to assume this posture, but my restraints ensured that I did, like it or not. I had to stare up at him because the head cage and collar would not permit me to look down or away. I closed my eyes, feeling helpless tears leaking from their corners.

He reached out and touched parts of my harness then took some of the chains in his hands, checking them.

“You have been well behaved for the last while, and so *if* your good behaviour continues, on the 24th of December you will be permitted some sexual relief.”

“Oh. Th-thank you, Master.” I was very surprised and absurdly grateful, despite being such a closely held prisoner. I didn’t know what else to say.

“Are you still in love with being a CCFL?” He asked coming into the cell then going behind and taking hold of my neck leash. Holding it high and making me choke slightly, he forced me to shuffle over to the computer desk stool. I was permitted to sink slowly onto its hard surface, writhing instinctually to get more comfortable when the wedge pushed deeper into my sex and rubbed on my clitoris.

“N-no, Master and... I am terrified that you *will* keep me in here for the rest of my life!” I whimpered, forced to stare straight ahead at the thick bars of my cell.

“That *is* your sentence and Judgement, convict,” he said quietly, releasing my leash and letting it jerk at my collar, swinging from the wall ring. “It will *not* be changed.”

“I-I-I k-k-know!” I admitted in terror and horror, tugging my arms and hands against their restricting chains, gaining a little freedom of movement. I turned slowly on the stool to face him, looking up into his stern face.

“M-master? I want to have only *you* as my jailer, like it was before! Not Mistress Babs. She treats me *so* cruelly *all* the time!”

“Babsi is my friend, and she knows what is required in order to keep you properly penitent, convict,” he stated implacably. “She is now your jailer and will remain so.”

“But-but...” I moaned, feeling the tears spilling from my eyes and rolling out onto the de-personalizing, tight rubber mask, “I don’t *want* her to be my jailer!!”

“Your wants no longer matter, convict. You should have recognized *that* by this point!” he said calmly. “You agreed to The Judgement and your sentence in all of their points, remember?”

“Y-y-yes, Master!” I whispered miserably, clenching my gloved hands and feeling how the muscles of my arms strained against the compression and constriction of my wrist and above the elbow cuffs. “M-Master?” I whispered, gathering my courage, “Are you and Mistress Babs l-l-lovers?”

“That is no concern of yours.” He stated calmly, standing and turning for the cell door. “What happens outside of the dungeon will be revealed or not, as Babsi and I feel the need. Now, I’ll leave you to enjoy the rest of your afternoon.”

He turned and walked from the cell, closed and locked the door in the lattice wall, then left the dungeon, firmly closing and bolting its heavy steel door. I sat on the stool for a minute or two and thought of our short conversation. He’d called her ‘Babsi’ a couple of times, rather than just ‘Babs’, and that was a term of endearment. More despairing tears came then I stood and moved to the bars, grasping them in my hands and shaking them with frantic need to be free. I realized that they were, in fact, lovers, and Babs had taken my place utterly. Now, I was *only* his prisoner!

“No!!” I screamed, “Nnnnooo-Nnnnoooo-Nnnnooo. It’s not fair! *It’s not fair!*”

I sank to my knees, still hanging onto the bars and howled with a broken heart, intensely feeling the drag of the chains on my neck and waist then began to bang my wrist separator bar against those of the lattice wall. For some reason I was desperate to get my hands and arms through and I huddled on the floor close to the barred wall, but at last, I crawled to the mat and lay on it, sobbing with the terrible knowledge that Babs had

taken my place in his affections. It was a bad day for me even though I had been told that I would be permitted sexual satisfaction at Christmas, five weeks away!

The time passed with no real problems until one Sunday when Babs came into the dungeon, closing and locking the door behind her as always. She turned and stared at me through the bars.

“Good morning, darling!” She smiled spitefully. “I have come to play with you for a little bit”

“Good morning, Mistress Babs!” I whispered, in terror of what she wanted.

“I see that you have finished eating your breakfast. Did you enjoy having to crouch there like a little animal while you ate?” She continued, taking four quick steps to the door in the bars.

She was dressed as she always appeared now, in her black leather coveralls, her jailer uniform, and wore a nice perfume; something I would never be allowed again. The door swung wide for a moment, and I stared yearningly at its small measure of freedom, but this disappeared when she locked it behind her and walked to where I waited. I cannot move quickly or easily while wearing my harness, as is its intent, and she went behind me while I was trying to turn and face her.

“Stop turning!” She commanded. “You are all *mine*, convict, and I am again going to show you how much so! Be still!”

I felt the slight compression through my rubber suit when she wrapped her arms around me and her body pressed against my back. Her hands slipped downward and she hooked her fingers through the side restraint rings on my chastity belt’s waistband then suddenly jerked upwards. I felt the crotch band tighten even more between my legs when she did and moaned with arousal, shivering like a new born colt, feeling the steel wedge rub inside my sex.

“Doesn’t that make you want to be free my little chained convict?” She hissed into my rubber covered right ear, continuing to tug at my chastity belt and making my body sway to her demands. “You see? *Nothing* will get this off!”

Her hands next moved over the tight rubber suit to the steel cups imprisoning my breasts then she tried to move them around and pull them away from my body. Inside the thick steel cups, my swollen, sensitive breasts bounced, making me conscious that I possessed them but could *not* touch them.

“These *too* are wonderfully secure and efficient, aren’t they?” she asked, smiling happily.

The locked-on steel domes shifted only slightly, and there was *no* way they could be removed without the correct tools. Then, her hands rose to my head cage, and she slipped her fingers through the ring on its top and pulled my head back until the collar began to choke me.

“This is a truly wonderful device for you, convict! I *really* like the idea that you can *never* get it off. It keeps you so nicely controlled and penitent too!

“Please... please...” I tried to beg her to leave me alone to suffer my punishment in privacy, but she dragged the ring and my head first one way, then the other.

By that point, I was in streaming tears of discomfort and humiliation. Babs released her hold then moved around, and stood facing me about two metres away. I watched her face through brimming eyes while her hands moved to gently caress the tight clamps locked around my upper arms and then the ones around my wrists; restraints *I* could

never touch! Her fingers made light brushes on the gleaming, stainless steel bands, sensing their potent power of imprisonment and then she gently felt along the links of my restricting chains.

“Oh, yes. You are such a *total* prisoner, Darling! I can feel and sense how strongly you are held, just by touching these chains.” She sank to her knees in front of me while I remained staring straight ahead, standing with my chest thrust out. “And this bondage of your legs is wonderfully efficient too!” She cooed. “I don’t know *how* you can stand to be kept like this. It must be terribly hard to wear all the time, and it’s so very controlling. But, this *is* your punishment, and so you must accept it, correct?”

“Y-y-yes, Mistress Babs!” I sobbed, wishing that she’d leave me in peace, but she wanted to play and torture me even more to remind me of my situation.

“Now,” she said rising easily to stand before me again, “I shall show you how I’ll use your leashes.”

With three quick steps, she moved behind me and then came a sudden, harsh jerk on my neck chain. She released it for a second then jerked it hard a half dozen more times. With each jerk, I *had* to stagger backwards towards her, fighting the tension as much as I could.

“Do - you - see - how - easy - you - are - to - discipline - Darling?”

I howled with hatred of her and how she controlled me like a rebellious, wild animal, but she continued to tug sadistically on my neck leash until I stood with my back to her again. She was not finished yet and slowly increased the tension, bending me back while I choked from the pressure of the collar on my throat.

“Pppplleaaaassee!” I gasped in horror of falling backwards, but she kept me like that for another minute, writhing and fighting my restraints. All I could do was claw my fingers helplessly in open air, held far away from my body.

“See how *wonderfully* helpless you are?” She taunted, pulling downward even harder on the chain.

“No! *Please!* No, Mistress Babs!” I sobbed, desperate for her to leave me alone.

“Oooohhh! *Poor* little convict! Does that scare you? *Good!* I want you to always be afraid of what I can and *will* do to you!” She gloated, giving it one last, hard jerk.

I almost toppled over; but she released it, and I gratefully straightened up.

“Walk out again!” She commanded harshly.

I wanted desperately to escape her, so I moved away as quickly as I could until the leashes snapped tight. I stood at their ends, facing the barred wall, and waiting, frightened of what she would do next.

“You see, convict! You can never escape from here ... *or* from me!” She stated harshly.

The leash to my waist cinch snapped when she jerked the chain hard and she began to reel me in with strong pulls. I *couldn’t* resist her demands in *any* way, and so, with slow backward steps, the heavy iron ball connected to my ankle spreader bar impeding my every restricted step, I was dragged back to her, and in short seconds, stood with my back to her again.

“*And*, I can also adjust your chains to punish you even more with just a single lock!” she declared malevolently.

I felt her slowly apply tension on my neck chain, once more pulling me over back into a strained arch and then I heard a sharp click. When I tried to straighten, I couldn't do it! She'd pulled the two leashes tight and then locked them together behind my back!

"Isn't that a pretty arrangement?" She grinned with evil happiness when she came to face me. "I think I'll leave you like that for a day or two, just to teach you to be even more obedient!"

"No, Mistress Babs! *Pppllleeeaaasssseeeee!*" I wailed in terror that she would actually do it.

"Yes, I'm sure it is *very* uncomfortable, little convict!" she said staring down hungrily into my tear streaming eyes. "However, that's too bad. This *too* is part of your punishment. Now, walk forward again!"

Oh, *how* I hated her! But what could I do? I *had* to obey her commands or she would make me suffer even more than I was already. I moved slowly away again, but this time, when I reached the limit of my chains, my head was pulled back even harder and I sobbed with misery at how easily she could make me uncomfortable.

"How very nice you look!" She smiled, coming up beside me. "You are *so* vulnerable like that. I just love it! Now, I must go upstairs and fix some meals for you. I'll be back in a couple of hours ... maybe. Bye, bye!"

With a swift turn, she walked away, unlocked the barred door, shut it firmly behind her with a steely crash, and then left me alone in my newest, horrible bondage. I heard the locks on the dungeon door snap shut with finality. Alone again, I cried bitterly, struggling to ease my awful, chained posture but I could not escape it in any way! All I could do was stand there, wailing with misery and discomfort while uselessly writhing and fighting against the cruelly efficient restriction of my harness. I fought against the shortened leashes, then, giving up what little spirit I had left, moved slowly to stand beside my mattresses and carefully knelt. When I tried to crouch, I began to choke again from the pressure of the collar. Still bowed backwards from the tightened chains, I finally gave up and fell onto my side, kicking my feet and legs spastically against their restraints. It did little good for the iron ball strictly limited even *those* attempts at rebellion.

That was how Babs found me many hours later because I had been unable to rise, once laying down and trapped on the thin hardness of the mat. She didn't care and so hadn't come back until now to release me, for it was another demonstration of her total control.

Over the following weeks, one of my favourite correspondents and I got into a discussion of what it would be like for my last days, should Thomas decide that my care and maintenance had become too much of a burden. Although I was not suicidal, at this point, together we created a scenario that might be the means of taking me from my fate as a Chained Convict For Life. The following chapters tell the tale of how things eventually might end for me.

CHAPTER TWENTY

Fantasy Execution – Part One

It came as a horrible shock!

On a Saturday, after some thirty-two years of my being imprisoned had passed, my Master entered the dungeon with Dungeon Mistress Babsi, and wordlessly, the two of them pulled me over to stand between the fixing bars and then chained me in place. Thomas drew a paper from his trousers pocket, and I stared at him in dull fear, for whenever he did this, I knew something terrible was to come, and this proved correct when he stood erectly before me.

“Jailer Barbara, please stand with me, for I have a very important announcement for the convict.”

She quickly moved to his side and assumed the position of ‘attention’. Thomas, until this time standing casually, suddenly snapped to attention himself then looked at me with a stern and unforgiving look in his ice blue eyes. I quailed before them, silenced as always now by a feeding gag and stared fearfully up at him while I struggled automatically against my harness and chains. He began to speak with slow measured tones in a very serious voice, and I couldn’t believe what I was hearing.

“The Convict, Sabrina Wheeler, Chained Convict For Life Number One, is hereby officially notified that the following is The Final Extension of her Judgement. It is presented in this manner and time due to its extreme nature and reads as follows:

*** FINAL EXTENSION OF JUDGEMENT ***

The Chained Convict For Life, Sabrina Wheeler, is, because of her past crimes, and continual, repeated, disobedience and misbehaviour as a Convict, and showing no desire to improve herself in any way, is hereby sentenced to be executed.

To permit the Convict time to reflect on her past criminal life and to make a full repentance, her execution will occur, at the earliest, in two years, but not later than five years from this date.

Until the Day of Execution (DoE), the Convict shall remain fully secured in her harness, upon her leashes, and under the present strict regime, as a permanent Chained Convict For Life.

The Convict will be officially notified seven days prior to the date of her execution.

He stopped and looked up from the heavy paper in his hand. I was totally surprised and stunned by what I just heard and collapsed into my chains in a dead faint of horror. They were going to *kill* me! I came back to awareness a moment later to feel a cool cloth being wiped around my eyes, for that was the only facial skin of my body that was not covered either by the oppressive rubber dungeon suit or the harness. It was Babs, and I saw tears trickling down her cheeks.

It didn’t matter though! She had been *so* cruel to me over the past twenty-eight years! I struggled to stand erect and it wasn’t very difficult because I was being held between the fixing bars by the chains to my harness. Then, I began to scream into the gag that protruded almost into my throat, but only small, hissing whimpers filtered past it. I fought madly even though I knew I could never escape my harness or leashes, jerking my legs and arms hysterically in their cuffs while Thomas stood and watched impassively. Babs returned to stand beside him; her hands covering her face. I do not know how long I tried to escape, but I screamed myself hoarse and then I fainted again. When I regained

awareness, they'd left the dungeon, and I was alone, still fastened between the fixing bars. The thick, cream-coloured paper with my Final Extension of Judgement had been slipped into a steel bracket on the cement wall above my mat behind a thick panel of clear plastic so I would be unable to remove or destroy it.

Over the next two hours, my eyes were repeatedly drawn to it; reading and re-reading the words again and again in growing horror. I continued to fight mindlessly, twisting like a newly captured wild animal in my harness, all the while in torrents of bitter tears at seeing my death date being decided and now visible in unalterable black and white.

I heard the dungeon's door open behind me, and of course, I couldn't turn to see who was there but the tap of high heels after it closed and locked told me it was Babs. Seconds later, the door of the barred wall opened, closed, and was locked and she came to stand before me.

"Oh, convict!" she said with a quavering voice, staring at my chains and harness. "I never expected that you would come to this! I can't believe you wouldn't change yourself to stop it! I want you to live, but Thomas has determined that you are totally incorrigible and will never change! You have been a prisoner for thirty years now, and yet you are still nearly the same as when you first became a prisoner! Why, why couldn't you change?"

"I've tried everything, but there's nothing I can do! I'm sorry!"

She came and hugged me where I stood, still trying to howl against my gag. Babs' attempt to comfort me was a bittersweet experience. I needed it, but my dungeon suit's thick rubber skin over my own was completely effective in isolating me from the touch of any other flesh. She held me for long minutes then released the fixing bar chains, but she couldn't remove my feeding gag. Babs quickly left the cell, closing and locking the barred door behind her as always and for some seconds, stood uncertainly on the other side, her right hand clenched in front of her mouth. Her green eyes were huge, watching me struggle toward the bars that separated us.

The steel ball jerked harshly on my Spanish Trapezoid while I attempted to escape from my leashes and then they sprang taut with a mocking clash of their links, as they had ever since they'd been attached to me. Many years ago they had been shortened and I was stopped a full metre from the steel shafts that defined the limits of my entire world, as they had now for more than thirty years. Nevertheless, I surged against them, feeling the choking and inescapable restriction of my collar and head cage. The deeply personal pressure of the crotch band that sank firmly into my belly only drove home the fact that I was still intimately controlled down there and as always, my hands remained spread apart by the wrist separator bar with my elbows pulled in behind my back. I flailed like a caught fish, fighting my restraints and small wails hissed from my nose while I stared pleadingly at Babs on the other side of the bars, trying to move my hands up, begging for mercy or release. Of course, she had no possible means of freeing me, and so only stared at me with pity when I sank onto the red tile floor in a torrent of tears, still jerking hysterically at my restraints. She turned and left the dungeon, leaving me for the remainder of that day, but much later, she came to chain me for the night, and even then, all she could say was "Oh, convict! Oh, convict!" Nevertheless, she was as efficient as always when she locked me into my sleeping chains, immobilizing me.

It took me weeks and weeks to get over the shock of hearing my death sentence, and every morning after Babs released me from my sleeping chains, I looked at the paper on the wall and realized that it was *truly* going to happen sometime in the next five years, and there was *nothing* I could do to escape my fate! I lived, now, as a Condemned Convict, already in my execution chamber ... my death cell!

Over the months that followed, I began to accept that I would some day have to face my execution, but not for two years at least, but after that, I would live on borrowed time. The trouble was, I had no possible way of keeping track of the days, for I was not permitted a calendar, and the cell was constantly lit, so it was pointless for me to try.

The pattern of my existence did not change, and the weekly procedure of being placed in the puppy cage every Friday morning for the full twenty-four hours of punishment continued as before. Every eight weeks, Master Thomas and Babs performed my intensive cleaning, taking, for me, quite painful extra security measures now.

Of course, I tried to beg and plead with him for a pardon from the Final Extension of Judgement, but he ignored my entreaties and heartlessly always locked on me feeding when I was re-imprisoned. After a half dozen attempts I gave up, weeping silently each time he came to inspect my horrid restraint system. I didn't know it, but he had decided that I would be kept silenced until my execution day.

I suppose nearly thirty-six years passed before my final days arrived.

After being freed from the cage one Saturday, fed through the feeding gag, cleaned and sealed once more into my chastity belt, my Master made the terrible announcement. Surprisingly, he unlocked and removed my gag.

"Convict, the date for your execution has been decided. It will occur one week from today, after your intensive cleaning. You have seven days left. Any questions?"

"Y-yes, Master! H-how will it h-h-happen to m-m-me?" I whispered hoarsely, unused to speaking. "The procedure?"

"Y-yes, Master, the p-procedure! P-please?"

"Very well, convict. Here is the rough outline of your execution process.

"Next Saturday morning, at 6:00, you will be released from your sleeping chains and taken for your intensive cleaning. When that is completed and all adjustments have been made, you will be dressed in your dungeon suit and execution harness. Then, you will be fed your breakfast by feeding gag.

"This will be your final meal, and you will be kept chained to your floor ring when you are fed, as you normally are. Next, your head cage will be temporarily removed, and a special helmet and mask will be fitted over your head and face and once the Jailers are satisfied that it is air tight, your head cage will be re-applied for the last time and riveted permanently closed.

"Air hoses will then be connected to the execution machine, and to other devices. From that point on, your breathing will be fully controlled by a computerized regulator. You will breathe a special oxygen enriched mixture until the computer begins the execution process.

"Breathing the special gas will not kill you instantly, but will effect a slow and controlled descent to unconsciousness, and finally, your death.

"You will know it is the end, so you will have plenty of time to regret and be contrite for your crimes while it is happening.

“The actual time that this will occur will be randomly selected by the execution machine’s computer, occurring sometime between 6 and 12 hours after the process begins. You will die, at the earliest, at 7:15 pm that day, and at the latest, by 1:15 the next morning but no one will know the exact time in advance.”

“So! That is the process that will end your life, Convict. The Official Execution Order will be read to you tomorrow evening, Sunday night, after you have been fed your evening meal. Is there anything else you want to know?”

“I’ll be alone here in the dungeon when this happens?” I whimpered, still fighting my chains uselessly.

“Yes, of course!” he said emphatically. “You will be completely alone while it happens.”

“A-and I’m fully harnessed and ch-ch-chained?”

“Naturally! You’ll remain in your discipline harness and chained as always! I’ve told you many times that this is the way your life will end, and so it shall be!”

He reached out and pressed the gag pad into my mouth and when he’d done that, I collapsed in a heap of clattering steel restraints and lay on the floor whimpering and begging that it not happen, but he ignored my despair and, a moment later, both he and Babs turned and left the dungeon.

Seven days only! I continued to scream into my gag to be freed, staring up at the unemotional eye of the video camera that always watched me, but nothing changed.

The next evening, before I was fed my dinner, they grabbed my leashes and dragged me to stand between the fixing bars. In seconds, I was made to kneel before them. Babs removed my gag and replaced it with the largest, thickest, and longest gag I had ever been forced to wear. While she completed the process of locking the faceplate panel to my head cage, I retched and shook with instinctual rejection, but it was not removed.

She looked regretful while she was doing it, but under the stern and uncompromising gaze of Thomas, she could not do otherwise. My food was forced into my mouth and throat through the tube, making me retch and shiver with revulsion at having to swallow the gooey stuff, but eventually, the hose was removed, and a cap was screwed onto the fitting. They came to stand before me, and I stared up in enforced silence while they again stood to ‘attention’.

With no visible emotion, Thomas then read aloud the process that would soon occur. It was horrifying! Babs began to tremble at what she was hearing. I knelt, chained between the fixing bars, and as he progressed through the document that detailed how I was to die, I began screaming mindlessly into my gag. It was the most awful thing I have ever listened to, but I could not get away!

“Here follows the Official Notification of the Execution Order for the Chained Convict For Life Number One, the former Sabrina Wheeler, to be carried out in six days from this date and time:

*** OFFICIAL EXECUTION ORDER ***

“The Convict has been officially notified of her date of execution, as specified in the Final Extension of her Judgement, within one week of its occurrence. Official notification was issued yesterday morning, immediately upon the Convict’s release from her small discipline cage, this falling within the seven day period preceding the execution date.

“The Convict shall be executed by the process detailed hereinafter. The Execution Process may be further refined by the Jailer at his discretion. No requirement exists to

inform the Convict of these changes. The Day of Execution (DoE) will occur on Saturday, after the Convict has been given her intensive cleaning.

"Here follows the detailed format of the execution process," Master Thomas then picked up a sheaf of pages, these stapled together at the top left corner and spent a moment getting them ready to read. I stared at both of them in complete terror, knowing now that there was to be no salvation.

*** EXECUTION PROCESS ***

PHASE ONE (EP-1)

05:00-05:45 – Jailers awaken, shower, dress, and prepare Condemned Convict's final meal.

05:45-05:55 – Jailers observation of Condemned Convict in small cage on remote monitor.

05:55 – Jailers proceed to dungeon and cell.

06:00 – Condemned Convict released from the small cage. Feeding gag to remain locked on.

06:00-06:30 – Condemned Convict taken to floor ring and fastened to receive her final meal.

06:30-09:30 – Condemned Convict taken to shower stall cell for final intensive cleaning. Upon completion, she is to be returned to the dungeon and Life Function Monitoring sensors (Pulse Monitor Pads, Brain Wave Monitor Pads) to be fitted while she is dressed in her Execution Suit. Earplug/hearing aids shall be inserted in Condemned Convict's ears and activated only when required. Any modifications to the Condemned Convict's execution equipment are made. Condemned Convict will be dressed in the full Execution Harness.

09:30-11:30 – Condemned Convict to be left alone in dungeon, gagged, and deafened for contemplation time.

11:30-12:00 – Jailers return to cell. Condemned Convict transferred from between fixing bars, and chained in slave swing. Steel ball to be removed and attached in its place then permanently fastened to floor ring. A final check of Condemned Convict's equipment will be made. Head cage removed to be replaced with Posture/Punishment Collar, leaving the metal gag in place. Earplugs remain turned off.

12:00-14:00 – Further contemplation. Condemned Convict left alone, deafened, and gagged.

14:00-14:45 – Jailer returns to cell and earplugs activated. Condemned Convict required to listen to full judgement and all extensions being read, then the final sentencing statement. Gag removed. Condemned Convict may make her final statement for one minute of free speech and may at that time make final apology to the jailer. Execution gag then fitted to the Condemned Convict. Earplugs turned off permanently. Further additions/changes to execution equipment completed. Gas Mask/Helmet fitted over Condemned Convict's head and sealed. Steel head cage re-fitted and riveted closed. Hoses and cabling from Execution Machine connected and locked to mask/helmet.

14:45 – Condemned Convict begins breathing under control of the Execution Machine (EM). EM monitors her breathing pattern and frequency, measuring volume of air taken in and expelled with each breath. EM calculates amount of Death Gas required for the Condemned Convict's body weight.

14:45-15:00 – Jailers connect breast cup discipline/electrocution cables then all necessary hoses to breast cups. All cables and hoses connected to EM. All crotch plate hoses and wires connected to crotch plate.

15:00-15:05 – Jailer completes final inspection of Condemned Convict to ensure security of all fastenings and equipment.

15:05 – Jailers depart execution cell. Door in lattice wall locked.

15:06–15:09 – Jailers close steel shutter of dungeon’s anteroom window. Jailers open steel dungeon anteroom door to cellar then view Condemned Convict.

15:10 – Jailers exit dungeon anteroom.

15:10:30 – Dungeon anteroom door closed and locked. Upon lock closure, Automatic Execution Procedure initiated. White lamp on EM Control Panel illuminates.

“Until this point,” Thomas said, “it is possible for the Condemned Convict to receive a Stay of Execution, if granted by the Jailer.

“This option expires at EP-2 commence – 120 minutes later.”

* EXECUTION PROCESS *

PHASE TWO (EP-2)

17:10:30 – Execution Phase 2 (EP-2) commence. Red lamp illuminates. Full control of dungeon and Execution Cell assumed by Execution System. Reprieve from the Jailer is not possible from this point on. Execution of Condemned Convict process now unstoppable.

17:10:45 – Lock, door, and frame in barred wall of the Execution Cell welded closed by 2,000 volt 600 ampere electrical flow.

17:11:00 – Lock, and all door locking pins of the dungeon anteroom door, and of the anteroom window cover, welded to mountings by 2,000 volt 600 ampere electrical flow. Further entry to the Execution Chamber, in any way is now impossible.

17:12-17:15 – Execution Machine completes self-check. On successful completion, switches to internal power, eliminating possibility of Execution Process being stopped by interruption of power supply. Random timer used to initiate Execution Sequence is started. Execution Phase 3 (EP-3) may begin at any time, but not exceeding 360 minutes (6 hours) into the future.

I couldn’t stop the fits of shivering and shaking that passed through my body while I listened to this detailed and horrid process being stated. It was one thing to know it was going to happen, but quite another to have to listen to him read it out in a cold and clinical way, while I stood chained and helpless in front of him!

* EXECUTION PROCESS *

PHASE THREE (EP-3)

17:15-???? – Random timer commences Execution Phase 3 (EP-3). Red lamp switches off, yellow lamp illuminates.

??? +15 min. – Breath control reduces air volume supplied to the Condemned Convict for 15 minutes.

15-180 min. – Condemned Convict receives Primary Additional Execution Procedures (PAEP) as programmed by the Jailer. Red lamp begins flashing with double flash. Yellow remains illuminated.

180 min. – Convict informed by computerized voice that Execution Phase 4 (EP-4) will start in 30 minutes, then commences countdown. Minute and 30 second notices until

last two minutes. Final two minutes: every five seconds until 30 seconds. Final 30 seconds: every second.

180-185 min. – 5 minute recovery time for CCFL permitted.

185-215 min. – Low level, Secondary Electro-Discipline applied until EP-4 commence. Red lamp goes to triple flash for the 30 minute period, then shuts off.

* EXECUTION PROCESS *

PHASE FOUR (EP-4)

215 min. – Triple flashing red light goes out. Execution Phase 4 (EP-4) commence. Green lamp illuminates. AEP intensify to higher levels

215-217 min. – Valve for normal air closed for two minutes. Green lamp to doubled flash.

217-220 min. – 90% normal air, 10% Death Gas: valves open.

220-230 min. – 60% normal air, 40% Death Gas flow to Condemned Convict's mask. Culmination of PAEP – all levels to maximum. Electrical flow to breasts, vagina, anus, mouth, ears, nose, tongue, and clitoris go maximum level and remain there until Condemned Convict's brain waves go to flat-line. All panel indicator lights go to triple flash.

230 min. – 100% Death Gas to Convict's mask starting at 230 minutes.

230-??? – Death of Condemned Convict (DCC).

DCC+30 min. – All functions continue at maximum setting until 30 minutes after Life Function Monitoring Equipment (LFME) indicates DCC.

* POST EXECUTION PROCESS *

PHASE ONE (PEP-1)

DCC + 40 min.– Post Execution Phase 1 (PEP-1) commences. All panel lamps return to continual illumination. Death Gas valve closes and Full Mask Flush of 100% nitrogen gas commences. Flush continues for 30 minutes.

DCC + 70 min. – Nitrogen gas flushing stops.

DCC + 71 min. – Execution Machine increase to maximum pressure for the injection of the hot nitric acid into all prepared orifices of CCFL's head and body: Vagina by means of hollow dildo. Anus by means of hollow anal plug. Mouth/stomach by means of deep gag. Nose/throat/lungs by means of nostril tubes. Breast Cups filled. Yellow light to doubled flash.

DCC +90 min. – Acid injection stops.

* POST EXECUTION PROCESS *

PHASE TWO (PEP-2)

DCC+91 Min. – Post Execution Phase 2 (PEP-2) started. Yellow lamp begins flashing. Execution system switched to external power supply.

DCC+91:01 – EM transmits Email message indicating exact time of DCC, (heart function and brain function at flat-line) and that PEP-1 has been fully completed. Execution Machine now requires authorization to commence final elimination of CCFL.

DCC+92 Min. – No Authentication received by Execution Machine, automatic commencement of PEP-3.

92-120 Min. – Execution Machine flushes all hoses with boiling water.

How could he have conceived of this terrible process and planned it so thoroughly to be so final? I wanted to scream at him to stop, but of course, I could do nothing! I

remained slumped in the suspending web of chains in horror of what was soon to come. He *couldn't* do this!

No matter what happened, I was unable to escape from this ultimate consequence of agreeing to the Judgement.

* POST EXECUTION PROCESS *

PHASE THREE (PEP-3)

DCC+ 121:10 – EM transmits Email confirming OK to fill dungeon with cement and gravel from external source.

DCC + 122 – Filling of dungeon commence.

300 Min. – Dungeon filling completed. EM self-disconnects and ceases function.

He finally stopped and stared pitilessly down into my horrified eyes. Again, I tried to rise to my feet and run from my fate, but there was *nothing* I could do. I quailed inwardly with the horror of the whole process being laid out so fully before me and tried to shake my head in negation.

“This is how you will die, convict. Dungeon Mistress Babs, release her from the fixing bars and chain her for the night. I know that it’s early, but I do not wish her to have *any* respite from her chains and discipline.”

“Very well, Master.” She moaned quietly, coming to me. Thomas turned abruptly and left the dungeon.

A moment later, with her controlling my leashes, I crawled awkwardly to the centre of my mattresses, and for the very first time ever Babs helped me to lie down. She did her duty fully though, and seconds later, my ankle spreader bar was tightly attached to the bottom chain and my head cage was also securely fastened. She locked anti-rolling chains to the side rings of my waist and chest bands then stood and looked down to where I lay totally helpless on the mat before her; my hands held out to my sides by their separator bar, twitching with silent supplication.

“Have the best night you can, convict,” she whispered, then turned and left the dungeon, locking the doors behind her.

I lay there wailing despairingly for help until I finally fell asleep, by then, totally exhausted. My dreams were filled with images of the acid eating away at my flesh until there was nothing remaining of my body at all! What little sleep I got that night was extremely restless, and many times during the hours I spent chained almost motionless, I woke in screaming fits, struggling with all my strength against the inescapable harness and chains. The next morning, I awoke far earlier than normal to stare up at the grey/white ceiling above. Despite my many years of being chained on the mat every night, I automatically struggled to sit up, only to feel renewed misery at my situation; the strong, restricting jerks of my tethers pulling at my legs, body, and head cage. I could hear their rattles but remained totally alone with only the impersonal eye of the video camera observing my struggles.

At last, Babs came with my breakfast in its plastic bag.

“The Jailer has declared that you are to be fed your morning meals while chained down.”

She took her time, watching me squirm, twitching, and fighting against my restraints while preparing to feed me the cold, lumpy porridge. Holding the end of the feeding tube, she descended to the steel plate clamped over my lower face and screwed on the fitting. It was impossible to avoid it being connected while I stared up at her still beautiful face in

wide-eyed, silent misery, moaning at having to accept this humiliating process. It looped up to the bottom of the clear plastic bag hung on the wall above and then her hand removed the clip. The gooey, gelatinous stuff began to slide slowly down the clear tubing towards my plugged mouth and I *had* to accept the mush, as terrible tasting as it always was, for there was no way for me to stop it! A few seconds later, it began to ooze from the back and sides of the gag pad, and as always, I reacted instinctually, automatically bucking against my chains in a fit of retching and choking; but swallowing the horrid stuff nevertheless. I screamed as best I could between each pulse into my throat, but she stood and watched implacably for there was no longer any pity in her. Finally, to end my meal, she squeezed the bag firmly, ensuring I consumed everything. I'd been forced to eat my morning meals this way for the last 30 years, and it was a horrible process! Surprisingly, Babs unlocked the gag's panel from my head cage, and then slowly extracted the huge, phallus-shaped silencer from my mouth and throat. I tried to move my jaws when it was withdrawn, but she had another gag ready to be inserted, and a moment later, had forced its thick pad into my mouth and behind my teeth. She freed me of the sleeping chains, and assisted me to my feet.

"You have five days left," she said after she'd stepped out of the cell and pulled its heavy, barred door closed. She turned away in a flaring of her long skirts and fled from the dungeon. The steel door slid closed and locked behind her with a solid crash.

With resigned steps, I shuffled toward the wall of tightly spaced bars, only to feel my shortened leashes tighten and halt me far away from them. The restrictor chains kept my wrist bar pulled up tight against my chastity belt's waistband and my elbows pulled in behind my back, so that even if I leaned into the leashes, my thickly gloved fingers were kept clawing uselessly at air while I stared yearningly at the high, small, barred window in the dungeon's anteroom. Occasionally, faint rays of light from the outside world bounced down the narrow cement shaft and I knew I would not smell fresh air or feel sunlight ever again. I would never smell freshly cut grass or a rose, nor would I ever hold a baby, or a kitten and feel their soft textures against my breasts. My harness cruelly kept me from even touching any part of myself, as it is purposely designed to do ... and always had.

And so I stood there at the ends of my taunt tethers, writhing and fighting like a caught fish against their implacable strength, cursing yet again, my stupidity for accepting The Judgement those thirty-six long years ago. Thomas had adhered completely and accurately to his word; never permitting me *any* freedom. I had lived in my harness and dungeon suit, on my leashes, hidden here in this cell for far more time than I had ever been a free person. There was no one to help or release me from this living death, for no one even knew that I existed, and within days, my life would be ended. I knew I'd go totally crazy if I kept thinking about it, and so sat down at the PC and began to write my letters. Some had continued to communicate with me long after the web site was shut down nearly thirty-two years ago, and they had been a great comfort, but now ... ?

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

Fantasy Execution – Part Two

The next morning and each one after, including The Day, Thomas came to the cell, but the situation had changed. Now, Babs wore her own Steel Restraint and Discipline Harness. The only difference was that she was not fitted with the Spanish Trapezoid, but wore instead a very short hobble chain. He brought her into the cell, and I saw that she too was held a prisoner on chain leashes. Babs looked horribly frightened when she was pranced in, and I stared at her with sympathy. She had never, like me, wanted to wear a discipline and restraint harness, so it had come as a terrible shock when she'd awakened and found herself wearing a dungeon suit with the harness and cuffs already locked over it, sealing her inside! Her eyes, the only portion of her face visible, were puffy and reddened.

"Good Morning, convict!" he said, jerking on Babs' chains. A small whimper of fear and misery seeped around the gag locked into her mouth when she tried to resist the authoritative drag. "Babs will not feed you from this point on. I will. Soon, she will be taken to her own dungeon and cell at the other end of the cellar. You will both automatically be fed your midday meal by the Feeding and Watering Machine."

I stared at her in fascination, seeing the stark terror in her eyes while he shortened then locked her leashes to a wall ring across the cell from me.

"Babs has become a chained prisoner also," he stated with harsh emphasis, "for precisely the same reasons you did, Convict Woman."

He came to where I lay chained on the floor, connected my feeding tube, and began squeezing the bag, making the gooey mess squirt strongly into my throat. Babs watched the whole thing, unable to escape the vision of what she was soon to endure, but finally, it was over. He released her from the wall ring, then taking her leashes firmly in hand; dragged her from the dungeon. He was gone for what seemed like an hour, but in reality was probably only ten minutes. Upon his return, he released me from my sleeping chains then walked out of the cell and locked the door.

"Condemned convict, Babs will replace you as my household prisoner. There is no escape for her either. However, she will be permitted to visit you during these last days, but she is not permitted any further speech. Convict Barbara will speak only with me from now on. I will return this evening to feed you both your evening meals."

He turned and strode through the cell's then the anteroom's door, closing them with an oiled mechanical sounds, and as always, locking each one securely. I struggled automatically against my harness and leashes then moved slowly to the PC and sat down to continue writing.

And so, the next four days came and went until the morning of my Execution Day. I didn't sleep at all during that final night, knowing the last minutes of my life were slipping away while I struggled against my restraints, locked in the cage, itself locked inside the sealed and secret, Dungeon High Security Area. At 6:00 am, he appeared, and I stared at him in terror. Now he wore a black rubber suit, complete with rubber gauntlets and boots. The only part of him that wasn't covered was his face, but even then, a protective gas mask hung around his neck. He said nothing while releasing me from the puppy cage and only the sounds of his rubber clothing made any noise, but at last, after I'd been fed, he spoke.

“Convict! You will remain gagged until it is time to say your last words,” he stated calmly, looking hard into my eyes.

As though today were an ordinary cleaning day, he freed me of my harness and the dungeon suit, and then cruelly fastened me into the washing stocks. The gag pad was so large that I could not expel it from my mouth, and so I continued to suffer even though the head cage had been removed. When he was satisfied that I was again properly restrained, he fastened a wide strap around my lower face with a hole on its front slipping over the feeding connection and holding the huge mouth filler firmly inside. He said nothing then grasped the leash chain and drew me out of the cell and to the shower stall. In moments, I was chained securely inside it.

It seemed as though he kept me in there much longer than normal before he returned; washing me harshly in the frigid blasts of the water storm. As always, I was tightly chained and securely leashed and whimpered with misery from the cruel needling of the cold water’s spray. Eventually, he finished and dried me with surprising gentleness using a large fluffy towel then he took a razor and carefully shaved off every hair on my body and head while I stood in silent, trembling fear. Next, all of my finger and toenails were trimmed, and he began his inspection of my body. As always, it was detailed, as were his questions. Of course, I was gagged and had to answer them with tearful nods or shakes of my head and it seemed strange to me that he still maintained this procedure. Finally, he was done. During his questioning, I had burst into tears and tried to beg him through the gag to stop the whole awful process, but he ignored my wailing and pitiful terrorized shivering. At last, he spoke.

“Convict, now you shall be required to accept three enemas to cleanse your lower bowels in preparation for the insertion of the execution equipment.” I stared at him in horror when he pulled the mask up over his face then readied the nozzle, tubing, and bag of fluid. He came to where I stood fastened, my leash looping to its lock on the wall ring.

“Remain still!” He commanded harshly, his voice muffled by the mask.

Shaking my head frantically, I tried to get away, but he reached to my pendant nipple shackles and clipped a thin chain to each then tugged lightly on them making me howl from the pain that suddenly erupted in the tips of my breasts! With his other hand, he clipped a heavier chain that dangled from the ceiling to the back of my waist cinch, centring me in the middle of the tiled floor and then he stepped back for a moment and observed me. My nipple chains still looped to his fist, swinging gently back and forth, tugging annoyingly and uncomfortably.

“Now, convict, you *will* accept the enema nozzle!” He stated, bending down in front of me and staring into my eyes.

My reluctance was pointless though, for he began to slowly tighten my nipple chains, and I *had* to bend forward what little I could to ease the pain he was so casually inflicting. I couldn’t fall, thanks to the chains on my washing stocks and steel belt, and so I had soon assumed the required position. To ensure I stayed in it, he connected the chains from my breasts to my ankle cuffs and I was ready. Seconds later, I felt the blunt, cool rubber of the lubricated enema nozzle push against my sphincter, and then it was forced far up into my body! I felt some fumbling behind, and then the warm, soapy fluid began to gush into my bowls and for a moment, nothing seemed to change, but then I started to squirm from the slowly increasing discomfort. The flow seemed to go on forever while I writhed, bent forward and in terrible discomfort while he held the plug

firmly pressed into me. I jerked only a little against my agonizing breast chains, punishing myself even more, but at last, he slowly extracted it, and my face burned with humiliation when the discoloured liquid flushed out. He repeated the embarrassing process twice more while I shivered and wept and then finally released the nipple chains from my ankle cuffs. They were left to dangle and tug at my breasts. He pulled his mask down.

“That’s the last time you’ll ever have to do that!” he stated coldly while he unlocked the door and began pulling me from the room and back into the Execution Cell.

Half way there, I collapsed in a weeping pile, kicking and fighting against my chains in a desperate attempt to avoid what was going to happen, but he scooped me into his rubber covered arms and carried me the rest of the way. I was being denied any contact with another human, as though I was infected with a deadly disease! All the while, I stared around frantically, looking and praying for some miracle rescue, or a last minute chance of freedom. Again, I fainted from the horror and terror of what awaited me and didn’t revive until he had chained me between the fixing bars, locked inside the cell for the final time. I stared numbly around the familiar, barred, barren little room and saw that all of the furniture, my PC, the mattresses, puppy cage, and all other materials of value had been removed, leaving nothing but the unadorned concrete walls and the steel implements of my restraints within the echoing chamber.

However, there had been some additions, and I stared at them with mushrooming terror. Now, a large clock hung on the wall, and beneath it, a full-length mirror was angled so that I would be able to see myself. To the right there was a bulky, grey steel cabinet and a series of large, compressed gas bottles: the Execution Machine and all of its equipment! I fainted again when I saw the things that would so soon kill me and when I became conscious again, I saw that the hands on the clock were at 8:30

The Execution Machine looked fearfully complex. It was a large, sinister, grey steel cabinet that had been bolted to the floor, opposite the ceiling ring that my slave swing dangled in readiness from, but was far enough away that I would only be able to observe it, never reach it. Four, very thick wires ran from its front over to special screw-type mountings on the wall, while along its top were the lights that the Execution Order had said would illuminate at various points in the process. There were chromed fittings along the bottom at the front; arranged so that there were two, five cm fittings above a row of another four, half that size. Above these was another row of a dozen, small, electrical screw-type fittings, also brightly chromed. Beside the cabinet was a brace of four thick, tall, compressed gas bottles. One was dark green in colour and had O² stencilled on it while the inner cylinder on the other side was just painted a flat black with nothing to indicate what the contents were. I shivered with fear upon seeing it, knowing it contained my death. The two outermost cylinders were painted a dull orange marked with N² and all sprouted valves at their tops. From these, short, thick, heavy-duty hoses looped to fittings on the side of the Execution Machine and I saw that their valves had already been opened, for the needles on the gauge faces were swung all the way around to their stops.

Centred, in front of the two cylinders on each side, were two squat carboys of stainless steel. Each was connected to the Execution Machine by two thick black hoses; one being screwed into the top and centre, and from underneath each, another led back to the machine. What really made me begin to shake was the sight of the coils of hoses and

thick wires that led from the front of the machine to hang in waiting loops on a portable rack, for I knew that they would soon be attached to *me*!

Before he did anything more, he adjusted my chains between the fixing bars so that in moments, I was spread-eagled with only the balls of my feet resting on the warm, red tiles. It was very painful to wear only standard handcuffs, ankle shackles, and the waist chain, but there was nothing I could do to object. Another similar set of light chains led from my nose shackle also and so I couldn't even twitch without having some sensitive part of my body painfully pulled at!

"And so, Convict Woman, we have arrived at the time of preparation. You will be permitted no chance to escape."

"*This* suit is made entirely of a thick neoprene rubber, and you will find that it is considerably more uncomfortable than the regular versions you've worn until now. It does *not* breathe as did the others, and it is chemically inert to the acid that will be injected during the execution process. Therefore, it will hold all of it inside while it devours your flesh and body."

I screamed and wept with the horror of what he'd just so cruelly told me, trembling all over, while he calmly began the process of putting me into the incredible, terrifying garment. One of my ankles at a time was freed, and he slipped on the attached feet, then tugged the thick tubes up my legs to my hips, carefully smoothing all the wrinkles while he did. My ankles were immediately re-chained in the spread-eagle, but this was a little more bearable now because of the cushioning effect of the thick rubber. He next released the waist chain, unclipped my nipple tethers, and then drew the body of the garment up to my strained shoulders. Again, he spent much time smoothing away the wrinkles and folds, so that the whole, impervious envelope covered and compressed me with a forceful caress I could not ignore. My breasts popped out through their wide, tight collars and reinforced holes, and then he reconnected the horrid nipple chains.

The next part of my dressing was difficult and painful. He freed each of my arms, again one at a time, then rolled on a thick, inner, shoulder-length, black neoprene rubber glove. I hung lopsidedly, howling into my gag with the pain from my breasts and other wrist washing over me in agonizing waves, but he took his time fitting the gloves carefully then slipping my arm into the sleeve of the Execution Suit. The end of each sleeve terminated in a flat, little mitt with no thumbs, but with an interior glove so that my hands and fingers were held separated and unmovable within them! Finally, it was done. He moved behind, then I felt him pull the heavy zipper from the base of my spine to the top of my neck and when this was done, it tightened the frame of the hidden, inner bra and corset severely, leaving me gasping through my nose for breath. On the front of the suit, my chain tipped breasts had slipped completely out through their wide-collared holes, trembling and goose-bumped, while at my crotch, I felt myself extruding from the triangular opening around my sex and between my legs.

He came to stand beside me and pressed a thick plug deeply into each of my ears, and then immediately filled the outer shells with warm wax so that my hearing was totally eliminated! I stared at him helplessly, denied even more of the world around me in these, my last minutes. Suddenly, my hearing returned, and I heard his voice with the strange hollowness of electronically amplified sound. This suit, my execution one, was different than all the other dungeon suits I'd worn in that it didn't have a full head helmet,

only a high, thick collar that clamped my neck firmly right up under my jaw and the base of my skull. He slid the back zip closed.

“And so you wear your Execution Suit, Condemned Convict! It is time to begin adding your Disciplinary Execution Equipment.”

His voice snapped off, leaving me again in deep, forbidding silence. Under the thick, rubber gag pad, my tongue writhed when I began to scream mindlessly but only small wails hissed from my fear-flared nostrils. The awful process *had* to stop! He casually grasped my jewellery-stretched nipples and began slowly tugging on their dangling chains to get the last portion of each breast to slide out through their ten cm diameter holes. He'd spread some sort of gel inside the entire suit, and so they'd slipped through the holes relatively easily, but it was *very* painful to suffer such harsh treatment. He seemed not to care, but why should he? I was soon to die, and no one would ever hear my gag strangled screams of protest. With one hand, he squeezed more of the clear gel onto his rubber gloved finger tips, and then he rolled the wide rubber collar that snared my right breast back around its base against the suit. In a second, he'd swabbed its circumference with the stuff then reached into his pocket and drew out a small diameter noose of bright, coiled steel with a thick wire hanging from it.

He released the chain from my nipple ring then hooked his finger through the ring and applied tension, elongating my breast painfully and making me howl in silenced agony. The snare of coiled steel slipped down over the stretched flesh, and he pressed it down into the gel around the base between the thick, rolled-back rubber collar and my skin. The coiled wire noose slipped into a depression in the rubber collar, now properly positioned, and with a flick of his finger, the wide band snapped up over this newest addition that also, garrotted my already swollen breast. When he released his hold on the nipple ring, the bulk of my breast remained pushed vulnerably out and away from my chest, its ring dangling weightily. Next, he wiped the gel away from my nipple and aureole then took a smaller tube of something that had a very strong acetone smell, and, with a cotton swab, coated the entire area. I felt an immediate stinging and coldness when the stuff dried on my abused and sensitive skin, but then a deep heat began to throb through the tip of my breast! While the stuff dried, he picked up a shiny, slightly cupped, chromed disc and coated its inner surface with the same stuff. I realized then that it was a flesh bonding glue! The disc had a slot and small hole in its centre with a short thick wire hanging from it. He carefully grasped my nipple ring and fed it through the slotted hole then slowly pressed the disc onto the apex of my breast covering the sensitive tip entirely! The cool metal stuck instantly in place, capping my nipple and aureole, leaving only the obscene wire and heavy ring dangling ... waiting.

My flesh automatically tried to erect against the metal cap, but only the tip managed to engorge and it hurt horribly! I felt the added captivity with quivering terror, for I didn't know what was to be done with this just-added adornment, but I knew it wasn't there for appearance sake. Two minutes later, the same thing had been done to my left breast and he stood back to inspect his handiwork. After a moment of staring intently, he reached out and grasped the dangling wires from the caps and pulled firmly. My breasts responded to the tension and their entire masses stretched painfully, but the glue did not lessen its grip for it had bonded the chromed discs directly into the flesh sub-structure, making them, quite literally, parts of my body! Next, he picked up an imprisoning, shiny breast cup in his left hand, clipped a fine chain to my nipple ring and then fed it out

through a hole at the tip. He slid the cup along the chain until its curved rim was positioned some ten cm away from my chest then with his right hand, reached to the dangling wire emerging from under the rubber collar around its base. I felt a small vibration when he connected it to something inside the cup then there was a small tug and another vibration when the wire from the nipple cap was also connected! Finished, he slipped it along the remaining length of chain until its rim pressed firmly against the outer surface of my Execution Suit then the tension on my nipple grew stronger! He pulled even more on the nipple leash, making me wail from the burning pain, but maintained the tension, then slipped a small pin through the emerging link and released his grip, but it didn't matter! My breast remained painfully stretched inside its imprisoning steel covering, pulling the isolating hemisphere tightly against my body!

My other breast was soon held in the same, agonizing captivity then he removed the free-swinging lengths of chain with a set of cutters and screwed strangely designed caps down over these horrible connections; tightening them firmly with a wrench. Behind my gag, I wailed in misery with the terrible hurt he had so carefully inflicted, then ensured was maintained! He stood back again and stared at the rounded cones that now securely contained and imprisoned each of my breasts and all the while, I hissed gagged screams of agony and despair. They were completely ignored while he continued with his dreadful preparations. My hearing snapped on.

"Now I will fit your Execution Chastity Belt!" he stated grimly, going over to where the equipment lay neatly ordered on the red tiles, next to the wall.

He slipped the ten cm wide belt around my stretched-out waist then bolted it closed, deeply compressing my belly. I could feel the crotch band hanging behind me.

"You will have to relax yourself for this next piece, convict."

How could I relax? I was going to be tortured and then *executed*! How could I possibly manage to relax? I shook my head wildly when I felt him wipe my back passage with the gel and a few seconds later a bluntly tipped shaft began to press against my anus. I screamed continually while he forced it up into me, making me feel as though I was going to have an uncontrolled bowel movement but I needn't have worried, for the huge, conical plug widened dramatically and dilated me before narrowing to a relatively thin neck. I writhed wildly, but soon the huge monster had been fully inserted and my sphincter had slipped down to the narrow portion then closed tightly on it so that I would never be able to expel the device from myself, as was the intention.

I didn't know it, but I now wore a twelve cm long, hollow butt plug that would extend itself far up inside my body and expand to the point that *nothing* would escape me back there. It was also equipped with multiple sets of electrical contacts, a shiny, chromed tube that my sphincter now gripped tightly, and lines of others along its horrendous length.

"Now to fit your Execution Dildo," he stated grimly, holding the thick, phallic monster so I could see it before it was inserted into my body. His one-sided conversation, telling me what he was doing, was inescapable, seeming to originate between my ears, inside my head

I shivered violently with dread, wondering how I could possibly be forced to absorb *anything* else within my belly. I seemed filled already with the thing in my backside, but he resolutely continued his preparation of the horrifying device. He lubricated the liner that had remained locked into my sexual channel for all these years and then a moment

later, slid the long, thick shaft into its mating grooves then slowly pushed it up into me until it locked into place with a set of two, distinct latching vibrations. They felt like the rumbling of the doors of Hell opening, just for me, deep inside my body! When the thick shaft entered, it forced short, blunt spines outwards from the liner's exterior surface, deep into my sensitive, surrounding flesh and more terrified screams surged against my gag, but it was no use! To my horror, I felt a tug on the steel sphere that imprisoned my clitoris. Something had been left to dangle from it, swinging back and forth!

"There. All that needs to be done now is to seal you."

He reached back between my legs and pulled the wide crotch band slowly forward. I felt the anal plug shift disconcertingly inside my bowels, then suddenly become rigid when its mounting posts slipped into their slots on the band. He continued to bring it forward between my thighs, tight to my body, until it curved up over my lower belly. For a moment, he fiddled with the clitoral ball then suddenly applied a strong tension, snapping it into its holder on the inner side of the crotch band and making me scream again from the horrid, unavoidable tension. Next, he fitted the Vaginal Liner's mounting posts into *their* holes then unfeelingly jerked the crotch band up and into a very compressing contact with my quivering abdomen.

Now, I howled continually from being so horribly and utterly plugged, imprisoned, and controlled. This time he *bolted* the crotch band to the waist cinch, and I trembled like a plucked violin string while he affixed it for the last time. I tried to accept the flood of sensations washing through me from the incredibly uncomfortable penetrations. Not the least of these was the burning tension on my nipples and clitoris, and all were inescapable.

"Now the Breast Cup Securing harness."

This slipped around my chest, its clips latching to their mounts on the large cups. It took only scant seconds to bolt together behind my back, and then he quickly joined all of the connecting chains between it, the chastity belt, and my collar. Within two minutes, I was held a full prisoner in my Execution Harness.

"It is time to fit you with the thigh bands."

He released my ankles again, and the thigh bands were slipped up my rubber-encased legs, over my knees, and high up around my thighs with their short, permanent connecting chain rattling loudly in the silent Execution Cell. Without saying anything, he next fitted the Spanish Trapezoid to my lower legs, separating them widely. I tensed my leg muscles against the restrictions of the wide cuffs below each knee and around each ankle, feeling the rigidity of the steel shafts that kept them in position. When I tried to lift and bend my knees, the cuffs below the joints constricted the muscles, and I could only raise my legs a minimal distance before the short leash to the steel ball snapped tight. He released me from the semi-suspension, and now only the chains from the side rings of the chastity belt's waist cinch held me in place between the fixing bars.

One at a time, he slackened the tension of the chains to my wrist cuffs, allowing my arms to fall to the point that he could affix the upper arm clamps tightly above my elbows and connect the chains from them to my bra's chest band. Next, he separately released each wrist then fitted a wide cuff. The chains between them and the elbow cuffs were truly superfluous, but they were a part of my execution harness and so stayed fastened. Once it had been bolted closed, he attempted to swing the other chain at the end of the long separator bar and fit it to my other wrist, but I fought this final restriction bitterly,

desperate to keep it from being done. I screamed and begged into my gag, flailing my hand around to try and prevent him from applying this awful bondage once more because it made me so utterly and terribly helpless. His strength and mobility easily overcame my feeble efforts, and so in silent, bitter tears, I finally submitted and allowed him to put it on me, feeling myself descend for the final time into total vulnerability. I continued to shake my head, weeping hysterically behind the tight, deeply penetrating gag, pleading that he not continue the horribly drawn-out and terrifying process, but only small wails and unintelligible hissing moans came through my fear-flared, ringed nose. He ignored both them and my desperate tears.

Suddenly, aware of the passing minutes, my eyes jerked to the clock, and I saw with horror that it now read 9:10! The last 40 minutes had seemed like years in their passage.

“You will now be fitted with the head cage, convict! It will go over your present gag.”

I shivered with the thought of having to wear the terribly restricting device, but I could do little to prevent it from happening, and a minute later, it was slipped around my head. I felt the familiar wide band of metal press against the front of my throat, and then it tightened when he closed the strap and locked it together at the back. I tried to shift it just a little, but the fit was so snug that no movement was permitted and so I had to stare straight ahead, unable to turn away from the ominous view of the clock and the Execution Machine in front of me. He spoke again.

“It is 9:30, convict. We are precisely on schedule. Now you have some time alone to consider your life and crimes.”

My hearing suddenly disappeared into a soundless vacuum, and my eyes darted around for that was the only free movement I was permitted! Too, I was completely deaf, unable to hear even the rattling of my restraint chains. He turned and left, the doors crashing closed behind his retreating back, leaving me to wail with abandonment. Was I to have no human comfort at all while I waited to be put to death by the awful machine against the wall? I stared fearfully at the clock, but not at the evil machine, watching in fascination while its second hand flashed away the remaining minutes of my life. What could I do though, chained between the fixing bars like a wild animal? Nothing! Nothing! *Nothing!* I gasped and fought my restraints and harness without stopping, desperate to find some way of escaping their secure control of my body, but it was hopeless and so, after a long while, I just hung there in my chains, wailing with self-pity trying not to look at the clock while I thought of my life past.

I had been a chained, leashed, and harnessed prisoner in this concrete and steel High Security Area for over 35 *years!* All during this time, I had *never* been allowed out of it, nor had I seen real sunlight or felt the wind and the rain against my skin since I had been locked inside; only the cloying compression of my dungeon suit and the imprisonment of my Steel Restraint And Discipline Harness. I knew every crack in the concrete, every bar in the wall that caged me, and every floor tile intimately. For weeks, and sometimes for months, I had been kept silenced by a gag so that only the noises of my chains sounded within the bleak confines of this small space that had been my home, and had now become my Execution Chamber!

Also in the past, for weeks, and many times, for months at a time, I’d spent 12 hours of every night, dangling helplessly with only the tips of my toes able to touch the floor, pleading into my gag to be freed from suspension in the slave swing, but no one heard

me. The dungeon is supremely well insulated from either the intrusion of exterior noise, or from *any* sounds made inside it getting out. Certainly, Thomas and Babs had heard and seen me on the monitoring equipment, but they'd *never* come to release me from my tribulations or calm my terror. He had been completely true to his word, adhering to every condition of The Judgement with the utmost precision, and so I have been kept in a punishment far more severe than any prisoner has ever suffered.

The next one hundred and eighty minutes passed in a blur of self-recrimination while my mind continued to skirt around the finality of what was soon going to be done to me. My hearing was suddenly returned, and I heard the sound of the dungeon anteroom door being opened, and then Thomas reappeared. I stared frantically at the clock. It read 12:30. Three more hours of my life had passed away in utter silence! He came to the door in the barred wall, opened it, and stepped through then closed it with a metallic clash, and I couldn't help the uncontrolled shuddering that shook my body when he came to stand before me.

"Now it is time to transfer you to the Execution Slave Swing, convict. I hope you are ready for it. There is to be *no* resistance. Do you understand?"

"No! No! No!" I screamed hysterically into my gag while he released me from the fixing bars.

When he did, he had to hold me up because my knees buckled with terror. I couldn't walk at all.

"Come along!" He commanded, and then said heartlessly. "These are the last steps you will take, so you best enjoy them."

He grasped my upper arm and forced me to stumble the ten short paces to where the swing dangled on its chain from the ceiling, waiting. With every step, the ball jerked hard on my ankle spreader bar, reminding me of my status, and I had to fight its resistance, even though I didn't want to go to the place that I would occupy for the remaining moments of my life. A long two minutes of reluctant struggling later, I stood precariously on the wooden step-up blocks, my knees trembling like Jell-O. These blocks were twice the height of the normal ones that had always been employed! He moved behind and slipped his arms around my waist, holding me up when I tried to collapse and avoid being fastened this final time. The vibrations of my head cage being chained were impossible to ignore while the shackle was screwed tightly closed and then he released me to connect the side chains, and when he did, I tried again to collapse, only to find that, this time, the head cage connecting chain was fastened with no slack! I hung there supported only by it and when I did, I was forced to bite even harder on the gag and began to strangle! Even my last minutes of life were precious and so when he placed my feet on the blocks again, I stood on them in a whirlpool of terror.

"It is time to connect your suspension chains."

He quickly shackled them to my harness and let go. I stood wobbling uncertainly, feeling the tugging of the vaginal liner on its fleshy anchoring points deep in my crotch, sealed under the bolted and locked closed crotch band while he picked up a portable drill with its grinding wheel and quickly burnished off the turn-out heads of the shackles. Next, he bent to the iron ball and, taking the compound lever bolt cutters, severed the shackle that had kept me as its companion for so long. He looked up while preparing another shackle.

“You have no further need of the steel ball, convict, and so the freedom to move without it is granted. However, as a Condemned Convict, you are not permitted *any* freedoms, and so I will attach your ankle spreader leash to the floor ring.”

To ensure that I was fully stretched out, he quickly pulled the step up blocks out from under my feet and for a moment I swung slowly back and forth, sitting deeply in my chastity belt harness, howling with the increased sensation, my questing feet now suspended a full ten cm above the floor!

He bent to his task, pulling down hard on the chain and stretching me out even more fully in my suspension and then I faintly heard the grinding wheel removing the turnout head of that shackle too! I would *never* escape from the chains that would keep me suspended between the floor and the ceiling. A moment later, he stood before me.

“I will remove your head cage temporarily in order to fit you with your collar, and then you will have more time of contemplation.”

He picked up the wrench and quickly removed the bolts then lifted it from my head. Seconds later, a heavy, thick, and wide collar was slipped around my neck.

“Lift your chin!”

Numbly, I raised it and felt the rigid steel clamp more snugly against the front of my rubber-encased throat. He swung the sides closed, and I gasped at the rigidly erect posture it enforced, strangling a little from its tight fit and how it made me bite down on the gag. As soon as it surrounded my throat, he bolted the ends together. I retched, terrified of choking, my brimming eyes widely dilated with fear.

“It is time for your next period of contemplation of your crimes.”

My hearing disappeared again, and I stared after him through blurred eyes while he left the dungeon, unable to look away from the Execution Machine and clock. The collar prevented me from moving my head in any direction and the paralysing thoughts of what it would do to me sometime in the next 12 hours ricocheted in my mind in a dizzying whirl of horror. The clock’s hands swept around with what seemed to be increasing speed until again, I heard the door opening when my earplugs suddenly switched on.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO
Fantasy Execution – Part Three

The clock read 2:00 pm! Thomas appeared, still dressed in the black rubber uniform, but now wearing the full, head and face covering gas mask again! I couldn't see his eyes behind the darkened lenses and that made it even more terrible for me. His muffled voice spoke.

"Convict, it is time to go over your history and your Judgement. I will read your crimes, and your acceptance of the original Judgement, and then all of the extensions that have been added over the years."

He read everything slowly in a loud, unemotional voice while I listened in trapped attention to the fateful words that have so limited and controlled most of my adult life. I *had* to listen. There was no way for me to ignore his voice coming into my earplugs! At last, he finished then spoke once more.

"Convict, you will now be released from the enforced silencing of your gag for one minute. You may make your final statements. All begging and pleading will be ignored, of course, and then your Execution Gag will be fitted immediately after. Remain motionless while I unlock the strap."

He moved behind and the tight metal band that had kept the pad planted in my mouth was loosened then pulled out. I retched as he withdrew the long, thick phallus, and then I attempted to free my tongue of its restraint system and talk coherently. It still hurt me terribly whenever I tried to speak, even after wearing it for the past ten years!

"Oooooohhhh, Mahther. I'm 'orry. I don't want 'to die! I've been a good 'hain 'onvict for 'irty years! I've 'uffered all my punishments! It's 'o unfair! 'Es, I ag'eed 'oo my Judgement, but I 'ot far beyond wha' I ever wann'd or 'ec'pected. 'Lease. 'Lease. 'Lease. *Oh, 'lease, 'Lease 'et me go!*" I wept. He listened, unmoving, any expression hidden under his gas mask.

"That is your allotted time, convict. It's time for you to be fitted with your Execution Gag. Open your mouth widely and start swallowing the tube!"

It was my last chance to say anything, but all I could do was scream incoherently while he readied the horrid device! My head jerked against the rigidity of the posture collar, but I couldn't move it away! Wide eyed with terror of what was going to happen, my bladder tried to void itself, but nothing came out from under the tightly clamped crotch band and the intruders plugging my sex so thoroughly!

The Execution Gag was truly fearsome.

It consisted of a huge, shaped plug that was moulded to fit the exact shape of my mouth when jacked fully open, and it would sink into intimate contact with every inner crevice and tooth. Along its underside were fittings that would snap onto my Tongue Restraint System and the whole surface of the horrid pad was covered with electrical contact nodules! At its front was a short, thick extension with a hose fitting while at the back was a thick, long, slippery tube that would go down my throat! I screamed continually with inarticulate fear while he positioned it in front of my face, then at the last second, I desperately tried to close my mouth before the thick tube passed between my teeth. It was too late! My last howling wail was choked off by the advancing tube and I shook in violent retches when it touched the back of my throat, and he slowly began to slide it into my body!

“NOOOOOO--AAAAUUUUUUGGGGGHGGGHHH.....”

All sound suddenly disappeared! He'd shut off my earplugs for the last time and a wall of silence washed over me. In my mind, I begged hysterically while he slowly and methodically forced the hose deeper into my gullet and the huge mouth filler came closer to my face! I thought my jaws would unhinge, so widely apart were they forced, but just when that seemed about to happen, the bulk of the gag pad slipped past my teeth and plopped completely inside my mouth. He continued to press on it until my teeth dropped into their recesses and with my jaws stretched fiercely; I automatically bit down, trying to ease the discomfort. When I did, it activated the Tongue Restraint System, and the internal fittings latched onto the tops of the barbells that transfixed my tongue, then pulled the sensitive muscle up into firm contact with the underside of the pad! I gagged and retched wildly, shaking and writhing in discomfort when the immobilization happened. He stood back and the mirrored lenses of his mask stared hard into my face. I stared frantically when he turned and picked up a thick, black, rubber bag thing.

It was the Helmet and Death Gas Mask.

He came to me and unlocked the heavy steel posture collar, then still behind, released the back zipper of my execution suit and slid it down to between my shoulder blades. Next, he undid the doubled, overlapping zippers of the open-faced, thick rubber helmet, from its crown to the base of the long neck tube at the back. I stared with terror into the rubber horror that was about to envelope my head. Next, he undid the gag strap at the nape of my neck and left the straps to dangle from the corners of my mouth. The entire interior of the helmet was lined with hundreds of ridges and small rubber spikes that would press firmly into my skin, forcing it to remain motionless! Thomas slipped it easily over my head then pulled it backwards until I felt the spikes and ridges begin to press uncomfortably into my flesh and then continued tugging firmly until the helmet moulded fully to the contours of my skull. Its first zipper was pulled from the top of my head down over the back of my skull and locked into its fitting. When he closed the second one, the helmet squeezed my head mercilessly. Grasping the rear zipper tab of the Execution Suit, he pulled it right to the top of the high collar again, and this time, locked it securely into its end stops then others on the helmet! My blocked ears were now contained in thickly padded donuts, so that even the smallest sounds had entirely disappeared. He hooked his fingers through the loose gag straps then disconnected them from the pad, but immediately clipped bright steel fittings from the sides of the helmet into the empty strap brackets and snapped these closed, ensuring that the gag was a fully integrated part of the helmet and impossible to get free of! My hearing was returned for a short time.

“Now it is time to fit you with your Execution Mask, convict,” he said, picking up the fearsome facemask.

It was a full-face device that would completely cover the front of my head in a punishing embrace and it too, like the helmet, was lined with spikes and ridges that would force me to remain expressionless! Then, I saw the inner fixtures! Contained within the facemask was a thick, black flexible rubber cup that would completely enclose my mouth and nose and within *this* were two long, thick flexible black rubber tubes that I somehow knew would be inserted into my nostrils. Below them at the front of this tight inner cup was a silvery fitting that would mate onto the one on the front of my gag's lip covering panel and to either side of the nose cup was a large, thick, eye port, each one

also fitted with an isolating, inner rubber cup. The edges of the facemask were designed to mate securely into grooves around the facial opening of the helmet, and it would be kept clamped firmly against my face by means of locking and tensioning steel clips. Thomas moved it slowly towards me, then with his other hand, fed the first centimetres of the black tubes up into my nose! I thrashed madly when this happened, feeling them press uncomfortably against the steel rod transfixing it, but then they were slowly wriggled past and further up inside my head! Oh, God! It felt awful! He continued pressing the mask firmly against my face until the fitting at the front of my gag clicked into its mate on the inside.

Now, the inner surface ridges and spikes pressed very uncomfortably into all of my facial skin, prohibiting me from even changing my expression! Under its insect like, smooth, black rubber, the flexible inner rubber mouth and nose cup tightly engulfed my lower face and chin, and the two cups pressed onto the sensitive flesh surrounding my frantic, staring eyes, isolating them from each other and it was then that I fainted from the sensations of overwhelming being buried and bound within my rubber Execution Suit.

He stopped until I returned to awareness, and then proceeded when he was sure I was conscious again, fully able to experience and understand the finality what was being done to me! Thomas flipped the six metal latches closed and locked them, clamping the mask very tightly onto my face and making me whine with the feeling of ever deepening captivity. Under the thick gag pad, my tongue writhed agonizingly against its impalements and captivity, and I cannot describe the incredible feelings of utter helplessness that washed over me while my mind attempted to take inventory of the flood of sensations. Everything from my stretched and burning breasts, imprisoned forever now under their steel domes; the immense filling of my bowels and belly, and the terribly uncomfortable stretching of my clitoris, itself untouchable under the steel crotch band, drove me into a frantic frenzy of denial of what was soon to come.

All of the terrible interior features of my Death Mask were vastly oppressive. Without the keys, the helmet and mask would stay locked upon my face and head forever! I stared out through the thick portals over my eyes and saw that the clock now read 2:30 pm! He stepped back and his own mask stared intently into my eyes through the thick, impermeable quartz that separated me from the outer world of my Execution Cell.

Thomas picked up a different head cage than the one I normally had to wear, for *this* one was designed to fit over the mask and helmet as well as mate to my posture collar. He slipped it onto the front of my head so that the rigidity of its steel bands pressed firmly onto the horror already locked in place, forcing it into an even more intimate and inescapable contact. I felt it connect to my collar and when he swung the side panels around they also integrated there too! He bolted them together at the back then slipped the locking sleeves over their joints, and riveted them closed with short, sharp blows of the hammer. Under the rubber gag pad, my tongue jerked with automatic, continuous surges against its impalements while I senselessly continued my attempts to beg for release. When he'd finished, I was left even more immobilized than before, staring out through the thick lenses of the eye ports and I saw that the clock read 2:40! He walked to the Execution Machine, and with fascinated horror, I saw him pick up two, large-diameter, corrugated rubber hoses and a wrench from the top of the cabinet, and then he came towards me pulling their snaking, oily-sheened lengths with him. I tried to move

my head to avoid his hands when he raised their gaping, chromed fittings to my mask, jerking frantically within the confines of the execution harness and my restraints, but there was no possible way to avoid what he was about to do! Another wail of despair tore from my steel-bound throat, only to be stopped by the hideous gag and rubber tube down into my stomach.

Just millimetres from my face, but truly a whole world removed now that I was isolated within the Death Mask, his hands snapped the hoses onto their fittings and then he used the wrench to tighten them, reinforcing to me that I was trapped inside my Death Gas Mask and Helmet, and that without that tool, the hoses could *not* be released. He wasn't done yet. Returning to the Execution Machine, he grasped two more coils of shiny black hose, but these of narrower diameter, then pulled them off their hook, and over to where I hung in the Execution Slave Swing. For a second, I wondered what *these* were for, but then I remembered with horror, the part of the Execution Process where my entire body was to have hot nitric acid injected! I fainted again in terror; however, I was now being forced to breathe by the Execution Machine and so I was out for only a second or two. As soon as the air hoses had been connected, the machine began to pump my lungs full of a mixture of 50% oxygen and then empty them in place of my regular breathing cadence! Now, I was not even permitted to breathe on my own! I quickly emerged from my faint to find that he had held off connecting these next terrifying hoses until he knew I was fully aware once more. These were quickly screwed down into fittings on the front of my mask then tightened. The first, upper hose would force the corrosive fluid deeply up into my head and down into my lungs, and the second one would pump it into my stomach and upper intestine! Immediately, I noted a faint, stinging odour from the hoses! Another pair was uncoiled and brought over, and he rapidly connected one to a fitting at the back of the crotch band; to the hollowed butt plug, and the other went to a fitting on the front ... for the dildo!

He returned to the machine and pulled over a handful of the helix coiled electrical cords. These too were screwed firmly onto their fittings on my mask, helmet, and the crotch cover plate of the Execution Harness. In a matter of minutes, the floor in front of me was hidden beneath a writhing mass of these carriers of torture and death; all looping to where I shuddered helplessly in my chains, tethered and utterly helpless to stop or resist him.

The final additions to be made were two horrid, leech-like hoses and heavy cables. These he attached to the tips of my breast cups, with a second set just underneath the first fitting points. The ones at the tips were the worst! Their fittings were *each* equipped with two long, thick, hollow needles! He aligned the right side one with the hole in the end of the screwed down cap and then slowly pressed inward! When he did, the two needles passed on either side of the tensioning bar for my nipple chain and were forced directly into my imprisoned, tensioned, and already painfully swollen and burning breast flesh! The pain from the thick needles while they sank into my stretched and garrotted flesh was excruciating, and I screamed hysterically into my gag, shaking violently in the suspending chains but he continued to force the hose fitting down until the 6 cm long needles deeply transfixed my breast tissue! It was horrible, especially when I realized that these were in place to inject yet more acid into my body! Of course, my hysterical screaming was totally silenced by the gag and mask and the only indications of my terror were my staring and tear-streaming eyes, visible through the thick quartz vision ports of

my Death Mask. It took only seconds for him to tighten the fittings and then he picked up the hose for my left breast. At the first touch of the plunging needles, I fainted again only to reawaken almost immediately because of the forced breathing and high oxygen content of my air supply, feeling the cold, steel needles being forced deeper and deeper into my shivering breast tissue. It was anticlimactic when he brought over and connected the helix coil electrical cables for my breast cups, then screwed their connectors tightly to their mounts at the apexes of each one.

Now, a veritable, hanging garden of slithering black hoses and thick, coiled wires hung from their connections on my head and body. He went over all of my fastenings, the cables, and the hose attachments very thoroughly then stood back and slowly inspected me. I stared again at the clock and saw that it now read 3:00!

"Oh, God! Oh, God!!! Oh, God! It was getting closer and closer!"

My hearing snapped off for the last time, and I hung in a void of total silence, quaking with terror then shrieked demonically into my gag with animalistic pleading, while wild, surging tremors wracked my body. I twisted like a mad thing in my harness, trying to escape all of the sensations washing through my mind. My hands and arms trembled, fighting their restraints, and when I tried to pull them up to ease the tension on the restrictor chains the short one between the centre of my ankle spreader bar and the floor ring stopped even *that* small bid for freedom. I writhed against my restraints with erratic jerks, but he only nodded curtly then turned and walked quickly to the opened door of the Execution Cell, stepped through then closed and locked it for the final time.

But for the Execution Machine and the speeding clock, I was now completely alone in the cell. My eyes flicked back and forth between them, and then at the reflection of myself in the mirror. What I saw took my breath away!

A vaguely female human figure dangled in mid-air at the ends of humming chains, imprisoned, and totally immobilized within a bright, clamped-on, steel harness. Her body jerked spastically in rebellion, shaking the festooned, thick wires and snaking, black hoses connected to it, but she was unable to escape their leech-like grip! I again tried to raise my legs against the chain that connected my ankle spreader bar to the floor ring, only to see the pitiful mimicry of the figure reflected back at me, and I watched my horror stricken struggles while another ten minutes of my existence flickered away like melting snowflakes on a hot stove.

I flailed my feet, trying somehow to find support on the floor that was now forever beyond my reach. It was impossible to ease the incredible discomfort from the probes rammed up into my abdomen, and so I hung there mewling pitifully.

Suddenly my eyes snapped to stare at the dreadful machine when the white light illuminated! The Execution Process had begun! I knew I *still* had a chance for another two hours to be saved by a Stay of Execution from Thomas, and I prayed desperately that this was only a severe test and game. Soon, I knew the door would open again, and both he and Babs would come back, laughing, and free me of the horrible Mask/Helmet and Execution Harness ... but the minutes fled with increasing speed!

I continued to hang there: silenced, chained, weeping, and begging for release, but the door remained firmly closed. Every few seconds, I looked at the clock and saw that the time for a rescue from the Execution Process was growing shorter and shorter! I fought with renewed energy against my fastenings, vibrating and jerking frantically in

mid-air, but I was totally helpless and nothing worked! I remained precisely where I was: plugged, gagged, skewered, and waiting.

The red lamp snapped on!

Suddenly, I knew with terrible certainty that, truly, I was going to be executed! Now, there was *no* possibility of being saved! I screamed and screamed; terrified of the horror of what was going to be done to me next! The huge, deeply inserted gag blocked all of my pleadings, and the Execution Machine forced me to breathe, ensuring that I inhaled deeply and fully every time. There was a sudden flash and shower of sparks from the door in the barred wall.

The dome lamps in the cell dimmed momentarily while the flashing and sparks continued, and smoke billowed, but was then sucked out of the cell by the exhaust fan. The lights dimmed again when more brilliant flashes came from around the steel dungeon door and the shutter to the airshaft window in the anteroom and I knew I'd been completely *sealed* inside the Execution Chamber, and *no* one, no matter how hard they tried, could rescue me now! I stared at the glowing red lamp with fascination. So long as it stayed illuminated, I was alive.

I writhed and twisted in mid-air, swinging jerkily against my chains while my mind went in frantic circles about how it was going to feel when the actual process began. I shivered and wept continually, gasping and hiccupping inside my gas mask, chewing desperately on the gag pad, all the while still trying to howl for help even though I knew no one could save me, no matter how much they wanted to. I *was* going to die, horribly so, completely alone and tortured to the very end of my life in my Execution Harness! My arms ached from the continual strain of fighting against their tight chains and cuffs, and I attempted lifting my wide spread feet to get some free chain for my bar-separated hands.

I just *had* to pull the hoses from their mounts on my breasts, my crotch, and Death Mask, but the short length of chain to the centre of my ankle spreader bar prevented any attempt and the wrist separator bar remained clamped tightly against my widely steel-banded waist! I was totally immobilized and utterly helpless to stop it!!! Even though adrenaline fuelled my desperate efforts, I quickly grew tired and my legs relaxed again. Even when I tried to clench my hands and feel just one finger against the other, that too was impossible; forbidden to me by the construction of the mitts. Nevertheless, I continued to fight my bindings, still pleading for release from the awful torment I was being put through before the actual execution began.

"Oh, God! I was going to die in here alone! Please! Please!!! Someone help MMEEEE gd!!!"

Nothing changed for the longest time while I continued to twist and fight my restraints, writhing around the things so deeply inserted into my body, facing my reflection in the mirror, and the inescapable sight of the Execution Machine.

The red lamp flicked out! The yellow one flared into a blaze of brilliance! It was starting *now*!

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE
Fantasy Execution – Part Four

Immediately, I began to struggle for breath when the machine automatically reduced my breathing air to half of what it should have been! I couldn't even scream! I just hung there, after a couple of attempts to get a full breath, gasping at nothingness while the spiked inner surface of my mask was impressed more and more firmly onto my face; its cloying rubber gluing itself to an expression-eliminating contact with my every attempted breath! It was horrible! *Nothing* I did eased the feeling of sucking in too little air! The Execution Machine was implacable. It kept my air supply reduced, with me imprisoned inside the Gas Mask, jerking frenziedly until I fainted from the exertion, terror, and lack of air.

I came awake again almost instantly with an unborn scream of surprise! Suddenly, small trickles of electricity had begun to throb through my tensioned breast flesh! The pulses came in slowly increasing waves of throbbing distraction and at first, were vaguely pleasant in the sensations they elicited from my strained and sensitive breasts and nipples, and then suddenly, a horrendous series of incredibly painful shocks suffused them! A demonic scream ripped up my throat, and I jerked madly, trying to shake the torturing cups off! My bar-separated and cuffed hands strained against the wrist separator and at their chains while I frenziedly attempted to reach up and tear away the things locked onto my chest. It was hopeless! The shocks were calculated to be of such a strength and variation that they were not strong enough to make me faint from the pain, but they tortured me unceasingly! The Execution Machine kept me always conscious by forcing me to breathe the 50% oxygen mixture, each inhalation a deep and full one.

The dildo in my sex began to twist and vibrate fiercely, and suddenly, it *too* began to emit escalating bolts of electricity through my lower body! I screamed madly! The red lamp had come on again with a doubled flashing, indicating I was about to undergo my Final Disciplining, and I thought that it would surely kill me before the Death Gas ever reached my lungs.

I was *horribly* wrong!

The pain I was forced to endure grew and lessened in staggering waves of sensation, intermixed with floods of pleasurable stimulation, and I could resist none of them from washing through and beginning to overload my mind! The mask forced air into my lungs and kept me fully conscious and aware all the time so I *had* to endure what was being done! My breasts, so long denied to me, now pulsed and glowed fiercely within their imprisoning domes, twitching and jerking automatically around the skewering needles, and at their nipple shackles and chain tethers, all the while being subjected to the fearsome electrical shocks zipping and rippling through the twitching masses of super sensitised flesh! The electricity came in bursts of burning, shivering, and twitching, while deep in my belly, the huge dildo continued to pulse out its own message of punishment while it too twisted within my abdomen with incredibly horrid sensations!

I thought I would surely go totally mad, being so completely unable to escape from this Hell, but somehow, my mind clung by its fingernails to sanity, while my body jumped against the harness like a crazed marionette. For the next three hours, I was subjected to the most incredible sensations that can be imagined, and when it finally stopped, it took me many minutes to realize that this portion of my discipline had ended,

but the red light *still* flashed! By now, I had forgotten what the sequence of lights symbolized and just hung gasping and weeping despairingly alone in utter silence, and then it began again! I shrieked mindlessly into the gag, but I had already been sensitised to the electrical current, and so now, even the slightest touch sent me into spastic fits. My ears began to be assaulted by the cold-voiced computer. For the next two hours, it counted down every minute, and then every 30 seconds!

“Oh, God! I was getting closer and closer to death, and the voice kept telling me!” I howled and shrieked in a terrified frenzy, attempting to drown out the voice with my own silenced screams. Then it began to count off every five seconds! *“Oh, please stop! Please! Please!”* I begged, totally isolated within my mind.

The countdown went into an every second mode and I heard the fateful “.... Three! Two! One! Execution sequence commences!”

All the shocks steadily began to increase in intensity until I thought I would go utterly insane, but then, my air supply was cut off completely! I could breathe out, but *nothing* was allowed back in! *“Was this how I was to die? Gasping and starving for air?”* Each inhalation only sucked the mask more tightly onto my face, and I slipped towards unconsciousness while the strength of the shocks through my breasts and belly exploded in flaming sensation. The last thing I remembered, that time, was the sudden brilliant double flashing of the green lamp!

I came back to awareness with a shuddering jolt while each of my breasts was alternately needled and pulsed with bursts of evilly calculated electrical shock, driving me into wild shrieking denial. Now, the red lamp was flashing too, but at least I could almost breathe again, but ... the air tasted and smelled funny.

“Oh, NOOOOOO!”

The Execution Machine had started the flow of the Death Gas! I heaved great sobs and wails of terror inside my clamped-on mask, but suddenly, *it* turned into a tormentor also, sending terrible, muscle curdling shocks through the length and breadth of my supremely sensitive, metal impaled tongue! I went completely berserk from the horrible sensations.

The acrid taste and smell began to grow stronger and stronger, and no matter how I shook and twitched inside my Execution Harness and Death Mask, I could not escape or avoid it! I began to gag and choke on the all-pervading stench, so tried holding my breath against it being forced into me but the Mask, Execution Machine and the process had been designed to encounter just this reaction on my part, so the flow of the gas continued at a higher pressure. I *had* to breathe it, no matter what I tried to do! There was *no* escape for me!

All the lights on the panel now flashed while I still struggled uselessly to extricate myself and then, I felt all of the smaller hoses, those connected to my mouth, nose, breasts, and crotch begin to pulse rhythmically! A second later, I thought that I felt an agonizing burn eating into my flesh while the acid began to be slowly injected into my body! I tried to scream but was exhausted from the day's traumatic events. My whole body surged and jerked at my chains and Execution Harness when all of the electro-shock devices suddenly went to their maximum settings. I wailed into the gag for the last time while great pinwheels of flame devoured my mind and then with a final, despairing twitch of rebellion, I took my last breath of the bitter tasting gas, staring out from inside my Death Mask at the prettily flashing lights on the Execution Machine, totally alone and

chained forever, as my Master had told me my life would end. I descended into a depthless blackness of despair at my foolishness of so long ago accepting The Judgement...

... I awoke with a startled gasp surging up my throat. For a moment, I flailed under the white sheet that covered me on the soft bed, and then realized that I *hadn't* died! I began to weep great heaving sobs of thankfulness that I'd not been executed after all, covering my face with my chained and cuffed hands.

At last, shaking, I began to look around and assess my situation. I was still in the dungeon, but now, I was in a proper bed for the first time in more than thirty years! I was not free though. I raised my arms to find that my wrists and my arms above my elbows were encircled by thick, wide, very smooth, form-fitting stainless steel bands. There were no visible joints on any of them and each was equipped with sturdy restraint rings. Shiny chains had been welded to them and these, though quite long and allowing me considerable freedom, led to heavy loops welded to the bed's frame. Around my neck was a similar band somewhat wider than the ones on my arms, and my exploring fingers found no joint there either, only substantial rings at the back and under my chin. A long thick chain led from the ring behind, and I rolled over to see that it was shackled to a deeply set wall staple, then when I lifted my legs I found that each one was also banded by the steel cuffs. The upper one fit snugly just below the knee in the hollow between the joint and the calf muscle, while the other was clasped just above the ankle joint. My chest felt very heavy and my breasts seemed to be under a mild tension, but nothing like the horror I'd endured in the past. I looked down to see that my rib cage and breasts were captive within a seamless, thick, shiny metal bra that had been moulded to me! At the tip of each breast cup, where my nipples would normally press out, a little cap popped open with a slight pressure from my questing finger. I discovered I *still* couldn't touch them for inside was some sort of specialized fitting.

My waist was strictly compressed under a wide, restraint ring equipped cinch: the waistband for a chastity belt! I moaned with miserable realization that I still wore the diabolical device. The crotch cover band flowed downwards from the waist cinch in a wide swath of thick steel, pressing firmly into the flesh of my lower belly then passed tightly through my thighs and up through the valley between my buttocks and into the cinch once more. My fingers detected a fine seam that outlined my sex, up to and above my anus, as well as a pair of capped holes, one at the front, and one at the back, but that wasn't all there was to it. I felt the presence of two monstrous intruders nestled deeply inside my body and a small sob escaped me when I realized that I was *still* a total prisoner of a metal chastity harness! I was surprised to hear the sound of my own voice after being kept in silence for so much of my life. I began to tug against my securing chains.

The door opened and Master Thomas, with Babs walking awkwardly along behind him on chain leashes, came into the dungeon. I stared at her in fascination, for she wore a duplicate of the tight rubber dungeon suit and harness that had held me a prisoner for so long a time, and I could tell the heavy restrictor ball tugging on her ankle spreader bar made her truly miserable. The lower part of her face was obscured under a steel plate that I *knew* held a deeply penetrating feeding gag in her stretched-open mouth. When she hobbled closer in a clashing of chains, I saw also that her wrist separator bar was drawn up tight to her chastity belt waistband and her elbows had been pulled in behind her back,

arms held tightly to her sides by the restriction chains leading from her ankle cuffs. She was helpless to resist while he harshly tugged her over to stand under the ring on the other side of the cell. He connected her leash chains to it with a very heavy lock and she stood looking at me, jerking instinctively against her harness and restraints while tears trickled from her eyes down over her face-obscuring rubber helmet, head cage, and gag.

"How good to see you awake and recovered, Sabrina!" Thomas smiled at me. "Did you enjoy your Execution? I went to considerable trouble and expense to make it as realistic for you as I could."

"Ohhhhh, *my God!*" I gasped in tears. "It was the most horrifying and terrible thing that I have *ever* been through! How *could* you torture me so awfully?"

"That *was* what you had written about to your friend, so I made it real for you!" he stated simply with a half smile on his face.

"Now, you and I have other business to attend to! As you can see, you still wear your cuffs, a collar, the chastity bra, and your chastity belt. These are all *considerably* more secure than the equipment you wore before and cannot be removed except by means of a cutting torch. There are *no* keys to release you from this equipment, no bolts that can be undone, and finally, no rivets that can be drilled out. Your breasts and crotch will remain denied to you and only a very specialized key can open their access panels. This is the price you must pay for not really being executed, and *that* is still a possibility."

"O-O-OK." I whispered, completely broken, accepting and desperately anxious to please him.

"Good! To continue ... You will continue to live in this cell as a prisoner for the rest of your life as you were sentenced in The Judgement. Occasionally, you may be allowed to visit the outside world, but *only* if you are on a leash and wearing proper transportation chains. If you are *not* well behaved, you will very quickly be returned to this cell and placed back in the *full* version of your harness." He became very serious.

"When I say 'full harness', I mean precisely that! You will be fitted with *all* of the options you have experienced over the years in here: your feeding gag and the integrated Breathing Mask, the blinder panel, and all of the other terrible things you've had to endure. From that point on, you will wear them until the day of your death, and you'll not escape them even then, for you will be buried in them."

"Of course, you will be officially notified if you are to be returned to your harness, as you have been for all of your other Extensions Of Judgement, but if it happens again, you will just go to sleep and awaken two days later to find yourself back in them, *permanently*. That will be the end for you. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Master!" I agreed, vowing to be always obedient and contrite from now on. My false 'Execution' had scarred me deeply.

"Sabrina, there are some other matters. I have been very harsh with my treatment of you during your life in here," he continued, looking down. "I have ensured that you were, for the most part, kept totally chaste, unable to masturbate or stimulate yourself in any manner, or to attain any sort of sexual satisfaction other than when I permitted it to occur. Over the last years, I must confess that I have almost totally lost the desire altogether, but I want you to now have the capability of pleasure, so that is why you still wear the rather special bra and the chastity belt, believe it or not."

"They are both very sophisticated sexual stimulation devices and will give you so much sustained pleasure that you will orgasm for hours on end, something that neither I

nor any other man alive can do for a female. And so, from now on, every night when you are chained, I will attach cables to your breast cups and chastity belt. You, of course, will be quite unable to disconnect them and so will be *required* to experience inescapable sexual stimulation until you faint from the pleasure of it, *every* night for the rest of your days. It will, without doubt, always be too much for you to bear, but that *too* is a part of your continuing penance. Naturally, you will be allowed to recover each day and sleep as much as you need.," he smiled.

"Your food will finally become real meals rather than the stuff you've been forced to eat. As you know, *that* was only fuel to keep you alive. Now you will eat properly unless you are gagged, and then it'll be back to the same crap, so be a good, contrite, and obedient convict, and life will be far easier for you from now on."

"Yes," he held up his hand, forestalling my questions, "your Judgement is still in effect, and you shall not escape it. And yes, you will die in the full harness and chained, for I shall dress you in them as the time grows near, but that is still many years from now."

"In the meantime, I want you to rest, recover, and get used to your cuffs and harness and their care. As I said, they *cannot* be removed by anyone, not even me, or by any means, without injuring you severely in the process, and so you are condemned to wearing them from now on."

"My last thing today is this, when you are sufficiently recovered, I wish you to write in the most vivid words possible, the story of your 'Execution'." He smiled at me again. "As you can see, Babs has now become your twin sister in chains and a Restraint And Discipline Harness. She has ended up in it for the same reasons you did; having never confessed her indiscretions to me over the years...and there were many! Babs, unlike you at the first, is a most unwilling prisoner of her harness." He spoke the last with a touch of venom in his voice. How easily love turned to vitriol!

"She obviously deeply hates and fears what has happened to her, but *that's* too bad. Now she spends every second night in her slave swing and every other night chained to the floor, as you were and always subject to random, very intense electrical discipline procedures. She is also kept permanently gagged, for I've become tired of her screaming, weeping and begging. The deeding gag she wears, is, apparently, a most unpleasant device. This is a special occasion for her to be released from her cell, and when her time is done here, I shall return her to it, at the other end of the cellar. She is sentenced to wearing a Steel Restraint And Discipline Harness and be kept on chain leashes for the remainder of her life."

He walked to where Babs stood in her chains, trying to fight against her harness and she stared up at him in terror. He reached to her head cage and released the lock that kept the gag fastened into her mouth. It popped open with a small click, and he began to remove it from her. She writhed and jerked spastically when he grasped the plate then slowly pulled it away from her head cage and I watched in fascinated horror while the glistening rubber length of the mouth filler emerged from between her widely spread teeth. When it emerged, a fresh surge of writhing discomfort and retching shook her body because at the back of the mouth tube was a long, thick, saliva-coated tube, slowly being extracted from her throat! She couldn't help her involuntary reactions! He inspected the horrid device carefully, laid it in the sink next to my bed, and then spoke to her with no sign of pity.

“Convict Barbara, you are permitted two hours of freedom from the wearing of your feeding gag. After that, you *will* be fitted with it again, and then be returned to your cell! Enjoy your chance to speak to Convict Sabrina while you may!” He turned back to me. “I shall visit you later, Sabrina.” He smiled, turned away from my bed and walked from my dungeon. The doors crashed closed behind him, locking us inside but unable to touch one another.

Babs slumped into her chains and harness, as much as they permitted, and a muffled sob shook her shoulders when she attempted to raise her hands to her face, but of course, her chaining didn’t permit it. A couple of times, she tried to speak, working her stretched jaws within the confines of her tight head cage, but all she could manage was a strangled croaking noise. At last, between deep sobs, she began to speak in a harsh, whispering dialect that I knew only too well. Her tongue, as had been mine, was multiply pierced and bore a restraint system.

At first, she just wept with wretchedness at what had been done to her and how she now spent her days and nights in unending bondage and punishment, but then she finally began to tell me what had happened. She surged continually against her leashes all during the time she spoke, hoping, as I always had, to somehow escape her restraints.

It turned out that Master Thomas had kept the entire plan for my ‘Execution’ to himself, and so she’d thought that it was truly happening. Even then, he was planning to imprison her in a discipline harness, and now she had been confined in it for two weeks. Her reactions, of course, had been quite genuine and so had brought home to me just how ‘real’ my situation was. After the ‘Execution’, Thomas had eventually broken back into my cell and released me from the terrible Execution Suit then had brought in two doctors who were friendly to ‘the scene’. The physician had removed my internal bondage devices: the Vaginal Liner and my Tongue Restraint System, and placed ‘keepers’ in the piercings. The psychologist had hypnotized me deeply and for ten days, had worked me slowly through the faked process of my death because for me, it had been utterly real, and his therapy was very much a requirement. I’d been put to sleep after each of the sessions without ever remembering I’d been awake for them.

The day before yesterday, a technician had fitted and sealed my now irremovable ‘jewellery’, my chastity bra, and the chastity belt, and I had been allowed to rest until I came awake naturally just hours ago. Babs apologized abjectly to me, standing on the other side of the cell, now deeply confined in her own harness. I murmured an acceptance, pitying her for finding out so terribly what I had learned to live with for so long.

She broke down totally then, weeping and howling while striving desperately to get at her locked-away sex and breasts, or touch her steel-caged face and head. Of course, it was useless for her to even attempt, and after a while, she only jerked her hands and arms fitfully at their restraints. She was utterly miserable and scared out of her mind knowing she would wear these things for the remainder of her life.

The anteroom door rumbled open, and she turned to stare at it with an expression of stark terror on her face when Master Thomas entered. He walked to the barred wall, opened the door then stepped inside and she began struggling madly at the ends of her short chain tethers, trying frantically to escape what she knew was coming. Babs howled despairingly when he walked to the sink and retrieved her feeding gag then she tried to shrink away from him when he approached her.

“Stop your wailing, *bitch!*” He snarled. “Open your mouth and let me put this back into you, or I’ll strengthen your Clitoral Tension another notch or two, and then you’ll *really* have something to complain about!”

Great hiccupping sobs came from her, but her mouth opened and stayed that way while he lubricated the throat tube. When he began to thread it into her mouth and down her throat, a strangled gagging sound came from her shuddering body when she tried to say goodbye, then there were only the noises of her frantically clattering chains. A moment later, the locking mechanism of her feeding gag snapped shut, and Thomas stepped away from his once more silenced prisoner. I stared at her steel-caged face and head, watching her struggle to re-acustom herself to the horrid gag for a few seconds. As soon as the gag had seated itself properly in her mouth, the Tongue Restraint System activated, and she tried to fling her head about and escape its painful hidden restraint. A high wailing scream hissed from her flared and ringed nose, and her eyes clenched shut with the agony of the tongue piercings jerking on the flesh. He reached down and pressed a small button on the steel cover plate over her lower belly, and then there were two small, distinct clicks! More hissing screams burst from her nose, and her eyes flew wide, tears seeming to spurt from them while she twisted and writhed dementedly, attempting to somehow ease the terrible and suddenly increased secret drag on her most sensitive flesh. Thomas showed her no pity and turned back to where I lay on the bed confined by my own chains.

“And so, Sabrina, there you have it from Babs’ perspective. Quite a story, isn’t it?” He asked conversationally, ignoring the stifled, hissing screams from the woman chained to the wall behind him. “I’ll return her to her cell and punishment in a moment or two, but I wanted to see that you were all right first. Do you think you can handle your situation ... now?”

“Y-y-yes, Master!” I whispered back to him, staring down at my concealed and captive breasts and my cuffed arms and wrists. “I shall be a good and obedient convict for you from now on. Please, sir?” I asked, “Don’t be too harsh on Babs?”

“She’s receiving precisely what she deserves, Sabrina. No more. No less. I shall discipline her most thoroughly, as she was informed when I read her *her* Judgement. You have no say in the matter.”

“Yes, Master.” I acknowledged his closure of the discussion.

“On to happier times for you Sabrina!” He smiled at me. “Tomorrow, I’ll take you out for a drive so that you can see just how much the world has changed in the last 35 years. I think you’ll enjoy it.

“Now, I will return the convict to her cell and punishment. I’ll be back after to have dinner with you, if you feel up to it, OK?”

“Yes, Master!”

He turned to Babs and released her leash locks. The heavy chains fell away from her harness and hung swinging from their wall ring. He grasped the light chain dangling from her nose shackle and tugged firmly on it, drawing her from my cell. When he did, her hands jerked frantically against their separator bar from the intense pain and deep humiliation, but she bent forward against the restriction and, with a flurry of clattering and rattling chains, was pulled from my cell and dungeon, off to her solitary confinement. Before he took her from the cell, she managed to get in a last despairing look at me. I heard a faint wail of despair, and then she was gone, and I have never seen her again, face

to face. Occasionally, I turn on the closed circuit TV cameras in her cell and watch her, but we have not been permitted to meet again. She is *always* kept gagged, so is unable to communicate other than by the very limited sign language permitted by her harness.

I think she has become insane because much of the time that I look in on her, she mindlessly fights her restraints. It is a terrible way to be bound for any kind of freedom is so strictly controlled, if not utterly denied.

I have been a good, contrite, and obedient convict since I was 'executed', and have done everything that Master Thomas has required of me.

My nights are endlessly stimulating, unbearably so, but I have come to look forward to them with anticipation now. My only worry is that someday Master Thomas will suffer a heart attack, a stroke, or have an accident and be unable to come back and free us from our chains. We will both die here with no one aware that we exist in these deeply hidden cells.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

The Real Story Continues – Christmas 1998

It was a frightening story to be sure, but it helped to pass the time even while my imprisonment continued without interruption. Thomas' computer stopped working again some weeks before Christmas, so I was unable to add more pages to my web site, but I managed to catch up with all of my email and do some organizing of my files on the machine I was permitted to use.

On Saturday, the 24th of December 1998, my three hundred and twentieth day of imprisonment, at around 3: pm in the afternoon, Thomas and Babs came down to the dungeon. I was quite surprised to see them, for I am normally left alone the day after my 'Cage Day' while they both go into Munich to shop, or visit friends and go to the clubs. I had lost track of the days to go before Christmas, but their visit reminded me. As always, they now both wore their 'Jailer Uniforms' of black leather, and I was happy to see that Babs again wore handcuffs and leg shackles but said nothing about it while they entered the cell. Thomas unlocked the door in the barred wall then drew Babs inside after him, and I noticed he held a pleasantly wrapped package under one arm. Of course I wondered what it contained, for he had never made any mention of a gift other than my reward.

"Good Afternoon, convict," he greeted me, locking the door in the barred wall.

"Good afternoon, Master."

Babs had been drawn inside also but said nothing. He came to stand behind where I remained sitting quietly at the PC even though I wanted desperately to turn and look up at him. I have not seen him very often over the past months since Babs had taken over my care and discipline, so I wanted to drink in as much of his presence as possible. It was not to be for the moment, and being so deeply confined and restricted by my harness and head cage, I'd have to move my whole body, but doing this was not allowed unless I was granted permission, and for a moment, he too stood silent then spoke.

"You may stand, convict. Go over to your fixing bars and wait to be fastened. I will assist you up."

When he finished, I felt the chain leash to the back of my collar grasped, then slowly, he applied tension to it, lifting me to my feet. Once I was standing, he forced me to shuffle across the floor dragging the heavy steel ball along behind, all the while keeping a secure grip on my leash. A moment later, I stood between the posts, facing Babs, and she smiled happily.

"Kneel!" He commanded, and I sank to my knees facing her.

"Today is the 24th of December, and as I promised, if you were properly behaved, you would receive a reward."

"Yes, Master!" I said with anticipation. "Please!"

He quickly and efficiently fastened me in place starting with two chains locked to the top ring of my head cage and these were tightened until my knees almost came off the floor. I couldn't help the moan of desire that came from my innermost being, for I knew I was being prepared for my reward. Next, he took two more lengths and clipped them to the side rings of my chastity belt then tightened them until I was centred. To ensure I remained in position, he took another pair and fastened them to the inner loops of my wrist clamps, the ones to which their separator bar was also attached and led them out to the sides and then these were locked, holding my hands and arms at waist level. These of

course ensured that I was unable to fight against whatever he did nor would I be able to get at my genitals. Other chains were connected to my upper calf clamps, tightened, and locked. All the time, I quivered with anticipation but not minding my very secure fastenings. I waited quietly while Thomas went behind, staring straight ahead, unable to lower my chin.

“Now you will provide pleasure to the Dungeon Mistress, convict.”

“Yes, Master!” I sniffled with resignation.

Thomas went to Babs and released the crotch cover of her chastity belt. She walked over to stand before me, moving in closer and closer until I could not avoid her sex.

“You know what to do.” She laughed. “Do it well!”

Babs stood before me while he reached down and unzipped the crotch of her leather suit to reveal that underneath she was naked. I could both see and smell her excitement.

“Convict, use your tongue to pleasure Babs!” he commanded then moved to the side to observe.

At first, I was embarrassed to be watched, but I had been without sexual relief for so long that I soon forgot about him entirely and struggled against my chains to get at her. She teased me, and herself by occasionally moving back a few centimetres, just a little beyond the limit of my restraints, and when this happened, I couldn’t help the moaning, animal-like wails that told them of my deep need. Soon though she again pressed herself close, and I was almost unable to breathe, even though I tried to pull my head and body back from her. She forced me into my chains and to make it even more humiliating, grasped the top ring of my head cage and pulled hard on it so I *couldn’t* get away!

Occasionally, Thomas told me to work harder or faster, and I strove desperately to obey him for he could easily deny me *my* reward. He encouraged us to greater and greater efforts, and I could hear the excitement in his voice. At last, Babs flew into an orgasm in a wild shuddering then stood trembling all over with her pussy pushed, vibrating and writhing, tightly against my face while I hung in my chains, panting and aroused but still deeply locked into my restraints.

“Babs, go and lay on the mat,” Thomas ordered. She staggered over to it and collapsed in a gasping heap.

He was very satisfied and I could see he too was very excited. Thomas came to me, opening the front of his trousers.

“Now, please me, convict!” he commanded with a cruel smile in his voice.

He checked my fastenings then immediately moved to stand very close in front of me. I smelled his musky scent when he reached down and presented himself, but he wasn’t naked though for his manhood was completely sheathed with a black rubber condom! I shuddered at the implication that he still regarded me as a possible carrier of AIDS after my illicit affairs. There was no way I could not touch him, thanks to my stringent chaining, and so I stared at the instrument I so desperately wished to possess within myself. Without being commanded, I opened my mouth when he grasped himself and placed the flesh-filled, but condom-isolated, tip between my lips. The rubber had no taste and felt strange on my tongue when I twined it around the fleshy rod and began to slowly work up and down its length. I gently clamped my teeth a little with every stroke or two and felt him stiffen even more, but then his manhood plunged deeply into my mouth and throat and his hips began to piston forward until I almost choked!

For the next hour, I was required to bring him to orgasm time and time again, swinging jerkily back and forth against the severe limitation of my chains, automatically trying and reach out to him. I enjoyed this too, despite my screaming desire to enjoy conventional sex, for I was finding that bound and held as I was, there was *no* possible way for me to avoid what he wanted me to do! I grew desperate with need while I jerked back and forth, stimulating and teasing him to a state of deepening arousal.

He, like Babs, had occasionally withdrawn just a little bit too far for me to get at him, and I think he enjoyed hearing my moans of frustration. My head chains snapped and clicked when their links sprang tight, adding even more to my sensations of bizarre enjoyment of my predicament, even though it was horribly frustrating and humiliating to be fastened like a wild animal, treated as only a receptacle for his emissions, and I almost couldn't bear it. At last, he declared that it was enough, and that I was to co-operate while he changed my bondage. All the while, Babs watched from the mat with a gloating smile of happiness at the scene I was compelled to act out before her and, seeing her smile, I could not stop the tears of humiliation that came to my eyes while continuing to serve my Master. At last, he was satisfied and stood back. By this point, I was very stimulated and writhed unconsciously against my restraints, desperate for some form of sexual attention for myself.

"It's time for the first part of your reward, convict!" he stated, then opened the front shield of my chastity belt, swung it back between my chained together thighs, and somehow, latched it in place. Next, he released the upper chains that immobilized me. "Crouch down."

After he came to stand before me, he slowly and tantalizingly, reached under my belly and began to stroke my lust-inflamed labia with his rubber gloved fingers and in short seconds, I began to howl with a desperate need. The chains to the top of my head cage were quickly unlocked and then he loosened and adjusted the others until I was held between the fixing bars on my hands and knees. The ones to my waistband had been tightened slightly so that my knees were a little above the floor, but everything else was soon re-locked with my hands kept down in front of me on the tiles.

"Now it's time for you to receive your reward, convict," he stated, moving behind me.

I remained kneeling, panting and writhing what little I could with anticipation of what was going to happen next. First, he wiped me with a dampened, sweet smelling cloth, and then slowly, his fingers again began to trace my swollen and already supersensitive vaginal lips. I shuddered convulsively when he did, moaning and almost delirious, crying out desperately with my need for him, but Thomas continued to tease me! His nimble fingers flicked and caressed my clitoris delicately making me shiver and writhe even more, almost mad with desire and then they slipped slowly, deeply into my freely lubricating sex! They suddenly withdrew when I instinctively convulsed at the pleasure so long denied to me and then I felt the head of his penis questing at the entrance to my body! Oh God it felt *so* good! In a second, he penetrated me fully and I nearly fainted from the wonderful filling sensation of having a man within myself once more

Wwwwwhhhhhooooouuhhhh!!!

It had been *three hundred and twenty-one* days since the last time I had any sex!

I writhed and jerked with desperate fervour while he took his time, slowly and mercilessly impaling me on his maleness while I rocked frantically back and forth, trying

to get full penetration, but he always held back just that final amount. I soon began to scream and cry out with instinctual, animalistic need and my thoughts whirled away into incoherent, jagged, shards of glass while I came closer and closer to an orgasm. I pumped and jerked against my thrumming restraints and the firm, unrelenting imprisonment of my harness until I thought I would literally explode from the effort, but *still*, he hung back!

At last, his hips began to slam deeply and repeatedly against my straining, blood-suffused buttocks and his rubber-covered maleness pistoned far up into my molten core making me scream with wild, abandoned longing, rocking madly back and forth while he rode me, grinding into my trembling, rubber-encased, imprisoned, and securely restrained body. Within their steel bra cups, my breasts had swollen even more with sensitising blood and demanded to be mauled and caressed, but the harness was kept fully locked onto my body and head, other than the crotch cover, and that was all the stimulation I was to be permitted!

He hammered his way to a climax, grinding his thickened manhood far up into the very depths of my body, making me scream repeatedly from the wild, unending, skewering penetration. My banshee howls of unceasing need and demand for satisfaction bounced from the thick concrete walls and ceiling while I thrashed against his unmerciful pummelling of my sex with a fierceness that was almost unbelievable. He seemed to have grown far longer and thicker than I ever remembered, thrusting further and further into me until I thought I would split. Howling torrents of demanding wails poured from my throat until, at last, he could hold back no more. I felt him stiffen into rigidity and jerk savagely; plunging himself as far up into me as he could. A soul-searing scream of satisfaction tore from my throat, and I too exploded into a devastating climax and then fainted completely into my chains.

His motions at last slowed, and then he gradually withdrew himself and released his grip on my harness while leaving me still twitching with reaction and spastically clenching my body. Panting and gasping, weeping with reaction, I hung swinging slightly back and forth in my chain web, fighting instinctively against my bondage, still his utterly helpless prisoner and plaything. For long moments after, nothing further happened while he and I recovered our senses, then he came to stand where I knelt, still fastened like an animal between the fixing bars. It was humiliating and terrible to be fully restrained for sex, but I didn't care anymore! I'd been kept *totally* chaste for nearly a year, and had desperately needed to have an orgasm.

"That was the reward for your good behaviour, convict."

It was at that point I began to think again of the remainder of my life, and with a horrible feeling, I realized, again, that I would never be permitted to enjoy my body as and when *I* wanted. I began to weep in true bitterness at my own stupidity at ever wanting The Judgement and, like an *idiot*, agreeing to my sentence. The experience of the love-making just past brought home to me, as no other experience could, how much I was missing of the world. I had *not* been rewarded! Now I was only made far more deeply and personally aware of how much a prisoner I truly was, and how hopeless my bondage and punishment were. Tears began to stream from my eyes while I contemplated The Judgement and the horribly efficient harness holding me a prisoner, always controlling me. He spoke again.

“Hold still and do as you are told while I release you from the chains. You have received your reward, as promised.”

“Oooohhh, Gggooooodd!!” I wailed to myself, “*Was that all that I was to receive??*”

“That was very good, convict,” he said, releasing my chains then grasping my neck leash. “Come!”

I obeyed as quickly as I could, feeling with misery the restricting jerks of the steel ball on my ankle spreader bar when I scrambled awkwardly to the mattresses. Babs watched sullenly while I tried to lie down and somehow get comfortable beside her. It was very hard, but at last, I reclined on my side. My hands remained held widely separated from my body, kept that way by their implacable bar, and my thighs and legs remained spread by their own special restraints. At least he had not yet closed the crotch cover plate! Thomas walked to the monitor and picked up the gift-wrapped package then brought it to where I still shivered and wept with reaction. He looked down into my eyes.

“Hold still in that position, convict,” he said quietly, “*This* is your Christmas present. I know you are unable to open it, and so Babs will do it for you.

“Babs, open the present.”

She slowly moved around to kneel in front of me then carefully began to open the oblong package, spitefully dragging out the process for as long as she could. At last, she lifted the lid and pulled out a long, thick, silver-coloured vibrator from its deep nest in a blue velvet lining. Its bottom end had a long cable and at *its* end was a handle with a button in the centre. When I saw the vibrator, I quivered with an again desperate, rising need to be filled and Thomas, seeing the yearning desire on my rubber- and steel-framed face, decided to keep me in suspense no longer.

“This is for you to play with for a little while,” he said, moving the vibrator down to my quivering exposed sex.

It slid easily far up into my spasming body, and for a moment, he held it still then began pushing it into me and letting it slide out then slowly force it in again. I could feel myself building to another explosion of returning desire, but he stopped, and, holding it motionless inside my body, he slowly caressed my clitoris until I was trembling with great heaves and jerking at my harness and chains, squirming frantically within them to get more. Please! *More!*

His manipulations slowly tapered off, and he reached behind me then brought the crotch cover plate forward between my legs, leaving the thick, long vibrator still deeply embedded in my sex. A second later, he drew the wide steel strap forward between my quivering thighs and pulled it up over my quaking lower belly ... and locked it to the waistband! I cried out with need, but he was sympathetic and placed the handle with the switch in my hand.

“The batteries in the vibrator are very strong ones, convict. You can play with it for as long as they last,” he said then turned to Babs. “Come, Babsi! We will leave the convict until her bedtime.”

He smiled and they both got up and left the cell, leaving me once more alone and locked up. Now though, I had something to amuse myself with!

My thumb descended to the button, and deep within my belly, the vibrator hummed to life! My gloved knuckles tensed with a fiery, crushing grip while the electrical monster buried in my sex began to slowly shake my world to bits around me, and in short

moments, I lay writhing and panting on the mat; thrashing mindlessly against my chains and harness while I drove myself crazy. The switch had a lock-down feature so that I didn't have to maintain my grip on the handle, and more than once, I cast it from my hand so that I *couldn't* stop the pleasuring just by releasing my thumb pressure either through an overload of pleasurable sensation or consciously. When I did, the monster within me continued its incredible vibration, driving me insane with orgasm after orgasm! Eventually and with great difficulty, I managed to grasp the cord again and sometime after the switch at its end then release it with palsied fingers. The experience of being unable to stop or avoid what it did to my body and mind was a mind-blowing experience.

It went on for hours and hours, and I lost myself in a haze of the incredibly pleasurable sensations that I had been denied for *so* long. For those brief hours, I didn't care about the severe restraints I was held a prisoner in for I wanted only the unending pleasure that flooded from the core of my sex up into my body. Again and again, I tried to claw away my bolted on steel bra cups and grasp my straining, blood-engorged breasts, but the diabolical system of chains, the thick gloves and the separator bar between my wrists easily prevented it, and so, I writhed spastically on the mat, wailing and screaming out my passion ... alone.

I was recovering from one of my sessions with the vibrator when Babs returned to the dungeon, now free of her chains and grinning nastily.

"Time for you to get some rest, little Cat! You cannot have your little friend any longer!" She grinned at me where I lay while opening the cell door.

"Nnnnnooooo!!!" I wailed in sudden tears and began pleading with her. "Oh, *please*, Mistress Babs. Please let me keep it a little longer. Please, *please*?"

"You are a Chained Convict. Do as you are told, or you will spend tonight in the slave swing! Even though it is Christmas Eve, you *will* be punished for disobedience. Now hand it over!"

A moment later, she took the cabled switch from my rubber-gloved fingers, opened my crotch cover, and slowly extracted the gleaming machine from my body. I hissed with the loss of the filling device, but she ignored my desolation and immediately closed the thick steel plate again. I began to weep piteously at losing the thing that had so deeply satiated me, but she was as cruel as ever, holding it tantalizingly, swinging in front of my face, then to my surprise, she stood and walked from the cell without chaining me for the night. Out in the anteroom, she hung the vibrator on a hook in the far wall and turned to me.

"You are lucky tonight and tomorrow, convict, for you will not be fastened for sleep as you usually are. I, for one, would have chained you *very* severely as your Christmas present, but Thomas said that you will be free of your floor chains for the next two nights, and so there you are. Enjoy your night!"

She locked the cell door, then slipped through that of the dungeon, and it slid shut with a hollow boom, sealing me inside my hidden prison once again. I lay there in a despairing daze, then, short minutes later, fell into a deep, thoroughly exhausted sleep.

Over the next two days, I stared with a constant burning hunger at the vibrator, longing to feel it within me once more, but it remained hanging on the wall in the anteroom, far beyond my grasp. The third night, she chained me once more to my mat and informed me that Master Thomas had decreed that I was not to be rewarded again

until next Christmas, the 24th of December 1999! A *year* away! I didn't know how I would stand the wait, but that was really all I had to look forward to! My reward had not been one, really, only a terrible reinforcement of the punishment I was to suffer for the rest of my life! And so, that was Christmas, 1998 for Sabrina, Chained Convict For Life.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

Another Modification To My Sentence

Babs came to the dungeon every day to feed and inspect me; taking every opportunity to tease and reinforce my state of total imprisonment. She had now, very obviously, become Thomas' lover and thoroughly enjoyed having me as her captive toy to tease and torture. Typically, she came in to the cell each night and inspected my chains, cuffs, and harness, then took pleasure in telling me how tight and secure they were.

"Very nice, convict! I'm *so* happy to see that you can't get out of those restraints. Hah! You can't even think about it! I'm sure you hate them *all* by now, even though you wanted to wear them so badly at first, right?" She gloated with a happy smile. "*I'm* certainly happy to see you in such strong bondage and restricted so thoroughly!

"Now, I want you to walk around the cell for me. Make your chains rattle!"

I *had* to obey her, even if she was on the other side of the bars when she commanded me, for she could easily enter the cell and punish me as she saw fit. Walking, at any time, is always a very difficult thing for me because of the Spanish Trapezoid and the additional severe restriction of the thirteen kg steel ball, but I did as she commanded, feeling the drag on my ankle cuffs while it rumbled back and forth erratically on the floor behind me at the limit of its chain. Of course when standing, my wrist separator bar was always pulled tight against my waistband, and my elbows were pulled in behind, and at the same time, I am very conscious of the leashes to my collar and my waistband. Babs was always very pleased to see me struggle against the restraints and smiled happily every time.

"Not very nice, is it? However, convict, *I* like the way you are restrained. It's very nice equipment and totally secure."

One time, she pointed at my Converse running shoes.

"Oh. I see you wear running shoes. Too bad, convict! No sports for you, but I want you to exercise for me anyway! When you're done, go over and kneel between the fixing bars. I need some pleasure."

I did as much exercise as my harness and chains permitted, but it wasn't very much at all. I went and knelt between the posts and then Babs came into the cell and chained me. Once again she fed me her pussy and I was forced to perform my role as her sex slave. Although I wanted the sexual and personal contact desperately each time this happened, being chained helplessly to serve her needs, always left me in tears of frustration and longing. One time, when I was permitted to speak, I asked her if she suffered any pangs of conscience about keeping me as such a helpless and isolated prisoner.

"No, convict, I don't!" she laughed. "As you know, I'm *very* happy that you are kept a prisoner in here. Yes you are a chained convict, but you know for sure that you *deserve* to be kept as you are! You broke many of the rules and were also physically violent and so this is excellent punishment, even though you hate it tremendously. I'm very glad you will never have the opportunity to escape or break the rules again."

"So, it would be pretty senseless for me to beg you for another chance?" I asked.

"Yes! It really *is* pointless, and besides, Thomas makes the decisions, and he will not relent. For *my* part, as your Jailer, I promise that I will do *everything* in my power to

make sure you stay confined in here and always be forced to wear your harness, chains, and leashes ... until the very end of your life.

"I have some other ideas for even more additions to your ensemble, and I hope you'll live for a long time, convict, so that I can proceed with my plans." She smiled happily, looking down into my steel webbed face. "That will allow Thomas and me to discipline you thoroughly for many, many years, and it will also allow *you* lots of time to think about all of your past misdeeds and fully regret them. Even though you will suffer all the time, you will never be freed."

"You may as well accept that your Judgement is not going to be reversed or lightened."

"Oh, Mistress Babs!" I wailed in desperation. "I deeply and fully regret all the bad things I've done in the past! I promise I will be a good and well-behaved person in the future, always! Please! Please don't add anything more to my harness!"

"Of course you're regretful! And, you'll continue to be that way for the rest of your life!" She laughed happily, "You have *no* choice in the matter. If you misbehave, you *will* be harshly punished ... immediately, and there is no way for you to escape it. You are worried about the additions to come? Don't concern yourself because you'll experience them soon enough.

"Certainly I understand that you *thought*, at first, that your Judgement was only 'play' and a way to capture Thomas' heart, but it *isn't* play, convict! Not any more!

"You no longer hold any interest for him. Now, you're *only* his prisoner and this is a *real* jail and a *real* sentence. Thomas has fully committed himself to carrying out your Judgement in *all* of its areas and so you'll live as you are now for the rest of your life! Sometime in the distant future, you'll die in here in your chains and harness, still leashed to the wall.

"Thomas and I agree fully, so there is no need of further discussion. Remember! It was *your* decision to submit yourself to this punishment when you accepted The Judgement."

"Yes, I know, Mistress. But..."

"But what?"

"I *don't* want to die down in the dungeon as a convict still harnessed and chained!"

"Well, of *course* you don't!" Babs giggled, "But that *is* going to be your fate. You might as well accept that your life as an normally free woman has disappeared, and you have nothing to look forward to but living as you are now."

At that point, I gave up in despairing sobs. She released me from the kneeling position and left the cell and dungeon. Once she'd gone, I crawled to my mat, lay down and continued to weep in semi-hysteria, fighting to escape my so personal bonds, pulling and jerking hopelessly at my chains. I couldn't *stand* the thought and the sensations of the constant restriction! But all I could do was to look forward to the next thirty or forty *years* of being kept like this! It was monstrous, and I couldn't even begin to think about it! I suppose I slept a little after I'd exhausted myself with my struggles, dreaming that I was a chained convict, but then, I woke up and found that I really *was*!

Thomas and Babs each carry a large ring on which hang the keys for the secret steel door, the lock to the door in the barred wall, and another for the door lock of the small cell. When they've unlocked them, they hang the rings on the wall hook in the dungeon's anteroom, beside the one holding the rings at the ends of the chains to the step-up blocks.

I had been a good prisoner for a long time and so had not had to spend any nights in the terrible slave swing, but each time I looked at it and the step-up blocks, I was still overcome with terror and promised myself that I would always be well behaved.

Occasionally, I asked Babs if I could have something better to eat.

“You complain about your food do you, convict?” She laughed. “You have been sentenced to be a Chained Convict For Life, and in this regard, your food is excellent. We give you our leftovers rather than the bread and water that you would normally be fed. Too, we add in all the vitamins and supplements that are needed to keep you healthy because you get no proper exercise or sunlight.”

I could say nothing more, for she was correct!

On Saturday the 2nd of January 1999, my three hundred and twenty-ninth day as a CCFL, Babs released me from the puppy cage after I’d served my Day of Penance. She immediately pulled me to my mat by my neck leash, crawling awkwardly. I felt terribly humiliated at being treated like this, but there wasn’t any way to avoid her control of my leash! In a few moments, she had me chained down, and having been freed of my gag, I asked her what she was doing this for.

“Not that it is any of your business, convict, but I have to check on something and I want to immobilize you when I do. You’ll soon see why, don’t worry!” She laughed with an anticipatory glint in her eyes.

A moment later, she’d fastened the chains from the top of my head cage and ankle spreader bar then stood over me with a calculating look on her face. I lay there shuddering for long moments while she stared down at me, her eyes flicking back and forth, knowing, somehow, that she had been checking the floor area for the location of the side anti-rolling chains that my favourite correspondent had written of in his letters. Oh, God! A moment later she released me and left.

At about 10:00 am, Thomas and Babs returned to the dungeon, paying me a surprise visit. They said nothing when they entered, opened the cell door, and came to where I sat at the computer but then Babs grabbed my collar chain and jerked hard on it, pulling me to my feet, and forced me to walk to the fixing bars where Thomas quickly chained me between them. Leaving me standing there, they spent about a half hour searching the cell very thoroughly, and then he came to stand before me.

“We have found nothing here that you should not have, convict, but from now on, every week, there will be a routine search.”

He and Babs next spent a long time inspecting my harness, chains, and leashes: every bar, link, and security shield with its rivet was looked at, and when they were finished, he stood before me again.

“This was your Annual New Year’s Inspection, convict, and it will be done every year from now on, as you can see on this paper.”

He held up a clipboard with a long sheet so that I could see what was printed there. Along the side was a list of all the components of my harness, then I looked at the vertical columns. At the far right of the page was the number 2050! I became even more afraid then and began to cry in gasping sobs, knowing that, by seeing this, I was definitely going to be kept a prisoner for all the rest of my life.

“Nnnnoooo! Please, Master!” I howled, tears flying from my eyes at the horror he’d presented. “You *can’t* be serious. It’s impossible for you to keep me in here, like *this*, until 2050!”

“Yes, convict!” he said with determination in his voice, “I *am* serious. In 2050, you’ll be seventy-eight years old, but you might not live that long, and so it’s better to have more rows than less. Nevertheless, I hope we’ll be able to fill many, many rows on this sheet. I think this administration work is very important.”

“Yes, Master,” I wailed in gasping sobs, “you’re right, but...”

“But what?”

“I have tried and tried to forget about my punishment, and I had a small hope that perhaps I would be freed in a few years?”

“I can understand that, but I must tell you that there is absolutely *no* chance of a pardon or freedom.”

I was released from the fixing bars then they left the cell. I went to the computer and began to answer some email that had arrived from one of my correspondents in Germany. His name was Fred, and we enjoyed writing to each other, even though my letters were only sent and received every weekend. I had forgotten writing to him about some of my other sexual adventures when Thomas and I had been on holiday, but Fred renewed his questions. I tried to stop him from asking for more details but he was very persistent and so I tried to be oblique in my answers, but every letter I received or wrote was read by Thomas and Babs and so I hoped desperately that his letters had not triggered an investigation. For a few days, nothing out of the ordinary happened, and it seemed that our mail exchange had been ignored. Of course, it hadn’t been!

On Saturday, the 9th of January 1999, my three hundred and thirty-sixth day in the dungeon, I was again released from my dungeon suit and the harness and taken for my next intensive cleaning. Within two hours, I was back in the cell, completely imprisoned again. Thomas fastened me between the fixing bars and stood before me looking very angry.

“Do you have something to confess, convict?”

“No, Master!” I gulped, knowing exactly what he was aiming at.

“Are you *sure*?” He asked calmly, looking at me very intently.

“Yes, Master!” I said as strongly as I could, unable to look away from his eyes thanks to the head cage and collar.

“Do you see these?” He held up the print outs of my and Fred’s letters.

“Yes, Master. I will not say anything about them. They are private!”

“Oh *really*?” He snarled angrily. “Convict! You know that you have *no* rights as a prisoner, particularly the right of privacy! However, you do not seem to understand the situation fully, so you will now be taken to the small cell and left there until you confess to what these letters refer to.”

“Jailer Babs. Free the convict and take her into the small cell. I’ll chain her in a moment.”

Babs released me and jerked hard on my neck leash, propelling me before her into the small cell. Thomas came inside immediately behind her and soon had the short cell leashes shackled to my neck and waistband. Then he took the bolt cutters and broke the shackles that held my long leashes.

“This is your enforcement custody, convict, and you *stay* in here until you explain these letters in full and confess!”

He and Babs exited the cell, and I watched in misery when the door was slammed shut and locked in my face. My leashes in the small cell are only two metres long and

fastened at that height to the ring on the wall. I could lay down only with difficulty, feeling the constant tug of the chains to my neck and waist, but every time I tried to move away from the wall while lying down, they jerked authoritatively at my neck and waist. For the first two weeks, I was very firm in my resolve not to break down and tell Thomas and Babs about the contents of the letters, even though my punishment was very strong and there was no diversion.

I lasted for five weeks, until Friday, the 12th of February 1999, my three hundred and seventy-first day of imprisonment, before I finally told them everything. When I was done, both Thomas and Babs prepared me for my Day of Penance in the puppy cage and then locked me into it, gagged, weeping with misery, and terribly afraid of what was going to be done to me next. At midday, they returned to the dungeon and came into the cell to stand before where I crouched inside the cage, gagged and totally helpless. I looked up silently, wondering what was going to happen next, but they made no immediate move to release me from the cage.

“Convict!” Thomas spoke while Babs looked on with a small, cruel smile curling her lips, “Your confession has been made of the indiscretions you’ve committed and failed to report, and therefore, a further extension of The Judgement has been made. Here is your official notification.”

He held up the heavy paper that was used whenever a change was made to my Judgement, and then read from the pages in his hand. After he’d finished, he held them in front of the locked door of the cage so I could read them.

MODIFICATION

CCFL’S EXECUTION OF SENTENCE

Preamble

Because of repeated disobedience, lying, and failure by the Convict to inform the Dungeon Authority of her past sexual indiscretions, the Convict Sabrina was condemned on the 8th of February 1998 to a sentence of strict bondage and punishment in the household dungeon, to serve the remainder of her life as a Chained Convict.

It has been discovered that the Convict has committed far more frequent and serious misbehaviour than was already known to the Dungeon Master or the Dungeon Mistress.

These additional actions were not taken into account in the original sentencing of the CCFL, or any previous Modifications to her Judgement.

On the 12th of February 1999, the Chained Convict For Life, Sabrina Wheeler, confessed these previously unknown offences to the Dungeon Master.

The severity and extent of these offences require a further modification and extension of the original Judgement, as well as immediate disciplinary action to be administered. Here follows the Modification of Judgement and disciplinary measures.

MODIFICATION AND EXTENSION

OF THE SENTENCE OF SABRINA WHEELER,

CHAINED CONVICT FOR LIFE

This Document is the Official Modification and Extension of the Original Judgement and Sentence rendered to the Chained Convict For Life (CCFL), Sabrina Wheeler, first issued on the 8th of February 1998; then further modified by the Extension and Modification issued on the 22nd of August 1998. The Additional Modification reads as follows:

The CCFL is hereby sentenced to a second term as a Chained Convict For Life. This secondary sentence is only a technical means of reinforcing the original sentence and Judgement, for, as noted in the original version:

“A pardon, or a premature dismissal of the Convict, Sabrina Wheeler, from her dungeon detention is not possible and will remain impossible for all time.”

Together, with the doubling of her punishment term, the original version of The Judgement is hereby modified as follows:

1 – Even in the case of good behaviour on the part of the CCFL, relief of punishment will not be granted to her until she has served a minimum period of ten years of confinement in the dungeon and her harness.

2 – The CCFL shall suffer whatever types and ranges of punishments that may be applied to her person by the Dungeon Staff.

3 – A decrease in the application and/or amount of restraint equipment will not be available to the CCFL until she has served a minimum period of twenty years of confinement in the dungeon and her harness.

4 – The CCFL will, from this date forward, be leashed to the wall of the dungeon by three chains, each four metres in length, fastened to her harness at the back of her collar, at the back of her waistband, and to the middle ring of the ankle spreader bar of the Spanish Trapezoid.

5 – The CCFL will, from this point forward, be chained every night for rest, for eight hours. The chaining will take place at 10:00 pm and release will not occur before 06:00 the following morning. The CCFL will be fastened for rest as follows:

A) One chain shall be locked to the top ring of her head cage and connected to the floor ring above her head.

B) One chain shall be locked to the central ring of the ankle spreader bar of her Spanish Trapezoid and tensioned.

C) One chain on each side shall be locked to the appropriate floor ring and connected to the side loops of her waistband then tensioned.

D) One chain on each side shall be locked to the appropriate floor ring and connected to the side loops of her chastity bra harness then tensioned.

E) An additional chain from the floor ring for the convict's waistband side chain and one from the floor ring for her chest band side ring shall lead up and be fasted to the outer loop of the convict's wrist cuffs, acting to fully immobilize her hands.

6 – The ONLY exceptions to the nightly chaining procedure and method shall be when the CCFL completes her Day of Penance in the puppy cage, or is otherwise bound for the night for the execution of other sentences.

IMMEDIATE DISCIPLINARY ACTION

In addition to the aforementioned Modification The Judgement, hereinafter follows the Immediate Disciplinary Action and Punishment of the Chained Convict For Life, Sabrina Wheeler.

1 – The CCFL will suffer three weeks (twenty-one days) of Intensified Execution of her Sentence, this to be administered as follows:

2 – The CCFL shall be locked into the bath cell on shortened leashes for the full duration.

3 – The CCFL shall be fitted with a feeding gag immediately before confinement in the bath cell and will wear this device for the entire duration of her confinement: twenty-four hours a day, for twenty-one days.

4 – The CCFL will spend every night of her confinement, from 6:00 in the evening until 6:00 the following morning suspended in the slave swing within the bath cell.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF DECLARATION

These measures are proclaimed on the 12th of February 1999 and will commence on the 13th of February 1999.

Termination of this Intensified Sentence shall not occur before the 6th of March 1999.

Thomas, Dungeon Master

Barbara, Jailer and Dungeon Mistress

Sabrina Wheeler, Chained Convict For Life No. 1 (CCFL-1)

Thomas held the clipboard close to the bars, and I managed to scribble my name on the line for it. I had no choice but to sign and even my scrawl made it official. When I'd signed, both he and Babs smiled, witnessed the document then left me alone to suffer for the rest of that day and night. During the next twenty-four hours, I thought constantly of the misery that was to come, fastened inside the small cell for three long weeks, suspended every night in the slave swing, but now, for a full *twelve* hours, every day. It became too much to bear, and I screamed and screamed against my gag, struggling frantically to escape the cage and my harness, but nothing helped. I eventually subsided in shuddering sobs, resigned to my harsh sentence.

The following twenty-one days were a terrible time because of the total lack of diversion. All I could do was stare longingly out into the main area of my cell, standing at the bars and holding them. For the first two days, my jaw muscles were cramped and sore from wearing the gag, but eventually, they became numb with disuse and it was just *there*.

Each evening at 5:45 pm, Babs arrived with my food and water in their plastic bags and placed them in the brackets high on the door outside the small cell then went back to the anteroom and brought in the step-up blocks. When she came in with their chains swinging from her gloved hand, she always smiled happily into my terrified eyes, eager to punish me and I hated her more and more every night, but could do nothing to save myself! First, she placed the blocks on the floor then reached over and grabbed my neck leash.

"Come!" She commanded harshly with an evil, happy smile, pulling me to the blocks. "It's time for you to be hung up for the night. Get up on the blocks and remain still while you are fastened!"

After I'd positioned myself, she quickly connected the two side chains, grunting a little when she did, then closed the lock on the chain to the top of my head cage and stood back to inspect her handiwork.

"Ah. That's *very* nice, convict!" She'd smile, tugging slightly on the chains to the blocks under my shoes while she connected the hose from my gag to the water bottle.

By that point, I was always trembling and sometimes weeping with dread of the horrible situation and sensations that were to come after she'd removed the blocks. Babs

was cruelty personified, always leaving me standing there for many minutes, building up my apprehension and fear of being suspended yet again, but always at the stroke of 6:00, she quickly pulled the blocks from under my feet. I was left to dangle there again, sitting uncomfortably in my chastity belt with my toes barely touching the tiled floor below. It was then, every night that I began to weep with shoulder shaking sobs of despair. There was *no* escape! I desperately wanted to get away from this terrible punishment, but Babs was totally remorseless and took the greatest delight in making me wait. No matter how hard I cried and attempted to plead for her to show mercy, only the smallest sniffing wails hissed from my fear-flared nostrils for the gag kept me from any sort of begging.

“You look very nice!” She smiled while I hung there trying to maintain my balance. “I *like* to see you suffering like this and to see you weeping with misery. It’s a happy thought for me to know that you will spend the next twelve hours, right here, just like you are now! Thomas and I may be up in the bedroom making love or perhaps having a nice dinner then going out for a walk or to a movie while you hang in here, gagged, harnessed, chained, and leashed. Have a *nice* evening and night!”

She always said that maliciously, and then slammed the barred door in my face and locked it. A moment later, I faintly heard the door in the barred wall slam, and then the solid thud of the dungeon’s door. Inevitably, I had to lift one foot or the other to ease the terrible cramping in my calves and I’d fall forward, swinging wildly and howling into my gag. Every night was a horror of bondage and suspension.

At last, the end of my twenty-one day sentence came, and on the morning of Saturday the 06th of March 1999, my three hundred and ninety-second day as a prisoner, Babs and Thomas opened the door of the cell. Thomas re-fastened the longer chains from the ring in the main cell and added the third leash to the central ring of my ankle spreader bar. It really didn’t make all that much difference because only one of them would have been enough to keep me attached to the wall. But their message was clear, no escape or easing of my restrictions was going to be permitted! As soon as he had ground away the turnout heads of the three leash shackles, I was allowed out of the little room that had been my home for the past two months.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX
My Newest Sleeping Chains

That afternoon, both Thomas and Babs returned to the cell, and I was immediately taken to the fixing bars and fastened there, facing away from my mattresses. I faintly heard them murmuring behind me for a few minutes then came the whine and rhythmic pounding of a hammer drill on the tiles and cement under them. It happened four times, and then there was only the rattling of chains for a few minutes after that. Some minutes later, Babs freed me from the fixing bars, and I turned in time to see Thomas' back when he was leaving the dungeon.

"Come over here!" She commanded, grabbing the chain going from the centre front of my chastity bra to the bottom of my collar and pulling hard on it. "I want you to see the nice new sleeping chains you will wear every night from now on."

Babs made me walk to the mat then pulled me into a bent forward posture to look at what had been done. When she did, I was choked by the collar but could do nothing to resist her. At each side of the mattress, I saw that two heavy ring bolts that had been mounted in the floor, and from each of these came similar chains to the ones connected to the top and bottom rings; each tipped with a very heavy lock. I would never be able to break free of them.

"Aren't they nice?" She asked, smiling into my eyes when she released me. "Now, you won't even be able to roll around like you did with only your head and ankles chained. You'll be kept totally motionless except for your fingers and eyes. I'm thinking of some ways to limit even *those* motions too!"

"I'm going to enjoy knowing that you are fastened on the mat, absolutely helpless, with no chance of escaping, and it gives me great pleasure also to know that you will spend *every* night, for the rest of your life, just like that, unless you are in the slave swing or puppy cage. I'm going to be in bed with Thomas and think about you down here in your harness and chains, and then I'm going to enjoy some wonderful sex with him while you suffer your punishment!"

"I hope you live many, many years, convict! Now I will leave you to think about being even more securely chained for the night in a few hours. Bye!"

She turned and left me standing there, feeling the drag of the leashes while behind me the doors crashed closed. For the rest of the afternoon, I downloaded and filed all of the email that had accumulated for the eight weeks I had been kept in the small cell and then later, Babs brought my supper. By then, I was still barely able to speak and thank her for delivering it for my jaw muscles seemed to be locked, and it took a long time for me to speak and eat. At 9:45 pm, the computer beeped, and with misery, I completed my evening toilet functions then slowly lay down and centred myself with a sense of dread at what was to come. Promptly at 9:55 pm, Babs arrived in the dungeon and came into the cell to stand over me. She was in no hurry, and it took far longer than normal to delight in my nightly immobilization, making it delicious for her, but cruelty personified for me while I lay there, ready for her, I thought.

By now, I'd given up hope of seeing Thomas appear, for he had become the Jailer In Charge and left the daily tending of my needs and restraint completely in Babs control. Already, I was virtually helpless in a locked, internal cell of the dungeon, as well as being tethered by three chain leashes!

“Good evening, convict!” she said, pleasantly enough, but with venom hidden in the words and her cruel smile. “I hope you are prepared?”

“G-g-good evening, Mistress Babs. Yes, I’m r-r-ready.” I replied miserably, but quietly and without anger, for that emotion, signs of it, or of rebellion, are *not* permitted to me.

“Are you happy to be fully chained for the night, convict?” She asked as if concerned for my feelings.

I didn’t answer, for my tear filled eyes alone did that. She stood above me beside the mat, swaying her hips sexily to and fro, making her knee-length, full black leather skirt ripple tantalizingly above my face. My eyes were drawn up her darkly nylon covered legs into the envelope of the garment, seeing beneath it her frilled, soft, black satin slip. She did it deliberately, tormenting me with her freedom of movement and the soft, flattering, feminine clothing she was permitted to wear, reinforcing to me that *I* would never again be allowed the capability to move and tease as I might wish. I felt the loss of that freedom most keenly, laying there in my oppressive dungeon suit and steel harness, waiting to be chained securely. Too, as she wanted, it reinforced to me that my only garments would always be what I wore now. All I would be permitted to wear was the cloying, thick, restrictive, and hot rubber over my body, limbs, head and face! Babs leaned over and spoke again, her soft, pageboy styled hair swinging around her face.

“You know, convict, I really *enjoy* restraining you each night, and now even more so with these newest sleeping chains!” A smile of utter cruelty lit her beautiful face, and she continued, “I *love* to see you laying there so helplessly, waiting in fear, and then to see you quiver and writhe with misery when I fasten the locks. It’s a *wonderful* feeling.”

I stared into her face, framed by her lustrous hair, and wanted to weep. All of *my* hair had been taken and even my eyebrows had been shaved off! As a prisoner in strict punishment, Babs kept me utterly bald and ensured that I stayed that way. Like most women who for whatever reason have had their hair taken from them, I found its lack to be extremely humiliating and dehumanising, especially the removal of my eyebrows. Now the only things that identified me as being a female were the stainless steel cups of the bra bolted securely onto my upper body. The tight, steel crotch strap was always kept locked, covering and imprisoning my sex, so that I was only a nameless, female body, confined in a horribly restricting steel harness, kept as a sexless object of discipline, and I *could not* change it! Babs knew, of course, that I wanted, now, with all my heart, to be freed of The Judgement and to once more enjoy being a woman, but she would never allow that to happen, for I was her prisoner and plaything.

“Well, little convict, it *is* time to restrain you for the night. You have permission to speak if you wish while I chain you. Don’t you just *hate* this though?” She asked rhetorically, smiling into my eyes and enjoying my wriggling and jerks I made against my harness. She knelt on the floor beside me and idly reached down with the scarlet nailed fingers of her left hand and stirred the gleaming piles of the links of my leashes noisily for a moment then began speaking once more.

“Yes, convict, I *love* having you in here, knowing that you’re harnessed *all* the time and I particularly like that you are now on three leashes. I think they’re so neat. Perhaps next week, I shall ask Thomas to shorten them just a little. I don’t like the idea of you getting close enough to the bars to be able to touch them. They should only be long enough so that you can *look* at the bars. It’ll make you experience your chains and

harness all the more strongly,” she said, looking slowly and speculatively along the length of my entrammelled body.

I said nothing, for Babs is a harsh, cruel Jailer. I silently wished that she and Thomas had never met each other or I’d never laid eyes on her! I began to weep while she slowly pulled out the short length of steel links for my head cage, making them rattle with menace.

“What a nice sound!” She whispered then threaded the lock, and with a quick squeeze, snapped it closed. I couldn’t help the shiver of misery that trembled my body, feeling it happen so unstoppably. Babs moved to my feet. “And now here is the part that I probably like best!”

I stared at the concrete ceiling, three metres above, trying to twist my head in a shaking of “*No!*” but I could barely move it because of the chains fastening my collar to my steel bra harness. In a desperate attempt to prolong my freedom, I once again bent my legs at the knee and pulled my arms against their separator bar. This only gained me about ten cm of freedom and allowed my elbows a slight amount of slack to move away from my body. I fought wildly against the chains and the spreader bar, but it was no use.

“Oooooohhhh! What’s the *matter*, little convict?” she whispered maliciously, enjoying my futile struggles. “You don’t want to be fastened for the night?” She laughed nastily. “I *like* to see you fight against your bondage, but you *know* that you cannot ever escape it, *or me*. You look so pretty lying there. Just like a little animal about to be killed!”

While she spoke, I felt her grasp my ankle spreader bar then lean back on her heels and begin to jerk it towards her. I attempted to resist for a moment, but she was far too strong and able to use her body weight to pull my legs out! My knees straightened and the rattling of my restrictor chain’s links through their guide rings accompanied my moans of misery. The bar between my wrists slowly clamped tight to my chastity belt’s waistband and, at the same time, my elbows were pulled inexorably in and toward the centre of my back making me arch my chest upward.

“Yes! * This * is * fun * making * you * *so* * helpless!” She grunted, jerking hard on my ankle bar between each word.

I couldn’t stop my whimpers for forgiveness and release, but she had no pity. A moment later, I felt the lower chain connected to the ankle bar and the lock snapped shut.

“There!” She laughed, “We’ve got the first part done! Now, my convict, it is time to make you *totally* immobile. These anti-rolling chains are very nice, don’t you think?”

“Oh, Mistress Babs. I *beg* of you! *Please* do not put them on me!”

“But, of *course*, darling!” she whispered again. “You know that I *must* do this to prevent you from rolling around and to *punish* you also!”

“Now, I have some nice locks and you can listen to their sounds when I close them.”

I could beg no more. She leant across my steel-strapped and imprisoned body and grasped the lower chain, the one to be locked to the right side of my chastity belt’s waistband, and when she did, I smelled the delicate scent of her expensive perfume. Her silk enshrouded upper body pressed against my rubber covered one for a brief, teasing moment, and then she slowly drew the chain out from its anchoring ringbolt, toyed with the lock for a moment, smiling at me all the time then with a swift move, snapped it closed.

“There. Doesn’t *that* feel nice, convict?”

A wordless moan was all I could manage while she again leant over and picked up the chain for my steel bra's chest band strap. Silent for the moment, she pulled it across my upper arm, and then carefully connected it to the ring on the wide steel strap that encircled my chest. I was still capable of some small movement in one direction only, but that was quickly to change for the worse!

"And so we come to the other sets of your sleeping chains."

I remained silent, tears pooling in my eyes and blurring my vision while I stared helplessly up at the ceiling.

"Nothing more to say? No more begging, convict? I'm glad you were so badly behaved because now I can chain you like this!" she said then sighed theatrically. "Well, here we go!"

She said these last words while tugging out the chain that would fasten to the left side ring of my waistband, and I heard its links rattle with menace. All had been pre-measured, and so she had to pull my body slightly towards the last link and opened lock, and then, with a horrible, final sound, I heard its shackle snap closed. My hips and lower body were held motionless, flat on the thin mat, and another wordless moan of misery escaped me. Quick as a striking cobra, her hand slipped out along the next chain, and she pulled it firmly over then slipped the lock through the end link and the staple on my bra's chest band. The feel of its closing was like the knell of doom to me, but nevertheless, I wanted to see if she had made a mistake in her fastening and so shuddered against the tight chains. It was awful! I lay there upon my drawn in elbows with my back arched, sticking out my armoured breasts, completely unable to ease my discomfort. Babs pulled out the two left side chains for my wrist cuffs, and with another lock, connected them to my wrist cuff on that side and immediately did the same on the right. She was done. I surged with great effort against all of my sleeping chains, but found I could move only a millimetre or two in any direction or axes! Now, I was held, completely motionless but for my eyes and fingers! It was the cruellest means of fastening me for rest that can be imagined, surpassed only by being suspended in the slave swing. My chains did not even rattle they were so tight.

I writhed in my harness and thrumming chains, vibrating like a plucked string, trying to howl and beg her to ease my bondage but she stood up.

"Ah. Wonderful. And so there you are! You're properly chained for another night. That *was* a lot of fun, wasn't it?" She asked brightly with obvious satisfaction at making my life such a horror of subjugation and punishment.

"Well, dear convict, I must now leave you to your happy dreams! Thomas and I are planning to enjoy some interesting sex in the bedroom a little later and so I will be off! Bye!"

She turned and walked out of my extremely limited field of vision, for, unmoving now I was caught and held, able only to stare up at the thick concrete ceiling above. In short seconds, the doors were opened, closed, and locked securely, and I was left alone once more in the total silence of the cell, a helpless, secret prisoner.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN
Isolated For The Summer

Babs returned to the dungeon the following morning and easily released me from the sleeping chains, then gave me my breakfast, saying nothing the whole time. I managed to get all the food down, and then spent some time at the computer after she left.

The days and weeks of my life slipped past in an unchanging blandness until the end of March, when, suddenly, I no longer received any email! Thomas made one of his rare appearances a week later.

“Convict, I’ve discovered that the security of the web site and my privacy may be in danger, so I’ve closed down the site and all email until I discover how serious the situation is. Perhaps, at some future point, I’ll allow you to communicate with your friends, but that’s over for now.”

“Oh, Master!” I wailed devastated by what had happened and what he’d done. “I’ll go totally crazy in here without something to do! The site and my email were the only things I *had*!” I collapsed onto the floor and wept very hard.

“I’ll have plenty of work for you to complete convict, and that’ll keep you amused.”

And so the weeks began to roll by. As he said he would, Thomas began to supply me with things to do on the computer, these being sent to me on the household LAN. He didn’t even bother to deliver them! When I turned on the computer, they would appear with a required completion date, as well as the penalties I would be subject to if they weren’t completed on time.

My birthday on the 14th of April 1999 came and went without any relief from my dungeon detention, and I became twenty-nine years old, a total convict. The summer of 1999 passed outside the house, while inside the dungeon, my season maintained the same grinding rhythm with no change to the light, the smells, or my state of constant restraint. As the months passed, Babs continued to delight in torturing me and using me as her sex slave. The coldness of autumn began to turn the trees brown and leafless outside, so she told me, but then, to my surprise, at the end of October, my faithful friend from western Canada sent a message and I was allowed to receive it *and* reply! We resumed our correspondence, and I was overjoyed that I could again write to him and a few selected others.

On Sunday the 14th of November 1999, it was my six hundred and forty-fourth day as a prisoner in the dungeon and, over the past four months, Babs had grown ever more cruel and demanding. Now, she had started to urinate on the floor in front of me and then make me lick it up! It was disgusting and the first time, I choked and howled with protest, but she made me do it and then punished me severely after for my rebellion! Also, since the middle of May, every time I was taken upstairs for a cleaning, Babs gagged and blindfolded me, so I was kept even *more* isolated than before during my transit to be cleaned, and to be doubly sure, she kept all the curtains tightly closed. Being chained in the tub enclosure ensured that I could not get to the window, and she always kept me in a locked-on gag when I was taken from the cell for cleaning, ensuring that any cries I attempted to make for help were reduced to only small hissing wails from my nostrils. It became her standard practice, never allowing me *any* chance to get free.

On Sunday morning, the 21st of November 1999, my six hundred and fifty-second day of imprisonment in the dungeon, I stood for a long time at the barred wall that

separated my cell from the anteroom and held onto the thick steel shafts with my gloved fingers, staring out into it and up at the little window for the airshaft. Only a little light came from it, and it was very depressing. I suppose something inside me snapped, for I began to try and shake the bars loose, moving along them and feeling the tug, jerk, and swing of the three heavy leash chains attaching me to the wall every time I pulled on one of the bars. None of them moved the slightest amount, and I began to scream and cry in great sobs.

“Let me *out* of here! I will not die as a chained convict! *Please*, let me out! I don’t want to die in this dungeon and wearing this harness! *Please* come and free me! Please! *Ppplleeaasssee!*”

I sank to my knees in front of the lattice wall and beat my wrist separator bar on the steel ones of the lattice and then leant forward as far as my restraints would allow and banged my head cage on them also. After long minutes of this desperate behaviour, I sank to the floor and fought my harness like a mad woman, uncaring of the pain that resulted when the unforgiving steel cuffs hurt me. No matter what I tried, I remained fully restrained. There was no escape, and of course, there was no acknowledgement of my desperate pleading to be freed. Certainly Babs and Thomas could hear my screams and weeping, picked up by the microphones in the cell, but they ignored them totally, leaving me to suffer in isolation, trying to accommodate myself to my terrible, unending and cruel imprisonment. At midday, Babs came with my meal, smiling at me where I still lay on the floor sobbing in near madness to be free.

“Hello, convict darling! Thomas and I watched your little outburst on the TV monitor in the bedroom this morning while amusing ourselves in bed!” she smiled maliciously, “We really enjoyed your display.” Then she became more serious, her smile dropping away. “You don’t want to die here in the dungeon while wearing your discipline harness? Well, I can certainly believe it because it is a very strong and hard punishment that has been designed for you, but you *will* die in here, just as you are now!”

“I hope you live for a long, long time, so that you can *always* be made to suffer, and I promise you truly, there will be *no* mercy shown by either of us!”

I struggled to my knees and silently reached for the food containers while she slipped them between the bars and then raised my separated hands to her.

“*Please*, Mistress Barbara!!” I begged pitifully, straining my hands to the lengths of the restricting chains, “*Please* give me a chance? I will be a good slave to you and Thomas. I’ll do anything you want me to, but *please* don’t keep me here like this for the remainder of my life. I’ll go crazy!”

“You’ll do anything we want you to do?” She laughed cruelly. “Of *course*, you’ll do anything we want, convict! Restrained like you are, you have no choice at all, and that’s just the way you will stay! Darling, your fate is sealed.” She looked around the dungeon for a moment then turned back to look down into my tear-filled eyes. “It’s not very nice or comfortable in here, is it? I can understand that you find your punishment to be very strong and harsh, and that you don’t like wearing your dungeon suit and harness all the time, but the decision has been made and The Judgement is final.

“Personally, I think this place and your wonderfully effective restraints are *exactly* what you need to pay for your crimes. Don’t you agree?”

I didn’t answer, for I had actually *asked* to be placed here, like this. She continued.

“You are still a young woman, convict, and I’m fully aware that it’s not very easy for you to know you’ll be kept like this until the end of your life, but that *is* the sentence you were given, and it *will* be carried out in full. Again, let me state that there will be *no* mercy and *no* pity shown to you! Your punishment is well deserved, and there is no safe word to let you evade it. By the time you die, perhaps in thirty or forty years, you will have become an obedient, very good, and fully disciplined woman. But! You will *still* be kept harnessed and leashed to the wall, and *that* will never change! You’ve had your chances and you threw them away. You will not be granted any more in the future. Any questions?”

“No, th-thank you, Mistress.” I sniffled, trying to shake my head.

She left, and I ate my meal while tears of misery and despair slid from my eyes. A few days previously, Babs had noticed when she chained me for the night that one of the shoelaces for my Converse Runners had become undone. I had made it happen because I wanted the relief of not having to wear them all the time. Normally, they were tied very tightly, and I couldn’t open the knot because of being able to use only one hand to do it, and having to crouch on the floor, but that time I’d been successful. The next morning, Babs chained me between the fixing bars and gave me three hard strokes on the buttocks with the riding whip.

“Those were because you broke the rule that says you are forbidden to change or modify your dungeon clothing! Now, I’m going to ensure that you have no more choice there, either!”

She removed my shoes and disappeared for a few moments, leaving me chained between the posts. When she returned again, she put the shoes on my feet and tied the laces very tightly. I felt a small click on each foot and she stood up.

“There. Your shoes are now *locked* onto your feet. I should have thought of that before.”

I was left alone once more to think about my life before I began to clean a portion of the cell. It is never an easy task, but it helps the time pass, and so I did it as best I could because Babs always checked to ensure that it had been done. I rarely saw Thomas anymore and so was left in the cell, chained and isolated, totally alone every day. It is a very scary feeling each time it happens, and I still had not become used to the idea of being abandoned and sealed inside, but then, one day, Babs dropped another bomb on my hopes.

“Convict, I’ve told you repeatedly that you will never be freed of your harness or from the dungeon and to this end, sometime in the next year, Thomas has planned to have a shower cell created here in the basement. A fully serviced High Security Area will ensure that you never have to be taken out. The plans have already been drawn up and are quite extensive because they include new sets of doors, an electronic security system, and a lot of other nice things to ensure you are more fully controlled. It is a very comprehensive design.”

I could say nothing but was stunned with that news of my deepening security and so I just sat and stared at her. If Thomas was going to make that kind of heavy investment in my dungeon then there was *truly* no way he would ever permit me to leave.

On Sunday, the 28th of November 1999, my six hundred and fifty-eighth day of imprisonment, Babs came into the dungeon with my midday meal, and after passing the

covered plastic dishes through the bars and laying them on the floor, she stayed for a few moments.

"Here's your lunch, convict," she said then stood. "Oh, Darling! I have a nice message for you. I've read your last letter to John and your reply about the shower cell. A little later today, Michael will be coming to the dungeon to take some measurements in order to construct the new room. Perhaps your next intensive cleaning on the 11th of December will be the last one you have upstairs in the bathroom because, once the shower cell is completed, you'll never again come out of this High Security Area!"

"Thomas has also given him permission to inspect your harness and cuffs."

Michael had come to visit me once every three or four months to check on my restraints and always enjoyed seeing how well his creations worked. At about 2:00 pm, the dungeon door was opened then Michael and Babs came inside. I was lying on the mat with my knees drawn up, toying with my leashes when she unlocked the door in the barred wall and they came into the cell to stand beside me.

"Stand up!" Babs commanded harshly, reaching down and grabbing my neck leash. She pulled hard on it while I struggled to my feet and, of course, when I came fully erect, my wrist separator bar snapped tight against my waist cinch and my elbows were pulled in behind. Michael came and stood in front of me.

"Babs, this is a *very* nice arrangement!" He smiled at her, tugging gently on the wrist bar. "Hello, convict."

"Hello, Sir!" I answered, forced to stare straight ahead, looking into his face.

"How are you? Are you feeling good?"

"Yes, Sir!"

He turned to Babs again.

"May I check the harness of the convict, Babsi?" He asked as though I wasn't even there!

"Of course," she replied with a smile.

Michael took full control of my leashes and chains, tugging hard on them and checking all of the pieces of the steel web that kept me such a horribly restricted and helpless prisoner. I think he really enjoyed making me move to his commanding grip, but I said nothing. At last, he finished and turned again to Babs.

"Everything is fine, Babsi. There is no damage or any visible signs of wear, and I'm sure the harness will remain securely closed and locked on her." Then he turned to me.

"Convict, you know that I *also* think you are being properly punished for your behaviour and misdeeds, so there will be no hope of you escaping."

"Yes, Sir!" I sniffled, tears coming to my eyes, "I know, Sir."

An unstoppable and terrible moan of despair came from my throat.

"You know that there will soon be a shower cell created and that there will also be some other changes made?"

"She knows about the shower cell," Babs said, "but not about all of the other things that will be done also."

"Is it OK to show her the plans?" Michael asked Babs.

"Sure. Why not? I think it'll be a good thing for her to see them and know that we'll do our very best to ensure she remains a complete prisoner in an inescapable dungeon."

Michael held up a paper so that I could see the details as he explained them to me. He showed me the location of the shower cell to be created in the storage room just

outside the cell. There would be green tiles on all the walls, floor and ceiling, and the door would, of course, be barred. Then, there was a new barred wall and a door outside, so that a second anteroom was created. Beyond, there was a second, heavy, steel 'vault' type door that would seal the whole High Security Area, and Babs took great delight in telling me that once all the work had been completed, I would *never* pass beyond that door again. Other TV surveillance cameras would be added so that the entire complex would be under constant inspection.

Next, he told me that the small window in the dungeon anteroom would be reduced in size so that it would only measure ten cm wide and twenty cm in height! It was to be more of a psychological message for me than anything else because it was already impossible for me to get near, thanks to the barred lattice wall and my leashes. Outside the new steel door of the dungeon would be a set of wall shelves built on a pivot that would hide it completely.

"And so, there you have the changes that will soon take place, convict. I'll be starting on the construction next week and it should proceed quickly."

"Oh, Sir!" I wailed in tears at what was going to be done, "It isn't right I should be so deeply imprisoned! It isn't true! You're all just teasing me!"

Babs broke into my moaning.

"In a few weeks you will see that it is indeed true. Enough. Michael, let's go and see Thomas."

"Goodbye, convict." Michael said, "I hope you're able to endure your punishment without too many problems. Good luck until my next visit!"

"Goodbye, Sir." I moaned. This was terrible! Soon, I'd never even be let out of my small prison!

"Convict!" Babs snapped at me while she locked the door in the barred lattice wall, "You are only permitted to sit down on the mat after the dungeon door has been closed and locked. Not before!"

"Yes, Mistress!" I said and watched while the heavy steel door was closed and locked. I shuffled to the mat and sank slowly onto it, hearing the ever present clicking and clatter of my chains, and then stared around the cell and at my leashes. Once more I began to cry in great, shoulder shaking sobs, jerking my hands uselessly at their chains and separator bar. I stayed that way for hours, wishing I had never ever met Thomas or signed my Judgement.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

New Arrangements

The High Security Area (HSA) IS Real!

On Saturday, the 11th of December 1999, my six hundred and seventy-second day as a CCFL in the dungeon, always totally restrained in my harness and on my leashes except for the times I was fastened into the lighter L-200 Convict Transport Chains for my cleaning. Babs came early in the day and released me from the cage, and then secured me between the fixing Bars.

"It's again time for your intensive cleaning. This will be the last time you are ever taken out of the dungeon's High Security Area, convict!"

Being gagged, I could say nothing, so I looked at her with despair, hoping for some type of pity, but as usual, she smiled back at me. There was none. She quickly removed my harness and dungeon suit then fitted me with the Convict Transport Restraint System. I couldn't stop my moans then weeping while she readied the Transport and Shower Gag because it was a *horrible* thing to wear. First I had to accept the huge rubber plug for my mouth then a few seconds after it had been locked she pulled the thick, tight, rubber bag over my head and locked its high collar tightly around my neck, enclosing me in a hot claustrophobic blackness. She took one of my arms in her gloved hand and marched me from the cell in short, prancing, chain-snubbed steps because my ankle cuffs had been made very tight again, and the chain between them was, as always, *far* too short. It hurt terribly when I took each little step, but she uncaringly hustled me along. Inside the thick rubber bag, I screamed against my gag from the pain. It was always an ordeal when I was taken for cleaning but this time, it was worse than I imagined it could be, because it was to be my last time on the upper floors of the house!

Over the past week, there had been a lot of noise outside the dungeon and I'd smelled the scents of fresh concrete, mortar, and paint. I was certain that my jailers really *were* having Michael do the work they'd told me of.

I was in the upstairs bathroom for only an hour to complete my shower, the cutting of all my nails, and the shaving of my head, eyebrows, and all of my pubic hair. Babs again fitted me with the rubber head bag, locked it around my neck, and took me back to the dungeon and so, by 8:00 am, I was fully suited, harnessed, and leashed once more. She stood before me with a big smile on her face.

"As I told you, convict, today really *was* the last time you will ever be allowed out of this High Security Area. Michael is making excellent progress with the work and everything will be complete by the last week of December."

"Mistress Babs?" I asked in a fit of renewed terror, "Really? Is there *really* a shower cell?"

"Of course!" She smiled. "It's necessary to hold you in full security at *all* times! Your trips up to the bathroom have always had a slight risk, so Thomas decided to eliminate it completely. We both agree with the letter your friend sent, that you should be held in a 'death row' style prison set-up, and so you will never again leave the HSA while you are alive."

I stood before her with tears running out onto the horrible rubber mask clamped tightly onto my skin by the head cage. It was terrible to know how strongly I was to be imprisoned, but Babs was not yet done speaking.

“Yes, you *should* cry, convict, because there are many other things being done to ensure that you never have even the slightest chance to escape.”

“This is what Michael has so far completed. There is now an electronic access control system for all of the doors in the HSA, with the main control panel in the house office on the top floor. There are access keypads outside the dungeon’s new outer door, with others between the inner sets of doors and these are all placed two metres high on the walls and need a key just to unlock their covers. Obviously, you need to have your hands free to reach that high, and for *you*, that will always be impossible. Once the keypads have been opened, then an eight digit access code must be entered to open just that door.”

“*It must* be closed and locked before the next keypad can be opened and that requires a different key. Then, another, different code must be entered before the next door will open. This process has to be repeated again to gain access to *this* area of the HSA, and of course, a key and code now has to be entered before the door in the lattice wall can be opened. As added security, every preceding door has to be closed and locked before the next one can be opened and so the system is *very* secure!”

“Another thing you should know is that there are now infra-red motion detectors in all areas, and if the system detects *any* movement where there should be none, it locks all the doors securely and sends an alarm to Thomas.”

“If the power supply fails, there is a battery back-up available, but the default configuration of all the locks is that they remain fully locked. Power is needed to *open* them, not to keep them closed.”

“As things stand now, Michael has already installed and tested all of these features, and that’s the reason you haven’t been able to use the PC for the past couple of days.”

What could I say? Thomas, by installing these elaborate arrangements, was making totally sure I’d have absolutely no opportunity to escape, and too, that no one, without the correct keys and codes, could come to free me. I wanted to speak, but Babs interrupted.

“Mistress Babs...?”

“Silence, convict! You will now begin to use the following procedure before you are permitted to ask questions!” She snapped at me. “From now on, you are not permitted to look at either me or Thomas when you speak to us, and before that is permitted, you must say the following, ‘*The Convict begs to be able to speak to the Dungeon Mistress (or Master), please?*’.”

“Do you understand, convict? You may speak.”

“Yes, Mistress Barbara.” I moaned.

“If permission is not granted, you must stay silent or you will be harshly punished.”

“Yes, Mistress. I understand!”

“Very good. Now! What was it you wanted to know?”

“It’s nothing, Mistress.” I mumbled. “I was only going to beg you to free me, please?”

“Forget it!” She snapped. “Not a chance!”

“Yes, I *know!*” I wailed and began weeping very hard. Babs turned away and left the dungeon until late in the afternoon when she returned with my evening meal.

The next afternoon, the 12th of December, she returned at 1:30 pm with my large discipline gag in her hands and then came to where I sat at the computer table, walked behind me, and spoke one word.

“Open!”

I had no choice but to stretch my jaws apart as much as the head cage permitted, then she pushed the large rubber phallus in and locked it.

“Stand!”

I rose and felt my hands and arms immobilized by the chains, then she grabbed my collar leash and frog marched me ahead of her into the small bath cell. Once inside and facing the back wall, Babs connected the short leashes to the front rings of my collar and waistband, and then left me standing. I couldn't turn around and so I stared miserably at the smooth concrete wall just a few centimetres in front of my face while hearing the fateful noises the chains and wooden step up blocks made when she returned and knelt in front of me.

“Get on your nice step up blocks, convict!”

She grabbed my left arm and assisted while I slowly positioned myself, then I began shuddering while she connected the side suspension chains. Strangely, she had not connected my head cage one! No matter how much I feared the slave swing, she was going to hang me in it again!

“Freeze!”

Out of my sight behind, she brought up the thick rubber bag that was normally employed when I was taken upstairs for my shower then pulled it down over my head and face! Oh God! It was horrible to have my head so deeply in bondage! Not only did I wear the full helmet and facemask held tightly against my skin by the metal straps of the head cage, but I was also securely gagged, and now she'd put the bag on over everything and locked it! A slot had been cut at its top, and she pulled the ring at the crown of the head cage through it, then connected the middle chain of the slave swing, leaving me to stand in endless blackness, able only to hear a very little of what was happening. Babs slowly tightened the chains to the step-up blocks then, with a sudden jerk, pulled them from under me! I swung crazily back and forth in total blackness and silence, screaming in terrible fear while I tried to get my footing then I faintly heard the barred door slam closed behind my back. Oh God, this was awful! She left me to dangle, swinging erratically in mid-air and more automatic howls of misery rose in my throat, but the gag and the head bag stifled them fully. Inside the thick, oppressive rubber containment, I fought to keep from panicking, even though the situation I was in was incredibly horrifying.

At last, I just hung motionless, balancing precariously on the toes of my shoes, but knowing that sometime soon, again, I'd have to sit in my chastity belt and, inevitably, I'd fall forward to the limit of the chain to the top of my head. I could not stop the tears that welled from my eyes and asked myself what I'd done wrong to be punished like this? Oh, *God!* I wanted so badly to be freed of the constant control and discipline!

Some time later, I faintly heard voices, and then came louder sounds of tools being used and these went on for a long time. There was a long time of silence until Babs at last came and released me then let me out into the main cell and I looked around to see what they'd been working on. At last, my eyes went to the window. They'd closed it down to the small size Michael had told me would be done, and in the middle of the narrow slot was a one cm diameter steel bar with cross bracing a third of the way from both the top and bottom. It was a terrible thing to see and realize that I could now not see *any* light

that might come down the outside airshaft. Babs spoke and laughed while I stared at the small opening.

“Now you can see that you are truly imprisoned in a really secure little dungeon, darling. The additional doors and bars are completed and only the shower cell remains to be finished. It will be completed within ten days, and then you will *never* leave this High Security Area.”

I could do nothing but sniffle wordlessly while she left the cell and dungeon.

On the Friday, the 24th of December 1999, my six hundred and eighty-fifth day in the dungeon, I hoped I would have the same Christmas present I’d received last year, but it was a silly hope. It was my regular Day of Penance and there was no exception made. On Saturday morning, Christmas Day, I was released from the cage and cleaned, then pulled over to my mat, where, once I was laying down, she opened the front shield of my chastity belt.

“This is only happening because Master Thomas has ordered it. If I had *my* way, you would not even be permitted *this*. OK. You have exactly one hour to enjoy yourself, then I’ll come back and lock you up again.”

She quickly left the cell and dungeon. I was very disappointed that Thomas had not come to have sex with me, but I lay back and caressed my own flesh for the first time in two years, and even though I wore gloves, it felt wonderful! Almost immediately, I came to an orgasm, so strong was my need, then I had another and another and my mind seemed to fly off in a thousand pieces. It seemed as though no time at all passed before Babs returned and pulled me out into a laying flat posture, snapping my hands helplessly off to the sides when their separator bar clicked firmly against my waistband. I howled with misery and writhed what little I could against my harness while she pulled the crotch plate forward between my thighs, then up over my lower belly, smiling happily while she pressed it over the flange on the front of my waistband then closed the lock. My moans of misery and loss grew louder and longer, and I kicked against my Spanish Trapezoid, feeling my sex, once more, totally imprisoned. On my chest, my breasts had swollen with sensitising blood inside their steel cups, but I couldn’t touch them either. Babs watched me squirming and trembling with desperate need, smiling happily at my distress.

“That was your Christmas present, convict. I hope you enjoyed it!”

Over the previous couple of weeks, the power to my PC had been interrupted twice for long durations, and so I couldn’t write any mail, then on Monday, the 27th of December, my six hundred and eighty-eighth day in captivity, I was able to communicate once more to my friends. I was aware that the computer had been activated again because the monitor came alive briefly and then there was a beep from it. Shortly after, Babs arrived in the dungeon and stood on the other side of the bars in the anteroom.

“Good afternoon, convict. You can see that the keyboard and monitor are active once more. If you look on the screen, you will see some interesting messages from now on when you hear the beep sound.” She smiled happily while I struggled to the table and read the message.

“Zugang Kontroll System zum Kerker Kettenstrefling.”

(Access Control System to the Dungeon of Chained Convict.)

I moaned, seeing that now the system was fully operational. Babs laughed again.

“That’s right! It’s *all* working now. And, here’s some more information for you to let you know just how strong the security actually is.”

“You’ll remember I said there is a new steel door as the main entrance one for the HSA? Well, it’s built just like a bank’s vault door. There are six, thick steel posts that lock it, one each at the top and bottom, and another two on each side. These are moved into the steel frame by an electric motor inside the door and there is *no other way* to move those locking bolts. If the power fails, it *might* be easier to break through the walls; however, they are all twenty-five cm thick with lots of tightly-spaced reinforcing bars embedded in the cement.”

“Last night, we activated and used the ACS, but you didn’t know it because your computer was still turned off. Now that it is active, the timer blocks *all* access to the HSA until the entered time, and it cannot be adjusted once the program starts. *None* of the codes or keys will work during that time. Thomas has, as a matter of standard procedure, set one unchangeable program so that every night you are sealed in here from 10:00 pm until 6:00 the next morning, but it’s also possible to enter as many as 16 other separate programs.”

With a smile, she left me and I heard the monitor beep. When I looked at it, I saw the message as before, but there were other things under the repeated phrase.

“Zugang Kontroll System zum Kerker Kettenstrefling.”

(Access Control System to the Dungeon of Chained Convict.)

“Sicherheitsschleuse: leer, beide Tren geschlossen und verriegelt.”

(Security Lock: empty, all doors closed and locked.)

“Zeitschlo: aktiviert, bis 18:00 Uhr.”

(Time Lock: activated, until 6:00 pm.)

“Hochsicherheitsbereich: sicher.”

(High Security Area: secure.)

“Straflingsbereich: hermetisch geschlossen; derzeit kein Zugang von außen möglich.”

(Area of Convict: completely shut off from the outside world; No access from outside possible.)

I soon got used to the noise of the beep of the computer and seeing the messages on the screen telling me of being sealed totally away from the outer world. A number of letters came in from my favourite correspondents, and in one series of them, my Canadian friend reinforced to me that I had become even less of a person than I had regarded myself as! He told me, even though I had horrible feelings about it, that I had, in effect, become only an experimental animal! The thought that that was how Thomas and Babs now regarded me was an awful one, and I began to think, again, of ways of trying to commit suicide if things became more unbearable than they were, but restrained as I was by my harness, chains, and leashes, I had *no* hope of being able to accomplish it!

Babs continued to ensure that I felt my full range of restriction. She’d come into the cell and make me stand, then, walking behind; she’d jerk harshly on my collar leash, forcing me to move around. Whenever she did, I soon begged her to stop, but she enjoyed her power a lot and loved to make me weep with misery and fight against my terrible harness. One night, after she’d made me experience the restraints, I sat on the floor, still weeping and struggling while she stood over me.

“You’ve seen the messages on the screen, so you know there is really no possibility for you to ever get out of here. I’ve attempted to get in and also to somehow get around the system by trying to open the covers for the keypads, but the ACS will not even permit

that, to say nothing of being able to enter the codes! Only after the correct time was I able to open the covers and enter the correct codes.

“Oh! By the way! I’ve already entered the times for your next cage day,” she smiled down at me. “The HSA will be totally sealed from 6:00 am on Friday morning until 6:00 am on Saturday. *No one* will be permitted to see you or to come in here during that entire twenty-four hours.”

I looked up at her.

“But what if I have problems? If I start to choke on my gag or food, I could die!”

“That’s right,” she grinned, “However, I don’t think you need to worry because you *are* going to die in here anyway! I’m sure you’ll be fine. You’ll be fully chained and safe in your nice little cage and I’ll observe you occasionally, on the monitor upstairs, but if you have a problem, I *won’t* be able to help you at all, because the time lock will be active.”

“That’s unsafe and cruel!” I protested.

“You’re right!” She laughed. “It *is* unsafe and it *is* cruel, but that’s life! Are you afraid to live like this now?”

“Yes, Mistress Barbs, I’m afraid of the way the ACS system works and I don’t want to die alone! I don’t want to be in here *any more!!*”

“Well, I can understand why you feel that way. Who wants to die alone and wearing a very secure and inescapable steel body harness, chains, and leashes? And, too, you’ll be bound and helpless even while you are dying, but that *will* be your fate.

“You may as well get used to the idea that there is *no* possibility of help for you from the outside whenever the time lock for the HSA is active. I’m going to leave you now until 9:45 pm, then I’ll be back to chain you for the night, and you’ll be sealed in here until 6:00 tomorrow morning.”

And so it happened, and continued...

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE
Another Year Ends

Every night when Babs came to fasten me, she always enjoyed the process immensely, sometimes staying for a few minutes after I'd been chained down to watch me struggle, trying to get used to the severe bondage she had so easily imposed. I *hated* hearing the solid click from each of the padlocks when she closed them! How many times I have lain here, staring up into her cruelly laughing eyes while she describes the night she is about to enjoy with Thomas while I can do nothing except once again, curse my stupidity. Occasionally, she would make her position of superiority over me even plainer, and one time, she came into the cell and stood by the back wall, near where my leashes were fastened to their ring.

"Come to me and kneel, darling," she commanded in a soft voice, but it was a command I could not ignore. I shuffled slowly to stand in front of her, and then carefully, and with difficulty, sank to my knees. "It's *so* nice to see you a captive in your wonderfully secure harness and a captive of your lovely leashes, little cat. Do you like your harness and chains?"

"Y-Yes Mistress." I whispered, "I like them very much."

"Do you have any problems with being kept imprisoned like this, convict?"

"N-n-no, Mistress!" I moaned, lying miserably.

"That's very good because you *will* wear them for the rest of your life. Why are you put in this severe bondage, convict?"

"B-B-Because I was disobedient and had sex when I wasn't supposed to!" I wailed in a storm of tears, fighting to ease my bonds. "Therefore, I have been condemned to be a chained convict for the r-r-rest of my life!"

"That's *right* you bitch! You have learned your lesson again today and remembered why you are here," she said negligently, looking around the barren little dungeon. "I've read through the letters you've exchanged with John, and yes, this really *is* your Death Cell. Being the dirty whore you are, this is the best place and system to keep you disciplined and chaste for the rest of your life. I have *no* pity for you! None at all!"

"No, Mistress Barbs! No! *Please!* You can't be so entirely heartless ... so terribly cruel!"

"You are *very* mistaken thinking *that!*" she said in a voice filled with menace, "I am! You are only a chained convict and so you are nothing! I'm your Jailer, and it is my duty to guarantee that your sentence and The Judgement is executed to the letter. Now, kiss my shoe!"

I stared rebelliously up at her and hesitated, but she reached out and grasped the ring at the top of my head cage with one hand, then forced me to bend forward until I crouched in a humble pile before her.

"You *will* kiss my shoe!" She snarled, pushing my head down while I choked against the pressure of my high collar.

In tears, I did as she commanded, and when I had done it again, she finally released me and stood back.

"Have a nice morning!"

I was *so* enraged and humiliated, but there was nothing I could do!

Between Christmas and New Years, I was permitted to send and receive many emails from my favourite correspondents and so I took full advantage of the opportunity. As always I was forced to eat every meal crouched humiliatingly on the floor. I felt more and more like the animal that John had written I'd been reduced to, and this, in combination with Babs continually now calling my dungeon and HSA a 'Death Cell' and the fact that it was always electronically sealed, made me become extremely despondent.

Each time, after I'd eaten, I walked a little bit, always accompanied by the sounds of my chains rattling and the rumble of the steel ball, with both it and my leashes always tugging at my neck and waist. Even this small amount of exercise was tiring, and after, I sat on the mat with my knees drawn up so that my hands had a little freedom. It was only in that way that I could touch my waistband or the Spanish Trapezoid's irons, or barely reach my collar and head cage. Inevitably, I brushed my gloved fingers over the steel cups imprisoning and isolating my breasts, but they were fastened very securely. I could not get my fingers under the edges, nor could I feel anything other than the desire to touch myself. On the afternoon of the 28th of December 1999, I was sitting in misery, pulling at my chains in yet another fruitless attempt to escape the constant limitation to my freedom. After a while, I fell onto my side then rolled onto my back and began crying in deep despairing howls.

"I will *not* die in here! No! No! *NNNOOO!* Please do not let me die in here! I am far too young to be kept as a chained convict in here. I'm too young. *Please* let me out of here? Please? *Pplleeeasssee?*"

I don't know how long I went on like that. I was in a state of total despair, weeping uncontrollably, but of course, no one came to comfort me because the HSA was sealed by the time lock. I was such a stupid girl to *want* to be punished, especially like *this!* At first, I'd thought I really deserved this sentence, but I'd had *no idea* it would be so strongly carried out, nor that it would be for the rest of my life! Until this point of my imprisonment, I *hadn't* wanted to realize I would never be freed again, even though Babs and Thomas had already told me this innumerable times. My fantasies and dreams of imprisonment without end had become firm and uncompromising reality!

I longed to have someone other than my jailers and Michael come to see me, perhaps to reach through the bars and touch me, or to hold my hands, and perhaps stroke my steel imprisoned body, but only Babs came that evening with my nightly meal. She didn't even bother to open the door in the lattice wall, only sliding the dishes between the bars.

"Your supper."

"Thank you, Mistress Babs!" I mumbled moving close to the barred wall and kneeling to get at the dishes.

"Any problems?"

"No, Mistress." I whispered with despair, crouching over to get additional slack in the chains to my wrists. "No problems."

"That's good. I'll be back before 9:55 to chain you for the night."

"Yes, Mistress Babs."

She took the empty bowls from my midday meal then left me, and about two minutes later, the monitor beeped telling me I was again sealed inside. The so-called food was awful! In one of the dishes were small pieces of bread and meat in a sauce, and in the other, mashed potatoes and vegetables. Both were barely warm and looked totally unappetizing, but I was hungry, and so with one hand, I began to use the soft plastic

spoon to put the food into my mouth. Really, I never have any choice, but I am forbidden to leave any food in the dishes and must eat all that is given to me. The next day, Wednesday the 29th of December, my six hundred and ninetieth day in the dungeon, Babs told me that there was a document called “Instructions for the Execution of Sentence of Imprisonment of the Chained Convict”, but that I was not permitted to see it. Then she told me some horrible news that only made my imprisonment all the more strong!

“Just for your information, Darling, in August of last year, we burned all of your personal effects and the identification papers you had in the little wooden box in your former room, after the Extension to your Judgement was made and agreed to. Also! Last year, Thomas received a call from the Registry Office, and they asked if he knew where you were. He told them that he didn’t and that you had gone missing nearly two years ago. They asked him to file a Missing Person Report with the police, and he did it then.

“The Police told him if you don’t come forward within five years, you’ll be officially declared as dead. So! In another four years, all records of your former life will be gone! Even now, you don’t exist to the outside world, and so you’ll *have* to stay imprisoned in here for the rest of your life.”

“You have everything you’ll ever need, but you own nothing at all in the world, not even a name! The dungeon suit, your shoes, and your harness are all the property of the Dungeon Authority, and are only on loan to you during the serving of your sentence.”

Without knowing of it, I had passed far beyond the point of no return in my imprisonment almost a year ago. Now, Thomas and Babs dared *not* let me be free again ... ever! They knew that if I ever escaped or was released, I would surely go to the police and they would go to jail. So, they’d had to make very sure that I had no opportunity to do so.

Sometime over the past year, Babs had also said that she did not think it was correct that I only sat around in the cell and was not punished further. What she wanted was to get some sort of fitness equipment, like a rowing bench and a treadmill then *force* me to work on them. At that time, I had no idea how she would compel me to do so, but Babs was very inventive and intent that it be made to happen. She’d also said that if there had been enough space in my cell as it was, she would have obtained the machines already then modified them so I could be chained like a galley slave to the rowing machine and forced to work on the oar all day, or if the tread mill was used, I would have to walk without ever stopping. When I’d heard this and that the only reason she hadn’t had it done was because there wasn’t enough space available, I was very thankful. *That* wasn’t the end of the matter, though!

I tried to keep myself amused at the PC, but could still only manage to stay seated for about half an hour before I *had* to get up, and when I did, of course, the chains pulled my hands and arms into a tighter bondage. Every time I walked up and down my cell, I thought of how strange I would look to anyone who saw me: my hands were always held the same way, out to the sides of my waist, and my elbows pulled in tight behind me. I had to take each of my steps slowly and carefully, always fighting against the awkwardness of the Spanish Trapezoid and drag of the steel ball, feeling the constant tension on each of my leashes. I must look like some sort of android! Even the smallest of normal, everyday activities is always very, very difficult for me, even when I want a drink of water. I begged Babs to lengthen the chains that so restricted me, but she had no intention of allowing that to happen.

“Why should we do that? I see no problems with the lengths as they are now! I think they’re just perfect.”

“Oh, Mistress Babs, please? Please have some pity for me? Just a few centimetres?”

“No! What you have is sufficient for your needs, and you should be thankful that you’ve got what you have, because they could also be shortened. Do you want *that*?”

“No, Mistress Babs. No, please!”

“OK. So, you’re happy with your chains?”

“Yes, Mistress Babs! I like them just as they are.”

“Excellent. Why were they added to your harness?”

“Because I was disobedient and rebellious, Mistress Babs.”

“That’s right! Now, I have a tip for you. Any more complaints about your chains, *any* of them, and I promise you will be fitted with even more, and the ones you already wear will be shortened. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Mistress. I understand fully.”

She turned and left the dungeon, and as so often before, I stared around my small world and wept yet again at my foolishness, staring at the hooks on the other side of the anteroom away from the barred wall and at the very secure locks she used to fasten me to my mat each night. They looked so simple, but inside their plain, brass cases, heavy steel parts ensured they could not be picked, and besides, when they were used, I couldn’t even see or touch them! Each night their terrible, solid, final, clicks ensured that I remained fastened. I only faintly heard the clicks of the locks and my chains when I jerked at them because, wearing the thick, neoprene helmet and the steel cage over it, my hearing is very limited, but enough that I can hear the electric motor in the door when it forces the bolts closed, then the heavy ‘*clack!*’ sound when the locking bolts are driven home.

Over the past year, Babs had seldom used my name, calling me always just ‘convict’. I felt terrible about this change, for I wanted to hear my real name spoken, and not just become a body that anything could be done to. This however, was leading toward a thing that she had mentioned earlier in October I believe. She wanted me to be branded again, but this time on my face! Nothing more had been said about it since then, and I’d forgotten about her single comment, assuming she was only trying to frighten me even more than usual, but that *wasn’t* to be the end of the matter!

On Thursday, 30th of December 1999, Babs brought my lunch at 1:00 pm and passed it through the bars, and then left the dungeon. I waited for the beep from the computer telling me that I was sealed inside again, but nothing happened. Instead, I heard something that sounded like the rattle of chains and some voices. This went on for about half an hour while I crouched close to the bars and ate my meal. The door opened again and Michael and Babs stepped through into the anteroom, closing it behind them. I was very surprised to see Michael.

“Hello, convict,” he smiled at me from the other side of the barred wall, “How are you?”

“I’m OK. Thank you, Sir!” I replied, standing slowly and feeling my chains pull on my arms and hands, making me helpless before him.

“That’s good. Any problems with your harness?”

“I-I *don’t* like it anymore, Sir!” I moaned, trying to twist my hands inside their thick cuffs, fighting my chains and separator bar and clenching my gloved fingers.

“Yes, I’m sure you don’t!” he said seriously, “However, you *will* continue to wear it for the rest of your life, whether you like it or not.”

“I-I-I *know*!” I whimpered, beginning to sob very hard, my shoulders heaving and arms tensing against their restraints.

Babs stood watching me impassively then spoke.

“Michael has just installed the new leash and other restraints in the shower cell, convict. You’ll really like the security of the new equipment.”

He nodded and looked pityingly at me.

“That’s correct, convict. Babs and Thomas have come to the decision that you will *always* be leashed with at least one chain while you’re serving your sentence, even when you are given a shower in the cell. It’s considered necessary, for you will be quite uncomfortable during the washing process.

“It’s OK, Sir.” I sobbed and saw Babs look at Michael.

“Do you want to measure her now?”

He turned and looked at her, seeming to find her question troublesome.

“Babs?” He asked quietly, “Do you *really* want this done? It’s really a very cruel and irreversible process.”

She looked at him, then turned to me and smiled.

“Yes, Michael. I want it, and as you know, Thomas has agreed.”

“OK, Babs. She’d better be fastened between the fixing bars then.”

Until now, I’d stood away from the barred wall, feeling the unending tug of the leash on my wide, uncomfortable collar, and so I understood almost nothing of their conversation while I watched them talking. Babs and Michael moved to the door in the barred wall, and she unlocked it, then they both stepped inside the cell. Babs walked slowly toward me.

“Get between the fixing bars. Quickly!”

I moved to them as fast as I could, and she rapidly fastened me in place.

“Take the measurements please, Michael.”

He came to stand before me then took a tape from his pocket and measured my face while Babs stood to the side and smiled. I could feel myself getting very hot and scared.

“Surprised, convict? I’ll bet you thought I’d forgotten, didn’t you?”

“Yes, Mistress Barbara. What are you doing this for?”

“Well, surprise for you is always a good thing.” She laughed. “I’d nearly forgotten my idea to have your face branded. However, when I read your letter to your friend Joanna, it came back to me.”

I tried to shake my head and get away from her, but the head cage held it tight and the chains to the fixing bars were securely locked.

“*No*, Mistress Barbara. *Please, no!* Please do not brand me? *Pppllleeeaaassseee*. Not my *face*!” I began to scream, knowing she was serious.

“Be silent, convict, or you’ll be gagged!” Then she looked at Michael. “So? What’s your opinion?”

“Babs, I do not wish to do it on her forehead because the flesh there is very thin and the surface isn’t flat. If it has to be done, I would prefer to do it on each of her cheeks.”

I wilted in my chains, shaking with horror at what he’d said. Babs looked at me with no sympathy at all.

“On the cheeks? Well, of course! That’s a very good idea, Michael. It can be nice and deep too. What size do you think would be appropriate?”

“Hhhmmmm?” He looked closely at me. “I think about five cm in length and one and a half cm in height will be just right.”

“On each cheek?”

“Yes, of course, if that’s what you want.”

“Good. Both cheeks then, nice and deep. That way, she can suffer twice the pain and embarrassment. How long will it take you to make the iron?”

“A week.”

“Excellent. That way we can do the branding after her next intensive cleaning on the 5th of February.”

All the while they talked, I was in a haze of horror at what they were discussing so casually, and then I came to my senses.

“No, Mistress Barbara! Please! You *can’t* do this to me. Why do you want to disfigure me like *that*?”

“Why?” She looked at me with cruelty in her eyes and face. “That’s *very* easy to explain, convict. There are a couple of reasons. One, you are condemned to be a prisoner in here for the remainder of your life; to live and die in this dungeon, and so no one will ever see your face after it’s been marked. Two, I want you to *feel* the marks being made so that you understand just how badly behaved you were, and the pain will enforce that. Three, you will always know that you carry those humiliating marks in your flesh, even while you are wearing the helmet and mask, and I want you to always have that psychological reminder. We have done all of this to ensure that your sentence is carried out in full measure, and to make sure there is *no* possibility for you to escape, but you never know what will happen. I feel it is better to have you permanently marked as a prisoner so that anyone who may see you with your face uncovered will know you are an escapee. And finally, I want your beauty to be taken.” She reached out and touched the mask over my cheek.

“Since you no longer exist, as far as the rest of the world is concerned, I can do *whatever* I like to you!”

“Your beautiful face will be disfigured by the brandings, but you will never again leave this High Security Area, and too, your face will be covered with the rubber mask most of the time, so it isn’t a problem for us to have it branded. Even if it’s covered by the mask, *you* will always know that your face is changed!”

A moment later, she released me from the fixing bars, and then she and Michael walked out of the cell. Before opening the door of the anteroom, she turned and looked at me again.

“Don’t forget, darling! On the 5th of February, you have a rendezvous with a white-hot branding iron, and you’ll get a kiss on each cheek from it!”

The door crashed closed, and I was left alone to contemplate the horror of being branded. What could I *do*? Absolutely nothing! Thomas had obviously approved of the procedure and it *was* going to happen.

CHAPTER THIRTY
The New Year Arrives

Babs returned to the dungeon with my evening meal and after I'd been granted permission to speak, I asked if she was *really* serious about my facial branding.

"Of course! I'm *totally* serious about it, and Thomas has given his approval. Michael has already done the first design, and here it is."

She reached into a pocket of her leather skirt and pulled out a piece of paper, then held it so I could see it.

CCFL-1

That was what I saw. Oh, my God! It was huge! She reached out and touched my rubber covered cheeks.

"It will look very good and so you better enjoy the next thirty-seven days, convict, because they are the last ones of your life you will live without this mark in each of your cheeks!"

She turned and left the dungeon, and I collapsed in hopeless tears, struggling hysterically to escape my restraints, ignoring the food she'd left. The '*clack*' came when the locking bolts were forced into place by the motor buried in the door, leaving me sealed away for the world beyond. The horror of what was to be done to me mushroomed in my mind, soon leaving me begging to be freed, howling with despair that I not be branded, but of course, I remained completely alone until she came and chained me that night.

Joanna and I had also written back and forth about the possibility of a nasal piercing, but I was sure that *that* would not be done because I would have to be taken out of the dungeon to a piercing salon, and Thomas would not permit that.

On Friday morning at 6:05 am, the 31st of December 1999, my six hundred and ninety-second day as a prisoner, Babs came and released my sleeping chains. I had hoped that perhaps I might be spared from my day in the puppy cage because it was New Year's Eve, but when I saw the feeding gag, I knew there would be no change in my routine.

"Come!" She snapped unsympathetically. "Get up! It is time for your day of penance. I'll give you a few moments to prepare."

Slowly, because it is always difficult to do while wearing my harness and chains, I got to my feet then shuffled into the bath cell and completed my morning toilette. I'm not allowed to take my time because I'm punished if I take more than Babs thinks is required. When I was done, I moved miserably to stand between the fixing bars. Babs wasted no time, and in less than a minute, had me fastened between them, and then fitted me with thick diapers over my chastity belt. She held up the feeding gag.

"Open!"

When I did, she rammed the large, hollow rubber phallus into it, and then locked its outer plate to my head cage, but her hand lingered at my face, and she ran it over my rubber-covered nose.

"I've read the letters from your friend, Joanna, especially the ones where a shackle for your nose was mentioned, and I think it's a *really* good idea! As a matter of fact, I'm going to think about having it done to you after you're brand has healed."

I moaned into the gag, trying to twist my head inside the tight metal web of the strict head cage, but she just laughed when she saw the terror in my eyes then released me from the fixing bars.

“Come! Into your nice little cage!”

She grabbed my collar leash and forced me over to it, and then with a firm downward drag, made me kneel on the floor in front of the opened door. Reaching around, she grasped my chain in her other hand, and dragged hard on it, forcing me to crawl backward into the cage, all the time choking from her harsh tugging by the wide collar. Oh, how I hated her! I was *so* humiliated by the process of being caging every week. Once I was fully inside, she lifted in my steel ball, then closed and locked the door while I tried to get comfortable. A moment later, she’d slipped the three plastic bottles into their holders.

“Thomas and I are going off to a party tonight, but I’m sure you’ll have a *nice* day and New Year’s Eve in here!” she called with a laugh while preparing to leave. In despair, I stared silently out through the tightly spaced bars of my cage, hating how I was so totally controlled, able only to hear my chains rattle and click when I fought to move.

“Oh! I see you want out! And too, you want to be free like the rest of the world, do you? Well, too bad! You stay here.”

It was about 6:30 am when I heard the final ‘*clack*’ sound and knew that I was once more sealed away from any contact with the rest of the world for the next twenty-four hours. No one knew I was a prisoner in here, and even if they did, they could *not* get near me. I always suffered long minutes of terror at my situation, and even though I tried screaming, I heard nothing but faint hisses. All I could do was suffer in enforced silence with only tears of misery being permitted.

I was released on New Year’s Day at the usual time, but by 06:10, I was once again alone inside the HSA. I’d have much time to think about my facial branding and tried to recall the sensations of the one I had received on my buttock, but I couldn’t really remember what I’d felt, only that it was very intense. I knew I would feel the ones made in my cheeks far more than the other, and was extremely frightened of the pain, but I could not escape them doing it to me! I was held under constant, total control, just like a wild animal, and they didn’t care how dehumanised I had been made! Now, I was to be marked like one! With my face branded, Babs and Thomas could not possibly allow me out into the world. I thought again of the reasons I was being held prisoner, and knew I’d begun to at least partially accept that they’d never allow me to be free again. With that, I began to also come to a small measure of acceptance that I would suffer the facial brands, and it would truly seal my fate as a Chained Convict For Life.

Now, even though I was still anxious and fearful of the pain I’d be made to suffer when branded, I knew it was a necessary thing. So when Babs next came to the dungeon, I asked permission to speak and then made a request.

“Mistress Babs? Since I am to be branded as an official part of my sentence as a Chained Convict For Life, I ask that you and Master Thomas make a proper Declaration and ceremony of it.” I think my request really startled her.

“That’s a very nice idea, convict! I’ll speak with Thomas about it. So, it seems you have come to terms with your branding?”

“Yes, Mistress Barbara, I think I have.”

“You know that these brands,” she said touching rubber-covered cheeks, “will disfigure your face forever?”

“Yes, Mistress Barbara, I know.” I gulped, uncalled for tears spilled from my eyes out onto my rubber face covering.

“OK. I believe it’s a good thing for you to have reached this point so soon, and perhaps *now*, you will accept your sentence more easily because you will not want to be seen in public once the marks have been burned into your face.”

Soon after, I was alone, but Babs returned that evening with my meal, and once she’d passed the dishes through the bars, she brought out a piece of paper, detailing the branding procedure that would be followed. When I read it, I shuddered with the thoroughness of the process. Babs spoke.

“As you can see, the branding will be done with full ceremony. I have discussed this with Thomas, and we will be making some other preparations, but they do not pose any problems.”

“What preparations, please, Mistress Babs?” I gulped nervously.

“For the eight weeks after the branding, until your next intensive cleaning, you will wear a new, rubber dungeon suit, but it will be one without the integrated hood and mask, so that your face can adjust properly. However, once the brands have healed fully, you will be again placed in the full helmet and mask so that your punishment continues in full measure. Also, during those eight weeks, you will not wear the head cage either, but instead a wide, quite limiting and uncomfortable posture collar. All of this will be done after you have had your intensive cleaning in the new shower cell on the 5th of February.”

“So you see, convict, there are some advantages for you!” She smiled happily.

She left me to think and worry about it.

I was released from the cage on the 8th of January 2000 after a week of having very intense second thoughts about the branding that was coming and had a very hot discussion with Babs. Again and again, I begged her not to do this to me, but she was not at all interested in my horror at what was going to happen. When she turned away from me, for a moment, to check on something that had caught her attention, I lunged at her, even chained as I was, and hit her back. Of course, she was completely surprised that I’d even consider assaulting her as I had, and that I was able to do so and make her stumble, then fall. She sprang back to her feet immediately, very angry.

“Convict!” She yelled in white hot anger, “How *dare* you do something like that!? That you have argued and been disagreeable is already a severe breach of the Dungeon Regulations but striking me is a *very* serious crime!”

“I wanted you...” I tried to reply.

“*Shut up!* Your wants and desires don’t matter!” she yelled while I stood before her helplessly, my hands and arms jerking at the chains and separator bar between them.

“What you just did is going to cost you dearly!”

She grabbed my collar leash at the back of my neck, and then from behind, pulled me backwards to the wall where my leashes are secured to their ring. I heard a faint click from behind my head.

“You’ll stay here, fastened to the wall on a short chain while I go and tell Thomas about you striking me! I’ll be back later to give you your increase in punishment.”

She walked quickly from the dungeon, slamming and locking the doors behind her, then a moment later, the computer monitor beeped and I knew I was sealed inside. When

everything was quiet again, I tried to move away from the wall, but the chain to the back of my collar was so short that it snapped tight immediately! I had maybe five cm of freedom! Suddenly, I was conscious of the huge mistake I had made in attacking her.

"Oh, please, I'm sorry!" I wailed. "I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I don't want to have my face branded! Oh, please? *Please?* Let me go free?"

Of course, nothing changed, and each time I slid down only a little the chain snapped tight and my collar began to choke me. I *had* to stand there at the wall. She left me alone for the rest of the day, leaning for the entire time against the wall, totally unable to do anything. Late in the evening, Babs returned to the dungeon with my meal and released me from the shortened leashing arrangement.

"Come! Eat your food." She commanded, again pulling on my neck chain then forcing me to kneel and crouch on the floor to eat like a dog in front of her. By that point, I was terrified of what she was planning, but with no choice, I had to do as her grip commanded. I huddled in front of her then slowly spooned the food into my mouth and all the while, she kept tugging on my leash, saying nothing and interrupting my attempts to eat, but at last I finished and she pulled hard on the chain, making me come erect on my knees in front of her.

"OK! You've had your meal as you are supposed to. Now, it's time for you to be informed of the punishment you've earned."

"Thomas and I have decided you should be punished harshly for your violence," she stated calmly, but with a menacing look at me, "and this will be administered as follows:

A) You will serve fifteen days in the bath cell, chained to the wall on short leashes, beginning immediately and lasting until the morning of the 23rd of January.

B) You will be fitted with and wear the feeding gag for the entire duration of your increased punishment!

C) You will be placed in the slave swing each evening beginning at 6:00 pm and remain there until 6:00 the next morning.

D) You will be fitted with your nice rubber head bag every night, immediately after you are hung in the slave swing.

E) You will receive *twelve* strokes on the buttocks, after you have been fitted with the head bag ... *every night!*

F) I will use the riding whip for administration of your strokes, but the placement and timing will be at my discretion."

"Stand up!" She ordered harshly, attempting to pull me up from the full kneeling position by using my neck leash chain. I didn't want to get up because, when I was like this, I still had some free chain to my wrist separator bar and my arms had a little freedom. I pulled at my restraints, struggling to get more. "Get *up*, you bitch!" She snarled angrily, jerking my neck chain very harshly, and at last, I struggled to my feet, and then tried to turn and speak to her, but I couldn't turn because she held the chain firmly, tight to my collar.

"Mistress Babs," I wailed, "I'm so sorry for what I did!" I didn't want to be punished any more. "Please, forgive me, Mistress Barbara! *Please?*"

"You committed the disobedience *and* the assault, convict!" She snapped without any sympathy. "Now you have to pay for your behaviour! Open your mouth!"

Gasping and in tears again, I had no choice. She quickly forced the huge pad into my mouth while I began to sob and shake with despair, pulling my hands at their restraints in

an automatic attempt to reach up and stop this from happening, but of course, I could do nothing.

“Come!”

Babs hauled on my collar leash, and I was dragged into the bath cell to stand facing the barren cement wall with my back to the barred door. Within five minutes, I once more stood on the blocks in the awful, tormenting slave swing with my hands helplessly spread at my waist by their separator bar, my elbows pulled in hard behind my back and wishing I had never been born. She left for a moment then returned with the head bag and wordlessly walked up behind then pulled it down over my head and face. Seconds later she'd locked the central chain to my head cage and I felt her breasts press against my back, then she leaned close to my head and spoke loudly.

“Now comes the part I like, convict. In the next minutes, you are going to be *very* sorry for your misbehaviour!”

Suddenly the blocks were whisked from under my feet and I dangled in swinging arcs. An automatic scream of horror rose in my throat to be strangled by the deeply plunging gag then I tried to prepare myself for the whipping to come. Nothing happened for the longest time while she made me wait in terrified anticipation for the pain she was going to administer. Although I'd learned to balance in the slave swing, to stay mostly erect I had to dance in very small steps, but my concentration disappeared when a sudden line of fire erupted across the central curve of my steel divided buttocks!

With the awful blow, I automatically screamed, howling frenziedly in pain into my gag and bent my knees, trying to pull my legs up in a protective gesture, but the short chain to the steel ball sprang tight immediately, stopping me from raising them more than a few centimetres. Of course, I fell forward because of the weight of the steel restraints fastened around my upper body and head, and my behind was then stuck out even more invitingly than it had before, presented as a vulnerable target. My legs fell out straight and I swung back and forth in front of her, gasping and wailing into the gag with pain while floods of tears sprang from my eyes. With me wearing the horrid rubber head bag she couldn't see them, and really, didn't care about my pain and misery, but waited patiently until I'd stopped moving, then a longer period, allowing my terror to build once more.

I retched and screamed from the strength of the whip strike, gradually subsiding into shoulder shaking sobs of misery, wondering how I was going to withstand the terrible burning that now suffused my buttocks, spreading in waves of heated sensory response to the blow she'd struck.

The next came, and again I screamed hysterically into my gag, jerking and flailing madly from the incredible agony of her slashing whip strike. My mind fell into a vortex of horror at my situation while I dangled there, waiting for the third stroke. Oh what a fool I'd been to have *asked* and *agreed* to this imprisonment and punishment! Babs' strokes were calculated to give the maximum of pain, and she cruelly withheld each until I'd almost recovered from the previous one, except for the last two. These came one right after the other and when they fell on my already welted flesh, I lost my mind completely and any control I had retained until then, thrashing, flailing and jerking madly against my restraints, all the while swinging more and more erratically back and forth trying to jerk my legs up to protect myself. I didn't hear her slam and lock the door of the cell because I was so deeply immersed in the suffering and chaotic thoughts, and it was probably an

hour and half later before I finally stopped howling and managed to get myself fully erect again.

There was absolutely nothing for me to do while I hung there in silence and blackness, and that, of course, was the intent of the punishment. I could only think of what I had done, and also, now, about the branding they were going to do. No matter how loudly I tried to scream and beg for help or release, nothing happened, and the knowledge of being imprisoned and isolated so securely in the HSA was terrifying. I also thought of the next fourteen nights of punishment, and on each one, Babs would whip me as she had just done! Again and again, I jerked frantically at my chains and restraints, trying desperately to escape, but remained hanging totally abandoned and alone. The dungeon was silent except for the subdued clicking and clattering of my chains and the small whimpers that escaped my nostrils when I attempted to scream. No matter how much I wanted to be freed, there was going to be no escape and there was no safe word. I had thrown *that* away!

The rest of that night, time passed with grinding, glacial slowness while I hung there, but I somehow managed to get a little sleep. Upstairs, Babs and Thomas enjoyed themselves, having a normal life, and occasionally, observing me on the TV monitor. Of course, I never knew when they left the house for their party just that time seemed to pass with extreme slowness.

The two weeks that followed were terrible, and I greatly feared the coming of each night when Babs hung me in the slave swing then whipped me without mercy or pity. She made sure I was fully disciplined every night, striking me cruelly across the buttocks over the welts that had risen from the previous night's strokes, and by the tenth day of my sentence, I was nearly insane from the terror and fear that came when she arrived in the dungeon to hang me up for the night. I tried desperately to beg that she do no more to me, but the gag kept me totally silent. My tears and attempted pleas had no effect whatsoever and Babs remained a cruel, determined Mistress; administering my punishment without sympathy or remorse, then as always, leaving me to recover in loneliness and silence.

Finally, on the 23rd of January, she released me in the morning, and I was permitted to leave the bath cell and resume my 'regular' existence within the main part of the cell. It had been a *horrible* time, and I vowed to myself that I would never break the rules again.

"*Oh, my God!*" I thought, nearly insane with desperation to escape and terror. "*What more can they do to me?*"

I would find out soon enough, having forgotten about the impending 'hard labour' I'd been sentenced to as additional penance.

Part Three

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

A New Intensive Cleaning Process, And A Branding!

The 5th of February 2000 arrived, my seven hundred and thirty-sixth day as a prisoner in the dungeon, and it was time for my next intensive cleaning.

After spending the full twenty-four hours in the puppy cage, I was very slow and stiff, so when Babs came to release me, I could only crawl from the small, barred box in an untidy and miserable ball of humanity. She first unlocked it then pulled harshly on my neck leash, urging me to speed my exit, even though knowing I was barely able to move. I tried to look up at her, howling into my gag that I couldn't move any faster, but she didn't care. She just wanted me out. Now! I tried to obey her urging while she *laughed* at my pitiful movements, but my harness, stiff muscles, and joints slowed me dramatically and all I could do was whine with misery into my still locked-in gag while she maintained her tension on my collar leash.

"Come *on*, convict! Hurry up!" she snarled while I crawled out onto the floor. "Don't waste my time! You are to be cleaned, and I want you back in your suit and harness again with no delay!"

Two minutes later, I stood on quivering legs before her, my hands, as always, spread helplessly wide from my waist by the separator bar and with elbows pulled in tight behind my back. I stared at her in misery, but she just smiled happily, revelling in her power and control and then she reached up and stuck the key into the lock that held the face panel and gag in my mouth. A second later, I was free of the horrid rubber plug.

"I *do* like to see you suffering," she said with happiness. "This is the first time you will be cleaned in the new shower cell, so there are some changes in the procedure, and you *will* do as I instruct or be severely punished. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress!" I croaked, still working my jaw to ease the ache.

"Good! Effective today, as you've already been informed, you will *never* leave this High Security Area again. Never! Now, move to the fixing bars!"

With that, she pulled me to stand between the steel posts, and in a matter of two short minutes, had me fully secured between them, staring at the wall. I could barely move and certainly not turn to watch what she did next. The door in the lattice wall opened and closed, and I heard the dragging sound of a chain then a loud clanking when she put something down on the cell's tiled floor. Babs went out again and returned with the tools needed to get me out of the harness, and then she began to remove all of the security sleeves. It is an intricate process, but one that she was by now very familiar with, so the work proceeded quickly without any commentary from her. I looked forward tremendously to being freed from the cloying and imprisoning rubber suit, helmet, and face mask, even though I would only be free of it for a short time. At some points during each, eight week period, I become nearly crazy to escape the suit, but of course, I can do nothing to get out of it. Not only is it locked onto me, but over the top, the harness was also locked and bolted.

The first piece she removed was the head cage and collar combination, next came the chastity bra, and upper arm cuffs. At that point, she unlocked the zipper of the suit and peeled it off my head and face, down over my chest and upper body, and then began releasing my chastity belt. Even when it was undone, my wrists were still kept separated

and held down by the weight of all the metal restraints, and so I couldn't reach up and caress myself. Babs went behind and picked up whatever it was she'd brought into the cell, and I heard chains from the fixing bars pulled out then clipped to it. Seconds later, I felt a wide, cold, flat thing partially encircle the back of my neck.

"Hold still!" she commanded harshly.

Another half circle was clamped snugly around the front of my throat, and I heard a loud click. Again, I wore a steel collar, but it was very heavy!

"Very good! Now I will release each of your wrists separately. You *will* allow me to move and fasten them as I wish or you will be whipped immediately! Understand?"

"Yes, Mistress!" I whimpered, not wanting to be punished by her riding quirt again.

She quickly freed my right hand, peeled it out of its sleeve and, without a pause, pulled it up and moved it to the side of my head, pressing it into a half oval-shaped cuff. Another loud click sounded and I found that my arm was held out to the side with my elbow bent at ninety degrees, my hand about thirty cm away from my face.

"Very good, convict! Now your left arm! No fighting!"

The process was quickly completed, and I was totally helpless once more, utterly unable to touch myself in any way.

"This is a nice new piece of equipment for you, convict!" she said while working to free me of the remainder of my harness and chains. "It's called a Washing Stock, and each time you are cleaned from now on, this is what you will wear. It keeps you from touching yourself and also fulfils the requirement that you be kept leashed at all times while in the High Security Area. The chain from the stock is fastened to the wall in the shower stall, and so I can easily control you."

Fifteen minutes later, she had me completely out of my harness and had peeled off my foul smelling dungeon suit. Oh, it felt *so* good to be freed of its unrelenting encasement! I itched terribly and was desperate to try and scratch myself, but the stocks permitted me no such freedom or relief.

I stood naked before her, wearing only my nipple rings and the washing stocks, it still chained at the ends to the fixing bars. She next fitted my ankles with a pair of wide, tight steel cuffs joined by a very short chain, but these didn't bother me because I was so used to having my paces limited by the Spanish Trapezoid. Even though my neck was held firmly by the wide stocks arrangement, I was able to move my head and body with far more freedom than the harness and head cage ever permitted, and that alone was wonderful! Babs moved to stand in front of me, and I stared at the long leash snaking across the floor then out through the opened door of the cell and dungeon. One end was connected to the back to the clamp around my neck, its cold links dangling to the floor down my back, and I shivered from their light touch on my heated flesh.

"It's time for your cleaning," she growled, staring deeply into my eyes. "You will follow me quickly and happily to the shower cell and you will obey all of my commands fully. You will keep silent at all times unless I give you permission to speak!"

"Yes, Mistress!"

With that, she snapped a short leading chain to the front ring of the collar of the stocks then released the two chains between the ends of the wrist clamps and the fixing bars and let them fall with a metallic clatter against them. She grasped the leash in her rubber-gloved hand and, without a backward glance at me, pulled hard on it. I immediately followed in short, chained paces, shuffling towards the door in the bars and

feeling the bite of the cruelly tight ankle cuffs. Their short connecting chain was pitifully limiting and no matter how quickly I tried to walk, I couldn't keep up with her. Even though it was only a couple of metres to the door, to me it felt like kilometres!

Oh, God! I was *so* naked, helpless, and vulnerable like this! She stepped through the door in the lattice wall then urged me to follow her. To get through, I had to turn sideways then hobble along behind her. We came to the outer door of the anteroom and passed through, turned to the right, and walked only a few paces. I looked to that side, and while she opened its barred door, I saw the shower cell for the first time. For a moment, while waiting, I writhed and twisted, even confined in the stocks; deeply enjoying the strange feelings of not having my *every* movement stopped or restricted by my harness. Babs glanced back over her shoulder, sensing my free movements.

"Enjoy it while you can, convict!"

Just before we entered the shower cell, I looked for a long time at the end of the hall. First, there was a door of closely spaced, shiny steel bars with a separate lock, then behind it, the featureless, steel slab that sealed the High Security Area away from the outer world. This was the very thick, sound proofed, and multiply bolted door that Michael and she had told me of, the ultimate barrier for the HSA. It could not be opened except with the correct code and key, and then only during the correct time period, some five minutes long, otherwise, it would automatically re-set and be incapable of being re-opened until the same time, twenty-four hours later! Babs saw me looking at it with deep despair.

"That's right, convict! You'll *never* be able to open that door ... even if you're totally free of your chains and harness! But of course you'll never be released from them! Just for your information, that door is nearly a 1/3 of a metre thick, and both of its sides are fully armoured so that no one can tamper with the machinery inside. The only difference between the sides is that on this one, as you can see, there are no features at all, and on the other side, there is only the combination dial and unlocking lever. All of the rest of the controls are in Thomas' office." With another firm tug on my leash, she pulled me into the brightly lit shower cell. "Stand still while I fasten you!"

I had no choice but to follow her orders. Still holding the leash, she reached to the wall, lifted a chain, and connected it to the outside staple on my left wrist clamp, and then walked around and repeated the procedure with my right wrist. My upper body was now held securely centred in the cell. With both hands free now, she quickly picked a wide steel belt from its hook on the back wall and clamped it around my waist even though it seemed too tight.

"Suck in your stomach you fat bitch!" she snarled, pressing the two halves together until they joined with a loud click.

With a rattle of shiny steel links, she tightened the chains from the sides of belt to the deeply set ringbolts in the walls, ensuring that my lower body was now also firmly held and centred. I stood in silent misery when she next pulled out two chains fastened to other ring bolts low on the side walls then clipped them to the outer staples of my ankle cuffs. Only then, still kneeling before me, did she release my short hobble chain, but she immediately scrambled to the side, in case I tried to kick at her.

"Spread your legs! Just like you did for all those men you fucked so happily!"

I sobbed with those memories of past sexual pleasure, now forever denied to me. But I did as she commanded, opening myself. Unable to look down, I heard the rattle of

chain, and then felt my left ankle jerked out even further! There was a solid click of a lock, and I couldn't move it inward. A moment later, my right ankle was similarly pulled out and secured, leaving me semi-suspended by the chains to my belt and the yoke holding my neck and hands! I whined from the increased discomfort.

"Stop complaining!" she snarled, "You should be happy you're not gagged!"

Babs walked me around inspecting her work, and then left the shower cell. She'd chained me so that I faced the bars at the front, and so I saw her swing the door closed and lock it, then I watched her walk to the other side of the hall where her hand rested on the control lever for the water valves. Grinning happily at me through the closely spaced bars, she suddenly turned the water on in full force!

"Time for you to get clean!" she snarled, twisting the lever into the Full Cold position.

The multiple showerheads unleashed a storm of needling, freezing water streams onto my body! For a few seconds, I was so shocked by the frigid blast that I could do nothing other than gasp for breath, and then I began to scream and beg her to use warmer water or stop the washing. It was useless! No matter how I howled and struggled against the chains to escape, she did nothing to stop the pulsing jets and sprays of freezing liquid. They hit me everywhere at once making me writhe frantically and continually in my restraints, but the assaulting maelstrom continued unabated.

My breasts shuddered under the pummeling of the jets of icy cold water, and below, a pair of other shower heads directed streams of needling sprays up into my crotch, so that no matter how I wriggled and danced, I could not escape their intimate cleansing! Babs pushed a long handled brush between the bars and laughed happily while slowly working its harsh bristles all over my goose-bumped body, taking particular delight in scrubbing up between my thighs and over my breasts. I screamed madly from the scratching across my super-sensitive and freezing flesh, but it went on and *on!* This was *far* worse than any cleaning I'd had until now! As was Babs' intent, it was *not* a pleasurable process, but an additional and cruel means of punishment. She alternated with the brush, then a cloth, dousing them with thick, syrupy, industrial soap that burned even though the flooding waves of water diluted it quickly. Every few minutes, she allowed the water to warm slightly, and then it plunged to freezing temperatures again! I was so miserable, but I *could not escape!*

Finally satisfied, Babs turned off the water and left me to stand, gasping and shivering. I heard the door open, and she entered with the razor and nail clippers. She quickly shaved my arm pits, then my crotch, head and eyebrows, but I shuddered when she took a small pair of scissors and approached me with them held neatly in her fingers.

"I want you to hold very still!" she stated, looking deeply into my eyes. "I'm going to cut off your eye lashes, and this will happen every time you are cleaned from now on. It's a suitable additional punishment for you to be treated this way."

"Ooohhh, Mistress Babs! Please....!"

"Shut up! Hold still!"

I closed my eyes and felt the intimate snipping of the scissors while she cut off my eyelashes, leaving me even *more* featureless than before. It was awful! Next she clipped my finger and toe nails very short and then walked out of door, locking it behind her while she returned to the dungeon; leaving me to stand in shivering misery, still fastened securely in my chains. I hung there in total dejection while my moaning slowly died away

to only gasps and strained breaths while she readied my other dungeon suit. Babs returned many minutes later, and within the hour, I was once more dressed in my dungeon suit and harness, but this time without the helmet and head cage. As was normal, I was fully leashed to the wall in my cell, but then I remembered that today was the day I was to be branded! I'd been so miserable while she cleaned me that I'd almost forgotten it, and then I wept anew with the thought that I had only been free of my harness for a mere two hours! Babs stood before me while I waited in terror, remaining fastened between the fixing bars.

"You know what is coming now, don't you?"

"Yes, M-M-Mistress!" I wept.

"What is it?"

"You ... you are going to brand my face!" I wailed in terror.

"That's right! Two nice kisses of the iron! Now, it is time to put on your Branding Collar." Babs left for a moment then returned with a very wide, formed steel tube. "Raise your chin!"

When I did, she moved the front of the collar against my naked throat and then swung the back portion closed around my neck. It seemed far too tight, but I raised my head even more and felt it close fully. Babs screwed in the bolts to hold the flange together at the back then she slipped the security sleeve over it, and with quick blows of the hammer, flattened the rivets into their holes. The collar held my head high and was formed so that I couldn't turn it to the side without choking.

"Now it is time for your branding and feeding gag, convict. Open your mouth!"

"Ooohhh, *please, Mistress?*" I wailed when she held it up to my face.

Babs was merciless and quickly forced the large rubber pad back between my teeth. Once it was fully inside, I bit down and my teeth sank into grooves in the slightly thinner neck and then she folded a metal strap from its front, down under my chin, and locked it to the front of the high collar.

"There! That's good!" She smiled taking an inflation bulb and screwing it onto a fitting that projected between my teeth. With a series of quick squeezes, the thick bladder within my mouth expanded until the sides had swollen so that my cheeks were fully filled out.

"Excellent! The brands will look very nice now that your cheeks are properly expanded. OK, time to get you to your mat and be fastened properly. Michael and Thomas will be here soon with the equipment."

I stared at her in a welter of horror while she released the chains holding me between the fixing bars, and then I was dragged across to the mat. Two minutes later, I lay flat, fastened very securely, and when all of the locks had clicked shut, she picked up the next piece of equipment and brought it to my head.

"This is a nice blindfold, and you'll wear it until the branding has been completed."

The thing she held up was like a pair of swimming goggles, and she quickly slipped the band around my head then fitted the small cups into my eye sockets. Once she was happy with their positioning, she tightened and locked the head band, obliterating all light. I lay fully chained, helpless, gagged and blinded, waiting in horror for what was to come.

"Ah, convict!" she murmured. I felt her soft hand stroke my forehead, "You look *so* perfect like this. There is *nothing* you can do to escape what is coming, and I love to have

you so deeply under my control. Now though, you'll just have to lay and think about your life, right up until the iron burns into your flesh."

Hearing her and feeling my restraints very intensely, I writhed and tried to twist against them, gasping and making small howling hisses through my nose.

"Yes, it's terrible for you, isn't it, convict?" she whispered. "But you're *mine* now! And it *will* happen soon!"

I think it was around 9:30 by then. Babs added two other chains to the front ring of my collar, these acting to hold my head completely motionless.

Many minutes later, there was the clatter of metal implements when Thomas and Michael entered the dungeon. A moment later, I heard the 'whoosh' of a gas burner being lit and more noise when the branding iron was placed in the roaring flame. Thomas spoke.

"Convict, today you are to be branded on the face with the sign of a Chained Convict For Life. Babs will now read the Official Sentence."

"The Chained Convict For Life Number One, formerly known as Sabrina Wheeler, has been condemned to serve a sentence of lifelong dungeon detention. The following are lawful additions to the terms of her imprisonment and are hereby authorized by the governing authority of the Dungeon Administrator, effective today, the 5th day of February 2000. The procedures shall be carried out as follows:

A) The Chained Convict For Life shall be permanently marked as such.

B) The Chained Convict For Life's marks will be created by means of a brand being placed in each of her facial cheeks.

C) The brand to be placed will be the letters and number "CCFL-1"

D) The size of each facial brand shall be 1.5 cm in height and 5.0 cm in length.

E) The branding iron shall be heated to a white-hot temperature and then placed deeply in the flesh of the convict.

F) The convict shall wear the branding/feeding gag for a period of 21 days from the time of branding to allow the brands to heal properly."

Babs stopped speaking and I tried to beg for them to stop the horrid process, but Thomas spoke almost as soon as Babs stopped.

"Michael, is the iron ready?"

"Yes, Thomas."

It was 10:00 am when suddenly I felt an incredible heat on my cheek and then a flaring pain when Michael thrust the white-hot steel onto my flesh and then, I smelled the smoke and burning! I screamed mindlessly into the gag, and it seemed like hours passed while the steel made its mark, but then I fainted. A few moments later, I became aware again, just as Michael made the brand on the other side, and again, I smelled my own flesh burning under the iron! Once more, I fainted and it was probably good that I did. Many minutes later, I came awake again to feel the terrible, residual pain in both cheeks and could not stop the tears the pain caused. But I also wept with the knowledge that I had now been *permanently* marked as a Chained Convict For Life. Babs removed my blindfold goggles then immediately spread a salve on the brands and placed a loose dressing on each.

"You now have your marks, convict. I'll change those dressings twice a day for the next two weeks in order to speed the initial healing, and then once a day until they are

fully healed. In the meantime, there are some special things that must be done to prevent you from damaging the marks.”

Babs checked to see if I was still weeping. I felt her pull a pair of very thick gloves over my already encased fingers and a zipper was closed on each one, making them very tight on my hands. Then I felt and heard small locks closed, securing the glove’s tabs to my wrist cuffs. When I tried to flex my fingers, I found that their tubes were very thick and did not permit me to move them much at all. Next, she did something at my waist, and the bar that kept my hands separated was suddenly clamped rigidly in place!

“There! Now, you’re properly fixed. For your information, convict, your hands and fingers have been doubly gloved to increase your helplessness, and your wrist separator bar has been fully locked to your waistband so that you will be completely unable to touch your face. This will prevent the wounds from getting infected. You will wear the gloves, and the wrist bar will be kept as it is for the next three weeks until the 26th of February.”

“It’s unfortunate that you have to be kept so tightly restricted, but it must be done. Too, it’s a nice additional form of punishment for you, and I like *that* a lot because you will be unable to use the PC. Therefore, you’ll be able only to concentrate on what kind of life you have given yourself and the discipline you have to suffer.”

Babs released me from the mat and chains, and for a moment, I lay there, still stunned, silenced by my gag. She stood to the side watching me like a hawk while the men removed the equipment and left the cell and then came over and leant down to grasp the central front chain between my collar and bra. I was pulled to a sitting position, and she gradually drew me up to stand, for there was no way I could manage it by myself.

“I will bring your meals each day and connect the hose to your gag so you can be fed, but you *will* remain gagged for the next three weeks. Similarly, I will assist you to lay down each day and get you up in the morning, but if you fall during the day, no one will be able to assist you, and you will remain as you are until the time lock unseals the door, so be careful!”

She left and I could do nothing other than move slowly around the cell, always conscious of the drag of the steel ball and my heavy leash chains. Only small hisses of misery came from my nose while I tried to accustom myself to the slowly retreating pain of the brands. I went to sit dejectedly on my stool in front of the computer desk and then looked at the keyboard with wretchedness, for there was no possible way I could do anything there. Then I turned and stared out through the bars at the small slot of the window and began to weep for all of my lost freedoms.

On the morning of Sunday, the 13th of February 2000 my seven hundred and forty-fourth day in the dungeon, after Babs had fed me my morning meal, she made another announcement about the change in my prison rules and conditions.

“Convict, your brands are looking good, and they will certainly be very noticeable when they’ve healed fully. That’s excellent! That won’t be a problem though because nobody beyond this cell will see you, and even if you are permitted visitors the brands will be covered by your rubber facemask.

“Now, I have some changes for your confinement rules and these must be obeyed at all times.”

She stared intently at me.

“From now on, there will be a loud beep sound from the computer, telling you that I will soon enter the dungeon. When you hear it, if your bondage permits, you will *immediately* walk to the back wall of the cell and position yourself under the leash chain’s ring. Once there, you will kneel with your face to the wall and remain like that until I give you permission to stand, speak, or I leave the dungeon and you hear the monitor beep, indicating that the HSA has been sealed again.”

“The other matter is this, when I speak the command, ‘State!’, if you are able to speak, you will say the following! ‘*CCFL-1, lawfully sentenced to my life long dungeon detention, reports that all her restraints are securely fastened! I am waiting for your orders, Mistress Barbara!*’

“Also, just to remind you convict, you no longer have a name! You will only be addressed as ‘convict’ or ‘Convict Woman’ or any other terms I feel are appropriate, but your former name has *gone!*”

What could I say in objection? I could say nothing, of course, and she left the cell with a smile. A moment later, the computer made a loud beep, and I knew I had been sealed in my dungeon once more.

The next Sunday, the 20th of February, Babs brought my morning meal, and this time, she removed the awful branding/feeding gag and fed me while I sat on the stool, twitching with the discomfort of the wide wedge pressing into my sex. The steel plate between my legs was always uncomfortable, but I was glad I didn’t have to crouch on the floor. It had been fifteen days since she’d fitted me with the gag, and I was very glad to have it taken out.

“State!” she’d commanded with a hard voice.

“CCFL-1, lawfully sentenced to life long dungeon detention, reports that all her restraints are securely fastened! I am waiting for your orders, Mistress Barbara!” I responded quickly.

“Excellent, convict!” she smiled with pleasure. “You may speak freely for a little while.”

“Mistress Barbara? I’m very sorry about my crimes in the past and would like to be released from here, please? I have been punished terribly for the last two years, and I am going to go totally crazy if I can’t get out of my dungeon suit and the harness!”

“Yes, I *know* you are sorry and totally contrite about your past crimes and failures,” she said quietly, looking deeply into my eyes.

“*Please, Mistress Barbara!*” I wailed abjectly, “I *have* to get out of here! I have to! I can’t *stand* the constant bondage of my harness and leashes *anymore!*”

“Well, that *is* unfortunate, convict, but you *cannot*, and *will not*, ever be freed from your Judgement. Remember! You signed it *and* agreed that you would never be allowed safe words or *any* other means of release, so there will not be a pardon nor will there be any changes made to The Judgement that will allow you freedom. It remains *completely* impossible.”

“I can’t *stand it* anymore!” I howled in despair and began to weep very hard, jerking my hands and arms against their chains. “Th-this was only su-supposed to be a *g-g-game* for Thomas and me!”

“Well, that *is* too bad, but as I said, you *are* going to stay in here.” She stated unequivocally. “It is no longer the game you thought it would be. *That* point was passed a long time ago. Your imprisonment and punishments, as you know, are all *very* real. You

will *always* wear your dungeon suit and discipline harness, and you will always be kept leashed until you die.”

“Please, please, please Mistress Barbara! *Please!* Please take pity on *mmmeeee...!*” at the last, I screamed hysterically and fought my chains desperately, absolutely frantic to get even the smallest amount of freedom.

“Sorry!” she stated without the least bit of pity and cruel candour. “You’ve made some extremely poor decisions, convict, and now you have to live with them.”

Babs picked up the gag while I continued to plead desperately; staring at her while she readied the instrument I so hated. She sauntered over casually and waited until only gasping sobs came from my mouth.

“Open!” she snapped harshly. With resignation, I did as she commanded and allowed her to ram the thick pad all the way into my mouth.

“That’s enough of your whining!” she snapped coldly. “It’s now been two years that you’ve been held in here as a prisoner, and you are *not* coming out ... ever again! Thomas and I have told you this hundreds of times, yet you still don’t seem to realize that we intend that the Judgement will be *fully* carried out! There *is* no escape for you and *no* chance of a pardon so get used to the fact that this *is* your life!”

She turned and left, taking all the plastic dishes. I stared at the barred steel door while it was swung shut and heard the steely crash of its closing with a breaking heart, then two minutes later, the monitor beeped, and I knew I was again sealed inside my secret cell utterly removed from the world. No one could hear my screaming and begging for lost freedom.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO
Nasal Piercing!

At midday, Babs re-appeared with my lunch, and to my surprise, Michael also came into the cell behind her then watched while she released my gag pad and fed me with a spoon. I flushed crimson while he watched me being made to eat my meal, and all the time, Babs smiled happily. When she'd finished, Michael came over to where I sat uncomfortably on the hard stool and took something from his pocket. Babs spoke sharply.

"Remain still when Michael takes the impression!"

"Yes, Mistress Barbara!" I wondered what she was talking about while Michael kneaded something he'd taken from his pocket between his hands. He looked at me.

"How are your brands, convict? Are they still painful?" he asked while his hands kept busy.

"M-my brands are fine, I think, Master Michael," I sniffled. "And no, they are not painful anymore, but I can feel my flesh pulling at them when I change my expression."

"That's good!" Michael smiled. "Yes, of course you will feel the flesh pulling, and that will happen from now on, so you'd best accept it as a part of the entire process. Now, I will be making an impression, and I want you to hold still. It won't hurt and will only take a moment."

"That's enough talking!" Babs commanded. "Open your mouth to be gagged!"

She presented the horrid plug, and I obediently opened my mouth for it to be inserted. A few seconds later, the lock holding it to my head cage, under my chin, clicked shut, silencing me completely. I stared at the two of them with tears in my eyes, wondering what was going to happen next. Michael moved to stand in front of me and then folded something warm and slightly sticky down over and across my nose.

"Take a deep breath and hold it for a moment!" he commanded.

When I did, he pressed the heavy mass firmly against the sides of my nose then folded the ends in and pressed some of the material up into my nostrils! Perhaps a minute later, he gently slipped the stuff off. Unthinkingly, I tried to ask him why he was doing this strange thing, but of course, my question was totally incomprehensible and I could only make small whines. He ignored them, having already turned away and left the cell, but Babs spoke.

"Michael is going to make some improvements to your head cage, convict. That's all you need to know for now."

She left me alone: gagged, chained and helpless, bored to near insanity by not being able to do anything. Each day since the branding, however, she religiously changed the dressings and applied more of the healing salve, so that after a while, I no longer felt any pain, only the pull of the now rapidly-healing wounds. Even still, I shuddered at the thoughts of what I must look like. Unfortunately, Babs decided that my wrist separator bar would remain tight-chained for an additional week, now until the 4th of March. Occasionally, she freed my arms so that I could feed myself, again having to crouch on the floor like an animal, but she was very firm in her commands when she allowed this, telling me that I was totally forbidden from touching my face, other than to put the spoon in my mouth. Every time, as soon as I was done with the meal, she made me stand and immediately secured the wrist bar to my waist band. After the first days, I had no desire

to further disfigure myself, and so leaving me like this for nearly a month had become only another means of punishment. I could not complain though, for she also insisted that I wear the branding and feeding gag at all times, and it was impossible to resist her.

Finally, Saturday, the 4th of March 2000 arrived, my seven hundred and sixty-fourth day in the dungeon. I was desperate to have the gloves removed and have my wrist bar released from its rigid connection to my waist belt! I had nearly gone insane from the lack of things to do while she'd kept me fastened like this, but this day I was released from the puppy cage a little later than usual, around 7:00 am. Babs immediately fastened me between the fixing bars then completed my 'morning after' cleaning procedure. The over-gloves were taken off and my wrist bar was unlocked, and then finally, she removed my gag. I was so glad to be rid of it! She released me from the fixing bars and then pointed to the floor near the barred wall.

"Your breakfast is in the dishes, convict. You may go and eat it now."

"Thank you, Mistress Barbara!" I smiled at her, feeling the pulling of my brands and facial muscles in my cheeks.

"I like your marks, convict!" she said happily. "Now you can never appear in public with them, unless you wear a heavy veil, but that isn't going to happen, so you'll not need to worry about it."

"Yes, Mistress!" I sniffled while I knelt by the dishes and tugged my hands to free more chain then crouched over and did it again until I had enough slack to be able to reach the spoon and put it in the dish, and then my mouth.

"Hurry with your feeding!" she commanded harshly. "Michael is coming soon to refit you with your head cage, and I want you fastened and ready for him."

"Yes, Mistress," I moaned. I *didn't* want to be locked into that horrid device again!

She watched me closely while I ate, then when the dishes were empty, she jerked harshly on my neck leash, pulling me to my feet. I *hated* the feelings of utter helplessness I got every time she did this. A moment later, she had me back between the fixing bars and quickly fastened me.

"M-Mistress?" I asked her fearfully, "Why is Master Michael coming today?"

"As I told you, convict, he'll be putting you into your head cage again."

"But ... but .. ?"

"No more questions. Be quiet!" she ordered calmly.

I stood centred between the posts and looked around the barren little chamber that had become my entire world. Some minutes later, Michael arrived in the dungeon holding my head cage in one hand and a small toolbox in his other. He put both on the computer table then came to me.

"Good Morning, convict," he said cheerfully. "Are you well?"

"G-good morning, Master Michael!" I replied carefully. "Yes, I'm OK, but my brands are still pulling."

"I'm glad you've recovered fully, and I see that the wounds have healed properly. You are now quite deeply marked, and unfortunately, because of the depth of the brands, you will always feel the pulling of the muscles.

"Now, hold still while I remove your branding collar. I will then replace your head cage and re-fasten all the connecting chains."

"Y-Yes, sir!" I moaned, looking at him in misery.

Michael busied himself with the rivets holding the security sleeve on the flange of the high collar, and then I felt him unscrew the bolts holding it clamped around my neck. When it came off, I sighed gratefully, moving my head around luxuriously.

“Enjoy it while you can!” Babs said cruelly.

“OK!” Michael exclaimed, “Hold your head up like you normally do. It’s time for your head to be imprisoned again.”

“M-Master ...” I whimpered, tears starting again. “I-I-I *hate* that thing!”

“Yes, I’m sure you do,” he said unsympathetically, “but it’s a very important part of your Restraint and Disciplining Harness, convict. You are condemned to wear it for your entire sentence, so you might as well accept the fact that it will be, whether you like it or not.”

“*Ooohhh, GOD!*” I howled in despair, beginning to cry hard, struggling what little I could against the chains holding me between the fixing bars. “I *don’t* want to wear it! I *hate* that thing! It’s *awful*! Please! Please! *Please*, don’t make me wear it anymore!”

“Be still!” Babs snapped.

Michael slipped the long necked rubber helmet over my head, but this one was different than the normal full-face covering I had worn until now. Its neck tube overlapped the high collar of my dungeon suit, and it had an open face rather than the full face covering mask I normally had to wear. In a moment, he’d zipped it down the back so that it tightened around my bald skull and I could not stop the fit of violent shivering that passed through my body, feeling the oppressive helmet being fastened again. I also felt how the edges of the opening outlined my face while Michael adjusted it carefully, pulling it a little from side to side. He picked up the steel web that would so severely restrict my neck and head.

“*Nnnnooo!* Please, no?” I howled desperately when he lifted it in front of me and began to bring it closer.

“Convict!” Babs snarled, “Lift your chin and allow Michael to put the cage on you!”

“Oh, *Mmmissssttttresssss!*” I howled in misery, but straightened my head.

Michael slipped the cage backward and my raised chin slipped into its cup. I felt the wide forehead band come into contact with my flushed skin when he pressed it back onto my face and head and then suddenly, the bands beside my nose and the one under it pressed firmly at the same time as the forehead band. A gasp hissed from my mouth, but I remained still while he folded the cage and collar’s sides around my head and neck then I felt him insert and begin tightening the bolts in the rear flange. The cage slowly tightened even more, and I began to moan with misery, knowing there was never to be an escape from this terrible device. The security sleeves were slipped onto their flanges, the rivets placed, and a moment later, he hammered them flat. Michael spent the next couple of minutes re-connecting the chains from my chastity bra to their rings on the bottom edge of the collar, and then grinding off the turnout heads.

“Excellent!” he smiled, coming to stand in front and looking at my tear-streaked, and again, steel-banded face with satisfaction. “You are now dressed as you should be.”

“Yes, Master!” I sobbed, experiencing again how limiting the head cage was. He turned to Babs.

“Have you told her yet?” he asked.

“No, but it’s time.” she replied, turning to me with a predatory look in her eyes.

“M-Mistress?” I asked, now very worried, “What’s happening?”

“You’ll find out in a few minutes, convict. Some new equipment for you to enjoy!”

Michael connected a high chain from each of the fixing bars to the top ring of my head cage and tightened them strongly. Then he added another two from each side, these connected to the front and the back rings of my collar so that I couldn’t move my head at all.

“Now, convict,” he said seriously, “I want you to hold still while I put on your new blindfold.”

He walked to the table and returned with a curved and shiny metal panel that looked like a pair of large, wide-framed sunglasses and then held it up for me to look at. The outer surface was a shiny featureless surface, looking like the finish of the rest of my harness, but the inside was quite different. It was lined with a thick layer of deep, black foam rubber, and where it covered each eye there was a soft, black silicon rubber cup that would enclose each, completely eliminating the entry of all light. When he turned it before my face, I saw there were fittings on the ends that would lock to others on my head cage, and he allowed me a minute to study the thing then brought it up to my face and slowly moved it into contact. I automatically closed my eyes, and I heard the clicks on either side of my head when he closed the locks. Nothing pressed against the lids of my eyes, and they snapped open, only to find that I could see nothing but unending blackness! A small, frightened cry escaped my mouth.

“Can you see any light?” Michael asked while I tried to shake and move my head against the chains.

“N-No, Sir! I can’t see a thing! No light at all!”

“Excellent! Now I’m going to apply some disinfectant cream inside your nostrils. You will feel a spray of anaesthetic inside and outside.”

“*Please!* Please Master? What are you doing this for?” I begged, hoping that my thoughts and mushrooming fears were wrong.

Neither of them said anything, but immediately, I felt a swab spreading something slippery, far up inside my nostrils, and then on the outer sides! Nothing happened for about a minute, and then the material was wiped off. A cold spray went into each of my nostrils, and I coughed, smelling the strong scent. My nose began to grow numb, and I could not even wrinkle it.

“Oh, *Ggggoooddd!*” I wailed in horror, finally beginning to realize what was about to happen. “You’re going to pierce my nose!”

They remained silent while I struggled madly against my chains, screaming and begging for them not to do it, and all the while, my nose became more and more numb. Suddenly, I felt a cold, metal shield settle over it and firmly held in place, and then there was a sudden, intense pressure, high on my right nostril and something very sharp was quickly thrust through it! It pierced the next barrier, the cartilage of my septum! I felt only a little pain, but the pressure of the instrument being used was not eased, and I both felt and *heard* it pass completely through! Michael was unrelenting, and the huge piercing needle, a ‘dermal punch’ continued its progress, quickly passing out through the left side flap of my nose, completely transfixing the entire thing!

I couldn’t stop my wail of horror! The shock of it being done so quickly and cleanly stunned me and so being unable to see Michael’s deeply concentrated expression was probably a good thing. He left the needle in place for a couple of minutes, twisting it slowly while I gasped and wept then carefully withdrew it from the wounds, and finally,

lifted away the metal shield. I felt a trickle of blood within each of my nostrils but this was immediately taken care of when he placed a series of absorbent cotton pads in them and then left me alone for a couple of minutes. Eventually, the bleeding slowed and stopped then he sprayed another sweet smelling mist into each nostril, and I supposed it was some sort of stanching agent because it stung terribly.

To my horror, he next pressed a large diameter rod into the wound on my right nostril, carefully threading it through the punctured, fleshy lobe, then my pierced septum, and out the other side. He slid the thick shaft painfully back and forth for a few seconds, and then I felt something being done on the right side.

"There!" he exclaimed happily, "Done! We'll have to wait for the wound to heal fully before the grommets are locked into her flesh."

"Very good!" Babs exclaimed happily. "It's nice and high and it will be well anchored in the cartilage! Thank you Michael! An excellent job!"

"You're welcome, Babs. It was my pleasure to assist. I've already written out the instructions for the care of these piercings, so you shouldn't have any problems while the wounds heal. That's all I have to do today, so I shall leave you to explain to the convict just what has been done. Bye!"

"Thank you again, Michael! Have a good day and I'll be in touch soon. Bye!"

I heard the cell door shut, and then the dungeon door, and for long moments, there was silence while I wept quietly in blindness.

"Now, convict," Babs spoke at last, "let me tell you what has been done. As you know, your nose was been completely pierced, and a thick, stainless steel rod has been placed in the holes that were made. They will not be allowed to close up or heal over, and the rod cannot be removed by you because there are rings at each end preventing it from being pulled out, so you'll never be able to remove it. This is also a part of your continuing punishment as a CCFL, but I've had it done for another reason also. It, like your facial brands, will mark you as a CCFL for the rest of your life. You may speak now, if you wish."

"Oh, Mistress Babs! Please, please, *please!* Don't make me wear this awful thing in my nose! I feel terrible with it in there! I can't *stand* it being in my nose!

Pppllleeaassee!! Take it ooooouuuttt!"

"No!" she snapped without any sympathy. "It stays in until the wounds heal, and then we shall see what happens. By the way, your wrist bar will remain fastened to your waistband for another two weeks. Michael has told me that the holes will be fully healed in about six weeks. Now, I have some things to do, and so you will remain as you are until I return in a couple of hours."

The cell door opened and closed once more, then a few seconds later, the monitor beeped and I knew I was sealed into my solitary confinement. It was *then* that the horror of what had been done to me finally arrived. The anaesthetic was beginning to wear off, and the pain in my nose became stronger and stronger, but I was fastened so I could barely move and certainly was unable to do anything about the hurt. A wail of deepest misery tore from my soul, and I fought against my chains, even more desperate to escape their all-enveloping control. I let go completely and howled dementedly, and I suppose I *was* nearly insane, but no one outside the dungeon could hear me and only the cell's microphone listened to my hysterical raving. No matter *what* I did: beg, promise, or scream; no one came, and after a while, I fell into a gasping, weeping fit, hanging there

alone and abandoned in my chains. At last, Babs returned to the dungeon and came into the cell.

“State!”

“CCFL-1,” I whimpered, “lawfully sentenced to a lifelong dungeon detention reports that all her restraints are securely fastened! I am waiting for your orders, Mistress Barbara.”

“Excellent! I’m glad to see you have remembered your proper response. Now, I’m going to take off your blindfold and free you from the fixing bars, and then you can do what you like until your evening meal.”

A moment later, the blinder panel popped off its mounting posts, and I stared at her evilly smiling face, suddenly seeing the ends of the nose bar, blurred in my lower vision. In seconds, she’d released my fastening chains, and I staggered from between the fixing bars, intensely aware of all the things holding me a prisoner. For some reason, I felt the swinging leashes from my harness even more strongly than I remembered and totally hated the restriction of the newly re-fitted head cage. I glanced at Babs then lowered my eyes.

“Mistress? CCFL-1 wishes to speak?”

“Go ahead.”

“Mistress, please? Could the wrist separator bar be removed for a few moments, so I can pray?”

“No! Of course not!” she responded immediately. “You are sentenced to wear the *full* harness for the entire time of your sentence! There are *no* exceptions permitted, and you will never again be permitted to touch one of your hands to the other! That is one of the reasons for the Shower Stocks.”

“Oh, *please*, Mistress Barbara!” I gasped, beginning to weep hopelessly once more, “It is such a small thing to ease my trials here in the dungeon!”

“That is *precisely* why you will be kept as you are, convict! It’s the lack of small freedoms as much as the larger ones that are meant to act as a punishment. Now, I will seal you in until tonight.”

She left and I subsided onto the hard stool in hiccupping tears, jerking my hands and arms against their chains and also trying to kick free of the awful Spanish Trapezoid. It was hopeless! I could not stay sitting there, and after some minutes, I had to stand again to ease the discomfort of the obdurate steel plate between my legs and the deep penetration of the wedge into my sex.

Much later, I heard the beep that announced Babs’ return to the HSA and moved as quickly as I could to the back wall then knelt facing the barren concrete, waiting for her to arrive. The dungeon’s door opened then the one in the lattice wall was unlocked, and I could smell her perfume when she came to stand behind me.

“State!”

“CCFL-1, lawfully sentenced to a lifelong dungeon detention reports that all her restraints are securely fastened. I am waiting for your orders, Mistress Barbara” I said as clearly as I could because my nose had started to swell from the horrid thing that had been done to it.

“Excellent! Your dinner dishes have been placed in their normal positions, now get up!”

Babs pulled strongly on my collar leash and I rose to my feet, choking from her strong pull.

“Come *on!*” she snarled pitilessly, pulling up and making me walk to where the dishes were placed. “Down!”

I sank slowly to my knees, and then remained erect while she released the locks for my wrist bar.

“Eat!” she commanded.

I crouched over and tugged my arms against their chains, bending forward even more to gain as much freedom as I could and then slowly began spooning the food into my mouth, always conscious now of the blurred rod in my lower vision. I could see her booted feet beyond the bars while she watched me grovel to eat my meal.

“I *like* to see you like that, convict! Just a little animal and scared *all* of the time. I will *never* let you get free! You know that, don’t you?”

“Yes, Mistress Barbara!” I wept between mouthfuls.

“Hurry! I want to fasten you for the night, and then Thomas and I will be going out for a nice evening. You, of course, remain in here until the morning.”

“Yes, Mistress!” I wept even harder, continuing to shovel the bad tasting gruel into my mouth.

Finally, I was finished and she made me stand again, then immediately, she re-fastened my wrist bar to my waistband. I stared at her with a hate-filled look and she smiled sweetly at me, pulled me over to the rest area, and made me lay down in the proper position. Five minutes later, I had been immobilised on the thin mats, and she’d left with out another word. I was going to be kept like this for a full 16 hours! Even though I knew it was hopeless, I surged against the tensioned chains, attempting to ease my plight, but of course I remained secured to the floor. Giving up, I subsided into silence, laying there and staring up at the ceiling above. Eventually, I drifted off to sleep, but my rest was interrupted by recurring nightmares, and I wakened screaming to be freed a couple of times, only to find that I was indeed a chained-down prisoner and only the silence of my cell surrounded me. No one heard my terrified howls or begging.

My life resumed the rhythm it had been in before I was branded, and I suffered my imposed boredom as best I could. Gradually, I got used to the feeling of the rod in my nose, but despaired that I couldn’t touch or attempt to remove it. Even though I knew what her answer would be, every couple of days I pleaded and begged Babs to show me some mercy; trying everything I could think of to make her feel pity for me and to get her to ease my bondage, but she remained committed to keeping me imprisoned in the strictest means she could think of, exactly as The Judgement had said I should be.

Even the smallest infractions to her rules brought immediate punishment. Sometimes, she’d drag me to the fixing bars and chain me in a bent over posture and give me cuts of her riding quirt, and at others, she would just take me to the wall, short-chain me there, and leave me for the day, facing the cement a few centimetres away, my hands locked down at waist level, spread uselessly to the sides.

I promised faithfully to be a good and well-behaved prisoner, but she only laughed cruelly.

“Of course you will, little convict cat! You have no choice! Your harness, chains and leashes will always *ensure* that you are. I have more plans for you to enjoy also, but you’ll find out about them soon enough.”

No matter what I did, I could not ignore the presence of the bar now mounted in my nose.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE
The Next Horrible Addition

On Saturday morning, the 1st of April 2000, my seven hundred and eighty-second day in the dungeon as a CCFL, Babs released me from the puppy cage. After all the normal procedures had been completed and I'd eaten my morning meal, she left me between the fixing bars, fitted me with the blindfold panel then quickly added the chains that totally immobilized my head.

"M-Mistress Babs?" I asked, "What's happening, please?"

"Be silent!" she ordered in a conversational voice. "Some additional modifications are going to be made to increase your controllability."

Terrified of what was coming, I said no more, then some moments later, heard the dungeon and cell doors open and Michael entered.

"Good morning!" he said cheerfully, "I see you have the convict prepared, Babsi. Thanks! This won't take very long, and then I'll be off. I have other things to do in the city."

"Good morning, Michael! No problem about the short stay, because after you've finished, I want to show the convict some things."

"OK! Let's get this done," he said enthusiastically and I heard the rattle of some small metal parts. I didn't know what to think, but soon I felt and heard a small click on the right side of my nose bar, and then it was slowly and gently pulled from the holes in my nose. I was so glad to be freed of the awful thing! My relief at having the rod taken out was short-lived, because immediately, I felt something gently pushed up into my nose, and then it was wriggled into the still-tender hole in my septum! Another thing was put into the hole from the other side, and next, a large, cold metal device went up into each nostril and was placed in the two things in my septum! Nothing happened for a few seconds, then suddenly, the two metal things in my nose clamped tighter and tighter! I heard Michael grunt with effort, and there was a loud *click*! And the things that had been up my nose were withdrawn. However, the pressure of the thing in my septum remained constant! Although it didn't hurt, it was now uncomfortably present *all* the time! I felt his fingers on my nose as he moved it back and forth gently and no matter how much I scrunched my nose, I could not escape the feeling of the thing now embedded so deeply inside it!

"Excellent!"

Again, I heard the small noises of metal against metal, and then something else was again pushed up into my nostrils. I felt something press through the hole on the right side outer nostril skin and then something else pressed through the same hole, but from the outer side! Once more, some sort of thick metal tool went up into my nostril and again, I heard him grunt with effort. Another loud click sounded and immediately, I felt the presence capturing that flesh of my nostril! He quickly repeated the process on the left side.

"The grommets are permanent now," he said quietly. "They can't be removed from her unless they're cut out, and too, now that they're mounted, her flesh will take a lot of tension without tearing."

"Michael, that's great!" Babs bubbled enthusiastically. "Let's get her fully equipped!"

“OK! Here we go!” he said with a smile in his voice.

I felt something cool and metallic slipped upward into both of my nostrils at the same time, until it bumped against the steel embedded in my septum. I yelped from the pain of its sudden, small movement then felt a vibration. I wasn’t aware of it but he was slightly spreading apart the arms of a U-shackle, and when this was done, it slipped up further and the holes at the ends of the arms of the U-shackle slipped over the shouldered hole of the septum grommet and settled into place. I became lost in a sea of terror and horror, feeling the thing in my nostrils, but I wasn’t permitted any time to worry about it, for the next part of the process had already begun! Next, I felt something pushed through the three new grommets; passing snugly through them, and then something small and round was slid along the exposed portions on either side! I felt the vibrations and wriggling of the bar in all parts of my tender nose with great intensity, but then Michael slipped a thick cloth over my cheek on the right side. There was a hissing pop and the bar suddenly grew quite hot! The same thing happened on the other side and he splashed water on my face and it was at that point I felt something strange on my lips and cheeks! It felt like small links of chain and there was an increased weight on my nostril bar! *What* had he done?

“Finished! Now, I’ll do the rest.”

For the next few minutes, I heard the sound of a heavy, electric hammer drill coming from the wall behind me, and then from the floor near the barred wall. I didn’t know what to think.

“OK! Done with everything! I’ll see you again soon, and I hope you enjoy the new additions to the convict’s harness.”

“Oh, I’ll certainly do *that* Michael!” she laughed. “See you later!”

I heard the doors open and close, leaving Babs and me alone, but she said nothing for the longest time. Then I felt links at the ends of my awful nostril bar pulled back a little against my cheeks, and there was a small click on each side of my face!

“Now, I have some very nice things to demonstrate to you!” She giggled happily, like a little girl about to reveal a secret. My blindfold came off, and I stared at her in fear, wondering what had been done. “Here! Look at this!”

She held up a sturdy ring with a long, light chain attached to it that looped down out of my sight, and then, to my consuming horror, she slowly straightened her arm and the chain grew tight, leading directly to my nose! She slowly increased the tension on it and the chain began to pull at the bar now fastened into my face!

“Nnnnnooooo!!!” I screamed.

“Yes!” she smiled with great happiness. “You have been fitted with very nice and *permanent* nose jewellery, little convict! Like Michael said, it will *never* be removed!”

“Oooohhh, Ggggodddd!” I howled then began crying and wailing with horror at what had been done to me. She held her hand out and let the chain slacken a little, allowing the loop to swing weightily back and forth, continually reminding me it was there ... then, she dropped it! First, I felt the sharp, painful jerk on my flesh when the full weight of the chain came on the nose bar, but then I had to endure its unrelenting tension and weight!!! I couldn’t stop the despairing howls I made. Babs gloated happily while I screamed and wept uncontrollably.

“Isn’t this a *wonderful* addition to your harness and punishment?” she asked quietly, staring into my face with a happy smile. “It’ll make you so *very* controllable now. I love

the idea that you'll always be aware that it's fastened into your body, and there is *no* way either you *or* I can remove it!"

"Oh, please ... oh, please, Mistress!" I wailed, utterly devastated and demoralized by this newest addition, "Please, please, *please!* Take it off! Take it *off!*"

"Sorry! The rings at both ends of the nostril bar have been *welded* closed, convict, so the bar cannot be removed from your nose unless they're cut. I won't allow that to happen, and *you* certainly will be unable to do it. So, your nose jewellery *is* a permanent addition to your face." I just love it and will really enjoy using it to make you do what I want.

"You should also know that the chains from the ends of your nostril bar are locked to your head cage for added security, and, just for your information, the piercings that were done in your nose were *very* thick ones. The central one was made through the cartilage of your septum, so there is no danger of it tearing out of your flesh. The stainless steel grommets also ensure that it will not happen.

"As a matter of fact, Michael has told me that the mounting in your nose is so strong that you could actually be suspended by it! Of course, it will always be *very* distressing and painful for you to fight against, or when any tension is placed on it, so you better be obedient! You're just like a little animal now, convict, and I think that's exactly the way you should be."

"Now, it's time to show you the other interesting things that were done this morning, and they will work very well when used in conjunction with your new jewellery."

She quickly released the chains, and wrist separator bar, then, before I could avoid her hand, it snaked out and again she grasped the ring at the end!

"Come!" she said, snapping the chain.

I howled with pain immediately, for I felt the agonizing jerks on my nose instantly and the horrid, intimate pain that radiated from it! I was compelled to, move forward as quickly as my Spanish Trapezoid permitted, feeling *its* instant drag and the erratic rolling back and forth of the steel ball! Babs was merciless and maintained her tension on my newest, most horrible leash while I struggled to follow, fighting against the resistance of my restraints to alleviate the insistent and incredible pain she so callously inflicted. I moved as quickly as I could, following her to the back wall and once there, I discovered that a brilliantly-shined, 2 metre high, wide metal panel had been fastened beside the ring to which my leash chains were attached! Finally, for the first time in over two years, I saw what I looked like, locked into my stainless steel restraint and discipline harness.

For long minutes, I stared at the tightly fitted steel restraints that imprisoned my head, body, and limbs and then at the shiny chains that webbed and leashed me to the wall, but my eyes were inexorably drawn to the thick, bright steel U that emerged from my nostrils! Tears of horror clouded my eyes when I looked at my head, covered so fully by the tight helmet. It concealed all of my face but for the areas around my eyes, my nose, and the opening around my mouth, but then I looked more closely at my face, seeing how my nose was defined by the bright steel pressing tightly against the flesh on either side! I could barely move my facial muscles to change my expression it was so tightly clamped! High on the sides of my nose, I saw the ends of the bar projecting through small washers and passed through holes in its ends were small, thick rings with short lengths of chain attached! These had been led back to the sides of my head cage in small, looping lengths then locked to eyelets welded to its sides, just as Babs said they

were. Every time I moved, these short loops and locks clicked annoyingly, and I *couldn't* get away from their aggravating noise and movements. When I tried to wrinkle my nose and move the bar that only made me even more aware it was there! Babs quickly grew tired of my inspection and continuing tears. She tightened the leash again, pulling me to face her.

"Come! I want to demonstrate your controllability even more." She again snapped the leash, this time harder than before, and I screamed from the sudden pain she so casually inflicted, turning immediately in the direction of her tugging tension. "Hurry!"

Weeping wildly from the awful sensations radiating from my nose, I shuffled after her while she spent the next five minutes leading me around the cell. Babs was merciless and maintained an unending tension on the chain so that I *had* to follow until she tired of her game and dropped the chain. It swung freely from my nose, dangling down between the hummocks of my steel-armoured breasts, always dragging at my nose with a sensation I *couldn't* escape. She left the dungeon, and after the computer beeped, I moved slowly back to the newly installed mirror to more closely inspect my new, nasal jewellery. What I saw again brought more horrified tears, and I sank to my knees to try and reach up and touch it. However, even with the increase in the length of chains to my wrists and arms, I was only able to grasp the leash in my gloved hand, but I *could not* ease the weight of the swinging links! I just couldn't get enough freedom for my hands to lift it! Some hours later, the monitor beeped, and I struggled to the wall then knelt there, waiting for Babs to arrive. In the mirror, I glimpsed her standing on the outer side of the bars with the plastic dishes containing my meal, placed on the floor, just inside them.

"State!" she said harshly.

"CCFL-1, lawfully sentenced to a lifelong dungeon detention reports that all her restraints are securely fastened." I wept. "I am waiting for your orders, Mistress Barbara!"

"Very good! Stand up and walk over here, and then you will kneel at the lattice to eat your meal."

"Yes, Mistress Babs!"

She watched closely while I struggled to my feet then shuffled to the bars and knelt to get at the dishes. When I crouched over to free my hands and arms, the chain from my nose dropped onto the tiles below my face, and it was *then* that I saw the ring in the floor *outside* the barred wall. While tugging my hands and arms to get more freedom in my chains, Babs' hand slipped between the bars and grasped my nose leash then drew it out to the floor ring!

"Nnnnooooo! Please, Mistress!" I howled, crouched over like a cowering little animal. My restraints had not permitted me to retreat from her, and now, I was even more fully controlled!!

Babs other hand, holding a small but sturdy lock, slipped its shackle through the end ring of my nose leash chain then through the floor ring outside the bars. In horror I watched this happen and then her fingers compressed the shackle, and I heard the lock click loudly. Shoulder shaking sobs of humiliation and anger shook me, because now, I *couldn't* get up until she decided it was time for me to be released and I couldn't even straighten up, but at that moment hadn't yet realized it.

"Eat!"

Gasping and crying very hard at how cruelly I had been fastened; I fumbled for the spoon and began to put the food from the dishes into my mouth. Each time I turned a little to the side, or rose a slightly, the chain to my nose snapped tight, and I wailed even louder from the instant pain, but I kept eating. Babs had gone to sit in the comfortable chair and watched me very intently while I struggled against this newest, most horrible addition to my discipline harness.

“From now on, *this* is how you will eat *all* of your meals!” she informed me happily, “And, when you’re done eating I’m going to show you another nice punishment arrangement.”

I at last finished but remained huddled as I was, staring down the length of the chain to the floor ring and the lock that secured it beyond the barred wall! The ring was far beyond where I could reach, for the wrist separator bar stopped me from getting my fingers anymore than five cm past the bars and so I could only wait until I was released. If I tried to move away from my position, the leash immediately snapped tight and hurt terribly but at last, she got out of her chair and then came over and released it.

“Stand up and wait until I come into the cell!”

A moment later, she was inside and had grasped my nose chain then drew me to the back of the cell where my other leashes were fastened. I stared at myself in the mirror, seeing again the entire harness and all of my restraints, hating how helpless I was but Babs allowed me little time while she drew me nearer to the heavy wall ring.

“Closer!”

I shuffled as near to the wall as I could manage, and then she took the end of the nose leash and threaded it through the high ring! It was only 50 cm long, but she shortened it until it was taut between my face and the wall, then locked it so that it could get no longer. I suppose there was only about 20 cm of free leash, and so I had to stand facing the concrete, unable to move away.

“There!” she exclaimed happily. “This is another punishment for you, convict, but a minor one. If you are badly behaved, disobedient, or break the lesser rules, this is how you will spend your time for as many hours as I feel are necessary. However, if you break any of the major regulations; you will be disciplined with the riding crop while you stand fastened like this. If you lose your footing then you’ll just hang there until you either regain it, or someone comes to help you stand again.

“I have some things to do upstairs so I will leave you to learn just how effective this punishment is. See you later!”

Behind, I heard the doors slammed shut, and once again I was alone in the cell left to contemplate my foolish desires. I shifted slightly, and the nose chain immediately snapped tight, making me howl from the pain that suddenly flooded my steel framed and restrained nose. I *couldn't* move away and, of course, neither could I kneel or sit! Standing like that, the restricting chains acted as they were designed to: pulling my elbows in behind my back and making me stick out my steel armoured breasts while, at the same time, holding the wrist separator bar tight against my chastity belt's waist band with my hands spread widely and helplessly off to the sides of my hips. I felt horribly helpless standing there like that and soon began to weep at the pervasiveness of my bondage, but other than my gasping sobs, the cell was silent. *No one cared!* The next hours passed with glacial slowness while I stood at the wall unable to move more than a few centimetres in any direction before my nose leash snapped tight. Once, I nearly fell,

but the leash tightened abruptly, and I screamed from the awful tension and pain that erupted in my nose, attempting to remain in the miniscule, pain-free zone Babs had created. At last, she returned and freed me.

“OK. That was a *small* taste of what will happen when you are punished like this. You have the rest of the day to do as you like. Thomas and I will be going into the city for some entertainment, and I hope you enjoy your time in your chains, sealed in here all alone.”

Soon, I heard the beep, and knew I was locked away from the outer world. For long minutes after, I walked around the cell, and with every step, felt the nose leash swinging annoyingly from my face, bouncing off my breast cups. I managed to grasp the end in one hand then walked slowly to the mirror and stared for a long time at the image reflected back to me. It was incredible to see how bound and restrained I was, totally unable to escape! Sometime later, I knelt then crouched forward and eventually managed to touch the bar and shackle in my nose, but even the small tension I put on the leash was painful. At last, I stood again, went to the computer stool and sat down.

A large number of email messages were waiting to be answered, and I began typing my answers to them, unable to escape the constant irritating and uncomfortable swinging weight of the chain hanging from my nose. As always, I had to lift my feet to use the upper keys on the key board, and soon, the discomfort of sitting on the steel crotch plate, together with the effort required to type, became too much to bear. I had to stand and walk around, always feeling the swinging of my main leash chains from the back of my neck and waist, and now, in addition, the one from my nose! No matter *how* I moved or what I did, I was *always* uncomfortable in my restraints. I eventually sat on my mat and just stared miserably at the heavy, tight clamps and looping chains, weeping softly with despair at how I was being punished ... and the awful realization that it would continue without end to the end of my *life*! I knew I would go completely mad from the constant discipline, I knew it!

“Oh, Sabrina!” I raged over and over, repeating my miserable wails. “You stupid, *stupid* girl! You’ve thrown away your life for *this*! How could you *be* such an idiot?”

On Sunday, around 3:00 in the afternoon, Babs returned to the dungeon wearing her latex cat suit. Grasping my new leash, she pulled me to the fixing bars and fastened me in a kneeling position between them and as was usual my wrist cuffs were tightly chained so that I could not move my hands up. She opened the crotch zipper of her cat suit and moved close to my face.

“Come! It’s time you gave me some pleasure!”

She grasped the nose chain close to my face then pulled up on it, drawing me into her crotch, and I was forced to lick her sex, all the while experiencing the painful tension. She enjoyed my tongue a lot and came to a climax quickly, and then another and another while I wept and howled from the pain of her insistent uncaring tugging. At the end, she made me drink her urine, but some spilled onto the floor tiles.

“You haven’t done a very good job, convict! There is a large puddle on the floor!”

“Yes, Mistress! I’m sorry!”

“You’ll soon be sorrier!” she snapped angrily and drew her hips back from my face, dropping the nose leash and then releasing my fixing bar chains.

Babs grasped it again and made me crouch over, and then a moment later, she drew out the two lowest chains from the posts and locked them to my nose U shackle, holding

me centred over the puddle. The chains were far heavier than the one that was used as my leash, so they made me keep my head low because of the pain their weight caused if I tried to sit up.

“OK!” she said with a smile, “You’ll stay that way until you’ve cleaned up all of the puddle.”

“Yes, Mistress! I will, but, *please*, could I be released when I’ve done it? Please don’t leave me fastened like this until tonight, *please?*”

“No! You’ll stay fastened! It’s a good lesson for you to learn about doing a proper job!”

And so I remained crouched over with my head held close to the floor, crying miserably. The one time I could stand it no more and instinctively tried to rear up, they drew tight and made me howl from their painful weight. Even though I could just touch them with my gloved hands, there was no way to get any more length or to release them from my nose!

Eventually, she returned and released me. I’d learned again just how severe was my imprisonment and how merciless she was in enforcing me the rules of the dungeon.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR
More Punishment!

On Monday, the 3rd of April, 2000, my seven hundred and eighty-seventh day in the dungeon, Babs came in the evening, but this time, I did not go to the back wall and kneel as I was supposed to. I remained standing close to the bars, hanging onto them, feeling the constant weight of the leashing chains to my neck and waist, horribly conscious of my nose leash dangling down over my lips and swinging with an annoying clatter against the steel cups imprisoning my throbbing breasts. She came close to the lattice wall, outside in the anteroom.

"You've broken the rules!" she snapped. "Go to the back wall immediately and kneel as you are supposed to!"

"No!" I yelled angrily at her. "Fuck you! I'm *not* going to play your stupid dominance game any more you rotten, cruel bitch! I want you to free me *immediately!*"

"Oh, *really?*" she smiled. "Well, we'll just see about *that!*"

She strutted to the cell door, unlocked it, and sauntered slowly over to where I stood defiantly, shaking with anger. When she approached, I tried to turn away and hide my face, but there was no way to escape, and she slowly came closer and closer while I tried to back away. Her hand suddenly snapped out and snagged my freely swinging nose tether then pulled on it! I *had* to come and stand directly in front of her, and all the time, she smiled maliciously, still tugging on the chain, making me yelp miserably from the pain.

"So? You *still* think that this is a stupid play, do you? OK, convict! *Here's* something that'll give you plenty of time to consider you're place as a CCFL, and how you got yourself into it so happily."

"You've been wilfully disobedient and consciously broken the dungeon rules *again*, and so, effective *immediately*, you are hereby sentenced to internment in the small cell until the morning of the 16th of April. That's not all though!"

"As in the past, you will be hung in the slave swing for at least twelve hours each day, starting at 6:00 in the evening, until 6:00 the next morning, *but in addition*, you'll be kept blinded *and* gagged *for the full time* you're in there, *and* each night after you've been hung up, I'm going to give you a dozen hard strokes of the riding whip. That starts tonight, just to reinforce to you that this is *not* a game! It's a *real* punishment and your Judgement is *not* some elaborate play!"

Babs tightened my nose leash and I had to follow her into the small cell, weeping with terror of what she was going to do to me. I tried to beg forgiveness, but my crying and pleading were totally ignored. Once we were inside, she arranged the step-up blocks on the floor, all the while holding firmly onto the leash, jerking me back and forth with it while she worked. When Babs was happy with the arrangements, she pulled hard on the chain until I stepped up onto the wooden blocks, but this time facing the back wall! She first locked the three, short leashes to the front of my harness, but there was a forth one! She smiled at me again.

"*This* one," she said, locking it to the same wall ring as the others, "is for your nose! Hold still!"

She drew it out from the wall and took another lock then fastened the end ring of my nasal tether to it! I immediately felt a horrid, burning drag on my nose and howled in

misery from the pain, but she left it fastened and stepped back. I felt like I was the worst kind of murderer about to be executed by hanging when she locked the chains to the sides of my waistband, and then the top of my head cage. All the while, I moaned and wept quietly, jerking my useless hands against their separator bar, struggling uselessly to free my arms from the dragging captivity of the auxiliary chains, pulling them in behind my back.

“Are you frightened of what is going to happen, convict girl?” she smiled nastily at me.

“Yes, yes, Mistress!” I gasped, tears streaming from my eyes. “Please? *Please?* I’m very sorry for breaking the dungeon rules and being so disobedient! I don’t want to be punished any *mmmmooorrreee!!!*”

“Good! I’m glad you’re scared! You *should* be, and that is how I want you ... always! You’re sorry that you broke the dungeon rules? Well, *that’s* good too! Someday, perhaps you’ll stop being so rebellious and obey them all the time!

“Oh? And you don’t want to be punished anymore? Then you’d better be properly behaved, obedient, and always subservient! You *will* be punished as and when I see fit, convict! Now, open your mouth for your feeding and discipline gag!”

“No, please! *Please*, Mistress Babs! I beg ... *aaaauuggghhh!*”

She rammed the huge, hollow, rubber penis into my mouth and locked its wide cover plate tight to my head cage, crushing my lips against my teeth. I stared at her through flooding tears, feeling the lock click shut on my chin, and then she picked up the steel blindfold panel and slowly moved it toward my face. The last thing I saw was her smiling at the end of my looping nose chain, then, nothing at all. Again, I felt the locks click closed and there was only utter blackness while I stood with trembling legs, waiting, on the blocks. Babs was her usual cruel self for she didn’t immediately pull them from under my feet, but soon they began to slide away. I danced desperately on them and then slow seconds later I swung freely in the chains, gagged, blinded, and utterly helpless! Oh, God! What an incredible feeling of helpless vulnerability I felt! I managed to touch the toes of my shoes to the floor and stood trembling in terror of what was inevitably to come. My nose felt the drag of the swinging chain, and no matter how hard I struggled to ease it, I could do nothing other than make small, hissing gasps of distress.

For the longest time, I just hung there, twisting slightly from side to side, experiencing overwhelming sensations of captivity. My mind was enveloped in a whirlpool of terror while I waited for the next phase of my punishment, but Babs prolonged my agony of terror for long, long minutes, making my horror at my situations flood my mind. The waiting was terrible! At last, she started with the riding whip, and I cannot adequately describe the horror of the blindness and being gagged while I was kept in an enforced void of silence, able only to howl against the rubber plug locked into my mouth and with no hope of release or a cessation of her disciplining. With every stroke of the whip she delivered, I thrashed madly in my chains, jerking upright and screaming automatically, and each time, the chain between my nose and the wall ring swung and jerked, adding even more to my agony! It never really snapped tight, but the constant weight and jerking on the sensitive flesh was awful! What was even more horrid was the time she took between each strike of her whip, for she always let me recover myself a little between each cut of the crop, then struck again, driving me into another paroxysm of screaming and manic hopeless dancing in my chains to avoid or escape her vengeance

and the pain. When she finally finished, I was nothing but a steel-harnessed female puppet, dangling in midair, howling screaming and weeping mindlessly into my gag while my arms and legs jerked instinctively and automatically against their restraints. She stepped out of the cell and slammed the door closed and then walked out of the cell without any sort of kind word, just leaving me to twist there in silence while she sealed me inside the HSA, alone for the night. An hour after she'd left, I still wept miserably, jerking hysterically against my restraints and the chains, feeling the terrible burn of the whip's blows all over my buttocks.

Each night thereafter when she came to the door of the small cell, she always made sure I knew she'd arrived.

"Good evening, convict! I hope you're ready to be hung in the slave swing and receive your twelve strokes today?"

Of course, I could say nothing because of the extremely efficient gag locked in my mouth and only knelt, staring blindly into my face panel, kept always facing the back wall of the small cell. Even though I cowered away from the sound of her silky but threatening voice, jerking my hands and arms against their separator bar, trying to beg to her to take pity on me and not hang me up and whip me again, she always laughed while she unlocked the small cell's barred door.

"Oh! I see you don't want to be punished any more? That *is* too bad! Now get up!" Venom laced her voice while she commanded with quiet viciousness. "It's time for you to receive the next instalment of your punishment, convict."

She was cruelty personified, for not only did she grab the back collar leash and pull me to my feet, choking and still trying to beg for it not to happen, but she also tugged continually on my nose leash and I could not stop my strangled screaming while I staggered to my feet then over to the waiting step up blocks. Each succeeding night, it got worse than the one before, but as always, my screams were reduced only to faint, hissing bleats around my nose jewellery, music to her ears.

My thirtieth birthday came and went on the 14th of April 2000, my seven hundred and seventy-seventh day in the dungeon, but my punishment continued without a pause. I remained locked inside the small cell and sealed within the HSA. Being a prisoner, I received no presents; only the nightly twelve hard strokes of Babs' terrible whip.

The time I spent not being punished was a very short one. After Babs freed me from the small cell on the 16th of April 2000, I resumed my regular existence. But on Saturday morning, the 22nd April, she came into the cell, opened the door of the puppy cage, took me to the fixing bars, chained me then removed my feeding gag.

"Did you enjoy your stay in the cage, convict?" she asked smiling happily while I tugged angrily against the tight chains.

"My name is *Sabrina!*" I croaked, unable to stand not being called by my name anymore. "Don't you know that you stupid *bitch!*"

She stopped then stood in front of me and laughed.

"In the past, your name *might have* been Sabrina. But now, and for the rest of your life, *convict*, you no longer have a name. You are only an animal in here, and as such, you have been assigned the designator that the Dungeon Authority gives you! You've been properly branded and identified as CCFL-1, and you will respond *only* to that or the words 'prisoner' or 'convict'."

“You’ve broken the rules very badly *again!* I’d have *thought* you’d have learned your lesson by now you stupid bitch, but you’re obviously still rebellious and haven’t learned a thing. Seeing how this has just been demonstrated, you’re hereby sentenced to *another* four weeks in the small cell, just like the last time!”

“The exact same punishment regime will be applied again: twelve hours every night in the slave swing, blinded and gagged for the full four weeks of your sentence, and a dozen cuts with the riding whip *every* night after you’ve been hung up.”

“Perhaps when you’ve finished this *next* sentence, you’ll finally understand that you *must* behave yourself.” She released my fixing bar chains and pulled me immediately into the small cell, and then she reconnected my short leashes, locking the main ones from behind to the bars of the door so that I couldn’t even turn around and look out into the main part of my cell.

The next month was terrible! It was twice the length of time I’d ever spent to this point in such harsh punishment, and immediately after it began, I desperately wanted to find some way to kill myself and escape my horrible life, but there was no escape until Babs released me. Each night she exulted in the process of dragging me to the slave swing, hanging me up and then whipping me and making me dance in silenced screaming agony. I re-emerged into the main part of the cell on Saturday, the 20th of May 2000, my eight hundred and thirty-third day in confinement as a CCFL ... a changed woman.

Soon I was once more confined in the puppy cage for my usual day of penance, and when it was completed, she first unlocked the door, reached inside, unlocked the end ring of my nose leash from its fitting at the far end of the cage, and cruelly pulled on the dangling chain, urging me out. I stared up at her, shrieking shrilly from the pain that flared in my nose, while she pulled on it so pitilessly. I tried desperately to obey her signal while she *laughed* at my restricted movements, but as always my harness, stiff muscles and joints slowed me dramatically and all I could do was squeal with misery while she maintained her tension. Oh, how I hate this thing fastened into my face! It is *so* cruelly effective!

“Come on! Hurry up!” She snarled while I crawled out onto the floor. “Quit wasting my time! You’re to be cleaned today because we missed last week when it should have been done. I want you back in your suit and harness and re-leashed to the wall with no delay.”

So saying, she snapped the nose chain again making me continue my incoherent wailing for her to leave me alone, but I slowly moved onto the floor, weeping miserably. Two minutes later, I stood on quivering legs before her, my hands spread helplessly wide and my elbows pulled in tight behind my back, staring at her with hate flaming from my tear-filled eyes while my nose leash still looped to her gloved fist. She grinned happily at my misery once more.

“How *nice* to see you suffering so well! I’ll try to make these next hours quite miserable for you. Now, move to the fixing bars!”

With that, she tightened her grip, making me howl again from pain and humiliation, and with tears of bitterness flooding down my branded cheeks at having ever wished myself to be kept as a prisoner, I was drawn in a crab-like shuffle to stand between the steel posts. In a matter of seconds, she had me fully secured between them, staring at the wall only a metre and a half in front of my face. I could barely move and certainly couldn’t turn to watch what she did. The door in the lattice wall opened and closed, and

then she came to me with the tools and my 'washing stocks yoke'; it trailing the heavy chain leash.

"Please, Mistress Babs? *Please* execute me!" I wept in total desolation. "I want to die and suffer no more of this terrible life!"

Saying that, I collapsed into the chains that held me between the fixing bars and thrashed madly against them, howling in despair while she stood there and looked pitilessly at me.

"*No*, convict," she said calmly, disregarding my display. "There will be no easy redemption for you by an early death. You continue to be properly punished and you *will* end your life here in the dungeon, but only by natural death, and *that* won't come for many years."

Babs spent the next 15 minutes removing my steel harness and dungeon suit then spoke again.

"It's time, convict!" she growled, staring deeply into my eyes. "Open your mouth for your gag."

A moment later, I was silenced and stood fastened before her, nearly naked, wearing only my nipple rings, my nose shackle and leash chain, and the washing stocks. She fitted my ankles with the wide, tight cuffs joined by their short chain and for the moment, I remained fastened between the posts. The awful nose jewellery leash swung between my naked breasts, brushing against my body when I moved my head and then Babs came to stand in front of me. I stared fearfully at the long leash for the washing stocks, coming into my cell from the shower stall.

"Follow me quickly to the shower cell! You will obey all of my commands!"

With that, she grasped my nose chain in her rubber-gloved hand, and without a backward glance, pulled on it to make me follow her. The burn from the tug was bearable, but only just, and I bit back a moan of pain when I began to shuffle slowly forward. Within two hours, I was once more dressed fully in my oppressive suit and harness, leashed by the three strong chains to the wall in my cell.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

Additions To The High Security Area

I was well behaved for a long time after the two very closely spaced punishment sessions. After my cleaning on Sunday, the 11th of June 2000, my eight hundred and fifty-fifth day in the dungeon, Babs released me from the sleeping chains, allowed me to use the toilet and presented my breakfast. As always now for every meal, my nose leash had been pulled out through the bars then locked to the floor ring there, preventing me from any sort of easing of my crouched over and bound posture. I hated the pervasive control she had of my life but I had *no* possible way to escape and it was about to get even *worse!* She left but then returned some minutes later carrying a steel ball and placed it on the floor beside my head.

"It's time to clean your cell, convict. I've decided to ensure that you do your job properly," she said kneeling beside where I cowered on the floor with the three leashes looping back from my harness to the wall ring, held in place on the floor by my nose chain. She unlocked my nose tether from the floor ring, drew it over to the iron ball, and locked it to the heavy staple welded to it! "This will ensure you remain in the correct posture while you're doing your work, and just for your information, the ball weighs 10 kilograms. The bucket and brushes are over there against the back wall, under your leash ring.

"I'll be back at midday to see how you're progressing with the cleaning. If it's not done to my satisfaction, you'll stay fastened to the ball until your evening meal. Have a nice day!"

A moment later, she was gone, locking the doors securely and then I heard the computer beep and knew I'd been sealed in. It was a horror! I had to hold the ball in one of my gloved hands when I wanted to move around and was terrified of dropping it if I stood up, for the suffering I'd experience would be indescribable. My chains forced me to adopt my usual helpless posture, and so I only stood the one time, and the rest of the morning crawled awkwardly around the cell, carefully but very awkwardly pulling on my nose leash to move the ball where I needed to go to continue scrubbing the floor tiles. Even as careful as I was, I could not avoid pulling painfully on my nose jewellery when I moved the ball and it was a *very* cruel enforcement of the Dungeon Cleaning Regulations! I wondered why she'd decided to punish me in this manner, unable to stop my tears of misery, but it made no difference, I *had* to do it! Of course, as my Jailer, she needed no reason to inflict more punishment upon me than a mere desire to do so. Finally, she returned to find me crouched under the wall ring, staring down the length of my nose leash at the heavy, shiny ball, still quietly weeping in despair. She walked around the cell, ignoring me while closely inspecting my work.

"Very good, convict. I'll release you, but from now on, *this* is how you'll do your cleaning chores every Sunday morning. I think it should be done at least that often, don't you?"

"Yes, Mistress!" I whispered, still crouched over.

"Did you enjoy cleaning your nice little home, convict?"

"Yes, Mistress." I whimpered, more tears flowing, "I enjoyed it as much as I could."

"That's good! This is all a part of your punishment. Have you resigned yourself to the fact that this is going to be your Death Cell?"

“Yes, Mistress Barbara!” I wailed in despair. “I realize that you will never free me from my chains or my sentence to life imprisonment, but will you *ever* release me from this terrible discipline?”

“That’s right, convict. You’ll live the rest of your life in here, always fastened into your dungeon suit, always wearing the discipline harness, and *always* leashed to the wall. Did you *actually* think that you’d ever be released?”

“Oh, Mistress Barbara! I have hoped and prayed that you and Master Thomas are only playing a very intense game with me ... p-p-please?”

“You *still* have those stupid hopes, do you?” She laughed with horrible happiness in her voice while she knelt to release my nose leash. “Well, you can forget them, convict. You’ll *never* be freed from this punishment and I like the fact that you’re still a young woman, with years left to suffer for your crimes and misbehaviour. Have no doubt that they’ll *all* be spent right here. So, you can look at living maybe another forty years ... just like this!”

“Oooohhh, *please!* Please free me, Mistress!” I howled in renewed horror of what I’d done with my life.

“Never, convict! Now, stand and walk around the cell!” She pulled harshly on my neck chain, and I rose to my feet choking and sobbing. “I like to see you struggling in your pretty harness and chains, so get moving!”

I struggled to walk back and forth as she demanded, feeling the erratic rumbling of the steel ball at the end of its short chain and the constant, swinging weight of my neck and waist leashes, as well as the inescapable drag of my nose leash. She’d walked into the anteroom, locking the door behind her while I struggled to move, and then stood observing me for a long time. Finally, when I was nearly fainting from the hard effort, she allowed me to stop.

“Very nice! I hope you like the harness and your chains?”

“Yes, Mistress Barbara!” I gasped miserably. “I l-l-like them because they are what I need to make me a well behaved and proper convict.”

“Very good! You’re on your own until this evening. Thomas and I are going for a nice walk, and you will stay chained in here. Have a nice afternoon!”

Over the next months, my life didn’t change very much from the boring routine I’d been subject to for more than two years. Sometimes Babs would stay and talk, and very occasionally, Master Thomas came to inspect my restraints, but I saw less and less of him. I found it hard to imagine that he had once been my lover but was now only an implacable jailer and would ensure that the rest of my life was spent as a chained prisoner in unending punishment.

Although I wasn’t aware of it at that time (June, 2000), Babs and Thomas were discussing the prospect of opening up another part of the cellar; a room of three by four metres, behind the wall on which the ring for my leash chains was mounted. This new part of the HSA would be used as an Exercise and Torture Cell and inside, they planned to install a couple of specially designed and created exercising machines. One was to be a Galley Oar Rowing Machine, with the other being some sort of treadmill and of course, I would be fastened inescapably to them to do whatever work they wanted me to perform. I had been in this room a long time before to store some boxes, but during my sentence in the dungeon, had forgotten completely about it.

However, now it too was going to be used to further punish me, even though I didn't yet know it.

I could not help but think continually about the life I had consigned myself to, wondering if perhaps, after the death of my parents, it was a subconscious wish to commit some sort of slow suicide, because I'd felt so very alone. After that terrible period of my life, my dreams and desires to experience a total imprisonment had become much more active, and at last, I'd found Thomas. I had slowly learned to live as his prisoner and found that I was able to withstand most of the punishments he and Babs inflicted, but I no longer so often wished to die. I wanted to live, but in freedom, out of this terrible place and life! *This* had turned into a horrible reality, and I *could not* escape it!

They continued to refine their plans for the exercise cell and its machinery for making me perform hard labour. The machines were being designed and equipped to ensure that I worked as hard as they required, and this would be accomplished by means of a computerized monitoring system, coupled to an electrical dildo and clitoral electrodes. Too, my nipples and breasts would also be fitted with electrodes, and if I failed to perform, the computer would apply varied series of agonizing shocks to make me resume my work. Of course, I'd also be fitted with a feeding gag for the time I was to spend in the exercise cell, so I would be able to drink when I needed to. They had no desire to overstress me and so my dungeon suits would also be modified; equipped with a half dozen sensor electrodes to monitor my heart rate and body core temperature while I was working or being disciplined.

It was probably just as well I didn't know that these projects were being worked on and so I blithely continued to write to the few people who were still permitted to correspond with me. The web site remained cancelled because Thomas' concerns for privacy and security were still in question. I was very grateful for even the few letters I was permitted to send and receive.

My life maintained the same rhythm for many long months and I lost all track of time, knowing only that my punishment stretched unendingly into the future. Babs told me that another Christmas had come and gone, but *this* time, there was no change or allowance for me to enjoy myself as I had on its occurrence in the previous two years. During this period, Thomas cut off my ability to communicate to the outside world entirely, but he substituted other work in place of my letters, thus keeping me occupied during the long, boring days. I missed my contact with the world beyond my cell and dungeon terribly.

On Monday morning, the 15th of January 2001, my one thousand and eighty-sixth day as a prisoner in the dungeon, I heard faint noises through the wall to which my leashes were fastened and wondered what was happening. Every day for the next several weeks, the noises continued, and I finally got up enough nerve to ask Babs about them.

"So! You're curious, convict? Master Michael is creating a new part of the High Security Area. You'll find out about it soon enough."

It finally happened when the noises from behind the wall had stopped and there was an ominous quiet. I'd gotten used to the pounding coming through the thick concrete wall, for it kept me company in the normally oppressive silence of my High Security Area, telling me I was not alone.

One evening, Babs appeared with my supper, then after she'd locked my nose leash to the ring in the floor, she stood over me and watched while I awkwardly spooned the disgusting mush into my mouth. As always, I could only use one hand at a time, and although I had become used to it, my face still burned with humiliation every time while I stared down the length of glittering links to the lock securing it to the floor ring on the other side of the barred wall. Babs never allowed me to forget my place or what was to come; enjoying my frequent tears of misery and the yelps of pain I made if I forgot about the limitation of the leash and tried to sit erect, as a human should. When I'd nearly finished the meal, she spoke.

"Tonight, you are going to be hung in the swing and you'll stay there, gagged and blindfolded for the next few days while Michael does some work here in the cell. I don't want you bothering him in any way while he is completing his work."

"Oooohhh, Mistress Barbara!" I moaned, desperate to avoid this uncalled for sentence to my own personal form of Hell. "Why are you punishing me? I have been a very good prisoner!"

"You stupid cow!" she snarled. "I've just *told* you why you're going in there! Aren't you listening? Oh, well! It doesn't really matter. You know I can punish you for *any* reason I like, or none at all."

I hiccupped and retched at the texture of the horrible stuff I was eating and began weeping anew at misery of what was to come.

"Eat your meal, bitch!" she snarled again, snapping her riding crop across my steel separated, rubber framed buttocks.

I screamed automatically from her cruel, burning slash and instinctually tried to jerk to an upright position, hands fighting against the separator bar, attempting to somehow get around my body and rub the flaming stripe. When I surged up, the nose leash tightened with a snap making me howl again from the pain radiating from my barred and shackle decorated nose.

"Keep stuffing that slop into your mouth!" she barked without pity.

Hopelessly and desperate that she not strike me again, I resumed eating while my tears fell into the plastic dish. When I was finished, she took the spoon from my trembling, gloved fingers and removed the dish. A moment later, she returned and unlocked my nose leash but continued to hold it.

"*Up!*" she hissed, putting tension on the chain.

I howled with misery from the insistent pain, slowly struggling to my feet, and then stood trembling before her, unable to look anywhere else but along the line of links to her gloved hand, then into her face, hating the thing that controlled me so intimately and surely. Babs smiled sweetly.

"Come along! It's time for you to be hung up in your nice swing."

She turned and walked slowly to the opened door of the small cell keeping tension on my nose with no easement until I was standing on the step up blocks, between the dangling side chains. She maintained her hold on my nasal tether while reaching to the top of my head, and then I felt the lock snap closed, joining the chain to it. Only then did she drop my nose chain and let it hang, making me yelp automatically with the sudden jerk when it swung back and forth. Babs quickly connected the suspension chains to the side rings of my waist band, and then left the cell for a moment, leaving me trembling while I stood facing the barren cement wall, as I had done so many times in the past,

dreading the moment she would pull the blocks from under my feet. Fastened as I was, I would be unable to turn and look out through the bars, but it didn't matter because she was going to fasten the blinder panel over my upper face. I'd be left facing the wall so I could not disturb Master Michael when he passed the barred door of the small cell. All he'd see would be my back. Two minutes later, she returned carrying the blinder and feeding gag, then stood back and looked me up and down.

"You look *so* nice, convict! You stand there in your chains so prettily and helplessly, waiting just for me! Now ... it's time to take away your sight and speech. You *will* hold still while I lock these nice things to your head cage, won't you?"

"Y-Yes, Mistress Barbara!" I whimpered, feeling the familiar fear sensation behind my pubic bone, knowing I was soon to suffer for her pleasure, again.

"Very well! Open your mouth!" she commanded, holding up the large penis shape that would fill it and silence my begging and weeping that was surely soon to come.

Her hand brushed aside my dangling nose leash then she forced the gag deeply into my mouth after I'd reluctantly opened it as much as the head cage allowed. It plopped fully inside and then my teeth sank into their sockets in the gag, seating it solidly within. Almost retching, I stood quietly while she pushed the face panel hard against the metal of the head cage and locked it in place. Silent tears trickled from my eyes while I stared at the featureless cement wall in despair.

"Now, *that* wasn't so bad was it?" she smiled happily. "OK! Time to blind you. Hold still."

Yes! *It was* bad but she relentlessly raised the wide, foam rubber lined, curved panel and then drew it back over my upper face completely covering my eyes. I closed them instinctively and a second later, I both heard and felt the locks snap closed, securing it to the head cage. If it not for the suspending chains to my chastity belt, I would have fallen over, but Babs was not done yet. She next affixed my drinking water hose to its fitting on the front of the gag, and then added a weight to my freely swinging nose leash! "*Oh, God!*" I wept in my mind, jerking my hands uselessly against the restriction of the separator bar, "*How can she be so cruel?*" I fought to grasp the swinging chain and weight, but my bondage was secured and there was no way I could touch it with my hands held off to the sides by their separator bar.

"It hurts, doesn't it, convict?" she asked with fake concern. Then her voice hardened. "Well, *that's* too bad! You're going to continue to suffer as long as you're alive!"

"You know how this works, so I'm going to leave you now. Thomas and I are going out for a nice Chinese dinner and to the cinema to see a new movie. *You* will stay in here, alone and suspended, and the HSA will be sealed for ten hours when I leave. Bye!"

She jerked the step-up blocks from under my feet, and I swung back and forth for a moment until the tips of my toes found the slick floor, barely. The door closed with a steely bang, and then a moment later, the door of the barred wall was also closed. A heavy, dull-sounding thud told me she had sealed the dungeon door, and I knew the others would be quickly closed behind her, then a moment later, I faintly heard the computer beep. A message had appeared on its screen, stating that the HSA was now sealed for the next ten hours.

I hung there in silence and blackness. There was no escape! I began to think about what was coming. Months ago, she'd told me about the new addition to the HSA, but had said nothing more since that time, but now, something was definitely happening. I knew

for sure that the new part of the HSA was being prepared because of the noises during the past weeks, and it now appeared that they were in the final preparation stages. At that point, my legs cramped badly, and I fell forward to hang semi-seated in my harness, gasping and trying to cry out from the discomfort of sitting in my chastity belt with its wide, uncomfortable wedge pressing deeply up into my sex. To add to my torment, when I fell, it started my nose leash and weight swinging, and in helpless tears, I began to howl into my gag, begging to be released from this Hell of my own choosing, even though I knew *no* one could hear me. Babs was, of course, fully aware that when I struggled it only made me more aware of my helplessness and suffering and so I remained hanging in the locked cell, terribly alone, in utter misery.

The hours passed with snail-like, grinding wretchedness because I could do absolutely nothing to escape, and so I spent the night in twitching semi-sleep. Babs' arrival the next morning was preceded by the usual beep from the computer and then I heard the doors opened and closed when she came into the dungeon.

"Good morning!" she greeted me happily. "I see you're still hanging there and enjoying your stay in the slave swing! You're lucky! Today you don't have to kneel to be fed! I'll just plug the feeding hose onto your gag and force the slop down your throat because I don't want to go to the bother of taking you down."

A moment later, the cold, gooey lumps of gelatinous porridge were forced through the gag and into my throat, and once again, I could not stop my automatic retching from the awful texture, but she was pitiless, and all the while, she stood beside my jerking, suspended body. At last, satisfied I had swallowed it all, she reconnected the water hose, and for long moments, I sucked avidly, trying to get enough into my mouth to wash away the gluey taste of the porridge. I felt horribly humiliated, dangling there before her, fastened so helplessly, but at least I couldn't see her evil smile of happiness at my situation. Finally, she spoke again.

"When I leave, convict, you will be on your own until this evening. No lunch for you during the days to come until Michael's job is done. However, you can drink all the water you need. See you later."

Once more I listened to the succession of doors closing and locking, but there was no chirp from the computer. A couple of hours later it seemed, I heard heavy drilling noises on the concrete wall and then the whooshing sound of a torch, followed a moment later by the acrid smell of a torch cutting through tough steel.. Next, came a hard pounding, until at last, I heard the cement begin to fall and shatter on the floor. Every few minutes, I'd hear a metallic clanging when a piece of steel reinforcing bar fell to the floor after being cut, and all the while, I swung silently in the swing, my breath hissing through my nose while the noises continued, smelling the fumes from the cutting torch. I faintly heard Michael's heavy breathing and an occasional muted word when he talked to himself, then for the longest time nothing. During the rest of the day, there were all sorts of mechanical sounds that made me wonder what was being happening, but Michael completely ignored me while I hung there in my chains in the locked cell, blind and gagged to silence

Many hours later, Babs returned and wordlessly pumped the soup that was supper through the feeding hose then left me alone once more, still suspended. I spent that night and all of the next day dangling in gagged misery, still totally ignored by Michael. He'd seen me fastened like this many times before and so it was nothing remarkable for him to see a silently weeping and struggling, steel-harnessed woman, suspended in chains in a

locked cell. The third morning, Babs released me after my feeding but she left me in the blindfold and feeding gag.

“You can sleep in the main cell on your mat today, convict,” she said, releasing the chains that held me in the small cell and pulling me out of it. “Now, come and lay down.”

My nose leash tugged insistently while she drew me to it and pushed down on my shoulder until I was lying flat. In moments, she’d connected my sleeping chains and I lay there, held totally motionless. I must have fallen instantly asleep for I never heard the doors closed and sealed, but eventually, later in the day, I awoke, struggling against my thrumming tethers and immediately realized where I was.

“So! You’re awake again at last!” Babs’ voice cooed to me. “Just in time for your dinner.” In seconds, she’d screwed the fitting for the food bag onto my gag, and I was once more forced to swallow the gluey mess. Oh, how I hated it! When I was finished, she attached the water hose, and then stood. For some reason she decided to stay and talk for a moment, but I soon realized that she was only doing it to build my fear and terror of what was to come.

“The day after tomorrow, convict, you will be given your next intensive cleaning. Two days after that, you will begin to enjoy your new Exercise and Torture Chamber and its wonderful machines!

“Thomas and I have decided that you are no longer to be allowed to just laze around here in your cell, doing nothing all day, and so, your Judgement has been changed to ensure that your punishment as a CCFL becomes even more intense. Now, you will be required to perform Disciplining Hard Labour every day except for your Cage Days and the allocated day of rest. Even your Rest Day may be cancelled if I feel you have not been properly behaved and obedient. Your Discipline Hard Labour is now a fact of your life here in the dungeon, convict, so you’d better get used to the idea. It will be hard and quite unpleasant for you, but that is one of the prices you must pay! I hope you enjoy your time in the Exercise and Torture Cell. Because I certainly plan to! No matter how hard you work in there, it will all be for *nothing!*”

I remained silent but gulped with nervousness, feeling the ever-present rigidity of my head cage and collar over the rubber of my dungeon suit, wondering what terrible things lay in store for me.

The next morning, Babs removed the feeding gag and blinder, and I was permitted to stand and look around. The first thing I noticed was the new barred door in the wall beside my leash ring and I tried to see through the tightly spaced shafts into the brightly lit chamber beyond.

“That’s your new Exercise and Torture Cell!” Babs exclaimed with a happy smile. “Soon, you’ll get to enjoy it every day, whether you want to or not!”

My life continued normally for the next two days, and I spent hours staring through the new door into this latest room to be added to my HSA, trying to see what had been done. The new part of the HSA had only one opening; the door I looked through, because the airshaft window in its other wall had been cemented completely closed and was no longer even apparent. A grid of overhead lights was set into the ceiling, and the walls I could see had many rings set into them, all with long chains dangling. The door itself was made from heavy steel with tightly spaced bars, but there was a 5 cm high space at the bottom, and I assumed this was to permit my leash chains to go underneath when the

door was locked closed ... with me inside. The walls and ceiling were painted a glistening white, and the red tiles matched those in the main part of the dungeon.

What fascinated and terrified me though were the two pieces of machinery inside. One was a strangely configured rowing machine; the other a wide-belted treadmill, both bolted securely to the floor. Shudders of nervousness shook my body every time I looked at them, for each had sturdy chains welded to their frames, obviously designed to fasten its occupant inescapably in place.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX
My First Day of Exercise

On the 02nd of April 2001, my eleven hundred and seventieth day as a prisoner, the first surprise came when Babs blindfolded me before I was released from the shower cell. In moments, I was between the fixing bars, chained securely, and then she dressed me in my cloying rubber suit. This one though, had been modified so that once my breasts protruded through their openings on its chest, snug coverings now encased them, but their bases were still partially strangled by the wide collars! I felt Babs making some other minor adjustments, ensuring that my nipples protruded deeply into the ends of their cups, for this suit had special, hidden talents I would discover only after I'd become an occupant of the exercise cell. Everything went as normal until it was time for her to close the crotch plate, and then I got my second surprise when she slathered some sort of cool, slippery gel all over my labia and inside my body, then, for the first time in more than 18 months, I felt something penetrate my sex! What came next made me quiver and writhe with arousal, something that had been denied me for far too long! I desperately hoped to soon be satisfied when she slowly slid a thick, phallus-shaped shaft into my body, and I could not stop the instinctual and automatic movements my body made. I shook as though with a high fever when it rose further and further into my quaking loins and a moan of animalistic need hissed from me, but it quickly turned to one of fear and discomfort from the size of the advancing shaft! It was *huge*! How could I stand it being inside me?

"Do you like *that*, convict?" Babs smiled at my shuddering reaction. "You will find it even *more* entertaining in just a little while!"

She really didn't care about my feelings though, and a moment later brought the thick, curved, steel plate forward between my thighs and then up over my lower belly. I felt its cold smoothness begin to press firmly into my filled abdomen, but then her busy fingers reached it under to grasp the end of the phallus and rotated it slowly inside me, seating it more fully. The crotch covering plate was drawn firmly and smoothly up until the slot at its top end passed over the bolted-together joint on the front of my waistband. When this was done the dildo shifted, its positioning pins seating in their holes and I felt a small set of metallic clicks! Immediately, she slipped the thick shackle of the armoured lock through its hole, securing the plate tightly and locking the monstrous shaft deep inside my body!

The now-rigidly-positioned phallus was driven further up into my core, making me wail automatically from the sensation of being filled to capacity, and then, no matter *how* I twisted and writhed around its skewering presence, I could *not* ease the distress it caused! I'd wanted and hoped that she was going to use it to give me a long-awaited pleasure flooding orgasm, but *that* was not to be for I had been fitted with the dildo for the exact *opposite* reason and two hours later I wished I'd never been born a woman! She temporarily removed my blindfold, and I stared dazedly at her while she released the chains holding me between the fixing bars and then grasped my nose leash.

"Now, convict, it is time for you to begin your exercise!" she exclaimed happily then tugged lightly. "Come!"

I moaned in terror but turned and followed her meekly, with each restricted step feeling my insides stirred by the rigidly affixed dildo. It was a terrifying sensation.

Babs drew me shuffling miserably behind her across the red tiled floor, the ball rumbling and jerking harshly at my ankle spreader bar. I began to quake with fear when we came to the Exercise Chamber's door, terrified of what to expect. It was quickly unlocked and swung wide, and I was pulled through and saw the whole cell for the first time: the place I have spent so much of my life in since that day. It is a barren and sterile little room, measuring 4 metres long, 3 metres wide, and with the ceiling height of 2½ metres; nothing more than a thick walled, concrete box designed for discipline. There are no adornments on the blank walls other than sturdy ringbolts with their dangling chains and some specialized receptacles set into the concrete. Other ringbolts are mounted in the ceiling; some with chains dangling and others without. The entire chamber is painted a glossy off-white and brightly illuminated by four, high intensity lights set into the ceiling in a grid pattern. These are protected by armoured glass and high in each of the corners nearest the main part of my cell were miniature TV cameras that tracked our movements while Babs led me to the first piece of equipment. I couldn't make out where the window into the airshaft had once been.

"This is a very nice and punishing treadmill, little convict cat, and you will soon get to know it *quite* well!" she said with a happy giggle and grinned while I inspected the machine in fear.

Its belt was a full metre wide with a heavily textured rubber surface and it was mounted in a low frame. The belt was nearly 3 metres from end to end and above its centre, a trio of chains dangled from widely spaced overhead rings, while off to the sides on the floor, coils of bright, steely links lay waiting. I saw the heavy locks on the end of each chain's end with the other end connected to securely mounted floor rings and knew that there was no way I would be able to get off the belt. Just the sight of these additional chains made me begin to hyperventilate with fright!

"Come! Onto the belt!" she commanded, increasing her awful tension on my nose. My eyes closed, tearing from the discomfort she so casually inflicted, and of course, I moved forward then climbed slowly onto the rubber strip. "Move forward! And ... stop!"

I felt her adjust the chain to the top ring of my head cage, and for a moment, nothing more happened, but then she dropped my nose leash and left it to swing. Babs next moved behind me and immediately fastened the widely spaced, dangling chains to the side rings of my waistband so that there were only small loops of links at my hips. Next came a sharp click from the back of my waistband and another at the back of my chest band.

"M-Mistress Barbara?" My voice quavered with fear. "P-P-Please? What's happening?"

"I'm getting you ready for your exercise little convict cat! That's all you need to know for the moment. Now be quiet!"

I said no more and stood silently while she continued my preparations.

"OK! Time for your gag, convict! Open!"

It was immediately fitted and locked and I stared at her in silent misery while she reached out and screwed a long, clear water hose onto the front of the panel locked over my lower face.

"You're going to need to drink a lot while you're in here." she stated, turning away to lift a lighter chain from its hook under a wall ring.

The glittering silver links slid through her gloved fingers when she drew it out from the wall, and then, with a simple, secure, small lock, she joined its last link to the ring on the end of my nose leash! An automatic moan of misery trembled my throat when the increased weight came on the tether, and I stared out along its length to where it terminated at the wall fastened to a heavy ring. Every small motion of my head set the long, shallow loop swinging gently back and forth, dragging annoyingly and already it was beginning to hurt. She next brought the blindfold panel up to my face and quickly locked it onto my head cage, enclosing me in utter blackness, and I swayed back and forth, feeling the tug of the chains on my waistband.

“And so convict, you’re ready to begin your very first exercise session. I’m sure you will hate it thoroughly after only an hour, but you *will* remain in here for the rest of the day and you will continue to exercise, whether you wish to or not. Tomorrow, I’ll start you on the Galley Oar Machine ... and that will be even more fun!

“However, there are some other matters that I must tell you about. Your weekly schedule of activities has now been changed. Every day, except for Friday and *maybe* Saturdays and Sundays, you will be brought in here to perform your required Discipline Hard Labour, as I mentioned a little while ago. To repeat ... all of your efforts will count for *nothing*, other than to make you pay for your misbehaviour. However! There is one benefit! This enforced exercise will keep you *very* healthy and therefore, you will live longer, and I will be able to punish you for many more years! It’s a wonderful idea, and of course, you will be monitored and controlled at all times!

“You will quickly discover that there are severe penalties for not performing to the standards Thomas and I have set for your work on these machines! They cannot be escaped nor can they be evaded, as you will also learn! Now, it’s time for me to go. In a few minutes, you will begin. Have a *nice* day, convict!”

She turned to the barred door, and I heard it shut with a solid mechanical crash, locking me inside, and then more and more faintly, I heard all the other doors close. I wondered frantically how things could possibly get worse and already hated how I had been restrained, feeling the pressure and inescapable presence of the dildo with every movement I made, even just shifting my body a little in the harness.

Nothing happened for long, long minutes after I heard the computer beep, then with silent slowness, the treadmill’s wide belt began to slide backwards under my feet! I was still for only a second before my nose leash snapped tight when I was pulled back, and when it did, the sudden *twung!* of the links caused me to scream with gagged pain! With difficulty, I began to move my legs in a desperate struggle to walk at the speed the belt demanded of me. It is very hard to walk at any time because of the severe restriction of the short-chained thigh bands, the horribly limiting effects of the Spanish Trapezoid and the constant drag of the steel ball. Nevertheless, I *had* to struggle forward along the slowly moving surface to ease the burning tension on my nose. The only noises in the exercise room were the shuffle of my shoes on the rubber belt, the slithering clatter of the ball’s chain while I struggled to gain some slack in my nasal leash, and around me, the leashes from my harness, clashing in tune with my severely restricted movements.

It wasn’t long before I lost the rhythm and stumbled and what happened as a consequence was *horrible!* Although the chains to my waistband supported me, they were placed above in a position that made me swing backward and down slightly; my toes dragging along the still moving belt ... until my nose leash snapped to thrumming

tightness! Howls of agony tore up my throat only to be strangled into gasping whimpers by the gag. That wasn't the only reason I tried to scream though, for when I sank into the harness of my chastity belt, the huge dildo in my loins thrust even more deeply! I struggled to my feet and resumed my endless walking, gasping, weeping, and hiccupping with the knowledge that I was to be kept at this incredibly difficult exercise for the entire day, and nobody could get to me or stop the horrid process!

The design and functioning of the machine was diabolical for there was no possible way I could refuse to walk, exactly as Babs planned!, but then, after the first 10 minutes, the motor ceased to act as the impelling force and turned into a regulator! If I failed to keep it spinning at the correct RPM, I was electrically disciplined for my poor performance and discovered this horror when I slowed my pace slightly. I found that I did not have to keep up my speed, but suddenly, under their steel imprisoning domes, my nipples caught fire! My breasts, so long denied *any* sensation other than the squeezing and garrotting sensation of the dungeon suit, were suddenly curdled with awful electro-shock! I stopped, screaming and frantically writhing my upper body within the harness, trying to somehow shrink my ballooned breasts away from the pulses; desperate to escape the biting and needling sensations passing through my ringed nipples, but *nothing* I tried stopped it! Then, the shocks grew stronger and stronger! The message was clear: I *had* to resume my work! The faster I walked, the milder the shocks became until they stopped altogether when I was again at the same speed I'd started off at. It was *hard*! The ball was a constant hindrance to my awkward shuffling, and within two minutes, I was panting for breath through my impaled, leashed nose. Oh, *GOD!!!* This was awful ... and I *couldn't* stop or get away!

Finally, nothing happened when I slowed in gasping tears of exhaustion. I was being permitted one of my rest periods. It lasted 10 minutes I suppose, and I stood shaking in the silent chamber with my breath whistling around the jewellery that partially obstructed my nostrils while I slowly recovered. Soon, there came a faintly heard beep from the computer and the belt started moving again! Once more, I struggled into motion, walking endlessly to nowhere, for no purpose at all, but it was worse this time because the belt began to move faster than it had before! Not much, but enough that I knew it was, and within a minute, I stumbled again and another cascade of shocks pulsed through my untouchable breasts and nipples, driving me into a mad, screaming fit, trying to get at my imprisoned chest. Of course, I *couldn't*! The wrist separator bar was kept tight against my chastity belt's waistband, and so my hands were utterly useless! I stood and walked, chest and breast cups thrust out blatantly, elbows pulled in firmly behind my back and hands held out to the sides of my waistband in helpless supplication. Moving my legs was difficult because it required me to swing my upper body, but I managed to regain my feet and speed before the shocks drove me completely crazy. Oh God! I never knew my breasts could be so tortured and filled with pain!

I was only allowed to stumble three times during each exercise period before the next stage of my 'encouragement' was revealed. The fourth time, I hung screaming mindlessly while trying to regain my footing, and it happened! A series of twitching, electrical discharges rippled through my crotch and the nexus of my supersensitive clitoris! My legs automatically attempted to raise when I tried to curl into an instinctual, foetal position of protection, but I could only lift them about twenty cm before the chain to the steel ball snapped tight and stopped the motion. I was so weak by that point that I

could *not* raise it from the belt, and so I hung there above the belt writhing madly and howling dementedly into my gag while my sex and breasts were repeatedly transfixed by the horrifying electrical shocks! There was *no* way to get myself away from them! After an endless minute, they stopped and I slowly regained my feet, and then began staggering along once more until it finally stopped.

Oh, *God!* It was *so* awful!

Every few minutes, I sucked avidly on the gag and was rewarded with a splash of cold water down my throat, soothing the rawness my screaming had caused, but it was only the second hour! Babs had designed the system with her usual, thorough cruelty, making sure I'd suffer in here four days of every week ... for the rest of my life! It was mindlessly efficient in making me work, but the worst thing was that there was virtually no point to all of my pain, effort, and tears. The only thing I could hope for was to lessen the occurrences of being automatically disciplined.

For the rest of the day, I walked and was sometimes forced to try and jog in endless terror of stumbling, but of course I did, repeatedly, and the electrical tortures were always fierce, leaving me shuddering and screaming hysterically when I was disciplined for my failure to perform. Finally, Babs came and released me from the treadmill and took off my blindfold, but she left me gagged.

"Did you have an interesting day, convict?" she smiled back over her shoulder while leading me out of the exercise cell. "I watched you many times on the closed circuit TV and could see that you were enjoying your discipline a great deal! It's *very* strong, isn't it? Well, you better get used to it! I've programmed the machinery to keep you always working hard, trying to get to a goal you will never be able to achieve. Better yet, you will soon be spending 12 hours a day in there! Each morning and night you will eat your meals with your nose leashed to the floor ring, and the rest of the time, you'll be fastened onto your mat for your nightly rest, if you haven't been hung in the slave swing.

"*Come!*" she commanded unfeelingly.

I staggered after her at the end of my nasal leash while the others from the back of my collar, my chastity belt's waistband and my ankle spreader bar trailed noisily along the floor behind me. She pulled me over to the barred wall and my feeding position then forced me to kneel and crouch down by pulling firmly downward on the terrible chain attached to my nose. More tears of misery at her unendingly harsh treatment clouded my eyes, falling to a growing puddle on the floor under my face. I felt *so* terrible, especially after the long day of useless work and implacable punishment. Babs stood over me for long moments, savouring the vision of me crouched in total submission, staring down pitilessly while I wept with misery at my hopeless situation.

At last, she reached down and screwed the hose from the food bag onto my gag panel, and then she happily forced the mush of my dinner into it and down my throat. When I'd finished, she forced me to drink some sort of sweet, milky fluid but left me fastened in place.

"I've decided that you will stay this way until it is time for you to sleep, convict. In the meantime, it is time for me to enjoy a nice steak dinner with Thomas, and we may have some of that wonderful French wine you and he bought in Paris a couple of years ago. I will certainly enjoy it because you bought it for yourself, but now are not permitted to drink it!"

I shook with anger that *she* was taking the things that were supposed to be enjoyed by me, but there was nothing I could do! I remained crouched humbly forward, held that way by the leash to my face, while the doors crashed closed and locked behind her. The computer beeped, and I was sealed inside for a minimum of another four hours. Oh, God!

The next hours passed with glacial slowness. Occasionally, I straightened slightly to try and ease cramps, but the leash jerked harshly, and I repeatedly cursed the day I had laid eyes on Thomas. I cursed myself even more for *ever* agreeing to The Judgement, but it was no use now! By my own hand, I had thrown away *all* of my safe words *and* any way of calling a halt to the eternal punishments, consigning myself fully to this secret Hell on Earth.

A long time later, Babs returned and without a comforting word, released me, drew me over to the mat and chained me for the night. She left quickly, and I stared up at the concrete ceiling, held in motionless despair, knowing that she and Master Thomas were in all likelihood enjoying a rapturous session of love making just a few metres over my head. *My* only companion was the rigid, huge dildo still locked deep inside my belly, but its presence brought me no joy, only filling me completely and uncomfortably. Because of the strenuous exercising and convulsions I had endured from the electrical torture during the day, I fell asleep quickly, waking only once to find myself jerking frantically against my sleeping chains, sobbing with the futility of my life.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN
The Rowing Machine

The next morning, all the usual things happened, but *this* time when I was drawn into the exercise chamber, Babs took me to the Galley Oar Machine. I stared at it with fear while being moved over to it, terrified of what I would be compelled to do.

It was a simple arrangement. There was a wide, metal bench set high above the floor, dished and grooved to accept my buttocks and the crotch plate's dividing strap. The seat was equipped with chains on each side, while overhead, another hung from the ceiling. Sticking out of a long slot in a steel panel beside the seat was a thick 'oar', probably five cm in diameter, located forward and lower. About two cm in from its outer end was a pair of sturdy links; perhaps five cm long, down from a welded staple, separated from a duplicate arrangement nearest the slot, fifty cm away. Under the seat was what appeared to be a pair of widely set apart stirrups, each equipped with a short chain and an opened metal strap. Set into the floor beneath the seat was a ringbolt with a short chain.

"Come! You're about to find out what it's like to work as a Galley Slave!" she grinned maliciously. "Sit on your perch and remain still while you are fastened!"

Babs had already positioned a wide, low platform under the seat, perhaps ten cm in height, and I awkwardly, and with reluctant fear, stepped up onto it then slowly sat on the hard metal seat. She enjoyed my every tremble, watching silently while I followed her orders.

"Lift your feet and place them in the stirrups." She commanded.

I did so with difficulty, feeling the immediate drag of the ball, and then I really had to struggle to fit my feet into their dished holders. The heavy steel restrictor was now kept the suspended above the floor, swinging slowly back and forth. For the moment, I sat staring straight ahead doing nothing to aggravate her, and then she began , talking all the while.

"First, I'll connect your nose leash!" She laughed, pulling it cruelly out in front much like the treadmill fastening. "Now, I will fasten the seat's chains to your waist band so you can't get out of it." The links rattled and were locked to the side rings on my waistband a moment later. It was awful to have to sit still while she fastened me in place, feeling the impalement of the huge dildo! I moaned into my gag, feeling it sink even further into me when the seat chains were tightened. "You are not permitted to move your head other than what *this* chain and your nose leash permit, little convict!" she stated, locking the descending one to the top ring of my head cage. "Grasp the oar!"

I leant forward as far as I could manage now that my knees were bent with my feet resting in their stirrups, and then wrapped my gloved hands around the smooth shaft. I sat quietly while she locked the short chains from the staples to my wrist clamps. I would be able to release the oar, but I'd remain securely fastened to it. Bending down, she grasped the end link of the floor mounted chain, locked it to the central ring of my ankle spreader bar, and then clipped the short chains from the stirrups to each of my ankle cuff rings. The last fastening came when she flipped the metal straps over the tops of my shoes and locked them closed so that there was no way for me to get my feet out of their holders. The drag of my harness chains pulled on my hands, so automatically I drew the oar in close to my steel-belted waist, while at the same time my elbows were pulled inexorably

behind my back! I whined feebly against the plug in my mouth, bending and trying to pull my legs up to gain a small amount of freedom for my arms.

“It’s *very* restricting, isn’t it?” she asked with a happy smile while attaching the drinking hose to the front of my gag. She walked behind me, and I felt the faint pressure of her attaching the cables at my waist and chest band.

Oooooohhhh, Ggggdddd!!!

“There!” she exclaimed happily, standing back and looking at me. “Now you’re almost ready to begin your hard labour. This is a simple exercise, convict. You *must* move your oar as did the Galley Slaves of the Romans. *You*, though, will go absolutely nowhere, because you’re here only to work and suffer punishment for the rest of your miserable life. Follow my actions to know what it is you must do.”

With this, she pressed the oar downwards and pulled it away from me. I had to bend forward, at the same time pulling my legs up and making the spring loaded stirrups rise until the chain from the ankle spreader bar snapped tight, just to gain a few centimetres more freedom. With still ten cm before the oar hit the end of the slot, it stopped abruptly. She lifted it some twenty cm and again it stopped. At this point, I was straining to maintain my grip, and the chain from the top of my head cage had tightened so that my head was pulled back with my chin raised. I could only stare up at the corner of the far wall and ceiling through tear-filled eyes.

“Now, you pull back, keeping the oar high at *all* times.” Babs drew the oar toward me, maintaining its height.

My legs straightened, pushing on the stirrups and my wrist separator bar was automatically pulled into my belly when I leant back, and just before I reached the full back angle, my nose leash snapped tight to its wall ring! A howl of misery filled my collared throat, and I writhed against my restraints, trying to lean forward, but my legs went straight out in front of me; angled down and snapping the floor chain tight! That wasn’t all that happened though for inside my belly the rigid dildo shifted making me wail even louder from the awful sensation of it stirring my insides when I completed this first rowing stroke!

“Push down on the oar before you start any forward motion, convict! Hold it down firmly, all the way forward!” she snapped, releasing her grip on it. I did, and found that a distinct force was required. “OK! That’s the extent of your permitted motions! When the beat sounds, you *must* begin rowing.”

“Now, here is the protocol of how you will be monitored and disciplined if you do not do the work that is required. Your heart rate is checked continually, and once the computer has a rate established for you at work, if it falls below a value of 90%, then the resistance you will be required to work against will be increased. If the value reaches 110%, then it will be decreased.”

“You *must* make the oar move through its correct path at all times, and at the same time, you *must* move with the beat. If you do not do either of these properly, it will be considered a ‘Row Failure’ by the computer. Here are the punishments you will receive if you fail.”

“With five Row Failures in thirty minutes, you will receive a three minute series of shocks at intensity level one. If you have ten Row Failures within sixty minutes, you will be subjected to three minutes of shock encouragement at level two. With fifteen Row Failures within ninety minutes, you will receive five minutes of electro-discipline at level

three, and finally, if you accumulate twenty Row Failures within one hundred and twenty minutes, you will suffer five minutes of treatment at level four. For your information, convict, there are ten levels of electrical discipline, so be careful!”

“Just so you do not become too stressed, any ten minute period without a Row Failure will remove one from your accumulated total.”

I shook in horror of what I was to be subjected to during the coming hours, but being gagged, I couldn’t make any kind of protest! She smiled down at me while I sat there, forced to stare straight ahead, helplessly chained to the machine.

“OK! I’ll see you tonight, but there’s one last thing. It’s time for you to be blindfolded again.”

With that done, she left the exercise cell, and a minute later, the computer beeped, signalling that I was sealed inside the HSA for the next twelve hours. The brightly lit concrete chamber was deathly silent while I sat in blinded discomfort, waiting for the sound that would begin my day.

“Please, God!!” I prayed, *“Let this only be a terrible nightmare!!”*

It wasn’t.

Suddenly, a deep ‘boom!’ sounded from the speakers in the cell.

I pushed down on the oar and shoved it slowly forward against the built-in resistance, struggling to do it properly. It went to the end of its forward travel and I lifted it, gasping and moaning from the disconcerting movement of the dildo inside my belly and the uncomfortable backward jerk on my head cage, and then I pulled it to me and felt all of my harness acting in concert, gradually immobilizing me while I moved. It took me a few cycles to get the rhythm; but as usual, Babs had been her thorough self, and the computer program recognized a loss of beat almost immediately. It also determined that I was being too slow while moving through the cycle, and on the twentieth one, my nipples were suddenly curdled with needling shocks rising through each of my imprisoned breasts! I screamed and shook myself as much as I could, releasing the oar from my gloved fingers and jerking my arms frenziedly against their separator bar and the short chains connecting my wrist cuffs to it. I desperately wanted to tear off the cups locked onto my chest, rip away my tough dungeon suit and massage my sensitive, twitching breasts. Now though, they were forever denied to me and I could only scream dementedly into my gag intensely feeling the pulsing curdling shocks that suffused their entire masses.

For a few seconds, I fought maniacally against the chains and my harness, only to have the electrical pulses grow stronger and stronger until I thought my flesh had caught fire inside its steel prisons! Of course, my struggles were utterly useless. I resumed rowing, and for the next hour, struggled with increasing desperation, faintly hearing only the sounds of my chains being jerked to their limits and my own gasping sobs. I strained in solitude and blackness, but at last, I was allowed ten minutes of rest and sat trembling, drenched in sweat within my cloying dungeon suit. When I’d recovered a little, I continued to weep into my gag with misery, knowing I was condemned to spend the rest of my life here in a locked cell, and that I’d never be freed.

With a deep, double boom, I was informed that I was to again begin rowing, and immediately began the mindless activity once more. My arms soon began to tremble with fatigue then my fingers slipped from the oar and almost immediately, my nipples and breasts were subjected to another series of terrible shocks. I *thought* I was exhausted, but

they continued to pulse through my imprisoned, ballooned and sensitive flesh until I started rowing once more! To increase my distress and discipline, the computer now added-in the final encouragement Babs had programmed; when I raised the oar at the forward end of its square travel path, the dildo and the electrodes pressing into the flesh on either side of my clitoris unleashed strongly pulsing shocks! I wailed hysterically, but as intended, leant back quickly trying to escape this newest 'encouragement', pulling the oar strongly towards me, and in effect, increasing the speed of my exercising!

I moved like a mad woman, pulling frantically on my oar and flexing my body against the resistance of my harness and the chains that restrained me. No matter *what* I did, I punished myself with every motion! I don't know how long I rowed before sheer exhaustion made me faint, but I was not unconscious for very long. I awakened quickly to find myself slumped in my chains, my breasts inside their steel cups twitching and shuddering from the awful shocks. I began rowing once more, all the while begging mindlessly against my gag to be freed from the terrible machinery, but only faint, hissing screams wafted from my pierced nose, inaudible even in the main cell of the dungeon! Of course no one heard my noises and the whole, horrid process happened over and over again. When Babs finally came for me that night, I was a wreck of quivering jelly.

"You were a very poor Galley Slave today!" she snapped heartlessly while releasing me. "Tomorrow you'll be back on this machine to improve your performance."

She tugged heartlessly on my nose leash, drawing me into the main cell, and then fastened me to the floor ring and fed me without further comment. That night she did not leave my nose leash connected, but abandoned me to my solitary confinement until it was time to be chained for my rest period.

Now, I work at these pointless tasks four days of every week, and sometimes, if Babs is not satisfied that I have been diligent enough, I lose my Saturdays and Sundays to spend them either rowing or walking on the treadmill. Each week, the effort required has become greater and greater and Babs takes repeated delight in telling me that I can *never* attain the perfection she demands. As a consequence, the terrible machines automatically discipline me with their electrical torture, driving me into frenzies of hysterical tears and frantic fighting against my restraints, constantly reminded of my Judgement.

My health, strength, and general physical condition have improved a great deal compared to what they once were, but it does no good at all, for my harness is far too well designed and fitted to me to ever escape.

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

Visitors

Over the next five months, I grew to know both of the exercise/torture machines intimately. There is no way to adequately describe the terror and distress I suffered while completely alone there in the Exercise and Torture Cell, sealed securely inside the HSA and *knowing* there wasn't even anyone in the house! My jailers permitted me absolutely *no* access to the outer world, other than through their descriptions of the weather and passing seasons, and on many occasions, I became completely maddened with the state of captivity I was kept in, the terrible punishment of being so utterly isolated, and having to work so hard. Babs informed me that the Dungeon Regulations were being completely re-written, but I didn't care, although I should have, for my life was being moulded into even more strict confines than ever before.

In mid-Autumn, on Saturday, the 27th of October 2001, my one thousand, three hundred and seventy-seventh day as a Chained Convict, Babs did not take me into the exercise cell after releasing me from the puppy cage. Once freed from the fixing bars, she stood negligently in front of me, holding the end ring of my nose leash in her gloved hand, gently swinging it back and forth while I tried to stifle the moans of discomfort her action caused, and stand still, looking straight ahead.

"Convict, because you have been well behaved in the past month, you are granted an additional rest day," she replied to my unasked question. "Also, a little later, two visitors will be permitted into the HSA and you will behave properly or suffer incredibly harsh punishment. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress Barbara!" I replied fearfully, standing fully erect and suffering the increased restriction of my harness.

By this point of my life, I was completely terrified whenever Babs arrived in the dungeon. I now did everything she wished and followed her orders as quickly and silently as I could for fear of the horrible things she would do and *had* done with her sweet, cruel, and unforgiving smiles.

"Since you have no questions, I will leave. When the computer sounds, make sure you are in position!"

"Yes, Mistress Barbara!" I gulped, wondering what was to come.

Who were these visitors she'd spoken of? Why were they being permitted to see me, and I them? Thomas and Babs had both, up to now, been adamant that I be kept in solitary confinement in the dungeon, allowing only Michael to know that I was a prisoner in here. For the past three and a half years, I thought they would be the only people I'd ever see again. Then, I began to feel deep humiliation that who ever these visitors were, they would see me as I was; a fully restrained woman with brands set into the cheeks of her once beautiful face, wearing a terrible piece of controlling jewellery fastened into her nose. I wanted desperately to hide myself or run away, but of course, there was nowhere I could escape to, not even the exercise cell! Babs always locked its door whether I was inside it or not and so I remained sitting on the hard stool in front of the computer monitor, staring out through the tightly spaced bars into the anteroom, looking at the tiny slot that used to be the window to the airshaft. I was completely unconscious of myself while I automatically tugged at my chains and wrist bar still and always wanting to bring

my hands together or to find some way to touch my own skin instead of the covering rubber encasement.

Later in the day, the monitor beeped, and I struggled to the back wall then knelt facing it, listening for the sounds of the doors being opened. A few moments passed before the dungeon door was opened and I faintly heard the jingling of light chains, but remained facing the wall, waiting for Babs to speak.

"There is the Chained Convict For Life, Markus and Isabella. You can see she's quite helpless and fully controlled as I told you, and she's been kept this way for more than three and a half years, twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, three hundred and sixty-five days a year, except when she's cleaned. Even *then*, she's kept fully restrained and is never permitted to touch herself." Babs said without addressing me.

"*God!*" I heard a young woman's voice say in awe. "Can she speak?"

"Yes," Babs said, "but she must wait until I give her permission. If she is gagged, then of course that doesn't matter, but she must not move from her position there at the wall either, unless I give that permission also. This arrangement provides a very high degree of safety and control for any who enter the actual cell, and that is precisely what this convict requires at *all* times."

"It's an excellent arrangement!" said a male voice I did not recognize. "I like it a lot! Thomas has done a wonderful job of ensuring she is properly restrained."

"If the truth be known," Babs said, "the convict had a great deal to do with designing her restraints. At first, she liked to wear them when she and Thomas played, but now, she just wants to escape her harness and be free. *That* will never be permitted! She'll wear everything you see there until she dies."

"Good God!" said the young woman. "That outfit is *really* intense! How can she stand wearing it without going crazy?"

"Yes, it is!" Babs agreed. "And, it's *extremely* secure, as you'll soon see. As to your question about her being able to stand wearing it ... *that* doesn't matter! She no longer has any choice in the matter. Let me repeat that she wears her entire ensemble twenty-four hours of the day, seven days a week, three hundred and sixty-five days a year and has done so for the last three and a half years. There is *no* possible way for her to escape her harness, her leashes, or this High Security Area, and she has been sentenced to live as you see for the rest of her life. If she does, in fact, go crazy, then she is perfectly and safely restrained so that she cannot hurt herself in any way."

"W-why is she being kept like this?" the woman asked with an edge of nervousness shivering her voice.

"The convict committed some serious crimes against Thomas and me." Babs said simply. "However, not only that, she has lied, been physically violent, and often tried to escape her rightful punishment and state of being kept totally chaste. As a result, there she is."

"If possible, Babs," the male voice asked, "I'd like to leave Isabella here for a couple of hours to talk with the convict."

"Certainly." Babs replied then raised her voice and spoke to me for the first time since entering the dungeon. "State!"

"CCFL-1 lawfully sentenced to a life long dungeon detention, reports that all of her restraints are securely fastened! I am waiting for your orders, Mistress Barbara!"

"Excellent, convict! Get up and come to the bars."

“Yes, Mistress Barbara!” I struggled to my feet then turned and looked through the barred wall to see my visitors; the first faces of other people I’d seen in nearly four years! A young woman and a tall, powerfully built, older man stood beside Babs. The young woman was quite beautiful, dressed in a pair of nice, leather slacks and a cream coloured, silk blouse, but I immediately noticed she was chained. Isabella wore a waist chain with her hands pulled behind her back, and I assumed they were cuffed there. She also wore a pair of ankle shackles joined with a short chain, and from its centre, another chain rose vertically to her waist. Her neck was encased by a wide, permanent-looking steel collar, and from the front ring of this, a chain led to her male companion’s hand. When I moved closer, I saw that under her clothing she also wore a chastity belt! The three of them watched me move, seeing my leash chains rise from the floor when I approached the bars. My face flamed with embarrassment, having to reveal myself and nose shackle and its leash chain to strangers.

“Oh, my *God!*” Isabella gasped, watching me intently and shivering.

“Come closer to the bars!” Babs commanded harshly, and then when I was near, she reached out and grasped my nose chain and tugged firmly on it, pulling me even closer and fully tightening the leashes to the back of my harness. I wanted to scream from the horrid sensation of my nose being pulled, but bit back the noise and clenched my eyes, squeezing a couple of tears from each. “Isn’t this a nice change for you CCFL-1? For the first time in years, you have visitors!”

“Yes, Mistress Barbara!” I gasped, tears of distress and embarrassment coursing down my rubber masked cheeks. “Oooohhh, *ppppllleeeaaasssee!*” I wailed from the painful, constant tension she continued to apply to the nose leash. I’d reached the furthest point my wall leashes permitted yet she *still* pulled!

“I *asked* you if you were happy to have guests?” she snarled.

“I-I-I’m very happy to meet them!” I wept, and she at last ceased her pulling but still held the nose chain, a finger hooked through its end ring.

“Good!” she said turning to the visitors, “See how easy she is to control with just a finger?” She returned her attention to me. “Now, I am going to leave Isabella here for a couple of hours while Markus and I go upstairs to talk with Thomas. You will answer all of her questions truthfully and fully!”

Babs took a lock from the pocket of her skirt, looped my nose leash around one of the bars and secured it. I had to stand on my side of the barred wall looking down its length, unable to back away, sit down, or even kneel to ease the strain! I couldn’t approach the bars any closer than I already was, and so I stood with my arms pulled in behind my back and my hands spread off to the sides of my waist belt, looking out hopelessly through the steel wall of my cage. As soon as she’d secured me Babs turned to the man.

“Markus? Please fasten Isabella’s leash to the ring on the wall behind you. The convict is not permitted to have any of her skin touched by other flesh, even her own. As soon as Isabella is fastened, we will go upstairs and enjoy a nice bottle of wine or two with Thomas.”

“Excellent!” He replied, taking Isabella’s leash and locking its end ring so that she was required to stand close to the wall, unable to sit or make herself comfortable. He knelt, and with another lock and short chain, connected her hobble to a ring at floor level while Babs looked on approvingly.

“OK!” she said happily. “Neither of them are going anywhere, and they can’t get at each other, so they’ll be quite safe. When we leave, I’ll seal the HSA for three hours.”

“Very good!” Markus agreed, turning to Isabella. “You can ask the convict whatever you like, Isabella. I want you to understand just how severe her punishment is in here. I’ve told you already that if you continue to misbehave, you will become her twin sister, so you’d better understand just how bad it is!”

“Yes, Master Markus!” she whispered, and then turned to stare at me while he and Babs left the anteroom. The dungeon’s door thudded closed and a minute later the computer beeped, signalling that we were sealed inside.

Isabella’s eyes closed and she struggled briefly against her chains, then sighed and stared at me silently, inspecting my entire system of restraints. At last, she spoke.

“What is your name, really?”

“I-I have no n-n-name anymore!” I moaned, knowing Babs would be listening and watching. “Please, call me CCFL-1, or convict.”

“Oh, OK!” she said nervously. “Is it *really* true that you cannot escape from here or that stuff you’re wearing?”

“Yes, it *is*!” I sobbed, struggling only a little against my unforgiving restraints. “At first, I wanted to wear th-this terrible set of restraints, but now, all I want is to be free!” The flow of my tears increased and I sobbed with misery, standing there positioned helplessly in front of the bars, held in place by my nose leash and the others to the wall behind me. I felt my restraints *very* intensely.

“But-but, don’t you have *any* safe words or some way of getting out of that whole thing?” she asked with horrified fascination.

“*Nnnoooo!*” I howled in terrible despair, backing a little from the bars until my nose chain snapped tight. “Does it *look* like I can escape from this arrangement and dungeon? Like an idiot, I gave up *all* of my safe words when I signed The Judgement!”

“Well ... What can you *do* in there?”

“I can’t do *anything* except what Mistress Babs permits or requires of me!”

“Oh, OK,” she said beginning to look frightened, “I can understand that because you’re her prisoner, but what do you *do* to keep from going totally crazy?”

“I-I used to have a website.” I replied, thinking regretfully about how long ago it was, and how much I’d enjoyed receiving email and writing it. “Then, I used to have to do work for Master and Mistress, but that has stopped, and now all I do is h-hard labour.” Unstoppable tears slid down my rubber facemask, leaving glistening tracks.

“What?” she asked, astonished.

“Mistress Babs comes every morning and takes me into the Exercise Chamber. You can see the door in the wall behind me.”

“But what kind of hard labour do you do? How can they *make* you do it?”

I explained the exercise machines and how they functioned, and then I told her about how I was compelled to work. Her eyes grew very wide, and she stared at me for a moment in speechless horror.

“That-that’s torture!” she gasped.

“Yes, it *is*!” I wailed, now weeping very hard. “And I cannot escape from it or from here!”

“Your Mistress said that your cheeks have been branded. What are the marks for?” she asked a few moments later when I’d stopped sobbing so hard and calmed a little.

"I was marked with them over a year ago, to reinforce to me that I am a Chained Convict For Life, and there was no possible way once I was branded that I would *ever* be released from here to tell my story to the police or the press." I explained.

"Oh!" she murmured. "Did it hurt when they did it?"

"Of *course* it hurt!" I said angrily, feeling the muscles of my face pulling at the deeply etched brands.

"I-I'm sorry," she said contritely. "A stupid question. What's that *thing* in your nose?"

"It-it's a piece of restraint jewellery, and I *can't* take it off!" I wailed, my tears starting again. "It's-it's p-permanent!" I twisted my head a little, making the loop of the nose chain swing back and forth slightly.

"It looks like a terrible thing to have to wear!"

"It *is*! Oh, God! I want to be free!"

She looked very closely at me again.

"Have you always worn the chastity belt and that metal bra thing?"

"Yes!" I said simply, feeling how both the bra and chastity belt compressed and controlled me with such security. "I am not allowed to touch my breasts or my sex, and I am also not permitted to touch my hands to each other.

"Under the bra cups, my breasts are always squeezed around their bases by wide, thick rubber collars on the suit, and so they're always sensitive and-and." I broke down into sobs again, my hands fluttering uselessly at the ends of the separator bar because I so desperately wanted to feel my tender, blood-inflated breasts with my own uncovered fingers.

She watched me with incredulity, her body shuddering.

"Well, don't you get aroused and want sex?" she asked with a sort of horror. "My Master makes me wear the chastity belt whenever I come to his house, and when we're with each other, but I don't wear it *all* the time!"

"Oh, God!" I howled, "I *always* want some sort of sex, but I *can't* because I have to wear this harness! It's totally impossible and I'm nearly crazy from it!"

"Don't they let you have *any* sex at all?"

"Nnnnnooooo!" I wailed in mindless misery. "I want to feel it so badly, but I c-c-can't even touch myself!"

"That's terrible! It's horribly cruel!"

"A-a-and they-they make me give *them* oral sex, but they do nothing for me at all! I *have* to do it too, or I get punished horribly!"

"Oh, you poor thing!" she said with a strange glint in her eyes.

"I-it-it's awful!" I wept, still trying to find some ease from my restraints, but all I could do was stand and face her, nose leashed to the bars, totally unable to escape.

We continued to talk about my life in the dungeon until Babs and Markus returned and all the while, Isabella grew more and more fascinated and horrified with my story and how I was forced to live now, but her questions were cut short when they returned. Babs came to Isabella.

"So! You now understand that the convict has *no* other life but what she serves here in the dungeon, restrained as she is, until she dies?"

"Yes, Mistress Barbara. I know that she is surely a prisoner and *must* do as she is told, being fully obedient at all times."

“Excellent! I’m glad you know a little about her. Now, your Master wants to tell you something. We’ve already discussed it and I have no objections.”

“Isabella,” he said with a firm voice, freeing her from the chains that had kept her close to the wall, and then taking her to the middle of the anteroom. “I’ve told you that I will not tolerate any more misbehaviour and so from now on, you will wear your chastity belt and collar *all* the time. Just to ensure that you understand how serious this is, I am going to read a pre-judgement of what you can expect if there is any more serious misbehaviour!”

Babs handed him a couple of sheets of heavy paper, and he read her an almost exact copy of my original Judgement. All during the reading, she stared at him with her mouth open in terror and wonder. When he’d finished, he signed it and freed one of her hands. She signed it, and then he refastened her hand and gave the papers to Babs.

“Please keep these for me?” She nodded then he spoke again.

“OK, Isabella. Now, in addition, Babs and I are going to take a full set of your measurements and if they’re needed, they’ll be used to create a harness for you, just like the convict wears. If I decide so, then you will very quickly become a twin sister to her and be held here in this dungeon for the rest of your life. All that she wears and has attached to her will be done to you.”

“I-I-I’ll be good, Master! But I’m only 23 years old!” she whispered, looking up into his hard, ice blue eyes.

“Your age doesn’t matter! If you misbehave, you *will* end up in here, or some place just like it! Now, hold still while we do the measurements, and then we’ll go home.”

“Yes, Master!” she said demurely, and then spoke while they did the first one.

“Where are we, please?”

“You don’t need to know that!” he snapped at her. “That’s why you were blindfolded, deafened, gagged and hooded when I brought you here, and you’ll be treated the same way when we leave.”

“OK,” she said meekly and they continued.

All the while, Babs had left me nose leashed to the lattice wall, and I watched while Isabella was turned this way and that. Her eyes closed and occasional shudders passed through her body while she was handled, but at last, they were done. Markus took her leash in his hand then picked up a heavy leather discipline helmet and prepared to put it over her head. She turned to me just before the tight, thick encasement was pulled down over her face.

“Good bye, convict.” she gasped, feeling the sudden choking of her collar. “Thank you for explaining about your life.”

The blank-faced, thick, strap laden, black leather bag was slipped over her head, and Markus positioned the internal gag pad in her mouth then laced the back slit very tightly. Next, he buckled the gag’s securing strap with terrible firmness at the rear and I heard a muffled plea from inside the helmet, but that was cut off a moment later when he jerked hard on the wide over-strap that covered the gag one, silencing her cries. Next, he fastened the one over her eyes, and then another that forced her to bite down hard on the gag pad. The helmet was very thick over her ears, and so Isabella was rendered totally blind, deaf, and silent while he tightened the wide strap around her neck, covering her steel collar. Her leash was re-locked to a thick ring at the front, on the throat strap.

“Come!” he commanded, even though she couldn’t hear anything, snapping her leash tight and pulling her from the anteroom in a flurry of flashing ankle chain.

Babs escorted them from the HSA then returned to the dungeon and released my nose leash from the barred wall, letting it swing freely between my steel imprisoned breasts.

“I’ll be back with your food later,” she said. “Have a nice day.”

Moments later, the computer beeped, telling me I was once again sealed into the harsh and unpleasant little world of my dreams ... now nightmares. I wandered disconsolately at the ends of my leashes for a long time, trying to understand why I’d been allowed visitors, but no reason came that made any sense. About an hour later I knelt beside my mattress and then collapsed onto it in a clatter of bright chains and lay there sobbing hopelessly until I fell into an exhausted sleep.

After that, my life resumed its regular, boring and unending course, and for the next months, I forgot about Isabella. Babs seldom found reason to punish me as she had during my first three years because now, I was a different person than when I’d been imprisoned, as was the intended result of my incarceration and endlessly harsh and cruel discipline. Certainly, I hadn’t *wanted* to change, but the constant control and strictly enforced rules, together with the terrible punishments that were meted out if I broke them made me change myself. In the world beyond my High Security Area, significant things were happening with Isabella that were soon to impact my life in a huge way. Apparently, she, as I had been, was a wild, young woman and, as she later told me, this is what came to pass.

As I had been long ago, she was already fascinated by bondage early in her life and thoughts of being bound stimulated her intensely. Similar to Thomas and my relationship, she’d eventually met Markus and after approximately a year, become his slave – complete with a contract. She agreed to wear a steel collar she couldn’t remove and that too very much excited her, greatly deepening her devotion to Markus.

However, she continued her flirting with other men, enjoying the heady power of her sexuality, even though she knew it provoked Markus and made him wildly jealous. He soon grew tired of her antics and to her delight at first, he bought a chastity belt and required that she wear it at all times when they were together. When she stayed at his house, her hands and ankles were chained, and she was always kept leashed, adding even more to her initial enjoyment. Only when they left the house was she freed of the more obvious restraints, but none of this changed her behaviour while they were out together. When she was on her own, Isabella became even more daring and flirtatious. As a half-serious warning, Markus showed her my web site. He’d downloaded and stored it in its entirety and said that my situation could also happen to her if she continued to be disobedient. But as soon as she saw the site, it incited her to even wilder behaviour! She said that, at that point, she *wanted* to be like me! Foolishly, she dreamed, as I had, of being imprisoned in very strict restraints, and although once a dream, it had now become a very real possibility. Markus understood this without being told. Over the course of his and Isabella’s going to the local clubs, he’d met Thomas and Babs, and they eventually became very close friends. From hints in their conversations, Markus discovered that I really *did* exist, and eventually, he connected Thomas and me as the people described on the site. From there, after many reassurances and promises of secrecy to Thomas, the meeting between us was arranged.

In the meantime, Isabella was completely unaware and continued to be even more of a flirt and an annoyance until, on the 27th of October 2001; she was brought to visit me in the High Security Area. Thomas, until now, had not invited either of them to his home, and so specified that if Markus brought Isabella, she was not to know where she was being taken. Before leaving his house, Markus fitted her with the discipline helmet then chained her securely, and this excited Isabella even more. She visited the HSA as I have described, and it *should* have been a deterring experience for her, but it had the opposite effect! She was fascinated by the extreme security arrangements for the dungeon and even more so by my costume and how I was kept so helplessly chained, leashed and fastened into my steel harness. Apparently, she was overwhelmed by excitement and a compelling desire to be held as a prisoner on *my* side of the barred wall, and so she didn't really pay any attention to my warnings or to the utter finality of my sentence.

Markus had already warned her about what would happen if she continued her disobedient flirting behaviour and so only the concrete 'facts' were missing. She had very foolishly already signed the agreement and stated that she would accept whatever punishment Markus decided to impose, then on the 13th of November 2001, her chance came, and she somehow managed to open and destroy her chastity belt, but then she went even further! To add even more fuel to the fire, she had sex with a friend of Markus, and, as these things happen, he soon discovered it. Markus immediately contacted Babs, and she in turn contacted Michael. Since Michael was already in possession of all Isabella's measurements and had the knowledge acquired from building *my* harness, he very rapidly created one for Isabella. When it had been completed, Markus confronted Isabella with his discovery of her behaviour, then issued his verdict, and so she knew imprisonment would come soon.

He wasted little time in preparing her for it; immediately taking Isabella to his basement playroom where she was leashed to the wall with a chain from her collar. She was then fitted with a waist chain with her handcuffs fastened to it behind her back, as well as ankle shackles with only a short chain between them. For those first days, Isabella was also kept in a full discipline helmet: gagged, deafened, and blindfolded while she waited to be brought to my HSA. Markus only took the gag out to feed her, and then despite her pleading, he made her accept it again immediately afterward. Of course, she grew more and more terrified and aroused each day she waited, sitting there in darkness and silence, even though Markus made love to her each night while she waited still bound, leashed, and confined in her discipline helmet. If anything, she later told me, those times were even more intense for her because she was kept leashed to the wall, and with her hands fastened behind her back, unable to see, hear or object to what happened.

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE
CCFL-2 Arrives

On Saturday, 17th of November 2001, Isabella was transferred to the High Security Area to begin her sentence. Before they arrived at the house, I was released from the puppy cage, cleaned, and immediately hung in the slave swing facing the back wall, gagged and wearing the head bag, completely unaware that I would soon have a cellmate.

It took her a long time to record how it happened because it was so very traumatic, but here is what occurred:

CHAIN OF EVENTS

06:00 – Markus unlocked Isabella's leash from the wall ring, and she was brought to the bathroom.

06:40 – Her toilet duties were completed, and she was partially released to be dressed, and then all of her cuffs and chains were re-fastened ... and tightened to the point that she wanted to scream for them to be eased off.

06:55 – Isabella was taken to the kitchen on her leash and fed breakfast, after which Markus told her that he had decided to impose her sentence to the HSA.

07:15 – She was permitted her last free speech and begged that her sentence not be carried out, crying and fighting in terror against her restraints, but Markus had had enough and was resolute that she would be imprisoned and punished properly.

07:20 – Markus silenced her by means of a head harness type gag, then a thick, tight rubber bag was pulled over her head and a wide strap was locked around its neckpiece, over her steel collar. Isabella already wore 'convict clothing' and the restraints that Thomas had prescribed for her: an orange, one-piece jumpsuit, white running shoes, the steel collar, waist chain, hinge type handcuffs, and ankle shackles.

07:25 – Isabella, wearing a full, hooded cape to cover her bonds and was placed in the back seat of Markus' car and strapped tightly.

08:45 – Isabella is handed over to the Dungeon Master by Markus.

08:50 – She was brought into the High Security Area to begin her preparation for imprisonment. The outer doors were locked and the head bag was removed followed by the steel collar Markus had required her to wear.

08:52 – Isabella was placed in the shower yoke then taken into the shower cell. Once inside, the yoke was connected to the wall chains, and then she was freed of her transport restraint chains and her clothes were cut off.

08:58 – She was more fully secured then with the chains from the wrist clamps made as tight as possible, then her waist was captured by the steel belt, it also fastened to the walls on each side. Isabella was made to spread her legs, and her feet were chained widely apart.

09:00 – Babs shaved Isabella completely bald and her eyebrows and eyelashes were also removed. In addition, all of her pubic hair and underarm hair was also shaved off. Isabella was shocked and horrified that this was done and began to scream into her gag not to go any further, but it was too late.

09:30 – Shower and body cleaning then drying.

09:45 – Babs did a body cavity inspection for any smuggled articles, but nothing was found. Isabella was freed of the shower cell chains, but she kept confined in the yoke and gag and on its leash.

09:50 – Beginning of Isabella’s dressing process: She was immediately fitted with her dungeon suit of blue neoprene, complete with a full head helmet and face mask, attached feet, and gloves. Next, she was fitted with her convict footwear (high, blue linen running shoes) and these were laced tightly closed then secured with padlocks.

09:15 – Isabella was led to the main cell to be fitted with her Stainless Steel Restraint And Discipline Harness.

09:20 – Beginning of the harness fitting. She was fitted with the following devices:

1 – A heavy duty chastity belt like mine, consisting of a waist belt connected by chains to thigh cuffs, her below-the-knee cuffs, and her upper body harness/bra.

2 – Two thigh cuffs, these connected by chains to the waist belt of her chastity belt and below, to her knee cuffs, as well as being permanently joined together by a short chain.

3 – A chest harness/bra; this consisting of two metal cups that fully covered and isolated her breasts, and a wide chest belt. This harness was immediately connected to the waistband of the chastity belt, then later to the collar of the head cage, and the upper arm, above the elbow cuffs.

4 – A Spanish Trapezoid; this consisting of two ankle cuffs, two below the knee cuffs (connected to the thigh cuffs by chains), and each pair of cuffs is separated by a steel spreader bar. The spreader bars were, in turn, separated by a vertical steel bar on each side. Each ankle cuff was also fitted with a ten kg steel ball at the end of a twenty cm long chain.

10:00 – Isabella was already securely leashed to the dungeon wall by the 4 metre long chains to the back of her waist belt and the central link of her ankle spreader bar, and therefore, she was ready for the fitting of the remainder of her harness. The Shower Yoke was removed and the process continued:

5 – She was fitted with her lower arm/wrist and hand restraints, and in addition, the “auxiliary chains” were also connected to her wrist cuffs.

6 – The two upper arm cuffs were fitted above her elbows; these connected by chains to her shoulder harness/bra chest band and to her wrist cuffs. At this time, she was also fitted with the other set of auxiliary chains to her elbow cuffs.

7 – Then came the thing she and I hate the most: the steel head cage complete with its integrated, high collar.

10:30 – Isabella was now completely fitted with her steel harness and all joints were tightly bolted together and the security sleeves riveted on. The covering shield plate of her chastity belt was secured with a heavy-duty lock.

10:50 – Master Thomas came to stand before her then read her Judgement once more. Isabella was terrified when she heard her “Formal Sentence of Imprisonment” and stood in shock, tears trickling down her facemask. When he finished, he asked her a question:

“Slave Isabella! Do you understand this sentence?”

“I-I-I do!” she wept fearfully.

Thomas then asked Markus if he wanted to say something to Isabella before she was left in the cell. Markus answered, turning to face her.

“Isabella, I have always tried to be a gentleman. I wanted you to be an educated and obedient slave, and you *promised* you would be. Unfortunately, you could not manage even that and constantly broke the rules, as I knew you would!”

“Thus, after your most recent affair there was no further choice for me. You’d already signed the agreement that if you were disobedient again, and I decided to imprison you, that you would accept your sentence, and so, here you are. You will be kept in this dungeon as a *full* chain convict for the rest of your life.”

“I had a wonderful time with you, but it could not continue, Isabella. I *may* come to see whether the strict detention and harsh punishment have made any changes to your behaviour, but it is best that you now become used to the idea that you will never again enjoy *any* liberty and that you will now have to pay for the wrongs you have done.”

Master Thomas confirmed the official beginning of the execution of her sentence.

“I state hereby that the convict, Isabella, has been correctly and lawfully placed in a Restraint and Disciplining Harness and tethered on the prescribed leashes. She will, from this point forth, never be permitted to roam without being leashed by *at least* one chain. It has been fully explained to the convict that this is *only* the beginning of her punishment with the remainder of her discipline appliances and marks to be applied at the earliest possible time.”

“And so, Isabella, you will be held here in this dungeon, as you are now, until your natural death. From this point on you will be known only as CCFL-2.”

“As stated previously, there are further procedures to be carried out, and you will be required to perform hard labour as a part of your sentence in here. You will quickly discover that your punishment is not a one-time event, but that it will continue for the rest of your life. Do you have something to say before your sentence begins?”

Isabella spoke in a trembling voice.

“Markus? Please? Yes, I have committed some offences as your slave, but I don’t want to be imprisoned here, like *this!*” she began weeping, tugging frantically at her chains when she spoke, “Y-yes, I was rebellious and disobedient, and you tried to educate me, but I cannot accept my sentence! I don’t want to do it anymore! Please! I *beg* you for a pardon!!”

Thomas ignored her sobbing and informed her of the further schedule of punishments she would soon be subjected to.

“CCFL-2, here are the procedures and additions that *will* be enacted to complete your sentence:

1 – The CCFL-2 will be permanently marked, one week from today, on the 24th of November 2001, with two brands, one on each cheek of her face.

2 – Six weeks from today, on the 29th of December 2001, your nose will be fully pierced and thus be prepared for the affixing of your permanent nasal control and discipline jewellery.

3 – Ten weeks from today, on the 26th of January 2002, your nose will be fitted with its control device and leading chain.

4 – On Monday, the 28th of January 2002, you will begin performing hard labour. The first day will be for a period of four hours, then each succeeding day, your time at hard labour will be extended by one hour, until the full, required ten hours per day is reached.

5 – Every Tuesday is your day of repentance in the puppy cage.”

“Your imprisonment is hereby finalized and this is the official beginning of your life sentence.”

11:00 – I was freed from my fastening in the small cell and allowed to come into the main cell to welcome Isabella to her new life.

11:10 – The Dungeon Master, Babs, and Markus left the High Security Area, locking and sealing all of the doors of the cell, dungeon and High Security Area.

Isabella's descent into the life of a chained convict was *not* a voluntary one, as mine had been, and so it was much more abrupt and shocking to her. For a couple of days, she was in a state of denial at what had happened, but she could not escape, and the constant, total control of her movements that the harness and chains had. To make matters even worse, she was alone each day after I was taken into the exercise cell. Babs did and said nothing, only making her eat, while Isabella attempted to get used to her new life. I didn't know it because I was confined in the Exercise/Torture Cell, but she spent hours and hours weeping, and screaming to be freed, fighting her chains and harness madly, but of course, she remained fully restrained. Having been told of what was to come, she grew more and more terrified as her situation was made plainer, but there was no pity shown by Babs.

Isabella was forced to concentrate on the fact of her lifelong imprisonment without the possibility of a pardon, and although she tried to ignore it as much as possible, it was unavoidable. She'd had no *real* idea of just how severe my punishment truly was, but now, she knew she'd always be locked into her own harness and unable to leave the High Security Area while alive. She no longer had *any* control over her life, or even her own body! Mentally, she shrank from the true meaning of what had happened and her feelings of excitement and fascination soon evaporated, to be replaced by a deep fear and horror of being kept so fully restrained and controlled at all times. She realized that she'd been *far* too impulsive to consider the full meaning and all of the consequences, and she had acted emotionally when she accepted Markus' Judgement. Isabella had seen it as a chance to enter totally into a new life, but now, as it was for me, there was *no* chance to return to her previous freedom ... in *any* way.

Before she'd been imprisoned, she'd lived in a nice home, but now things were very different, for in the High Security Area, there are only barren walls, the floor and the ceiling; all made of concrete. They are not nicely finished, just painted and the only features on the walls are the rings for chaining us – and there are a lot of those. The steel plates with the heavy rings for CCFL-2's and my leashes were particularly salient with our chains being securely welded around the deeply set wall rings below each one. The dungeon was furnished with only the most necessary of equipment.

The table that the PC stands on and its stool are made of stainless steel, as are the toilet and basin, and everything is bolted securely to the floor and/or the wall. The two, side by side mats on which we sleep and spend our spare time are made of dense, hard rubber foam; the type used in wrestling sports and so altogether, the cell is anything but cosy, and it *is* totally escape proof.

Those first days, then weeks, were very uncomfortable for her, and she spent much of her time weeping and struggling to free herself; uselessly of course. All of the movements of her limbs and body that she had taken for granted and made so easily were now either entirely prohibited or very difficult, and the process of learning to walk while wearing the Spanish Trapezoid was pure misery for her. Of course, she'd not imagined before that the chains and harness were *so* substantial because she'd only seen me wearing them the one time; completely subdued during our meeting. Until she too

became a full CCFL, she'd only worn a light weight chastity belt, normal hand and foot cuffs, and a relatively comfortable metal collar, but now, she discovered just how terrible her new restraints were. The harness and chains permitted only the necessary, minimum freedom of movement, and even that was determined by Babs, not us. No matter how much she wept and begged, nothing changed, and she *had* to get used to her restraints.

The fact that she would soon receive facial brands terrified her utterly. When Isabella was first brought to meet me, and heard about them, she found it to be almost inconceivable that someone would do that to any woman, but at that point, she hadn't seen the deep marks in my cheeks, for by then, they had been covered again by the full rubber face mask of my dungeon suit. She'd given their mention no great thought, for it was somehow understandable that *I* should have them burned into my cheeks, being a fully imprisoned woman. That this would also soon be done to her, she'd accepted as a fantasy, but *not* that she would, in reality, also soon bear deep facial brands. However, with the reading of her judgement and sentence conditions, it was made abundantly plain.

Isabella became very conscious that she would be like she was for only one more week, and then her face would truly be marked indelibly, and suddenly, she began to view my, as yet unseen (by her), marks with completely different eyes and became deeply afraid. She spent much of the days before crying and pleading that it not happen, and although I tried to calm her, saying that the pain would be bearable, etc., this only made her more fully aware that once it was done, the branding would seal her into a totality of imprisonment. Isabella was terrorized during that week, and often woke in the middle of the night, screaming, while during the day, she also struggled constantly against her restraints, desperate to find some way that she could escape the procedure.

Given the way *my* schedule was imposed, she spent her days alone in the main part of the HSA while I was forced to work in the locked exercise cell, and she nearly went crazy because she was unable to talk to anyone about her feelings and terror.

After feeding each morning, Babs released my nose leash from the floor ring, leaving Isabella still kneeling and held in place by her collar leash, then took me to the fixing bars and chained me. Once fastened, she released my chastity shield and cleaned me, then happily quickly inserted the horrid, metal discipline dildo and sealed me into the chastity belt once more. I *hated* the feeling of the thick, blunt shaft penetrating my body! The very first time, it had felt wonderful, but *then*, it had been used to punish me so intimately and terribly! Now, I was in horror every time Babs inserted the device into my body and locked it there, making it impossible for me to avoid the electrical shocks it tortured me with. Once Babs was happy with my preparation, she unlocked the barred door of the Exercise Chamber, released me from the fixing bars, and then pulled me inside by my nose leash, enjoying all of my small howls of pain and distress. I was quickly and efficiently fastened to either the rowing machine or treadmill, gagged, blindfolded and connected to the machine and computer, and then she left me, locking the door.

Inside, I either sat or stood and waited until the signal to begin; either the drumbeat or the electronic beep, but otherwise, I was kept completely deafened. Beyond my hearing, the only other sounds in the exercise cell were the noises made by the machinery, the singing clatter of my chains, and the laboured breath, hissing through my steel-impaired nose.

After Babs left the High Security Area, Isabella walked to the locked door of the exercise cell to see what was happening, and each time, she saw me fastened to the seat

of the Galley Oar Machine or on the treadmill. Of course, I could not get off either one and was restrained in such a manner that I could not see the door or, because of my blindfold, her looking at me through the bars. She said that what truly frightened her though was that I'd been totally isolated, being fitted with the steel blindfold over my upper face and my lower face had the feeding gag locked on with a long, clear hose connected to it for water, leaving only my chained nose free. The sight was terrifying for her, but for me, it was horrid and de-humanizing.

With the signal, I began my forced hard labour, making all of my harness chains tight, obviously working hard, and she soon heard me gasping for breath, and then my hissing sobs of effort while I laboured without stopping or slowing my pace. She briefly wondered why, then with a shudder remembered our conversation about how I was compelled to do my Discipline Hard Labour. Occasionally, she saw bubbles in the clear plastic hose when I sucked water, but I never stopped! During the days in that week of endless waiting, she frequently heard the loud clattering of my chains from inside the cell, although of course, nothing from me, because of my gag. On hearing the noises, she struggled to the barred door and watched while I fought my restraints insanely, throwing my head around against the restriction of the head cage and collar; all the time trying to get my thickly-gloved and securely restrained hands at my steel covered crotch or chest. I couldn't, of course, thanks to the chain's very short lengths, no matter how much I struggled, nearly crazy to escape my automated disciplining.

After the second day of seeing this happen, when Isabella asked, I told her again in tears that I was being punished by my electrical dildo as well as by the electrodes attached to my breasts and nipples, because I'd slowed down or missed my timing on the machine I'd been fastened to. She shuddered in horror, remembering that she would soon *also* experience these things when she was required to perform her own hard labour. Isabella began to blubber and weep, repeating over and over that she never wanted *anything* like this to happen! Now, though, it was too late to escape!

Saturday, the 24th of November arrived...

When freed from the sleeping mat, I was taken into the shower cell and short chained to its wall by my nose leash. I knew without doubt that Isabella was about to be branded. She had not slept at all during the night, chained on the mat beside me, and had frequently interrupted my own sporadic attempts with her gagged howling and the continual small struggles against her restraints. She had no further doubt that she would be marked as a chained convict when she was released in the morning, for as soon as Babs had secured me and locked the door, she came to the mat where Isabella lay writhing against the confinement of her harness, still pleading uselessly into her gag. For a moment, Babs stared down, then released her. She removed Isabella's gag, and, grasping her collar leash, pulled her into the bath cell to complete her morning ablutions. When these had been done to Babs' satisfaction, Isabella was dragged to her feeding position, made to kneel and had her collar leash chained to the floor ring outside the barred wall. Babs gave her the morning meal of cold porridge then stood behind and watched her new, crouched-over slave eat reluctantly, attempting to stave off her branding, but Babs would have none of it. She began applying her quirt to Isabella's rubber and steel outlined bare buttocks, snapping it harshly into her trembling flesh whenever she slowed. She was soon finished and Babs released her, then pulled firmly on

her leash, taking Isabella back to the mat, despite her strangled pleading and flooding tears.

Before fastening her again, Babs removed the head cage and replaced it with a normal, but very high posture-type steel collar, paying her terror no attention then she quickly silenced Isabella's cries by making her accept an inflatable gag. It was rapidly pumped up and Babs watched mercilessly while the young woman lay twitching for long moments, staring up at her happily smiling face. Thomas arrived ten minutes later and read Isabella's sentence.

"CCFL-2, you are to be doubly branded. These marks will be placed on your face, in your cheeks, and will indicate CCFL-2, marking you as a Chained Convict For Life, Number 2, as specified in your Judgement."

"These brands are to always remind you of the fact that you are fully and irrevocably imprisoned, and that you will be kept here in the High Security Area as a chained convict for the remainder of your life. In addition, they will serve to remind you that there is *no* hope of a premature dismissal, nor will a pardon ever be granted."

The actual procedure took about half hour, then she was freed and actually, I think, glad to get it over with. Now, she *had* to live with these terrible marks, trying to look upon them – as I recommended – as indications of her honour and strength of will.

As I had been, she was then doubly gloved and her wrist separator bar was locked tightly against her waist band so that she couldn't touch her face. Isabella spent much of the next two weeks in tears and near insanity, but Babs was very conscientious about putting the healing salve on the brands. I know Isabella hated being fed by the special feeding gag, for she was kept silenced during the entire time of the initial healing. Two weeks after she'd been branded, Babs removed her gag and permitted her to eat in the normal way, crouched over and chained to the floor by her collar ring, but her hands were kept immobilized at all other times. Isabella spent long hours standing in front of the metal mirror, staring unbelievably at her once-beautiful face, now permanently marked with the deep brands, knowing now that she would not be released.

CHAPTER FORTY
CCFL-2's Nose Jewellery

The piercing of CCFL-2's nose and the fitting of her initial nasal jewellery took place on Saturday, the 29th of December 2001.

Isabella was to have her nose fully pierced, then a month later be fitted with the nasal restraint and control jewellery, complete with a leading chain. The piercing had originally been scheduled for Friday the 28th of December 2001, but it had to be moved one day, although I was never told why. She was terrified of it being done, perhaps more so than of her facial branding, for she saw how easily and cruelly my nose chain was used to control and discipline me. Babs was relentless and on Saturday morning it happened as follows:

06:00 – We were freed of our night chains, allowed our morning toilet then fed breakfast. I was chained by my nose to the floor ring and CCFL-2 was permitted to eat while sitting, staring fearfully at me where I was crouched over, tethered to the floor ring outside the bars, and utterly unable to escape.

06:45 – Babs entered the cell. My nose leash was unlocked from the floor ring at the feeding position, and I was pulled by it to the fixing bars.

06:48 – My chastity belt was opened, I was cleaned and then the large electrical punishment dildo was inserted and the crotch cover was secured for the day.

06:50 – I was freed from the fixing bars and led by my nose leash into the exercise chamber. Once inside, I was chained to the Galley Oar Machine, and then fitted with a feeding and drinking gag, blinded by the steel blindfold panel, and the electrical connections were completed.

07:00 – I began my first block of Hard Labour.

07:02 – Outside, in the main part of the cell, Isabella was taken to the fixing bars where she was chained in a kneeling position between them, unable to rise.

07:05 – The following statement was read to her:

“CCFL-2, you are to have your nose pierced very soon. One month from today, you will be fitted with your permanent control and discipline nasal jewellery. This restraint will be securely mounted within your flesh in such a manner that it will be completely permanent, unless surgically removed.”

07:10 – Master Michael opened and removed the collar that CCFL-2 had worn since she had been branded.

07:15 – The neoprene helmet of Isabella's dungeon suit was rolled back onto her head, and her collar replaced by her head cage. It was immediately bolted closed and the security sleeves were fitted and riveted. Isabella cried and begged to not have to wear it again, saying how much she hated it, but Thomas and Babs ignored her tears and begging then tightly chained the head cage to the fixing bars so that she couldn't move.

07:35 – Master Michael positioned the piercing template on the nosebands then made small adjustments to it.

07:40 – Screaming and howling, she was again fitted with the inflatable gag, and then Michael disinfected her nostrils with a strong antiseptic and anaesthetized her nose.

07:55 – Michael completed the crosswise piercing using a device called a 'Dermal Punch' to make the large holes in her nostrils and septum.

08:05 – She was freed of her gag, and her nostrils were filled with cotton wool to absorb the blood.

08:15 – The bleeding from her piercing wounds stopped, and the cotton wool was removed.

08:22 – Michael slid the nose pin into the wounds securing it by a ring clamped through the holes on each end, preventing removal.

08:30 – Isabella was freed from the fixing bars and freed from her gag.

08:35 – Michael, Babs, and Thomas left the High Security Area, locking and sealing all doors.

When they returned to the normal part of the house, they went to the TV monitor and watched while Isabella moved to the mirror and stared at the steel pin now mounted through her nose. Her wrist separator bar remained tightly chained to her chastity belt's waistband, so she was unable to touch her face. She spent a long time staring at it, with streams of tears running down her cheeks, sobbing with horror, and all the time trying to pull her hands and arms free.

Over the next days and weeks, I tried to comfort Isabella while her brands and the piercing wounds healed, but she was inconsolable. She begged me many times to pull the steel pin out of her nose, but I couldn't do it because it was fastened so securely, and I knew I would be terribly punished and probably spend two months in very severe discipline if I even attempted to do it. During this time, Babs treated Isabella no differently than she had before, but *now* she always smiled at her and continually spoke about how easily she would be controlled once fitted with her *complete* nose jewellery. Isabella had not been punished in the slave swing yet, but she had the good sense to remain silent.

On Sunday, the 27th of January 2002, Isabella was fitted with her permanent nose jewellery and its chain leash:

06:00 – We were freed of our night chains, allowed our morning toilet, and fed breakfast. Isabella was left crouching on the floor, held in place by the short collar chain.

07:00 – I was taken to the fixing bars and freed of my harness and suit then fitted with the showering yoke. Babs was her usual cruel self while I was cleaned; making me scream and howl from her vigorous use of the brush. Within 90 minutes, I had been re-encased in a clean dungeon suit and once more imprisoned within my Restraint and Disciplining Harnesses.

08:25 – I was taken into the small cell, and then short chained to the wall at its back by my nose leash.

08:30 – Babs returned to where Isabella crouched on the floor, howling, and then she was taken for her first intensive cleaning. Even in the small cell, I heard her screams, at first with misery then with anger, but at the last, she only made fear and despair filled noises while Babs used the brush and horrible detergent to wash her.

10:00 – Isabella was chained, standing, between the fixing bars.

10:20 – Michael arrived, came to her and opened the temporary ring at the end of her nose pin, withdrew it and inspected the piercing wounds. They had all healed completely and without inflammation and so with great care, he efficiently mounted the steel grommet in her septum and clamped it closed. Next came the others in her outer nostril flaps, and then he fitted the nose leading chain leash to the nose shackle.

Isabella had closed her eyes and sighed when the nose pin was removed, but then stared fearfully at Michael while he continued his preparations. The new pin was slightly longer than the one she had worn while the wounds healed, and at one end was a ring and short chain with a hole at the other end of the pin. He slipped a small, flat washer onto the pin then approached her with it.

10:25 – The nose pin assembly was ready to be placed in Isabella's nose. Michael carefully inserted the thick, gleaming, stainless steel U shackle with the leading chain on it, far up into her fear flared nostrils until the holes in its arms were aligned with those of the grommet in her septum. He had to spread the arms of the U slightly to get it to clip over the shoulders around the hole in the grommet, and while he did this, Isabella wept terribly, begging that she not be made to wear the horrible, inhuman device.

10:30 – Michael carefully inserted the nose pin through all of the metal lined piercings, capturing the internal holes at the ends of the arms of the U shackle, thus securing it within her nose. Then, he slipped the protection washer along the short, exposed end of the cross pin and threaded the other end ring with *its* attached short chain. He quickly welded it closed and the short, end chains were attached by means of small padlocks to eyes on her head cage. She had been fitted with her nose jewellery and leading chain. After that, Michael mounted another ring in the floor outside the barred, lattice wall, about a half metre away from the one that was used to secure me. It was *her* feeding position ring.

10:35 – The leading chain was left to dangle from her nose, falling down between her steel breast cups, and all the while, she continued to howl, now feeling the constant weight and irritation of the chain attached to her nose and face. She *knew* Babs would use it mercilessly to control and discipline her, and that thought alone terrorized Isabella far more than she had thought it would. Until now, she'd looked upon it and me with some amusement, but now she *also* wore one ... and there was no possible way she could remove it. Neither could she touch it, because she remained fastened between the fixing bars, and even when she was released, she wouldn't be able to get at it because her auxiliary chains were designed to operate so that her hands and arms fully restricted. Thomas informed her that it might only be *temporarily* removed for medically justified cases; otherwise, she would wear it for the duration of her sentence ... the rest of her life.

10:40 – Isabella was freed from the fixing bars, and I was released from confinement in the small cell.

10:45 – They all left the dungeon, securely locking and sealing all the doors and we were alone until Babs brought our midday meal.

Of course, Isabella immediately hated the constant drag of the steel shackle and its chain on her face, and she wailed terribly for a long time. I tried to make her feel better about it, but she only wept more miserably, seeing my nose restraint, unable to escape from the fact that she *too* now wore the same totally controlling and humiliating jewellery and was now so much more vulnerable to Babs' unending, cruel control. She struggled over to stand before the mirror every few minutes and occasionally knelt there, crouching into a miserable little shape. Only then was she able to just touch the chain fastened to her face. Once she pulled gently on it, foolishly hoping that it would perhaps break, but of course all she did was cause herself more hurt.

At midday, Babs appeared in the dungeon with our meals in their plastic dishes, and as soon as we heard the beep from the monitor, we went and knelt facing the wall.

“State!” she commanded harshly from the outer side of the bars, and we both replied as we were supposed to. “Excellent! Now both of you convict bitches come to the bars and kneel in place to be fastened for your meal!”

Isabella and I both stood and moved awkwardly to the bars then, when we were again crouched over, Babs’ hand snaked quickly between them and pulled on both of our nose leashes until we were positioned to her satisfaction. We each wept with humiliation when she tugged out our chains and locked them to their floor rings. Isabella unconsciously tried to sit up, but of course, her leash snapped tight and she screamed from the pain.

“It’s a *nice* piece of control jewellery, isn’t it CCFL-2?” Babs asked happily.

“I hate it! *I hate it!*” Isabella screamed, crouching low, jerking her hands against their separator bar.

“Well, *that’s* too bad because you’ll wear it for the *rest of your life!*” Babs gloated happily.

“*Oh, please!!!*” Isabella howled miserably. “It hurts terribly and I can’t *stand* it! Please! Please! Take it out!!!”

“Here’s your food,” Babs said, placing the dishes under our lowered faces. “Eat! You’ll not be freed until the dishes are completely clean, and I may just leave you like that for an hour or two after you’re done to think about your life. Yes! That’s what I’ll do. You’re going to stay just like that for the next two hours!”

The doors slammed closed, and a moment later, the monitor beeped, telling us once more that we were sealed away from any help, or release. All the while, Isabella continued to sob, but she ate her meal, as did I. We couldn’t change position and so remained crouched helplessly until Babs returned. Between her bouts of weeping, Isabella asked me how I could stand living under such cruel control, all the while kept staring down at the bars where they were sunk into the concrete floor. I told her there was no choice for us anymore and also tried to caution her about being disobedient, but she wasn’t really listening. To my surprise, Babs returned later with Michael and after we’d been freed, she spoke.

“Some alterations going to be made this afternoon, convicts. First, your leashing chains are going to be changed so that you will be less likely to get tangled. Michael will make the adjustments quickly and what will be done is that you will each be leashed with a single, two and a half metre long, heavy chain to the wall ring. At the end of this chain are three shorter ones, each a metre long and they will be fastened where your present leashes are mounted on your harnesses.”

“The second change involves your movement restriction steel balls. You will both be fitted with a pair of 10 kg balls, each one fastened to an ankle cuff and the ones you wear now will be removed. However, they may be added again if you continue to misbehave! They will act to restrict your movements even more and I think they are suitable additions.”

She and Michael came into the cell, and within an hour, the work had been completed. I’d thought it would be difficult for Babs to make our lives any more miserable than they already were, but once more, she had proven me wrong ... and in the ensuing months, it would get worse! Far worse!

“Convicts! Now that you are fully dressed and restrained, I have left you a copy of the Revised Dungeon Rules. Read them carefully and memorize them because they will govern your life from now on.”

She and Michael left the dungeon. Isabella and I moved slowly to the table with the noises of slithering chain leashes and saw the thick booklets Babs had left for us. I began to weep while I read the pages, knowing that even more terrible things would be done to us! We were totally unable to escape what Babs had planned for our futures. Isabella had yet to fully appreciate what she had committed herself to, but while continuing to read, she too started to sob.

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE
Revised Dungeon Rules

REGULATIONS
FOR THE HIGH SECURITY AREA
AND CARE OF PRISONERS
PREFACE

This document lists the General Definitions and Regulations under which a convict shall be imprisoned within the High Security Area. These definitions and regulations are obligatory and will be thoroughly and rigorously applied by the Responsible Dungeon Master and/or the designated Dungeon Mistress.

Lifelong Dungeon Detention as a convict is intended to be an extremely strict punishment and is deemed to be the proper punishment for the various offences committed by the convict(s), separately or together.

These offences fall into the following categories: the intentional or accidental breaking of Dungeon Rules, Regulations, and Standards, wilful disobedience, any previous, and any unauthorized flirting and/or unauthorized sexual intercourse that may be discovered by the Governing Authority.

The Dungeon Master asserts that these rules and any sentence rendered by him or his designate WILL be executed to its fullest extent.

All other offences that may have been committed by the convict(s) and discovered later, i.e. unauthorized sexual intercourse, friendships deemed to be inappropriate, or other relationships, will act to guarantee lifelong dungeon detention with the condition that the sentence is to be executed with NO possibility of a parole being granted.

This punishment of the convict(s) pursues several goals:

1 – The Dungeon Authority shall determine how, when, and the duration of any discipline process the convict(s) shall be subjected to for all/any of the offences committed both in the past AND during the serving of her sentence.

2 – The convict(s) shall ALWAYS be held in safe, secure restraints and accommodations to prevent and discourage further offences from being committed.

3 – The behaviour of the convict(s) will be constantly monitored and improved by means of continuing, strong punishment. These punishments are designed to encourage and ensure that the convict will learn FULL obedience and self-discipline.

4 – Dungeon detention shall be combined with a lifelong withdrawal of personal freedom of movement. This proviso will be enforced under the strictest of conditions. The convict(s) shall, at all times (24 hours a day, 7 days a week, 365 days a year) be required to wear a full body, stainless steel, Restraint & Disciplining Harness.

5 – Other means of discipline for a convict(s) shall be employed at the discretion of the Dungeon Authority in conjunction with, or in addition to, the employment of the Steel Restraint and Disciplining Harness. These additional punishments may involve the use of extra restricting chains, whipping, an increased limitation of the senses, additional body jewellery (this to be used for further control and discipline of the convict), or the use of electro-shock.

6 – Any or all of the preceding punishments may be combined with one, any, or all of the other punishment modes being applied to the convict(s).

This Execution of Sentence is designed to ensure that the convict(s) FULLY understands her/their status. A prisoner will recognize, by this strict execution of her sentence, that she has NO fundamental rights and will never be granted more than she has.

RIGHTS OF THE CONVICT

Upon the imposition and commencement of her sentence, the convict incurs the loss of ALL past rights and freedoms. The convict has ONLY the right: to live her life in the context of these fixed conditions until her natural death. The convict only retains the right to bodily health and soundness; however, the following points of this guarantee do NOT apply to the Dungeon Master's decisions:

1 – The use of permanent marks as to indicate that she is a lifelong convict (see: Marking of convict).

2 – Mounting of body jewellery (see: Body Jewellery of convict).

3 – Administration of appropriate punishments or other discipline: whipping, electro-shock, the removal of freedoms, or Discipline Hard Labour. These may be combined with any or all other discipline measures.

4 – With imprisonment and the beginning of her sentence, a convict ceases to enjoy the rights and privileges of a free person. She MAY NOT influence the execution of her sentence or any disciplinary measures she must undergo while she is incarcerated.

5 – The convict is DENIED the use of ANY type of 'Safe' word or a 'Safe' signal.

PERSONAL PROPERTY OF THE CONVICT

Upon the Execution of Sentence, a convict will NOT be permitted to retain personal property of any kind.

Upon the execution of her sentence, the convict is immediately stripped of her name and shall from that time forward be known ONLY by a number assigned by the Dungeon Authority.

All of the convict's identity papers and documents will be immediately seized and destroyed. From the commencement of her incarceration, she will be known and referred to only by the number and identity approved and supplied by the Dungeon Authority.

Within the High Security Area, the convict will be dressed only in prison-issued garments and restraints, these being necessary for the convict to undergo the proper execution of her punishment. The convict does not own these restraints in any manner.

Each attempt by a convict to escape her clothing or restraints, or ANY other disobedience, will result in the strictest punishment.

DURATION OF SENTENCE, PARDON

The sentence to lifelong detention of the convict will be served without any pre-set conditions.

This sentence terminates ONLY upon the natural death of the convict.

The Dungeon Authority shall maintain the fullest dedication to the complete execution of the sentence, for the longest possible time: i.e.: until the natural death of the convict.

Convicts will NOT be granted a pardon under ANY circumstances.

A review of the convict's behaviour will take place after the initial five years period of detention, then every five years thereafter.

Even if the convict has been perfectly behaved, her normal punishment, with the proviso of "without possibility of a parole," shall remain in force.

LOCATION OF DUNGEON

The lifelong dungeon punishment of the convict(s) will take place exclusively in the High Security Area in the home of Master Thomas. After being imprisoned, convict(s) shall NEVER be permitted to leave the HSA while they remain alive.

The High Security Area has been specifically designed to ensure that the convict(s) has/have no possible chance escape from it or from the full execution of her/their sentence(s).

GENERAL INTENT OF DISCIPLINARY MEASURES

The following points regulate the Disciplinary Actions for the execution of the Dungeon Detention and Punishment of all convicts. These points shall be enforced fully and are obligatory for all convicts.

Convicts shall be educated and punished by these disciplinary measures to ensure that they become obedient and well behaved in all aspects of their lives. ABSOLUTE obedience at all times is the MINIMUM requirement.

These regulations are not changeable in any way.

Disciplinary measures shall be employed immediately whenever a convict fails to obey these regulations. A failure to obey ANY regulation shall result in immediate punishment for the disobedience. Each offence will be rated and dealt with accordingly by the Dungeon Authority.

Similar to the entire execution of sentence, the convicts do NOT have any rights, nor do they have a possibility of exercising any influence on any disciplinary actions imposed upon them.

It is a requirement of the convict's sentence that she be fitted with the clothing, Restraint and Disciplining Harness, body jewellery of whatever nature, and leashing chains to ensure that she is fully and constantly aware that she is being punished for her crimes.

This punishment process pursues several goals:

1 – The wearing of the Restraint and Disciplining Harness, together with its associated jewellery and chains, is designed to constantly restrict the freedom of motion of the convict(s) and her/their limbs while she/they serve her/their sentence(s), ensuring that she/they is/are continually reminded of her/their status and offences.

2 – The wearing of the Restraint and Disciplining Harness, together with its associated jewellery and chains, is specifically designed to prevent escape from either the cell or the High Security Area.

3 – The wearing of the Restraint and Disciplining Harness, together with its associated jewellery and leashes serve to protect the Dungeon Authorities from any type of physical attack by the convict(s).

4 – The wearing of the Restraint and Disciplining Harness is specifically designed to prevent any attempt at self-mutilation or suicide by the convict(s).

5 – The wearing of the Restraint and Disciplining Harness is required in order to prevent the convict(s) from being able to touch one of her/their hands, or any of her/their fingers, to the other at ANY time during the serving of her/their sentence(s) of imprisonment.

6 – The convict(s) SHALL be prevented from touching her/their own flesh at ALL times during the term of imprisonment. This shall be accomplished by means of the

convict(s) being required to ALWAYS wear a full-body, locked-on, 3 mm thick, rubber dungeon suit with the below listed properties.

A – The suit is designed with attached, non-removable, thick gloves and feet and a detachable full-face mask. This mask will be worn continually, except for cleaning purposes, or during the healing process after additional Restraint and Discipline body jewellery has been fitted.

B – The dungeon suit is made with three apertures: one for each breast and one at the crotch.

C – Each aperture shall be sealed by the application of the following equipment: a steel Chastity Bra and a chastity belt, these to be securely locked at all times, except when the convict is to be cleaned.

7 – The convict(s) shall ONLY be released from her/their confinement within the dungeon suit for the intensive cleaning process.

8 – Prior to being freed of the dungeon suit, the convict(s) shall be restrained by means of the Shower Yoke, and thus be prevented from any touching of her/their own body(s), even while being cleaned.

9 – The convict(s) is/are NOT permitted to experience ANY unshielded touching of her/their flesh by other human flesh at ANY time during her/their term of imprisonment. All required manipulations of the convict(s) body(s) shall be completed only with rubber gloved hands.

10 – Should the convict(s) succumb to mental illness of any type while serving her/their term of imprisonment, she/they SHALL remain fully restrained as per the above-listed conditions and terms.

Note 1: The convict(s) will, without doubt, attempt to escape from her/their dungeon suit(s), Restraint and Disciplining Harness(s) and associated chains by any means possible. ANY AND ALL such attempts shall incur immediate and severe punishment.

Note 2: Attacks of ANY kind upon the Dungeon Staff will result in VERY SEVERE punishment.

During the term of her detention, the convict(s) shall ALWAYS be kept fully secured in the Steel Restraint and Disciplining Harness(s) and at all times remain leashed to a wall with a minimum of one chain.

All aspects of the Restraint and Disciplining Harness are designed to permit only a minimum amount of freedom of movement, ensuring that the convict(s) remains helpless and vulnerable at all times.

Removal or reduction of any restraint is permitted only for the purpose of cleaning (shower: every 8 weeks), normal medical procedures, the healing of a brand (see: Marking of convict), or if additional piercings are made.

CLOTHING

As described above, the convict(s) shall always wear a locked-on, full body, tightly fitted, neoprene rubber suit of 3 mm thickness: this garment shall be known as the dungeon suit. It is designed to cover the convict's feet, legs, body, arms, head, and face. The openings on the suit are for the convict's face, breasts, and a through-the-crotch opening.

The dungeon suit is designed to accept a full, face-covering panel capable of being locked on. The face panel/mask has openings for the convict's nose, eyes, and mouth.

The convict's ability to hear shall be controlled by means of noise cancelling ear plugs which are locked into her ear canals, prior to being fitted with her dungeon suit's helmet. The helmet of the dungeon suit shall have a doubled, sound-deadening layer over each ear to ensure total deafness.

The dungeon suit may, at the discretion of the Dungeon Administration, also have additional gloves of varying thickness, or full, thumb-less mittens locked onto the sleeve's ends, for whatever length of time may be decided upon by the Dungeon Authority.

The dungeon suit is equipped with sensor and electro-discipline electrodes.

The convict's footwear shall consist of Converse running shoes, or any other type of footwear the Dungeon Authority may deem appropriate. Footwear, of whatever type, shall be worn at all times while the convict(s) is/are confined in the High Security Area and then locked on so that it/they may not be removed by the convict(s).

The dungeon suit will be the only garment permitted to the convict(s) and shall be worn under the Steel Restraint and Disciplining Harness(s), its associated leash chains, and any restraint and control jewellery she may have been fitted with.

PRISONER RESTRAINT HARNESS

The standard, REQUIRED pieces of the Restraint and Disciplining Harness for a convict(s) are as follows:

1 – A chastity belt: 5 mm thick, stainless steel, consisting of a waistband and a crotch shield, and connected by chains to the thigh cuffs and chastity bra.

2 – A Chastity Bra: 5 mm thick, stainless steel, consisting of two metal breast cups, shoulder straps and a metal chest band. This upper body and breast harness shall be connected with chains to both the head cage/collar and the waistband of her/their chastity belt(s).

3 – A Head Cage/Collar: 5 mm thick, stainless steel, consisting of a wide, posture-type collar; this integrated to a web-work of steel straps, snugly fitted to the convict's head and face, connected to the chastity bra by chains.

4 – A Wrist Separator Bar: 50 cm long, 15 mm diameter stainless steel, joining the two wrist cuffs. Movement limitation chains attach both handcuffs to the side rings of the convict's waistband.

5 – Upper Arm Cuffs: 5 mm thick, 5 cm wide, stainless steel, fitted above the elbow, each joined to the chastity bra chest band by a 10 cm long chain.

6 – Mid-Thigh Bands: 5 mm thick, 5 cm wide, stainless steel, joined to each another by a permanent linkage of 10 cm of chain, connected to the chastity belt waistband and the below-the-knee cuffs of the Spanish Trapezoid.

7 – A Spanish Trapezoid: 5 mm thick, 5 cm wide, stainless steel cuffs, consisting of two, below-the-knee cuffs and two ankle cuffs. Each pair of cuffs has its own, stainless steel, spreader bar 15 mm in diameter. Each spreader bar is separated from the other by two vertical stainless steel rods, these being 10 mm in diameter.

8 – Movement Restriction Balls: two per convict, each steel ball weighing 10 kg, each connected to an ankle cuff by a 25 cm chain.

9 – Auxiliary Chains: these consisting of two on the left and two on the right, fastened to the ankle spreader bar at the ankle cuffs.

Set A: – This set will be routed in the following manner: one chain from each ankle cuff at the spreader bar eye, upward through rings on the knee cuff spreader bar of the

Spanish Trapezoid, and then to the front rings of the waist cinch of the chastity belt then to the staples of the wrist cuffs, fastened at the separator bar.

Set B: – This set will be routed in the following manner: one chain from each ankle cuff at the spreader bar eye, upward through rings on the knee cuff spreader bar of the Spanish Trapezoid, and then through rings on the back of the waist belt, and then fastened to the above-the-elbow, upper arm cuffs where the chest band chains are fastened.

Note One: - The lengths of these chains shall be such that the convict's wrist separator bar will be pulled tightly against the chastity belt's waistband when she stands upright, or whenever her legs are straight.

Note Two: - Simultaneously and similarly to Note One; the upper arm cuffs will be deeply pulled in and behind the convict's back, forcing her to thrust out her chest.

10 - Additional Chains: Additional chains and/or restraints may be added to the convict's ensemble at the discretion of the Dungeon Authority.

PRISONER CHAINS & LEASHES

The convict SHALL, at all times, be kept fastened to a wall with a MINIMUM of one chain leash. This will be accomplished in the following manner: by means of one heavy, main leash chain of 2.5 metres length. On the free end of the main leash chain is a large ring. From this ring, three other chains of 1 metre length lead to the harness of the convict where they are welded closed around the harness staples.

The three shorter chains are connected as follows: one to the back ring on the collar portion of the head cage, the second to the central, back staple of the chastity belt's waist belt, and the third to the centre of the ankle spreader bar of the Spanish Trapezoid.

For periods of nightly rest (see: Daily and Weekly Routine) the convict shall be securely chained down on her mat and shall take place every night as follows:

1 – The first chain shall be connected to the top ring of the convict's head cage.

2 – The second chain will be connected to the centre of the lower spreader bar of the Spanish Trapezoid and then tensioned until the top chain from the head cage is also taut. The convict(s) shall be held as flat as possible.

3 – The convict(s) shall be prevented from any side to side rolling motion by four, lateral chains: these fastened one chain to each side ring of her/their waistband(s) and her/their chest band(s).

4 – The convict's hands will be prevented from movement while she/they is/are lying down. This is accomplished by means of one chain from each wrist cuff connected tightly to the waist anti-rolling chain, side floor ring.

5 – Nightly securing will be executed in such a manner that there is the absolute minimum of movement available to the convict(s).

6 – The convict(s) may, at the desire of the Dungeon Master or the Dungeon Mistress, also be gagged and/or blindfolded while fastened for the nightly rest period.

7 – Electrical discipline may also be applied to the convict(s) while she/they is/are thus restrained.

8 – The convict(s) may also be fitted with gags and/or blinder panels for the rest period.

For the purpose of the standard intense cleaning (a shower every 8 weeks) the convict(s) will be fitted with a shower yoke. The shower yoke shall always be connected to a long chain, welded to a ring in the shower cell wall.

At no time is the convict permitted the free and unfettered use of her hands and arms.

A convict is to be ALWAYS prohibited from touching one hand to her other, or either hand, to any other part of her anatomy.

Additions to a convict's harness may be made: see below

MOUNTING OF DISCIPLINE AND CONTROL JEWELLERY

In addition to the equipment previously described above – all being bolted and riveted around or into the convict's body, other DIRECTLY MOUNTED AND INTEGRATED equipment may also be fitted at the sole discretion of the Dungeon Authority.

FIRST ADDITION to the convict's jewellery will be her nasal control and restraint device. This piece shall be integrated directly and permanently to the convict's flesh by means of a full piercing of the convict's nose and affixed as follows:

- 1 – A metal cross pin, inserted crosswise through the entire nose, passing through steel grommets mounted in the septum piercing and outer flaps of the nostrils.
- 2 – A U-shaped shackle shall be inserted into the convict's nostrils.
- 3 – The U shackle will be held in place within the nostrils by means of the cross pin.
- 4 – A 50 cm long, NON-REMOVABLE chain leash will have been previously affixed to the U shackle.
- 5 – Retaining rings at the ends of the pin shall be welded in place to prevent removal.
- 6 – These end rings to be fitted with short, welded-on chains.
- 7 – The loose ends of the chains are to be locked to staples on the head cage of the convict.

SECOND ADDITION to the convict's jewellery shall be metal U shackles deeply inset into the convict's breast flesh, through the aureole, at the base of each nipple. The cross pin of the shackles will be fitted into 'extender cages' thus keeping the convict's nipples under a constant tension.

THIRD ADDITION to the convict's jewellery shall consist of a 'Clitoral Isolation Ball' affixed to the flesh of the convict(s) in the following manner:

- 1 – The clitoris of the convict(s) shall be horizontally pierced and a short, thick, steel rod inserted.
- 2 – A short, steel collar shall be clamped around the base of the clitoral flesh.
- 3 – A steel sphere shall be clamped around the collar in such a manner that the transfixing steel rod is kept tensioned at all times.
- 4 – The steel sphere shall be screwed tightly closed, preventing removal.
- 5 – A 'cage' shall be applied to the clitoral ball in such a manner that the flesh is kept under constant tension.
- 6 – The clitoral isolation ball is equipped with electrodes on either side.

FOURTH ADDITION to the convict's jewellery shall consist of a 'Vaginal Dilation Ring', designed to maintain a 6 cm diameter opening at all times; affixed to the flesh of the convict(s) in the following manner:

- 1 – Each of the convict's vaginal lips shall be pierced seven times.
- 2 – The inner portion of the Vaginal Dilation Ring will be placed inside the convict's vagina and its resident 14 posts passed through the holes pierced in the labia.
- 3 – The outer portion of the Vaginal Dilation Ring will be applied to the protruding posts then clamped securely and permanently in place.

FIFTH ADDITION to the convict's jewellery shall consist of a system of tongue restraint and speech control piercings.

1 – The tongue shall be pierced seven times. There shall be two thick piercings made on each side of the centre of the tongue and these will be fitted with short bar bells with large balls at each end with the joining bar having a large transverse hole in its centre.

2 – The fifth and sixth piercings will be made ACROSS and THROUGH the convict's tongue, in line with each pair of bar bell piercings. A transverse rod will be inserted in each of these cross-piercings, passing through the holes in the bar bell posts, and then locked in place.

3 – The seventh piercing shall be very thick, made 1.5 cm from the tip of the convict's tongue in the centre. This piercing will receive a stainless steel grommet. Then the convict will be fitted with a non-removable U shackle through the grommet, this shackle having a 40 cm long leading/control chain permanently attached.

Other disciplinary and control jewellery may be fitted at the discretion of the Dungeon Authority.

MARKING OF PRISONERS

As an indication of status as a lifelong convict, each convict shall be permanently marked. The marking will be durable, inescapable, and irreversible: i.e. one or more brands. These brands shall be executed in the following manner:

1 – A brand shall be made in each of the facial cheeks of the convict.

2 – The brands dimensions are 5 cm x 1.5 cm for each impression.

3 – The brands shall be made by means of a white-hot iron.

4 – The brand shall indicate: CCFL- (Chained Convict For Life) and the convict's number.

The brands shall be imprinted in such a manner that, after healing, a clear mark is visible. All such brandings shall be enacted within 14 days of the commencement of a convict's imprisonment.

PUNISHMENT DAYS, DAILY & WEEKLY ROUTINE

Normal punishment days shall consist of every day of the week, except Sunday, and any other holidays that may be approved by the Dungeon Master and/or Mistress.

The nature of the penalty and punishment of the convict, by means of Discipline Hard Labour, shall be harsh and continual. Discipline Hard Labour shall be performed in such a manner that the convict(s) is/are compelled to complete her/their assigned tasks by means of electrical stimulation and/or discipline should they not be performed in accordance with the requirements of the Dungeon Authority.

The convict's harness, accessories, and discipline equipment shall be fastened in such a manner that she will be incapable of removing it, or of escaping its effects while performing the prescribed Discipline Hard Labour, or at any other time.

The normal week for the convict(s) shall be Monday through Saturday. Sunday may be allotted as a day of rest.

NORMAL DAYS

The normal punishment day shall be every day of the week, except Sunday, and any other holidays that may be approved by the Dungeon Authority. Hereinafter is the pattern of a normal punishment day:

06:00 – Awakening, freeing from floor chains, toilet functions, breakfast at floor ring, and placement of disciplinary dildos.

06:50 – Chaining of the convict to the Galley Rowing Machine or the treadmill in the work cell. Gag and blindfold panels locked to head cage. Water hose and all electrical monitoring and discipline cables attached.

07:00 – Beginning of convict hard labour, Block One.

12:00 – End of convict hard labour, Block One. Convict fed by means of her feeding gag while remaining fastened, gagged, and blindfolded on the Galley Rowing Machine or treadmill.

12:30 – Beginning of convict hard labour, Block Two.

17:30 – End of convict Hard labour, Block Two. Convict freed of the exercise machine, gag and blindfold, and returned to the main cell.

17:45 – Convict chained to floor ring by nose leash for evening meal.

18:30 – Convict's nose leash released from floor ring, and then free time.

21:30 – Convict goes to the small cell for evening toilet functions.

21:45 – Convict to proceed to her mat to lie down and position herself to be chained for nightly rest period.

22:00 – Dungeon Mistress arrives and chains convict for nightly rest period.

22:00 – 06:00: convict nightly rest period.

A Sunday rest and cleaning day may be granted to the convict, unless she is in 'Strong Execution of Discipline'. On this day, the convict will clean the cell to the satisfaction of the Dungeon Authority and only then be permitted free time to work on the PC or relax as she sees fit. This day of rest may be used as an additional Punishment Day should the Dungeon Authority so decide.

CAGE DAYS

Cage days are part of the normal week and are employed as an additional means of reminding the convict of her punishment and status, over and above her regular, mandated punishment.

Frequency: Cage day for a convict will be one day of the week.

Duration: Each convict shall be confined for a full 24 hours in the locked, closed small cage.

Timing: Cage day begins at 06:00 and ends at 06:00 of the day following.

Schedule: Convict-1 shall have her cage day every Thursday. Convict-2 shall have her cage day every Tuesday.

Additional Discipline: The convict may be subjected to additional disciplinary measures while confined within the puppy cage at the discretion of the Dungeon Authority. The additional disciplinary measures may take the form of further chaining, electro-shock, etc.

Equipment: The convict(s) shall remain locked fully into her/their harness(s) and kept leashed at all times. In addition, the convict(s) SHALL be fitted with a feeding gag, blinder panel (at the discretion of the Dungeon Master or Mistress) and diapered.

Food: The convict will be permitted to consume only a bread and water mash and water. The convict may eat and drink at her discretion if she is able to connect the hose from her feeding gag to the bottles of water or bread mash.

REST DAYS

The convict(s) is/are permitted one day of rest, during each seven day period of imprisonment. Rest days are not a standard grant but are at the SOLE DISCRETION of the Dungeon Authority. A day of rest may be withdrawn at any time, for any reason, and

may be turned into an additional punishment cage day or used in any other punishment mode.

DISCIPLINE HARD LABOUR

The convict(s) shall be required to perform Discipline Hard Labour during the entire time of her/their sentence in the High Security Area, at intervals and times of the choosing of the Dungeon Authority. Discipline Hard Labour shall be performed on the machines and in the manner indicated hereinafter:

EXERCISE MACHINE NO. 1

A Galley Oar Rowing Machine will be placed within the Exercise and Torture Cell for the use of each convict confined. These machines shall each be fitted with restraint chains to prevent the convict from releasing herself from it. Her fastening shall consist of the following restraints:

- 1 – A chain to each side of the convict's chastity belt waistbands, fastened tightly to ensure she remains seated.
- 2 – A chain to each of the convict's wrist cuffs, fastened to the oar to prevent release.
- 3 – A floor chain for each ankle cuff, fastened to each foot 'stirrup' to prevent the convict from lifting her feet.
- 4 – A ceiling chain, fastened to the top ring of the convict's head cage.
- 5 – A wall chain, fastened to the nose leash of the convict.
- 6 – Data and discipline cables attached to connection points on the convict's Restraint and Disciplining Harness.
- 7 – Watering and food hose attached to the convict's feeding gag.
- 8 – The convicts will wear steel blinder panels at all times while fastened to their rowing machines.

EXERCISE MACHINE NO. 2

A treadmill machine will be placed within the exercise cell for the use of each convict confined. These machines shall each be fitted with restraint chains to prevent the convict from releasing herself from it. These chains will be attached as follows:

- 1 – Two chains to each side of the convict's chastity belt waist, V'd out to floor rings to ensure she remains centred on the treadmill's belt.
- 2 – A ceiling chain, fastened to the top ring of the convict's head cage.
- 3 – Two side suspension chains, fastened to the side rings of convict's chastity belt.
- 4 – A wall chain, fastened to the nose leash of the convict.
- 5 – Data and discipline cables attached to the connection points on the convict's Restraint and Disciplining Harness.
- 6 – Watering and food hose attached to the convict's feeding gag.
- 7 – The convict will wear a steel blinder panel at all times while fastened to the treadmill machine.

ACCESSORIES

The below accessories shall be affixed before the commencement of Discipline Hard Labour. The accessory pieces may or may not be removed from the convict in their entirety or in part, at the Dungeon Authority's discretion.

- 1 – A disciplinary electric shock capable dildo of 5.5 cm diameter, 16 cm long.
- 2 – A feeding gag.
- 3 – A blindfold panel.
- 4 – At the Dungeon Staff's discretion, a nose leash weight.

5 – Any other equipment that the Dungeon Authority may deem appropriate.

HARD LABOUR SCHEDULE

The convict shall perform her hard labour five days of the week unless the Dungeon Authority decides that her normal day of rest (Sunday) is to be used for additional punishments.

The convict(s) shall be excused from Discipline Hard Labour ONLY if she/they is/are punished in other ways that prevent its performance (i.e.: slave swing suspension, cage days, or any Harsh Punishment Mode).

REST & MEALS

1 – The convict(s) will be permitted five minutes of rest every 30 minutes.

2 – A 20 minute, midday meal and rest break will be permitted.

3 – The convict(s) will remain fastened to her exercise machine during all rest and meal periods.

PROCESS

The convict(s) is/are NOT permitted to speak at any time after being awakened.

1 – Each morning that the convict(s) is/are to perform Discipline Hard Labour, she/they will first be permitted toilet functions and then be given the morning meal.

2 – To be fed, the convict(s) shall be required to kneel and permit the Dungeon Master or Mistress to lock her/their nose leash(s) to their floor ring(s) provided for her/their restraint.

3 – The convict(s) will eat her/their meal(s) within the time allotted.

4 – The Dungeon Staff will use a firm tension on the convict's nose leash to take her/ them to the fixing bars, then position and restrain her/ them.

5 – The Dungeon Staff will release the convict's crotch cover and fully insert the discipline dildo. This device will be connected to its electrical leads then the crotch cover will be closed and locked.

6 – The convict(s) will be released from the fixing bars and then, with firm tension on her/their nose leash(s), be taken into the Exercise Chamber.

7 – Within the Exercise Chamber, the Dungeon Staff will immediately require the convict(s) to sit on the seat of the Galley Oar Machine, or to mount the treadmill's belt. Then she/they will be fastened in place.

8 – The convict(s) will remain motionless and permit her/their restraints to be fastened.

9 – Upon the completion of the convict's restraints being attached, the Dungeon Staff will then connect the data and electrical cables to their connectors at the back of her chastity belt's waistband.

10 – The Dungeon Staff will fit the convict(s) with the feeding gag then connect the food and water hoses.

11 – The Dungeon Staff will fit the convict(s) with a blinder panel, ensuring that no light is visible to her/ them.

12 – The nose leash of the convict will be connected to the wall ring chain.

13 – At the Dungeon Staff's discretion, the convict may also be fitted with a nose leash weight.

14 – The convict's hearing aid/ear plugs shall be activated so that she hears only the commencement signal. No sound is permitted to her from then on.

14 – The convict shall commence her hard labour immediately after the initial signal or upon the sound of the computer ‘beep’.

PRISONER’S OBLIGATION

While fastened to an exercise machine and not in a permitted rest break, the convict(s) SHALL, at all times, perform her/their required Discipline Hard Labour to the best of her/their abilities. Failure to perform as required will result in IMMEDIATE disciplinary action in the form of strong electro-shock being applied to the convicts breasts and nipples, and/or by means of the punishment dildo, and/or the clitoral electrodes.

PRISONER OFFENCES

Failure to perform the required hard labour shall be defined as any or all of the following lapses:

- 1 – Losing the beat of the required rowing action or losing her pace on the treadmill.
- 2 – Stopping her/their Discipline Hard Labour in ANY way other than at permitted times.
- 3 – Attempting to escape her restraints or to escape from the Galley Oar Machine or the treadmill.

DISCIPLINARY MEASURES

The convict(s) will be disciplined and controlled by means of electro-shock. These shocks shall be of varied strength and duration and will be administered by means of the electrical dildo, clitoral contacts, and the contacts on her breasts and nipples. The following protocol shall be employed for discipline:

GALLEY OAR MACHINE

EXERCISE MACHINE NO. 1

1 – The convict’s heart rate shall be monitored continually. If it falls below a value of 85% of normal exercise rate for a period of longer than 120 seconds, the resistance required to work on the oar will be increased. If the convict’s heart rate reaches 110% of normal values for a period exceeding 60 seconds, the resistance will be decreased.

2 – The convict(s) SHALL move the oar through its correct path at all times. If the convict does not follow this requirement properly, this will constitute a ‘Row Failure’.

3 – Three Row Failures in 30 a minute period: Disciplinary Measure: 3 minute long sequences of disciplinary electro-shock at Intensity Level One shall be administered to the convict.

4 – Ten Row Failures within a 60 minute period: Disciplinary Measure: 3 minute long sequences of disciplinary electro-shock at Intensity Level Two shall be administered to the convict.

5 – Fifteen Row Failures within a 90 minute period: Disciplinary Measure: 5 minute long sequences of disciplinary electro-shock at Intensity Level Three shall be administered to the convict.

6 – Twenty Row Failures within any 120 minute period: Disciplinary Measure: 10 minute long sequences of disciplinary electro-shock at Intensity Level Four shall be administered to the convict.

7 – Any 10 minute period without a Row Failure will remove one Row Failure from the accumulated total.

8 – The Dungeon Authority may remove or add Row Failures at its discretion.

TREADMILL

EXERCISE MACHINE NO.2

1 – The convict's heart rate shall be continually monitored. If it falls below a value of 85% of normal exercise rate for a period longer than 120 seconds, the resistance required to walk will be increased. If the convict's heart rate reaches 110% of normal values for a period exceeding 60 seconds, the resistance will be decreased.

2 – The convict shall walk, jog, or run to the best of her ability, according to the speed of the treadmill. If the convict fails to move as required, falls, or in any way ceases to perform the required action, each such occurrence shall be designated as a Movement Failure.

3 – Three Movement Failures in 30 a minute period: Disciplinary Measure: three minute long sequence of disciplinary electro-shock at Intensity Level One shall be administered to the convict.

4 – Ten Movement Failures within a 60 minute period: Disciplinary Measure: 3 minute series of disciplinary electro-shock at Intensity Level Two shall be administered to the convict.

5 – Fifteen Movement Failures within a 90 minute period: Disciplinary Measure: 5 minute series of disciplinary electro-shock at Intensity Level Three shall be administered to the convict.

6 – Twenty Movement Failures within any 120 minute period: Disciplinary Measure: 10 minute series of disciplinary electro-shock at Intensity Level Four shall be administered to the convict.

7 – Any 10 minute period without a Movement Failure will remove one from the accumulated total.

8 – The Dungeon Authority may add or remove Movement Failures at its discretion.

PRISONER HARSH PUNISHMENT MODES

Additional discipline (Harsh Punishment Modes) are mandated for a convict by the Dungeon Authority, if the convict has accumulated a list of ten or more misdemeanours, or if she has otherwise broken any Dungeon Rule or Regulation that warrants the use of Harsh Punishment Modes as listed hereinafter:

- Harsh Punishment Mode Number One (HPM-1) will be executed as follows:

1 – The convict will be taken into the small cell and remain there for the entire duration of the imposed sentence, none of less than 14 days in duration.

2 – The convict will be short-leashed at all times while in the small cell.

- Harsh Punishment Mode Number Two (HPM-2) will be executed as follows:

1 – The convict will be taken into the small cell and remain there for the entire duration of the imposed sentence, none of less than 14 days in duration.

2 – The convict will be short-leashed at all times while in the small cell.

3 – The convict shall be confined and suspended in the slave swing for a period of NO LESS than 12 hours per day, commencing at 18:00 hours until 06:00 the following morning.

4 – The convict shall be fitted with a feeding gag and its attached food and water hose in addition to the steel blindfold for the full duration of her sentence.

5 – During the day, she will be permitted to rest and recover from her nightly suspension.

- Harsh Punishment Mode Three (HPM-3) will be executed as follows:

1 – The convict will be confined as per the full protocol listed for HPM-2 with the additions following.

2 – The convict shall receive 6 Strokes of the riding whip each day while suspended in the slave swing, administered at the discretion and time of the Dungeon Mistress' choosing.

D) – Harsh Punishment Mode Four (HPM-4) will be executed as follows:

1 – Prior to emplacement in the small cell, the convict will be taken to the fixing bars and fitted with her disciplinary dildo.

2 – The convict will have her Sentence read to her by the Dungeon Authority. The convict may make a statement at that time.

3 – The convict will then be taken into the small cell, led by harsh pulls on her nose leash.

4 – The convict will be placed in the slave swing and fully suspended.

5 – The convict will be gagged with the Feeding/Discipline Gag, blindfolded and have her nose leash attached to the wall.

6 – The convict will spend the FULL 24 HOURS OF EVERY DAY OF HER PUNISHMENT suspended in the slave swing, gagged, and blinded at all times.

7 – The convict will be subjected to random generated, random spaced, random intensities and random durations of electrical shock applied by means of the disciplinary dildo, breast/nipple electrodes, and the clitoral electrodes.

E) – Harsh Punishment Mode Five (HPM-5) will be executed as follows:

1 – All facets of HPM-4 will be followed with the following exception:

2 – The convict will be subjected to electro-shock disciplinary measures on a continuing basis during the ENTIRE TIME of her suspension in the slave swing.

3 – The electro-shock intensities shall be set at high values every time they are applied to the convict.

4 – The convict shall receive 12 Strokes of the riding whip each day, administered at the discretion and time of the Dungeon Authority's choosing.

The length of any Harsh Punishment Mode Sentence shall be decided solely by the Dungeon Authority and is NOT subject to change or review once imposed upon the convict.

The duration of the HPM may vary from a minimum of two full weeks (14 days) to a maximum of eight weeks.

PRISONER'S MEDICAL/PSYCHOLOGICAL NEEDS

Should it be necessary for a convict to obtain medical/psychological treatment, this will be rendered within the skills and personnel available to the Dungeon Authority or their designated practitioners. All treatment shall take place ONLY within the confines of the High Security Area.

Removal of the convict from the HSA at any time is totally prohibited.

If the treatments given to the convict fail, and she should decess, her sentence is thus considered to have been completed.

Should the convict become insane, she will remain in the HSA, always confined in her Steel Restraint and Discipline Harness until such time as her natural death occurs.

PRISONER'S SEXUAL SATISFACTION/STIMULATION

The convict(s) is/are prohibited from ALL forms of sexual gratification or stimulation at ALL times while serving her/their sentence(s). This denial is to be enforced

by the wearing of the Steel Restraint and Discipline Harness with its integral chastity belt and bra. NO opportunity is to be granted to the convict(s) to obtain either self-satisfaction or to be able to be stimulated by another person or prisoner.

The convict's imprisoned sexual organs and breasts may be employed as an additional means of discipline at the discretion of the Dungeon Authority, whenever and for however long a time is deemed appropriate, over and above the normal control they are subject to.

A single exception MAY be made by the Dungeon Authority should it be decided that the convict has been properly behaved. This may take place only ONCE per year, at Christmas, for 8 hours only.

PRISONER'S PARTNER RELATIONSHIP

If the convict is joined by a second convict, they shall be permitted to form a partnership while serving their sentences. This partnership shall be in effect at all times.

One convict is permitted to demonstrate affection to another by means of kissing, licking, stroking or holding, to the best of her ability, while remaining fully confined in her Restraint and Discipline Harness. The convicts may assist each other with toilet tasks and in other areas that may be impossible or difficult to perform.

Convicts SHALL NOT attempt to free each other of her harness, leashes or any control jewellery.

Any attempt by the convicts to escape or free themselves of any portion of their chastity harnesses will AUTOMATICALLY begin HPM-4, for the maximum period of 8 weeks.

When desired, the convicts may, with the approval of the Dungeon Master or Mistress, make a formal recording of partnership. Each convict will be asked the following questions:

"Convict Number #, you have been condemned to a lifelong dungeon detention without possibility of a pardon and are imprisoned here to serve your sentence to the full extent."

"Do you now wish to declare a formal partnership with the, likewise, here-present convict Number #, and to let the Dungeon Authority record it?"

"Therefore I ask you: "Do you, convict Number #, and you convict Number #, accept each other as a partner?"

"Acceptance means that you will each suffer the same sentence as is imposed upon the partner, for any and all offences she may commit."

"The Partnership Agreement will be in force until you are separated by death. If this is what you wish, then you will answer: 'I want!'"

With the acceptance and recording of the agreement, the convicts shall be formally placed in the "Convict Partnership Agreement" and then become immediately subject to the common execution of sentence provision.

With this agreement, the name and number of the convict and the date of its enactment will then be engraved into the waistband of each convict, on its inner side, upon the occasion of the next intensive cleaning.

If desired, the former first name of the partner will also be engraved on the inner side of the waistband. After their Partnership Agreement has been ratified by the Dungeon Master, the convicts are, at all times, prohibited from any sort of sexual stimulation or any form of sexual intercourse with or by the other partner.

PRISONER'S COLLECTIVE PUNISHMENT

The convicts are subject to the 'Principle of Collective Punishment' at all times, after the agreement is ratified. This is designed to encourage the convicts to behave properly and thus reduce their desire to break the Dungeon Rules and Regulations.

During the collective punishment, ALL partnered convicts will receive the same disciplinary or educational measures even if the failure is charged only to one convict. The principle of Collective Punishment shall be employed to increase the group obligation and thus reduce the motivation for failure by an individual convict.

PRISONER'S CONTRARY PUNISHMENT

A convict may, occasionally, be permitted a deviation from the Principle of Collective Punishment. The principle of Contrary Punishment will be employed and used upon the convict who is NOT responsible for the breach of the rules.

First, a neck bar will be connected between the collars of the convicts, and then the punishment will be administered to the innocent convict. Thus, the guilty convict will be required to watch while the innocent convict receives HER punishment. As is the case for the collective punishment, this procedure is designed to increase the group obligation, and therefore to reduce the motivation for failure.

Employment of the Contrary Punishment procedure will be at the discretion of the Dungeon Master or Mistress.

ADDITIONAL REGULATIONS & OBLIGATIONS

Each convict shall obey the commands of the Dungeon Master or Mistress without delay, question, or opposition. Any disobedience will be punished immediately.

Each punishment shall be formally recorded and will result in an HPM discipline/educational module when sufficient demerits have been accumulated.

Minor demerits may involve withdrawal of the PC use, the wearing of a gag, the wearing of a blindfold, etc. The decision to use minor punishments shall be at the sole discretion of the Dungeon Authority.

With good behaviour, after a term of imprisonment of ten years, a convict MAY be entitled to some easement of her imprisonment conditions. All Dungeon Staff must UNANIMOUSLY DECIDE upon the types and ranges of any easement. Any easement, such as a decrease of the chains during the first ten years of a convict's term, is not permitted until this period has been fully served.

Convicts are prohibited the use of all stimulants: i.e., nicotine, coffee, alcohol, chocolate, etc., for the entire duration of their sentences.

The convict(s) may use the PC but MAY NOT have access to any direct, outside Internet connection.

All communications to and by a convict(s) are subject to editing, correction, or denial by the Dungeon Authority.

A convict(s) shall bear her punishment patiently and with regret.

EVERY attempt by a convict to escape or avoid discipline shall be punished in the strictest manner, particularly for any attempts made to free herself from her harness or leashes.

Each convict shall submit herself to the Dungeon Authority, at any time, to all demands for sexual satisfaction.

Each convict shall accept the full range of acts that the Dungeon Authority may require of her as additional punishment.

PRISONER'S WHIPPING PUNISHMENT

The whipping punishment a convict may earn as a disciplinary action will be employed as an exclusive measure for small failures in obedience.

The whipping punishment may ALSO be employed at the same time as other disciplinary measures in order to increase both its and their effect. The whipping punishment depends upon the nature of the failure by the convict and will range from a minimum of six strokes to a maximum of 24 strokes for each punishment session.

For exclusive discipline by the whipping punishment, a repetition from one to seven successive days may be ordered by the Dungeon Master or the Dungeon Mistress, thus providing a possible number of six to 168 strokes in total.

The number of repetitions of this punishment type shall depend on the combination with other disciplinary actions, i.e.: the Intensified Execution of Sentences, electrical discipline, or slave swing confinement.

The whipping punishment will take place when the convict is standing or suspended within the slave swing and will be administered to her naked buttocks while wearing her chastity belt.

The whipping punishment will be administered by employing a Cat o' Nine Tails or a riding crop/quirt. However, in circumstances to be decided by the Dungeon Master or Mistress, a cane or paddle may also be employed.

The convict will acknowledge the number of strikes, and with each one, she will say the words:

"Impact number _x_! I thank the Dungeon (Master or Mistress) for it and repent my failure."

If the convict should fail to make the statement to confirm the impact, the stroke will be repeated, and she must acknowledge it once more.

The whipping punishment shall be of such strength as to leave a visible mark; i.e. a red weal on the skin of the convict.

The whipping punishment will be administered by the Dungeon Master or Mistress, but may be transferred to other Dungeon Staff for employment on the other convict at the same time.

If the convict does not keep count of the impacts given in each case, they will be added at the conclusion of the discipline.

PRISONER'S ADDITIONAL HARD LABOUR

Additional hard labour may be arranged if a convict does not follow her obligations in the execution of the obligatory Discipline Hard Labour, or if she shows disobedience during the completion of it.

Additional Discipline Hard Labour shall be served on the convict's 'free' time. She may also be kept in the Exercise Chamber on each regular punishment day, fed her evening meal while remaining fastened to the Galley Oar Machine or treadmill, and then perform the required hard labour until released for her rest period.

The duration of this additional hard labour may amount from one to ten additional days, dependent on the sizes and amounts of the failure during her prescribed work.

A combination of additional hard labour with other disciplinary actions is permissible.

USE OF THE NECK BAR

From this date, the convicts will be subjected to wearing a joining neck bar at the discretion of the Dungeon Authority. This device consists of a steel bar, 1 metre long, 15 mm in diameter, locked to the front ring of each convict's collar so that they always face each other. The neck bar will be affixed if the behaviour of the convicts requires this measure as an effective mechanism for the re-establishment of correct group behaviour.

The neck bar will be immediately attached after imposition of the disciplinary action if both convicts can move freely within the cell. In addition, it will also remain connected to their collars when they are chained for their nightly rest periods.

The duration for employment of the neck bar is dependent on the size of the failure to obey the Dungeon Rules and may vary from one to four weeks.

The neck bar shall also be employed in combination with other disciplinary actions; i.e. the whipping punishment.

The neck bar may also be used to isolate the convicts from each other. This is accomplished by locking it between the BACK rings of their collars, thus prohibiting them from seeing each other for the duration of the punishment imposed.

These Regulations are fixed on July 2001 up to and including the 14th November 2001, to 24th February 2002.

Thomas, Dungeon Master, Responsible for the Execution of Sentences

Barbara, Dungeon Mistress, Responsible for the Execution of Sentences

These Regulations are hereby further Amended and Modified as of the 8th July 2002; becoming fully effective on that day, as witnessed by the signatures of the Dungeon Authority below.

Thomas, Responsible Dungeon Master for the Execution of Sentences

Barbara, Responsible Dungeon Mistress for the Execution of Sentences

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO
Dual Hard Labour, Punishment
And Partnership

It was terrible!

The new rules governed every aspect of our lives with minute, exacting control, and the punishments we would receive, over and above our already incredible imprisonment, were awful to even just think about! Both Isabella and I read through the document time after time and kept coming back to the section that concerned our body jewellery. Oh, God! Hadn't they done *enough* to us already? It appeared that they hadn't, and there were definite plans for doing more piercings, and then adding yet *more* articles of controlling jewellery! With this terrible fear of the piercing needle in the backs of our minds, we were too frightened to ask Babs when the next procedures were to take place, for she might decide to do it then and there, and so we waited in terrorized silence.

Babs was merciless and had no pity for us whatsoever, following the newly defined rules to the letter. Isabella, despite her terror and horror at what had happened to her life, joined me at hard labour on the 28th of January 2002, my one thousand, four hundred and sixty-sixth day in the dungeon. Babs ensured that we were always gagged, deafened and blinded while in the Exercise Chamber, just as she'd promised we would be, but most of the rest of the time, we were permitted to talk to each other.

On one hand, I felt very sorry for Isabella. She had become a prisoner like me and had been brought to my level of restriction and punishment so very quickly, and, in the final analysis, against her will. On the other hand, I was extremely glad to have someone with me in the dungeon, even though she suffered terribly while attempting to resign herself to her new life. I had been lonely for so long, and the unending discipline and control had nearly driven me insane.

It was very difficult, but soon after we were alone, we tried to kiss each other, just to know that we were not in a completely hopeless situation. We struggled to manoeuvre ourselves so that we could touch each other's lips and eyes, because when we faced, our hands were kept away from the each other's by their separator bars, and we could only touch our heavily rubber-gloved fingers together. We each had to step to the side and lean into the other's armoured body, writhing and twisting against our harnesses and chains because we were so desperate to experience the touch of another person. The noises of our steel restraints hitting each other, and the sounds of our leash chains clashing went completely unnoticed by us, but to make our attempts all that more stressful, occasionally, one or another of our nose leashes would get tangled in the other's harness or chains, and when we tried to separate, they'd jerk tight, making us howl with pain.

Immediately after being locked into her harness, Isabella had become frantic for sexual release of any kind and made all of the useless attempts I had to get an orgasm, but our restraint systems were *much* too well designed and fitted to permit sexual contact of *any* kind. All she could do was try, but there was no way to get past her chastity belt or breast cups. We tried to hit on them to create a sensation that would transmit to our imprisoned bodies underneath, but *nothing* worked! All that happened was that our swollen and sensitive flesh bounced painfully within its steel imprisonments, and when we gave up after each time, we were always even *more* aroused and frustrated than when we'd started! Often, we'd both sit on the mat sobbing with despair and frustration.

Our working days were always the same.

In the morning, Babs first unlocked the door of the Exercise Chamber, then, one at a time, we are each released from our feeding position and pulled inside to the machine that she has chosen for us to work on that day. When we are to use the Galley Oar Machine, Babs takes great delight in the process while her prisoner sits waiting in quiet terror. First, she fastens the ceiling chain to the head cage and then come the chains that hold the prisoner seated firmly on her bench. I hate being forced to sit like this and always try to shift my weight off the steel between my legs, but of course, with the chains being so tight, I cannot move! We always moan and whine when we were secured, but it is another part of our punishment to be kept there, just like that. Next, Babs fastens the wrist spreader bar to the oar at each handcuff and then connects the ankle cuff spreader bar to the floor ring with a loose chain. This prevents any attempt to escape our fastenings. We always test our bonds. It's an automatic reaction and of course Babs enjoys watching our struggles. The next things to be connected is our electrical equipment and this is done quickly.

Because CCFL-2 is the junior prisoner, she is the first one to be fitted with a feeding gag, and she hates it with an undying passion. At first, when she began to perform our Discipline Hard Labour, Isabella often tried to escape from Babs, but, wearing her harness and nose leash, as well as being tethered to the wall, it is impossible for her to avoid it being done. Nevertheless, Babs enjoyed the process immensely, letting Isabella struggle away, and then she'd casually walk over, grab her nose leash, and slowly pull the poor young woman into the Exercise Chamber and make her sit on the bench of the Galley Oar Machine, or stand still on the treadmill. Isabella desperately attempted to avoid being attached to either of the machines and often cried for her mother, howling and begging that Babs not make her perform the Discipline Hard Labour, but Babs just laughed cruelly and continued preparing her.

If Isabella refused to open her mouth, Babs snapped her nose chain a few times until, with more weeping; Isabella accepted the large, flattened, penis-shaped plug. She always looked at Babs very sadly, and every time, shed a lot of tears before she was fitted with her steel blindfold. It took only a few seconds to place over her upper face, and then only her nose could be seen with its shiny jewellery and the fifty cm long chain dangling down between her steel encased breasts. Sometimes Babs picked it up once Isabella had been fully secured and gave it a pull, and I often heard her screaming around her gag while she jerked her hands against their fastening chains, frantic to stop Babs from doing it. Of course, she couldn't, and so she had to sit and wait for the signal for her work to begin.

During the whole process while Babs fastened Isabella, I had to wait quietly without moving, but occasionally, I cried and struggled also when the blindfold was fitted to my face. The last thing Babs does is to attach our water hoses, and then she stands back and looks us over before leaving. We have to sit at our Galley Oar Machines or stand on the treadmill belts waiting for what we know is coming; unable to escape, only shifting our feet a little, then shortly before 07:00 Babs leaves us. We know we are totally alone and chained helplessly, and *no one* will be able to hear our gagged screams and begging when we are punished by the electro-shock, and of course, we cannot be freed!

Babs had told us that she always goes to the upstairs household office to observe us for a few moments while we struggle to get used to our bindings then she touches the button on the computer that starts everything at 07:00. Perhaps it is interesting for her,

but it is truly a horror for us! When we hear the signal, we must begin pulling on our oars or walking on the treadmill immediately and the only noises that can be heard in the Exercise and Torture Chamber are the singing clatter of our chains, our gasping breaths and the sounds of the machines. Of course, there are no cries or speaking because of our gags, and so after a few minutes, she turns off the monitor and prepares for work. We toil on for the day, blinded, gagged and deafened.

At 08:00, Babs leaves the house with the secret, happy knowledge that hidden in the basement's High Security Area are two, steel harnessed women struggling against their chains to complete a pointless task and soon to be automatically, frequently and mercilessly punished. At one time or another, each of us has tried to stop our work, but our resistance is always short-lived for we are quickly and harshly disciplined for our disobedience and have to begin again.

Even after being strongly disciplined a couple of times, Isabella resolved that she wouldn't work anymore. She *thought* she could resist, but her ensuing discipline was very, very strong. She'd stopped rowing and then sat unmoving for a long time, shuddering and screaming dementedly from the increasing electro-shocks from her dildo, but then her torture *truly* began, but now at Level Three! The dildo shocked her strongly, but I never heard her wailing screams, thanks both to her huge and efficient gag and the noise cancelling ear plugs I wore. Although I couldn't see her doing it, I knew she was jerking her hands hysterically against their chains to the oar, and her legs were fighting against *their* chains while she tried to twist herself off the seat and escape the incredible electro shocks convulsing her crotch. That wasn't the only thing that happened though, for *then* the computer began to add disciplining shocks through her breasts and nipples; ones she could not resist! Of course, the chains held her in place on the seat but the shocks to her sensitive, blood-engorged mounds of flesh imprisoned writhing their steel cups forced her to lean back and away from the oar, but the chain to the top of her head cage and the one to her nose also snapped tight! Isabella howled from the pain of the throbbing, flesh-curdling pulses and fought her restraints even more madly, but she finally had to surrender and begin to pull on her oar again. As soon as she did, the shocks began to die away, and she worked feverishly for the rest of the day except for her rest periods and midday meal break, now thoroughly terrified of any discipline. When Babs removed her blindfold and gag panels that night, I saw that Isabella had been crying very hard, but that was of no concern to Babs because she was a prisoner being lawfully punished.

A few weeks later, Isabella spoke unthinkingly and told Babs that what she was doing to us was degrading and inhuman. Babs only silently smiled then I spoke to her.

"Shut up, Isabella! I've told you again and again that there is no hope to get free! Do your work as I do!"

"Mistress Barbara ... CCFL-1 is ready to be chained for work, please?"

By this point, I'd almost completely accepted that I would truly be kept in this incredible prison, my harness and other restraints for the rest of my life, but it would probably be at least two more years before the Isabella could come to the same kind of realization and acceptance. At only twenty-three years of age, she would spend far more of her life as prisoner than as free person, and so during those first weeks of imprisonment, Isabella spent a lot of time sitting on the mat staring at her restraints,

wailing and begging for her mother. She came to recognize that what had happened was *not* play and often stood before the mirror looking at her face.

“They *have* done it! Oh, my God! They have *really* done it! ...”

I continued to try and console her as best I could, but she was headstrong and didn’t seem to understand, at first, just how totally controlled she really was and just how obedient she *had* to be at all times. But on Saturday, the 21st of April 2002, she received another harsh lesson about her new life. Babs had come into the dungeon because it was again time for our showers. Mine was completed without any problems because I submitted to all of the indignities without complaint, despite the cruelty Babs treated me with, because there was no possible escape. I was a well-behaved and cooperative prisoner; however, when Isabella was returned to the cell after her shower and saw her harness laid out on the floor, waiting, she knew it would be locked onto her for another eight weeks. Horrified that she would soon again be so closely controlled for such a long time to come, she broke down in a fit of howling and begging not to have to wear it again, much to Babs’ enjoyment.

“No, Mistress Barbara! *Please*, no! Please! I want to be free! Please, I *beg* you! Do not put me in that horrible thing again! Please! I need to get out of this dungeon! Please, not in the harness again! I’m far too young to be imprisoned for life, *especially* like this! Please, please, *PLEASE!* I don’t want to die in here as a prisoner...”

Michael was assisting Babs because Thomas was away, and they soon had her chained between the fixing bars, still wearing the shower yoke. Despite her desperate fighting to resist, Isabella was soon put into her dungeon suit then the rest of the awful steel restraint system was fastened tightly. They took great delight in locking her into its strict confines, bolting and riveting everything while she wept and howled pitifully. It took longer than usual because she fought them every centimetre of the way, but after forty minutes, she was fully fitted.

“There, you bitch!” Babs gloated, standing in front of Isabella with arms crossed over her breasts and a happy smile on her face. It only took a few seconds for the locks to be opened, and then Babs spoke again.

“Kneel!”

Isabella slowly complied with the small rattling of chains, still weeping with despair.

“I will accept *no* more resistance or undisciplined behaviour from you!” Babs snarled at the despair filled young woman. “Otherwise, you will be subjected to four weeks of Intensified Execution of Sentence, and since you’ve *already* broken the rules, you are subject to immediate punishment! Now, you will stand and follow me! It’s time you learned about punishment in the slave swing!”

Isabella was incoherent in her grief and screamed anew when Babs pulled upward on her nose chain, dragging her to her feet. She shuffled slowly after Babs into the small cell, trying frantically to hold back against the tension on nose, but there was no way she could resist the pain Babs so casually and easily applied. Once inside, I heard Babs explain the construction and function of the slave swing, and then, to ensure Isabella knew it was more than a theoretical explanation, she slowly fastened her into it. Isabella begged pitifully while Babs clipped the chains of the swing to her harness, but her pleading was stopped immediately when Babs gagged and blindfolded her. I shuddered with sympathy for Isabella when Babs slowly pulled the step-up blocks from under her feet, listening happily to her gagged-stifled cries while she tried to somehow ease her

discomfort. Babs left her hanging in solitude for the rest of the day, and for the entire time, Isabella tried to howl around her gag to be freed, but the door was securely locked, and I could only stare through the tight bars while she swung in her chains above the floor. When Babs finally released her, Isabella begged for a pardon of her behaviour and tearfully promised to be a better prisoner.

I hoped so – for her. It seemed that now, after one hundred and fifty days of incarceration, Isabella was finally coming to realize the *full* consequences of her sentence. However, that didn't seem to drive home the message of her need to be obedient at all times, and the next bad occasion for her happened a month later, on Mother's Day, the 12th of May 2002. When Babs entered the cell, Isabella didn't kneel facing the back wall of the dungeon, as is the rule, even though Babs ordered her to do so twice. Isabella stood straining at her leashes, facing Babs through the bars and refused, and then screaming ferociously, she demanded yet again to be released from the cell and the HSA. Babs walked slowly and deliberately to the door in the lattice wall and then unlocked it. When she did, Isabella tried to get out, struggling against the restriction of her Spanish Trapezoid and the weight of the steel balls attached to her ankle cuffs, all the time, madly jerking her hands and arms against their chains, crying very hard, but of course, her attempt had *no* chance of success. The leash to the wall ring snapped tight when she approached the opened cell door, stopping her in her tracks. Babs closed it behind her and came to stand before Isabella who was staring at her from within her head cage, fear in her eyes, but she continued to howl like a whipped dog.

"I *ordered* you to your position and you refused to obey me, CCFL-2!" Babs snarled angrily.

"My *name* is Isabella, you rotten cunt!" She howled angrily. "I'm *not* an animal you can just order around!"

"Oh, but you *are*!" Babs smiled maliciously. "I *can* make you do anything I want, convict. All I have to do is take your nose leash ... like this ... and move you to where ever I wish." She reached out and grasped Isabella's dangling nose chain.

"Nnnnooo!!! Pppllllleasssse!!!" Isabella wailed, watching Babs' black, leather gloved fingers pull the chain out into a shallow loop from her face.

"Of *course*, little slave! Now, come!" Babs cooed, "I will *not* tolerate any disobedience from a convict in my care, and you *are* going to be punished to reinforce this."

"Oooouuuwww-ouch-ouch! Please, Mistress, *please*! I'm coming! I'm coming!"

"Damned right you are!" Babs laughed cruelly, maintaining her tension on the awful leash chain and pulling her pitiful prisoner after her to stand between the fixing bars. Like me, Isabella hated her nose jewellery, but of course she couldn't get it off and when Babs pulled, she screamed and cried even more, *having* to follow. Her Spanish Trapezoid and the double steel balls ensured she moved slowly and all the while, her arms and hands fought against the steel separator bar between her wrists. While Babs fastened her between the fixing bars, Isabella again begged to be forgiven, but the decision had been made and her disciplining *was* going to happen. Soon she was bent over so that her steel-divided buttocks were vulnerably presented and, choking from the tension of the chains, she wailed anew, but Babs showed her no mercy.

"You *will* learn to obey!" Babs stated without rancour, but very positively; picking the riding whip off her belt loop and positioning herself behind Isabella.

She stood quietly for a minute, letting Isabella become more and more frightened, then suddenly unleashed her first slashing blow on the quaking buttocks before her. Instantly, a thin red weal sprang into being, and Isabella jerked in her chains screaming madly! Babs allowed her to recover into only gasping sobs before she delivered the next two strokes, one right after the other, making Isabella thrash wildly; screaming and begging to be forgiven and freed, but her disciplining was only half done.

I watched the scene with horrified fascination, seeing how helpless and vulnerable Isabella was; comprehending how very much the same I was also. Babs moved to stand in front of the bent-forward young woman then knelt down before her and stared into her tear-streaming eyes,

“There are another three strikes to come, little convict, but they’ll keep until I’m ready to give them to you. In the meantime, I’m going to add something else while you wait for the next part of your discipline.”

She took a shiny, steel rod from the pocket of her skirt. It was perhaps twenty cm long and two cm in diameter with a lock on one end. Babs held it to Isabella’s face, letting her see it and then clipped the snap hook onto a link near the middle of Isabella’s nose leash. She held it for a few seconds then dropped the weight and let it swing back and forth, well above the floor! Isabella howled anew when the horrid jerk on her nose came and began sobbing heavily, begging for it to be removed, but Babs had already stood and left the cell. Just before she closed the dungeon’s door, she turned and spoke to me through the bars of the lattice wall.

“CCFL-1! Don’t you *dare* touch that weight! If you do, it will be a very severe disobedience, and you will be put into Harsh Punishment Mode 5 for a month!”

With that, the door was closed and locked, leaving us alone. Isabella soon began to beg for me to hold up the weight, but I didn’t dare! She remained bent over, securely fastened between the fixing bars, suffering her punishment in continuing torrents of tears until nearly four hours later. When Babs returned she walked immediately to stand behind Isabella and without a word administered the last three strokes, even while Isabella still wore the nose weight! She left again with another warning to me and Isabella remained fastened as she was, continuing to suffer until our evening feeding. When it was completed, Babs got to her feet from the chair where she’d sat while watching us eat and released our nose leashes, opened the cell door, and came inside to where I was just getting to my feet.

“CCFL-1, I am invoking the partnership clause for the first time, right now,” she said calmly, looking at me intently. I stared back at her then began to shake with fear and a small moan of protest came from my throat. “Move between the fixing bars and wait to be fastened!”

I couldn’t help myself and began to weep silently, knowing I was about to be tortured again and there was *nothing* I could do to avoid or escape it! Babs quickly fastened me in place, bent me forward, and secured me. As much as I had sympathy for Isabella, I hated her for being disobedient and making me suffer for her stupidity. Babs knelt in front of me and stared into my eyes.

“Aren’t you glad you’re a partner with CCFL-2?” she smiled happily, taking the weight from her pocket and hooking it onto my nose leash then holding it in her gloved hand.

“P-p-please, Mistress?” I begged, staring with horror at the heavy, gleaming steel rod in her palm.

“What, CCFL-1?” she asked, “I’d think that by now you would have educated CCFL-2, and she would be obedient!”

“I have tried, Mistress!” I wailed.

“Well, it didn’t work, *did* it?” Babs asked rhetorically. “Anyhow, it is now time for you to be punished also.”

When she spoke the last word, she dropped the weight. Although not really heavy, it was substantial and caused a burst of pain to flare from my nose. I couldn’t stop the scream I made, and then the gasping tears that followed while the burning tension continued when the weight swung back and forth. Babs stood quickly and walked behind me, but I didn’t hear the faint click of the whip being freed from her belt because I was so engrossed in the pain from my nose. The first slash into my unprotected buttocks came as a horrid surprise and another howling scream was torn from my throat, and then another and another while Babs administered all six strokes of the whip. I was totally broken, hanging there in my chains and wailing incoherently, trying to somehow escape the terrible hurt she’d inflicted. Babs left the dungeon immediately, warning Isabella before departing that she was not to touch the dangling weight, just as she had told me. The monitor beeped, and we were sealed inside the HSA until it was time to be chained for our nightly rest period. Long minutes later, Isabella came over and knelt in front of me.

“Oh, CCFL-1!” she whispered, her hands pulling at their chains and the separator bar between them, “I’m *so* sorry that I have caused you such pain and trouble! Please? Please forgive me?”

She broke down and began to cry miserably.

At that point, I couldn’t find it in my heart, and so just hung there weeping quietly in pain and despair, praying that the time until Babs returned would pass quickly. Finally, the monitor beeped and Isabella left me to complete her evening toilet duties then prepare herself to be chained for the night. Babs entered the cell a few moments later and commanded Isabella to stand beside the fixing bars. After I had been freed from them, Babs spoke to us both.

“Move to stand beside each other! It is time to officially form your partnership agreement.”

“CCFL-1, you have been condemned to lifelong dungeon detention without the possibility of a pardon and have been imprisoned to serve your sentence to its full extent.”

“Do you wish to declare a formal partnership with the likewise here present CCFL-2, and to have the Dungeon Authority record it?”

“Therefore, I ask you: ‘Do you, CCFL-1, and you, CCFL-2, accept each other as partners?’ Your acceptance means that you will each suffer the same sentence as is imposed on the partner, for any and all offences she may commit. Acceptance also means that you may love her and assist her in her daily chores.

“All sentences in the HPM mode will *also* be served by the other partner, just as was done today. The Partnership Agreement will be in force until you are separated by death. If this is what you wish, then you will answer: ‘I WANT!’”

We were so deeply imprisoned and so lonely that we both immediately spoke the words. Babs continued.

“With the acceptance and recording of this agreement, the convicts shall be formally placed in the convict Partnership Agreement and immediately become subject to the common execution of any sentence issued. During collective punishment, *each* partnered convict will receive the same disciplinary or educational measures, even if the failure is charged only to one of you.”

“This agreement, the number of the convict, and today’s date will be engraved on the inside surface of each of your chastity belt’s waist bands upon the occasion of the next intensive cleaning, and the former first name of the partner will also be engraved there.”

“Ratification of this agreement by the Dungeon Master is required to bring it into full effect. The convicts are, at *all* times, prohibited from any sort of sexual stimulation, or sexual intercourse with or by the other partner, and any attempt to escape this provision will be punished harshly.”

“You may be permitted an occasional deviation from the principle of this collective punishment and it is called Contrary Punishment; this will be suffered by the convict who is *not* responsible for the breach of the rules, but the *other* convict only!”

“I have a new device for your discipline, and it will be employed for this type of punishment. It is called a Neck Separator Bar and consists of only a stainless steel rod, one metre long and fifteen mm cm in diameter. From this time on, you will be subjected to wearing this device at my discretion. It will be locked to the front ring of each of your collars so that you will have to face each other, but it may also be used to keep you facing *away* from each other. The neck bar will be connected between your collars, and then the punishment will be administered to the innocent convict, and thus, the guilty one will be required to watch while the innocent one receives *her* punishment. As is the case for the collective punishment, this is designed to increase your obligation.”

“The use of contrary punishment will be decided exclusively by me, but there are other times that the neck bar will be used from now on. It will be attached immediately after a sentence of disciplinary action has been made. In addition, it will also remain connected to your collars when you are chained for your rest periods.”

“That’s all for the moment, convicts. Enjoy your night. Thomas and I are going into town, but you will remain sealed in here, as you should be, and always *will* be.”

Soon after, we were chained on the mat, and Babs had left us for the night. The only sounds were the noises of our tight chains and our small gasps of misery while we both tried to get some rest. I was intrigued with this neck bar concept, but frightened of how Babs would use it to punish us even more.

CHAPTER FORTY-THREE

More Modifications, Jewellery, And Discipline

For the next three months, no further additions were made nor were there any changes to the way our lives progressed, but on the occasion of our next intensive cleaning, we learned of the newest thing Babs planned. It was the change to our breast jewellery. After the cleaning, we were brought separately to the fixing bars, and minutes later, Michael appeared.

“Please, Mistress Barbara?” I asked, seeing him bring in a white cloth covered tray with gleaming instruments placed neatly on it, “What is happening?”

“You do not have the right to ask, convict, but I will tell you anyway. Your breast jewellery is not sufficiently strong or, in my view, punishing enough for the purposes of your sentence, and so it will be removed and replaced with a heavier, much more suitable type. Your chastity bra’s breast cups have also been modified to accommodate these changes.”

Oh, God! I *knew* what they were about to do to me!

“This will not take very long to do, but it *will* hurt.”

I remained fastened securely between the fixing bars, bent forward with my blood-inflated breasts hanging vulnerably downward, waiting in terror for what was to come next.

“You have very nice breasts, CCFL-1!” Michael said, coming to me and gently cupping my right one in his hand. His finger and thumb gently squeezed the flesh below the ring that transfixed my nipple. “It’s too bad they have to be hidden and imprisoned by your chastity bra, but when I’m done, your Mistress will be able to employ them for your additional control and discipline measures. You’ll be able to feel them being manipulated once I’ve completed the work, but you won’t want anyone to do *that*, I assure you.”

“No, you won’t like what is going to be done with your breasts!” Babs said with an evil, gloating smile.

Michael went to the white cloth and returned with a gleaming instrument in his hand.

“Hold her right breast please, Babs.”

Her gloved hands cupped my swollen, sensitive flesh, and I felt a small tug on my nipple, then a sharp click. There was more tugging, and I felt the ring slide out, but it was followed in seconds by another, far thicker rod being slowly inserted! I moaned into the gag when it began to burn more and more, slowly yet inexorably increasing the size of the piercing! Finally, the pressure stopped and Babs released her grip on my flesh. I felt the thing that skewered it with trepidation.

“I’m going to fit you with a new and quite permanent nipple shackle and it has other uses than just to mark you as a slave.” Michael spoke quietly, looking into my tear-flooded eyes.

When I had first had my nipples pierced a few years previously, I’d admired the look they gave me, but along with getting the rings, it had always been *my* option to wear them or not. Now, with the shackles being permanently affixed, I *had* no choice in the matter! The jewellery he was about to mount in my flesh was designed to be only another means of leashing and controlling me! Even though they wouldn’t be visible, they could nevertheless be used.

The thick shaft slid slowly out of the wound but another replaced it immediately. Michael made some small adjustments to the piece then used a heavy, compound jawed tool, straining to close the long handles until there was a solid, mechanical *click!* He stepped back and smiled while I felt a sudden increased weight tugging on my nipple!

“You now have a nice shackle and chain mounted on your breast, convict. Now, I’ll do your other one, and in a short time, Babs will show you how they will be used!”

Two minutes later, my other nipple was similarly equipped, and then they proceeded to imprison me within my metal restraint harness once more, taking longer to fasten my chastity bra because of the chains being threaded through the new holes at the tip of each armouring cup. Once I was fully webbed and in it, Babs spoke with a smile.

“I have some adjustments to make to your new jewellery, convict! Even though you wear a chastity bra and cannot touch your breasts anymore, *I* can make you wish you didn’t have them! You’ll soon become *far* more aware of them than you have ever wanted to be.”

I stared at her fearfully then suddenly became horribly conscious of my right nipple and breast when she began to apply tension to the thin chain emerging from the tip of the cup! It grew stronger, and I screamed loudly, but she didn’t stop! I heard a small click.

“There!” she exclaimed happily, “That’s how you’ll be kept from now on!”

“Oh, *please*, Mistress Barbara! Please *release* it!” I howled, sobbing from the burning pain of the tension on my nipple and breast, locked under the steel cup and away from any interfering fingers.

“Of course not! It stays that way. Now, I’ll do your other side, then free you from the fixing bars.”

“Nononono! *Nnnnoooo!*” I screamed, yet felt the tension slowly increase on my other breast, pulling strongly at *that* flesh too and then I heard another small click.

“Excellent! Just for your information, convict, the tension can only be *increased*, and you will be *unable* to relieve any that has already been applied. Now, I’ll release you, and then you’re going into the small cell while we fix CCFL-2 the same way.”

I sobbed from the unending, burning pain. Both of my swollen and sensitive breasts were held suspended and tensioned within their cups, and there was no way they could be released! Babs unlocked my chains then grasped my nose leash.

“Come!” she commanded harshly, snapping the chain.

I wailed and sobbed following her into the small cell, intensely conscious of the heavy weight of my leash chains and restriction of the two steel balls connected to my ankle cuffs. What was worse, though, was that as soon as I took a pace, my breasts bounced against the tension of their nipple chains! I howled from the many awful sensations I was being forced to experience, but continued to shuffle slowly after her. She led me to the back wall and locked the end of my nose chain to the high wall ring and then smiling, she brought up the gag panel.

“I don’t want your crying to distract CCFL-2 when we do the same to her, so open up!”

I had no choice! The punishments she would inflict on me were *far* too terrible to even think about! I obediently opened my mouth, and she quickly forced the gag inside then locked it onto my head cage. Once it had been secured, she stepped around me then locked the cell’s door, leaving me inside chained by my nose to the wall and unable to turn around. All I could do was to stare at the smooth, featureless concrete wall only

centimetres away from my face and shift my chained feet and legs slightly. With the chains to my wrists and elbows, my hands were kept widely and uselessly spread off to the sides of my waist, so there was *nothing* I could do to ease my bondage! The burning pain in my nipples began to spread through the entire mass of each breast while I stood facing the wall, weeping and howling into my gag, feeling the painful drag on my nipples as a continuing torture. I attempted to bump my breast cups into the concrete to ease the tension, but they were too thick to be dented and the action only made my breasts bounce and hurt even more!

In the main cell, I faintly heard Michael and Babs talking, then shortly, Isabella was brought to the fixing bars and the same thing was done to her. She howled pitifully while they did it, begging them not to, and then subsided into gasping and moaning sobs. Babs returned to the small cell, released me, and pulled me out where Michael was in the process of packing his equipment. He didn't even look at us, and a minute later, they both left without a word. We stared at each other's chests to see what had been done, and I immediately saw there was no way we'd be able to ease the tension on our breasts.

A small hole had been made at the tip of each cup and from these; thin chains emerged, hanging down about 10 cm, each with a 2 cm diameter ring at the end. Tight against the steel of each cup, a short, slightly oversized locking pin had been forced through an emerging link, and its ends had sunk into a shallow groove, thus holding the nipple chain firmly tensioned! They could be easily tightened with just a gentle pull, but they could *not* retract into the breast cups. With this arrangement, our breasts were kept under constant, inescapable tension and to make matters even worse, we both knew that weights could be locked to the end rings to increase our torment! Isabella and I stared at these horrid arrangements for long minutes then slowly came together and tried to hold each other, fighting against our harnesses.

Some time later, Babs returned with our meals and tethered us to our separate floor rings by our nose leashes once more. When we crouched, some of the tension was eased from our breasts, but everything *still* hurt! At least during that meal, she didn't stand behind us and use her quirt on our presented buttocks, but that night, we found out just how cruel the new breast restraint and control system truly was when we lay on our mats. Gravity acted on our breasts, flattening them when they settled onto our chests inside the cups, even though garrotted by our dungeon suits. Both Isabella and I began gasping with the discomfort as soon as we lay down, and by the time Babs arrived, we were writhing in distress. It was worse though when she fastened our chains because we couldn't even move then!

"Shut up, you bitches!" she snapped without sympathy. "This is another part of your punishment, and you'll have to learn to live with it! Settle down! Now, I'm going to gag you for the night."

We begged pitifully not to be, but she'd made her decision and carried it out swiftly, stifling our cries to only small, hissing whimpers through our steel impregnated noses. The night passed with extreme slowness, and we slept little because of the pain radiating from our nipples, pulsing in our breasts with every heartbeat and breath we took.

On Monday, we returned to our labour on the Galley Oar Machines and treadmill, only to discover how the intimate tension on our flesh became even more apparent when we had to swing our bodies back and forth to pull on the oars or while walking. With each oscillation, our captive breasts surged against their tensioning chains within the

locked-on cups, and there was no way to stop their movements! If we had not been gagged, the exercise cell would have been filled with our howling and cries. Babs was at her downtown office and had sealed the HSA until she returned, leaving us alone to perform our Discipline Hard Labour; all the while subjected to the terrible, automatic, electrical discipline if we stopped when it wasn't permitted!

Isabella grew more and more frantic with the realization of her permanent imprisonment beginning to sink in, knowing that she was *truly* going to be held in here forever. Occasionally, Thomas and Markus came to observe us, but Babs was the one we saw every day, and she delighted in our suffering. At least once a week, she tugged on our breast chains, and if they seemed to have become loose, she'd tighten them by a link, making us scream and weep all over again. Some weeks later, she decided on another horrid change.

We were to wear our punishment dildos at all times.

"And that's not all, convicts!" she gloated. "I will now punish you *whenever* I feel even the smallest desire! Your dildos are remotely controlled by the computer, so I can just push the buttons while I'm at work, and you'll be disciplined, sometimes mildly, and sometimes very strongly. I have a private website that I can bring up on any computer, to watch you in here, especially when I decide to punish you."

It was horrible! There was *no* way we could escape from her oppressive, cruel control!

The next months went by slowly and Babs exerted her remote control over us every day. Many times, she did it while we were working in the exercise cell, and we'd both or individually be shocked, even though we'd made no mistakes or broken any of the dungeon rules!

She'd even do it to us in the middle of the night or while we were chained and eating our meals, and when *that* happened, we'd try and rear up to escape the intense sensations, jerking harshly on our nose leashes. Babs had become the very cruellest of Mistresses!

Once more, Michael appeared after our next intensive cleaning, and Babs had him make yet more additions to our bodies.

"I see you are as pretty as ever, CCFL-1, despite your face brands and nose jewellery! Babs and Thomas have decided that you need additional control jewellery and that's what I'll be doing today after your labia have been pierced, grommetted, and fitted with shackles."

"Master Michael?" I whimpered while he prepared his instruments, "What will be done to me?"

"I'll be cross-piercing your clitoris, and it will be readied for an additional restraint." he stated calmly as though this was a normal thing to be done to a woman!

"*Please*, Master! Please, not *there!*" I howled, not worrying much about the labia jewellery but horribly afraid of what he would soon do to my pleasure centre.

"Yes, convict! Your mistress requires it and so they'll be done in a few minutes. Babs, would you free her legs please?"

Babs did as he asked, and they each grabbed one and lifted them to waiting chains. These were quickly fastened to my ankle cuffs then tightened until my legs were pulled far apart and high up, opening my thighs widely. Michael had brought a small stool and a high, portable table into the cell, and Babs helped him move both into position between my legs. As before, the table was covered with a white cloth on which lay a host of

gleaming instruments, together with my new crotch jewellery. He pulled out my right side labia, and I felt a cool, disinfectant-soaked cloth wipe me thoroughly. A few seconds later, the first burning stitch was made high up and I screamed into my gag, even though the pain was minor. A thick thing was forced into the wound, and I heard a small click while he wriggled it then the next stitch came. The following 13 punctures were made quickly and easily and were a lot less painful than I thought they'd be, but then, I felt the cool cloth applied to my clitoris!

"Hold her, Babs!" Michael commanded. Babs reached around my waist and held me tightly.

"Nnnoooo!" I screamed wildly, but it was too late, and suddenly, my drawn out clitoris was transfixed from one side to the other! The pain was unbelievable, and I fainted while he forced a thick barbell keeper into the wound and fastened it in place.

"There! Done!" he exclaimed. "Now, she can be dressed in her dungeon suit. The usual care will be required while the wounds heal, Babs."

"Not a problem." she replied, obviously happy. "I'll do it every morning when she's cleaned before her hard labour, and then again in the evening."

"OK, that'll be fine."

An hour later, I was again fully imprisoned in my suit and harness, chained to the wall in the small cell by my nose *and* breast chains!

"How do you like *this* arrangement, convict?" she grinned while I tried to remain motionless at the wall.

"It's *horrible*! I can only move a little before something hurts!" I wept.

"That's good! It's a fitting punishment! Now, I have to assist Michael with CCFL-2, so you'll be in here for the next two or three hours, but don't worry! I'm going to give you some entertainment."

The cell's door slammed closed, and I heard them preparing to do the same thing to Isabella. As always, she wept and screamed the entire time they worked on her and then in the middle of everything, my dildo erupted with a cascade of horrid shocks! I screamed automatically, writhing and jerking against the leashes to my nose and breasts, then howled even harder, feeling the terrible pain they inflicted! Babs had done it without *any* concern about my suffering! Finally, they finished with her, and we were left alone in the dungeon to get used to our newest additions. Under the steel covering of my crotch shield, my loins ached from the 15 new piercings, but no matter *what* we tried to do to alleviate our discomfort; we could not get at ourselves.

That night before Babs chained us, I lay on the mat and tried to move my legs, surging my belly against the compressing steel and struggling against the restriction of my Spanish Trapezoid, but the movements I made were never fast enough to generate more than a slight increase in the sensations emanating from my sex. My breasts ached from the tension of their leashing and already swollen, sensitive state, but it was impossible for me to caress *any* of my imprisoned flesh to gain further arousal! Of course, Babs had planned exactly for this to happen, and after we'd been chained down, both Isabella and I wept with frustration; utterly helpless to gain any sort of sexual relief.

We quickly discovered another evil intent of the clitoral piercing, for when we moved our bodies or legs, the crossways barbells moved against the steel shields, at first causing some pain, but even though the fresh piercing had yet to heal fully, this quickly turned to an increasing arousal that could not be assuaged! Over the following weeks, the

nerve tissue surrounding the steel pins grew more thickly around them, becoming ever more sensitive and worsening our unending arousal. Armoured as our crotches were, there was *no* way to alleviate the unending sensations, and often, for apparently no reason at all, one or the other of us would fly into twisting, screaming fits of frustration, frantic to get at our bodies. Many weeks later, Michael returned and grommetted the holes then mounted our labia shackles.

The next weeks and months were probably some of the worst I'd yet spent in this dungeon. We had to be pleasant to Babs all the time, *perfectly* obedient and quick to respond, despite how frustrated, angry, and miserable we were. A couple of times, either Isabella or I forgot ourselves and spoke improperly to her or rebelled against our punishments and were immediately disciplined. On these occasions we each spent two weeks in the slave swing suffering Harsh Punishment Mode 4. Each time was a terrifying experience from which there was no escape, and during which, no mercy was shown.

Once I was gagged and blindfolded, Babs had pulled away the step-up blocks and left me to swing erratically for some moments. I just hung there in misery, incredibly angry with Isabella for swearing at Babs and calling her names but with the implementation of our partnership agreement, Babs had decided that I was to suffer first for *her* disobedience! Isabella watched me through the barred door while I was punished inside, unable to do anything to stop what was being done. For a long time, I just hung weeping and struggling against my harness, but then the shocks came! My dildo began to release powerful, body-quivering tides of electricity into my flesh and I convulsed in a screaming fit, flailing my jerking legs and straining arms, throwing my caged head against its restricting chain, frantic to somehow escape. Then, Babs added electrical shocks to my encased breasts, making me scream even more hysterically into my gag, thrash more madly in mid-air, and try to curl up and protect my chest.

However, the chains of my harness and the heavy balls connected to my ankle cuffs kept me hanging erect, and Isabella watched with horror while I struggled madly, knowing that when my sentence was completed, she would undergo the same thing. She later told me that, after some minutes, she could no longer bear to watch and had to turn away and try to ignore my gag-strangled screaming and begging. Babs, though, was not pleased with this and entered the cell, pulled her to the door, and locked both her nose leash and breast leashes to the bars so that she *had* to watch me being punished.

She wasn't done with Isabella though and soon began to shock her also! Isabella danced at the ends of her leashes, screaming and howling; desperate for Babs to forgive her, but by that time the dungeon had been sealed for the afternoon, and she was left to watch me until the evening meal, unable to escape her own fastenings or the frequent agonizing shocks Babs made her suffer.

Eventually, my two weeks of Hell ended, and Isabella replaced me in the small cell to suffer her time of discipline. Babs didn't make me watch, but I could always hear her howling and begging.

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR

The Clitoral Marble And Its Accessory

Our lives resumed their normal routine, but there were the other additions to our disciplinary equipment that had yet to be made, and Babs had every intention that we'd continue to suffer these each time we were freed for an intensive cleaning. On the next occurrence, she made the third set of jewellery additions that had been covered in the Revised Dungeon Rules and Regulations: the steel, clitoral isolator ball.

Isabella and I dreaded each new cleaning because we didn't know what to expect after they'd been done, but certain that Babs would torment us even more. I was, as usual, the first to be cleaned and taken to the fixing bars, still naked and secured in the shower yoke. Babs was her usual exacting and controlling self, handling my nose leading chain with casual, unthinking cruelty while I gasped from the pain she so easily inflicted. As soon as I had been fastened, Michael appeared, pushing his wheeled, white cloth covered tray of instruments. Babs let him into the cell, and he came to where I stood fastened and then she released Isabella from her feeding position and took her into the shower cell. Soon she was weeping and screaming while she was cleaned, and so was not present when Michael began his work.

"Good morning, convict!" Michael greeted me cheerily.

"G-good m-morning, Sir." I whispered, my eyes darting back and forth between him and the high covered tray, filled with fear but I dared not ask what he was going to do.

"I see you are as beautiful as ever." he smiled again, running his hands over my breasts and fondling the nipple stretcher cages and their pinioned flesh. "These are a little loose so I'll extend them a couple of millimetres before I get to the main reason for being here."

"Oooohhhh, God, Sir!" I wailed. "They are so terrible! Please, please, *please* don't make them any worse than they are!"

"It's all part of your punishment, convict!" he stated with no sympathy. "Babs has required that your nipples be kept under constant tension to keep you constantly aware of your breasts, and that you as their owner have no possible way to touch them or escape the sensations that come from them. I agree with her. Now, hold still while I make the adjustments."

I could still shift my body from side to side between the fixing bars, but Michael eliminated this ability when he tightly wrapped a long chain around my waist and locked it to a ring on each side. I panted with terror while he further secured me, trying to stop weeping, but tears soon slid down my branded cheeks while he readied the newest nipple stretchers. He released the right side one and I whimpered with relief when the tension on my flesh eased, but there was nothing I could do to stop him when he mounted the new extenders, and I began to sob with the burn from the increased tension on my sensitive flesh.

"Aaahhhh-oooowwww!!" rose unbidden from my soul, but Michael disregarded my howl and quickly repeated the process on my left breast.

I hung there in the chains, gasping and panting, feeling them sway slowly back and forth, their leashing and tensioning chains swinging in glittering, slow arcs.

“There!” he declared happily, cupping each trembling mound in one of his large hands and squeezing gently. “These new cages will be good until your next cleaning, and then we’ll lengthen you again.”

“P-p-please Master Michael!” I gasped. “They hurt horribly! Please take them oooooffff!!”

“No, convict. You’ll always wear them, or longer versions, as a constant punishment, as I’ve already told you.”

“Y-y-you’re just torturing me because I’m a helpless and vulnerable woman!” I howled in despair.

“No, not really, convict!” he stated in a calm voice. “You’re being disciplined because you broke an agreement and a set of rules that were clearly laid out. You understood and submitted yourself to them ... acknowledging the fact that by doing so, you had given up *all* of your ‘safe’ words and signals. There is *no* way for you to stop or avoid your continuing punishment, as you know full well.”

“Oooohhhh, Master Michael!” I sobbed in despair, “I *know* I did! But I didn’t think this would be so horrible and-and...”

“Yes, convict.” He cut off my pleading, “I know how deeply regret your decision to accept this situation, but it’s far too late for you to go back. However, I’m wasting time with this conversation, and it’s time for me to fit you with the next piece of your control and discipline jewellery. In case you’ve forgotten, this is the scheduled third addition ... your clitoral isolation ball.”

“Nononononoooooooo!!” I screamed in terror of what he was about to lock onto my body.

“I’m afraid so, convict,” he said with a touch of sorrow in his voice. “It won’t really hurt too much, but it *will* permanently seal your clitoris within a hollow, steel marble. Once you’ve been fitted with it, no one will ever be able to touch you there again, even if you are freed of your chastity belt. The only way it will be able to be removed is to cut it off.”

“Please, *please*, don’t do this to me!” I begged pitifully, but he was intent on completing his work.

“As I’ve told you, convict, this won’t hurt terribly, but I want you to hold as still as possible while I do the fitting. I’m going to position you now.”

My legs were already chained far apart, but I was standing between the fixing bars, and so Michael loosened one of the ankle chains and completely released the other. I felt his powerful, thickly rubber covered arm under my thighs when he raised my legs and watched fearfully while he fastened a long chain to my ankle cuff then did the same with my other leg after freeing the lower chain. In a minute, I hung between the fixing bars, secured at my waist, with the end links of my shower yoke also chained off to the sides. My legs were bent high up in front and spread widely off to the sides, opening my crotch widely to his inspection and manipulation. His rubber gloved fingers gently traced over my swollen, grommited, and ringed labia making me shiver and moan even more with terror and arousal.

“Very nice!” he murmured to himself. “Everything has healed properly.”

He said no more, but I felt him release the large, left side ball from the end of the clitoral bar bell that had so aroused and tormented me for the past months then gently withdraw the steel rod from the piercing. A moment later, he teased the little nubbin that

was my and every females' centre of her sensory universe, watching the flesh engorge. When he was satisfied with my state of arousal, his hand reached to the covered tray and flicked off the white covering sheet then grasped an instrument ... forceps.

"Now, freeze!"

Michael slipped a steel tube into a set of spreader pliers and prepared to fit me with it. Although I have never seen it, Babs has told me about the construction of the marble. The collar is a springy, stainless steel tube, one cm long with outer screw threads at one end and a flared base at the other end that rests against the body. The inner diameter of this tube is only three mm, and its wall is two mm in thickness, thus making it very strong. The narrow, inner diameter permits blood to flow to and from the captive flesh, but is far too small to withdraw the inflated nubbin through, but that attempt is doomed to failure anyhow because the steel bar bell was to be re-inserted through the original piercing! Michael pressed the handle of the spreader tool, and then slowly and carefully moved the opened tube around the flesh at the base of my clitoris. I continued to howl while he positioned the collar and ensured that none of the delicate flesh would be pinched, then he slowly released his grip on the handles, and I felt the steel collar gradually sink into firm, tight encirclement. The sensation of captivity was very intense, because of its unrelenting constriction around the most intimate flesh between my thighs, and no matter how I writhed and twisted, I could *not* escape it! Although I couldn't see it, the bulbous little nub of my clitoris projected from my body at the end of the imprisoning thing and when Michael's finger slid down and gently flicked the captured flesh back and forth for a minute, I shuddered and whined from the intense sensation. He looked up.

"It's a very strong sensation, isn't it?" he said with a smile.

"Oooohhhhh, Master!" I gasped, feeling how it never stopped holding and squeezing me.

"Well, enjoy it while you can," he said grimly. "These next minutes are the last time you'll ever feel the touch of anyone down there, but there will be some enforced sensation in the form of electro-shock that will be imposed for disciplinary purposes."

"Please-please-please!" I began to weep again. "D-d-don't *do* this to me!"

"Enough!" he snapped. "It is a mandated part of your punishment. Now hold still while I fit you with the base of the marble."

He turned to the table once more and picked up a small shiny, steel half sphere with a threaded hole in the centre then bent between my widespread thighs. The sphere was about 15 mm in diameter on its outer surface and had a wall thickness of 2 mm, thus leaving an internal, half-spherical void of some 11 mm. I could not stop my gasping and moaning when I once more felt his fingers, shivering like a new-born colt when he carefully squeezed the bulb of my protruding clitoris then slowly worked it through the hole in the half-sphere. Within a minute, my collared fleshy nub rested inside the cup of the half ball, the engorged flesh just touching its inner surface. Michael spread some sort of locking compound on the threads of the collar and then slowly screwed the lower half of the ball down until it was very tight. I sensed that it had stopped touching the inner surface as soon as he'd finished, but all the while he worked; I shuddered and gasped from the continual flood of intense sensation pulsing from my crotch.

"Excellent!" Michael smiled at me while I struggled to come down from the cloud I was in despite my stringent bondage. "Now, I'm going to re-fit you with the cross bar, CCFL. This is a delicate operation and the reinsertion is going to be unpleasant, so you

will have to hold yourself as still as possible while it is being done, or it will hurt a lot more. Now, hold as still as you can.”

Once more, his hand descended to the tray, and he grasped the thick, little rod in a pair of needle nosed surgical pliers. A second later, I felt the rod slide through the hole for it in the screwed on half ball, and then slowly begin to press through the healed piercing! Because it was swollen, the hole had partially closed, so when the rod began to press through it, even though lubricated, I could not stop the wail I made from the burning pain. At last, it had been completely inserted and its end had passed through the diametrically opposite hole on the other side of the half ball. Michael slid it back and forth slowly until he was satisfied with its placement, making me gasp and whine from the intimate sensation and burn. With the full insertion completed, my captive and now steel-infused clitoris had again expanded to touch the inner surface of the half-sphere!

“Ah! Very good!” Michael said quietly, all the while carefully inspecting his installation. “OK! I’m just about done CCFL-1. Here’s the last touch you’ll ever feel directly on your clit.”

He stared deeply into my frantic eyes while his hand descended to my splayed crotch and I felt a feathery light brush of his smooth rubber-covered finger over the bulging nubbin of flesh held within its steel cup. I shuddered and gasped from the irresistible arousal this caused, bucking my hips frantically against my chains while he teased me for long minutes, always grinning into my eyes. At last he stopped, leaving me hanging in panting but unfulfilled arousal.

“Remember that sensation, CCFL-1,” he said quietly. “You’ll never feel it again.”

“Nnnnnnoooooo!” I screamed, weeping hysterically and fighting my restraints with maniacal fury.

Once more, his hand descended to the tray and picked up the top half of the sphere then coated its inner mounts with the locking compound. In short seconds, he’d aligned the fine threads on both halves of the steel ball and screwed them very tightly together. Inside the sphere, I felt it gradually clamp into over-all contact with the bulb of my clitoral flesh, knowing that the centre of my sexual pleasure had been fully armoured and could never be touched again!

I began screaming hysterically with these thoughts whirling in my mind, but Michael wasn’t done yet. He went back to the tray, and this time picked up a shiny, steel U then placed it in the jaws of the spreader pliers. I faintly heard the tinkle of a short, steel rod, swivelling at the bend of the U while the spread-apart arms of the heavily sprung U slipped over the projecting ends of the rod that now transfixed my steel encased clitoris. He released them to snap down over the projecting ends, and his job was done. My sobbing gradually subsided while he re-arranged his instruments to do the same thing to Isabella, then when he’d finished, he released my hung up legs and re-chained them, spread far apart to the fixing bars.

“This is one of the few sensations you will be permitted to experience now that you wear the clitoral isolator ball, CCFL.”

Unseen by me, he reached down and grasped the rod dangling from the U shackle hanging from the steel marble now bobbling at the upper end of my sex and then tugged gently on it! I felt a horrid tension pulling at the sensitive flesh but nothing else! Once more I wept with horror at what had been done, knowing I’d *never* get it off! He continued his gentle tugging for a few seconds, and then left me to see how Babs was

progressing with Isabella. Some minutes later, they both returned laughing with each other, and with no concern about my near-hysterical state. I was soon dressed once more in my rubber suit and discipline harness, but before Babs closed the chastity shield, after inserting my punishment dildo, I felt her do something with the rod from my clitoral isolator ball. The wide steel panel was flipped up over my belly and locked securely, and then Babs took great delight in adding tension to my newly extended nipples. She stood and looked at me with a nasty smile curving her lips.

“Do you think that is all for you today, convict?”

“Yes, Mistress Babs!” I wept, shaking while I stood free of the fixing bars, staggering a little. “P-p-please? No more?”

“But of course, little convict! There’s a new adjustment to make now that you wear your isolator ball. By the way, how do you like it?”

“I-I-I-I h-h-h-hate it!” I whispered in despair, jerking my useless hands at the ends of the separator bar, fluttering my gloved fingers while feeling how tightly and securely the cuffs encircled my wrists.

“Hold still!” Babs commanded, her hand flashing towards my armoured, lower belly.

Suddenly, my clitoris was dragged uncomfortably, and I felt a small click when the steel rod from it was locked into a fitting at the front of the crotch plate! I screamed madly from the horrid, hidden stretching sensation but could do *nothing* to escape it! Oh, God! It was incredibly awful! No matter *how* I writhed my belly under the tight, compressing chastity plate, there was no way to alleviate the sensation!

“OOOouuuwww-aaaahhhh!” I howled. “Please – please – please! *Please take it OFFFFFFF!!!!*”

“No chance, convict!” she stated flatly. “You’ll wear that *too* for the rest of your life, and I’ll tighten it whenever I feel you need some extra discipline.”

“Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God!” I howled with mindless terror and distress. “You’re such a cruel, rotten cunt! Let me out! *Let me out!* I have to get out of here! I have to! I *have* to!”

I collapsed to the floor in a clatter of chains and lay writhing and fighting with demented desperation against my oppressive, torturing discipline harness, but both she and Michael looked on with no pity. For long moments, I was totally insane from all the incredible sensations of bondage I was being made to suffer, and then Babs grasped my nose leash.

“Get up you fucking little animal!” she snapped heartlessly. “You’re going to get twelve strokes right now!”

I screamed anew from the pain she caused but slowly and awkwardly got to my feet then stood facing her, trembling all over.

“You’re going to pay for your unruly tongue, convict, but not today. Seven months from now, you’re going to wish you’d never said anything! However, in the meantime, you’re going to receive a whipping you’ll not soon forget!”

“Come!” she snapped, tugging on my nose chain.

I had to follow her into the small cell and, in short minutes, I had been hung in the slave swing.

“I’m a little fed up with all of your screaming and crying, bitch. So, before your whipping, I’m going to gag and blindfold you just to keep you entertained.”

With that, she held up the huge punishment gag and rammed it into my mouth before I could begin screaming again. I choked and twisted while she locked it to my head cage and I stared at her in terror when she brought up the blinder panel and locked it on tightly, leaving me enfolded in utter darkness. She jerked the step-up blocks away, and I instantly sat in my chastity belt, pulling even harder on my clitoral stretcher arrangement and feeling the punishment dildo press deeper up into my body. Screaming mindlessly into my gag from the awful sensations, I swung erratically back and forth for a moment. Then, to my horror, she grasped my nose leash and pulled it out to the back wall, locking it to the high ring! Next, she fastened my nipple leashes, and they too were securely locked. To my unending misery, she added a 250 gm weight to each of those leashes, so that no matter *what* I did, every sensitive part of my body was now under an unrelenting tension! If I tried to twist from side to side, one of my nipple leashes snapped tight, stretching that breast even further within its imprisoning cup, and if I tried to turn my head or move it back, the same thing happened to my nose! "*Oh, God! Oh, God!*" I wailed continually against the rubber plug of my gag pad, trying to beg for release.

A thin, incandescent line of fire erupted across my bulging, steel and rubber-outlined buttocks when she laid on her first stroke. My feet lifted partially against the weight of the steel balls while I screamed mindlessly; pedalling against the restriction of my Spanish Trapezoid. Of course, my hands jerked automatically against their separator bar but were held securely. The next stroke fell and I screamed anew, utterly unable to avoid her punishment, and then I descended into total madness while she gave me the next ten strokes.

Somewhere along the way, I fainted from the overwhelming pain and discomfort and only returned to awareness a couple of hours later, still hanging in blackness, but now, a terrible pulsing of electro-shock shuddered each of my breasts and flooded me belly from the dildo! I screamed continually, frantic to escape, but I was helpless.

While I was unconscious, Isabella had been fitted with her own clitoral isolator bar. Babs and Michael left us to suffer and try to get used to our new jewellery ... the cruellest addition she had made yet.

CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE
Will It NEVER Stop?

It took us both a long time to get used to the sensation of inescapable tension under the armour of our crotch covers and we both nearly went berserk during those first weeks, feeling it with every movement and convulsion of the muscles in our loins. The unending sensations both hurt and aroused us at the same time, but the worst part of it was knowing we would never have that most intimate part of our bodies be free or experience the caress of a human touch again. The armouring steel balls were a *most* horrid addition to our jewellery, and when taken in combination with our tensioned nipples and breasts, our terribly controlling nose leashes, the restriction of freedom of movement imposed by our harnesses, the unending compression and masking of our dungeon suits, and the limiting of our leashes, it's a wonder we didn't go completely crazy. Of course, to add even further to our punishment, Babs constantly teased us about having to wear the clitoral balls and often rapped her knuckles for long minutes on our steel crotch covers, causing the prisoner she was tormenting to go nearly mad from the tantalizing vibrations. There was no way we could attain any release, for Babs stopped her teasing when she detected that the prisoner she was torturing was getting close to an orgasm or some sort of sexual satisfaction. This left either Isabella or me in frustrated, angry tears, but we could do and say nothing to stop it from being done.

With this newest jewellery, being confined to the exercise machines was now an even worse trial than it had ever been in the past. Our begging and screaming to escape from our hard labour took on a far more desperate aspect than it ever had. Babs was not yet done with us though, as far as experiencing all the terrible things that the horrid little marbles were capable of. Because of the way they were secured and how snugly they clasped and encased our flesh, they made a perfect place to mount electrodes, and these had been incorporated into their design. We had yet to discover how intense the sensations would be, for Babs was waiting for the right occasion to demonstrate their effectiveness in the strongest manner possible.

The day came when she hung me in the slave swing and had prepared me for strong discipline because I had been rebellious at having to go into the Exercise Chamber. As always, she first gagged and blindfolded me, then attached the nipple and nose leashes to the walls and added three hundred gram weights to each chain. I began to weep very hard and wish for death. She was relentless and pulled the step up blocks away then fastened chains from the outer staples of my ankle cuffs to floor rings, leaving only a little slack in each. I hung there, howling against my gag, twisting slightly, with my hands spread uselessly by my wrist separator bar, waiting for her to begin my whipping, feeling desperately helpless and totally vulnerable ... then it began.

Despite my horror at how I had been suspended, bound, and so controlled by my intimate jewellery, I gradually became aware of small, pleasing pulses coursing in feathery touches through my clitoris! I continued to moan with the sensations of the weights dragging at my breasts and nose, but they seemed to fade slightly when the insistent twitches writhed through the nexus of nerves. There was no way I could stop the instinctual struggles I made, hoping to increase the sensation to the point of attaining an orgasm, but I should have known better! My breathing became erratic, and I felt the added small tugs at my breasts with something akin to desire then, to my consuming

horror ... her first whip stroke cut across my exposed buttocks. I screamed dementedly from the agony, trying to pull up my legs in some sort of protective move but of course the short chains to the floor rings stopped that attempt immediately. The second stroke slashed across the first, driving me into titanic struggles against my bindings making me scream madly into my gag.

For a long time, no further strokes were administered, but the teasing and arousing sensations of the electro-stimulation of my clitoris began to grow stronger and stronger! Once more, I ascended into a realm of hazy pleasure and pain, and as soon as my breathing became erratic once more, Babs delivered her next stoke! I nearly went crazy! At the same time, the buzzing, electrical stimulation of my clitoris was raised to a substantially higher level, and I mindlessly begged against my gag that she make it stop ... but it *didn't*! My legs pulled frantically against their chains, and I swung in short arcs in my blindness, mad with a desire to escape my torment. Her next whip stroke sizzled across my inflamed buttocks, and at the same time, the clitoral shocks passed from the unbearably pleasurable to truly horrific, painful waves that seemed to fry the flesh they passed through. At that point, I *did* go totally berserk from all the incredible sensations I was being forced to experience, and my sanity melted away in floods of howling tears, extracted from me by the knowledge that *this* was to be my life until I died! I suppose I fainted, for when I finally came back to understand where I was, the only thing I could feel was that I was still suspended in the slave swing, blinded and gagged, with a burning behind that I could not reach. Worst of all, my clitoris was still horribly stretched and being teased by the low level shocks, keeping me constantly aroused but totally unable to achieve satisfaction. At the same time, my breasts and nipples were also receiving, light electro-stimulation making me try frantically to twist my and upper body away from the inescapable stimulation. All during my punishment, Isabella continued her work in the exercise cell, completely unaware of my horrid experience, and one that she would undergo the next day.

And so our days went along in unending bondage, hard labour, and endless small punishments until our next intensive cleaning. Babs had planned for our next pieces of jewellery ... the permanently mounted, vaginal dilation rings.

After my cleaning, and still gagged, Babs took Isabella to the shower cell, prepared her, and left her shivering in a cold water storm, returning to the cell to enjoy the affixing of my next piece of body jewellery. I began quaking with terror when Michael appeared with her, as usual pushing his high, white cloth covered table. I could not for the life of me remember what was to be done to me next, but I was terrified by his appearance. It did nothing but foretell increased control for me and in all likelihood, more discomfort and pain.

"Good Morning, convict!" he greeted me cheerily, as though he were a doctor making a hospital visit to a patient. "I see all of your piercings have healed fully and without complication, and that is a very good thing!"

"G-g-good morning, M-ma-master," I whispered, looking at the fateful cloth-covered tray in terror.

"I see you're looking at my preparations with some concern," he grinned easily, just as Babs re-entered the cell to stand beside him. "I suppose that's perfectly understandable, seeing as how it's time to fit you with your next pair of nipple extension, and you don't want it done."

“No, please Master!” I whimpered. “Please don’t make me suffer any more. My breasts are always sore and I hate the constant pulling on my nipples.”

“Well,” Babs chimed in, “that’s too bad, convict, because they *are* going to be stretched again whether you like it or not, and it’ll keep on happening until you die in here.”

“Oh, *ppppllleeeaaaasssee*, Mistress Babs!” I began to hiccup and weep, dreading the coming horror.

“Get used to the idea, convict!” she snapped with a happy smile at my misery. “That’s *not* all that will be done to you today though! Michael will also mount your next piece of body jewellery, and that too will be impossible to remove once it’s affixed.”

I lost control and writhed maniacally, naked in the showering yoke and screaming at them.

“Oooohhhh, you rotten *cunt*! *I hate you! I hate you!* Haven’t you tortured me enough *already?*”

Babs looked at me calmly while I continued to scream and fight my restraints like a mad woman, then she spoke with quiet menace.

“You’ll pay dearly for those words, you whoring little bitch!” She turned to Michael. “Put the extender cages on her nipples but use the ones that would have been fitted the next time instead of the ones I intended to use. After that, I’ll assist you with her new jewellery.”

“Certainly, Babs!” Michael turned to the covered tray.

The next thirty minutes were a horrid nightmare of discomfort then pain from my cruelly stretched nipples, but I knew the process by now and tried to grit my teeth to prevent any further violent verbal outbursts. When Michael was finished, I hung in gasping and moaning tears, feeling the terrible drag on my sensitive flesh, but what was worse was the knowledge that I could not escape it! Babs cupped one of my pendant breasts in her rubber-gloved right hand and squeezed it harshly. I screamed inconsolably, and then her left hand snapped out and squeezed my other breast unmercifully also. When she did, I felt the new extender cages even more terribly than I had and frantically tried to shake myself out of her grip, but it was impossible, and the chains kept me positioned for her torment. At last, she released my trembling flesh then stood back and turned to Michael.

“I’ll go and get the chair, and then we’ll fasten her to it and get her fixed up, OK?”

“OK. No problem!” he smiled at her. “We’ll just wait right here for you.”

Babs left the cell for a few moments, and then returned pushing a gynaecological type of chair in front of her. It was obviously quite a heavy device, for I heard the rumble of its casters on the floor while it was moved around behind me. Michael loosened the chains that kept my ankles spread off to the sides, and then Babs pushed the chair in behind me while he lifted my lower body off the floor and made me sit in the cold seat.

“Please? Please? What are you going to do to me?” I begged while they pulled my legs widely apart then strapped them tightly.

“You’ll find out soon enough!” Babs looked up and grinned from where she was jerking the straps tight. They worked in unison, first securing my ankles with five cm wide, thick leather straps, and then they added another to each leg, below my knees, then one above them, and finally, one near the tops of my thighs. They weren’t done though, and Babs pushed me back to semi-recline in the chair. When she did, Michael drew a ten

cm wide and very thick strap tightly across my quaking stomach and jerked it tight, gluing me into the seat. While he was doing it, Babs had pulled another pair of five cm wide thick straps up from behind my back and led them over my shoulders, crossed them between my jutting and trembling breasts, and down to heavy buckles on the wide cinch, pulling them very tight, ensuring that my upper body was fully immobilized. I couldn't stop the fearful whines I made while they were fastening me and trembled with horror-filled thoughts, wondering why I had to be so stringently secured.

"Shut up, you bitch!" Babs snapped harshly, and I began crying again. She turned to the tray and grasped a blow-up gag.

"Open!" she commanded, and I obeyed her because there was *no* option!

She lifted my shower yoke confined neck then strapped the gag tightly into my mouth, and with a few quick pumps, I was utterly silenced. Next, she went behind the chair and pulled my leash tight as it had passed through a slot in the chair's high back, nearly choking me when she locked it. "*Oh, God! What were they going to do to me?*" I asked myself over and over while I lay with my arms secured helplessly in the shower yoke, my legs spread widely strapped apart, feeling so terribly vulnerable. Babs wasn't quite done.

"It's good you're silenced, convict, because you're going to do a lot of screaming when this next piece is mounted in your body and made a permanent part of you. However, I want to keep you entertained with other sensations too while it's done."

With that, she left for a moment, then returned with a short length of chain and quickly connected it to a ring in the ceiling above the chair, leaving the free end with its large ring to dangle about a half metre above my body.

"I'm ready." Michael said quietly.

"Good! Let's tilt her to the correct position."

The chair rotated backward until I lay fully on my back, staring up at the concrete ceiling, and then Babs came to stand over me.

"Are you feeling very vulnerable, convict?" She cooed as one of her rubber-covered fingers tracing my pulled-out left nipple while I stared silently up at her in terror, utterly unable to move. "That's good! Now for your entertainment system while we fit you!"

She picked up my trailing nose leash and lifted it to the dangling ring, then passed it through, and to my horror, clipped a weight the end and held it for a few seconds.

"It's only two hundred and fifty, grams, so you shouldn't suffer *too* much," she smiled gently, and then dropped it!

Instantly, my nose was stretched, and I howled into the gag, my eyes clenching closed from the horrid jerk and unending tension.

"Now for the next one! Open your eyes, bitch!"

I felt something click onto each of the shackles that captured my sore nipples and breasts, and again, I stared up to see that she was threading another pair of fine chains through the ring and attaching a heavier weight to their end rings! Oh, God!

"You like?" she smiled at me, and I tried desperately to shake my head in negation, but she dropped that weight too!

The tension on my breasts and nipples was indescribable, and I screamed and screamed into the gag, doing anything I could to ease the pain. When she saw me try to arch my back against the shoulder straps, she reached down and pulled up another wide belt and slapped it across my ribs, just under my breasts, and pulled it very tight.

“Interesting! You can be made to suffer so easily with the proper jewellery and a little imagination,” she gloated while I wept a storm of tears. “One last thing, then we’ll begin!”

Until this point, the rod that hung from my clitoral isolator ball had been lying between my widely stretched-open labia, but now, she picked it up and somehow clipped another chain to *it* then led it to the same ring! Immediately, she attached yet another weight and, a second later, dropped it too! I shrieked madly, feeling the tender, armoured bud of my most sensitive flesh drawn inexorably even further from my body, and I could not ease the tension in any way! Through my flooding tears, I saw the steel rods of the weights swinging gently back and forth above my face and, every few seconds, Babs reached out and swatted them to keep them moving and tormenting me.

“Ok, Michael, she’s ready for the jewellery to be affixed.”

“Good! I’ll remove the present shackles and grommets first. It’s going to take about a half hour and there’s not much you can do to assist at this point, so you may want to go and see what CCFL-2 is doing to amuse herself.”

“Oh! Yes, I’d forgotten about her!” Babs laughed merrily and left the cell.

Michael took his time removing the steel fastened into my labia then left me alone until Babs returned.

“Has she been a good, convict?” she asked. “OK! Let’s get this one fixed up.”

I felt and smelled a cool, alcohol-soaked cloth wipe me thoroughly both inside and out. The resultant holes of my labia piercings were also thoroughly cleaned and disinfected, and then came the telltale sound of the cloth being whisked off the tray. Something cool and quite large was slipped inside my sex, and I couldn’t stop the automatic quivering of semi-arousal that shook my loins.

“Oh! Look!” Babs exclaimed with another evil laugh. “The convict thinks she might be able to get an orgasm!”

“Not a chance of *that* after we’re done today unless you want her to have one.” Michael quipped.

They stopped talking and concentrated on fitting me with the device. This was a steel half donut, for that is what it resembled. It was turned so that its central hole was aligned with my birth canal and then held in place just inside my body. I felt my labia being gently tugged and manipulated and shuddered again with pleasure, but the fingers pulled them wider apart! In slow, careful succession, I felt thick posts slipped through the seven large holes in each labia that used to hold the grommets and labia shackles, and this resulted in my sex being widely dilated, unable to close! The outer portion of the ‘donut’ thus surrounded and delineated my sex on the outside of my body, drawing the eye of anyone who could see it. A wail of distress battered against my gag when the sensation didn’t ease, but they were far from done with their work.

The outer half of the donut was carefully positioned so that its receiving holes slipped down over the ends of the exposed, notched, five mm thick posts projecting from the inner half above the outer skin of my stretched labia. The holes in the outer half were slightly tapered and so would hold the posts very securely. It was quite horrible to feel my crotch and belly muscles fighting against the pins to return to a normal position, but then Michael took a set of heavy pliers and began to slowly press the two halves together! He had to go around the circumference of the ‘donut’ several times, and each time he did,

the two halves were squeezed tighter and tighter together until, at last, they were separated by only four mm!

At first, the sensations of the halves being pressed together weren't too bad, but then the insistent clamping began to get very uncomfortable, and I howled into the gag while my flesh was unmercifully made captive. My belly muscles convulsed continually against this most horrid new restriction to my freedom, but the evil, steel device had been fastened irrevocably into my very flesh! This knowledge alone made me crazy while I struggled dementedly to get free and tear it out of and off myself. Of course, I was far too securely restrained. I finally settled back in gasping tears and Babs came to stand over me.

"And there you are, convict!" she smiled happily down at me. "You now wear a nice dilation ring and it *cannot* be removed, no matter how hard you try to get it off, even if your hands were free and you didn't have to wear a chastity belt."

"Just so you know a little about it ... The dilation ring is made entirely of stainless steel. The two halves; the one on the inside and the other on the outside, are held together by fourteen pins that cannot be reached. Those pins have been forced deeply into their holes and now can't be pried out. The inner diameter of the dilation ring is six cm, and the outer diameter is a little under nine cm so I can slide anything in there that I feel is good for your continuing punishment! I can also lock a cap onto the ring to keep it inside you for as long as I like and as well, the inner surface of the dilation ring has rifling grooves on it! Given that formation, you can now be fitted with a dildo that can slide in and out of your body, and when it does, it'll be just like a big screw, and you'll feel it *very* intensely when it's used to discipline you in the future!"

"Convict, you're going to get 'screwed' in ways you've never imagined!" she gloated with an evil smile curving her lips. "And you deserve it after all the fucking around you did! It's *not* going to be a pleasant experience for you ... *ever*! You're going to get raped when I feel you deserve it, and there's nothing you'll ever be able to do to stop it happening. Of course, your regular punishments will continue as normal, so get used to this being how you'll spend the rest of your days."

"OK, Michael, let's get her back into her suit and harness."

Within the hour, I was once more imprisoned, and then Babs took me into the small cell and fastened me by my nose and nipple leashes. Before she'd closed the crotch cover though, Babs had inserted my dildo, making me shudder and moan, but she was without any sympathy and locked the panel closed.

"You'll be freed in a couple of hours, after we've fitted CCFL-2 with her dilation ring, then you'll both get the rest of the day to accustom yourselves to your newest jewellery. In the meantime, I've arranged some entertainment for you while we're busy."

She slammed the barred door and went to get Isabella from the shower, leaving me facing the barren concrete wall, connected to it by my nose and breast leashes, as well, of course, by my normal cell leashes. I stood quietly, gasping and twisting within my harness trying to find some ease from the terrible things mounted in my flesh, but my every small attempt to move away was immediately snubbed by my harness, cuffs, and chains, or the painful tugging of my so-called jewellery. There was nothing for me to do other than close my eyes and lean my steel-webbed head against the concrete wall, weeping for what I had done to myself by agreeing, so long ago, to my Judgement.

Babs finally came back and released me into the main portion of the cell and there I saw Isabella standing, fastened at the wall as I had been, her heavy leash looping down her back to the floor then up to its heavy wall ring. Her shoulders shook with wild sobbing while she tried to get her hands and gloved fingers at either her nipple or clitoral jewellery, or at the horrid dilation ring now sealed away under her chastity belt. Occasionally, her knees buckled slightly, snapping her nose and nipple leashes tight. Isabella quickly straightened, shaking and screaming, trying to somehow escape from her leashes, but there was nothing I could do. I was also overwhelmed with what had been done to me that I felt, joining in her maddened attempts to escape my life in the dungeon.

We were left on our own until late that night. No dinner was brought, for Babs had decided that we were to spend time in solitude to exhaust ourselves. The computer made its noise then Isabella and I waited for her to come and chain us for the night.

It took many weeks to get used to our dilation rings and the once more increased tension on our nipples and breasts, but Babs allowed us no ease, and we continued working and suffering all of her the terrible punishments.

CHAPTER FORTY-SIX
Speech Inhibitor Jewellery

When we weren't gagged, Isabella and I talked often of what our lives had been like before we became prisoners, and that's how I learned her story. Understandably, she was in deep despair about what she'd done with her life, often breaking down into hours of sobbing while struggling frantically against her restraints. Then, when nothing worked, she'd often shuffle out to the end of her leash and lunge repeatedly against the restricting length of her chain, even though she knew it was useless.

Our talking was to be our undoing, for Babs listened to us each day, and although we were careful to never say anything bad about her, she nevertheless decided that when we were next cleaned fully, she would add the next pieces of our 'jewellery', but she didn't inform us of her plans, of course. We slowly accustomed ourselves to the constant arousing sensations our jewellery created, but were nearly always in an unending state of frustrated sexual arousal. Often, for no apparent reason, we'd go into wild fits, struggling madly to free ourselves of our incredible, totally effective restraint systems. Apparently, it gave Babs endless hours of pleasure to watch us howl and fight our restraints.

She made the usual arrangements with Michael and so, after the next cleaning, when I was once more between the fixing bars, dressed in my dungeon suit, but as yet unharnessed, I thought nothing further was to happen. It came as a shock when he appeared in the cell after some minutes, this time pushing what looked like a dental chair! In fact, that is exactly what it was, but fully equipped with a set of restraint straps that would totally immobilize anyone who sat in it. He spent some seconds positioning and locking it into place, and then came to stand before me and looked at Babs.

"I'll check her jewellery first, and then fit the next sets of extenders for her nipples and clitoris. After that we'll affix her newest jewellery, OK?"

"Excellent!" Babs said with an evil smile.

I stared at them without speaking, uncalled for tears pooling in the corners of my eyes when I heard this, dreading the tensions that were to be applied, but there was no way to escape it being done. Michael turned to me.

"Good morning, convict! You will hold still while I make the adjustments to your jewellery, then, when that's done, you'll be released from the fixing bars and come over here to the chair and sit in it."

"G-g-g-good morning, Sir," I whimpered, watching his deft fingers pick up the newest extender cages.

Without another word, he began removing the ones I wore and replacing them with the longer versions.

"Oh, please! Oh, please?" I gasped from the sudden increase of tension when he'd locked each new cage in place. I wailed with further distress while he fitted the clitoris extender cage.

"You'll soon have a few more reasons to weep!" Babs snapped. "Now, be an obedient girl and come sit in this chair when you are released from the fixing bars."

"Y-y-yes, Mistress."

A couple of minutes later, I sat in the chair waiting quietly while they fastened me down. My head lay in its rests and, with the quick addition of a sturdy harness it too was fastened immovably. They completed the final adjustments, and then the chair was tilted

back until all I could do was stare at the ceiling. I heard a metallic clinking from the tray, and Michael sat down on a small stool next to me.

“OK, convict! This morning I’ll be fitting you with more jewellery. These pieces are to be mounted in your tongue, and they will be permanent, just like all of the other pieces that have been mounted in your flesh. The piercings will not be too painful, but you’ll have to keep very still while I do them to avoid unnecessary pain or discomfort. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Master,” I gulped.

“Very good! Now, I want you to open your mouth to receive the speculum.”

I did as he ordered then felt the cold steel thing slipped over my upper and lower front teeth. He immediately squeezed the grips on either side of my mouth, forcing it open even wider!

“Aaaaoooooooouuaggghhh.....” I moaned feeling as though my jaw would be unhinged.

“Yes, convict. I know it’s uncomfortable, but I need to have your mouth fully accessible for this to be done properly.”

All I could do was gasp with wordless horror while he busied himself at the tray again, staring wide-eyed at the ceiling, in terror of what was to come. A few seconds later, something grasped my tongue firmly then pulled it far out of my mouth, making me howl even louder. With tear-filled eyes, I saw Babs’ gloved hand reach out and grasp the forceps to hold my tongue, and then Michael quickly coated it with some sort of numbing cream. Babs released her grip, and I pulled it back into my mouth, and then I was left alone for a few minutes. When she returned, she again grasped the numbed muscle and pulled it uncomfortably far out. Michael quickly pierced it four times with a thick needle; two on either side of the central divide.

These piercings were paired: a set near the back and the second about halfway towards the tip. As soon as he’d made each hole, Michael inserted a thick-walled grommet into the wound. These had an internal diameter of some four mm, and the flanges were very wide, about twelve mm, so that it could not be removed by stretching the flesh. Also, each grommet and bar-bell had cross-holes at ninety degrees to the lengths of their tubes and shafts to allow a rod to be passed through them, but I wasn’t aware these things until Babs described them to me later. After he’d crimped all of the grommets closed, Michael inserted thick-posted bar bells and screwed on their end-balls, but he wasn’t finished yet.

During the time this was being done, I wailed miserably from the sensations of my flesh being transfixing by the thick needle, but he paid my anguish no attention whatsoever, concentrating on his work. To my horror, he next moved to the side of my tongue at the back, and I felt the slow insertion of a long needle across it, passing through the cross-hole in the grommet, and then the matching one in the shaft of the first bar bell! He continued to press the needle through until it passed through the holes of the second grommet and barbell, until it finally emerged on the other side of my tongue! At this point, I fainted from the awful sensation, and so I was not aware of him inserting the rod back through the wound while he slowly withdrew the piercing needle. Its ends were coated with a thread-locking compound then he screwed on the end balls. What this did was to lock the vertical bar bells in place by means of the cross rod, and at the same time, control the muscle’s ability to curl on the sides! The end balls of all these piercings had

had their threads similarly coated with the locking compound, and so they'd *never* come loose!

He repeated this process with the other set of bar bells nearer to the tip of my tongue, but this was *still* not the end of his ministrations! The final piercing and grommet he added was another thick diameter hole, placed two cm from the tip of my tongue at the centre, but *this* one didn't get a bar bell. Michael fitted another wide-flanged grommet, crimped it, and then slid a short post through its central hole. With a pair of reverse type pliers, he spread apart the arms of a long U shackle threaded through the end link of a forty cm long, fine chain, and slipped the heavily sprung steel over the ends of the post. I awakened from my faint just as he was placing this shackle and, for a second, I groggily wondered why my tongue hurt so much, then with horror, I began to realize what had been done to me.

"Done!" he exclaimed happily. "You can release her tongue now, Babs."

"Yes! That looks excellent!" she said and smiled down into my tear-brimming eyes.

"Aaaarruuuggghhhh...." I moaned wordlessly glad to be freed of the horrible tool she had used to keep my tongue stretched out, but when I pulled it back into my mouth, I immediately felt the awful sensations of all the metal that had been mounted in it! Not only did I intensely feel the thick grommets and how they controlled the flexing of the muscle, but the cross-rods also restricted its movements quite horribly! In addition, though, came the feeling of the chain on my lips when I moved the muscle in any way, and I *couldn't* escape it! The weight of the chain hanging over my lip pulled on my tongue, and I began to weep in hiccupping gasps from the residual pain of the piercings, but mostly from the knowledge that I'd never be freed of the horrid devices. Another result of these latest additions came when Babs next spoke.

"Convict! I'm going to ask you some questions, and you *must* answer me!" she commanded harshly. "How do you feel at the moment?"

I was very reluctant to try and speak and so opened my lips only a little. She wasn't happy with this, and her fingers rose to strum on my nipple, clitoral, and nose leashes. Seeing her about to torture me even more I tried to speak and immediately discovered that the new jewellery had forcibly changed my speech pattern.

"Mithreth! Pleathe! Pleathe!" I wailed, humiliated by how I sounded and hating the horrid tongue chain immediately. "I theel lawthul! Ith hurth thlerribly!"

"That's good!" she gloated. "The hurt will go away, but nothing else will. Now, pay attention to how this feels too."

So saying, she hooked a finger through the one and a half cm diameter ring at the end of my tongue chain and slowly tightened it! At first, the loop in the chain disappeared then I felt the links slide between my teeth and begin to pull my tongue out between them! I couldn't stop it from being done! It was too late for me to try and bite down on the chain for my tongue was already between my teeth. I tried to sit up against the tight straps that held me fixed in the chair, but of course, I couldn't, and so my tongue was dragged out even further.

"Aaarrhhhhggggg..." was the only noise I could make and even then it hurt to do because of the bar bells and cross-rods.

"See? This is *another* nice means of controlling you!" Babs smiled, maintaining her tension. "And I can keep you like this, just by locking this ring to your harness, or your nose ring and leash. Too, I can also use any of your other control leashes, together with

this nice new one! Great, isn't it?" She dropped the chain, and I slowly pulled my strained tongue back into my mouth and closed my lips on its dangling links. I stared at her in tearful silence.

"I can see you don't like this very much at all, do you?" she asked with a smile, then repeated her question with a snap, demanding I answer.

"No, Mithreth!" I sobbed, feeling how the thin but weighty leash pulled my tongue out, "I hathe ith!"

"Too bad! From now on, you'll always wear it, and every night, the tongue leash will be locked to your harness so you can't swallow it, even if you're gagged. Isn't it a lot of fun being my convict in here?"

"No, Mithreth. Ith noth any fun ath all and I want thoo be free from my Jugementh. Oh, pleathe, pleathe! Donth punith me any more! *Pleathe!*"

"Yes, I can certainly understand that you want to be free and escape the punishments you suffer, but you will *never* be freed, convict, no matter *how* much you beg and weep. You're going to spend the rest of your life in here suffering the punishments I decide you need."

While she spoke, Michael prepared his instruments for the same additions to be made to Isabella. She was still confined in the shower cell, being automatically sprayed with torrents of cold water and the awful soap solution. Babs and he released me from the chair then dragged me to be fastened between the fixing bars once more. Soon, I was imprisoned in ensemble then taken into the small cell. Babs fastened me into the slave swing, connected my nipple, nose, and now my tongue leashes to the wall ring, and then left me to dangle in misery while they worked on Isabella. Her screams and wails while they affixed the diabolical jewellery to her tongue were terrible to listen to, but they eventually trailed off to only incoherent sobs and, soon thereafter, she also bore the horrid speech restraint system then found out just how it could be used to make her into a totally compliant prisoner.

Babs came and released me about two hours later then freed Isabella from where she had been fastened to the lattice wall's bars. We both moved to the mirror and looked at ourselves, and when we saw how the thin but strong chains emerged from our mouths and hung down between our breast cups, we both began sobbing again in fresh misery. The weight of the chains always dragged until, eventually, our jaws tired from trying to keep our mouths closed, and so they were pulled partially out between our teeth. Neither of us tried to speak for the remainder of that day as the pain of the piercings was bad, and we didn't want to make it any worse. We received no midday meal, but that night, Babs took us to our feeding positions and locked our nose leashes to their usual rings.

"Tonight you get a nice, thick, nourishing soup. Eat it all with those spoons, and then you'll be free until rest time."

We gingerly ate the warm mush and found with the new cross pins and bar bells that it was a difficult and uncomfortable process, but at last, we finished the meal while Babs sat and watched. After collecting our plastic bowls, she released us without a word then sealed the cell. At the sound of the computer beep, both Isabella and I went and did our nightly toilet routines, then many minutes later, Babs re-entered the cell and found us lying on our mats ready to be chained for the night. Both of the facial leash chains hung annoyingly off to the side and, for the moment, she ignored them, concentrating instead on fastening our other sleeping chains. When they were tightened and locked to her

satisfaction, she came and knelt beside me. Like a trapped bird, I could only stare helplessly up into her glinting eyes while she picked up my nose leash.

"I think it's time you were even more fully aware of your restraints for the night, so I'm also going to connect this nice chain."

She pulled gently, leading it up from my nose then across the top of my head, and although I couldn't see her do it, she took a small lock from the pocket of her leather skirt, passed it through the end ring then pulled the leash tighter and locked it to one of the links in the chain from my head cage! The tension on my nose was awful, but as always, there was no way to escape from it. All I could do was to whimper in misery.

"There! Excellent! I *knew* there was a place for that to be fastened," she gloated happily then picked up the chain from between my lips and pulled gently on it. "Convict, there is a safety issue with this new leash. It *must* be fastened each night so that you do not try to swallow it."

She tugged a little harder, and I opened my mouth and let my tongue be pulled out.

"*That's* a good girl!" she smiled, making the chain sway back and forth, tugging uncomfortably. "Now, should I make it a punishment for you tonight or just secure it so that you can't hurt yourself?"

"Aaaaoooouu..." I moaned wordlessly, feeling the metal fastened into my tongue.

"Oh, yes, that's *right*!" she smiled happily. "You can't really talk all that well now, can you? Especially when I control your tongue leash!"

"Nnnnnaaaaaggghhhh..." I moaned in misery feeling the horrid, intimate tension.

"Well, that's life!" she smiled happily. "Tonight, seeing as how it's going to be your first one wearing this lovely new leash, I'll just fasten it so you don't try to swallow it and commit suicide. However, if I feel like it in the future, I'll pull it all the way out, like *this*, and then lock it."

Suddenly, her tension on the chain increased dramatically, and I screamed when my tongue was pulled far out between my teeth. I drummed my heels on the floor and my hands and arms fought against their restraints, but there was nothing I could do!

"Not very nice, is it?" Babs asked unconcernedly, maintaining her tension. "Can you imagine spending your whole rest period like this?"

"Eeeaaaaggghhhh! Ouuuwwweeeaaagggg!" I howled, trying to beg her to release her hold on the chain.

"Pretty strong stuff, isn't it?" she asked rhetorically then eased her tension and allowed me to pull my tongue all the way back into my mouth, leaving only the small but sturdy links emerging from between my lips.

"OK. You now understand how you can be punished with this nice leash. I can also hang a weight on it too, if I feel you need it, and you won't like *that* very much either!" While she spoke, she took another small lock from her skirt pocket, threaded its shackle through the end ring of my tongue leash then found a suitable link in one of my harness chains and secured it. Even though she said she wasn't punishing me, she had nevertheless been cruel, for she left virtually no slack in the chain, and so my tongue was pulled up tight to the inner sides of my teeth. I quickly tired of trying to keep my jaws closed, and they soon separated, allowing my tongue to be pulled partially out between my teeth and lips. When I tried to pull it back in, the leash snapped tight almost instantly, automatically hurting me. I felt all of the new metal in my tongue with horrid intensity

and began to weep harder and try to beg her to ease my situation but I was virtually incoherent thanks to all of the newest jewellery.

“Sorry, convict!” Babs grinned happily, “I can’t understand a thing you’re trying to say! Of course, that’s precisely what I wanted with this newest jewellery, and so you and CCFL-2 are going to have to work out what you’re trying to say to each other. I suppose you’ll eventually figure something out, but I have other plans for when *that* happens.”

“Now, just lay there and get used to your new sleeping arrangements while I fix CCFL-2 the same way.”

Babs spent the next minutes playing with Isabella as she had with me, and I listened in misery while she too made the same noises and screams when Babs demonstrated her newest equipment to her. At last, she was finished and stood over us.

“Excellent! You two make a very nice, matched pair of prisoners! I like to see you both like that, but now, it’s time for me to leave for the night and go upstairs to be with Thomas and maybe have some incredible sex. Have a nice rest!”

She turned away with a flaring billow of her full leather skirt and walked to the door of the cell. I faintly heard it open then bang closed and lock, then two minutes later, the computer beeped and we were sealed inside the HSA. Isabella tried to speak.

“Aaarroo mmmffh rrrggghh ...” was all she managed before she began to weep helplessly, and I could feel her struggling against her harness.

“Nnnnnrrrghh ... Kknnnggkkk...” was all I could say back, and so I stopped even trying to speak.

More tears flooded from my eyes, and I just lay there, feeling all of the terrible tensions that had been forced upon me. No matter *what* part of my body I concentrated on, it was a chained and controlled captive! We spent a mostly sleepless rest period, able only to make incomprehensible sounds of commiseration to each other while we both lay there chained motionless to the floor.

Once more our schedule resumed, and we worked in the Exercise Chamber, suffering all of the terrible things that Babs could think of to torture us with. Isabella and I gradually became accustomed to our tongue leashes and soon had worked out some sort of limited understanding of what we were trying to communicate.

Often we used exaggerated facial expressions, limited body language and often our eyes, but of course, Babs observed our signals and listened to our attempted speech and was not happy we’d managed it so quickly. She made more plans to limit us even further, hardly able to wait until we were next cleaned.

CHAPTER FORTY-SEVEN

Lip Rings, Tongue Restraints, and Hair Elimination

“OK, convict!” Babs smiled at me, still without my head cage fitted “Now that you’re back in your harness and leashed properly once more, there are some things I want to tell you before we go any further. I’ve closely observed you both over the past months and have seen that you’re reading each other’s expressions. Very clever, but *completely* unacceptable! I’ve called again upon Master Michael’s expertise, and he’s going to take further steps to prevent it. You’ll each be fitted with additional facial jewellery designed to restrict then eventually eliminate this capability.”

“Proceed to the fixing bars to be chained!”

I moved slowly in fear to stand between them, and then she quickly fastened me. Michael appeared a few minutes later pushing his high, wheeled tray.

“Good morning, convict! Today I’ll be fitting new control jewellery, as Babs has told you. You’ll find it all quite unpleasant to have to wear, especially in combination with the pieces you already have, and these new pieces, just like your *other* body jewellery, are designed to be permanent. I have to do more piercings, but they’ll be easily and quickly accomplished. First, I want you to open your mouth and relax your lips. They’ll be pierced and grommetted then ringed.”

I wailed with despair, knowing the process could not be escaped, then did as he demanded. He clamped my top lip in a set of forceps and pulled it out from my teeth then quickly pierced completely through it, twice on either side of the centre, about two mm below the lip line, piercing it twice more on each side.

“That was very good, convict! Now, the next ones will also be quite easy, so just relax and let me do them then you’ll almost be done for today, at least as far as the piercing is concerned,” he stated, pulling out my lower lip.

I made small yelps with each puncture, but remained silent when he locked in the grommets, and then the thick rods, and lastly, the steel U shackles being snapped over their ends, capturing my flesh. He did two other piercings, about a 2 cm along my cheek on the side of each corner of my mouth then grommetted them also! A moment later, I wore the next set of U shackles, their visible arms at the corners of my lips disappearing inside my mouth while, at the same time, accentuating each of my facial brands, pulling uncomfortably when I attempted to close my lips. He stood back.

“Excellent! Babs?” he asked, turning to her. “Is this what you had in mind?”

She came over and looked at me, touching her rubber-covered fingers to them gently and pulling a little at each thick steel loop.

“Yes, that’s *exactly* what I wanted!” she exclaimed with a happy smile. “Open your mouth and stick out your tongue, CCFL-1!”

I did so carefully, feeling the U’s in my lips dragging on the flesh, and then reluctantly allowed it to slide out between my teeth being dragged by the weight of its chain. Babs’ fingers carefully touched it.

“Yes, that’s the design I wanted, Michael. Now, let’s fit her with the tongue restraint and its head cage connections, and then we can do the same for CCFL-2.”

“Oh, No!” I thought in near hysteria. “*How much more can she restrict us?*”

I found out immediately. Michael brought up a stainless steel rod with some slotted plates attached; the rod being bent in a tightly curved shape that would go around my tongue with the plates designed to fit, over and under it.

“Open your mouth wide, convict,” he said with quiet determination. “This is going to be quite unpleasant for you to get used to. Actually, I doubt that you ever will.”

Babs placed tension on my tongue, pulling it out as far as she could while I made horrid, inarticulate, animal sounds of protest, but Michael paid no attention to my distress and slipped the bent wire along the length of my quivering tongue, then clipped loops over the rear-most cross pin between the end balls and the flesh. With a set of long-jawed, needle-nosed pliers, he quickly crimped the loops very tightly closed around the exposed cross tongue shaft then moved to the front and did the same to the other cross-pin! This arrangement held my tongue at full stretch, and I gagged and wailed wordlessly, feeling the unceasing tension, but he wasn't finished *yet!* I felt metal plates slipped over the top and underneath my tongue and then he carefully shifted the four, vertically oriented bar bells until they snapped into brackets on the top and underneath! Babs released her tension on my tongue leash, and I tried to pull the aching muscle all the way inside my mouth, but with it stretched the way it now was, I couldn't! The central ring peeped out between my lips at their centre and when I tried to speak, I had to stop immediately, feeling how the newest jewellery pieces pulled so uncomfortably and prevented me from articulating any coherent sounds, thanks to the enclosure of the top and bottom plates now fastened tightly around it!

“Now for your lip restraint frame,” he stated and, with some terror, I wondered what he had planned.

He picked up another shiny and substantial, curved steel rod then carefully pressed it through my upper lip's U shackles and the ones at the corners of my mouth. The next rod went through my lower lip U shackles then he stood back for a moment.

“OK, Babs. You can fit her with her head cage now. When it's locked on, we'll connect everything.”

Within five minutes my head and neck were once more fully webbed by the awful restraint device. Michael approached with the pliers, and I stared tearfully at him while his rubber-gloved hands rose to my face then felt him grasp the hooked ends of my upper lip rod. It was gently forced back until its looped ends slipped over bolts on each ear band and then taking the pliers, he quickly closed the loops then did the same procedure with my lower lip restraint. Oh, God! It was awful! Now, even the movements of my lips were restricted!

He stepped back and inspected me and, by then, I was gasping with horror at what had been done to me, feeling the intimate captivity of both my upper and lower lips *and* my tongue! I was unable to speak any sort of coherent words nor could I move my lips freely! Certainly, I could open my mouth, but my lips remained fastened to the rods passing through their loops, and my tongue was a secure captive within its own diabolical restraint system.

“OK, convict!” Babs laughed happily. “Wearing *this* system of jewellery will permit you to feed yourself as normal, and too, it allows me to gag you. Unfortunately for you and CCFL-2, you'll no longer be able to make expressions to each other.

“As I’ve already told you, this new jewellery and restraint system has become a permanent part of your harness. The *only* time the rods will be released from their fastenings is when you’re given your intensive cleaning.”

I sniffled in misery around my nose bar and its own U shackle, tears flooding my eyes while I tried desperately to get used to her newest horror. When I instinctively tried to speak, all that emerged from my mouth was a wordless wail and then I howled feeling how the steel frames pulled uncomfortably on my newest facial jewellery.

“There, there, convict!” she grinned evilly. “It *could* be worse!

“*How? Oh, God how?*” I howled in my mind.

Babs allowed me little time to consider her last veiled threat, immediately releasing me from the fixing bars then leading me into the small cell. Short minutes later, I swung in the slave swing, linked to the barren concrete wall by my nipple and nose leashes, and each small, pitiful whimper I made, resulted in pain or discomfort of some sort. The door slammed behind me.

Over the next hour, the same procedures were carried out on Isabella, and then they hung her in the other slave swing in the main part of the dungeon, and we were left like that for the remainder of the day, attempting to get used to our newest restrictions. Late that evening, Babs freed us and pulled Isabella and me to our feeding positions then secured us by our nose and tongue leashes. We were left for ten minutes, crouched over and quiet while we waited for her to fetch our food. We were just obedient and chained female animals, unable now to even speak to each other. At last, she returned and knelt outside the bars and then passed the plastic dishes containing our almost unpalatable meals through them. I could barely see the container because of the way my head was held, and so I fumbled around with my gloved hands until I found the spoon, then, fighting the chains that so restricted my hands and arms, I located the dish and began spooning the awful tasting ‘slave fuel’ into my metal-filled mouth. I hated the flavour and texture, but Babs now provided no other type of nourishment to us. Every meal we ate was exactly the same. With the new tongue restraint system and leash, it was difficult to swallow the gooey stuff, and each time I opened my mouth, the lip frames pulled miserably, reminding me of my terrible state of helplessness.

It was then I discovered another facet of how cruel my newest jewellery was. I could barely move my tongue to swallow, and when I did, it pulled harshly at its restraining cage and my other facial jewellery! A couple of times, I came close to choking, but managed to swallow; however, it soon became too much to bear and I dropped my spoon to the floor then crouched over into an even smaller ball. Sobbing with misery I jerked my hands and arms in frantic, mindless desperation to escape their irremovable separator bar, trying to plead with Babs to allow me even the smallest freedom. I also tried to kick my feet in rebellion, bit of course the Spanish trapezoid prohibited that effectively and I could only shake and writhe hopelessly. The newest jewellery was awful and made itself painfully apparent, and I could make only animal-like wails of misery.

“Be quiet!” she snapped unsympathetically. “You are a prisoner in punishment and will suffer whatever discipline measures I or the Dungeon Master decide! You can’t stand it? Too bad! And yes, you *can* take a great deal more, and you will! Be quiet now and *don’t* try to speak! Eat the rest of your food!”

I had no choice! Once more, I found the spoon and began shovelling the awful stuff into my mouth, nearly gagging with every spoonful. Babs spoke again.

“It makes me very happy to see you so well harnessed and chained, little ones!” she enthused from the outer side of the barred walls. “Now, you *can’t* talk to one another, and neither can you read each other’s lips wearing the new jewellery. I like that a *lot!*”

“I suppose you’ll eventually get used to these new restrictions, but I have more ideas to punish and restrict you. However, they can wait for a while, until I see how you’re managing with your harnesses as they are now.”

She left us fastened in our feeding positions, and we could do nothing but stare down the lengths of the chains from our noses and tongues out to where they were locked to the rings on the other sides of the bars. Isabella sobbed quietly, occasionally gagging when she attempted to pull her tongue back into her mouth. Babs’ arrangements had rendered us into animals, for with these newest devices, we could not make any kind of coherent speech and even kissing each other was now an extremely difficult if not an impossible goal. Each time either of us tried to say something, the lip restraints tugged painfully at the writhing flesh it imprisoned and our tongue and nose chains swung mockingly from their fleshy anchors. At last, Babs returned and released us, smiling happily while we slowly sat up, and then struggled to our feet.

Staring at Isabella, knowing that I wore the same things I saw attached to her face, was too much to bear. I suppose I went a little crazy then and stood at the end of my leashes writhing hysterically; all the while screaming with anger and terror of the life I was living. I again tried to beg for some sort of relaxation of my punishment, but it did no good at all. Babs remained standing on the other side of the barred wall with a small smile curving her lips while I shook against my bindings and leash. She waved her hand negligently at me, and then wordlessly left the cell.

The months of confinement continued to grind us into more and more compliant creatures while we gradually became accustomed to our new restrictions and, within a few weeks, both Isabella and I overcame the horrid restrictions of our tongue and lip restraints. We began to read each other’s eyes and understand the sounds we managed to make. Our conversations, if they could be called that, were not much to listen to, I’m sure, but we *needed* to make some sort of contact with each other to stay sane. The hard labour was unendingly awful, but there was no choice, and so each day we were led into the exercise cell and chained to our machines. Michael occasionally came to visit and inspect us while we worked blinded gagged and being disciplined but during that time, no new additions were made to our ensembles.

Babs was her usual cruel self all the time, and although I thought she would get bored or tired of the routine of our care, she took constant delight in it. In the meantime, she was making further plans for our torment and these became apparent when we were next cleaned. When she was finished with my washing in the shower cell, she wheeled in a small machine with a pair of thick, coiled wires leading from it to a small gun-like appliance. I stood naked in my chains and shower stock and stared at her with terror while she positioned it in front of me.

“I can see you’re wondering what this is, aren’t you, convict?” she grinned with an evil light in her eyes.

“Nnnnnaaagghhh-aaarrnnn!” was all that emerged from my metal-endowed mouth and lips when I tried to answer.

“Ah, yes!” she smiled. “You really can’t speak too well, can you?”

“Nnnooo, Mithrrtthhh.”

“Well, I suppose I should explain what this machine is for, yes?”

“Ppplleeeaaattthhe, ttthhrrreee mmmmeeee!” I begged. She plugged the cables from the machine into the gun thing then laid it on the stainless steel top.

“Not a chance, convict! You’re here for the rest of your miserable life, just as you’ve been told a couple of thousand times already.”

“This is a laser/electric hair removal machine,” she said enthusiastically, patting the top. “It’s the kind used by beauty salons and so it’s very powerful.”

“I’ve become a little fed up with having to shave you every time you’re brought out for a cleaning, so starting today, and for about the next two years, I’m going to use this on you both to completely rid you of *all* your hair. You won’t like it even *one* little bit, especially when I do your pubic hair, but that’s too bad. About the only thing you *will* like about the process is that it keeps you out of your dungeon suit and harness for a little longer than usual. However, I think you’ll very quickly wish you were back in it!”

With that, she left the shower cell and returned a minute later with Michael.

“We’ll start on her crotch, Michael, so I’ll need to have her legs raised and spread wide to get at all the roots.”

He soon had me hanging in the chains as she required and had positioned a tall stool between my thighs. From above, a chain hung down with a large ring through its last link, and she took delight in pulling up my nose, tongue, nipple and clitoral leashes then locking them to the ring, each leash under a slight tension. Babs sat, turned on the machine, pulled a visor down over her face, and then picked up the gun thing.

“This is going to hurt when I burn out each hair root!” she stated then bent over my quaking loins.

I winced at the first strike, then again a second later, when the laser lance vaporized the hair root; but it went *on* and on and *on*! With each small click of the trigger, I jumped a little when the laser beam shot out, and within five minutes, I began to beg incoherently for her to stop, and in ten minutes was howling dementedly. Babs ignored my wordless screaming and kept at her job, caressing the gun’s trigger every few seconds. She worked closer and closer to my sex, and it was then I began to fully appreciate the meaning of the word pain. Each flash of light brought a stinging pulse, and they didn’t stop! I jerked, writhed and squirmed against my crushing, tight bonds doing all I could to avoid her but there was no way to do so, even while she worked across the sensitive flesh between my thighs. The hair follicles around my dilated labia were the some of the worst, and the noises I made were incredible, even to my own ears.

She was done at last, but then went to work on my underarms, and finally, my head. After she’d finished with my crotch, I just wanted to die, and so the hair removal at my under arms and head was an anti-climax. I just hung whimpering while it was done. I have no idea how long she tortured me with that horridly efficient machine that day, but at last, I was taken out to the main part of the dungeon and then locked into my dungeon suit and the harness. This time, when I was put into the suit, it seemed to slide on with ease, and my skin felt very smooth and tender, thanks to having most hair removed, but the bad effect of the process was that I felt sore all over and was much more conscious of the compression, encasement, and imprisonment. Again, as always now, I was taken to the small cell and suspended in the slave swing.

I was kept in there until Babs had done the same to Isabella and, late that day, I was finally released and left to move around the dungeon on my leash. Certainly both Isabella

and I had become used to having our eyebrows shaved, but we'd known that they'd always grow back. *Now*, it was a different story. We were going to be made permanently hairless! That night after we'd been fed, Babs gave us a few more details of the process while chaining us for our rest periods

"I've figured it out, convicts. Each time I do this laser treatment, I'll be able to remove nearly ninety percent of all the hair that re-grows, and so with about six treatments, you'll have none left at all. So, that being the case, you'll be finished in about a year and a half from today. I think it'll go quite well, and it will keep you quite thoroughly afraid of each time you are to be cleaned."

"Well! Enough of that! You've had a long and stressful day, so I'll leave you. Oh! Before I go! I've seen and heard you *still* talking to each other, even though you sound like a couple of wild animals. I'm taking steps to prevent you making any noise at all, even screams and sobbing. You'll find out about that the next time you're cleaned."

Oh, God! What was she going to do to us *next*?

CHAPTER FORTY-EIGHT

Total Speech and Vision Control

Babs had a virtual library of ideas with which to further control our lives, and she instituted the next one a month later.

“Convicts! You continue to talk to each other far too much!” she exclaimed one evening while chaining us to be fed. “I’m getting a little fed up with all of your weeping and begging, even when you’re sealed in here by yourselves. However! Rather than keep you permanently gagged, your equipment will be modified.”

“Your collars will be fitted with sensitive microphones, and these will be linked to the computer so that if you try to talk, or if you whine or scream, you will be disciplined. The longer you make noise, the harsher the discipline will become. Even if you are gagged, the system will be left active, and the only time you’ll be free of your speech inhibitors from then on will be for your intensive cleaning. That means you’ll only be able to speak to me, not each other!”

“So! You’ve only got a couple of weeks left before you’re going to be kept silent all the time. Enjoy it while you can!”

What could we say or do? Nothing! Babs was determined to remove one of the last small freedoms in our lives. Over the next three weeks, Isabella and I tried to talk more about ourselves than we had until then and got to understand a little more about each other. We talked about, and then worked out a system of hand and eye signals we’d use once we’d been fitted with the speech inhibitor systems, so the outlook wasn’t totally bleak; although, we’d forgotten that Babs always watched and listened to our conversations, and unbeknownst to us, had made additional plans. We’d be alone in the cell, but our chances to communicate, other than by kissing and hugging as much as our harnesses permitted, would become even more limited than we could imagine.

Isabella and I said our tearful last words on the day of our next intensive cleaning, and then once more we endured the feared but desperately needed ordeal. When we were done, fitted with the new speech inhibition system, suited, harnessed, and leashed to the wall, Babs required us to stand before her.

“How good to see you properly silent and obedient, convicts!” she gloated. “Your speech and noise inhibition system has now been activated and, if you make *any* noise, you *will* be punished. Allow me to demonstrate.”

Suddenly, Isabella’s and my breasts seemed to explode with a burst of terrible shocks through them! We jerked and writhed, attempting to escape the needling pain, biting back our howls, but then, she did it again, and *this* time, instinctual, wild screams burst from our steel collared throats while our hands and arms jerked frantically at their restraints, trying to get at and pull away the armouring cups clamped to our chests! Immediately, a series of electrical pulses quivered the tender flesh of our forcibly dilated labia, and then our clitorises! I fell to my knees, screaming even harder from the horribly intimate pulses! Isabella just collapsed into a heap of writhing, steel-harnessed femininity, fighting her restraints madly and screaming incoherently. The shocks got worse and worse because our screams triggered yet more punishment and finally, we fainted from the awful assaults. Many minutes later, we returned to awareness and, eventually, struggled to stand before Babs again, staring silently and fearfully at her, now

fully aware of the capabilities of our Speech Inhibitor Systems. Given the severity of the shocks, we did not *dare* to speak!

“OK! *Now* you understand how effective and strong the system is. Let me tell you though that the intensity setting I used for that example was only at level two and it goes up to ten. At that strength, it will discipline you quite effectively, I think!” she smiled happily. “You will not be told at what level your systems have been set.”

“There is another matter that must be dealt with!” she stared hard at each of us. “Of course, I’m aware you have come up with a means to communicate with each other, other than by voice. This is now against the Dungeon Rules! You are allowed to be in here and act as companions to each other, but you are *not* permitted verbal or non-verbal communication other than by direct touch.”

“So! To remove that capability also, I’ve decided that you will both wear a blinder panel 24 hours a day! It won’t make you completely sightless, but I don’t want you to be able to see each other’s eyes from now on. It too will be remotely controlled to make you completely sightless whenever I feel like it.”

She picked up two, shiny, curved panels from the computer table and showed them to us, carefully and slowly turning them so we could see and understand how they functioned. Like the other blinder panel we had to wear when we were confined in the exercise cell, it was lined with black foam and had internal cups for each eye socket. The outer surface was smooth, with the exception of a short, extremely thin, vertical slit, widely offset over each eye position. Hidden on the inner side of the cover in the foam were the shutters for these slits and so our extremely limited sight could be reduced even further, or totally eliminated.

The panel’s ends were designed with integrated locks and would slip over a doubled set of pins on each side of our head cages, snapping snugly onto our upper faces, leaving only our noses and their leashes free so that now my whole face was covered with shiny steel.

“Very nice, aren’t they?” she asked, but neither of us dared to even try and speak. “OK! CCFL-1, hold still while I fix you.” She came to stand in front of me and slowly raised the panel. “Good bye! I won’t have to look at your miserable face again until the next intensive cleaning.”

She spread the sides of the panel slightly then moved it into position. I blinked automatically while it settled snugly against the flesh of my upper face. I felt the two sides snap onto the locking and positioning pins, and then there was a small, doubled click on each side of my head. I was locked into the thing and knew it wouldn’t come off.

“There! Isn’t that a nice new addition?”

I had to turn my whole body to look her, and even when I did, I could only see her through one of the narrow slits. The 0.2 mm wide by 2 cm high cuts in the panel allowed me to see only a very small arc to the front, and the head cage and collar made me keep my head held high, limiting me even further! I made a very small moan of misery and my breasts and dildo electrodes unleashed a series of agonizing, penetrating shocks through the captive flesh. I bit back my wail of pain and saw Babs smiling at me.

“I see that it works very well, convict!” she said leaning in very close to my face. “I can’t see your eyes at all now, even this close! Very nice! On Monday, when you’re gagged to do your hard labour, the only part of your face visible will be your nose.”

“Now, CCFL-2, it’s your turn!” she said turning and picking up the other panel. Isabella tried to recoil from her in horror of what was to come.

In my mind, I was already howling at this further restriction she had so cruelly imposed. I watched Isabella fitted, as much as the panel permitted, and then Babs stood back and inspected us both.

“Very nice! With your hands chained as they are, you cannot see them now, *nor* can you see each other’s eyes and that’s exactly what I want! I hope you like these new additions? Like everything else you wear, they don’t come off, except for your cleaning. Now, I must go upstairs and have a nice lunch with Thomas. Bye!”

A minute later, the computer beeped, leaving Isabella and me sealed in the dungeon. We shuffled as close as we could and stared silently, each of us looking intently at the other. I could see nothing but the smooth silvery panel across her eyes and upper face, interrupted by only the thin slits. Her eyes were totally hidden and I was sure, like mine, filled with tears. Soon, their trails slid down her cheeks, and she made a small wail, having momentarily forgotten about her speech inhibitor, then immediately gave voice to a small scream when she was automatically shocked. Her screams and howls grew more frequent and louder until she again collapsed in a heap of flashing chains, having fainted from their strength. I silently wept harder and harder, fighting to bite back my moans, in fear of the terrible discipline that would automatically be meted out. A long time later, I heard Isabella struggling, and she eventually got to her feet then stood and faced me, her entire face held and restricted by the terrible things Babs had mounted in our flesh.

Our lives, such as they were, resumed their normal cadence, and on Monday morning, Babs led us into the exercise cell then chained us on the machines. When we’d been gagged and the water and feeding hoses connected, she did something with her remote control, and suddenly, the small shutters inside the blinder panels snapped closed, cutting off our sight. I whined unthinkingly and was immediately shocked for making noise, so had to sit quietly, waiting for the door to slam closed and lock. As always, the work we *had* to do was mind numbing, forcing Isabella and me to concentrate on the sensations from our bodies while we rowed. With each surge back, then forward, my breasts bounced against their suspending chains inside their cups, and deep in my belly, the rigid shaft of the thick dildo stirred my organs uncomfortably. My hands and body sweated inside the imprisoning rubber suit, and I sucked avidly on the large, penis-shaped gag pad to get water. Slowly, the cadence picked up speed, and we had to work harder and harder, but there was no release or rest permitted. With each backward lean in the stroke, my nose chain snapped tight, hurting abominably, but today, Babs had added yet another tension to our mindless rowing, for now, our nipple leashes *too* were connected to the same ring as the nose leash so that they also jerked when we leaned backward!

After the first rest period, Babs had programmed yet another means of encouragement for us so that with each backward pull, a mild tingling shock coursed through our breasts and from the dildo! They weren’t painful, but actually arousing, and in combination with the clitoral ball and the dildo, I was soon in a frenzy of frustration, yet *still* had to row like a mad woman! A howl of sheer madness welled in my throat and, at last, tried to break free; releasing the oar from my fingers and fighting my bindings hysterically, needing to escape the horror of my existence as at no other time since I had been imprisoned. My speech inhibitor and the ‘row failure’ discipline occurred at the same time, driving me utterly crazy from sensations I couldn’t escape. For long minutes,

I writhed and twisted mindlessly, screaming and weeping from the terrible shocks coursing through my most sensitive flesh, and also from the horror at my situation, and then I collapsed, as much as I could, still frenziedly jerking my hands and legs against their inescapable restraints.

It changed *nothing*, other than to increase my punishment!

Eventually, I resumed rowing and continued as best I could. Isabella too worked at her oar, and Babs seemed to take particular delight in activating her punishment dildo and breast electrodes.

Otherwise, our lives continued in the same boring repetition, and it was so bad that, at some points, I was tempted to be disobedient to Babs, just to change the cadence of my existence, but my recollections of the terrible punishments she could and most assuredly *would* mete out, soon made me forget those thoughts for just the everyday restriction and discipline was bad enough.

Each evening after our days of hard labour and feeding, Babs left us for a couple of hours. Isabella and I could only stare silently at each other in dark despair, seeing the thickness of the steel that captured our lips and tongues. Whenever we tried to move our lips, they pulled uncomfortably and strongly against the steel bows, and when we opened our mouths, we saw the steel that covered and punctured our tongues, making it impossible to form words or use them to even lick at each other! Kissing was out of the question, but we had to try, and when our steel encumbered lips finally touched, I silently tasted the salt of her tears and she mine. The cell was soundless but for the clicking of our chains and the rumbles of the steel balls leashed to our ankle cuffs.

I wanted to scream and weep, desperate to be freed of my totally efficient harnessing, but it was an utterly hopeless desire and goal. *Nothing* and no one would ever free us from Babs and Thomas' total imprisonment and restriction of our lives! *Nothing!*

CHAPTER FORTY-NINE
The Newest Discipline Tool

Our lives in here, if they can be defined as life, continued at the same glacial cadence, slowly grinding out any and all rebellion we exhibited. Isabella had slowly grown more and more used to her incarceration, harness, and the restriction it imposed, but I often saw signs of her despair in the form of tear trails from under her blinder panel. It is impossible for either of us to see the other's eyes, and the lip and tongue rings prevent any sort of expression or speech, even if we had not been fitted with the anti-noise collar devices. I have, at last, resigned myself to having to live in my restraints and to being kept on a leash for the rest of my life, but not *this* kind of extreme restraint! Babs continued to ensure we obeyed every single rule and regulation without exception and her punishments for even the most minor infraction were always swift and certain.

She instituted Isabella's and my partnership agreement in full measure and employed the neck bar much more frequently than she had initially, strictly limiting our ability to hug and comfort each other, and, at the same time, ensuring that our helplessness was reinforced even more. We were freed of it only when we performed our daily hard labour, but much of the rest of our free time we spent linked together, sometimes facing, but mostly fastened back to back so that we couldn't see one another, knowing only that our partner was there behind us, limiting our small amount of freedom even more. However, we were linked with the bar, we couldn't touch one another, no matter how hard we tried, and the thick gloves we wore ensured there was no flesh to flesh contact.

Her next addition to our punishing harness was an incredible system designed to drive us to howling fits of frustrated desire. Michael had created new crotch plates and dildos and, after the next intensive cleaning, we were each fitted with one of these terribly effective discipline systems. After being fully dressed in our harness, he and Babs left the fitting of the final part, the Discipline Dildo to the very last. As the most senior, I was the first to be so equipped, so Michael fastened me between the fixing bars, and then Babs approached with the evil device held negligently in her gloved hands.

"*This* will make you be a *very* good, Convict!" she said, fondling the length and girth of the phallus-like shaft, and then holding it up so I could see it.

I stared at the thing with considerable terror. It was, I think, nearly seven cm long and four cm in diameter, made of a black rubber, but with silvery highlights. At the base end, it was heavily corrugated with deep rings and valleys for first four cm; each of the raised ring portion's top curves a narrow silver band. The rounded tip was a series of concentric rings also; obviously electrical contacts.

"I see that your new dildo fascinates you CCFL!" Babs exclaimed happily. "Let me tell you about this lovely control and discipline tool that you will wear in a minute or so, and for the rest of your life!"

"You can see that it doesn't look too menacing, right? Well, Little Slave, these rings at the base are actually expansion joints! The dildo can extend to over double its present length, to almost seventeen cm! When it does, you'll experience it *most* strongly ... just like a real penis, but you *won't* like it at all. Now, do you see the silvery rings on the joints and at the tip? Ah, you do! No, shaking your head to avoid having to wear this nice equipment will *not* stop it from happening!"

“You have no doubt guessed that these are all electrical contacts, and they will be most effective in disciplining, controlling, and training you. There is a very wide variety of combinations of strong or mild electro-shocks that can be employed, and you *will* get to experience every one of them in the years to come!”

“So, not only will it rape you with wonderful, untiring, mechanical efficiency, but, at the same time, it can shock and discipline you most thoroughly! This nice dildo is also remotely controlled and so I can activate it at *any* time and you cannot escape it!”

With that, her hands dropped out of my sight, and then I felt the blunt head of the thing intentionally bumped against the crotch dilator ring. She lubricated it, then slowly pressed it through the central opening of the ring and far up into my quaking loins. The thick corrugations slipped sequentially past my engorged, sensitive inner labia, making me sense the latent power of the device. Oh, it felt so good to have that flesh teased and caressed, even if only by unfeeling rubber and metal, but I knew I would soon grow to fear and hate the thing.

Babs made the final adjustment by somehow connecting the rod from my clitoral ball to the dildo and then brought up the steel crotch plate. I felt the dildo snap to its mounts, pushing a little deeper into my body when the crotch plate was pulled up tight onto my exposed and quivering belly. I faintly heard the harsh, metallic snap of the lock, making my harnessing complete. The exposed end of the dildo had snapped into a universal-type ball joint on the inner side of the covering, allowing it to automatically adjust to the alignment of my sex, and, at the same time, the electrical connections were made. All the while, CCFL-2 watched with fascinated horror, knowing that within, minutes, she too would soon be fitted the same kind of punishing equipment. Babs freed me from the fixing bars and drew me off to the side by my nose leash, fastening it to the wall ring so that I couldn't move away and, a moment later, I faintly heard the chains being fastened to CCFL-2's harness, and then she was fitted with her own discipline dildo.

Shortly thereafter, Babs drew CCFL-2 into the exercise chamber and fastened her in place on the treadmill then returned for me, and I too was taken into the room that terrorized me so thoroughly. Babs delighted in tugging on my nose leash and watching my eyes fill with tears of pain while I struggled to follow her unceasing demand. She placed me on my own treadmill belt and quickly connected all of the chains that would keep me in place, and then she completed all of the other hoses and wires that made our lives a veritable Hell on Earth. We waited in quiet terror. Babs stepped to the still-opened barred door of the exercise chamber, and then spoke.

“Although this is normally a day of rest for you, convicts, I've decided to have you continue your hard labour. This will be like a normal work day but now that you have been fitted with your new dildos, you'll get to experience them while you work! Nice, no?”

Of course, gagged as we were, only the smallest of snuffling wails for mercy hissed past our nose bars. Babs ignored our futile gasps and whining while we tugged forlornly against our chains, surging against our harnesses.

“Very well! It's time to begin. Have an interesting day! Bye!”

The barred door swung shut, locking with a crash, and we were alone, then our hearing was shut off and we were left alone in silence and near blindness. For the longest time, nothing at all happened, and I felt *so* isolated, even with CCFL-2 standing only two metres away. We were not permitted to see each other, thanks to the locked-on face

shields, nor could we hear because of the sound controlling earplugs. Being so efficiently gagged ensured that we couldn't communicate in any way and so our restraint and control was total.

The treadmill belts began to move, and we each began our shuffling struggle along them, every few minutes feeling a painful jerk on our noses when we slowed. The sudden jerks made me moan into my gag from the pain, but ensured that I renewed my efforts to walk at the speed demanded by the treadmill's belt. I settled into the rhythm of my hard labour, again weeping behind my mask for the foolishness I had shown when consenting to be a CCFL. Isabella, I had no doubt, was in an even more terrible mental condition. She had *never* wanted to be punished like *this*, but had been unwillingly thrust into it, and so she must have regarded her imprisonment and punishments as totally horrible.

Initially, I felt the presence of the dildo in my body very intimately, but after an hour or so, it became only another annoying part of my punishment harness and, for the first hours of our hard labour, it remained inactive. CCFL-2 and I had become accustomed to working on the treadmills and so the automatic discipline didn't happen, but then, horribly, Babs activated both of your dildos while we were shuffling along at a higher speed than normal.

Deep within my crotch, I felt the dildo suddenly begin to extend! At first, I was horrified that I was being penetrated by the thing, but it was only a short stroke then withdrawal, and I felt the corrugated rings flexing inside me with arousal beginning to spread up from my belly, all the while continuing to struggle along in my awkward walking motions. Simultaneously, when it extended, I felt a small tug on my clitoris! A whine of distress filled my throat at the disconcerting sensations it forced me to experience, but it *didn't* stop! I thought I'd become accustomed to the thrusting, only to have the horrid shaft begin to emit small, teasing, tickling, and annoying pulses of electricity that also made my internal vaginal sphincters contract spasmodically, grasping with futility at the insidiously sliding shaft! I instinctively tried to writhe and twist my body away from the intruder and what it was doing to me and, as a result, I soon stumbled on the moving belt. This resulted in immediate disciplining shocks to my nipples, and I screamed into my gag from the awful shocks, struggling wildly against the pervasive bondage. Isabella, unseen by me, had already stumbled and was even still being disciplined, for she could not seem to recover her pace and continued to stumble and thrash in her chains while the strength of the disciplinary shocks became stronger.

I managed to get myself walking again despite the horror of my situation, but then the thrusting of the dildo slowly became more and more intrusive! Over the next hour, it began to plunge further and further up into my loins with deeper and deeper extensions of itself, and each time dragging more painfully on my clitoris! I howled with animal-like, frustrated lust, shaking my hips and writhing dementedly with every penetration until I again lost my pace and footing. For a moment, I just hung in my suspending chains, feeling the slowly then more rapidly skewering shaft invade and retreat within my body! It was mechanical malevolence personified but, in addition, the shocks flowed through my armoured breasts and nipples. The dildo itself began to emit stronger and stronger shocks! My nose burned from the tension of its leash being pulled tight, and I was overwhelmed with the flood of sensations I was being forced to experience! No matter *how* frantically I screamed against my gag, the sensations just kept getting stronger and stronger for there was no pity or mercy shown by the uncaring computer program.

The muscles of my arms and legs strained in bar-tight tension against their restraints adding the endorphins of my exertion to the already volatile mix of sensation and emotion. I howled in weeping gasps under the steel that covered and concealed my face, begging for surcease from the unending and pervasive punishments, but it *didn't* stop! No matter how madly I swung and jerked in my chains, dancing and twisting like a maddened puppet ... that is exactly what I had become and I could not escape! On top of all this, I realized that Babs could do this to me at *any* time and neither Isabella nor I could avoid it.

To my terrified amazement, through my haze of horror and screaming fits, I felt myself beginning to rise toward an orgasm! It was the first I'd been permitted to even approach for years, and the sensation was incredible, even being disciplined as I was! I shook and twisted in a mind-boggling awareness of just how controlled and helpless I was while the incredible experience slowly shook my addled mind to atoms. I was being brainwashed to actually *want* this sort of thing! My awareness expanded and suddenly, an orgasm towered over me, washing up from my crotch, through my flaring breasts and, finally, thundered through my mind, cascaded into it to obliterate awareness in a tumultuous blast of sensation.

A long time later, I returned to awareness, only to find that I *still* hung in my chains above the now-stopped treadmill belt. The dildo had retracted to its shortened length and all of the shocks had ceased tormenting me, but my nose chain was still under tension, and so I stood on shaking legs and waited to begin my Discipline Hard Labour once more. Soon enough, it began and I was driven to the same end result over and over for the rest of that day and many of those that followed. Babs was cruelty personified though, for sometimes, she would activate the dildo when we were chained down for the night, or even when we were in our cage for the additional days of punishment. This newest tool in her inventory of discipline tools was extremely effective, but from my perspective, it was *awful!* Until now, the punishments and disciplines we'd had to suffer were mostly just situational and passive in their nature, but now, she was deeply involved in actively punishing Isabella and me, and there was *no* escape!

And so our lives have evolved. We are the silenced, deafened totally controlled prisoners and toys of a very cruel and demanding mistress who cared not a whit for the suffering she caused. No one knew we were in here and there wasn't the faintest possibility of ever escaping our fate.

CHAPTER FIFTY
Life Goes On

We managed to remain sane and that was thanks only to each other's presence. If I'd been kept alone, I am sure this story would never have been recorded, as I have managed to do. It has taken years to write because of the restrictions imposed by my harness and life at the Discipline Hard Labour, but it is something Babs and Thomas required of me, and so it has been done.

For the readers of the Sabrina Diary, this is how my life story ... so far ... has come to be written. I don't know if anyone will ever read it, for I am still held a prisoner here in the cell within the High Security Area, so many years after I entered it willingly ... as a game ... thinking that my Judgement was just to give me an erotic scare, as I had requested, and then demanded. Now, I *know* I will never escape it. The only things I have seen for many years now are my gleaming chains and harness, the cement walls, and the shiny bars of my prison. I have not seen the sun nor felt a soft breeze, and I don't know what is happening in the world outside the High Security Area. My cloying and oppressive rubber suit has been replaced many times now, but my steel harness and its chains will never wear out. I have come to accept that I will always be imprisoned and restricted by them, but it has been a hard, painful transition.

Yes, I have accepted my life and the restrictions of my existence, and I will endure my life as I chose it, as best I can.

NEVER WISH TOO HARD FOR A THING OR A DREAM, IT MAY JUST HAVE COME TRUE!!!

The End so far.

For a complete catalogue of Erotic Fiction...

Pink Flamingo Publications

P.O. Box 632, Richland, MI 49083, 1-877-629-0051

E-mail: catalog@pinkflamingo.com

Website: <http://www.pinkflamingo.com>