

Laura's Evolution

By JG-Leathers

ISBN 13: 978-1-935897-40-8

A Pink Flamingo Ebook Publication

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Smashwords Edition

Foreword

To most readers, the following tale will no doubt be considered ludicrous, given the nature of the events and the equipment described in such detail, but apparently, it has happened to the woman, Laura, who is the main character and supposed victim. Her desires and dreams have, again apparently, been brought to fruition with the assistance of, and upon the eventual quite strong insistence of her husband. A Governess and escort was hired and she has become his next wife; continuing to care for and discipline her private prisoner and torture toy, aided by the liberal application of automated processes.

The tale of severe bondage and utter slavery that follows was delivered to the author some months ago by means of an anonymously mailed envelope, then was edited for purposes of readability. The original manuscript was virtually incomprehensible at points and so the editing was required. Laura's seemingly random relation of the extreme nature of the events, taken together with the initial disorganization of her tale would appear to lend some credence to its authenticity, but it is highly unlikely that the events described below can be proven to be true or not.

The reader is encouraged to regard the following story as, perhaps, a work of fiction and with considerable cynicism.

Chapter One

Dressed

My life has changed in ways that are difficult for me to comprehend, but I must state right now that, initially, it *was* what I wanted to experience in the worst way imaginable, although, as matters have since evolved, not as deeply and permanently as has come to pass. I knew right from the first that it would be a long and arduous process, but was both mentally and physically prepared for what was to come... I thought. However, before going too much further with the tale of what has happened to me over the years that have ensued, I should first give a little background on how I came to be where I am.

After discovering our mutual desires during our dating of nearly six months, Master and I decided to get married. We had been together about two years with me living as his full-on, 24/7/365 slave. Believe me, it's hard work for two people to move into this lifestyle, no matter how much they both wish to, but we proceeded with the usual trials and tribulations. During those months after getting married, everything finally began to gel while we became far more in tune with each other and our chosen roles.

Toward the end of the second year, we made the decision that I would be fitted with a full range of purpose-designed bondage 'jewellery' and custom-made restraints, although I didn't realize at that point that nearly all of my decorations would be non-removable. Before proceeding with anything though, Master required that I get a complete physical and a set of comprehensive dental examinations. He wanted impressions made to ensure that what was to come would be safe and not cause me any undue hardship in the course of my everyday life. He told me that these procedures were all quite necessary, for the equipment and some of the stuff I was going to wear would be invasive and intimate. Of course we discussed what I was to be fitted with, although the plans of which I was unaware. Some weeks after all of the examinations were completed, I went into the hospital to have both of my two lower 'floating' ribs removed and of course, I agreed to the procedure, but wondered why it was deemed necessary. While I recovered, he told me that they had been taken out so that I could wear the tightest of corsets and since I'd always liked the idea of corseting, but had not pursued it avidly, I was intrigued. He explained that now I would more or less have to wear a corset and the use of the restricting garment would enable me to wear my new costumes with proper security. This rather vague explanation didn't really satisfy my curiosity, but what could I do? Other than leave him, of course, and I couldn't really refuse, given that I truly wanted to experience a complete subjugation more deeply. I wasn't about to abandon the situation I'd craved since early puberty and at last found. After the incisions healed, the next part became apparent when I was fitted with the first corset. At first, the long garment was very uncomfortable, but I soon became accustomed to it, then to my horror, discovered that I was now always required to wear the thing to give me the support that the removed ribs had provided! The corset was a decidedly unwelcome addition to my wardrobe, but was definitely needed and so a long, compressing one became a normal part of my daily ensemble. At the same time the ribs were removed, a dental surgeon had also extracted two molars on each side of my lower jaw and I was puzzled by this additional surgery, but after a while gave it no thought, slowly growing accustomed to the gaps.

I'd always had a strong fascination with piercings and had already done my ear lobes, as well as a couple of decorative labia rings, but these weren't quite enough for my Master. After making frequent mention to him of my desire to get more, sometime later he informed me that arrangements had been made for me to be additionally pierced and fitted with new and much more 'permanent' jewellery. Shuddering inwardly with part-terror and part-delight at his use of the word 'permanent', I agreed.

His next revelation was that a few weeks after getting the piercings and having the jewellery emplaced, I would then be fitted with a comprehensive, full body and limb restraint ensemble that would constantly restrain and control me as he required, seeing as how I *was* his slave and possession. He informed me that he wanted to ensure I was always kept aware of my status, while at the same time knowing that his own more severe requirements were being met in full measure. In our darkest, most secret pillow whispers, I'd asked for something like this to happen and he'd promised to have me adorned with permanent ankle and wrist cuffs and a collar after we'd been married, as well as the other pieces, but he hadn't specified what these were to be. Now it was time and I was to have my wishes fulfilled in spades, but I began to have second thoughts and wasn't truly sure I wished to proceed, even after agreeing. However, he was adamant because his dreams and desires were also to be realized and so it was entirely too late for me to back away. He was my Master and so if he required that I be fitted with any particular item, or that I wear a certain type or style of clothing, then it was my unalterable command to execute as per his direction.

The preceding is not to say that I'm spineless jelly or a totally subservient person, but I've recognized that I need some sort of strong structure and stability in my life and so had come to understand and accede to his requirements. Unfortunately, I also have a rather short temper at times and tend to become more than a little sharp-tongued when things don't go in the direction I think they should. One would think that at 22 years of age, most women understand and accept their monthly bouts of PMS; accommodating to them in their daily lives, but mine have always been most distressing. I react badly to my monthly hormonal tides, becoming quite a bitch to live with during those times and of course, Master became aware of this soon after we began our relationship. On far too many occasions, he'd been the recipient of my ill-timed and intemperate comments and had finally reached the point that he informed me he was going to train me out of these outbursts and behaviour patterns, or I would have to leave.

I accepted this ultimatum and agreed to abide by any of the conditions he decided to impose, for by that time I'd slipped deeply into my role as his slave. Basically, my acceptance and agreement were foregone conclusions and truly, I had no option but to do as he wished.

Until this point of our relationship, about a year and a half after getting married, he'd encouraged me to wear pretty much what I wanted, but over the next six months, *that* facet of my life also began to evolve in new directions, and I wasn't sure I liked where I was being taken. He commenced these changes by insisting that from that point forward, I was *always* to wear skirts or dresses, then, the length and weight of the skirts quickly grew longer and more restrictive. Within another three months I had no other clothing in my wardrobe than floor-length garments and too, he insisted that I not wear any sort of panty, but only stockings and a garter belt, together with a minimum of five cm heeled footwear, be it shoes or boots. He ensured that I did so by obtaining ankle strap shoes and

boots that could be locked onto my feet and this he did every day before leaving the house. They were only removed when we went to bed, although soon, even that changed. More and more frequently, I wore some sort of footwear all night, every night, and although this took some getting used to, I managed fairly well. The next stage of my training came when he gradually began increasing the height of the heels until soon I possessed nothing shorter than 15 cm ones! Initially, these were very difficult to wear on a full-time basis and I didn't like them at all, but having them locked on, I could not escape them and so had no choice other than to endure as best I could, even though slowly becoming more and more acclimatized. I sat as often as possible to ease the wearing of the footwear, but that too was also destined to change.

My upper body wasn't ignored and his declaration that I was to begin wearing tight, constricting bras and turtle-necked types of tops at all times was *not* happily received or complied with, however I wore them anyway, for I had nothing else available. Mother Nature had been kind to me and I have a good figure: being some 1.6 metres tall, 55 kg in weight and with a nicely proportioned body. My bra size was 90 cm with what is commonly referred to as a DD-sized cup, and combined with a narrow waist of 60 cm, now corseted down to 50 cm, and hips of 95 cm I knew that all of the men I met lusted after me. My hair was another matter. It used to be a thick, glossy black mane and below shoulder length, but my crowning glory has become a thing of the past. I'm totally bald now and while I am still permitted to appear in public, had to wear wigs all of the time. Master insisted that I become this way and at first, I was only shaved, but he spent a lot of money to have *all* of my body and head hair completely and permanently removed, including my eyebrows and eyelashes! It was a long, drawn-out process and not without some considerable discomfort and outright pain when my pubic hair was excised, but it was eventually accomplished. From that point on I was only required to go for the laser electrolysis once a month and each succeeding visit grew shorter and shorter, for re-growth of the hair roots was almost totally eliminated. Four months after I'd started, there were none left anywhere on my head, limbs or body.

The clothing I was permitted to wear was about to become even more concealing and restrictive, but there were soon to be good reasons for this change, and I definitely wanted it to be that way! After he'd seen pictures of how Saudi women were required to dress in public, Master spent considerable time on the internet researching their costuming and how it could be obtained, and then some weeks after he'd begun his research, a courier company began to deliver large, relatively light cartons to our home. He instructed that they were not to be opened and of course, I was curious as to what the packages contained, so it was with great difficulty that I left them untouched, stacking them in the basement.

I should explain here that Master is quite well off financially and that we live in a large home far out in the country, behind a high wall. The 50 acres of land surrounding this small estate are well cared for by hired gardeners and so there is no need for us to do any sort of maintenance. Before we met, he'd had the house modified to suit his desires and paid-off the assorted authorities to ensure that the changes and additions never appeared either in the house plans held at the local municipality's engineering office, or on the contractor's records.

Once I'd settled in, he took me on a tour and it was then that he revealed the secret playrooms, or, truth to tell, the dungeon and cell complex that had been created. Initially,

he'd had a deep trench dug and at its end about 150 metres behind the house, he'd had a large deep hole excavated. Within it, a new and very substantial construction had been created, connected by a thick-walled tunnel to a vault-like door hidden in one of the basement walls. All of the walls of the secret complex (both interior and exterior), the floors and the roof were made of thickly re-barred concrete, 50 cm through, then, when everything was complete; the entire set of structures had been covered with five metres of earth. Grass had been allowed to grow naturally and trees were planted in a random pattern, allowing nature to take its course as the master camouflage artist. No one other than the construction crews that had built the place knew it existed and he'd ensured *their* silence with substantial payments for signed secrecy papers.

The only entrance now to the hidden complex was via the thoroughly concealed vault door in the wine cellar, then the long tunnel to the complex. Both ends of this connecting corridor were secured by a set of doubled doors: one of each set being a hollow, 10 cm thick, plain steel slab that locked like a bank vault door and the other a tightly barred, inner one, two metres further along. *All* of these doors required power to open or close and each had its own electronic lock with the default setting being that of *staying* locked until power was restored and the correct combination used. I was frightened yet aroused by his security and secrecy arrangements, but came to love the edge of horror and fear that his ingenuity and dedication had created. I was occasionally locked into one of the cells and left for the night, but that was also to change and become more the norm, rather than the exception.

We lived alone with no children, close relatives, or other social encumbrances and were quite content with our lives. Master has a wide selection of friends, although each seems to be in 'the scene' in one way or another. Before I came into his life he'd entertained frequently, but that changed dramatically after we got married and we became, if not hermits, then almost anti-social. With his estate being so isolated and concealed behind the high walls and locked gates, I occasionally got lonely and despite finding some solace and companionship on the internet and TV, there was not much in the way of intellectual stimulation. They were however; better than nothing and having a deep streak of curiosity in my make-up as well as being the benefactor of an excellent education with a Master's degree in biotechnology, I occasionally found things of interest.

That brings me up to date, and so you know a little of what my life was like at the beginning of my journey into total slavery and bondage. I was about to discover just how well-connected and deeply into the realization of his fantasies Master truly was, for he'd taken a break from his hobby job as a financial analyst, and intended to take me further along my path to becoming his completely-controlled possession.

When I opened my eyes, he was just coming out of our large en suite bathroom, dressed in a comfortable golf shirt and well-cut, tan-coloured slacks, ready for the day.

"Time to rise and shine my dear." He smiled while I lay stretching luxuriously under the light, royal blue, satin sheet.

“Mmmmm,” I murmured, then flipped it off and just lay in the dappled sunlight streaming through the window. “Do I *have* to get up?” I smiled up, drinking in the look, scent, and commanding presence standing at the end of the bed.

“Yep. ‘Fraid so.” he grinned mischievously. “You’ve a pretty full day ahead, with more to come, as you know.”

“Master?” I looked up at him, somewhat frightened of what was planned and the irreversible commitment I was about to make. “Are you *really* going to have me pierced as you said?”

“Of course I am my dear! I’ve told you a half dozen times already that I want you fitted with the new jewellery, and so it *will* be done. Your duty is to wear and live with it. Justin’s prepared all the pieces and when we’re done there, tonight we’ll stay at the Sequoia Inn. Then, we’ll come back here and you can spend a couple of weeks getting accustomed to it and allowing the piercings to heal fully before we go to the next step. When that time comes, I’ll take you to Harmon’s place for the rest of your jewellery then we’ve got the room for the night again.

“It’ll take you a month or two to get used to what Harmon has created for you. It’s a very restricting ensemble of restraints and I’m sure that you’ll find it quite dramatic, especially as most of it will be permanently affixed.”

“Jesus!” I exclaimed with not a little trepidation, “What in God’s name are you going to make me wear?”

“Nope!” He smiled at me with an evil, cold light glinting in his eyes. “You’ll find out when the gear is fitted and not before. Anyhow, after you’ve had time to experience that stuff, then we’ll be going to see Mike Zacharias and he’ll do the dental and other additions. Those will take considerable time to adjust to, I’m afraid.”

“Ah, OK.” I gulped nervously. Justin was a friend of his who specialized in exotic piercing and the creation of custom body jewellery. He and Master had been as thick as thieves for nearly a month, then I’d not seen him for the longest time after that. Harmon was another friend who owned a hi-tech machine shop business and both of them had spent a lot of time together. The end result was that he’d made full body, limb and head casts of me, then he too had seemed to drop out of sight. As far as Mike was concerned, he was probably one of the kinkiest guys I’d ever met, and I shuddered with visions of what Master had commissioned *him* to do. I *hated* dentists of any kind and he saw my shiver of dread.

“Take it easy, Laura. You’ll be anaesthetized when Mike does his work and you’ll barely feel a thing. Besides, it’s not going to happen for a couple of months.”

“Uh, OK.” I agreed with some unease, knowing that these plans *would* come to fruition, like it or not.

“Shower time, Slave Girl,” he said with a smile. “I’ll get today’s clothing ready while you’re doing your thing.”

I swung my legs from the bed and he came over and unlocked my shoes. I gratefully kicked them off then padded into the large, en suite bathroom, and a couple of minutes later was happily splashing in the huge tub. I’d begun to appreciate the lack of hair on my body, saving me a tremendous amount of preparation time each day and in addition, my skin was now always sensitive to even the lightest breath of air. I enjoyed the sensations of the smooth surfaces of my clothing even more than I’d normally have been able to.

When I finished my ablutions about a half hour later, I went to the dressing room where my clothing for the day had been laid out.

Generally, I wear the garments I've described above: corset, stockings with a garter belt, the locked-on, 15 cm high heeled shoes, a floor-length slip and then skirt, and a high-necked blouse or turtle-necked sweater, but today was going to be different – far different. What were laid out were garments I'd not seen before. All were all black in colour with some elaborate embroidery at various places. I walked slowly over and fingered the clothing, finding that nearly everything was made of a heavy, satin-type of material or some variant. The dress was easily recognizable, but there were additional layers I couldn't figure out and so stood for a few minutes wondering just what all this stuff was. He walked into the room behind me.

"Put on your corset, stockings and garter belt Laura, then your shoes, please."

It was a command, not a request. I walked to the chair that those articles were assembled on and five minutes later had partially laced on my corset, slipped the new, silky nylons up my legs, fastened the garter belt then clipped them tightly to it, enjoying the caress and the snugness of the ensemble. He had waited behind me, and then drew in the corset's laces with great firmness until the back edges met and I gasped for breath. I sat gingerly, and with a sigh slipped my feet into the high-heeled shoes, then reluctantly fastened their ankle straps and closed the discrete locks, imprisoning myself in them for the day and night to come.

"Excellent," he grinned when I stood and pirouetted in front of him. "Now, it's time to get you into your new public appearance outfit."

"What *is* all this stuff?" I asked with mild curiosity. "It's beautifully made and a wonderful fabric and embroidery, but it's kind of boring, being all black."

"Yes it is," he agreed readily, "and as to *what* it is... well, you'll see the result when it's all on. Now, put on your bra."

"Very well, Master," I said a little grumpily, not happy with him avoiding a complete answer.

He handed me the uncomfortable (aren't they all?) support and a minute later I had its wide chest band clasped over my spine and had settled my breasts into their snug, compressing cups. Soon, I'd long for the freedom *this* garment permitted and would marvel that I'd *ever* thought of it as being uncomfortable! I asked my usual useless question.

"Can I have some panties, please, Master?"

"Laura, you know better than that," he admonished. "I'll grant you the request soon enough, but you may not like what you've asked for so many times," he said with an enigmatic smile.

"Thank you, Sir," I replied while he held out a long slip-like garment. "What's that?"

"It's your slip. Put it on."

"Yes, Master."

He held it over my head and I slid my arms into it, then the long silk garment slithered down over my body, and legs, almost to my ankles. I stood quietly while he adjusted the fit by using small ties up the back to make it conform closely to my waist and hips, then tightened the wide shoulder straps, hiding the already deeply grooved ones of my bra. Next came the heavy, billowing satin dress and I stepped into its opening, then he drew it up. It too was fastened up my back, but this time with innumerable, small

buttons, and although it was loose fitting, it covered me completely from its slightly dragging hem to just under my chin. The sleeves were a strange mixture of looseness and snugness, being wide and flowing down to the mid-point of the back of my hands, but hidden inside were wide, elasticized collars! I had some difficulty with them before they became comfortable, then looked down at myself, feeling the drag of the heavy skirt and how it and the slip beneath already restricted the free movement of my legs. Certainly, by that point, I was used to wearing long skirts, but we'd moved to another level and I wasn't very happy about it.

"Hold out your right arm, Laura."

When I did, he pulled the sleeve's inner collar above my elbow, then picked up a long, gauntleted glove and drew it up my arm. It too had a heavily elasticised, wide collar and this snapped with tight authority around my upper arm just above the elbow. The glove itself was very snug and my fingers were tightly-tubed by the thick fabric, but he wasn't done yet and reached into the still rucked-up sleeve then pulled its wide inner collar down my arm and let the elastic close tightly around my wrist. I trembled with a strange emotion, seeing even more of me disappear from view, and then realized what kind of costume I was being dressed in: it was a full, concealing, Arabian woman's garb! To make the gloves more difficult to remove, he pulled two narrow loops from the wristband and slipped them over my index finger and the one next to my smallest finger. I had difficulty curling them to allow the loops to be fitted, but he assisted and when they snapped tight, my hands became prisoners within the tight gloves. My other arm and hand were immediately fitted with a matching glove, then he picked up the next piece.

"This goes over your head, Laura. You won't need your wig today."

My face had remained uncovered until now, but this was soon to change when he brought over the multi-layered, facial veiling arrangement. Its first component consisted of a close-fitting helmet and cap with a long, heavily beaded and brocaded neck piece that would completely cover the chin-high collar of my gown; buttoning up the back of the neck and head to the crown. It wasn't uncomfortable, but it *did* fit snugly and when he'd finished, I felt even more restricted because I couldn't even open my mouth! Strangely, for me, as I didn't expect it, sound was deeply muted now! Master had been his usual thorough self and thickly padded panels were incorporated into the sides over my ears, acting to eliminate nearly all noise!

Until this point, the actual veils had been folded back over my head, but he pulled the first one forward and down, covering my already masked face beneath a thick, strangely embroidered, rigid, black satin mask, complete with a chin cup that went right back against my throat. I was shocked at first, feeling it being fitted, then shivered again while he completed its fastening. This concealment's richly textured embroidery surrounded and outlined the oval openings for my eyes, the formed nose piece and an elongated oval that covered my mouth. It was held securely in place with a wide, black, heavily elasticized satin band at the bottom and this he immediately hooked securely together at the nape my neck. Other small loops on its sides, at my temples and above my eyes were slipped over matching buttons on the under helmet and so the whole thing was virtually immovable, held tightly against my face. His last adjustment was to reach to the top of the helmet and fasten another wide elasticized, fabric strap that was quickly pulled up under my chin and further restricted my ability to open my mouth! I stared out at him

from within the bizarre mask, mesmerized by the sensations and emotions I was feeling while he continued to dress me.

He brought the next thick veil forward. This settled quickly over my face and had only a small window for my eyes, draping almost to my waist, then he tightened a small tie at the back of my neck, bringing it snugly around my head. The eye window was covered with a fine mesh that nearly obliterated the world beyond and I raised my tightly gloved hand and tried to move it into a better position in an attempt to regain at least some unobstructed vision. It was useless.

“Keep your hands down, Laura!” he commanded loudly, aware of my limited hearing. “You are *not* to attempt to remove or adjust any portion of your garments.”

“Yes, Master,” I mumbled as best I could and subsided while he continued. I’d managed to touch the mesh of the window and found that there was a second, thicker layer, stiffened and formed so that there was virtually no definition of my features underneath, nor any possibility of seeing my eyes! I was beginning to feel more than a little claustrophobic inside the innocent-appearing clothing and wondered *how* in the world Middle Eastern women could stand having to wear something like this *every* day! I would soon find out.

He flipped the final veil forward over my head and it fell nearly to my knees, concealing my gloved and deeply sleeved arms. It consisted of yet another layer of fine mesh over the upper part of my face acting to even further limit my already severely restricted vision and at nose level; it became a heavier satin covering. I could lift it out of the way if I needed the use of my hands, but for the most part, my gloved, wide-sleeved and gauntleted arms would remain concealed within its voluminous folds and I’d be nothing but a silent, black-robed wraith just like hundreds of thousands, if not millions of women in the Middle East. However, *I* was in North America and would stand out like a sore thumb; a curiosity of the strangest sort, dressed as I was. As much as I hated it, I’d soon be grateful of my all-concealing costume.

“Go and look at yourself, Laura.”

I walked slowly to the full-length mirror, being careful to not trip on the hem of the long gown, then stared through the veils at my reflection. I was – a thing! No one could determine that I was even a female, wearing the ensemble, other than the fact that only women were required to wear this kind of supremely restrictive outfit. Muslims demanded that they dress in this manner for what they considered to be very good reasons – many of which I was soon to discover.

“You look exactly as you should for all of your future ‘though limited public appearances, Laura. From now on, *this*, or a very similar version, in all likelihood even more restrictive, is what you’ll wear if you’re taken off the property so you’d better get used to wearing it.”

I groaned in subdued protest but said nothing, struggling to accept his words and their iron hard under-the-surface command.

“Very well. Time for us to leave. Take care going down the stairs.”

Chapter Two

Transported

I turned, feeling the encumbrance of the multiple, long, heavy skirts swirling around my legs and walked carefully out of the dressing room, then down the hall. Wearing the 15 cm heeled shoes was always a trial and descending stairs had to be done carefully at any time, but now that I could barely see, thanks to my thick veils and with my legs enveloped in the cloying skirts, it was downright dangerous. Master followed me along the hall and down the stairs, then out to the garage where he opened the side door of the van and gestured that I get myself into the single back seat that had replaced all of the others that normally came as standard equipment. The heavily modified captain's-type chair in the otherwise empty back of the van was where I was now always required to sit whenever we left the property. He'd had the original luxury seats removed, the new arrangement installed a week or so before, and it was a hint of what was to come. It took me some time to get settled and arrange all my skirts and veils, then he stepped inside and fastened me into my seat with his usual thoroughness.

A wide strap was passed around my waist, tugged tight over my hips and gluing me onto the seat, then he proceeded to my legs. Another wide band went over my thighs just above the knees, then the next ones around each of my ankles. He moved to my upper body and tightened another wide band around my chest, just below my breasts, then took straps from the high back and pulled them down over my shoulders to meet at the centre of the chest band between my projecting breasts. A wide, central portion descended to the waist/hip belt and was then locked. Everything was drawn tight, and all of their behind-the-chair ends were locked. I'd been immobilized in the seat, but the process was not yet complete. He raised my veil then my arms and hands were also rendered useless when he passed more wide straps around my biceps then jerked them tight. Another was passed over each of my wrists and secured, so that only my tightly gloved fingers remained with any motion, but this capability also was quickly removed when he flipped down a covering plate over each of my hands and wrists and locked it to the chair's arms. These covers each had internal dividers that separated my fingers and thumbs from each other, being deeply padded to keep them motionless. As my final fastening into the seat, he brought a wide, formed strap around my throat, pulling my neck and head back into the hollowed rest behind, then a harness of thick straps hanging from its upper edge was brought up over the front of my veiled face and connected to fittings behind. Other straps led off to the sides, preventing me from turning my head, and finally, a wide, formed band was slipped down over the eye window in my veils, leaving me blinded and motionless.

No matter how many times I'd sat in this chair, I was always frightened, yet aroused, to be so utterly helpless and unable to see, but I had no choice in the matter, for I *am* his slave and had to accept what he does to protect and secure me. A few seconds after he'd finished, the door slid shut and was locked with a solid thud, then the engine started and away we went. In the back, I twisted uselessly against the web of straps holding me, struggling to find some easement of the restriction all the way into town, an hour and a half drive away. I had no success whatsoever, just as he intended, and so sat in silent darkness while the country flowed by beyond the heavily tinted windows. No one could see through them into the van's interior and so I was a prisoner in more ways than could

be imagined by anyone in the world beyond. I must have nodded off from boredom; for the next thing I remember is that he was releasing the straps and a couple of minutes later I stood dazedly on the sidewalk while he locked the van.

“Come along, Laura.”

I could vaguely make out his form through the mesh covering my eyes, then he moved off down the street. I was embarrassed and mad at him for making me dress like this and wanted to sink into a crack in the cement, but he was my only connection to the outer world and so I strutted along behind him, only faintly hearing the tapping of my heels. He’d purposefully parked quite a distance from Justin’s studio ensuring that I had to struggle all the way there in my bizarre costume, aware of how I’d been subjugated just by my apparel alone. It was staggering for me to think that in the Middle East, I’d be only another anonymous woman amongst hundreds of thousands, but here, I was totally out of place! Certainly, I’d worn floor-length skirts into town before, but never anything as totally concealing as what I now did. Beneath the concealment of my veils and the snug, distressingly dehumanizing mask, I felt my face flush red with embarrassment.

When we finally entered Justin’s place I sighed gratefully, even though what was to come was going to be a substantial trial. He’d set the whole day and evening aside, having rescheduled other appointments. Therefore, at just after 10:00 in the morning, I began my journey to becoming totally controlled by both my piercings and the incredible array of jewellery that was to be mounted in and through them, to say nothing of the other adornments that would soon web, clasp and imprison my body, mind and sexuality.

Chapter Three

Facial & Oral Piercings: Part One

Justin was not your normal piercer and actually looked more like a doctor than many in that profession; wearing a crisp white shirt, being clean-shaven and displaying no visible tattoos or piercings of his own, and, since this was the first time I'd been in his place, I was impressed. Every surface was sparkling clean with the reception area pleasantly appointed and, just as his appearance suggested, he greeted us warmly, then walked ahead to the actual room in which I would receive most of my new holes. I followed reluctantly with Master bringing up the rear, ensuring that I'd not try to back out.

"Bernard," Justin spoke while opening the door to the room, "I certainly appreciate all of the assistance you've given me over the past years and will be most happy to do her piercings just as you want them, but I *do* have some concerns about them being permanent additions."

"I'm sure you have," my Master replied, "And so I'll need to have you come out to the house a couple of times just to ensure everything is healing as it should," Master said, ushering me over to what seemed a twin to the chair I'd been confined to in the van. "Naturally, I'll cover your costs."

"That'll be fine. Just give me a week's notice before each visit, OK?" Justin said while arranging some large, white cloth-covered trays on a side table.

"Sure. No problem." Master smiled.

This room was the very epitome of what a piercing studio *should* be and from the looks of things, it was absolutely sterile. I stood quietly beside the chair waiting for what was to come next, then Master came and stood with me, putting his arm around my corseted waist.

"OK, just relax, Laura. I'm going to help you get out of your clothes, then you'll climb into the chair and we'll strap you down. After that, you'll be given a mild sedative and Justin will begin about ten minutes later."

"Y-yes, Master," I whispered nervously from deep within my concealing veils.

Five minutes later, I was completely naked and sitting on the rubber-covered seat, then I lay back against the cold pad. Once more, I was fastened securely, but this chair was considerably different from the one in the van. It could be raised, rotated and change configurations at the touch of a button. What was not immediately apparent was that the leg rests were bifurcated and so could be split apart to any angle, as well as being extended, bent, raised, or all four at the same time. While my arms were still free, Justin handed me a couple of pills and a small paper cup of water.

"Take those now, please," he requested politely. I popped them into my mouth and swallowed with ease. "They'll take about ten minutes to take full effect, and then we'll start."

They quickly strapped my arms down, then placed my head in a clamp that prevented all motion and I stared helplessly up at the white ceiling while the rest of the preparations were made. Justin approached with a weird looking device and held it just in front of my face.

"Please open your mouth."

He *never* addressed me by my name for he understood that I was a possession – quite literally, a thing. I opened my mouth, he slipped brackets over my teeth, then came a ratchet sound, and my jaws were spread wider then held that way. The chair rotated until I lay on my back, staring up at the ceiling, then the legs began to spread wider and wider apart, bending at the knees, opening my body fully! A wordless moan came from me, feeling myself made so totally vulnerable, but it was, of course, ignored while the preparations continued, evidenced by the subdued clinks of instruments being moved when the trays were brought closer to the chair.

“I want her head done first,” my Master stated, “then her nose and tongue. We can work down her body from there.”

“No problem. That’s how I’d planned things,” Justin replied.

I was left alone for another eon and began to feel myself slowly fading in and out of reality, no longer caring about my helplessness or vulnerability. Master was insistent that I would wear a large permanent nose ring and I feared this addition greatly, for it would tell *anyone* who saw it that I was a mere possession. With him having stated that it would be permanent, I knew that its presence alone would always humiliate me, quite literally, making me *want* to veil my face fully. However, there was also the deeper knowledge that with the affixing of this piece, I knew he could and *would* control me instantly with it. How much so, I’ve discovered to my horror in the years that have passed since having it mounted in my flesh. I assumed that what I was to be fitted with was to be a simple circlet of steel, but I was *so* wrong!

The first hint of what was to be done came when I felt Justin wipe the outer surface of my nose with what I thought at first was an alcohol-soaked tissue, then he swabbed far up inside my nostrils and finally the area around the bridge of my nose, between my eyes! Everything went numb almost immediately and I twitched what little I could, knowing my travail was about to begin.

He took a pair of strong forceps, grasped the loose flesh at the bridge of my nose, and pulled it out what little he could. Then he took the first of a series of large-gauge, hollow piercing needles in his rubber-gloved hand and carefully, deliberately and slowly thrust it into the pulled-out, nexus of flesh on the right side, between the jaws of the clamp and the bridge of my nose! I watched with fascinated horror while the needle penetrated my flesh. The insertion continued until its end emerged through the surface on the other side, then he slipped the needle back and forth, ensuring that it moved with relative freedom. He took a thick rod from the tray of sterilized jewellery, removed the balls from the finely threaded ends, and then placed one end inside the hollow needle tip. After coating it with a thick, white gel with slow deliberation, he pushed it through, following the needle’s withdrawal so that the barbell’s shaft passed all the way through the piercing. I’d received the first of my many new adornments and they would all have a purpose other than mere decoration, as I was to discover. The shaft’s ends protruded from my flesh by about two mm on either side, under the knot of muscle at the bridge of my nose and were so close that they were blurred in my vision, but they had not been fitted with their end balls.

I felt the thing intensely with even the smallest of expression changes, but had little time to consider the intent of being fitted with it. An instant after, Justin grasped another long, *very* thick needle and placed its tip on the side of my nose, with a rubber block held firmly on the other side, clamping my nostrils tightly together. For a moment nothing

happened, then, with a hard push, the dermal punch was rammed through the outer flap of my nostril! Even being numbed by the local anaesthetic, it hurt incredibly! Justin's hands were far stronger than they appeared, but the cartilage of my septum was dense, and so he had to twist the punch to make it core through until the sharpened tip emerged with a 'pop' through the cartilage divider, then passed quickly through the other, outer flap of my nose and sank partially into the rubber block. I was shocked at the burning pain and made a small scream both from it and from what it portended. Two other holes were quickly placed on either side.

"I'm taking a different approach this time, regarding the fitting of her jewellery, Bernard," Justin said and I heard the noises of small metal parts.

"Oh? How so?"

"I've discovered and am now using a new, long-lasting healing agent and anti-biotic cream that can be applied before affixing the grommets and other pieces. This allows me to mount all of her jewellery immediately, and then never have to take it out again, with proper care," Justin continued, stanching the flow of blood from the holes he'd made.

"Excellent!" my Master exclaimed with enthusiasm.

"OK!" Justin said, sitting back with satisfaction. "Now I'll mount the actual jewellery."

To my surprise, he planned to insert a pair of open ended, flat-sided cones far up into my nostrils; their flat sides against my septum. These acted to dilate them widely and I moaned from the discomfort of them stretching the flesh, with thoughts of how strange they'd make my nose look. What I *didn't* know was that these cones had cross-holes in them, halfway between their wide bases at the entrance to my nose and the cut-off tips at their backs. In addition, there were some sort of locking lugs around their bases on the inner sides at the front. The cones formed an airtight seal to the flesh they stretched and were held snugly in place by compression alone, but they were also soon to become a permanent part of the elaborate system of so-called jewellery that would control and restrain my face so completely.

My nose had become a blur of pain and I moaned softly while they spoke, but Justin kept busy. Fastened as I was I couldn't see him prepare the dilating, hollow cones, but a few seconds later he slowly inserted the first one as far as he could into my right nostril! It felt awful and very intrusive, but the second one was immediately forced as deeply into my left nostril, then, wasting no time at all, he slipped a widely flanged grommet through mating holes for that of my septum. There was a burning sensation when the flesh tunnel parts of the grommet were forced through the piercings and I moaned with the feeling, but that portion was soon done and my nose bore the first pieces. Using a pair of specialized pliers, the grommet halves were joined as one so that the nasal cones could not be removed. Then to doubly ensure their permanence, a long and wide plate was fitted onto each outer side of my nose and rivets went through the holes in these outer plates, my nostril flesh and into mating holes in the cones. In the middle piercing that was a larger hole in each nostril flap, he quickly placed then mounted another wide shouldered grommet, then wasted no time in gently hammering the ends of the rivets flat and affixing the grommets, thus ensuring the ensemble would be impossible to remove.

He picked up a heavy, solid nasal U-shackle about four cm long and prepared to place it while my panicked breath whistled through the steel liners. The bar and shackle were separated, then he gently and carefully inserted the thick, shiny U far up into my

nostrils. Immediately, he slid the bar through the outer left side grommet, the steel liner cone, and then passed it easily into the hole at the top of the U's arm. It continued through the other, flat side of the nostril cone, also locking it securely in place, then through the grommet in my septum and on out to the other outer side of my nose, thus securing the other cone and the U shackle even more permanently. The process didn't hurt at all, but I immediately felt the weight of the shackle and an attached, 50 cm long, light chain. Justin took the next portion of this elaborate piece and prepared to fit it. The thing resembled a pair of smoothly formed V's, joined together at their apexes. One was larger than the other was and he slipped the holes at the ends of the V arms over the ends of the protruding nasal bar, and then allowed the heavily sprung metal to snap tight against the grommet's flanges.

The doubled V was next flipped up to rest snugly along the outer surfaces of my nose, on top of the plates, that I later discovered were called 'morni', then Justin pressed it down, making snug contact with my skin. At the top, he manoeuvred the ends of the smaller V over the protruding ends of the barbell at the bridge of my nose until the threaded ends had passed through holes there. Then he took the balls for the ends bridge-of-the-nose bar and screwed them both onto it, permanently attaching the entire, horrible device to my face and nose!

Now, my nose was pierced, ringed, leashed and outlined in shiny, inescapable steel and I panted erratically, feeling the incredible sensations of my facial bondage. No matter how I wrinkled my nose or changed my expression, the presence of these terrible devices was *always* there now and I shivered with renewed terror, feeling the light but sturdy chain leash trailing down across my lips, *knowing* it would be used. Justin closed small rings through holes in the exposed ends of the nasal bar locking the entire assembly in place.

"*That* looks pretty impressive!" my Master exclaimed happily while leaning over my immobilized face and picking up my nose leash. The line of links slowly straightened and suddenly I felt my entire nose and the muscles at the bridge being pulled at *very* uncomfortably! It was a quite horrid sensation, to feel so totally subservient to the chain, but there was no chance to escape its command.

"OK. Time for her tongue piercings." Justin stated ominously.

"Do your worst," Master encouraged him.

Chapter Four

Facial & Oral Piercings: Part Two

Justin reached into my mouth with a fresh pair of forceps and grasped my tongue, then drew it slowly out to full extension, making me gag slightly while my eyes widened with panic at what was to come next. He kept it stretched, then suddenly, a thick needle stabbed through, about 15 mm in from the tip! It was so fast that I had little time to react and he quickly coated the half-grommet flesh tunnel, slipped it through the wound, and clamped the wide-flanged pieces tightly together so that I could not escape the feeling of my tongue being held captive, no matter how I writhed and twisted it. A short post and removable U shackle was fitted immediately and I now had my first tongue ring, but there were more to come! The organ was stabbed another four times, twice on either side of the central divide; one set at mid-point and the other far back near my throat! When each hole had been made, he immediately slipped a thick-posted flat-headed, smooth bolt through them. Each of these, although I wasn't aware of it, had a cross hole near its rounded tip and the mid-point bolts were much thicker than the back ones and their cross holes were larger. Once in place, washers were slid down the posts and clamped onto them, pressing into the upper surface of my tongue and thus locking them securely in place so that only a surgical procedure could remove them! I couldn't stop the yelps of discomfort when these devices were applied and tears of distress slid down my cheeks. Four small rings were placed along each side of my tongue and clinched tight, constricting the flesh and making me whine with misery when they were tightened.

Now came the worst of the piercings when, near the back, close to where it emerged from my mouth, he forced a transverse needle across and through its width! A narrow rod was inserted, and then locked in place with two small, balls. Closer to the front, between the side rings, Justin drove another cross-rod through, and it too was locked into place! Oh, God! It was a horrid thing to feel the sensitive muscle so filled with metal, but he was not finished! He lifted it upward, then with a swift stroke, pierced the web under my tongue! A moment later, he'd fitted this aperture with a formed shape that would rest under it, allowing all of the vertically oriented barbell balls to settle around it.

By this point, I was wailing frantically from the increasing, even though drug dulled pain, but my protestations were of no use, for he had one final piercing to make, just inside my jawbone through the floor of my mouth! I felt the needle enter my flesh and screamed until it emerged inside the web ring. Of course, I bled substantially with each piercing, but Justin was ready and quickly stanching the flow, then placed the long-term healing cream on the jewellery he fitted in the wounds. This was no different and a moment later, I wore yet another far more substantial barbell, but this one was fastened to the ring under my tongue! Its post passed through a matching hole in the ring, down through the floor of my mouth and emerged under my chin where yet another quite large steel ball was locked in place, securing it permanently. I felt each piercing with consuming horror, unable to utter anything more than low-voiced moans of misery and they made me terribly fearful of even trying to speak. Soon even that option would be gone.

After the two molars in my upper jaw were removed I'd asked him why this had been done, but he'd said nothing other than that I'd soon discover the reason. Today was that day. My mouth was still stretched widely open when Justin suddenly pierced each of

my cheeks, alongside the holes where the molars had been extracted, then fitted widely flanged grommets into the wounds and clinched them firmly closed! Of course, I screamed when this was done and twisted frantically in the straps fastening me to the chair, but nothing I did could stop the process. He ignored my misery and tears, then removed the U shackle from the tip of my tongue.

The next addition, which I have worn ever since that awful day, came next. Justin reached to one of the side tables and picked up a long, down curving at one end, silvery plate with scalloped edges, then slipped it quickly into my mouth. He fiddled with it for a moment, settling it onto the upper surface of my tongue and positioning it over the five studs. Then with another set of long-nosed and handled surgical pliers, pressed it down over the rear-most posts, followed by the mid-point ones, and finally the grommet at the front and I felt the five clicks when everything locked into the plate. The fastening forced the grommet at the tip of my tongue into small sockets in the end cap keeping the tip of my tongue armoured at the end of the mouth plate, while at the back, it curved down a little into my throat! I automatically attempted to retch, only to discover that this made all of the jewellery he had imposed so far, pull agonizingly. I was consumed in a haze of horror with what was being done to me, but there was no escape, and worse was to come immediately!

With my head held so firmly he proceeded to the next step. Holding two, smooth, snake-like chains of about four mm in diameter, he lowered their ends into the internal cones that kept my nostrils dilated, passing around the large U shackle. At first I didn't feel them, then suddenly, they went into my sinuses! It was a horrible sensation to feel them moving deeper into my head and he kept jiggling them to ensure that they penetrated further and further! Nearly a minute later, I felt them emerge at the back of my throat, but he fed in another couple of centimetres and I almost retched again when I felt them begin to go down my gullet. Satisfied, he left the lengths trailing out of my nostrils, then took the long nosed set of pliers, reached far back into my mouth and grasped one of the chains. It was pulled out of my throat, then unknown to me; he locked its end to the hole at the top of one of the rearmost posts! Of course, I felt the manipulation, but had no idea what was being done, then he repeated the process with the other chain.

"There!" Justin smiled. "Her head is almost done. Now it's time to connect the nasal chains."

"Looks great so far!" Master enthused. "I can hardly wait until you add the remainder of her head equipment."

"All good things come to those who wait," Justin quipped with a smile in his voice, then released my head from the clamp, but keeping the spreader holding my mouth open. "Sit still, please!"

He leaned to the side and took a shiny steel rod from the table, then moved it to the right side of my face where it was slipped into the central hole of the grommet in my cheek. He guided it through the central hole of the decorative mounting embedded in my cheek, then looked into my mouth while slowly pressing the end through the cross holes of the mid-point stud, on top of the tongue plate. Five seconds later the end of the rod had passed through the other tongue studs and out through the opposite cheek grommet. It acted to lock my tongue in place and ensured that the tongue plate was irremovable, but that still wasn't the end! Small washers were forced down over the emerging ends of the rod on the outer sides, locking the bar in place, and then Justin drew one of the chains

from my nose to the end of the bar. He left a small loop of slack while he fed it through a loop at the end, then led it upwards to the large grommet at the top of my ear shell and passed it through, leaving it for the moment to dangle freely.

The process was speedily repeated on the other side, and then he moved around behind me, grasped the chains and brought them around to the nape of my neck. I felt him pull on them and gagged as best I could, then he shortened each one and slipped a ring through the ends, this with a heavy bar pendant dangling. The ring was closed and soldered and he let the ensemble settle against my upper back. It pulled constantly on the chains, drawing them slowly through my ear grommets and cheek bar rings, as well as my nostrils, sinuses and at last my tongue with a constant annoying tension that could not be escaped.

He next returned his attention to the shallow loops of the snake chain that hung from my nostrils, then gently pulled on them! I immediately felt the drag of their tension inside my head and a second later on my tongue, pulling it slightly backwards so that I felt like it was cutting off my air! It felt horrible! Thankfully, he released his grip then moved his concentration to the remainder of my head. He quickly pierced the flesh on each side at the mid-point between the corners of my eyes and the tops of my ears, then inserted a thick ring in each wound, locking it tightly. My eyebrow ridges were next and he had soon pierced and placed nine small rings along each ridge.

He returned to my ears and the little knots of cartilage that covered their canals were pierced and grommeted, then he did the same in the shell immediately behind them. My existing earrings were cut off and replaced with far heavier U shackles and more dangling weights.

'Why,' I wondered in panic, *'do I have to have all of these piercings?'* That question would be answered within the next weeks – and I'd be horrified.

"OK. I'm done for the moment. Time for a break. When I come back, I'll begin on her breasts."

They left the room with me fastened as I was for the next half hour, helplessly waiting for what was to come, immersed in a flood of discomfort, and sobbing quietly from all of the things Justin had done. I was trying to adjust to the sensations, but most of all to the knowledge that what I now wore would *never* come off again.

Chapter Five

Breast Piercings

At last, they returned and I struggled against my bonds while Master came to stare down possessively into my eyes.

“Isn’t this what you wanted, Laura?” he asked with a smile.

“Aaauuugggh! OOOooooo!” I wailed in a long, moaning negative reply, feeling all of the terrible things fastened into my mouth and face convert every sound I tried to make to incoherent noise, just as he desired they should be.

“You’d better get used to wearing it, my dear,” he stated unequivocally. “*None* of it can be removed and so you’ll wear it *all* for the rest of your life, as I’ve told you.”

“Eea-oooo!” I croaked in my newly distorted speech, trying to say ‘*Please, don’t! I can’t stand it!*’ but of course I couldn’t articulate any words, and, whenever I tried to swallow or retch, the tongue plate and chains made themselves felt with great discomfort.

“Let me demonstrate how the jewellery can be used,” he said reaching to my face and hooking two fingers through the snug loops of chains exiting from my nostrils. He pulled gently forward and I screamed wordlessly, feeling their awful tugging at the back of my tongue, pulling it back into my throat and silencing me horribly. I frantically tried to move my face closer to his hand, but the chair’s straps held me fast while inside my head and mouth, the chains tightened even more, making me scream and weep wordlessly while I stared up into his cool eyes.

“So, Laura! You can see, but most importantly, *feel* how effective this arrangement is. Let me show you the other method.”

He released the chains at the front and slipped his arm behind my back, then pulled down on the weighty bar pendant! When he did, the chains slid through my ear grommets and cheek bar loops then tightened again, pulling on the flesh inside my head and my tongue. Again, I tried to scream from the awful sensations and began to silently weep, but immediately lay back in the chair to ease the tension.

“Pretty awful, isn’t it?” He smiled. “With a leash connected to your nasal chains, you’ll be fully controlled and *very* obedient, as I’m sure you can imagine.”

I said nothing, still blubbing and struggling fitfully against the straps that held me, but he wasn’t concerned with how I now felt about my deepening captivity though, and gestured for Justin to continue. The first thing he did was to wrap a tight band of rubber around the base of each of my large, trembling breasts, then tighten these until the fleshy mounds became inflated with blood and very sensitive. Thank God, I couldn’t see what was coming! He slowly and carefully thrust a curved, large gauge needle through and across the base of my right breast, with the point emerging on the arm side! A five mm diameter, curved rod was slid through when the needle was withdrawn, then my left breast was similarly cross-pierced. On the right side, he slipped an opened, five mm thick, three cm wide steel collar over the constricting rubber band and carefully closed it over the protruding ends of the cross bar, locking it in place through my breast!! To my horror, it was immediately apparent that the collar’s diameter was intentionally designed to be too small for my breast’s normal size around the base and so would keep the flesh constantly blood-engorged! The ends of the cross bar passed through mating holes in the narrow collar when he closed and locked the whole evil assembly onto (and into!) my body, then he cut off the constricting rubber tube. My breast automatically attempted to

resume its normal size and position, but was immediately stopped from doing so by the metal noose that now permanently encircled it, and then he did the same thing to my left breast. I lay panting on the chair, the two inflated, fleshy mounds bobbling vulnerably on my chest, joined together at the sternum by the ends of the cross rods being locked together. It gave me an incredibly horrible feeling of intimate captivity and I lay for long minutes, weeping inarticulately with the discomfort and pain flooding from my captive flesh. Each base ring was equipped with locking lugs that I wasn't aware of, but would come to hate when they were employed.

Justin next moved to my nipples and first pierced each at its base, then inserted wide-flanged flesh tunnels and locked them into place. Sturdy U shackle arrangements were quickly affixed, then he took a large ring with diametrically opposed, inverted V's on one side, and placed it over the apex of my right breast. I felt the coolness of the metal ring that completely surrounded my areola, then to my horror he pulled outward on the U shackle! I howled inarticulately with pain, but he continued the tensioning until the cross shaft of the shackle settled onto posts at the apexes of the inverted V's. Now, the nipple was kept under a constant, inescapable tension that quickly began to drive me mad from the irritating pull. He quickly repeated the process on the other side and I desperately wanted him to take the horrible things off, but *that* wasn't in the program.

"OK! That's done, now her crotch. I'm going to get rid of those rings she's wearing and fit her with something more substantial."

"Great. I want *all* of her new equipment to be irremovable as we've discussed."

My belly contracted in fear under the strap, knowing that more of the terrible jewellery was soon to be intimately affixed to my most sensitive flesh. Justin prepared me by first washing my entire hairless crotch, then wiped the whole area yet again with more of the numbing cream. This was going to be bad, I knew.

I faintly heard a couple of metallic snaps, and then the rings that I'd thought were so daring were quickly removed. Again, Justin employed the large dermal punch needle and rapidly created seven piercings in each of my labia. I moaned when each was made, but more from terror than the actual pain. All 14 holes were quickly fitted with the wide-flanged grommets, then to my consuming horror, he captured the base of my clitoris in a tight, wide, little collar making me writhe mindlessly from his manipulations and in a couple of minutes this too had been affixed to my body. Its permanency and capability of control were ensured when he pierced it through holes in the collar and fitted a long, heavy U shackle to it, complete with an attached light chain!

By now, it was late in the afternoon, yet still my day of travail was not yet over. Master and Justin left me spread and bound in the chair for another hour while I gradually recovered my senses and a preliminary understanding of what had been done to me, then they returned and soon had the chair in a normal configuration. It took only a couple of moments to release me from its straps and Master assisted me to my feet, helping me to stand erect on jelly-like legs, until I could manage on my own. Of course, as soon as I could, he immediately took control of my new leashes, then still holding them firmly, began to add clinking weights to each of my labia shackles, setting their dangling chains at varying distances. I stood with legs spread apart, blushing furiously while he locked each to a chain, feeling the small tugs and swaying of my clitoral and nasal leashes with shivers of dread. He completed his task and I edged my legs carefully together, feeling the drag of the weights on my labia and also the swirling annoying lengths of chain

between my thighs, knees, and calves. I already knew instinctively that these were going to be *very* awkward to live with, and that walking while so endowed was going to be a trial all on its own. Until I took my first pace at his gentle tug on my nose and clitoral leashes, I hadn't even considered the noises I'd make and to my horror, all of the tubular weights chimed and clinked, sounding to me like the cacophony of Big Ben in full throat! Oh, My God! I *couldn't* walk around like *this*! Nevertheless, I had to take more paces along behind him, blushing ever more deeply while feeling the swirling irritation of my between-the-legs chains, far more than I could possibly have imagined. I could *not* resist the commanding tension of the leashes now connected to the most sensitive areas of my anatomy.

"Very good!" Master smiled.

I remained flushed with horrified embarrassment at what I wore, then nearly fainted when I saw what my face now looked like. A moan of horrified despair came from my very soul with the knowledge that none of the so-called 'jewellery' now embedded in my flesh would ever be removed and too, now I'd *have* to wear the concealing garments I'd come in!

"OK Laura, time for you to get dressed to go to the hotel. We'll check in, have dinner, and then get you rested before we head back to the estate."

I could only make low incoherent noises, then followed him to where my restricting clothing waited and some 10 minutes later was once more fully concealed in my costume, now grateful of the total coverage of my face and body it provided. I still *didn't* like the cloying clothing, but felt it was needed in the worst way now.

Chapter Six

Dinner & Delights

Justin escorted us to the door and I stepped carefully out onto the sidewalk to find that it was now late evening. My nasal leash hung down from under my veils, having been fed through the facemask's nose aperture, and the other end of its 50 cm length was held firmly in the hand of Master. I was constantly aware of its swinging weight tugging on my face and although the jewellery no longer hurt as fiercely as when it had been affixed, with every motion I was reminded of its potency. He strode ahead along the darkening street with me following him closely like a black shadow, but shadows don't clink and chime! Every pace I took was accompanied by the clashing of the weights and the swirling restriction of the chains between my legs and even more than when we'd arrived, I wanted to sink into the cracks of the sidewalk from embarrassment. Even though no one knew who I was, nor could they possibly do so, costumed as I was, I was infinitely humiliated by the looping chain for it was perfect indication of my status. I'm sure people who passed us must have stared, but my vision was so limited that I could barely see where I was going, guided now only by the unforgiving tension on my nose. Thoughts of trying to scream for help, or struggling to escape the fate I had so willingly leapt at were only transitory, and so I obediently followed Master to the van.

He'd refined the art of fastening me into my seat to a very efficient process and soon after reaching the van, I was strapped down for the brief trip to the Inn. Once there and parked, I was again freed and we walked into the lobby with me visibly tethered by my nasal leash, even though I stood partially concealed behind Master. The man at the desk stuttered with shock at my appearance and obviously controlled state, but soon had us checked in and we proceeded to our rooms, leaving behind a flurry of whispered conversation amongst the observing staff. After the bellhop left, Master quickly divested me of my garments and all the weights, then urged me into the bathroom for a long shower. When he'd turned on the water and adjusted the temperature, he took a small lock and attached the end of my nose leash to the showerhead with a longer chain that allowed me a little more freedom. I stepped carefully into the enclosure and he closed the door, leaving me to stand in the cascading stream of hot water. My mind was in a whirl of sensation while I washed myself and I could not stop thinking of how cruelly I was now controlled. I was *leashed* in the most humiliating way and I couldn't escape it! The swaying chain to my nose was a constant irritant and reminder and quite a few tears of self-pity mixed themselves into the fine spray of the shower. Once or twice I moved further away from the needling spray than I should have and yelped with pain when my nose tether snapped tight, reminding me once more of my status. Every few seconds, my hands rose to my captive, now bulbous breasts and my fingers tried to find some means of releasing the wide bands encircling their bases, but that also was a hopeless attempt and I could not stop the helpless, sobbing moans that rose up my throat at feeling my body so definitively bound. Even such gentle motions of my gasps and breathing made my bobbling breasts hurt! At last, I was done and called to Master. He appeared immediately and unlocked my nose chain from the showerhead then held it securely. I avoided looking in the mirror and concentrated on drying myself carefully and fully with the large, fluffy, lavender-coloured towels. When I was finished, he pointed to a small bottle on the counter.

“Take two tablets, Laura,” he commanded. “Then, I want you to apply more cream to all of your piercings, including those you can reach in your mouth and nose.”

Silently, for I feared even attempting to speak now, thanks to the oppressive metal fastened into my tongue and mouth, I complied with his directive, then finally turned to face him where he waited at the open bathroom door. He drew me out of the bathroom and locked other long chains to my nose, the rings at the tips of my breasts, and my clitoral ring then led me to the full-length mirror and told me to look closely at myself. I raised my eyes to the reflection in the mirror and stared intently. It was barbaric! Every intimate part of me was captured by shiny steel and there was no escaping the vision – or the jewellery. Tears once again clouded my eyes and my hands stole upward to the tips of my breasts, then tugged gently on the heavy U shackles depending from them. I felt the increased tension immediately and an unbidden moan of distress hissed unbidden from my throat.

“Ooohhh, aaarggg arrrh!”

“Yes, Laura, they *are* permanent, and they *will* be used to control you,” he stated unequivocally.

I cupped my collared, swollen, and trembling breasts in the palms of each hand, feeling their weight, then fearfully fingered the wide collars around their bases. They’d not *ever* be removed! The inflated, sensitive masses of tissue surged gently when I moved, making me supremely conscious of them being captive and that I was, inescapably, a female. Other than being more than unusually sensitive, they didn’t really hurt, but I *couldn’t* escape them, or how they felt! My hands rose automatically to my head and I felt all of the pieces that transfixed my flesh at the various points, knowing that each would be used in some way to control me and fearing how they would feel. The sensations I would be made to experience would be everything I feared and far more. Already, I hated the elaborate nose restraint and its chain tether, but I *had* asked for something like this, and now, my requests had been answered in full.

He reached over and tugged gently on the leash fastened to my clitoris. I was shocked at the sudden and intimate drag and moaned throatily with terror from the sensation of such a disturbing tension and my hands and fingers dropped instantly to my crotch. There, they encountered the plethora of grommets and rings, then held the light but strong chain, attempting to stop its not-quite-painful drag.

“Hands down!” he snapped quietly. “You aren’t permitted to touch your leashes or attempt to avoid their command.”

“Aaahh-aaarrrr. EEEease, Master. EEEease ‘on’t pull!” I tried to whimper, my hands falling to my sides, dropping my head and staring in humiliation at the carpet, only to see the swaying, controlling loop of my nose leash falling through the narrow valley between my breasts and the steel U’s hanging from the forcibly extended tips of my trembling, captive nipples, together with their own leashes.

“You’ll soon not have a chance to do it anyway, Laura, but until then, that command is law.”

“Oooohhh, Master! I feel so much a slave now, wearing these.” He seemed to be able to decipher what I was attempting to say and responded.

“Good. Now, get dressed again. We’re going down to the restaurant for dinner, and then we’ll come back here for the night. I want you fully rested for the trip home.”

The journey to and from the hotel's restaurant went without major mishap, despite the chiming metal dangling from my labia, hidden under my long skirt, but the meal itself was a horror of humiliation. Once I'd sat in the chair, Master folded my two outer veils back over my head, revealing my strangely masked face and the steel shackle hanging from my nose with its humiliating chain to anyone who passed. I desperately wanted to hide, but there was no escape permitted, what with Master sitting directly across from me while I faced out into the room, my barbaric jewellery on display to all. My nose chain was the worst because it kept getting in the way when Master placed finely-chopped food in my mouth, then too with each expression change I attempted, all of the jewellery pulled uncomfortably, hidden under the strange, heavily embroidered, rigid satin mask. I knew we could have ordered a room service meal, but Master wanted me to fully experience the sensations and emotions of being seen wearing my newest adornments. I didn't know it then, but this was to be one of the few times anyone other than he and his associates would ever see me unveiled.

It was then that I discovered the other awful effects of the jewellery. I couldn't swallow properly and every time I tried, the chains and tongue plate dragged and caused me considerable discomfort and pain. Also now, thanks to the tongue plate, I couldn't taste anything!

At last, we returned to our rooms and I undressed, took more of the painkiller pills, placed more of the cream on all of my piercings and jewellery, then Master tugged on my double leashes and drew me to our bed. As soon as I'd lain down, he locked an additional 50 cm long chain from both my nose and clitoral shackles, then added two shorter ones... one from each nipple. All of these terminated at a sturdy ring, and from this, another, heavier 50 cm long chain dropped over the side of the bed and was locked to its frame. I was left with a little freedom, but dared not roll too far away from my side of the mattress for fear of the painful jerks on my flesh that would result if I did. Shivering with delicious distress at how I had been made his captive for the night, I lay on my side while he got ready for bed, watching him through half-closed, lust-filled eyes. He was, without a doubt, in control of my life and despite the strictness of his ownership, I loved him for it.

Two minutes later, he slipped into bed on the far side, then rolled towards me and enfolded my trembling body in his arms. His hands reached around and cupped my inflated, sensitive breasts and below, I felt him stiffen to an erection while he held me, then, he tugged gently on my nipple chains. I couldn't halt the moan of part-pain and part-arousal I made when his manhood quested at the entrance to my grommeted and ringed sex and I twisted in his hold and began panting wordlessly with my own increasing need. I'd been tormented and aroused for the full day and was ready for anything he wanted to do to me. When one of his hands slid under my hips and raised them from the bed, his other keeping my head pressed low, I knew my need and his was soon to be fulfilled. I was dripping already and so his entry into me was swift and easily accomplished, but to add even more to my sensations, he also fingered my grommeted labia, making me moan from the incredible feelings of both captivity and his penetration. He rested for a moment, then began to withdraw and re-penetrate me more and more swiftly, eliciting wordless low purrs and moans, then to my shock and arousal, he tugged on the clitoral leash, reinforcing his possession with both the pain and knowledge! I climaxed immediately, feeling the overwhelming explosion of an orgasm blast through my pelvis, then rise to my imprisoned and super-sensitized breasts! He understood

perfectly that he was forcing me to experience this incredible mixture of pain and pleasure, then grasped the ring that controlled all of the chains connected to my body and tugged firmly and repeatedly on it! I howled wordlessly with terrified pleasure, even though this additional tensioning of my sensitized flesh *should* have been painful, but my brain could only interpret it as yet another unavoidable sensation, and immediately short-circuited into another, even stronger orgasm. I shook and screamed from the power of the release, as he intended, and, adding to the physical sensations, was the deep knowledge that I was being forced to accept that he totally owned and controlled me, especially by my body jewellery and its tethers. That thought alone caused me to explode yet again!

I don't have any idea how long he kept me in that state of mindless euphoria, but eventually we both tired and fell apart to drop instantly into a deep, satiated sleep. When the morning sunlight began to penetrate the thin white curtains, I rolled a little too far toward Master and immediately rediscovered the painful, restricting presence of my leashes. It was a shock to realize that he'd not released me from them and my hands again explored the metal fittings locked securely into my flesh, then the chains fastened to them, leading to the heavy lock. The painkillers had lost their effectiveness during the night and I needed them again, but the discomfort was less than I'd expected and if necessary, I could do without. Inside my mouth, my tongue fought against the steel that had been fastened into it, and each movement made me wince with discomfort, so I lay quietly; thinking of how my life had changed so unalterably over the last two years. I had gained much, but as with all things, there had been a price to pay and now the creditor was exacting his due. Small tears trickled across my cheeks when I thought of all the things I now wore with no chance of removing any of them, I shivered with terror, and arousal strangely intermixed, knowing that within a few weeks, I'd wear the remainder of the irremovable, so-called jewellery he demanded I accept as part of my life with him.

Some time around 8 am, he rolled over and his hands slid under me once more to cup my inflated and sensitive breasts possessively, reassuring himself that I was indeed his captive.

"Good morning, slave." He smiled at me, then got up and made his way to the shower, leaving me still leashed on the bed. When done, he released my tethers then used them to draw me into the bathroom to complete my own morning ablutions, now with the added complexity of having to apply yet more of the healing anti-biotic cream, all while connected to the shower head. Our breakfast was delivered sometime later and we both ate ravenously, with me remaining naked except for my jewellery and shoes. Of course, he had to feed and help me to drink, what with the awful things imprisoning my tongue... After the meal, he once again dressed me in my enveloping costume and I was glad to be confined within it, even in front of him, because I was so deeply embarrassed by the things fastened into my face. Four hours later, we were back at the estate and I began to settle in to being kept virtually silenced at all times.

Over the next four weeks, I slowly grew accustomed to my horrid jewellery and how I could be so easily controlled by it, but the worst thing of all was being unable to speak. I now had to write notes on a stenographer's pad, if I had something to communicate and my handwriting skills became better and better. The improvement was a forced one, for until that point I was the only one who could really understand my childish scrawling. Master insisted that I improve my penmanship and when he wasn't satisfied with my progress, ensured that I learned my lesson by assorted forms of discipline. The first time

was one of the worst, for I was taken, naked, to the household gym, he cuffed my hands behind me, then pulled me onto the treadmill by my multiple leashes.

“Laura, I’ve told you to improve your writing,” he stated seriously, “but I’ll be damned if I can understand a single thing you’ve written. So, for the next couple of hours, you’re going to do some hard work to keep you reminded that an improvement is required.”

So saying, he locked my nasal, nipple and clitoral leashes to a ring on the front stanchion that supported the controls and readouts of the treadmill, then stepped off and lifted high side panels that would prevent me from stepping off the belt, leaving my hands cuffed behind me.

“This *will* be unpleasant, Laura, and that is fully intended,” he said grimly, “but you’ll do better with your writing I’m sure, after. See you in a couple of hours.”

He left me standing on the belt, walled in on either side like a horse in its stall, then the door closed with a solid thud behind me. I unthinkingly turned to look at it and immediately howled from the awful jerk of the leash connected to my nose, then turned to look forward again, staring at the potent combination of the four chains leading to the ring and lock in front of me. Frightened tears pooled in my eyes and trickled over my cheeks while I wallowed in self-pity, but they soon were a thing of the past when the treadmill’s belt began to slowly slide back under my bare feet. A second later, all of the leashes snapped tight and I shrieked from the sudden pain of all of my most sensitive areas being simultaneously tugged upon so mercilessly! I *had* to walk! Some people may think that this was hardly any punishment at all, but I could never slacken my pace. If I did, and it happened frequently, the pitiless arrangement made me scream insanely and do what had to be done – walk. Sometime later, I was forced to speed my pace to a jog, then to a run for brief periods; all the while feeling my captive breasts bounce and tug on my chest. It was awful, it was most humiliating, and for the last hour before I was released, I gasped and wept constantly. This type of lesson was repeated many times during those weeks and so my handwriting skills improved dramatically.

Eventually, the day came that I had now begun to dread in full measure – the next additions to my slave ensemble.

Chapter Seven

Cuffed & Collared

Two hours after waking, Master had me been fastened into my seat in the back of the van and we were off to see his friend Harmon, the machine shop guy. While he drove, I sat in nearly soundless blackness and isolation, wondering what was going to be done to me next. Master had hinted that I was to be fitted with some very special restraints, but I had *no* idea what these entailed and so shivered against the tight straps with anticipatory terror and arousal.

Two hours later, we arrived at a modern building; they quickly freed me from the seat then took me inside on my leashes to a large and airy workshop. Master locked the free end of the main lead's end ring to a steel wall brace, and then left me to stand in isolation while he and Harmon went to another area of the shop to get the pieces they would soon fit me with. Of course I couldn't move away from the wall by more than the length of my chain and even though my hands and arms were free, for the moment, hidden under the voluminous coverings of my veils, I didn't attempt to touch my tether, but just stood quietly, waiting for what was to come.

They returned about ten minutes later, each carrying large, obviously heavy cartons that made ominous mechanical noises. When I turned unthinkingly toward the door upon hearing the noises, the sudden painful tug of my nose tether disciplined me harshly and so I resumed facing the wall once more, having learnt a little more how secure and intimidating my bondage was about to become. Trembling with that horrible sinking sensation one gets just before something truly dramatic is going to occur, I waited quietly until Master returned and released my chain, then drew me over to the table.

"Remove all of your clothing, Laura."

Unable to speak or in any way object, I began unfastening the buttons and fixtures I could reach, then he released those up the back of my dress. Five minutes later I stood naked but for my locked-on shoes, facing the two men across the table. I didn't realize it then, but that was to be the final time I would ever be able to touch myself.

"She's quite beautiful, Bernard," Harmon exclaimed. "Even with all that metal embedded in her flesh, her beauty shines through."

"Thanks," Master said quietly. "I think Laura's extraordinarily beautiful also, and so I want to control her as much as possible." At first I blushed furiously when Harmon saw all of my new jewellery, then glowed at his observations, enjoying the praise of my beauty and revelling in its albeit temporary power over them. Master continued, "That's why I've had you make much of her equipment so that it can't be removed once fitted. She's to wear all of it for the rest of her life."

"Understood. What say we get at it?"

"Sure thing. Laura, come and put your right foot on this stool."

I walked delicately over to stand between them, then lifted my high heel shod foot and placed it on the low platform, feeling my clitoral leash chain and the others dangling between my legs, reminding me, as intended, of its capability to control me utterly.

"Hold still while the cuff is fitted."

He'd told me that nearly all of the pieces I was going to have to wear were equipped with close-once-only locks and when he made the joins, they could *not* be opened or released, thanks to their locking mechanisms that are embedded in the metal itself. The

material he'd selected for my restraints was a new, high density, stainless steel that defied any attempt to cut it, except with a laser abrasion-type torch that generated a temperature in excess of 5,000 degrees Fahrenheit. He'd also informed me that everything was designed to be quite close fitting; but I'd discover this for myself when the various pieces were locked on. I watched with fascination while Harmon picked up the five mm thick, five cm wide, oval-shaped cuff for my ankle, and then slowly clasped it around the narrowest part, above my anklebone's lump. The three curved locking posts must have been at least two cm long and two millimetres in diameter, glinting in the overhead light until they began to disappear into their mating holes in the other side of finely toothed joint. I heard a small click sound when they engaged, then the cuff's machined edges came closer together, becoming more and more snug.

"Oooohhhh!" I moaned with an indescribable emotion when it truly began to make its presence felt, clamping firmly over my Achilles tendon and around my ankle. I looked down and saw that there was yet some visible skin between the join, but that disappeared a second later when the cuff made a final, subdued click. The joint was so fine that it had almost disappeared! Two rings rattled, swinging freely from their sturdy mounts; one on the outer side of my ankle and the other on the inner side. An involuntary shudder shook my whole body while I stared down at the circlet of steel around my lower leg, for I knew it would never come off and the rings were definitely there for a purpose.

Harmon wasted no time and picked up the next cuff; this designed to fit around my leg, just below the knee and formed into the shape of a fat teardrop, to accommodate my shinbone. It was also about three cm wide and five mm thick, equipped with the diametrically opposed rings that rattled lightly while he placed it above the bulge of my calf muscle. Ten seconds later, it too had been closed, making me feel its inescapable, constricting presence.

"Put your foot flat on the floor," Harmon commanded.

I obeyed his command, for that is what it was, and he positioned the next cuff, a five cm wide, five mm thick, slightly oval shaped band at mid-point on my thigh, then clamped it closed too. Words cannot adequately describe the emotions that flooded through my mind and I seemed to drift off to another world. My other leg soon bore *its* three cuffs and I stood shivering with reaction, knowing they'd be used as they were intended to be – for restraint and control.

"Waist cinch time." Harmon stated, picking up what seemed to be an incredibly small, but very wide, oval-shaped steel belt. It was quite thick and formed into a very specialized shape that would fit my body exactly between the upper edges of my hips and my lowest ribs, pressing deeply into the cavity there. "Please stand straight, with your hands behind your neck, and then suck in your belly as much as possible."

I obeyed, staring straight ahead, feeling the chains from my nose while he, for the moment, loosely clasped the finely hinged cinch loosely around my middle, carefully adjusting how it sat over my pelvis. I couldn't see the wide gap between the jaws, but then both he and Master began pressing them closer together and the belt immediately began squeezing my waist more and more tightly, sinking into the soft tissue, fitting exactly into where my two lowest ribs had been removed! I heard the first, combined set of clicks when the locking posts slid into their holes, then they both stood aside for a moment. The cinch was already very tight, but the process of closing it fully was only half over! Master stood and looked into my eyes.

“You’ll not need the corsets you’ve been wearing again. *This* takes their place. Now, hold still while your thigh cuffs are gartered to the cinch.”

Harmon returned from the box of parts with two pairs of three flat, spring loaded, telescoping metal straps and clipped each one into a fitting over my hips. Each was about two cm wide and a half cm thick and for a moment were left to dangle freely, and then he pulled each strap down and clipped them to my thigh cuffs. One set curved around to the front of my legs and slipped into similar slots in the top edges of the thigh bands, locking in place with subtle clicks, then the next went straight down the side, and the third curved around to the back to connect under each buttock. Being spring-loaded and now at half-extension, they acted always to keep my tight thigh bands from slipping down my legs, but permitted me to bend a fair amount, always keeping me conscious of their limitation. Because of the constant tension, they acted to keep my thigh bands at the correct height and at the same time make me even more aware of my cinch.

For a moment, they left me alone, then Harmon slid a wide, thin sheet of plastic between the cinch and my skin, under the still partially opened jaws and both resumed squeezing the two halves around my middle. I sucked in my gut as hard as I could, and the last sets of clicks sounded. They stood aside once more while I wavered on my heels, feeling the solidity and unforgiving constriction of my steel corset/belt. There was *no* give at all and I gasped from the feeling of confinement it gave, knowing I’d never again be free of it. My sensations of being controlled were to get worse – far more so than I could *ever* have imagined. Harmon pulled out the sheet of plastic that had prevented my skin from being pinched in the closing jaws.

“OK, now her arms,” he stated coldly, intent on securing me.

“Do it,” Master ordered without pause.

Harmon brought over the first wrist cuff and quickly clamped its five cm wide, five mm thick snug band around my left wrist. As with my ankle cuffs it was oval profiled and tight, so that there was no way for me to rotate my wrist within its grasp, and just feeling it close made me utter a low moan. When it had been locked I shook my arm slightly, hearing the rattle of the two restraint rings when they swung on their mounts, but he wasted little time, and a moment later a similar cuff was fastened around my upper arm, just above the elbow, compressing the muscles and tendons firmly. When this happened, another wordless gasp was drawn from my soul, then two minutes later my right arm was similarly equipped and I lifted both to shoulder height, feeling their added weight with more small shivers of dread. I shifted my feet only to again feel the annoying, dangling length of the clitoral leash between my thighs, swirling between my cuffed lower legs. Oh, damn, it was *really* happening!

“Excellent!” Master exclaimed happily, “Laura, we’ll complete your arm restraint once you’ve been fully fitted.”

“Right,” Harmon acknowledged, picking up the next piece. “Lift your chin, please.”

Again, I did as he commanded, and then felt a smooth, wide, round-edged band of steel press gently against the front of my throat. In a trice, its formed shape was folded back and around my neck, flowing over its complex, compound curves and forcing me to hold my head high. At the back, I both felt and heard the subtle clicks of the locking posts sliding into their holes while the collar slowly grew more and more snug. The noises and vibrations stopped and I stood with my neck now tubed by a thick steel column that stretched from its base collar around the base of my throat to under my jaw at the front,

rising high on the sides under my ears and cupping the back of my skull so that I had to twist my upper body to be able to look off to the side! When I turned, I heard the rattle of the leash rings at both the front and back. Master stood before me again and I focused on his stern eyes.

“Laura, you’re most assuredly my wife and total possession, and, *being* a possession, I intend to control you more fully than has ever been the case so far, as I’ve told you I would. You’ve been fitted with the jewellery required to exert much of the control I require; but now it’s time to add the next pieces to your restraint and control ensemble, and, unfortunately, you won’t like them very much at all.”

“Oooohhh, aaaahgghh,” was the only noise I could make, terribly afraid of what was next going to be attached to me, but I had promised to accept all that he required I wear.

“Very well. Raise your arms again and hold them that way until I tell you to lower them.”

I lifted them while Harmon brought over a strange looking arrangement that I would come to hate with a passion. It was a bra frame, minus cups – my chastity and discipline bra. Its wide chest band was slipped onto the front of my body and my collared breasts slowly oozed through its too small holes at the front, then there was a subdued set of clicks when the lugs on my breast collars snapped into their receiver fittings, locking it onto the front of my chest! That wasn’t the end through... far from it!

The wide band was quickly folded around my chest, and then another set of clicks sounded when its locking posts began to engage behind my back. The oppressive, wide chest strap shrank further and further, crushing into the thin skin over my ribs, then, when I exhaled, was forced even tighter yet, until it closed fully. Oh, damn! I felt it *so* intensely, even though my inflated breasts were still free to move and be touched, something I’d soon long for. He wasn’t done. Shoulder straps to position and securely clamp-on the breast cup frames came next and a minute later the narrow metal straps had been looped over my shoulders and ratcheted tight, grooving deeply into them. I tried to shrug slightly to ease the discomfort, but they were as unforgiving as my waist cinch, and seeing the slight looseness, Harmon tightened them again, making me feel more than a little claustrophobic at being so webbed. Those feelings were as nothing, compared to how I’d feel after the next two hours had passed.

He pulled my cuffed hands around behind my back and clipped the outer side rings on each of my wrist cuffs to the back central ring of my conch, so that my hands were held with palms facing out.

Chapter Eight

Belted & Braced

“Now for another important part of your control equipment,” Harmon murmured. “Laura, spread your legs wide.”

I continued to stare straight ahead and moved my feet apart, feeling how the ankle bands clasped even tighter. All of my crotch chains and weights were quickly unlocked, then my inner thighs felt a breath of air and suddenly, a cool wide band came into contact all over my belly, up between my thighs and pressed insistently into the crevice between my buttocks. I wanted to bring my legs together, but overrode the desire and felt the U-shaped thing nestle tighter and tighter. Strangely, my sex and all its rings remained exposed and I felt the air movement even more intensely, knowing that my sexuality was now outlined in steel. At the front and back, the upper edges of the crotch band had sets of locking pins and these now began to slip into their respective holes in the bottom edge of my thick cinch. One of them separated my buttocks, allowing the crotch belt to slip into yet closer contact, while my hairless belly contracted and twitched under the compression.

‘Just how tight is this thing supposed to be?’ I wondered with terror blossoming. It took them both to get the U properly positioned, each ensuring that none of my flesh got pinched, then it closed with a series of rapid clicks. I twisted my hips and squirmed, contracting my belly under the crotch piece and clenching my buttocks, but there was no surcease from the sensations of captivity and compression, no matter *how* I writhed. I still had some freedom to twist my upper body from side to side, but this was to be almost totally removed when Harmon next began to integrate the steel garments to one another!

My thigh cuffs had already been securely gartered to my new metal corset and now Harmon moved to the upper side of my waist cinch at the front with two more of the flat, tensioning garter straps and I reared back a little.

“Stand still, Laura!” Master commanded firmly. “Now, lean back slightly and allow Harmon to connect the bracing.”

I bent my upper body backwards and heard the dull click of the front pair of bra-to-cinch integrating strap’s tabs being thrust deeply into their slots on the upper edge of my cinch, directly beneath each of my shuddering breasts. A second later, Harmon’s smooth fingers slowly drew up the other ends and slid them into their slots in the bottom edge of the bra’s chest band and the tensioned straps immediately pulled my upper body forward, bent over at the waist above the belt. The strength of the gartering springs was so great that I had difficulty trying to stand erect, but only for a moment. Harmon went behind me and a moment later I heard another two of the fateful clicks when he inserted the back garters in the cinch’s upper edge. Without warning, he placed his knee in the small of my back, and then pulled my shoulders to him, forcing me into a fully upright posture, despite the demands of the inter-connecting straps at the front. Another set of distinct clicks sounded when the back inter-connecting garters were also mated to the bra harness and when I was released it was to discover immediately that my body was now held rigidly erect and virtually unable to twist from side to side! He wasn’t finished yet and brought forward two short, wider and stronger looking strips then slipped the first into a slot in the upper edge of the busk between my breasts. It snapped into place with a final-sounding click and he left it standing up between them, then went behind and I both felt

and heard another click when he mounted it into the top edge at the back and centre of the bra's chest band.

"Bend your head and neck back as far as possible!"

I obeyed and felt his hands between my shoulder blades, grasping the wide steel strip, then came a sharp grunt and a loud snap. Suddenly, my collar settled more firmly to the base of my neck and I felt the wide steel strap press onto my flesh, covering my spine to the base of the collar! It pulled my head and neck back into an erect posture and I gasped with surprise, feeling the additional restriction. Harmon came to face me again and his hands rose to my front. He looked into my eyes for a moment, then reached to the wide strap between my breasts and pulled upward, bending it slightly so that its locking fitting slipped into a slot on the underside edge of my collar and seated with yet another of those so-final snaps. He quickly applied another very short set of clips between the bottom edges of the collar on either side, these leading out and locking to my bra's shoulder straps, making them impossible to shrug out of in any way. Now, my neck and body had been completely webbed into a unified whole, unable to twist from side to side unless I moved my entire torso at the hips!

The cloying web of restraints frightened me a lot, for with each succeeding, subtle click, I sank deeper into a vast, unforgiving and inescapable imprisonment. Master had yet to add any *true* limitation, but I saw the chain on the floor with the lock on its end, leading from a heavy floor ring and shuddered with terror – and, truth to tell, anticipation. Certainly we'd played all of the usual bondage games and I'd been bound inescapably many, many times, but he'd told me repeatedly that once I wore my new restraints, I would, from that point forward, *always* be leashed in some manner, and to not even *hope* that I'd be free of a tether ever again. Foolishly, I'd laughed his comments off, attributing them to his wild imagination, failing to recognize his utter seriousness.

"Very good, Laura!" he complimented, coming forward with a curved, shiny set of metal straps held negligently in his hand. I stared at him with fright-filled eyes, wondering what could possibly be coming next and he wasted no time in telling me of his intentions. "It's time for you to be fitted with the next part of your jewellery and control ensemble, my dear. This is the harness for your head and face." He raised the web work of steel so that I could see it with a little more clarity, for I could no longer bend my head.

"Aaarrhhh! OOOonhhh!! Eeeeeaassse-ooooohh!" I tried to beg him not to do it, without thinking, shuddering anew while fear mushroomed even more, knowing that this was the last time I'd see it as a separate entity, not attached to my body.

"Be quiet, girl," he commanded easily (*he wasn't going to be imprisoned in the thing!*). "It won't hurt you unless you fight it, so remain still while it's being applied."

By this point, I had no choice and so waited with trepidation while he prepared to place the terrible thing around my head, and then lock it to my flesh forever! He raised the shiny stainless steel web, then slowly began to lower it. Harmon assisted and I felt some tugging at the shackles on the top and back, then the wide steel straps settled onto my bald skull. There was some additional tugging and more straps were laid onto my fevered skin, evoking shudders and twitches of sensation from my entrammelled body. One strap came from the top back of my collar, over the top centre of my skull, down over the front of my head to just above my eyebrow line. From there, a wide horizontal strap went completely around my head and joined to the raised edges of my collar. At the crown of my head, another wide cross strap descended towards my ears, there splitting

into an inverted Y and continuing down to be fastened to my collar. The front side ones widened to come forward under my eyes, partially covering my cheeks, then went under my chin, for the moment still quite loose. Harmon took over the fitting.

"This will be somewhat uncomfortable while being attached to her, Bernard. Perhaps you'd better put her on the bottom leash."

"OK." Master picked up the end of the chain and came to me with it, then knelt in front. "Legs together!"

I slowly moved my feet closer to each other and felt the edges of the wide crotch plate snuggle into the joint of my inner thighs and body, then felt him pull on the inner rings of my ankle cuffs. There was a loud click when he locked the two cuffs together with the chain fastened between them and it was the first time I'd been placed on a leash with no intention of being released from it, no matter my protests or tears. When I tried to move my feet, of course, the short links snapped tight and I almost toppled. I couldn't even turn to face my tormentors when they both moved behind to begin fastening the head cage to my head.

Harmon first manipulated my nose ring and its leash until they dangled freely from my nostrils, then began at the back of my head, pulling the wide curved strap up over the back of my hairless skull until it snapped into the top edge of the collar. This forced my head firmly erect and almost unable to move. Next, he adjusted the wide band around my skull so that it was snug but not tight, so that my head became even more rigidly braced, then he went to work on the arrangement under my chin. This was a short curved and form fitting strap that came together around the exposed end of my thick-shafted, floor of the mouth bar, then went down to slide into the central, front slot on the collar. Oh, God! I couldn't move my head in any direction and when I tried to plead with them to release me; I felt the horrible restriction even more! It hurt because I had to force my head back as far as possible and I thought that was the end, but there was yet *more* restriction and misery to be applied.

Harmon came around to face me, staring without compassion into my terror-widened eyes while he readied the next pieces of the head control device. The first was a fitting employed to lock my nasal jewellery into the over-all whole of the cage, it connecting the bridge of the larger V to my snug forehead band, pulling firmly, uncomfortably, and constantly on my whole nose and all of the hardware fastened to and inside it. I wailed with the awful sensation of increasing captivity, feeling it being locked into place on the forehead band, then he added short springs from the ends of the nostril bar to fittings on my cheek pieces. The only expression I could change now was that of the muscles around my eyes and even those small instinctual changes of the muscles pulled painfully! My eyes blinked rapidly when he brought up the next portions, for they looked like a pair of bizarre eyeglasses from the worst nightmare I could have imagined. Harmon adjusted the fittings around the peripheries of each eye covering then slipped the nine rings that had been embedded in my flesh on each eyebrow ridge, into the upper jaws. The sides and bottom edges of the goggles clipped onto fittings on the straps, nosepieces and cheek pieces, and then he locked the centres of each eye covering to the bridge of my nose barbell! With this fastening, the cushioned edges of the eyepieces were pulled into a snug contact all around my eyes and it was then that I discovered the horror of them. I could only stare out at the world through tiny pinholes in the bulbous coverings two centimetres in front of my eyes with difficulty, and nothing to the sides or down! No one could see

my eyes now and I had lost nearly my last means of communicating. My shock was an all-consuming one and my eyes darted back and forth inside their prisons, desperate to find Master, then without a word of warning, he flipped small internal shutters and I was plunged into a world of blackness! It lasted for only a moment before my minuscule vision was returned and tears sprang forth under the isolating covers, but they couldn't be seen.

It was horrible!

I surged against my body brace/harness and jerked my arms against their wrist cuff fastenings, uncaring of the hurt that even their rounded edges caused and a gasping, wailing moan tore from my throat while he continued locking them onto my face.

"OOOooo aaahhhr!!!" I howled in a distorted plea, thanks to my tongue jewellery and restriction, "Eeeeeaasssee ????? Oooooo!!!!!"

"Be quiet, girl!" he commanded harshly while Harmon completed his work.

I felt terribly more isolated and far more bound than I'd ever thought possible and it was horribly frustrating to know there was a world that I could see very small parts of, but I'd never again be permitted to see more of it than I could now! I stood trembling with horror at what had been done, jerking my confined arms against their lock behind my back, while under their shields, my hidden eyes filled with frantic tears of denial.

My nasal chains were tugged upon while Harmon re-threaded them through their respective loops, and then welded their ends to a ring at the back. Horribly he added a tension spring to the joint so that the chains tightened and stayed that way at all times! I gagged and twisted frantically, feeling them drag at my nose, inside my head and at the back of my armoured tongue.

"There!" Harmon said quietly. "Her head harness has now been locked on and can't be taken off. As soon as the dental work is completed and the other oral restraints are added, you'll have her utterly controlled with no escape possible or protest permitted. Of course, she's probably already screaming in her mind to be freed, but she'll be unable to make any sound at all, let alone speak."

"Excellent!" Master stated. "Now, let's get her arms organized into the back prayer, and then we can finish off the fittings for her chest and crotch."

I continued to weep with horror at what he'd had done to me and struggled as much as I could against my restraints, but neither spoke again. I stared frantically out through the minuscule holes of my eye shields, but of course, I could see neither of them. A second later I felt the release of the lock that had kept my wrists fastened behind, however, only one of my arms was freed, then slowly rotated and bent up behind, between my shoulder blades!

'Nnnnnnooooo! Not that way! Please, no?' I sobbed in frantic denial in my mind, with burgeoning despair at the situation I had, so willingly placed myself in.

My howling and begging for easement was ignored while they slowly and carefully forced my pinioned arm higher yet. Master had insisted that I train to accept this kind of arm binding and over the past months, I'd gained a lot of mobility in my shoulders, but it remained a harsh and unforgiving type of bondage – one that I thoroughly hated. A subtle click sounded and suddenly my arm was held motionless; its wrist cuff locked to a fitting on the strap descending from the back of my collar to the chest band of my bra. A moment later my other arm was freed, then likewise carefully yet inexorably twisted and rotated into the same position, slowly being forced higher and higher up my back until

there was another, oh-so-final click. It was *awful!* I couldn't voluntarily move my arms even the slightest bit and was held stiffly erect by the body harness/brace while my inflated breasts bobbed proudly and so very vulnerably on the front of my out-thrust chest.

I felt a pair of hands at my strained elbows, then they were pushed slowly and uncomfortably closer together making me whine wordlessly while my chest was forced further out. Another of the fateful clicks sounded when my above-the-elbow cuff rings were locked together *and* to the high back of the waist cinch. The job of removing the use of my hands and arms had yet to be completed though. I continued weeping hysterically now from the terribly uncomfortable arm bondage. It and all of the other sensations and emotions of such stringent control fuelled my wordless protests and unseen tears, but they were ignored while they fitted the final piece of my hand and arm bondage equipment. This was a fattened, long, egg shape, designed to encase and immobilize all of my fingers and both thumbs. The tips of my fingers, palms facing outward, waggled still in freedom, just below my collar, but a moment later the lower half of the opened egg shape was slipped under them, then both Harmon and Master slowly clamped each individual finger and thumb into its recess. I naturally tried to resist this process by clenching my fists, but it was a totally useless rebellion. Their strength had soon pried each finger out and into its locking clamp and I wept even harder when they'd finished fastening everything, then the top half of the egg was fitted and locked securely. Its end ring was connected to the back of my head cage with a short chain, rendering the entirety of my hands and fingers completely useless and invisible. Even a small fluttering of fingers that would indicate distress, pleading for help, or begging for release, was now denied to me.

I swung my body on my hips, attempting to see Harmon or Master, feeling the limiting tugs of the thigh garter straps, but I couldn't see them at all, then Master spoke from somewhere off to my right side.

"Suspend her, then we'll tighten the arm bondage. After that, I want her fitted with the chastity, control, and discipline equipment, then her breasts have to be taken care of."

Chapter Nine

Sealed, Leashed, & Hobbled

There was movement behind me and I heard the rattle of chain, then a swinging weight suddenly came on my back collar ring. Between my ankles, the lock was released and their leash clattered to the floor. Oh, God! What was going to happen now?

My question was answered far too soon when I heard a faint whine, then the line of links draped from the rear ring of my collar began to grow shorter and shorter, until with a steady pull, I was drawn backwards. I moaned with terror, feeling it tighten yet more, but my neck wasn't being crushed and slowly, my frantically kicking feet came off the floor! I was hoisted until their soles were about a half metre above the cement, then left to swing gently back and forth, twirling slowly while the chain unwound to its normal fall. I stopped kicking to prevent my gyrations from increasing, then just hung there in mid-air, gasping with fear. I should have thought of it sooner, but with my hands and arms inter-connected to my body brace and harness, together with my collar also quite securely inter-connected to it as well, I was relatively comfortable, even though utterly helpless.

"Wow!" Master exclaimed in awe of the vision I presented, dangling at the end of my chain; appearing to be totally armless. "Laura, you make an absolutely *incredible* sight!"

'M-M-Master?' I whimpered in my mind, hoping he'd understand, 'Please-please-please! Let me down and take all of these things off? It's going to drive me crazy to be bound like this!'

Already, my arms had begun to grow numb from their unorthodox positioning and I was soon to lose all sensation from them. He seemed to realize what my fevered thoughts were and spoke harshly, "No, Laura. You'll be kept restrained like this for a *long* time to come, as you know."

'But how am I supposed to look after myself?' I thought desperately, hoping he'd realize that I could do nothing at all.

Then he delivered a thunderbolt. "I've hired a governess/attendant to care for your personal needs," he stated comfortably. "She's at the house now, preparing your new accommodations."

'Nnnnnoooo!' I wailed with horror filling my heart. *'I want to be free!'*

"You've signed yourself away, Laura. With you equipped as you are, you will no longer be allowed out in public," he informed me calmly, sentencing me to my fate. "But now, it's time to fit you with your catheter and other inserts, then we'll tighten your arms a little more. After that's done, we'll attend to your breasts."

'Please, please, please, Master???' I wailed while horror filled my mind, desperately afraid of what I had committed myself to for the rest of my life. 'I-I-I'll go crazy if this is how I have to live!'

He seemed to be able to read my mind.

"Laura, if you descend into madness, that won't present a problem. You're wearing all the correct gear to control you, sane or not."

'Pppppllleeeaaasssee????'

I felt the chains to my wrists tighten slightly and lock once more, and then a weight came on the outer rings of each of my ankle cuffs. A ratchet sounded and my ankles and

legs began to separate so that in short seconds I resembled an upside down Y of suspended, vulnerable femininity, unable even to twitch!

Nothing happened for what seemed the longest time, then a thin, slippery tube was slipped between my labia and into my urinary tract. I bucked and wailed with discomfort while it was slowly inserted, then with a sudden burning sensation, it was fully within my bladder and I felt my pent up urine draining away. I could exert no control over it at all! Behind, I felt a bulbous presence push inexorably against my sphincter and shuddered what little I could, clenching my buttocks desperately against the wide, dividing steel strap between them, trying to escape the thing being forced into me, but my efforts to avoid it were fruitless. Howling and begging did nothing to stop it being inserted, tears flooded from my eyes while the long, hollow cone was forced deeply up inside my body. At last, the widest part passed through the muscular ring and I felt it fully absorbed into my bowel and the wide, flexible external flange settled into place. I couldn't see it happen, but the central core was unlocked then withdrawn, ensuring I now was controlled there also.

It took me some moments to try and get used to the intruder, but my body slowly adjusted, while all during the process I remained hanging in mid-air, gasping and writhing. Harmon and Master watched carefully, waiting until they thought I was ready for the vaginal insert. That time came *entirely* too soon! A rubber-gloved finger slathered a cool gel over my labia, then gently pressed a large dollop into my body, lubricating me in preparation for the insertion. I didn't want it at *all*, but there was no choice permitted, and so felt the nuzzling of the broad-headed dildo with some fear. It was huge! Slowly, it began to slip up into my body and grunts of discomfort rippled from my throat when I felt the ribs and knobs along its eight cm length, but that was to change eventually. The shaft was very thick and at its bottom end was a three cm section of circular corrugations, but at last, it was fully inside me. Immediately, it was locked in place by fittings around its base, connecting to my labia piercings and clitoral shackle so that no matter how I writhed and twitched my abdominal and interior muscle groups, I could *not* escape its filling presence.

One of them brought over the hatch/covering plate for my sex and connected it to the latch on the crotch strap at the back over my coccyx, then swung it slowly forward between my quivering thighs. When it came close, a large diameter tube slipped into the opening of the hollow butt plug and slid deeper into it when the chastity cover continued to be closed. The plate was drawn further forward and a shaft on its inside mated into a receptacle in the base of the vaginal dildo, as well as the urinary catheter finding its own connection. At the same time, all of the electrical connections were made, then I both felt and heard the solid click of it being locked onto the tight strap over my lower belly, pressing its electrodes firmly onto my aroused labia. At the same time, other electrodes and a vibrator button pressed firmly onto my clitoris and an involuntary shiver of the sensation shook me with knowledge that I'd been fully sealed. However, my torment in this area was just beginning, for next; Harmon applied a simple device that would rapidly drive me frantic with arousal, keeping me always desperately frustrated to obtain an orgasm.

I felt myself being lowered and my legs slowly came together, then there was some fumbling on the inner sides of my mid-thigh cuffs and they were drawn close together. Suddenly, I could no longer separate them by more than about six cm! What was truly

disturbing, however, was that when I moved my legs, even a very little, the vertical bar rising from the middle of the thigh-connecting linkage, triggered a vibrating, twitching response from the dildo! I gasped from the intensity of the sensations and tried to keep my legs still, knowing that as soon as I began walking I'd be enveloped in a haze of irresistible arousal. Oh, *God!* One of them fastened other, short chains between my legs below my knees and between my ankle cuffs to further limit my mobility.

My lowering was completed when they'd finished with the crotch attachments and I stood as still as I could, although staggering slightly while trying to get used to not having arms to help balance myself. The leash to the back of my neck remained fastened, but now with a small loop of slack so that I could take only two paces in any direction before it snapped tight. When I exceeded my allotted circle of freedom, I immediately swung at its end, gasping with the shock of my close control. They didn't leave me alone for very long.

"OK, now stand still while your breast cups are fitted," Harmon commanded, coming to stand in front so that at last I was able to see him through the pinholes. I was absurdly grateful for even this small consideration of my helplessness and isolation.

The two of them moved through the extremely small cones of vision I was allotted, and then approached more closely. I felt something clipped to each of my nipple shackles and whined at the discomfort the weight caused, but had little time to be bothered with just that alone. A slowly increasing tension was applied to my ballooned right breast then a warm hand cupped it and bounced its mass gently. Suddenly, a cool rubber surface engulfed the entire mass of flesh and began to come more and more firmly into contact, slowly compressing the sensitive bulge above its constricting collar! Oh *damn*, it was horribly uncomfortable, but they weren't done, for the enveloping cup was pressed tighter against the front of my pinioned body. I tried to writhe away from the increasingly painful compression, but behind, one of them held my back-prayer fastened arms firmly, preventing any escape, even though I was still leashed by the chain from above.

The cup was carefully rotated to engage the locking, bayonet-type mounts around its base rim, and at the same time, another fitting at the apex locked onto the ring that surrounded my aureole! My right breast was now armoured and imprisoned, even though my stretched and caged nipple still projected vulnerably from the apex of the cup with its shackle and leash chain dangling and available for instant restraint or control. The chain was removed for a moment and a smaller cup was locked over my exposed nipple, leaving its U shackle to project slightly through a narrow slot, then it was reattached. With this arrangement, the shackle could still be pulled out and make me supremely and painfully aware of the tension, even though my entire breast was now concealed and untouchable. I couldn't *stand* being so helpless and vulnerable and once more sobbed frantically in near-hysteria.

'Oh please! Please, take me out of this-this horrible arrangement! Plleeeaaasssee, Master please! I have to be free; I can't stand being this helpless!' I struggled frantically, attempting to find some sort of freedom from the things that so confined me, but only the smallest movements were permitted. With each totter around the small circle of freedom my overhead leash allowed, all the time the vibrating, twitching monster locked into my belly was arousing me.

"Stand still girl!" Master commanded firmly. I felt a sharp tug on my armoured nipple. "It's time to fit you with your other cup."

‘Nnnnnnoooo! Please!’

My silent begging and pleading was no use of course and two minutes later, my left breast and nipple had also been imprisoned in its own, separate, torture chamber. At that point, I was yet unaware just how punishing these cups would be. Apparently, my imprisonment in the body brace and harness was complete, for Harmon left Master and me alone in the shop.

“OK, that’s it for today, Laura. Time to get you dressed, then we’ll go back to the hotel, get you fed, and you can rest for the evening.”

I stood at the end of the chain looping down from the ceiling, weeping quietly while continuing to struggle; trying uselessly to find some tiny easement of my incredibly restricting and controlling metal body harness. Master soon had me dressed once more in the cloying layers of my costume, fully concealing the incredible manner in which I had been restrained, but my voluminous robes only partially muffled the jingling of my leg chains. He freed me of the overhead leash, but only after attaching another chain to the back of my collar, then led me over to look into a mirror and I was shocked to see the three light chains that emerged from under the bottom hem of my outer veil. One from my nose and the two others from the tips of my breasts ensured that I would be instantly obedient. The other, a far more substantial chain, dangled from its back-of-the-collar fastening to terminate in a large ring, swinging gently back and forth, just behind my knees. He controlled me by just the nasal leash alone for the moment, but before releasing it, grasped my collar one securely. I’d never be free of a secure tether... ever again.

“Come, Laura. Time to go.”

I whined pitifully, hoping for mercy and desperately trying to look around and see him, but he stood by my side, invisible. His hand came up and grasped the nose chain at my waist then urged me forward out the building and across to the van while I wept quietly, now truly horrified by my helplessness and controllability.

Chapter Ten

A New Life

We reached the van an eternity later, for me, and even in that short distance I was in a sweating, trembling lather of arousal, able only to make wordless, pitiful moans while being forced to walk by his side. That was when I first experienced my harness in full measure. The cinch, bra and chastity arrangement forced me into holding myself regally erect, but when I took my first steps, I immediately discovered how difficult even that simple action had become. The telescoping, spring loaded metal garter straps to my thigh bands elongated and contracted with each of my paces, allowing me to move my legs against their resistance, but it took effort. The only time I was almost unaware of their restriction was when standing still and they were more or less balanced and in equilibrium, but added to that was also the fact that my thighs and ankles were also hobbled closely, making me always aware of my state of bondage.

Getting me into the van and back to the hotel went quickly despite my new harnessing and an hour later he had me naked but for my restraints, lying on the bed. Master had locked a chain to the central ring of my hobble then tightened it until my legs were pulled together and held straight down the bed. This, in combination with one from the back of my neck and another from the ring at the crown of my head cage was also locked to the bed frame at the top, keeping me helplessly on my back. All I could do was roll from side to side in small, restricted arcs and stare up at the ceiling through the pin holes of the eye covers, hoping he'd see how filled with terror I was. To my frustration, he only came occasionally to lean over so I could see him.

"You're not able to speak any more, Laura, as you've discovered, but a system of signals will be taught to you so that you can make rudimentary desires known."

I whimpered miserably, feeling all of my bonds and jewellery very intensely.

He ordered a meal from room service, then after it had been left outside the door, brought it in and ate dinner while I remained fastened on the bed, struggling what little I could. When he was done, he wordlessly fed me my own meal, keeping me chained on my back the entire time until at last I was done.

"Very well, you may try to speak," he rumbled, sitting down beside me. I rolled slightly toward him. "How do you like your new restraint jewellery so far?"

"Oooooaaarrrr. Eeeaaaooo-aaarrrh," I wailed, beginning to weep again in great gasping struggles against my too tight belt/corset and bra strap networks. "Eeeessssee?? OOooohhhh oooooorrr!" I had to get out of this restraint system! I just *had* to!

"I assume that you're trying to beg me to free you of your new equipment. Nope. Not happening, Laura – ever. Yes, I know you're totally helpless and can't do anything, and you no doubt think that all of the cuffs and harness are far too tight, but that's the way they have to be, to keep you aware that they're there. Actually, I imagine that your leashes hurt quite terribly when I use them, but that's precisely what they should do and why they're connected where they are.

"Obviously, they control you fully and are the proper way to reinforce the message that you must obey. You'll eventually learn your place, I suppose."

'Wh-what is my place, now?' I wondered hysterically, fearful of the answer I'd get.

"Laura, you're my wife," he continued, "but now, a great deal more than that. When you could speak and move freely, you'd never surrender yourself to being only a

controllable sex toy, but now, given what you've been fitted with and wear, you have no choice and will be used as such. As I told you earlier this afternoon, I've hired a Governess to look after your needs, so your duty, now, is to wear your jewellery and restraints with as much grace as you can manage.

"It's *not* going to be an easy life for you, Laura, as you are now beginning to discover and it will get appreciably harder, once you've been fitted with all of the dental and other appliances. That'll happen in a couple weeks, but in the meantime, after we get back to the house I'm sure you'll find it quite stressful when you're placed in your cell."

I wailed mindlessly, rolling jerkily from side to side, trying foolishly to free myself of the chains and bindings and frantically trying to imagine what my new life would be like as an utter slave.

"There's no escape for you, Laura, *particularly* now," he repeated, then continued, "Once you're in your cell, there'll be exercises you'll be forced to do to keep you as flexible as possible, given your restraints. For those muscle groups you're unable to move on your own, we'll use the electro-muscular stimulation machine. Other than that, you may be permitted some entertainment, or, if your Governess feels you need it, additional training or discipline."

"I'll make use of you occasionally, but there are some pretty intense sessions to come. You'll also be placed on other automated programs once you're in the cell. These are your breathing, feeding, and cleaning processes, together, of course, with your automatic disciplining schedule."

I was horrified at the picture of the rest of my life he painted so baldly. Then part of what he'd just said sank in... Feeding and breathing?

"Once you've been put into your cell, and you'll always be leashed in it as well, you'll eventually be connected to feeding, water, and breathing hoses and those last will supply you with a slightly oxygen-enriched air supply. You'll be mechanically forced to breathe and get most of your medications that way too, through the air supply, in a misted form. As soon as you are first placed in the cell, your catheters will be connected to the appropriate hoses, so there's no need to remove the dildo or the other appliances. You'd better get used to having them inserted, because they're there for a long time to come."

'Oooohhhh Gggoooodddd!' I wailed in despair, trying to writhe against the strict restraints that webbed my body, knowing that I was helpless to stop my life from proceeding as he'd planned it. He, I believe intentionally, couldn't see my fear-dilated eyes, now hidden under their steel shields.

"Yes," he continued, speaking more or less to himself, "you've chosen a pretty difficult path, my dear, but I intend to now take you where you so desperately wanted to be, whether you like it now or not."

I didn't want to go there anymore!

"Enough! No more talking. Now, be silent and try to sleep."

Despair washed over me at hearing my fate so laid out in such bald terms and I wept quietly, lying chained securely on the bed. What could I do or say, restrained as I was? *Nothing!* I tried to relax and let my mind roam free, for that was the only part of the essential 'me' that wasn't imprisoned in some manner – or so I thought at that point. I felt the bed move when he got off, then the room lights went out, plunging me into a Stygian blackness when the door was closed. In the other room, I faintly heard the TV switched on and again rolled in frantic desperation, fighting my bed chains, abandoned while he

watched CNN and some mindless sitcom. He was completely unconcerned with the fact that I lay fully restrained and in a welter of horror at what had been done to me, but even more so at what was to come!

By now, my pinioned and twisted-up-behind arms were totally numb and had virtually ceased to exist in my personal universe. The dildo was no longer stimulating me, but a state of frustrated desire suffused my awareness, together with the horribly uncomfortable inflation of my breasts and the constant, painful stretching sensation emanating from my nipples. My entire face and head were uncomfortably and bizarrely locked up with no chance of me ever being freed of the horrid additions, to say nothing of the chains looping from my forcibly dilated nostrils, while in my mouth, my metal filled tongue surged painfully against the restraints it had been endowed with. Wordless low moans and whimpers were all I could manage while drifting closer and closer to sleep exhausted after an incredible day. Darkness came and I slept.

I awakened briefly in the middle of the night, caught up in a horrid nightmare that was only reinforced by my bondage while I lay helpless beside him. His gentle snores, though reassuring, were of little comfort, for I could do nothing but whimper quietly with self-pity at what I'd allowed and requested to be done to myself. Sleep eventually claimed me once more and the nightmares returned. I struggled frantically, but to no avail.

When the light of day came through the curtains once more and filtered into my eye prisons, I blearily opened them, hoping Master was already awake and ready to take care of me. Of course, he was dressed and prepared for the day to come. Sudden awareness came of what our destination was today and I moaned with distress, knowing it couldn't be avoided. He flipped off the light sheet I'd been covered with, released my bed chains then scooped me from bed and carried me into the bathroom. It took a moment to release the caps for my catheters, then he seated me on the commode. Some minutes later, I was laid in the bathtub, leashed to the showerhead, and then he washed me carefully. An hour later, I sat in a chair beside him, my back-of-the-collar leash fastened to the chair's high back while he fed me breakfast and helped me drink a morning coffee and juice. With the sight-limiting eye shields locked in place, I could not see him, but he was most solicitous and tender while I sat there before him, his helpless slave and toy. In some ways, it was wonderful to be so fully cared for, but the price of this situation was getting extremely high and I wasn't sure if I'd be able to pay it.

We finished our meal, then I was dressed once more in my concealing costume, thankful for its total coverage. Master joined all three rings of my front leashes with a small lock at the end of a short black leather strap, then, controlled by it, I walked self-consciously through the hotel lobby and out to the van. I knew all eyes were drawn to me by the sounds of my chains and out-of-place costume, but Master's firm control of my leash ensured that I moved where and when he required; all the while feeling the insistent teasing of the dildo. I was actually grateful to be strapped into my chair in the van and soon to return to the familiar estate – then I remembered that I was now going to be living in a cell!

Chapter Eleven

My Governess & Cell

The next weeks were likely the most difficult I have experienced in my life.

Not only was I kept forcibly silenced by the horrid gagging equipment I wore, but also the full body restraint harness became a torture all on its own, just being confined in it. As intended, it was a horribly limiting arrangement and too, I'd fully lost the use of my arms, but that was only the beginning of my misery. When we reached the estate that day, I got to meet my new Governess and was almost immediately introduced to the place that has become my 'home' from that day to this. I am seldom removed from this place of labyrinthine walls of bars and cement. Although it wasn't my first time in the secret dungeon complex, where I was eventually taken was a new area created just for me and was even more terrorizing than nearly anything else I'd experienced to this point of my life.

Before describing this though, I must tell of my meeting and subsequent subjugation by my Governess.

I managed to see the house vaguely through the sight-limiting shields and veils when we passed through the property's steel gates, but didn't take note of the tall, stern figure waiting at the opened front door. Master got out of the van and went to meet the woman who he had commissioned to act as my Governess, where she waited on the front steps while I remained sitting in my chair, strapped and locked into it. Eventually, I got to see that she was always dressed in a severe, Victorian-style costume that radiated both authority and command.

Of course, I couldn't hear anything of their conversation and caught only brief glimpses of them both while they freed me. Master, I think, unlocked my leash from the van's floor ring behind the seat and held it while Governess came into the back of the vehicle and lifted me bodily from my chair to stand on the cement driveway before her. She was truly of Amazonian proportions and must have been nearly two metres tall, as compared to my own petite one and a half. The only thing I could see was the proud thrust of her breasts under her snug, ruffled blouse, for she literally towered over me. Just seeing this, swathed so deeply in my own concealing and cloying robes, made me feel even smaller, more helpless and vulnerable to an extent I'd never felt before. My feelings were immediately reinforced when she reached down and her left hand grasped the end of the short strap that connected all of my front leashes. Master released his grip on my back-of-the-collar chain and let it fall down my back, jerking harshly.

"Laura, meet your Governess, Mistress Monique Von Husven," he said conversationally. "If you're ever permitted speech, and that's extremely unlikely, you will address her as 'Mistress'. Otherwise, you are to obey all of her commands as though I had issued them. Of course, you'll not have any choice about complying, for you'll find it far too painful to disobey, as she will no doubt soon demonstrate.

"Now, she will convey you to your cell, and then get you set up inside it. I'll see you each day, but doubt that you'll know I'm near, thanks to your vision restriction. Be a good girl and try not to cause yourself too much distress. Bye!"

"Come, Little One!" her German-accented, soft but menacing contralto voice purred into my ears, carrying a whip crack of stern command. My nose and breasts suddenly

flared with pain when she harshly snapped the leashes and began climbing the steps to the front door.

I screamed with an inarticulate noise, attempting to beg her to *stop* her demanding tension, but she ignored my frightened and agonized howls and had to spin quickly on my high heels then prance after her in small, hobble-limited steps. She was entirely merciless and maintained a constant tension on my tether and behind my eye shields, I wept wildly from the pain, trying to shake my head in negation and beg her to be gentle, for the leash's tension was mindlessly painful. Pity wasn't in her nature. Governess kept a few paces ahead of me, although watching carefully while I struggled against my hobbles and the cloying skirts to climb the steps and follow her, attempting to gain some slack in my leashes, but she wasn't prepared to allow me even that small concession and maintained her painful tension. It was obviously her desire to make me understand immediately that she *was* my Mistress.

"You are *far* too slow, girl!" she called with quiet menace over her shoulder while forcing me to follow her long strides down the hall to the basement stairs. "However, that problem *will* be remedied and indeed you will very soon learn to move more quickly and precisely. You are a *mess*, Little One, but I shall soon have you properly sorted out!"

I was *not* a 'girl' and I was *not* her 'Little One'! On the second count, I was desperately wrong.

Her voice was tinged with a mixed British and German accent, and discerning this, I knew she would be utterly heartless with the training and discipline used to correct my 'bad' habits. Even when we stopped for a moment while she opened the door to the long, wide flight of carpeted stairs down to the basement, she maintained tension on my tether, snapping it impatiently and keeping me dancing in agony, howling continually. I screamed not only from the pain she so casually inflicted, but also from the knowledge that I was being taken to an imprisonment from which there would be no possible escape. *No one*, other than she and Master, and perhaps some of his very close friends, would know I was being kept in the secret cell complex. Helpless and isolated as I was, I had no hope at all!

She moved slowly down the stairs, all the time maintaining an irresistible tension on my leashes, but watching me closely in case I stumbled, fully capable of holding me if I did. When we reached the bottom, she again moved out ahead to the length of the strap and began walking surely through the rooms to the wine cellar that contained the hidden access door to the tunnel leading to the buried, hidden prison complex. With mounting horror, I *knew* beyond a doubt where I was being taken and struggled to accept the knowledge that I was about to disappear from the outside world, perhaps forever. Suddenly, I stopped, and then bent forward what little I could in a last desperate attempt to escape my fate. However, the leashes snapped harshly making my armoured breasts and captive nose flare with agony while I twisted dementedly against their drag, writhing like a fish out of water, flopping around at the end of a fishing line, equally as helpless to avoid what was coming. It was the only rebellion I could show.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "so you *don't* wish to be taken to your new home? What a pity, Little One! However, go there you *shall*!"

With the last word, she snapped the leash hard, and then pulled on it firmly and my resistance broke. With a screaming wail I stumbled after her, bent forward at the waist as

much as my harness permitted, unable to resist her casual and easy application of pain to make me do as she wished.

With my mind falling into a black abyss of horror, I continued to move forward until she stopped at what appeared to be a normal wall rack of dusty wine bottles, then slowly swung aside the rack of ceiling-high shelves to reveal what appeared to be a solid concrete wall. With a deft touch on a hand-held remote, the entire wall panel receded a short distance then slid aside into a recess, to reveal a featureless steel panel. A moment later, it too slid aside to reveal the closely barred door two metres beyond and I was drawn closely behind her towards it. Behind us, the steel panel slid closed, and the wall and wine rack returned to their normal positions. Governess tapped a key pad high on the wall and the barred door slid upward into a slot in the doorframe, and with a peremptory snap of my leashes I was dragged through into the man made cavern. The door hissed down behind us and then it was the longest and most terrible walk I have ever taken, for I knew I was going to my future as a slave, torture toy, and sexual plaything. Finally, at the far end, the overhead light revealed another slab-like steel door. It slid aside after she'd entered another code on yet another keypad to reveal the second tightly barred one two metres beyond and we moved forward into the space between them. As had happened when we'd entered the tunnel, soon as we'd passed, the plain, thick steel panel slid swiftly across and locked in place. Only then was access permitted to the key pad that controlled the barred door and it soon slid silently up into *its* frame, allowing us to proceed. Governess turned to the side and flipped switches so that the overhead lights in the prison complex snapped into life, revealing the featureless, grim walls of the white-painted, cement. I'd been in here a few times already and so knew precisely how secure the whole place was, as, obviously, did my Governess. She turned on the lights for the long corridor containing the outer doors of the half dozen other rooms and cells, then released the electronic lock on the steel-barred one and its motor drew the heavy panel upward out of the way. While we walked past the many barred doors within the complex, I managed to come partially back to reality and shuddered with renewed terror.

'*Oh, God!*' I wailed to myself in near-hysteria, forced by the tension on my agonizing leashes to step through the doorway and into the place that would be my home for the rest of my life.

Governess booked no resistance and once again my leashes snapped harshly, making me hurry after her as best I could. The barred door dropped back into its floor slot behind my swirling skirts.

In addition to my sensations of strict bondage was the constant stimulation being forced into my mind by the vibrating, twitching dildo while I walked along behind the merciless woman who now controlled my existence. The forced arousal acted to modify my bound state into something that was, if not pleasant, at least acceptable for the moment. However, it soon became a constant and quickly drove me into gasping frenzies of violent writhing within and against my oppressive body brace system, and was almost too much for me to withstand. Certainly, I'd fantasized about a situation like this for years and years, but now that the dream had actually come true with such forceful clarity, I was horrified beyond bearing! It was a long journey to the furthestmost, solid steel door at the corridor's end then it too yawned open and she turned on the interior lights to reveal a chamber I'd never been in before.

“Welcome to your new home, Little One. I am *very* glad to finally get you here and can *assure* you that we shall have a long, intimate and most interesting acquaintanceship. *You*, perhaps, will not enjoy it very much, but *that* is your lot in life. I, on the other hand, will most certainly take great interest in your training, and yes, rather frequent disciplining. You see, I have *very* high standards and you will be compelled to attain them, like it or not.

I knew then with certainty that I was about to be deeply imprisoned in there, and again attempted to resist by backing to the very limit of my leashes, but Governess immediately overcame my struggling and I was dragged into the chamber. It was quite large, but extremely Spartan in appearance and appointments, for in the room's centre was a large, internal cage of tightly-barred, floor to ceiling partitions, separated from the cell's cement walls by a surrounding space of five metres on each side. When I was pulled through the door, I swung my body back and forth as much as my brace/harness permitted; attempting to see where I was going to live, but my severely restricted vision limited me terribly. With a despairing wordless wail, I fell to my knees before the opened door of the cage, trying to beg her not to make me enter it, but she was pitiless.

“Get *up*, girl!” she commanded harshly, tugging once again on my leashes to reinforce her dominance and power, but I could not rise on my own and only howled louder. Her hand grasped my back of the collar chain with an iron grip and she lifted me bodily to my feet. Her strength was amazing. She held me up at arm's length so that I stood before her on tiptoe, then keeping me dancing like that, dragged me inside to the centre of the cage in a storm of squalling terror. I attempted to drop to my knees again, writhing my body madly to try to escape my bondage, but she had already taken the dangling overhead chain in hand and immediately connected it to the back of my collar ring. I sank only a little way before it snapped tight then she vanished from my field of vision for a moment. I felt a small vibration of the chain between my ankle cuffs when the chain between them was locked to a leash from a floor ring then she reappeared in front of me and smiled happily.

“You are fortunate, Little One. You will now live in a climate-controlled environment that will be kept at a pleasant temperature and all of your various needs will be taken care of. Given those things, there is no need for you to wear your concealing costume while you are in here and so I shall now remove it.”

Five minutes later I'd been freed of all of my outer robes and stood naked but for my jewellery and my body harness, head and limb restraints. She leaned forward and inspected all of the devices closely, then spent a lot of time looking at my face and its barbaric ‘decorations’.

“These arrangements are quite intricate,” she murmured thoughtfully. “Please open your mouth as widely as you can manage, Little One.”

I obeyed slowly and she took a small flashlight from a hidden pocket in her skirt then stared inside, humming happily while she inspected what had been done.

“Very interesting. Keep your mouth open, girl!” Her other hand reached to my nasal chains then tugged gently on them and I squalled automatically beginning to retch when they slid through my nose cones and sinuses, then pulled on the back of my tongue. “Oh! These are *most* effective, are they not? If I use them for your leash rather than that ring, you will be much easier to control I think.

“Yes! That is how you shall be leashed from now on, in addition of course to your breast leashes. The tongue control system is quite impressive! Obviously, it has been designed and fitted to prevent you from being able to articulate any sort of speech and that must be quite terrible for you, I am sure. However, it *does* permit you to make noise and I shall enjoy listening to your wordless howls and screams. Very well, you may close your mouth.”

She took a few paces back until she knew I could see her and spoke again.

“As you are aware, none but a very select few know of your existence, and no one other than Bernard and I know of this complex. We are *quite* private, Little One, and even if you scream, be assured that *no one* would ever hear your cries.

“Unfortunately for you, this cage is where you will spend the vast majority of your life from now on. Almost all of the time you will be alone, sometimes deafened and perhaps blinded, and of course always under the most stringent control. Eventually you will be taken out for exercise on a regular basis and there may be other occasions when your Master comes to play with you. In addition, I will occasionally permit you some entertainment, and no, I do *not* mean of the sexual kind. Sex, for you, when any sort of that type of interlude is permitted, will prove to be most entertaining, I am sure.

“Now, it is time for me to discuss some matters of importance with Bernard and so I shall leave you to contemplate your new life.”

She spun ‘round and stepped gracefully through the opened door of my cage and I turned to watch her leave my cage, then the cell. Her long-skirted, imposing figure disappeared through the door, then the shiny, featureless steel slab slowly hissed shut and locked securely, leaving me alone inside my cage: it contained in the silent, white-walled and floored concrete box. I was utterly helpless in my bonds, nearly blind, and it was then that I let go completely, screaming hysterically and staggering around in small circles at the end of the slightly loose ceiling chain, squirming and writhing frantically to escape my bondage ensemble. All the while, despairing tears flooded my eyes and I could see nothing through their blur.

There must have been some limit setting on the chain, for it was then that the next awful surprise of my imprisonment was revealed. I suppose I tugged too hard on it, for the leash slowly shortened until I stood beneath the hole in the ceiling – then it pulled me up until the soles of my shoes were suspended two metres above the floor! I dangled at the end of my chain, kicking wildly against my short hobble, screaming madly against my incredible silencing system, but then came the next awful surprise. When Governess had fastened me, I’d forgotten that she’d also connected a leash to the central link of my ankle hobble and now, that *too* tightened! My legs were drawn down when the floor leash came taut, and then a little more tension was added, stringing me bow-tight between floor and ceiling so that I could no longer struggle in *any* way! All I could do was twitch slightly, screaming dementedly with the totality of my restraint and isolated helplessness.

I have no idea how long I was kept like that, but it was to be how I’d spend nearly every one of my so-called rest periods from then on, alone and frantic to be released even just a little. I never have been.

It is well known that isolation and boredom quickly breed insanity and the first part of that wisdom was leading me towards that end, but boredom was soon to be removed from the options available to me, to be replaced by a state of continual corrosive fear of what was going to be done to me next. I remained strung between floor and ceiling for

uncountable time, the lights always remaining fully on. At last, she returned carrying a covered tray, then entered my cage and used her remote control for the hoist to lower me so that I could stand before her.

“It is time for you to be fed and watered, Little One. Open your mouth and swallow as best you can manage, or there will be severe consequences.”

I was famished by this point and so quickly complied, then I felt the first trickles of warmth within my belly when she spooned a liquidized meal into my mouth. I struggled to swallow and get it down my tightly collared throat but eventually I managed to find a way that caused me the least discomfort and consumed all of the so-called food she placed in my mouth. She frequently provided water and that eased the process, but I never tasted any of it, only the warm steel of my gagging tongue plate. Governess smiled happily all during the process and I hated her for being so cruel and uncaring.

After being fed my evening ‘meal’, I was allowed some time to absorb the nourishment, then came the next phase. I was internally cleaned and my waste and urine was removed. It started easily enough, and this time, lower in my steel-armoured belly, I felt a slow flush of liquid begin to expand my bladder when the machinery pumped in a medicated wash solution. It was uncomfortable in the extreme and I howled wildly into my gag, but then the fullness went away with a rush, only to return a moment later. The bowel cleaning was worse, for I could feel a deep, gurgling pressure within my loins and it kept getting stronger until I was totally filled with the soapy, cleansing liquid and was then forced to keep it inside my body for an extended length of time. While the minutes passed, the solution acted to remove the waste, but the pain of its presence became unbearable to the point of fainting, then it too was soon sucked out of me. The process was repeated twice more and with each succeeding flush, my tolerance grew less and less, driving me to desperate mewling pleas for it to stop; but of course it didn’t! I just twisted in wailing misery mid-way between floor and ceiling. During the weeks that followed, I discovered that this would happen twice a day, every day, from that point on.

Finally, the torment was done and I hung limply, drained in more ways than one by the ordeal. There was no fight left in me and I was mentally exhausted from thinking about my new life. With no escape and terror washing through my mind, I hung quietly, alone in the locked cage and secure cell. This was how I would spend every night and although I screamed and wept pitifully, no one heard me and no one cared. Eventually what had happened during my day claimed my mind and surprisingly, I fell asleep!

For the next several weeks, Governess and Master kept me always in the cell and its internal cage. Most of the ‘days’ I was allotted the freedom to walk in small circles to the limit of my overhead tethering chain and the one fastened to my hobble, but that was all. I thought I’d go crazy from the boredom of my confinement and sterility of my surroundings, but each day Governess came to see me and spoke at length of the things she had planned for the coming years. Of course, her conversations were all one-sided, for I could make no noise other than terrified, incoherent whines and although I tried to close my ears to her descriptions of my torment to come, it was hopeless. I always struggled to get as far away from her as I could, straining at the ends of my tethers and she laughed delightedly while I did, then finally she informed me that the day for me to be fitted with the remainder of my equipment had arrived.

“Little One, you have now had enough time to grow accustomed to your new ensemble and so we shall be taking you to the next level of controllability. Needless to

say, you have no choice in this happening and so tomorrow, you will be dressed and taken for the next procedures. Good night!”

With a swirl of her long skirts, she turned and exited my cage then walked to the cell’s door without a backward glance and passed through it, leaving me alone. A moment later, I was drawn helplessly into mid-air and left that way for the night.

Chapter Twelve

Dental Delights

The trip to Mike Zacharias' dental clinic, also reserved for our exclusive use for the day, took nearly an hour and a half, then, after parking in the underground garage, we all took the elevator to his suite of dental offices and surgeries. Even walking those short distances had me writhing and twitching from the insidious stimulation and I dazedly wondered how I'd managed so far to stay sane while always being kept so aroused. As soon as we entered the room with the dental chair, Master and Governess removed my head coverings, for the moment leaving the remainder of my restraints fully concealed, then she escorted me to the chair.

"Stand still while I pick you up and lay you on the chair, Little One," she commanded. "Then, just lay back and relax while you're secured."

Her strong arms scooped me up then carefully deposited me on the semi-reclined seat and I sat reluctantly, staring out through the tiny holes while dense bolster cushions were placed on either side of my pinioned arms. Wide, thick, restraint straps were drawn around my body, gluing me in place. My legs weren't ignored and other wide straps clamped them also, then my head cage was fastened into some sort of clamp arrangement that held it ready for the dentist's attentions. He came and looked down into my face.

"Jesus, Bernard!" He smiled. "*That* is some fantastic head and facial jewellery! What an incredible way of restraining her! What I'll do today will finish it all off so that she'll be controlled in every way that you can imagine – and I know that that's considerable."

"I'm happy you like the design and arrangements," Master said with a smug smile in his voice.

They ignored me completely and all I could do was to stare out through the pinholes, unable to speak while they discussed me like an animal. Then it struck me – I *was* an animal, now! How deeply my conversion was to progress, I'd know by the end of the day in this office.

"OK, let's get to it," Mike said enthusiastically. "Open your mouth, girl!" When I did, he actually gasped in shock, seeing all of the metal in it already. "Bernard, *that* is the God damnedest arrangement I've ever seen! What more can I add?"

"I'm glad I've managed to add to your knowledge, Mike. There's the feeding gag and other stuff to come, as you know."

"Where in Hell did you come up with that arrangement?"

"Actually, she's not the only one wearing that type of arrangement," Master replied.

"No kidding?" Mike asked with more than a little surprise. "Where else and *who* else wears that sort of thing?"

"I got the ideas and equipment designs from what some women in India are required to wear. Not too many of them are kept like this these days, but there's quite a number, still."

"Really? Why would they want to wear something so severe?"

"It's not really a matter of personal choice for them, Mike. They have to accept that they'll wear it all of their lives, after they get married."

"Jesus!" he repeated, still stunned by what he saw embedded in my mouth and tongue. "How come?"

“Mostly, the jewellery, if you want to call it that is culturally and family oriented, and believe it or not, it’s usually the girl’s new mothers-in-law that insist on it being worn.

“That’s incredible!”

“Yep, it is, but that’s how they have to live and who am I to criticize their traditions? As well, the women are also kept in chastity arrangements and their breasts are armoured in metal cups so that they can’t touch them either.”

“Uh... OK. Sort of like what you’ve got your young lady locked into, as you’ve told me?”

“Yes, but I decided to take that whole ensemble for controlling a female to the next level, as you can partially see with her head cage, but the difference between what I’ve had Laura fitted with and what they wear, is that Laura’s is made of stainless steel and not the gold that Indians favour. What you can’t see for the moment is that under her robes, she’s wearing a full body harness and limb restraint system, including chastity arrangements and breast cups.”

“Holy shit! I gotta see it all.”

“Happy to show it to you, Mike, after the stuff you’re going to do is finished, OK? Oh, and one last thing – unlike the women in India, Laura can easily be remotely controlled and subjected to either unbearable pleasure or severe disciplinary pain, by the equipment she wears now.”

“Unbelievable. Anyhow, let’s get to it.”

The next three hours were a very uncomfortable interlude, beginning with the insertion of thick rubber blocks between my upper and lower rear molars, keeping my mouth widely opened. He took a long time anaesthetizing my entire mouth and gums, then affixed thin, stainless steel jackets over and around each of my teeth, top and bottom. He followed that with cross drilling and pinning them irremovably in place. Each of these jackets was made with a small loop on the outer side, and the ones on my bottom jaw, opposite the tongue cross-rods, had additional small, locking brackets on their inner sides. Once they’d all been affixed, Mike took a break, leaving me gasping and moaning wordlessly in the chair. He came back and resumed his work by joining everything together. It was another long, detailed procedure, but eventually all of the teeth jackets on the top, and those on the bottom were joined into complete wholes by means of flat, thick, wire bands being locked into the exterior loops of the tooth jackets. Next came a set of flat-sided U’s, hinged at the back ends of the arms and these fit neatly into the pockets at the hinge of my jaw after being carefully placed between my cheeks and teeth; locking the small, projecting hooks on its inner side into the external loops of the tooth jackets. I felt almost nothing, other than when he forced each barb through its matching loop, resulting in a small but final ‘click’ sound. An hour later, the jaws and mouth-controlling U’s had both been locked permanently onto my teeth, inside my mouth between my teeth and lips and cheeks. Mike removed the blocks from between my back molars.

“Open and close your mouth, girl.”

When I did, I felt how rigidly the joined U’s controlled the movements of my jaw, permitting only a strictly defined up and down motion with no side-to-side grinding action being allowed.

He seemed satisfied with his work, then spoke to Master. "OK, Bernard. We can fit her with the rest of the equipment now. Are you ready to go ahead?" he asked with no concern about *my* feelings.

"Do it," Master said quietly, coming over to look down at me, and for the first time in hours, I saw his face. "Laura, you're about to be silenced on a more or less permanent basis. What's going to happen is this: now that your tongue has been completely locked down, Mike will fit you with an over-sized gag pad, then when that's locked in, you'll have to accept a feeding and watering hose. This'll go through the gag and down your throat, into your stomach.

"The gag pad is a special one and it's equipped with flexible dams along the sides that will slide alongside your tongue, then under it, as well as other dams on its outer sides. These slip alongside your teeth, between your gums, cheeks and lips and are formed to cover the jaw restraint you've been fitted with so that your inner cheeks won't be abraded. Once the pad is fully inside your mouth, Mike will lock it onto your tongue, as well as to the teeth brackets, top and bottom. Obviously, you'll be unable to expel it, no matter how much you may wish to, or whatever kind of struggling you do.

"When all that's done, your jaws will be closed tightly onto the pad and clips will be attached to loops on the outer sides of the teeth jackets at the sides and front, to keep your mouth fully closed on it. After that's completed, he'll integrate the locking brackets of the mouth bows to your head cage and the outer dams will be flipped up to cover all the hardware.

"There's a fitting on the front of the pad that your food and water lines will be connected to. As I've mentioned, those things will be taken care of automatically from now on. Effectively, you'll be a complete mute by the time you leave this office, and you'll remain that way... at least for as long as I own you.

"One other thing, Laura. Immediately after Mike finishes fitting you with the gag, he'll mount the hearing aids/sound eliminators, and then lock them into your ear canals. These contain very high quality, remotely controllable, noise cancellation devices and will render you totally deaf, except when Governess or I wish you to hear.

"And so, that's what's to come. Any final words before you're gagged?"

I could say nothing of course, other than pitiful whines. I was completely horrified by what was going to happen! *Every* facet of my life was going to be under his and Governess' control, and there was nothing I could do to stop it from occurring. The certainty of this being done was awful – even more so than when I'd been fitted with my horrid harness, brace, cuffs and jewellery. Now he *was* going to remove my only remaining means of communication! When these thoughts sank fully into my mind, I began to scream and beg incoherently, desperate to do *anything* to escape.

Mike carefully attached small jacks to the mouth bows then gently cranked my jaws fully open. For a moment it was left like that then he brought over the gag pad that had been made from my dental impressions; it was a shiny black lump of slightly resilient rubber that would fit exactly, but still be a little too large.

"OOOhhh–aaagguughhh! 'Eeeeeaaseee! Oooo!'" I howled mindlessly while he prepared to insert it.

He was relentless and placed its long, curving back portion between my jacketed front teeth then slowly began to force it back into my mouth. The pad was far too thick at the front and between my teeth, but eventually the tough rubber slid slowly between my

front teeth, then fully into my mouth, filling it completely with its back portion stuck partially into my throat, having passed between the chains emerging from my sinuses. He wriggled it a bit so that it seated fully, covering my tongue plate completely and I retched violently from the deep intrusion into my throat.

He spent the next several minutes positioning the 'dams' between my teeth and cheeks, then smoothed the front portion so that only a shiny, wide black band could be seen between my lips, this with a large circular fitting at the front and centre.

Next, he picked up a thick-walled tube and prepared to fit it into the hole at the front and I attempted to bite down on the pad and prevent the hose from penetrating my body, but it was no use. At first the hose slid easily through the huge pad, then its cool steel end tip touched the back of my throat and I began to retch again, choking when it began to slowly be forced deeper and into my throat. I bucked and thrashed madly against my restraints, but my panicky convulsions and attempted screams actually aided the insertion! It was horrible! With each shudder, the tube sank ever deeper into my body until some awful minutes later I felt its movement stop. He reached to the front of my face and with a firm twist of the hose's steel end fitting, seated the connection fully onto the front of the gag pad between my lips. Four small loops mounted on the outsides of the teeth jackets had popped through slots in the front part of the dam between my lips and he quickly attached the springs to the upper ones, then loosened and removed the jacks. As soon as he did, my jaw snapped closed onto the huge pad and I became totally mute. Yes, I could still whine through my nose, for the moment, but even that small amount of noise was barely noticeable and it too would soon be completely silenced. A moment later, he'd pulled the strong springs down and connected them to the lower loops, ensuring that I'd be unable to open my mouth and eject the gag pad.

I lay there in the chair, pinioned and helpless while they stared down at me with no sympathy whatsoever for how I was suffering. Mike wasted little time though and prepared the next set of equipment, then I felt my ears filled with some sort of cool gel, then thick, soft plugs were carefully inserted and I immediately lost all sound from the world around. There were a couple of small clicks on each side of my head when the hearing aid/sound eliminators were secured; these coming from the pins being thrust through my ear piercings, the ends of the plugs, then being locked into place. I just lay there weeping, nearly blinded, now deaf and totally helpless.

Sound was returned with a soft click and Master spoke quietly, "OK. We're nearly done for today. A few final things to complete then it's time to go back to the hotel. You'll be fed and put to bed, and then tomorrow we'll go home." All sound disappeared and I couldn't even hear my blood flowing!

Mike leaned closer to my face then another series of awful things happened. He first pulled my nasal chains tight and I shuddered and squalled noiselessly into the awful gag pad, bucking madly against the straps securing me to the chair. It took him a few moments to internally connect the chains to the cross bar of my nose ring, then the lengths still emerging from my nostrils were cut off. No matter what I tried, the drag through my sinuses did not ease and I screamed from the continuing discomfort and irritation, but only faint hisses of distress emerged from my widely dilated nostrils. A moment later, I was quickly released from the chair, then stood trembling violently while Master removed all of my robes and showed Mike just what it was I wore beneath them.

“Holy shit, Bernard!” he gasped, seeing the harness that so cruelly controlled me. “That’s fucking incredible! She’s totally helpless and can’t do a thing!”

“That’s how I want her, Mike. She’s always wanted this kind of thing and pestered me for the last two years to arrange something like this for her. So, I got with the program. All that stuff cost me a ton of money to get it all made to fit her comfortably, for the most part, but it’s worth it for me. She’s become almost an object d’art, wouldn’t you say?”

“Damn! I don’t know if I’d call it ‘art’, but it sure as Hell is impressive! Any idea what *she* thinks about it?”

“Nope! Doesn’t really matter, does it and she can’t tell me anyway, so we’ll just go ahead and finish the job.”

“OK. All well and good, but looking after her needs is going to be a real pain in the ass, isn’t it?”

“Not to worry my friend! Miss Von Husven will take care of her in all respects.”

“OK. Good to hear. Thanks for showing her equipment.”

“Happy to do it! Time to get her dressed, then we’ll be on our way.”

“OK. I’ll close the place up while you’re dressing her. If you need anything else done, let me know.”

“Right. See you in a couple of weeks and we’ll have a celebration dinner.”

“Sounds good! I’ll lock up after you leave.”

It took Master and Governess only a few minutes to dress me, then after my head and face veils were re-attached, she unlocked my back leash and snapped the front one to my nose ring and breasts to get me moving. I was drawn from the office and along the hall to the elevators, then we descended to the garage and I was walked over to the van. All the while, my mind was assaulted with wavering, feather-like explosions of sexual teasing at my every step and I almost forgot about my state of bondage, unable now to even moan with desire. I snorted controlled blasts of air through my steel-filled nose; eyes dilated and staring unfocussed under their concealing shields, but they ignored my hidden distress and soon had me fastened into the chair, then we were off to the hotel. Only now, late in the afternoon, was feeling beginning to return to my mouth and I tried to moan from the dull, seemingly unending discomfort, but of course, no sound was permitted to emerge. All I could do was listen to the horror-filled thoughts echoing down the lonely corridors of my mind.

‘Oh, damn! What was I going to do?’

I was going to go totally, totally crazy, I knew it.

Chapter Thirteen

Home is the Heroine

Back at the hotel and in our suite, they had me sit at the table in the main room, leashed to the chair by the chain from the back of my collar. Because of the manner in which my arms were bound; now totally without any feeling, I sat erect with my chest thrust out, almost without movement, staring at the filmy curtains and the now unknowable world beyond. For the moment, my head and face weren't concealed beneath their multiple veils, but she'd turned on my hearing and I heard Master order our dinner.

The next day came far too soon and I was put through the morning ablutions and trials like a robot, quivering with violent shudders while more thoughts that *this* was to be how my life unfolded tumbled and bounced through my mind in a chaotic whirl. I didn't then appreciate that I was to suffer even more horrors; worse than anything I could conceive of, even at that point. Governess dressed me once more in my concealing costume and fastened my leash to the bed then ordered breakfast from room service. I heard Master's satisfied whistling while he moved around the suite, packing our bags and occasionally, he'd address a comment to me, obviously not expecting a reply. About ten minutes later our breakfast was delivered.

Governess placed the steaming tray on the table, then I felt her fingers at the front of my entrammelled face when she unscrewed the cap on the fitting of my feeding tube, between my slightly separated lips. She connected a short hose with a funnel on the other end and began spooning my cereal into the funnel, allowing gravity to draw it down the tube and into my belly. With it held high, she added milk to make everything flow easier and repeated the process every few minutes, then sat down and consumed her own breakfast completely before feeding me the remainder of mine.

"You know, Little One," she mused, "you've really impressed me with your courage to do what you have and submit yourself so deeply. I could never relinquish control of my life to the extent you have."

'I want out! I want to be free and just get away from you!' I screamed uselessly into my gag, but of course, no sounds emerged and my struggling only made her want to keep me ever more securely a prisoner. They didn't have to look into my eyes, thanks to their blank steel coverings, to see the despairing pleas radiating from them. All I could do was sit there, held proudly erect and suffering the tortures of the damned within my incredibly controlling body harness.

Master spoke, "Laura, what you're wearing now is, I grant you, orders of magnitude beyond what *you* expected or wanted, but fate deals out some strange cards and you'll just have to play what you've received.

"Anyhow, we're done eating and I've finished packing, so we'll head off to the house and your new life as a full time toy and slave."

With that, my hearing disappeared and a minute later, my head and face were once more fully concealed under the obscuring veils. I'd become the epitome of a silent, well-behaved Middle Eastern female: veiled and controlled utterly and there wasn't a chance under the sun that would allow me even the smallest hope of avoiding my new life.

The ride back to the estate was both boring and terrorizing. I knew I was heading into an even deeper captivity than I had so far experienced and no one knew who I was or where I was, and never would. After we'd pulled into the large garage, Governess

immediately took control of my leashes, jerking them firmly to assert her dominance, uncaring of my screaming from the pain of their tension. I was totally silent and couldn't make any objection to her treatment. Which suited her just fine. To my surprise that first night after everything had been done, I was permitted to spend it in the house and not my cell. It was a quiet evening of bondage, so much more pervasive than anything I had experienced so far, but this *was* going to be only a very small part of my reality from now on. That thought terrified me beyond comprehension and no matter how hard I attempted to get my mind around it, I realized far too late, that to have asked for something like this, given what I'd already known of Master's desires to utterly control anything he owned had been the height of stupidity on my part. He'd certainly done his best to fulfill *my* secret dreams, but he'd acted independently and fully realized *his* also!

Later, Governess fed me through the stomach tube and of course, I tasted nothing but the rubber of my gag. The food and liquid now flowed directly into my steel-compressed middle and I discovered that I'd lost yet another of my senses and enjoyments: that of the taste and texture of food. She occasionally allowed me to hear, but most of the time I was enfolded in utter soundlessness, staring out through the pin holes of the eye shields, unable to utter a single sound. At points during that evening, I writhed and screamed mindlessly while lying bound on the couch, beside Master, but he heard nothing and only watched my silenced convulsions with clinical, detached interest. No matter how wildly I thrashed and writhed against my securing chains and body harness, nothing was done to relieve my vast and horrified misery. Finally, Governess took control and soon had me on my feet then led me to my secret cell.

I wasn't aware of it, but now, a thick umbilical of hoses and wires also dangled from an opening in the cell's ceiling, and she wasted no time in connecting them to my ensemble. The first set was my air hoses and I was only aware of what they were when she connected them behind me to the nexus of my feeding, watering and air supply lines, then brought other shorter hoses up from this, up over my shoulders, and inserted their ends into my cone-dilated nostrils, locking them into their mounts. For a moment, my breathing was restricted, and then a flow of moisturized, oxygen-enriched air began to be pumped into my lungs. Then came my feeding and watering lines, connected to the front of my gag, the sanitary hoses from between my legs, and lastly, a large fitting that connected all of the monitoring and electro-discipline wires.

Once these connections had been made she activated the hoist and suspended me for the night, then left me alone in howling misery.

Chapter Fourteen

Cleaning & Other Arrangements

Of course, now that I was completely unable to wash myself, being so incredibly restrained, some sort of process and specialized equipment was required and this too had been taken into consideration. I didn't discover just what had been arranged until the second day after I'd been fully outfitted and it turned out to be just as horrific as had everything else. My day began with another so-called meal, but now it was automatically pumped into me, even though I was kept suspended. Then I was lowered and left for the 'day' to wander in small circles inside my cage, growing horribly bored and ever more terrorized by the incredible sets of restraints fastened around, to and inside my head, body and limbs. I knew that the end of my 'day' was near when once more my middle was filled with warmth and fullness, and then I just stood quietly for the longest time, waiting for I don't know what.

Sometime later while twisting in slow circles to inspect the brilliant bars of my cage for the thousandth time, I saw Governess standing beyond them, then it began... I felt my collar tighten at the front of my throat and I was drawn slowly backward to stand centred under the ceiling chain. Rather than being drawn upward though, the metre wide disk surrounding the ring to which my ankle hobble chain was connected dropped from under me until that chain sprang tight! For a moment, I was left suspended like that facing her, then to my horror, I began to sink downward and watched the bars of the cage seemingly rise. In seconds, the rim of the tube I was sinking into rose before my frantically staring eyes, then up even more out of my sight so that all I could dimly see was the smooth steel wall of the tube I continued to descend into. It seemed as though I went down at least another two metres before at last stopping and only then did I feel the tension come off my ankle chain, allowing me to kick a little against it.

Nothing further happened for the longest time, until finally, I felt a warm wash of water cover my feet then rise swiftly up my legs and body. For a moment it stopped, then slowly started rising again, and I instinctively began to scream against my gag, thinking that I'd drown here in the tube, having forgotten about my nostril-mounted air supply hoses. Short seconds later the water rose over my head and I was submerged fully, the top of my head nearly a metre under the surface. I thrashed madly against my chains and harness, frantic to get to air until it was finally returned to my starving lungs, but I remained held completely under water, no matter what I did! It was then that the water began to swirl and course strongly around my body and a mild soap was introduced, making my captive and concealed eyes burn slightly.

I was in a... a... washing machine!

It had been designed specifically for me and intended that I could be easily cleansed without ever having to be freed of the incredible ensemble in which I was confined. Some minutes later the water drained away and I was left to dangle in silent blackness, then the tube re-filled with another solution and again I was left to soak in that for the longest time until it too was drained off and drafts of warm air pulsed gently to dry me. This initially frightening, but eventually pleasant interlude ended when the tightening ankle chain again stretched out my legs fully and I was pulled up out of the tube and back into the cage, then fully into mid-air. Once again, I was strung between floor and ceiling, ready to be forcibly put to sleep. Governess had disappeared, leaving me alone and in silenced

misery while I waited for sleep to come, but from this point onward it would be an *awful* experience, repeated every day.

My first inkling came when I realized that my air supply was gradually being reduced. I gasped frantically against the constriction of my metal bra and corset ensemble trying to get enough air, then there was nothing! In my mind I screamed and begged for it to be returned to me, and began flailing as hard as I could against my restraints and chains, but this only speeded the consumption of what little oxygen there was in my blood and a wall of blackness began to loom over me. I thought that the life giving air machinery had failed and I was going to die just as I was chained, suspended, gagged and blind in a secret cell. I didn't want to die like this! I struggled frantically to inhale but still nothing happened and the blackness engulfed me while I descended in hysterical screams. Of course, I wasn't aware of it, but the computer had intentionally shut off my air supply to render me unconscious! I was completely out, when it returned a full flow of air about a minute later, but now it was mixed with a mild narcotic that kept me deeply asleep for the next eight hours. It was a horrible process and worked with brutal efficiency, every night.

The next thing I remember is standing with my feet on the floor, supported and held erect by the collar chain to the ceiling. Governess stood in front of me so that I could see her when my eyes focussed fully, then my hearing was returned when she activated her remote control.

"Hello again, Little One." She smiled. "I trust you enjoyed your rest period? You can look forward to being put to sleep like that from now on and spend your rest periods precisely as you have for the last hours." I hated her calmness, complacency and lack of sympathy. "I suppose I should inform you of how your schedule will function, but then again, maybe not.

"It is, I believe, a good thing for you to be kept in a state of constant suspense and apprehension, and so you will be subjected to the events of your life as they occur, without knowing what is coming. Fear – and you *should* be fearful, is always a supreme antidote to boredom, Little One, and that is how I shall care for you. Assuredly, you will suffer a surcease of boredom, but there are always going to be things done to you that will make you long for those periods of calm. Fear of what is to come is an excellent environment for a young woman such as you, in my view."

I wanted to fall on my knees before her and beg to be freed, but the chain held me erect and I *had* to listen to her monologue.

"Yes," she mused, opening a door to my isolating cage then walking closer to me. "You know, Little One, I love to see you controlled like this. It's good for your soul, without a doubt. You are totally helpless in your wonderful restraint ensemble and can be disciplined *quite* easily. However, the mere tension of your leashes and the pain they cause is not enough for Bernard *or* for me! Therefore, your equipment has other, as yet unrevealed features and talents. I'm sure you will soon be extremely regretful of ever wanting to wear anything like it.

"Nevertheless, your life has changed dramatically and you must now live it as we decide you will. I am but the instrument of Bernard's desires, but shall do my job as though you were my very own sweet little slave. I believe it is the way every young woman such as you should be trained for five years or more, before being permitted any

kind of freedom. By happy chance, you have fallen into my most favourite scenario and *you* will be kept this way for the remainder of your life.

“Now, it is time for you to again see what little you can of your new home, and I *do* know how limited your vision is, so, in a moment I shall lengthen your leash sufficiently to allow you to wander around the cell to your heart’s content, but the length will not allow you to get close to the door or to the walls. I shall also permit you to hear for the next few hours, but you probably won’t enjoy what little comes to your ears.

“In the meantime I have other duties, and so will leave you to amuse yourself in here for the remainder of the day. You’ll be automatically fed of course and I shall come to see you secured for your next rest period. Have a pleasant day!”

She turned and walked to the door of my cell, opened it, then strode through without a backward glance. It closed and automatically locked behind him. A moment later I felt the links of the chain from the back of my collar dropped slowly down my back and I staggered slightly when I was permitted to stand on my own once more. Tentatively, I took my first free, though severely limited paces in more than 20 hours, only to feel the immediate unavoidable stimulation of the dildo and restrictions of the garters. A wordless gasp of arousal pulsed up my throat and I enhanced the sensation by taking another pace, then another, and another, and another in rapid succession, desperate to achieve some sort of sexual satisfaction, for that was *all* I had left! The sudden jerk of my leash at the back of my neck stopped me immediately and I stared with despair at the smooth, white-painted cement wall, five metres beyond the bars, twisting what little I could and wishing that I had the use of my arms. *That* was the most terrible thing to realize; effectively, I no longer *had* hands or arms! They had been totally removed from my control, although remaining attached to my body and so to all intents and purposes, they might just as well have been amputated.

For the next long, boring hours I circled the cage at the limit of the leash and umbilical from above, stopping only when the stirring, arousing sensations emanating from the furnace of my steel-controlled and sealed sex became too much to bear. My breasts swelled even more into their compressing cups when my arousal climbed higher and I was vastly conscious of their tensioned masses within their steel armour, but all I could do was just stand writhing and twisting frantically, gasping in frustrated, frantic need to obtain *any* sort of sexual relief, but of course, that was impossible. The overhead leash was not long enough to allow me to sit or lay down, permitting me only to sink to a half-bent knee position and even then all I could do was to squat in silence, my legs trembling while I screamed in demented frustration.

During my circling, I became intimately familiar with my cell. The walls were smoothly finished and painted a glaring white, as was the ceiling, high above. At its centre was my cage and within it my leash and umbilical hung from their holes, while immediately below in the large, light blue tiles, another chain snaked to my hobble from a central ring on the steel disc. It was impossible to make out any details, but the walls of bars that formed my cage appeared seamless with no door visible. These were tightly-spaced, probably only ten cm apart, being about one and a half cm in diameter and gleamed with a silvery brilliance in the overhead lighting, permitting not even a hope of escape. My cage contained only one piece of furniture: a high, hard-topped, steel stool and this was bolted to the floor, but away from the bars so that I would be unable to sit and lean at the same time. There was nothing else.

I perched infrequently on the stool, for its unforgiving top was almost as much of a trial as standing and gave me no relief from the constant, annoying presence of my chastity belt's tight crotch strap, nor all of the terrible things that penetrated me from its inner surface. I spent the day weeping in gagged misery, desperately lonely and afraid, but the time passed and eventually Governess re-appeared. Before she did though, my collar chain tightened, dragging me back to the centre of the cage, then to hang in mid-air, then the floor leash also drew tight. Long minutes later, she walked to a position from which she knew I could see her, standing with hands on her hips, outside the wall of bars. I was pathetically glad to see another human being, even if it was her, but this would soon change to terror with each succeeding visit she made. My hearing came back.

"Hello again, Little One," she spoke quietly, then walked out the very limited cone I was permitted to see within, still outside the cage, inspecting me.

Right from the first, I've never received any indication of the time or the date, whether it was day or night, or the actual time, and so, imprisoned in the underground complex, I am kept entirely ignorant of the world outside. I only exist, chained in my sterile cage, waiting for what is to be inflicted next.

"It is interesting to see you here like this," she murmured quietly. "Undoubtedly, you will slowly become accustomed to your restraints and situation, but that will take quite a while. This is especially true of your body and head harnessing, given their serious and extremely limiting design and top grade execution. However, in time you'll feel that you've always worn them and not even remember what it was like to be free to do as you wished.

"Oh yes, Little One, I know that you are both lonely and bored, being kept as you are, but you had best become used to it. I realize you're extremely sexually frustrated and it *is* my desire that you continue to experience that feeling to the very maximum that can be managed. To this end, I have designed and created some interesting programs that will keep you far from being bored, but they will be used judiciously so that you do not become overly familiar with them, nor be able to expect them as always being there.

"Of course, you will certainly *not* like what is done to you, but that is one of the prices you pay for having all of your secret dreams come true, Little One," she said with quiet and impeccable reasoning. "Quite literally, you will be driven mad by what I have planned for you, day after day, after day.

"Your life has changed forever and now it is time for me to proceed with the re-adjustment of your world view."

With that, she strode quickly out of my sight, leaving me to wait in terror for what was to come next, and then her voice returned. "You look quite delicious, bound like that," her voice echoed between my ears. "I think it's time for you to be introduced to one the new areas of endeavour your life will be centred around, and so I shall release you from *that* bondage, then, I think I'll get you started on your exercise program. Some stair climbing will do *quite* nicely I think."

'Stair climbing?!' I thought, startled, *'How can I possibly do that, fastened as I am?'*

For the moment, I remained hung in mid-air and with no hands or arms to defend myself, she easily reattached my breast and nose leashes. Being gagged as I was; nearly blind and with my hearing totally controlled by her, I was not able to consider any kind of resistance. Just her mere presence was intimidating, but her words, spoken so casually

and with such unalterable authority, were completely frightening to listen to and be compelled to obey. I could only wait fearfully for what was to come.

Chapter Fifteen

My First Exercise

“Very well. I shall release you from your suspension.” My hearing snapped off with an audible click.

Governess again disappeared from my field of view, and then a moment later I stood once more on my high heels, still tethered by my upper and lower leashes. The weight came off the back of my neck and she quickly clipped the triple leash to the tips of my breasts and my nose ring, and only then were the other connections to my body released.

Suddenly, my breasts and nose flared when she applied tension to their chains and I spun with a gag-strangled shriek to follow her, but given my extremely limited vision, I had no idea where she was leading me. As always, every pace I was forced to take made the intrusive dildo stir and the sensations added-in to my over-all conditioning as a bondage slave and torture toy. What little of my environment I *could* see, changed subtly when we exited my cage and cell, then I was drawn out and along the corridor into another area of the dungeon complex. Being unable to see as I should have been able to was horrible and I didn’t even know when we’d reached our destination – the Exercising Chamber. Of course, I vaguely saw the changing light patterns, but had no clue where I was until my hearing was returned.

“I’ve noticed that you have been attempting to obey properly, Little One, *but*, you still need to improve. However, that isn’t of importance at the moment. What *does* matter is that you begin your exercise regime, and so you will now accompany me to the Stair Climber machine, then place yourself upon it as I direct.”

Totally without reason, she tugged firmly on my tethers once more, when only a gentle touch was needed, making me again howl into my gag and writhe to escape, then pulled me over to the bolted-down torture device, for that is exactly what it turned out to be. She guided my high heel shod feet onto the treadles, then lengthened my hobble and thigh bar to allow me to take full-length steps, but locked the central link of my ankle hobble chain to a floor ring, centred beneath it. Once more I felt an overhead leash fastened to the back of my collar and knew there was no way I’d be able to get off unless she released me. Governess made all of the umbilical connections, including the electrical discipline wires.

“Very well, Little One!” she declared. “Now you’re fastened to the exerciser and all the necessary connections have been made. The program is this: you must ‘climb’ the stairs until the computer allows you a rest period. If you fail to meet the requirements, then you will be disciplined automatically, for I shall not be here with you. You will exercise alone while I go about my other duties at the house.

“You should know of course, that there is no way for you to get off this machine, but you will not fall either because of the chain to the back of your collar. Now, it is time for me to go and for you to commence your exercise. You’ll be here for the rest of the day. Have a good time!”

My hearing snapped off, and I stared ahead at the blank cement wall, frightened of what I had been committed to. Nothing happened for some minutes; at least I think it was minutes, for I had no way of telling time, other than my panicky heartbeat. Then, it began.

My left foot slowly sank, while my right one rose until my thigh bar snapped tight, and at the same time waggled the dildo in an annoying shiver within my belly. Something else happened though, for as my body positioning on the machine changed just that small amount, my nipple leashes both sprang tight, tugging on the already uncomfortably tensioned flesh within its armouring cups! Of course, I screamed frantically from the immediate pain and pressed down with my right foot, trying to rise and ease the tension – and it worked – but only for a moment. Again my nipples were pulled at painfully when I sank on the steps and I realized that the only way I could prevent this from happening was to maintain the same relative height, and *that* could only be achieved by continual climbing! Even then, the chains tugged annoyingly, but the sensations could be borne, as opposed to the unrelenting tension when I sank fully, if I stopped climbing. And so I kept at it, with each step feeling the squeezing presence of my ankle, below the knee, and particularly the mid-thigh cuffs when my leg's muscles flexed against their strict, steel circumferences.

The device was diabolical, for the connection between my thigh cuffs and the dildo was continually active and so it buzzed and twitched unendingly within my armoured loins, soon driving me to gag-stifled moans of frantic arousal, but utterly unable to assuage it! My legs rose and fell in cadence to the hydraulic limitations set for the machine's steps, but I was unable to speed up to achieve that last push of stimulation to achieve an orgasm and neither could I slow down to rest! I was compelled to keep doing the exercise at the same boring, constant and unforgiving pace. With every movement on the machine, I felt the tensions of the various harness/brace garters when they stretched and contracted this adding-in to my sensations and knowledge of being utterly controlled. Soon, I began to gasp for more air from the effort being required of me. The regulator of the air supply system sensed this then began to feed me a larger volume and at the same time increased the oxygen content, but this did little to stave off my growing fatigue.

I stared longingly out through the pinholes, eyes wide with forced arousal, and wanting *out right now!* Alone with no one to release me, compelled to keep climbing the endless 'stairs' for fear of having my sensitive flesh unbearably tugged upon by the leashes, I wept in gasping sobs of distress. The nipple leashes didn't even permit me to writhe or twist my upper body without extracting an agonizing price. At last, I couldn't help slowing down for my legs seemed to have turned to water and I could barely move them. The time I took to climb each 'step' grew longer and longer, until I just stopped with one leg raised high and the other fully down, suffering the drag on my flesh with stifled screams of pain and slumped forward what little I could manage, given the now-tight chain to the back of my collar. It *wasn't* yet time for my rest period though.

A terrifying cascade of electrical impulses flooded from the dildo, convulsing the surrounding flesh and muscles of my womb and I screamed like a banshee against the gag pad and throat tube, while at the same time attempting to bring my legs up into a protective, foetal ball. Of course, I couldn't, thanks to the securing of the hobble chain's central link to the floor! The twitching spasms grew worse the longer I stayed motionless, then I frantically began to climb the steps once more and the shocks died away, leaving me in place, working mindlessly.

Insatiable arousal already flooded my mind, but I *couldn't* stop my tiring work and therefore neither could I avoid the constant stimulation! It went on and on until at last I again stood in a nearly neutral posture on the machine, gasping for breath with my

chained, tightly gartered legs trembling violently ... and nothing happened. I slowly recovered from my exertions, but have no idea how long I was permitted to rest, but I knew instantly that the time was over when my left foot sank to the full length and my nipples were jerked harshly. I had to begin climbing once again. The tedious cycle repeated over and over until I thought I'd go berserk from the unending stimulation and boring exhaustion of my endless labour, but something else began to happen when my times of being unable to continue grew closer and closer together.

During these latter periods, new and more horrible 'encouragement' was added – pulsing, needling shocks to my breasts and nipples! I stood screaming into my gag, semi-suspended by my collar chain and shuddering from the incredible pulsations through my sex when they started. My engorged, supremely sensitive, compressed breasts were suddenly convulsed with rippling energies that made me howl mindlessly from their syncopated discharges, writhing dementedly to escape them and I immediately began pumping my legs. As soon as the treadles began to move, the awful shocks stopped, but it took a few seconds for the ones in my crotch to die away, and all the while I continued to wail mindlessly.

'Oh, God!' I asked myself repeatedly, *'How could I withstand this? How could I live, being always under such strict control and unending bondage? Was this going to be how I lived for the rest of my life?'* At last, I stopped the exhausting work and nothing happened. I stood uncaring of the tension on my poor breasts until finally Governess appeared before me.

"And so you've had your first taste of forced exercising, Little One," she laughed while I part-hung, part-stood, trembling uncontrollably, weeping in horror. "You'll have much more of *that*, as well as doing work on some other interesting devices, but now it's time for you to be returned to your cage."

What the *hell* could I do secured as I was? *Nothing!* I stood quietly while she freed my breast leashes and sighed with relief when the horrid tension came off the punished buds of flesh, sealed away under their armour. A moment later the umbilical, ankle hobble connection and overhead leash had been released, then she clipped a lead to my nipple and nose connection points and drew me from the Exercise Chamber back to my cage. Inside I was quickly secured and the umbilical re-connected, then as soon as she was happy with the arrangements, the overhead chain tightened and I soon dangled in mid-air before her, then the ankle leash tightened. I was home. She moved to the position from which she knew I could see her, but was now outside of the barred wall.

"I hope you found your first exercise period... ah... interesting, Little One?" she inquired with a smirk. "It will *not* get easier for you in the future, and in fact, you'll find the reverse to be true. Now, it's time for your rest period. You have another session on the Stair Climber scheduled after you wake up, and so you'll remain as you are until I come to take you to it. Rest well."

'Nnnnoooooo!!!!' I howled despairingly into my gag. *'You can't leave me like this!'*

But she did, and, with a swirl of long skirts, went to the cell door, unlocked it, then stepped though and closed it behind her, sealing me inside, alone and helplessly suspended once again. I hung unmoving, just a stored commodity, sobbing brokenly with despair at the situation I had committed myself to. It seemed that I was now in a nearly constant state of regretful weeping, but there was no other outlet permitted to me. I don't know how long I stayed like that but once more my air began to disappear until there was

nothing for me to inhale and I fell screaming with terror into a deep dark well of blackness, bound and suspended as I was.

The next period, which was perhaps weeks long, was an exact repetition of what I've just described, and my stamina increased remarkably, but it was *never* enough. The computerized exercise machine was mindlessly efficient in torturing me to affect an increase in effort, but at last, Governess decided that I needed a change and I came to learn of the horrors of the Rowing Machine during the next session.

At first, I thought it wasn't too bad, for I got to be seated on a bench, but only then did I learn of the things I was actually supposed to *do* while seated! I suppose, at this point, I should describe the Rowing Machine and how it functions.

The device is contained in its own separate cage and is a pretty straight forward arrangement comprised of a split-seat bench (to accommodate my chastity belt's prominent crotch strap), with short chains hanging from the front, back, and sides. This seat is bolted to a sliding carriage, then forward of it is a long, spring-loaded bar or if you prefer, oar, probably five cm in diameter. Attached to this 'oar' are two, long, telescoping rods, while on the floor beneath, a large ring is mounted between the two rails holding a joined set of footplates. An umbilical of hoses and wires hangs from the ceiling, together with an ever-present collar chain, and, other than that, there is nothing else to the device. It faces a blank, white-painted cement wall some three metres beyond the cage it is contained within and so, once fastened to the Rowing Machine, I have nothing to stare at but the featureless wall. I'd be 'encouraged' to maintain a good work ethic by the liberal employment of electro-shock and I already feared it greatly after being forced to work under its implacable and merciless whiplash of command while on the Stair Climber.

Governess allowed me a couple of minutes to inspect the arrangements for my continuing torment/exercise, then tugged on my leashes, forcing me to dance closer.

"You will sit on the bench, Little One," she commanded quietly, still holding my tethers firmly. "I'm sure you will be happy to be seated for your exercise... at first. Now, step between the rails, sit down, then place your feet on their rests and keep them there."

She snapped the leash once with stern demand and I reluctantly did as she ordered, for I had no wish to suffer more than I already was from the harsh tugging on my nipples and nose. Their leashes are superbly controlling and book *no* resistance at all. I sank onto the bench and sighed with relief, feeling my buttocks comfortably cupped by the dished steel seat, thankful for not being tortured further by the pressure of the chastity belt's crotch-covering strap. With my arms bound behind my back as far up between my shoulder blades as they are, I had no option but to sit erect and helpless when she attached the bench's chains to my cinch, locking me onto the seat. Next, I felt the overhead leash connected to the back of my collar, then the chain from the floor ring to my hobble. My feet were quickly fastened to their rests, then she attached the various hoses that were necessary to maintain me: as well, of course, as the large, multi-pin connector for my electro-discipline equipment.

Sitting there while all this was being done, I felt like a laboratory animal about to be tested for some diabolical purpose, and truthfully, I realized that was precisely what was occurring! Getting more frantic and frightened by the second, I attempted to twist my upper body in silent, pleading protest, but she ignored my restricted movements and continued the work of attaching me to the machine. I distinctly felt all of the gartering

that restricted my movements, pulling on the web of steel harness that imprisoned my body and limbs, unable to escape its cloying grip.

Chapter Sixteen

Training, Torment & Sleep

“Excellent!” Governess exclaimed some minutes later, her voice laden with satisfaction. “Now to connect the rowing arms and you’ll be almost ready to begin exercising.”

I couldn’t see her do it when she raised one of the telescoping rods with one hand and with the other pulled the ‘oar’ as close to me as it would travel, then I felt the vibration when it was locked onto the right side ring of my collar. She continued holding the oar close and locked the other rod to its opposite side, thus forming a ‘V’ between my neck and their mounting points on the oar. It pulled me forward in accordance with the demand of its heavy springs, bending my upper body at the waist against the tension of the various garters that normally kept me in an erect posture. When I was pulled forward by these neck fastenings, the tips of my breast cups pressed firmly into my banded thighs forcing me to experienced a range of unpleasant sensations when this happened, not the least of which was the changing alignment of the dildo within my belly! As well, the sudden authoritative snap of the ceiling chain to the back of my collar stopped any further forward motion. While all this happened, my feet slid towards the bench, bending my knees, and I wondered for a moment at this seeming freedom. Her voice came again.

“You are now ready to begin your work, and work it shall be, I assure you! The object of this exercise is to maintain and enhance your cardiovascular stamina, while at the same time ensure that the muscle groups of your torso maintain their proper tone.

“Now, as to how you will exercise... First, the ‘neutral position’ is for you to sit exactly upright on your seat. No leaning forward such as you are now doing is permitted, other than for the moment you are completing an oar stroke. Similarly, no leaning all the way back is permitted either, but you must lean back against the tension of the oar until it stops, then come slowly forward again until you reach the posture you are in now. That range of motions will constitute one full stroke of the oar.

“You are required to row continually until permitted a rest period, and these will occur with due regard to your physical stamina, but *not* your mental state. As your stamina increases, your rest periods will grow shorter in duration and further apart in frequency, thus ensuring that you are always working your hardest.

“Naturally, Little One, there *are* penalties for not completing your assigned work,” she stated ominously. “The monitoring computer will ensure that your timing and stroke rate is in accordance with the parameters I have set. Any deviation will result in ‘encouragement’ to better yourself, but you will discover this soon enough and be *quite* glad to recommence your labour, I assure you. Even if you feel you think you are incapable of continuing, you will find that the discipline meted out will be irresistible, I’m sure.

“The length of the forthcoming exercise period is quite long and you will no doubt find it to be a trial, but that is what I and Bernard require. A tone will come through your earplugs to indicate the beginning, and then a beat sound will aid you in the performance of your labour. I shall keep you under observation, but as always, you will remain alone in the Exercise Chamber, chained to your machine, and locked away from the world. For the moment, that is all and so, adieu.” My hearing shut off.

During her terrible discourse explaining how I was to be made to suffer, I began to weep silently under the eye covers, forced to stare at the smooth, grey, cement floor. I didn't see her leave while held hunched forward like that, but knew that Governess had abandoned me to the awful fate she had described with such relish.

'Oh, God! How can they do this to me???' I wailed in my mind.

The answer, of course, was that I was their secret prisoner: thoroughly bound, nearly blind, leashed, deafened, and superbly gagged and therefore totally controllable - theirs to do with as they pleased. For the longest time, I remained pulled forward, bent at the waist, then the tone came and I slowly came erect. The initial strong tension had come off the springs and so I was able to straighten my braced upper body with relative ease, and then lean back until stopped by a firm jerk to my neck when the oar halted further movement. Behind, my ceiling leash loosened, and when I leant back, my chained feet automatically straightened, pushing against the plates. There was resistance and I had to use some force while trying to lean back, pulling on the oar by flexing my body, but that was all the motion I was to be permitted! I began to straighten and slide forward again and the footplates moved slowly backward, bending my knees and making me supremely aware of the unforgiving steel bands that encircled my legs as well as the shifting position of the awful dildo buried within my sex. I continued to lean further forward when the spring-loaded oar dragged, until the tips of my breast cups again pressed into my thighs and the chain to my collar snapped tight with a sharp jerk, reminding me forcibly that I was leashed.

A dull 'boom' thudded into my ears at that point and for a second I remained bent forward, then flexed backwards again until stopped, leaning about 30 degrees from the vertical. Throughout the cycle, the rigidly connected dildo stirred my loins when the connecting rod from the middle of the thigh-separating bar activated it and there was *no* escape from its evil actions! I gasped and writhed what little I could on the seat, once more feeling arousal beginning to radiate from the centre of my sexual universe, then moved forward again and again heard the dull 'boom'. Even after just two completed cycles, I was horrified by the drudgery of the exercise. With the shifting of my vision, swinging through the arcs of my movement, vertigo was quickly added to my distress. I attempted to lean back with more force to speed up the cycle and increase my arousal, but there were 'dampers' on the oar, the seat carriage and the foot rests to prevent this and so force me to keep an even pace.

Within 15 minutes, I think, I began to tire, but when I slowed, the first stage of my 'encouragement' came into action when my distended, tensioned nipples and breasts suddenly seemed to catch fire! This type of 'encouragement' was a normal part of my life now, but each time it hurt me awfully and was just as painful as all the other times it was applied. I could *not* build a resistance to the shocks!

Thousands of needling pulses transfixed my horrifying waves of sensation, making me scream hysterically into my gag and attempt to rear back and away from them in useless attempts to escape from my own captive, superbly vulnerable breasts. Of course, I *couldn't* get away from my own body and so continued screaming, begging desperately in my mind for it to stop. It did, as soon as I began moving again at the required cycle rate, but fatigue soon slowed me once more and this time the discipline was longer and more painful because my captive breasts had swollen more with sensitizing blood and become tremendously sensitive. Being compressed and held untouchable captives within

their armouring cups made any sort of evasion impossible, no matter how I twisted and shook.

'Oh, please! Oh, please! Oh, Ppplleeeaaassee!!' I howled in maddened desperation, begging incoherently to somehow evade or be freed of my self-imposed slavery, but I continued to swing my body back and forth to the beat supplied through the earphones. Eventually, I was allowed a rest period, but had to sit completely erect and could only stare straight ahead at the wall with no sound at all permitted to be heard. To my horror, the next time the boom sounded, the speed had been increased! I had to take deeper breaths, but the oxygen content of the air supplied had been supplemented, so I was able to maintain the required pace – for a little longer. Every time I slowed, the shocks through my breasts flared anew, then to further encourage me to maintain speed, the second stage of 'encouragement' was added by the computer program.

This took the form of opposite-timed shocks from the dildo, making me attempt to curl forward and fold myself into a protective foetal ball. No matter *what* I did, I was pushed mercilessly to accomplish the impossible requirements Governess had set, all the while nearly blind and deafened but for hearing the insistent dull boom upon the completion of each stroke of my oar. It was mind-numbingly boring and extremely arduous, and, as designed, I had no choice whatsoever but to do the work or suffer painfully intimate punishment.

At last, the terrible time on the machine ended and I sat on the bench, bolt upright and quivering with exhaustion, in total silence, waiting for Governess to release me, sobbing and gasping while I slowly recovered. It seemed like forever before she finally arrived and my hearing snapped on.

"Hello, Little One," her voice purred happily into my ears. "I hope you've found this newest exercise to be an entertaining experience?" The question was rhetorical, for of course I could not answer. "I'm sure it was unlike anything you ever thought it would be, and I can assure you that indeed, there will be thousands more sessions like the one you've just completed. As well, while these sessions are enacted, I shall be adding-in other stimulation. Just to keep you from becoming too bored.

"However, it's now time for you to be returned to your nice cage. You will be obedient while I release you from the machine, won't you?"

How could I possibly fight her, bound and controlled as I was? Sound cut off again and I was soon standing on wobbly legs while she leashed me, then I stood facing her formidable countenance and without a word of warning, she gave a sudden merciless jerk on my tethers to get me moving. I howled lustily into my gag from the renewed pain flaring in my tender tissues and short minutes later I was once more confined in my barred enclosure, strung bow tight between floor and ceiling. She stood beyond the bars where I could see her.

"You undoubtedly long for the days of freedom you used to enjoy, Little One, but *they* are gone forever, as has your ability to speak. Bernard may occasionally free you from your gag, but I disagree with him on that point, for it is my feeling that you should now remain without speech since you have been fitted with the proper devices. However, as your Master he retains that option, even though the occasions will be spaced years apart and be only for the shortest of durations. So, you *are* effectively without a voice for the remainder of your life.

“To make sure you get your proper rest today I will as usual activate the capability of your computer control program and you will be put to sleep by having your air supply removed.” She loved this form of torture for me and so continued with her pointless explanation of the process. “Even though you are already intimately familiar by now with how it all occurs, what will happen, Little One, is that the computer will slowly reduce your air supply to zero and so you will therefore suffocate and be rendered unconscious. I do so love to watch you thrash and wriggle when this is done!

“The interesting aspect of this, for me, is that you now *know* that you are to be strangled, but not exactly when, and thus, fear makes you all that more wonderful to observe while you struggle, what little you can, to escape, or get another breath.”

I twitched spastically, listening to her describe the horrible torture she had created for me, but suspended in mid-air on unbreakable chains, there was nothing I could do, *nor* could I shut out her words.

“Ah! I see that I’ve managed to excite you a little!” she said with satisfaction laced through her voice. “That’s good, for I don’t wish to see you become bored, at least not *too* badly; here in your nice cage and so in that regard, I will introduce you to another exercise machine in a few weeks time. For the moment that’s all I feel you need know and so I shall leave you to your rest. As always, I have other duties that require my attention.”

She moved out of my view and all sound disappeared as usual, leaving me to stare at the gleaming steel bars and the blank, glossy, white cement wall beyond them. My eyes filled with futile tears and my throat surged against the tight steel collar that tubed it when I tried to beg yet again to be freed, but even the small hissing noises that passed through my forcibly dilated nose could not be heard. The breathing hoses funnelled and eliminated them completely and the noise cancellation program in the earplugs ensured that not even bone-conducted noises came to me.

‘*Oh, damn! What was I going to do?*’ It was an idiot’s question, but I couldn’t help asking it of myself, then I remembered what she’d said about being put to sleep!

‘*Pppplllleeeaaasssee!! Please don’t do that!*’ I begged mindlessly terrorized yet again of the coming sensation of having nothing at all to breathe. I’d gotten used to the mechanical cadence of the ventilator inflating and deflating my lungs, even though I still hated the omnipresent control it had over me, but to *know* that it would soon stop, drove me nearly crazy with terror.

I have no idea how long I hung there while these panicky thoughts tumbled over and over themselves, then slowly, it began to happen... again! At first, it wasn’t noticeable, then I began to experience a shortness of breath and struggled to inhale but only a minimal volume of air was permitted to me, and it got smaller and smaller with each passing minute. I screamed madly, but a minute later, my lungs strained to inflate and nothing came through the air hoses! The ventilator had cut off all of my air! My body made automatic, violent struggles to obtain another breath, and fully aware of what was being done to me, I screamed mindlessly, exhausting the air in my lungs, trying to fling my head against its restraints in silenced protest and escape the securely mounted hoses that controlled my air intake, but even small movements were very difficult. I tried to inhale again and my mind was filled with even more horror, sensing that unconsciousness was soon to enfold me. I *didn’t* want to be put to sleep like *this*! It seemed to take forever for darkness to claim me as its own and I screamed inside my head in mindless horror all

the way into the darkness and oblivion, but with the inevitability of death, the blackness rolled over my screaming mind and I remembered no more.

Chapter Seventeen

More Exercise

Of course my breathing air was quickly restored after I fainted, but as was now usual, with a sleeping component added to it, so I'd not come immediately awake again. When I next regained awareness, I saw the same array of bars and the featureless wall beyond them, but it was a long time before the sternly-costumed, long-skirted figure of Governess came into my field of vision. She raised her hand in greeting and at the same time my ability to hear was returned, but only while she spoke.

"Hello once more, Little One," she said happily. "I hope you've again enjoyed the manner in which you were put to sleep? You were quite a spectacle to watch and as another means of controlling you, I think it is an admirable process and *quite* entertaining, although I'm sure *you* dislike the experience intensely and will continue to do so for many years to come. I love to play with your mind this way, especially when it generates those wonderful automatic responses.

"Yes, you make a very nice little laboratory animal and I shall enjoy you being *that* to the very fullest, you may be assured. However, I do so prattle on, do I not?" She smiled to herself pensively, brushing her manicured, red-nailed fingers over her thrusting breasts with seeming embarrassment. "Well, never mind! I'm sure you're glad of my babbling and I *do* sympathize with you. Being kept in a world of utter silence nearly all of the time must be a terrible trial, and so very unnerving, mustn't it?

"Then too, there is your desperate desire to speak." She smiled happily at me. "You quite obviously want to beg to be freed of what you have committed yourself to, I am sure. However, Bernard has decided that you shall be denied that opportunity for the foreseeable future, given the cost of the equipment and wonderful jewellery he has had you fitted with. Truly, Little One, you have become nothing more than a voiceless, silent animal and so you shall remain. Oh, I have no doubt that you scream and howl constantly when you are disciplined, or are just left alone, but you see, I don't care! *This* is the fate that Bernard has declared you must be delivered to and I am in full agreement with him.

"I shall leave you now briefly, as arrangements must be completed for your next exercise session. You will be fed and cleansed by the machinery while I am away and so should be ready by the time I return."

She turned away without another word and once more, I was immersed in a world of deep silence. With the exactitude of a Swiss watch, my bowels and bladder were filled with a soapy solution three times, then rinsed thoroughly, always the most painful of the processes, for I was required to retain the solution for long minutes. After that, the gentle, medicated solution was sloshed through me, then warmth filled my stomach when the machine delivered my food, supplements, trace chemicals, vitamins and liquid nourishment. I've not tasted anything since being fitted with the tongue plate, able only to experience the mouth-filling, neutral rubber of my feeding gag. Governess returned.

"Ah! I see you are ready." She smiled, clapping her hands with delight, and then briefly disappeared from beyond the bars to reappear standing directly in front of me.

I was *not* ready to be taken to my next exercise session! I hated and feared what was to come without even knowing the terrors that lay ahead, but choice for me, was now non-existent and I felt myself being lowered to stand on wobbly legs once more. My collar and hobble leashes were released after she'd clipped the usual triple leash

arrangement to my nose and nipples and I twisted only a little, writhing my body as much as I could, given the relentless restrictions my brace/harness imposed. She permitted me a little of this before snapping the leash with her usual uncaring cruel authority.

“Come, Little One,” she whispered into my captive ears and mind, “it’s time for you to enjoy some additional physical therapy and exercise. Just follow quickly and we’ll soon be there.”

As always, my breasts and nose flared with a burning pain when she tugged unnecessarily on the leash, maintaining her tension while she strode from the cage and cell with me in tow, then down the featureless corridor to the Exercise Chamber. Even though encumbered by her long skirts, she maintained a brisk pace, forcing me to struggle along behind her, severely limited by my own 25 cm chain-hobbled strides. I had to take two paces for her every one and of course, the movements of my legs activated the teasing of the dildo, immediately enveloping my mind in a haze of arousal. She was merciless, dragging me along as speedily as I could manage, with no pity or concern for the sensations she surely knew I was being subjected to. Governess acted with firm intent to ensure that they drove me nearly mad with desire, but my accoutrements kept me always frustrated.

We were soon within the terrible room and she quickly had me fastened to the Rowing Machine, then left me alone in fear-filled silence, waiting to begin. The work was always the same: mind numbingly boring, intensely exhausting, seemingly without end, and over the next weeks (I think) my travail on the machine grew ever more stressful, until I reached the point that I uncaringly rebelled every time she took me there. Of course, my fighting only kindled her desire to punish me and I was soon to suffer a most horrible session of automatic, computer-administered discipline. At this point of my life, I had no idea how long I had now been a prisoner and had given up all hope of ever being free again. Governess could see that I was gradually breaking down and decided it was time that I began using the next of the exercise machines.

The trip to the chamber seemed to go on forever, but in fact it probably took only five minutes, so that by the time we arrived, I was nearly mindless from the intimate, unending teasing. This, combined with the tension on my nipples and nose, had propelled me into a hazy universe of pain-laced arousal, both acting upon each other to intensify my feelings, emotions and sensations of captivity. Governess drew me to the newest machine I was to work on and from what little I saw, it appeared to be a normal, slightly inclined treadmill, but without the usual control panel podium at the front end.

“And here we are!” she said with a happy smile in her voice. “Step up onto the belt, Little One, then remain still while I fasten you.” Governess reinforced her command by increasing the tension on my leash and of course, I moved as speedily as I could to avoid more of her painful attentions. “Excellent!” she stated and eased her hold, “now, spread your legs to the length of your hobble.”

A few seconds later I felt it vibrate when she connected the positioning chains from the front and back ends of the treadmill to my hobble’s central link, then she stood and attached the omnipresent overhead leash to the rear of my collar, leaving a short loop of slack links to swing down my back. Governess wasted no time in connecting the umbilical, thus ensuring that I was ready for a full session, however long that would be, then she stepped daintily to a position she knew I could see her from.

“If you are wondering what sort of exercise you will do for this session, Little One, it is quite straight forward. You will walk. You will walk until permitted to stop. That is all that is required of you, for now. I shall return at the end of the session, but that is some hours off. Enjoy your little excursion!”

With that, as usual, my hearing disappeared into nothingness and she strode from my strictly limited field of vision. I stood nervously in place, shifting my feet slightly and feeling the insidious twitches of the dildo, noticing too, that the chains she’d clipped to my hobble didn’t permit me to step off the belt. There was nothing for me to do but stare ahead through the bars of the cage to the distant wall, or swing my body what little I could at my hips and try to look around. Really, there was little point, for the area that I *could* see was, as always, featureless and enclosed by a wall of tightly spaced steel shafts. There was no escape. I turned again to stand facing forward, waiting.

A faint chime sounded and without further warning, the belt began to slide slowly backward. As it was unexpected, my feet were of course drawn back also, but only slightly before my hobble chains sprang tight and jerked forcefully on my ankle cuffs. I nearly tripped and with a fearful lunge forward had to begin walking on the endless belt to nowhere, swinging my upper body from side to side to maintain my balance. My hobble chains were *far* too short for the speed that was demanded and so my paces were quick and short, limited exactly, and this made the movements of the vertical connection shaft to the dildo very, very active, causing me to immediately begin a climb to arousal.

The walking was not hard at first and of course a brisk walk of any kind is the very best of over-all exercise one can do, but within a few short minutes I was panting... not (again, at *that* point) from the stress, but from the arousal being forced into my mind in continuing waves from the vibrating, shifting dildo. The first week after being fitted with the jewellery and restraints, I’d prayed to be freed of it all and the constant bondage that was my lot. But now I began to howl out different pleas ... to be allowed to speak,... to be permitted vision and hearing... to be permitted taste ... to be permitted to breathe on my own ... and my most desperate need of all ... to be permitted a sexual climax! My mind turned into a seething vortex of unsatisfied and I *knew*, insatiable lust, making any kind of coherent thought impossible while I strutted along the endless belt. The swinging weights of my nipple leashes, tugging constantly and irritatingly at their sensitive anchors added even more to the witch’s brew of sensations washing through my mind, but I was forced to continue my frenzied scurrying, wavering more and more erratically while the fires of arousal flared into greater brilliance in my frazzled mind.

I stumbled badly and completely lost my footing, but the overhead leash to the back of my collar had only enough slack to let me fall partially to my knees, enough to jerk harshly on my neck, arms and my waist. All the leashes were strongly, mechanically connected and so the result of my stumble was not disastrous, but it was still a very uncomfortable jerk. I tried uselessly to howl for assistance when I fell, but of course, nothing emerged from my gagged, stomach-tubed mouth and in silence, I flailed violently on my chains while the belt continued to unreel beneath my dragging toes. I dangled and kicked for a few seconds, gasping and weeping, struggling to free my useless and numbed arms, but the machine and automated exercise program were pitiless!

Suddenly, twitching, agonizing pulses of electrical energy began to penetrate and twist my breasts within their armouring cups, driving me to more near-hysterical, silenced screams while attempting to regain my feet. Needless to say, any sensations of

arousal I was experiencing to that point disappeared like snow on a hot stove. It took me a long time to regain my feet and begin walking once more, again to feel the tendrils of arousal grow thicker and stronger until my brain was once more wrapped in the coils of irresistible sexual excitement. And I was unable to extricate or isolate myself from them for I was a prisoner of both my mind and my body. Governess used these capabilities to give me either incredible pleasure or pain, being fully aware of my subjugation to them, and also played to that fact that I had an intellectual realization of her tactics. I couldn't avoid the application of either sensation and so *had* to submit. There was no chance whatsoever of overcoming the sensations!

The remainder of that first session on the treadmill is but a blur with periods of horrid frustration, interspersed by bursts of intense discipline when I lost my balance or footing then dangled on my chain suffering the tortures of the damned. Eventually, as with all good or bad things, my time on the treadmill ended and Governess returned, then conducted me back to my cage. I stood listlessly while being fastened, then hoisted to my now normal 'rest' position and fell instantly asleep, even before the horror of forced denial of my breathing air could be enacted.

Chapter Eighteen

Disciplined

From that day on, the new three-part existence regime repeated endlessly: one day on the Stair Machine, one on the Rowing machine, and one on the Treadmill. It is mind-numbingly boring, but I had no choices anymore, and *had* to do as I was commanded. Governess remained her cool and impersonal self, always maintaining a strict decorum beneath her veneer of concern and civility toward me, but there was no question who was Mistress and who was Slave. She is cruel and heartless and I dreaded seeing her, even though I hungered constantly for the sight of another human being. I do not know how many more weeks or months I was kept on this schedule, but one day when I was nearly insane from being kept so terribly bound and isolated, she stayed longer than normal to talk. Governess had become my only connection to a world that I intellectually knew existed beyond my cage and cell, but they both seemed only pleasant fantasies now. I needed to see her often, much as I feared her appearances.

“Hello, Little One.” She smiled at me where I hung, suspended and immobilized on my chain as always when she came to visit me. “Bernard and I have been discussing you a lot over the last while and have come to the conclusion that you are progressing well in your new life.”

I knew instinctively that this didn’t auger well. All I wanted was *out*! My life had turned into an unending nightmare of hard labour, torment and terror of what was to come and I couldn’t stand much more of it, I thought.

Governess continued, “It has been a long time since you’ve seen him, although he has often been here to watch you perform your exercises, or to see you being put to sleep, and so we feel it is time for you to actually get to see his face. He will be coming to visit soon, but in the meantime, your first true session of discipline has been scheduled to reinforce to you that your mistakes and failures of performance will not be tolerated.”

‘No! I don’t want to suffer any more!’ I wailed plaintively in the echoing corridors of my mind.

My so-called life was *far* more awful than *anything* I could possibly have imagined in my wildest fantasies of bondage and discipline! However, there was nothing I could do, other than just dangle there on my chain, stretched by the upper and lower links between the floor and ceiling; utterly helpless, listening to her pronounce my sentence. The tension came off my hobble chain and I felt myself swing a little more freely, but it remained attached, still anchoring me to the floor. Experimentally, I moved my legs against their multiple hobbles, immediately feeling the twitching of the dildo.

I could still see her standing before me on the outer side of the barred wall, and with a grim smile, she spoke again. “It is time for you to be properly disciplined, Little One. It is my hope that you find it to be suitably... ah... correctional in nature, and I trust that what you will soon experience will serve to remind you to do your very best in the future. You should also know that from now on, a session such as you are about to suffer will be repeated regularly, *and* frequently.

“I shall of course observe while you are disciplined.”

She stepped gracefully out of my field of view, leaving me to stare in terror at the bars that defined my existence and for long moments nothing happened, but then a rapidly intensifying series of astounding pulsations came from the rigid presence

embedded in my sex! They were not vibrations, but these would soon follow! My inner muscles spasmed weirdly and I gasped, feeling the strange convulsions, then my legs twisted against themselves and the bar between my thighs, adding to the distressing pulses while they grew both in strength and duration so that in seconds I was made to writhe even more dementedly. I discovered why Governess had released the tension on my hobble and could not stop my frantic, automatic attempts to kick free of the torturing thing locked so deeply into my body! My legs flailed and bicycled madly to the lengths of their chains, then I tried to pull them up into a protective foetal position against the restrictions of their garters. But the anchoring chain to the middle of the ankle hobble snapped tight, it having only enough slack to permit me to bend my knees and raise my thighs parallel to the floor.

For a moment, it all stopped and I swung erratically back and forth in short, restricted arcs, gasping from the intense efforts I'd made and at the same time weeping wildly from the residual pain that I'd been forced to endure. My legs dropped to hang straight down, and then it all began *again!* This time, the shocks were stronger and I immediately began screaming into my gag, kicking my legs even more hysterically, making the dildo vibrate fiercely. My thoughts dropped deeply into a vortex of indescribable, unbearable sensations and I gibbered and begged unashamedly, thrashing in wild, uncontrollable movement. I could feel my arousal being built higher again, but there was nothing I could do to assuage my desperate need! Every time I thought I was approaching the edge of orgasm, the shocks peaked and knocked me back to just feeling the awful things happening within my loins!

A puppet being jerked about on a chain could not have been more animated than I became: bending, kicking against my hobble and its anchoring chain, twisting wildly, writhing like a snake with its head cut off, and trying to fling my caged and restrained head around. My frantic, gag-stifled screams of distress were utterly unheard by Governess, and I'd forgotten she was even there to observe my punishment. Horridly, it continued without let-up, then seemed to die away; leaving me once more oscillating erratically at the end of my suspending chain, sobbing with despair at my fate and when moments of sensibility came, the awful knowledge that I would suffer this again and again and again!

Those corrosive thoughts alone nearly drove me mad, but while their reality was being engraved into my mind, the discipline started *again!* The indescribably uncomfortable and yet arousing process once more assaulted my loins, driving me to near madness to get away from the sensations. Quickly, before my mind was overwhelmed, my breasts and nipples were *also* stimulated, but with differently sequenced electrical pulses and then I truly *did* go mad! I was uncaring of the restrictions and restraints I wore while fighting hysterically, screaming for it all to *stop!* Then it did! I was allowed to recover to near normality once more, gathering my breath and my now scattered mind. A long time passed and nothing happened, but to my consuming horror, the unwanted movements erupted once more! Within minutes, I was being subjected to the severe discipline Governess had designed for my correction.

How many more times I was sent to that very personalized version of Hell I do not know, but I eventually passed out and knew no more. When I finally returned to awareness, after unwittingly having been allowed a long recovery period, been fed and cleaned, it was to see Governess standing beyond the bars.

“And so you have served your first period of mild, corrective discipline, Little One. I trust you have learned from it and will remember to work hard at all times in the future, and to obey me quickly. Unfortunately for you, you *will* suffer it again and your succeeding experiences will become stronger and stronger.”

‘Nnnnnnnnnooooooooo!!!!’ I howled, despairing screams echoing in the lonely caverns of my mind, horrified that the terrible sensations would be visited upon me again.

“You may console yourself that your next session is some time off, but how long will depend on your ability to remember what your punishment just finished was like. You responded well and I quite enjoyed your gyrations, Little One, but now it is time for you to return to your exercising and so in a moment you will be released, then come with me.”

And so it went for the next longest time. I had become what she and Master wanted – a torture toy.

Chapter Nineteen

Master Comes To Play

Despite my horror of the situation, I gradually came to accept that this was to be my life and the only one I would know until I closed my eyes for the final time, many years in the future. Even so, just thinking about it made me frantic with despair, but of course, no one could see my tears or begging eyes behind their steel covers. My previous life now was very much a fantasy dream world and faded slowly away while I was kept working at the pointless, exhausting exercises.

Governess remained unfailingly polite whenever she spoke to me, but her soft words belied an iron will. My existence in the hidden complex of cells was but a part of her life, albeit a large one, for Master employed her in other duties also. In the long hours of boredom, I wondered and worried constantly what they were doing, and too, wondered what was happening in the outer world. Before, I'd followed events with an avid interest, especially in my chosen field, but now I was truly isolated and didn't even know the time of day, what day it was, or finally, how long I had been kept in here. Without hands and no means of record keeping, I just existed in a vacuum with only the succeeding appearances of Governess indicating that more time had passed. No one other than her and Master was aware that I was their secret, permanent prisoner.

My life continued for an untold number of cycles of exercise on the machines, and then it changed again. Master came to visit me! I came awake after being forcibly put to sleep as I always was by being suffocated (an unendingly horrid and terrifying experience to be made to suffer), and to my joy saw that he, instead of Governess stood beyond the gleaming steel bars. My hearing was returned.

"Hello, Laura." He smiled. "I decided it was time for you to see me again, if for no other reason than to let you know that in fact I *do* exist and am not a figment of your imagination. Too, as my wife, it's time for you to fulfil your matrimonial duties and I intend that to be accomplished today.

"You're managing reasonably well and I see have adapted to your new life under Monique's rather stringent control." He smiled again.

'But I don't have any choice!' I howled against my horrid gag. *'I have to do as she wants!'*

"Things are changing, but you'll not need to learn more of *that* as time moves along. However, one of the results of these changes will be that you'll see even less of me than you have. It's time now for you to get a small reward and so I'll take you for a different experience."

Sound departed once more and he disappeared from my small cone of vision, then a moment later, I felt myself lowered to the floor. I stood on trembling legs (they were always that way after being suspended and immobilized for rest) and the by now familiar vibrations of the chain being released from the back of my collar came, then my umbilical was disconnected. With a gentle tug on the strap that controlled my front leashes, he made me turn and follow the direction of his pull, seeing only his back while I was drawn from my cage. I desperately wanted to speak, but of course, my jewellery and gagging completely prevented any noise, just as it was designed to do. I was only permitted physical movement in accordance with his or Governess' wishes, as a means of communication. Even *that* limited capability was severely restricted by what I wore and

was imprisoned within, so I followed him obediently, moaning into my gag from the pain of the leashes being tugged upon and the insistent stirring of the dildo fastened into my sex. The corridors he took me through were featureless and totally secure. Each could only be entered by using a combination entered on a key pad; high on the wall and only then would the barred doors rise into their frames. So, with the extremely limited vision enforced by my head cage and eye covers, I didn't have a clue where I was. Given my arm bondage and vision restriction, I didn't have even the faintest chance of getting at the key pads, never mind seeing them!

At last, we turned into what I *thought* was another cell, by this time in my usual lather of frustrated arousal from the walk, thanks to the unavoidable vibrations of my dildo. He drew me gently into (again, I thought) the new cell, then to its centre. The umbilical was quickly connected and he fastened chains to the rings on each side of my collar and to my surprise, one on each side of my waist cinch, over my hips. I was even more surprised when he connected two longer, widely separated chains to the outer rings of my ankle cuffs and released all of my hobbles, including the inverted 'T' bar arrangement between my thighs. Of course, I wasn't aware, but my crotch umbilicals had not been attached.

Nothing happened for a few moments, then I felt a sudden pressure on my waist when the chains to my cinch tightened, lifting me off the floor. At the same time, the ones to my ankle cuffs also began to tighten, pulling my legs up and out, spreading them widely and the ones to the sides of my collar slowly lengthened so that in seconds, I gradually lay back until my hips were slightly lower than my head, leaving me to stare at the ceiling.

I felt so very vulnerable like that, even though my crotch was thoroughly and securely armoured by the thick steel of the chastity belt, but he was not yet finished preparing me. Suddenly, the constant, insistent pressure of the crotch-covering hatch vanished and I gasped when the monster that had been buried within my sex for so long shifted unusually. I felt small tugs on my labia when he released the locks on the end of the dildo that held it and my clitoral ring captive, then slowly, the fearsome shaft slid from within my body and I sighed with heartfelt gratitude when it finally emerged. The next item was substantially more uncomfortable when it too was removed, but soon the urinary catheter was also gone. Oh, God did the cool air washing across the exposed flesh feel wonderful! I remained plugged by the tube in my behind, but was nevertheless glad to have the others taken from me.

Quivers of hopefulness trembled in my mind. Why was I restrained like this, if for no other reason than my 'reward'? I wanted so desperately to talk, hear, and be free, but the only means of communicating my desires was to writhe fitfully against my fastenings and the suspending chains, swinging slowly back and forth and all the while trying to somehow voice my frantic need. He though, had other thoughts in mind and released my breasts from their locked-on cups, then let them spring outward to bobble on my chest. Oh, God! It felt *so* good to feel them move freely again! I was slowly lowered to a level he found comfortable, then his fingers began slithering over my hairless crotch and metal infused labia. I swooned with the sensations of his feathery caresses, as compared to the unending steel compression and captivity I had suffered since my harness/brace had been locked on.

My hips shuddered and bucked within their network of restricting garters and steel straps when his hand rose to cup my engorged and sensitive left breast, then my right one, lightly stroking up their hillocks to the deeply embedded steel U shackles and their trailing chains. More desperate shudders coursed through my demanding body and my mind became roiled with desire, demanding more and more human contact, but he would not give it, and that was the only freedom I was permitted! I remained gagged and nearly blind, hearing only what he wished while I continued to stare at the ceiling above, rolling jerkily from side to side while he played with my body, hoping desperately that he would let me see him.

The intensity of his play slowly increased, making me gasp in great lungs full of oxygen-enriched air, struggling ever more violently while he built my arousal higher and higher. Suddenly, a savage jerk came on my freed nipples, tugging the masses of the engorged, super-sensitive breasts from side to side, and I screamed a paeon of lust-filled anguish into my gag while my eyes clenched closed from the intense wash of sensation from my steel-webbed chest and oh, *God!* The sensations of being a captive were incredible! I'd not been allowed to climax since being fitted with my jewellery and restraints and I was at the boiling point when he did it... but that wasn't all! He continued his caressing, kissing my breasts, then similarly, my chained clitoris was tugged... at first gently, then with a rhythmical vibration that was mind-blowingly erotic and at the same time horribly uncomfortable. Then it happened!

Already I was coursing with juices of arousal and so when he slowly slid himself into me, I nearly orgasmed right then, but he carefully withdrew and slowed his other manipulations of my helpless, vulnerable and fully restrained body. I sank into a whirlpool of sensation, fighting my restraints madly to try to increase the height of the on-coming wave of orgasm, but he kept me on the edge forever, as he always had done before I'd been locked away. My legs jerked and thrashed against their chains and I began to scream even more incoherently into my gag, my convulsing body demanding that he allow me to climax! He ignored the blatant physical signs of my need and of course heard nothing of my frantic and increasingly desperate mewling. All he saw was my steel-webbed and contorted face, twisting against the metal embedded in it, attempting to escape its pervasive control and that alone seemed to increase his own desire for the head cage and jewellery were the ultimate signs of my subjugation. The pace of his penetrations, their depth and their durations grew with each passing moment, swinging me helplessly back and forth in front of him, while his maleness, the quintessential battering ram, conquered my vulnerable femaleness.

Just the thought of how I must look, laying there on my back, with my legs chained far apart, confined within an inescapable web of steel harnessing, my arms chained up behind my back between my shoulders and utterly useless, finally drove me over the edge. I bucked madly, climaxing in a starburst of overwhelming sensation that washed from my captive loins up to my pierced and likewise imprisoned, garrotted breasts, then back down through all of my body, and finally rebounded to explode in my brain. I passed out.

Thanks to the oxygen-enriched air being forced into my lungs, I recovered quickly and awakened to find myself still on my back, still free of the horrid crotch and breast coverings. I longed to see Master and beg him for release from my sentence of imprisonment and slavery. However, with the gag locked so securely into my mouth and

onto my face, I could do nothing but sob brokenly, shoulders shaking and tensing against the far too tight straps of my bra harness, hoping that my evident distress and unhappiness would soften his heart. My hearing was returned and he spoke.

“Laura, you are now living out an incredible life, just as you wished it to happen, although without doubt, a much more stringent version than you had ever planned for yourself. Laura, *all* fulfilled dreams have a price, as you have no doubt come to realize... and now you are paying the one that is required by yours.

“I will use you again in a little while, but in the meantime I have some news. You have been confined in here for a long time now and it’s my feeling that you need a change of scenery, even if only for a day, then you will be returned here, to continue life as you now live it. Perhaps you may think of this semi-freedom as a blessing, but truly, once you have been returned here, I’m sure you’ll wish you’d never seen the outer world again. Then, you’ll know what you so willingly and foolishly cast away. Occasionally in the distant future, other excursions may be permitted to reinforce your loss, but they’ll be short and spread years apart. The visits are *not* for your pleasure, but quite the opposite, as I’ve said.

“Sometime soon you will be placed in a specialized shipping container then transported. You will not be freed of any of your restraints or jewellery while you are out of the complex, for of course they cannot be taken off and while you’re in the outer world, you’ll be monitored at all times by an automatic disciplining system, and of course Governess Monique will attend to your needs and act as an escort.”

Sound cut off and I was permitted a couple of minutes to absorb the words he’s spoken, then his insidious teasing and torturing began once more. This time he prolonged my sweet agony of arousal for far longer than I thought was possible before I became insane with need, until he finally allowed me to climax. I was forced to climb higher and higher into that wonderful, haze of pleasure, but was isolated and alone there, utterly deaf and able only to feel my bindings. This time I didn’t awaken to find him there with me, but returned to awareness to find myself as I always did: suspended vertically in my cell, feet and legs pulled down and held motionless with my breasts and crotch re-armoured in steel. A wordless howl of despair echoed in my mind at finding myself returned so abruptly and unfeelingly to my ‘normal’ life and I wept in my solitude for the longest time until my hearing was returned and I saw Governess through tear-flooded eyes.

“You have been returned to my care and will resume life as an experimental toy, Little One,” she stated with satisfaction evident in her tone. “I hope you’ve not forgotten the discipline you suffered a short time ago, and trust that you will make your best effort?”

“Well, whether you do or not is of little importance, for your disciplining will continue as required by the guaranteed failures you will be guilty of to achieve my goals. I *do* hope you are ready to begin. Again, it matters not, for in a moment I shall take you to your place of labour, and you will soon be fully immersed once more.”

She quickly entered my cage, attached my triple leash arrangement, disconnected my overhead chain, then my umbilicals and led me off to my next exercise session.

Chapter Twenty

The Shipping Container

My hearing disappeared and soon thereafter, I was fastened to the Stair Climber Machine and working hard, uselessly attempting to avoid both the stimulation, a mistake, and the discipline that would surely follow. My life came full circle and the wonderful interlude of extraordinary sexual satisfaction I'd enjoyed (I think), began to fade to a dim memory with as little substance as smoke in a high wind... just like everything else in my past. I worked and was disciplined immediately if I did not maintain the required pace, knowing that further of the same and more intense would follow at some point in the near future. My existence was boring and tiring and so once more, time lost all relevancy. Eventually, Master reappeared.

"Hello, Laura." He smiled at me where I was strung tightly in mid-air, totally motionless. Upon seeing him, all of the memories of the lovemaking (actually, rape) he'd subjected me to, came flooding back and I began once more to try to beg him to release me from the awful life I now lived.

"It's time for you to visit the outer world, my dear. Governess will ensure you are properly prepared and packaged for your excursion and when you next awaken, you'll be surprised, I'm sure."

He disappeared and was replaced by the slim, long-skirted figure of Governess. She was inside the bars and moved close to me.

"Ah, Little One!" she purred happily. "How I *love* to see you like this or struggling uselessly to escape. It's time though for you to be placed within your shipping container. I shall let you down, then you *will* be a good girl, won't you?"

The chain lowered me nearly to the floor and I waited, hanging in relative freedom with the soles of my shoes maybe a half metre above the tiles. She walked to the side out of my sight and reappeared a few seconds later, pushing over the thing in which I was to be transported. It looked innocent enough; resembling a two-metre long, one-metre wide, streamlined, car-top ski container and she wheeled it around to stand it in front of me then opened it. What little I could see of the interior revealed that it was deeply lined with a resilient, black foamed rubber and had a number of mechanical fittings projected from the sides of the body-form. At the top, a pair of corrugated hoses dangled in readiness; these obviously designed to be attached to my nose jewellery, together with other hoses and wires from the bottom. I knew they'd be connected to other parts of my ensemble and shuddered involuntarily with dread. The opened top had a slightly smaller version of the front of my body moulded into the foam, while along the sides of the opened halves I saw six locking fittings that would seal it closed. A pair of small, integral wheels was at the bottom and at the top was a handle that could be employed to pull the case along. She turned me away from it then moved to the container and pushed it closer.

"This is your Shipping Case, Little One. Be a good girl and don't struggle while I fit you into it, please," she commanded, turned off my hearing then connected a short, additional chain to the back of my collar.

I felt her tug on this new chain while she moved the case forward and I slowly began to sink into the body hugging foam liner while she wriggled me from side to side to speed the process. A depression awaited to absorb the shape of my back prayer bound arms and they slipped into it, allowing the rest of my body to settle snugly against the remainder of

the form. She moved behind the case then pulled on the newest chain to the back of my collar, drawing my neck back until the same ring connected to a fitting in the case, then tightened it so that my neck and head were pulled down into their foam nest, holding me in the initial position. Next, she took my short hobble leash and clipped its central line to another fitting at the base of the container then tightened *it* fully, thus pulling my separated legs deeply into their depressions. At this point, she disconnected the chain from overhead to the back of my collar and the one from the floor to my hobble and began attaching the mechanical lock-down fittings to the appropriate steel loops of my body harness/brace and cuffs. She started with my ankles, and then worked up my legs to my waist, then the bra's chest band and finally my collar and head cage. At each side of every position, a latch much like a ski boot's tensioning clip came up and was hooked onto its appropriate ring, then it was closed and tightened. When she was done, I was held motionless in the middle of the case, laying on and surrounded by a thick layer of foam rubber. Governess took her time attaching the hoses and wires, but it wasn't long before she was done, then stood back and returned my hearing.

"Excellent! You're now ready to be closed up and I shall do that in a minute or so, but want to have a few words with you before I do.

"I realize you will quickly find your shipping container to be *quite* claustrophobic, but there's nothing to be done to alleviate that and so you'll just have to accommodate to it. However, I'm not without *some* sympathy for your feelings and situation, so I've programmed the computer to provide you with a little 'entertainment' while you are in transit. You though, will probably not like the form this takes, but really, Little One, your wants and desires are no longer of any import, as you have, I'm sure, come to realize.

"The journey is a long one, but you need not concern yourself with eating, drinking or toilet matters, for provision has been made to properly take care of your needs in these areas. Now, it's time to close you up and we'll soon be off."

I fell into a black well of silence again and stared fearfully out through the pinholes of my eye covers until she swung the front half of the container over my fastened-down body. All light was immediately blotted out and I felt the foam lining of the top half begin to press gently, then more and more firmly onto me when she pressed it tightly onto the bottom half. Of course, I didn't hear the multiple clicks of the locking ratchets engaging, thanks to my hearing being switched off and the thick, surrounding layer of foam, but felt only the increasing pressure along the front of my body and legs. The container I was a prisoner within was airtight and I gasped frantically, but found that I was permitted a free flow of air. Outside, Governess locked all of the latches, sealing me inside the innocent-appearing, car-top ski container and I was ready to go.

I have no idea of how long I was confined in my shipping case, but nothing further happened for eons while I lay inside, fastened without a chance of escape, or the possibility of signalling to an outside observer that I was a prisoner.

Chapter Twenty-one

The Outer World

Movement came suddenly and without warning when either Master or Governess grasped the handle and released the wheel locks, then to my horror, the case was tilted forward and I discovered that what I'd thought of as the top was actually the bottom! I was face down and would remain that way for the entire time I was confined. There was the sensation of movement for a long time thereafter when I was taken from the complex and finally, out into the house itself then the garage, but I was totally unaware of where I was. Every few minutes I'd feel even more movement, and then swings and swoops, until finally I felt myself laid flat, still face down. After that, nothing happened for another long time and I became even more claustrophobic with every passing moment. I wanted *out*, and it had to be now! Nothing happened and I began to go a little mad from the totality of my bondage and being so incredibly controlled and isolated, but the case betrayed no hint of my screaming struggles within.

Finally, I sensed acceleration and some small bumpiness and knew I was moving once more, away from the estate to who knew where. I got accustomed to the small bumps and went into a semi-sleep of boredom, waiting for the next revelation of my existence, despite my building panic, then felt small twitches of my confined, compressed breasts when trickles of electrical shocks began to pulse through them.

'Oh, God! Nnnnnoooo! Not again! Please? Not again! Not when I can't see!' I howled into my gag, but my 'entertainment' had begun and I had no way of avoiding what was planned for me.

The dildo *also* began to emit teasing surges of electricity into the flesh and muscles surrounding it, making my steel-confined belly shudder and twitch, even though the levels remained low and distracting for the longest time. Then, they began to climb higher and become stronger, making me beg desperately for it all to stop, but no matter what I did, they couldn't be escaped and I lost myself entirely in an incoherent torrent of mad screams while the shocks climbed and faded at irregular intervals. I suppose I exhausted myself and eventually fell unconscious, only returning to awareness when the lid of the case was opened and Governess' voice whispered into my ears.

"Hello, Little One. We've arrived and you'll soon get to see the world again. Naturally, as I've told you, full control and discipline will be in effect and you'll always be leashed. You will sleep in suspension as you usually do, of course. Just be patient and you'll soon be free to move around."

A few minutes later, I was out of the case and standing in the middle of a new cell. One wall was comprised of the usual tightly spaced, gleaming bars, but these opened into an external corridor, while the other walls were of gleaming, white-painted cement. There was little difference between this and the one I was kept in at the estate, but across the corridor beyond the barred wall, I could see the reflection of real sunlight! At least I was above ground and for that I was absurdly thankful. Governess left me, closing and locking the door then stood on the outer side of the bars.

"Tomorrow we'll be going for a trip into the city and I think you may enjoy the excursion even though you'll not be free to enjoy it. For the moment though that will be all. I shall see you when it's time for your rest."

She left and I was once more engulfed in silence. I walked carefully toward the barred wall and, as expected, was brought up short by the firm jerk of the overhead chain connected to the back ring of my collar. The cell was about five metres on a side and so I had less room to roam than in my regular cage, with the length of the leash set to stop me about a metre away from any wall. Nevertheless, I jerked as hard as I could on my chain to get as close to the door as possible, trying to soak up the natural light that streamed into the corridor from a window some five metres further along. I spent the following hours straining at my tether, sometimes writhing in a frenzy to get closer to the bars.

Occasionally, my high heels slid out from under me and I swung back to dangle at the centre of the room, howling with despair, but always got back to my feet and struggled again toward the bars until eventually the light began to die. Yet still I stood straining at my leash, for at least there was the small chance of freedom promised by the mere fact I could see a change in the light level. Governess appeared a long time later with a small step stool held in her hand and I shrank back in terror when she opened the door.

"Hello, Little One. It's good to see you so well behaved! Now it's time for you to be fed, then rest for the night. I'll assist you into your suspension, so now you must step up onto the stool," she commanded gently, placing it on the floor in the centre of the cell, right under the ring to which my collar leash was locked. I automatically quailed away from her in fear and loathing of what she was about to do to me, and her eyes hardened with anger at my display of reticence. She walked quickly to where I struggled at the end of the chain and grasped the swinging lengths of my nose and breast leashes, then applied a firm tension, dragging me to the stool.

"You are to *always* submit to being fastened, girl!" she snapped without sympathy or pity, tugging harder and urging me to move quickly up onto the stool. "I will book *no* delay or attempts to avoid my commands, *do* you understand? Now, get up!"

'*Yes-yes-yes-yes!!!*' I screamed into my gag, eyes clenched and spilling tears while I struggled to obey. '*Oh please, please, pppplllleeeaaassseeee!*'

A second later, I stood quietly while she shortened the chain to my collar's back ring, then locked it.

"Excellent!" she gloated then reached down and jerked the stool from under my feet, leaving me to swing in short arcs, hung by my collar as usual, kicking my feet to the lengths of their short hobbles. "You are not permitted even *that* freedom, Little One!" She snapped then disappeared from my sight for a moment.

My pendulum-like motion slowed to a stop, and then she returned to the cell with two long, shiny things in her hands.

"*These* will ensure you are properly held for the night, *and* for the discipline you must suffer for your reluctance."

Apparently, they were heavy springs. She clipped them to the outer rings of my ankle cuffs, pulled the right one out, and clipped it to a floor ring and shortly pulling me off to that side. Governess repeated the process on the left and I was dragged back to be centred again, but this time with my legs pulled strongly out straight, separated by the length of my hobble chain. I attempted to pull them up and seek some sort of relief from the unending strain, but the springs permitted only a few centimetres of extension before they dragged my legs outward again.

“I think that is an excellent arrangement!” she gloated for a moment, standing back and staring at me intently. “You will stay fastened like this until morning. During the coming hours I shall make sure you are *thoroughly* punished for your disobedience a moment ago to ensure that it is not repeated. You need to be fed now and I shall return shortly with your meal and the equipment needed to put it into your stomach.”

I hung writhing only the smallest amount, waiting until she returned some minutes later with a pair of filled plastic bags in one hand and a hand-powered pump together with lengths of thick, amber rubber hose in her other. Both bags were hooked close together to high cross braces of the barred wall and I stared at them, wondering what sort of nourishment they contained, then watched with curiosity while Governess attached the rubber hoses to their bottoms and led them to my face. She connected their near ends to a ‘Y’ fitting then I felt her screw that to the one between my pursed lips, under their covering strap. She stepped back and took another pair of the hoses, connected them to fittings on the top of each limply hanging bag, then to another ‘Y’ and finally to the hand pump’s nozzle.

I *didn’t* want to be fed like this and struggled what little I could, twisting against my tight chains and the springs, but she was unstoppable and began squeezing the pump’s handles with short, sharp movements of her manicured hand. This acted to pressurize the bags and I watched with misery when she opened the spigots on the bottom of each, then the hoses filled, darkening while the so-called food was forced closer to my face. I couldn’t feel the stuff pass through my gag, but a moment later sensed it entering my stomach. She continued pumping occasionally and watched closely until the bags were empty. Of course, I was unable to stop the process and completely humiliated to be fed in this manner, and that is what she wanted me to experience. I was only a laboratory animal and treated as one.

Governess quickly disassembled the feeding arrangements, then a moment later had exited the cell, locking the heavy door behind her. She turned back to look at me through the bars with a happy smile.

“I shall see you in the morning, Little One. Don’t forget! You’ll be disciplined later for your disobedience. Good night!”

She turned in a flurry of long skirts and left, turning off the cell’s light. I was alone again, plunged instantly into near darkness and total silence, but I could still faintly see the bars. Truly, my lot had not changed all that much from being in my cage at Master’s house and I hung there in suspended, gagged misery. I must have made for an interesting picture – a female body apparently with no arms, legs chained apart, suspended in mid-air in a semi-gloom inside a cell and with evil hoses and wires leading to it.

‘Why oh why did I ever want to subject myself to this unending, inescapable bondage?’ I wondered dazedly, attempting to jerk my feet up even the slightest amount, but only twitching slightly before returning to the precise position from which I’d attempted to escape.

It seemed like hours later that the awful electrical assaults began to pulse through my breasts and belly in terrifying waves of needling, biting sensations and in seconds I began screaming incoherently into my gag, my legs fighting the unrelenting drag of the strong springs. Sometimes, with super human effort, driven by the awful shocks, I managed to pull my knees up and slightly together. I didn’t know that I could be made to suffer so terribly, but Governess made sure of it over the next hours, until eventually the

terrorizing electrical pulses died away leaving me to hang there just as I'd started: strung motionless in mid-air, between the floor and ceiling of the cell. The punishment had been horrible! I wept wildly in my solitude, vowing I'd never disobey or attempt to escape her again. My promises were valueless though, for she'd never hear my voice while I wore the terrible gag. Then the final act of the night came when my air supply was abruptly stopped and I thrashed in a maddened frenzy to try to get more, until I fainted in a fit of screaming horror, despite having suffered this form of being put forcibly to sleep many, many times already.

I awakened the next morning to see the reflected sunlight in the corridor beyond the bars, then sometime later Governess and Master appeared at the door and after unlocking it, came inside and without a word, released me from suspension. I stood before them as their silent, leashed prisoner, waiting fearfully for what was next to come then my hearing was returned.

"Good morning, Laura, Master greeted me with a happy lilt in his voice. "Today, you'll be taken for a walk in the outside world. Of course, you'll be fully concealed by your normal walking-out costume, but at least you'll get a chance to see it for a short time, even as restricted as your vision is.

"Monique will dress you, then I shall return and we'll be off."

It felt strangely comforting to be enfolded in my concealing robes again and I'd almost forgotten what the sensation of freedom, small as it was for me, felt like. The prospect of being out in the world was somewhat disturbing, wearing what I did. Of course, it embarrassed me, as was Master's intent, even though I knew intellectually he'd never expose my state of bondage and barbaric decoration that the robes hid beneath their innocent appearing cover. I was terrified by the prospect of the state of my captivity being revealed, but at the same time wanted it desperately! However, my body, its decorations, and its inner and outer coverings held me totally in thrall. My vision was even more restricted than normal by the strict veiling arrangement and as well as being prohibited from hearing anything, other than what Master or Governess decided I should. While in it, I remained virtually isolated from the world around me.

A moment later, now fully dressed and concealed, I was walked out of the cell area of the place we had journeyed to and we emerged onto a bustling street. I don't know where I'd been taken for my outing, but it was near the sea and I could smell it, even though overlaid by the rubber smell of the hoses connected to my face, under the thick veiling. Master walked beside me, his pace slowed to match my chain hobbled steps, while behind me Governess followed closely, discreetly holding the end loop of my long tethering leash strap, it looping down from the back ring of my collar, under my veils to her gloved hand. It must have been almost invisible within the swirling folds of my voluminous black coverings, emerging at the back below the hem of the long veils. Her other hand was deep in a pocket of her own long skirt and held the remote control for my discipline equipment able to effectively and easily control me.

As soon as I began walking, the insidious vibrations and twitches of my dildo once again assaulted my reeling mind and in short moments I began to wander aimlessly, but was guided back to Master by a subtle nudging from Governess. I stared longingly out through the tiny holes of my eye coverings; these concealed behind the opaque mesh of the small windows in my outer veils but caught only the smallest of glimpses of the scene

around me and the men and women hustling past our small retinue. We moved sedately down the street, supposedly looking into the windows of the various shops.

Although my concealing robes were bulky and moved annoyingly around my legs, they also acted to muffle the sounds of my hobble chain and so, although an unusual sight, no one was the wiser about my state of bondage and gave us only cursory glances of astonishment at my costume, then continued about their business. I was a secret prisoner in plain view! I *thought* of attempting to fall down and struggle to get attention, hoping to be rescued, but the more I considered this idea, the less likely it seemed of success. Master and Governess no doubt had plans for this possibility and I knew I'd suffer terribly if I attempted it. Walking with my chain-shortened paces was easy enough if I was allowed to move at my own pace, and thankfully, this time it was permitted. Governess did not tug on my leash, allowing it to hang almost unnoticed to her hand, but I was constantly aware of its potential to punish, for its swinging weight alone exerted a constant, gentle reminder of its presence. The dildo acted as intended, keeping me in a constant lather of hazy arousal, thanks its unending, intimate movements, and so I actually saw very little of the world around me, kept constantly immersed in my slavery. I had no idea what city we were in or where or what I was supposed to see, but about two hours later my trip to the outside world ended and we returned to the place of my temporary captivity. Within 15 minutes, my concealing clothing had been removed and I was once more chained and suspended in my cell. *That* was the total extent of my visit to the world beyond the estate, the next day I was placed back in the shipping case, and we returned to the estate.

Chapter Twenty-two

A Change of Status

Upon our return to the town house, I was once more confined to my cell and incredible state of bondage and spent many tearful hours straining in futility at my leash. Governess suspended and fed me as she had the day before, then left me that way for the night, staring out through the bars of my cage at the unreachable cement wall far beyond. Since then I've only been taken out two other times and have no idea of the passage of time between those occasions, other than that they were very far apart and I was never out Governess' or Master's comprehensive and cruelly restricting control. I've never *really* had a chance to experience the things that most people take for granted in their lives, but desperately wanted to be allowed to, and so, gagged, deafened, chained and semi-blinded, I started with a losing hand of cards.

My life, such as it had become, resumed with more sessions of exhausting exercise on the three machines and all the while, Governess maintained her strict demands and control of every facet of my existence. I *thought* I'd resigned myself to spending the remainder of my life as I was, until one day Master came to see me. As was always the case, I had been hoisted into my usual bow mid-air bondage and stared out at him beyond the bars.

"Laura, I have a couple of important things to tell you," he stated in a very serious tone. "First, as of yesterday, you have been officially declared dead. That means, of course, that you no longer exist as far as the rest of the world is concerned and renders you into our *complete* control, to be done with as we see fit."

I shuddered when he'd finished speaking those words, wondering why he was telling me.

"As soon as you were imprisoned here, suitable arrangements were made for your complete disappearance, and then Monique and I filed a Missing Person Report with the police. Its term has now expired, leaving you officially without existence and totally ours to do with as we please. I continue to have great affection for you, Laura, and you will always be my first wife, but because of the total efficiency of your confinement and control equipment, you've not been able to fulfil your role as a spouse. Over the years since you began your self-inflicted sentence of life imprisonment and discipline, Monique has taken your place and so she and I will be married in a few days. Sad as it is, I'm afraid you are the author of your own misfortune and no doubt our impending marriage is quite terrible for you to become aware of."

'Nnnnoooo!' I screamed hysterically against my gag with all my being, my mind in complete disarray at this incredibly awful news, '*You can't do this! You can't! You can't! You can't!!!*'

I sank into a vast morass of despair, uselessly fighting my bondage while howling and sobbing in horror at how my life had evolved. '*I want to be free! Oh, God! I want to be free!*'

"Monique and I love each other," he said happily, "in fact, I've given you to her as my wedding gift and she'll enjoy having you as a slave and toy for a long time to come.

"You need not concern yourself about how your life will evolve, Laura, for you will continue to be kept imprisoned here, as always. Monique will ensure that nearly all of your needs are met and that you'll be disciplined properly, just as she has always done in

the past. Your life will not change substantially from how you live it now and we'll very definitely fulfil your wishes to be kept as a totally controllable and severely disciplined sex toy. When I die, and that's some years off yet I would hope, Monique will continue to care for you, but eventually you too will come to the end of your life. When that happens, this entire complex will be sealed up with you inside, still bound as you are now. Consider it to be your version of the Pharaoh's pyramid.

"But back to the present... After we're married, Monique and I will be going away for a few days and so the computer will take care of you – in all ways. Unfortunately, it will be a completely solitary confinement of the most severe type for you'll have no human contact at all, but you've already become accustomed to something akin to that over the time you've been in here. This time though, you'll be alone for a substantially longer period and you will without doubt become quite frightened, but precautions have been taken and arrangements made to keep your mind off your isolation."

He continued speaking, but I can't remember a thing from that point on. I was utterly devastated by what I'd been told and *nothing* mattered anymore. I was to remain a life-long, secret prisoner with no hope of *ever* escaping! I remember trying to scream at him and struggling uselessly, then it all became too much to bear and I fainted. Eventually, I returned to awareness to find myself still strung between floor and ceiling, but now only Governess stood in my field of vision.

"Bernard has informed me that you are now aware of your legal death, Little One. I'm happy he's told you about our coming nuptials and his gift of you to me. I can now marry him with a clear conscience. As he has mentioned, you should not concern yourself about being properly taken care of. Your needs are minimal and most are already taken care of automatically by the computer, so my involvement with you will be much as it has been over the past years. Be assured that I will continue to *quite* enjoy having you as my toy. I have no doubt you wish you'd never made your strange desires known. They've been realized, probably beyond your wildest dreams, but long ago you made your bed and now you must sleep in it.

"I shall seek new means to entertain you, but will keep them as surprises until their time comes, but now, it is time for you to rest."

She turned away and the door of the cell closed behind her, leaving me in my strict bondage. I knew what was coming and dreaded it terribly, even after so many repetitions of the process, and then it happened. My air supply cut off and I gasped and flailed what little I could, trying to get air into my starving lungs, until in screaming denial at how cruel the process was, I passed out and was taken to the land of Morpheus and its horrid nightmares. Now, during my initially drugged sleep, Governess employed the electro-discipline and teasing programs, driving me into the most incredibly vivid dreams that could not be escaped or awakened from, no matter how much I wished to do so.

The surprises she'd spoken of came some time later when I was forced to discover yet another talent of the huge dildo buried within my loins. I had been alone in the cell with no human contact for the longest time and so they must have been on their honeymoon trip. In fact, they were, but kept me under continual observation via a discreet site on the internet, and they instructed the computer that governed my existence to torment me.

Chapter Twenty-three

A Talented, Tormenting, Evil Device

Until this point of my incarceration, the dildo embedded in my body had always been there as a rigid shaft that I could not escape. Although it's initial length was not great, I was always aware of the thing, but now and from that point onward, it would be used with incredible effectiveness to mechanically rape me, not just by its mere presence, but now also by its hidden movements within my sex.

Alone and nearly crazed with boredom and misery, I hung at the end of my chain in the cage within the locked concrete cell. Before leaving for the trip and honeymoon, Governess had released my hobbling chain then once more connected springs to the outer rings of my ankle cuffs then pulled them off to the sides and clipped them to waiting floor rings. These were not as strong as the others that had been used and allowed me the option of being able to pull my legs up to bend my knees almost to a right angle and thus twist a little at the end of my chain, but as soon as I relaxed, they snapped my legs out again! I was surprised that I had been permitted this freedom, small as it was and for the first while, I revelled in the ability to move a little more freely, even while suspended. This freedom came with a price though.

I awakened from a forced rest period and the usual, awful, feeding and cleansing processes were enacted, then I was left to contemplate my situation for long hours before the next inevitable session of torment began. Governess and Master frequently took control from the computer program, so I never knew what to expect and that uncertainty kept me always in a state of unmitigated terror, just as they intended it to. My time of torture began as usual with the gentle feathery touches of electro-shock pulsing across and through my breasts and nipples, continuing for seeming hours until I was nearly mad with need to touch them or somehow escape the teasing sensations. Now with my legs partially freed, I twisted and swung erratically, my legs shivering and pulling instinctually at the springs, but it didn't stop!

Sometime later, more of the teasing pulses began to pass through my clitoris and labia, making me jerk my legs even harder, writhing frantically in mid-air, desperately fighting to somehow ease or escape the shocks. I was fully aroused and sensitized, ready for the acceleration of the tormenting experience to come and had almost lost the capability of coherent thought of any kind. Really, all I wanted was an orgasm, but that was always denied to me by incredibly painful shocks when I approached the edge of release. This time, however, things were different, but it took a long time.

My arousal levels were stoked higher and higher until I thought I would explode. Then all of the shocks became stronger, making me scream madly into my gag and flail wildly on the chain, my legs pumping and jerking while I instinctually attempted to close or cross them and protect my body from the assaults, but of course I could not and they continued unabated and began to get stronger!

Under their coverings, my eyes flooded with hopeless tears, alternately clenched closed or staring in wide-eyed terror out through the small holes while I attempted to bite down on the gag pad and my tongue writhed against its fastenings to the plate that coated it. My arms had long ago been rendered useless and remained inert, held securely in their back prayer and with my head kept rigidly braced by the caging metal straps and the tight posture collar; I was allotted only the smallest of freedoms. The air that was supplied to

me always had a high moisture content and increased percentage of oxygen and I was made to breathe it in a constant, mechanically controlled cadence. Not one orifice of my body was free of some sort of intrusive device and although I'd soon grown accustomed to this being the case, in total, they added dramatically to my over-all sense of being totally restrained.

After hours and hours of teasing and torment that kept coming in higher and higher waves, the surprise I had been promised was revealed. I suddenly felt an oily gel being secreted into my vagina by the dildo! The shocks continued without pause, quivering the sensitive surrounding flesh and organs of my lower abdomen, and then it happened! Slowly, the dildo began to extend itself deeper into my sex, at the same time swelling in diameter! I howled demonically, feeling it penetrate me deeper and deeper, but could not stop its swelling or advance! Howling for it to stop, I jerked my legs as close together as I could and pulled them up towards my body as much as possible, twisting wildly on my chain. The dildo was relentless, but it eventually stopped its extension, then slowly withdrew; the expandable corrugated rings at its base collapsing. More of the gel oozed from it and once again it insinuated itself deep into my loins while I shuddered with part-arousal and part-horror.

For the first minutes, the insertion and retraction of the dildo was a slow and steady process that quickly had me panting against the limited amount of air that was supplied. Then, the speed of the rape increased slowly, all the while lubricated by the gel, and I felt with amazement the true beginnings of arousal while the hidden machine pushed into and was withdrawn from my sex like a demented steam engine, slowly increasing speed! My reactions by now were governed totally by the primitive female part of my brain and I reacted automatically. I wanted more! I wanted to orgasm! I wanted in the worst possible way! My hips strained against the compression of my corset, attempting a feminine hula of desire, but the encasing garments and gartering to my thigh cuffs restricted those attempts, adding muscular endorphins to the witch's brew already boiling in my mind.

The pace of my penetration got faster and faster and a little deeper, making me feel as though the evil device would emerge at the back of my throat, then the shocks got stronger again! My tongue suddenly began to twitch with other shocks and if it had not been so thoroughly fastened in place by its covering plate and connected to my huge gag pad, I would have swallowed it. By now, I was mentally screaming, but these turned immediately to wails of pain when my tongue was convulsed by stronger shocks, then at the same time, in the next wave, my breasts and nipples shuddered within their compressing cups when even stronger shocks pulsed and flared through them and my clitoris and labia received the same treatment! I could not take the monstrous waves of forced stimulation and my brain short-circuited into blackness when I fainted from the over-load.

The thick metal straps encasing my head contained sensors for my brain waves and the computer recognized that I had passed into unconsciousness and immediately shut down all of the stimuli, including the piston action of the dildo. I was allowed a long time to recover and rest, but then, it all began again! No matter what I tried or how hard I begged in my mind, I was made to undergo the horrifying process once more, then again and again and again, but cruelly never allowed to enjoy an orgasm.

After many times of this happening, I at last climbed closer to the orgasm I so desperately wanted to experience, and this time I was permitted. With all of the things

being done to my body and thus my mind, I teetered on the edge of the precipice, and then it happened! I fell over the edge and plunged deeply into a whirlpool of sensual awareness that I had not experienced since before I had been incarcerated. The feeling of volcanic heat began to radiate from my crotch and swept up my body in deep seismic waves to flood through my breasts, making them swell even more into their compressing cups and uncomfortable nooses around their bases. My nipples curdled around the steel that pierced them when the shocks pulsed in a tormenting rhythm, maddening me, but the arousal continued up to my mind and burst in a nova of overwhelming strength! The dildo's pace quickened and now shocks emanated from it, my clitoris and labia were also quivered, adding even more to my wild sensations.

My mind turned to prehistoric jelly then the orgasmic explosion washed down through my body in wave after wave of incredible sensation. My legs automatically jerked and attempted to spread apart, then clenched as close together as they could while a second orgasm built and erupted, then another and another and another! The oxygen-enriched air kept me conscious while I gasped and screamed dementedly with my long-denied release. Master and Governess, unknown to me of course, avidly watched this entire episode on the web site, having decided that I was to be 'rewarded' finally, and enjoyed my gyrations and attempts to escape the forced arousal, really, a mechanical rape. It would be done to me more frequently from then on, but I didn't know this would happen.

I fainted.

A long time later, I returned to awareness to find myself still in my cage and cell, and still suspended and alone.

Chapter Twenty-four Recording My Story, & Final Silencing

Some time much later, Governess re-appeared in the cell, standing beyond the bars.

"Hello, Little One." She smiled happily at me. "I have returned to care for you and will ensure that you are kept fully entertained, as always. You have lived an incredible life to this point, dear girl, and suffered through some truly overwhelming experiences. In fact, I doubt that even I could handle what you have been forced to experience, but that is neither here nor there. You will continue to entertain Bernard and me as you have for some time to come, be assured!"

"However, I am not here to discuss that, but to give you a very interesting project and perhaps add some meaning for you, to the life you've lived to date," she said with a smile. "Bernard and I require that you record the story of your imprisonment and the conversion you've gone through over these past years to become my toy. Sometime in the next days, your gag will be removed and your tongue will be partially freed of its encumbrances. You will remain free of those devices until we're satisfied that your tale has been fully recorded for posterity, then you will be re-gagged and fully silenced once more."

I stared out through behind my sight limiting eye shields in disbelief, almost unable to comprehend that I would soon be permitted to speak. What a strange thought *that* was after being so long without a voice! What would I say? Would I even be able to speak at all after so long denied the ability? My mind spun ever faster when I thought of this wonder she had revealed so casually, but then I thought about it a little more and remembered that I'd eventually be silenced again when my chore was completed, probably never to utter another word! I desperately wanted the chance though, never mind what followed, and perhaps while I could speak, I'd be able to plead my case to be freed. It was an opportunity and chance I desperately needed to have!

Weeks later, it came to pass that my gag and other speech impediments were removed by the man who'd fitted them, Mike Zacharias, and I was free of them for nearly two months. It took nearly ten days for me to regain the use of my voice, and then I began recording this story of my life, if you could call how I live now a 'life'. My mouth was the *only* part of my strict bondage ensemble that was even partially freed. I was kept nearly blinded, bound as I always was, and suspended for rest, never off my leash. A boom-type microphone was attached to my head cage so that my distorted manner of speech could be recorded and turned into pages of text by a computer program, but that was the extent of my freedom. I wept unashamedly to feel the gag and feeding tube removed, then even more when the horrid tongue covering plate came out and the bars holding my tongue down were released from their connections to my teeth. I was left to still wear the face bows and bracing though and would never be freed of them.

As soon as I recovered my voice, I spent days pleading and screaming hysterically to be released from my awful sentence, but Master and Governess remained resolute, and I eventually came to accept that they would never free me, despite my constant begging. At first, I refused to relate my story, but Governess quickly overcame my obstinacy by disciplining me for long, agonizing hours until I gave up my resistance and told my story as you see it above.

When I realized that my time to be re-gagged was drawing closer, my periods of begging and pleading grew more and more frequent. I spent endless hours in sobbing fits, begging that I not be gagged again, but eventually, Governess, Master and Mike returned to my cell with the terrible devices used to silence me.

“You have had the freedom to speak for eight weeks, Little One,” she stated coldly, “and it is now time for you to be silenced again. *This* time, it *is* for the remainder of your life,” she stated with iron hard emphasis.

Knowing beyond doubt that this was my final chance, I screamed and begged hysterically while off to the side on a white covered side table that had been rolled into my cage, Mike readied my gag and feeding tube. He walked to where I waited, strung between floor and ceiling, struggling madly what little I could, to avoid what he was about to do to me.

“Try to calm yourself, please,” he commanded. “The process will be far less uncomfortable if you do.”

Governess approached and stroked my trembling head with light touches of her manicured fingers while I wept with misery and terror, knowing that I’d soon not be able to make any noise at all, for the rest of my *life*!

“Yes, it’s time, Little One,” she smiled, her voice belying her determination to have me fitted with the awful, torturing devices once more. “This will no doubt be somewhat distressing, but *do* try to allow the tube when it is fitted even though your sensations of having it done very unpleasant. The stomach hose is necessary for your feeding and watering and I *do* want to keep you alive and healthy for a *long* time to come, my sweet, for you make a lovely torture toy. We shall endeavour to accomplish this process as quickly as can be managed. However, you will have to aid us by not resisting the process at least too much.”

“Nnnnnnnnnooooooo!!!” I screamed in terrified desperation, knowing I was speaking my final words, “Please, Mistress? *Please!* Oh, *God!* Don’t do it? Oh please, please don’t do it? I can’t stand it! Oooohhhh, *ppplllleeaassee!* I’ll go crazy if I have to live anymore like this!”

“Ah, Little One.” She smiled at me happily. “I don’t really care if you descend into madness or not, you see. Your body has been fitted with exceptionally designed equipment for restraint and control and so if you become crazy, it will control you properly, and in addition, the devices you wear both externally and internally can be used for therapeutic purposes, as well as disciplinary ones. I think it’s an admirable solution.

“You are the beneficiary of being an inhabitant of a delightful female body and a most expressive number of reactions to the stimuli that will be applied in the future, and so the final word is that the state of your mental health is really of no concern to me. Now, open your mouth so that we can begin the process of silencing you again, please.”

In a futile hope that I’d be able to prevent it from happening, I clamped my teeth as tightly together as I could, but Mike was prepared for my resistance. He brought up a pair of small expansion jacks, then easily peeled my lips away from my steel-jacketed teeth and the mouth bows, then affixed them to the bows at the corners of my lips. Of course, I couldn’t do a thing to stop him, other than weep and scream. He spent a minute ensuring that the connections were secure, then together, began slowly to turn the adjusting screws and my jaws began to separate. No matter how strongly I tried to keep them clenched together, the jacks soon had my mouth spread widely open and I howled wordlessly

while he brought over the table with the implements of my silencing, laid out on it in readiness.

The first part of the silencing equipment he fitted was the wide, long, curved tongue covering plate and in seconds he had gently placed it far back into my mouth, then carefully positioned it over the rear most studs in my tongue; these never having been removed. Taking a pair of long nosed pliers, he fitted one jaw under the base of the stud, under my tongue and the other on top of the plate, then slowly closed the handles, forcing the stud through its matching hole in the tongue plate. Its smooth end was immediately forced partially down into my throat and I bucked frantically, attempting to retch.

I'd forgotten how horrible this restriction of my tongue and penetration of my throat was and wept wildly in futile protest, but he paid my misery little attention and moved to the middle studs. Using the pliers again, he forced those two studs through the plate and the tip of my tongue had already slid into the end cap of the plate. He easily secured it with a thick rivet that slipped through the bottom of the tip cup, then my tongue and out through the top side of the tongue plate. It was awful! The thick metal of the plate now once more covered my tongue and I could taste only steel. Using the pliers again, he pressed the ends of the cross rods through the width of my tongue down into their restraining clips on the inner sides of my teeth, both at the back molars and near the front, fully locking my tongue down on the floor of my mouth.

I continued to scream and beg wordlessly, but all of my attempts had now been reduced to only animal like noise. He began the next stage of my torment by feeding the thick, smooth, snake-like chains up into my nostrils then through my sinuses until they emerged at the back of my throat. Using the pliers again, he quickly connected them to the exposed ends of the rearmost studs, then moved to where they emerged from my nostrils... and tightened them! Deep inside my head I felt the horrid tension and drag and they pulled back on my already captive tongue, making for one of the most intimate and awful sensations of bondage that can be imagined. Using the arrangement that had captured them before, the nasal ends of the chains were locked to the cross bar of my nose ring, hidden from sight inside my nostrils and thus allowing the easy connection of my air hoses. The horrid tension would remain the same at all times, tormenting me constantly.

"There!" he said with satisfaction, looking into my mouth and seeing my tongue writhing against its restraints while I howled in frantic denial from the awful sensations, still attempting to automatically retch and eject the intrusive tongue plate. "Time to fit you with the gag pad."

Reaching to the side table, he picked up the huge, long, custom-formed, over-sized rubber shape and moved it to my straining face. I felt it pass between my teeth, then he had to use some effort to get the thickest portion of the device fully into my mouth. A moment later it plopped completely inside and he wriggled it around until it seated itself fully, then spent the next minutes carefully sliding all of the 'dams' along its edges and underneath into place between my cheeks and teeth and my tongue and its covering plate. What resulted was that all of my teeth were now covered by a resilient expanse of thick black rubber and at the front and centre, between where they would normally have been visible; there was now only the gleaming, round steel fitting to which my feeding and watering hose would be mounted.

“We’re making excellent progress,” he said, turning to look at Master and Governess. “I’ll remove the jacks and add the exterior locks, then fit her with the stomach hose.”

He turned back to my face and I stared up at him through tear filled, desperate eyes. He smiled down at me then reached to my face and unscrewed the mouth jacks. They were easily and quickly removed from my face and as soon as they were gone my jaws attempted to clamp themselves together, but the thickness of the huge pad permitted only a little movement. On the top and bottom of the covering dam at the front, just to either side of the centre of my front teeth, small silvery loops projected through and he quickly connected short metal bottle screws to the top ones then clipped their other ends to the bottom loops. Over the next several minutes, he gradually tightened the bottle screws, decreasing their lengths, pulling my jaws closer and closer together, compressing the gag pad even more. The silvery fitting at the front gleamed in readiness.

Mike went to the table and returned holding a ‘misting’ spray bottle.

“I’m going to numb the back of your throat to reduce your retching reaction. It’ll take a moment to become effective, and then I’ll proceed.”

The long nozzle of the sprayer was inserted into the fitting at the front, then he pressed the trigger a couple of times. A cool, moist spray immediately enveloped the back of my throat and I inhaled with a gasp, drawing it deep into my throat. The numbing began almost immediately, but he waited about two minutes then approached me once more, this time holding the thick-walled, long slippery hose. It had a smooth metal tip at one end with a fitting at the other that would lock onto the one between my front teeth, and then he looked down into my widely staring, tear brimming eyes.

“OK, you know what this is and what to expect. When you feel the tip at the back of your throat, start swallowing immediately and keep on doing it until the hose is fully inserted and I tell you to stop.”

He carefully slid the steel tip into the fitting between my teeth and slowly forced it further and further into and through the gag pad, then, I shook spasmodically when I felt it at the back of my throat, passing between the chains coming down from my sinuses!

“Swallow!” he commanded.

Under my tight steel collar, I began to do as he commanded and the tip slipped into the curve of my gullet then descended in reluctant centimetres further and further into my body until it pushed past the sphincter at the entrance to my stomach and stopped. My body though, wanted to get the whole length of the hose all the way inside it and my convulsive swallowing didn’t stop! Those actions and the screaming I was silently attempting acted to pull the hose tight against the front dam of my gag, completing its full insertion and when he saw this happen, he reached to my face and locked the two fittings securely together, even while my automatic swallowing attempts continued! Oh, God! It was awful and I wept wildly, but silently from the horrible misery of the thing now lodged firmly in my throat. I watched and listened in terror when he stood back and looked at me with no sympathy at all, then turned to Master and Governess.

“Now, I’ll re-fit her mask and the remainder of her facial coverings then check for full functionality and she’ll be all yours, OK?”

“Yes,” Governess nodded enthusiastically, “please proceed.”

Chapter Twenty-five Incarceration Completed

I could still hear what was happening in the chamber around me, for Governess wanted to ensure that I was fully aware of what was being done to me. So from that point, the final enclosure of my face and head proceeded rapidly. A moment later he brought up the insect-like lower facemask, clamped it in place with both hands and ensured that my air fittings and the feeding hose connections were made, then connected the web work of its fastening straps to my head cage. It was cold and clammy at first, but soon warmed to skin temperature when the straps were tightened fully, ensuring that the mask's internal fittings for my feeding hose and air supply remained joined.

This time, there was to be a difference in the type of upper facemask that I was to wear... this one to be a permanent arrangement. It was a thick pair of goggles with wide skirts around the edges; and within the blank vision port were separate eyecups made of soft silicon rubber. Mike took a long time to fit me with these, ensuring that each was seated fully, sealing each of my eyes into its own bulbous little chamber. Once he was satisfied, he slipped the wide skirts under the loosened metal straps of my head cage, then pressed them down firmly onto the rubber of my under helmet and the surfaces of the lower face mask! In seconds, a pre-applied glue bonded all of the surfaces to each other, fully sealing me inside the mask and helmet, completely isolating me from the outer world. My air and feeding hoses were connected to their external fittings of mask, then locked into their mounts on my collar and led to the main connection point on my back. I didn't get any air for a moment then the machine to inflate and deflate my lungs in its regular, unending cadence was attached. He finished his job by tightening all of the overlying metal straps and locking them securely to my head cage then stood back.

"There you go, folks!" he said with hearty enjoyment of a job well done. "She's sealed up and silenced for however long you want to keep her that way."

"That'll be a long, long time, to be sure," Governess said with relish. "I intend to use her *most* thoroughly. She provides us with such a wonderful spectacle when she is tormented and aroused beyond her ability to withstand what is done to her."

"Great! Well, I'll be off in a few minutes and leave you to play."

"Thank you for your help, Mike," Master said, escorting him from the cage and cell, leaving Governess and I alone. She moved to me and knelt to attach the long springs to my outer ankle cuffs, then released the links that had acted as a short hobble. A moment later she'd turned and walked from my cage, locking the door behind her, then turned and faced me where I stood centred within it.

"Well, Little One!" She smiled with satisfaction. "You've completed your job of telling your story quite well, and I shall add in the events of the last days to finish off your tale of total submission into your life of slavery and as a torture toy."

"I think it's time for you to be rewarded for your work and so I shall endeavour to make your days as interesting as possible. Bernard has told me that we are about to receive some visitors and so I shall leave you to the automatic programming to brighten your rather boring existence. So, I shall leave you now and return later."

The terrible deed was done and I was once more a totally silenced prisoner – her possession and toy.

Although it may be hard to believe, the preceding story is the tale of how I came to be what and where I am. I wish so desperately, now, that I had never revealed my secret dreams to Master, but the deed is done and my once so wonderfully erotic dreams of confinement have come to be realized with dreadful finality. My tale has been suitably edited, of course, by Master and Governess to prevent them and me from ever being located.

I have attempted to become resigned to my life as I now live it, but I still hope that one day I will be taken out of this sterile cage and cell to see real sunlight and grass again and be able to freely breathe and not have even that aspect of my life controlled. Occasionally Master comes to visit and enjoy my body, but for the most part my life remains as I have described it in the preceding narrative. Governess remains my only other human contact. Perhaps I have descended into a final madness, because I now think of my bondage and restraint as being normal and have long ago forgotten what it is like to have free movement of any kind permitted to me, without feeling the restriction of my ensemble.

Suffice it to say that I am still here in my hidden cell, and that I *do* in fact exist. Many times, I wish I could commit suicide and escape my dream, now nightmare, but the means to do so are utterly unattainable.

I am here: a lifelong prisoner.

The End

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