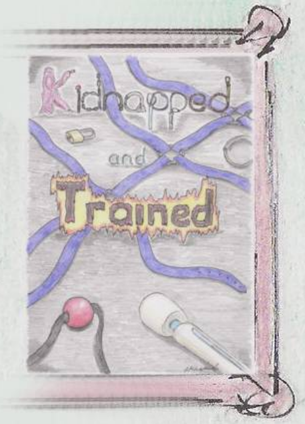
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Kidnapped & Trained

Prologue:

Catherina was bored, although that was hardly an uncommon event among the retired, even when the retiree was barely thirty and had made a massive amount in shady activities.

Well no they weren't just shady dealings; actually the tall raven haired monster had made her money through acts of pure evil, though like most monsters she didn't admit that was what she was. She considered herself to have been a businesswoman who had offered a premium service and been well paid for it. Unfortunately for many young women that service had been Catherina's expertise as a sadist and sexual dominant, which she had used to kidnap and turn many young beauties into sex slaves for sale on the open market.

Still all of that was in the past, a year before she'd turned a group of Arabian Princess's into perfect Arabian Ponies and been paid almost twenty million dollars for her work. She'd been able to retired buy a large (if rundown) castle in Bedfordshire, and had settled into enjoy her millions.

There was really only one problem; she wasn't just good at slaving she had enjoyed it, and since retiring she just didn't have any slave's to play with. She could have gone back to work of course but then she'd have to go back to losing slaves regularly when the customer came to pick them up. Also (and rather more importantly) her alter ego "The Cat" had been deeply infamous and was on the FBI's most wanted list, if she got back into the life she was likely to be caught and spend a lifetime in jail.

Still Cat had soon realised that just because she wasn't selling slaves anymore, didn't mean she couldn't have a few slaves for herself. If anything life would be easier now, she could keep the slave's as long as she wished and not have to worry about her dirt bag clients turning her in.

But what kind of slave did she want? She'd considered going after someone famous; an actress or a singer, but that would be very risky and somehow they never seemed as wonderful in person. Eventually though she had noticed a dirt track a few hundred metres from her new home, along which a number of people often jogged early in the morning. Some of these were clearly female and she'd gotten out her high powered spy telescope to take a look.

Most were too old, too fat, too ugly, but then one wet and rainy morning a young blonde girl of about twenty had run past. She was short but well endowed, with incredibly long hair platted into a ponytail, and was dressed in a tight purple latex raincoat, with a hood that framed a perfect heart shaped face.

At once Cat had been smitten, but the girl had run on before she could think to do anything about it. The next day however the girl had been back, this time in a purple halter top that showed off her ample breasts, and the latex loving Domme had been disappointed. If only it had been raining, the girl had looked so good in that raincoat and Cat had imagined her wearing something even tighter…

After that Cat had been a little…obsessed with the girl, and had snapped a few shots of her face with a camera attached to the telescope. A facial recognition program had then matched the face to a local drivers licence. She was Lucy Smith, nineteen years old, the local Under-21 woman's 5000m champion, and a student at a local university.

When she'd seen that Lucy was an athlete, Cat had almost cum at the possibilities; she could see Lucy already, sweating in a catsuit as she pulled a ponycart around a track… There were dozens of other demented "sports" she could introduce the girl to as well. In the meantime Lucy should have the stamina for an extensive training program, Cat especially wanted a girl trained as a Maid, she wasn't used to doing her own dishes and missed having a slave chained to the sink all day…

She doubted Lucy would enjoy any of it of course but since when had that ever stopped her?

She watched the girl for the next few days and slowly but surely drew her plans…

Chapter one:

It was pouring down with rain as Lucy Smith ran along her regular route, her body sweating inside her tight purple raincoat, as her perfect form strained against the tight plastic fabric. Her feet were encased in white boots with little hearts painted on them and she grunted occasionally at the effort to lift the heavy things as she rain.

The whole costume was rather uncomfortable and wasn't really the sort of thing you should wear while running, but a part of Lucy enjoyed the discomfort of taking every step, of pushing herself to her limit. Also she'd had rather a lot more than she should have for breakfast and sweating it off was a pretty effective way to lose weight, even if it was uncomfortable.

It was weird how uncomfortable was almost comfortable, she almost felt as if she…liked punishing herself like this. The slender blonde shook her head; she was on top of the world, a rising star that'd probably be off to Brazil for the '16 games. She had nothing to be punished about, she didn't do drugs, and she'd done everything on her own efforts, what was wrong with her?

While she'd been thinking she had jogged into a large patch of wood, and the rain slacked off even as it grew dark under the trees. She came to a fork in the road and tried to remember which one led out of the forest (though if she was honest she'd rather have stayed in the dry a little longer).

"Hmm actually I'm not sure where I am, she said to herself, as she realised she'd never taken this route before, she was feeling a bit tired and was starting to wonder if she should just turn around and go back the way she'd came. No she wasn't lost; she told herself this was just a little extra challenge…

deviant bondage

Lost in thought she did not realise someone was sneaking up on her from out of the darkness, until a heavy latex bag was suddenly dropped over her head. "WHAT THE...!" she exclaimed and tried to tear the bag off her head, even as she was rugby tackled into the dirt, and then strong hands held the bag tightly over her head. She could barely breathe inside the latex but worse there was a sickly smell that grew worse with every breath. She didn't know that the substance was chloroform, only that her head was spinning, and it was growing harder and harder to fight back. Her limbs grew heavy and spots appeared before her eyes.

A cold female voice whispered in her ear, "Hush little one, don't fight, you are in my power…forever…" It was the last thing Lucy heard before her eyes rolled up into her head and she passed out…

Once she was sure her new slave was fast asleep, Cat removed the bag and then injected a stronger sedative into Lucy's neck. She would now sleep for several hours, more than enough time to get her home and ready for her new life as Cat's property.



She caressed the girl's perfect mounds through the tight purple PVC raincoat and whispered "Soon," as she thought if what she had planned for the girl. Still that was the future, for now she needed to get Lucy home; first she snapped a pair of handcuffs around the girls wrists (no use taking risks), then dragged her to the side of the road where she had hidden her white van.

It had been child's play to follow the girl and Lucy had even helped out a little when she took a wrong turn and headed straight to where the van was hidden. Cat was dressed in a jumpsuit marked "Kitty Kat gardening services" and was almost disappointed she wouldn't have to use the wheelbarrow and tarp she'd bought along to get Lucy back to the van. Still if a slave actually wanted to walk right into her hands who was she to complain?

She opened the van to reveal a vast collection of bondage gear, costumes and toys, the tools of her deviant trade. She had always kept her best stuff in the van, just in case she needed to make a quick getaway, for now though she picked up some rope, some tape and a tennis ball.

With expert ease she hogtied the beautiful blonde, and then she shoved the ball in the girl's mouth and taped it into place, forcing the girl's jaws painfully wide while gagging her very effectively.

In the back of the van was a large wooden chest with a padlock on the front and air holes drilled into the sides. Cat quickly opened this and then placed the hogtied girl inside. She made sure Lucy could breathe through the holes and then closed the chest and locked it leaving the girl in darkness.

She'd used the chest several times to transport new slaves to their new homes; often on longer trips the girl would wake up and spend hours in total sensory depravation. The resulting disorientation usually left these girls feeling that weeks or months had gone by in the dark and by the time they got where they were going most would do anything to avoid going back.

She smiled as she remembered a Scottish slave she'd kidnapped during a snowstorm, and then spent a week holed up in a hotel until she could get the girl back home, She'd fed the girl on liquids with a tube and fitted her with a catheter for the other end, by the time she was let out the girl had been sure she was dead, in hell, and Cat was the devil herself. She'd actually been quite relieved to learn she was to be trained as a Maid and sold to her father's evil business partner!

Cat wondered if she should go for a drive before she took Lucy home but she sadly shook her head, the girl had classes in a couple of hours, and would soon be missed. She needed to get Lucy home and ditch the van before the alarm was raised, she didn't think anyone had seen anything but she hadn't lasted eight years in a dangerous trade by taking unnecessary risks.

Smiling and whistling she drove off and back towards her castle, the rain was getting worse and she had to concentrate to avoid skidding but on the plus side it had driven most people indoors and cutting down on the risk of someone seeing her…

…

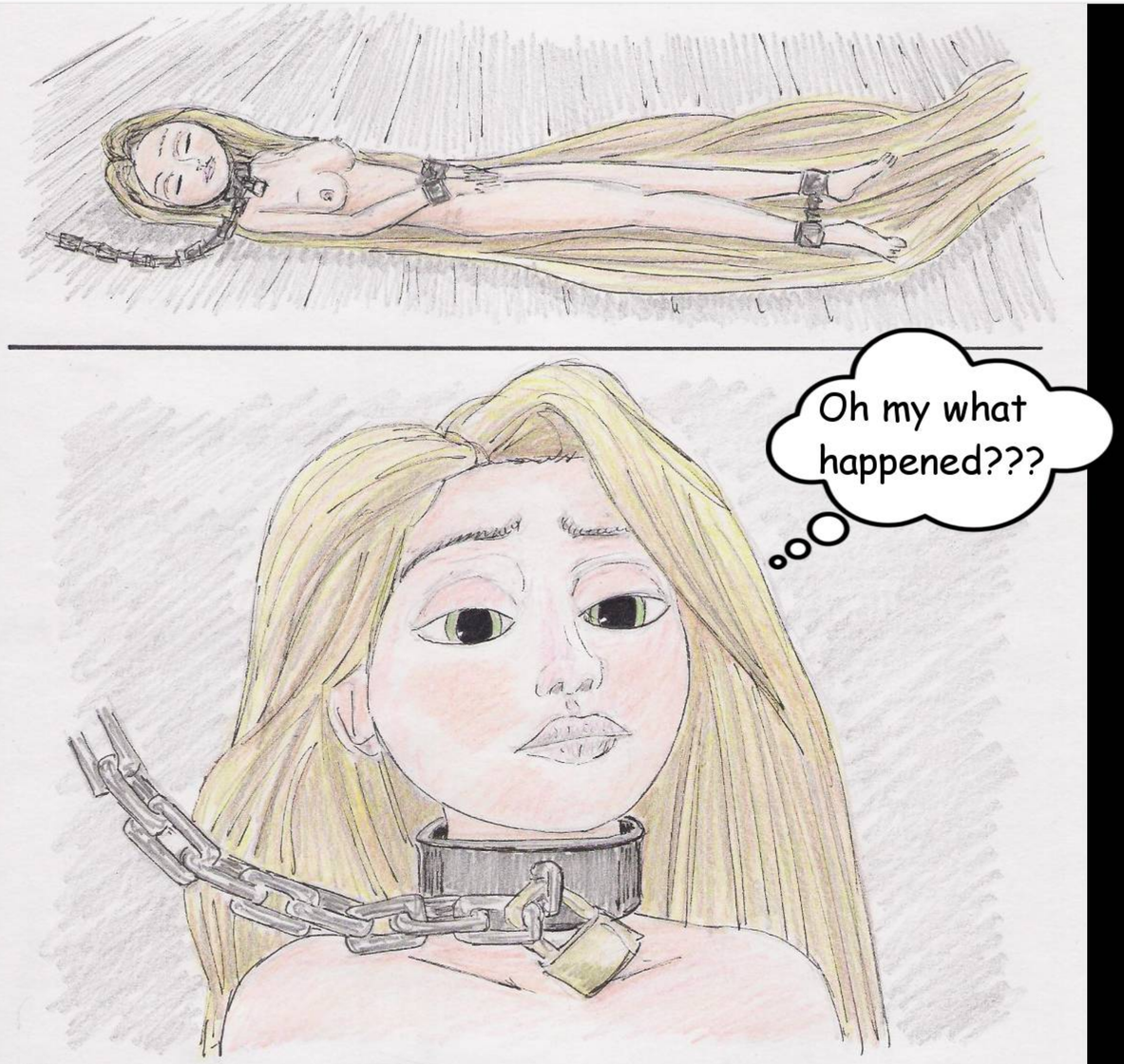
Lucy was cold, that was the first thing she noticed, she was freezing cold and had a real headache. How many did I have? She wondered as she slowly revived from the worst hangover she had ever had.

She was sore as well; she was resting on something hard, like wood? Had she passed out on the floor and why were her wrists, ankles and neck so cold? What was rubbing, it felt like metal, she tried to reach up to rub her sore head even as her sore eyes flickered open.

Something pulled her hands up short, and as her eyes slowly focused she saw the heavy steel cuff and silver chain that encircled and imprisoned her wrist. "Oh my GOD!" she exclaimed as a burst of adrenaline boiled the last of the drugs from her system. She managed to sit up, and her heart thundered as she took in the unmitigated horror of her situation.

Firstly she was naked her pale pink flesh on display for anyone to see but that wasn't the worst of it. Her wrists and ankles were cuffed together with strong chains and these in turn were linked by a hobble chain like you saw in programs about American jails. A steel collar orbited her neck, and was attached to a long and heavy chain that linked it to an I-bolt on the wall.

The collar was wide padded and quite comfortable, but it was still a collar! Her eyes darted round the tiny breezeblock cell that was her prison, taking in the heavy bars and steel door that made up one wall and the padlocks on her collar and cuffs. They looked expensive and even if she'd known anything about lock picking Lucy doubted she could have opened them.





"WHAT THE HELL IS THIS!?!" she demanded, "HEY IDIOT I'M TALKING TO YOU, WHEN I GET LOOSE I'LL…" she tailed off as she realised she had no way of getting loose. Fear gripped her heart as she realised she was locked in a cell, naked and the captive of some psycho. "HELP! SOMEBODY HELP!" she screamed.

She looked over her naked and bound form, "Oh my God, this is perverse, this is sick, who could do this?" Her eyes darted around the cell looking for a way to escape and she noticed a case in the corner with a note on top.

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She crawled over to the box, opened it and gasped at what she saw inside, there was a series of garments all made of latex plastic, a key and a note sitting on top.

Hello my sweet,

You will not be harmed if you do as instructed; you are in my safe hands.

P.S put on the clothes, cuff yourself and we'll talk.

Lucy smiled then said "Idiot," quietly as she grabbed the key and quickly undid her cuffs. She tried to key in her collar but it did not work, so instead she took hold of the chain, braced herself on the breezeblock wall and heaved…

It was cold in the cell but after five minutes of effort, Lucy was hot sweaty and puffed out, kneeling on the floor and more than a little sore. The chain had not budged an inch and when she had tried to reach the cell door she learned that the chain was exactly two feet to short for her to reach it. Worse still the key was in the lock and if she could…just reach it, she could have escaped!

She screamed again "HELP! HELP!" but still no one came. She noticed a bottle of water resting under the latex in the case, pulled it out and even though it was warm she gulped it all down. She shuddered as she finished it and then realised that she didn't have any more…

She shuddered again, looking at the note and the evil clothes and wondering if her captor would just leave her here if she didn't put them on. Cold trapped and with no other options she realised all she could do was do as she was told, besides she was cold and there was something so attractive about the latex. Also she could put the cuffs on loose, and then throttle whoever came in the door…

She started with a pair of black latex panties, these were a perfect fit, and comfortable in a strange rubbery way, even better they covered a little of her nudity. There was a bottle of talcum powder in the box and when she saw the next item she realised what it was for. This was a full body latex catsuit, which even had built in gloves and socks, this would cover everything except her head, and she was suddenly very glad she could not see a camera in the cell.

For a moment she hesitated but them she figured it was better than nudity, and there was something very appealing about the purple latex, it reminded her of the time she'd wore a wetsuit and almost orgasmed from the tight neoprene on her skin. In any case if she was going to make a break for it she'd rather not do it starkers…
She carefully rubbed talc all over her body, and then began to slowly slip into the suit, the latex was thick and tight and it took a great deal of effort to roll it over each leg, and then slide the costume up and over her arms. Without a clock she could not time herself but she figured it took at least thirty minutes to finish the job. "Wow…" she mouthed as she looked over the suit seeing how it followed every curve, the purple plastic hugging and hinting at the perfection within.

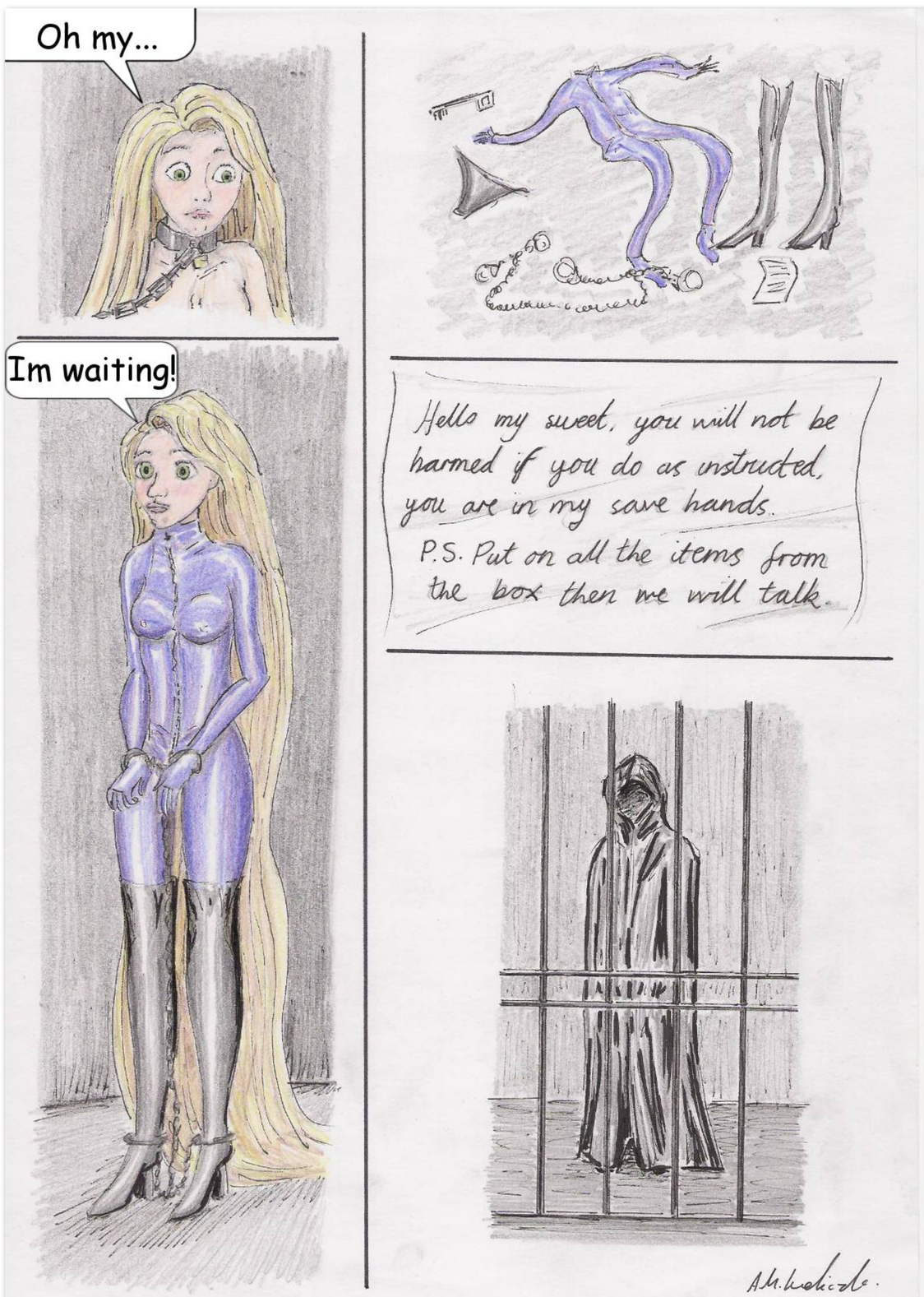
The worst part of all this was that she really did find the "costume" comfortable, and if she'd been asked she might even have agreed to try it on of her own free will. Well maybe after about fifty dates…

A pair of four inch high heeled boots was next, and Lucy actually smiled, she'd worn higher than that before, though when she put them on she realised they were made of latex and once she closed the straps this made them really tight. She tried to take them off only to find tiny locks on the ends of the straps, which were now locked into place and which the key would never fit. She shuddered noticing how the thick latex restricted her movements and how the sweat was pouring off her encased body.

Still she was an athlete, she had self defence training and she only needed one good hit, she thought as she slipped the cuffs and chains back on but left them loose and not locked, ready for the attack.

Suddenly she screamed as a lance of pain attacked her neck, the collar was electrified! There was another lance of pain and then another, before the cruel voice she'd heard before said, "Lock the cuffs or I'll wall you up in there!" Lucy clawed at the collar and chain, trying to break the evil device, even as stinging pain assaulted her vocal cords and caused her to scream in agony, but there was nothing she could do. After a moment the pain stopped and the voice said "I won't ask again," and without any option's Lucy reached down and closed the ankle cuffs, and then the wrists ones. Each cuff sealed with a very final "Click."

Lucy tugged on her bondage but now they were closed the cuffs were as a escape proof as ever, the tried to hide the key in her fist but a tickle of pain and the word "Don't" were enough to get her to drop it. She realised that there had to be a hidden camera in her cell but as she sweated and waited for her captor that was the least of her worries.



"Hello!" She called, "Is anyone there? I'm waiting, you sick psycho!" she shivered again but tried to keep fear from her voice, not wanting to give her captor any satisfaction.

Finally a figure dressed in a black latex cloak appeared before the bars. The hood was pulled back to reveal a beautiful raven haired woman of about thirty, dressed in a latex and smiling. There was something "off" about the smile though and Lucy shuddered as the woman spoke.

"Why hello at last little one, my name is Catherina but you can call me Cat. You might say I'm a fan, I've been watching your racing and jogging with great interest." Oh God she's a stalker! Lucy thought as the woman added, "I have enjoyed watching your races but there's something missing, I don't think you're really in the right sport, do you?"

"Er, Cat is it? What the hell does that mean and why have you bought me here?" Lucy asked, wierded out that she'd been kidnapped dressed in latex and taken who knew where to talk about her running. "And what is this crap you have me wearing?"

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"Wow you have a potty mouth!" Cat replied, "And FYI that's a catsuit by Linda the famed Czech bondage artist, you should be proud I let you wear it. Besides the latex and bondage will encase and stimulate your muscles, while helping you burn off those extra pounds you've put on, we'll have you fighting fit in no time." She smiled again and then said, "Yes you should be proud, and can't you feel how comfortable latex is, I know you like it you cannot hide from me…"

Lucy did feel comfortable in the tight suit and she supposed fighting it would build her muscles and burn off fat but that was beside the point, "Proud? You're a kidnapper! Go to the hell with you!"

"I'm not that sick, now this is all very simple, I am the mistress and you are my slave, you will be trained to obey and serve me in all things, as well as for a lovely sport which I'll explain later…"

"Slave, that sick, that's not possible, that's evil, why would you…"

"Why do anything, because I can, now it's time to start so shut up and pay attention,"

"I will not, OW!" Lucy screamed as an electric shock stung her breasts,

"Oh and did I mention there are electrodes and over two hundred micro batteries scattered in your suit, I can shock you all day," Lucy watched as Cat touched a switch on what looked like an oversized watch on her left wrist, instantly boiling agony shot through Lucy again, sending her falling to her knees in pain. "Now will you shut up?"

Lucy glared at her but aware that her captor held all the cards she said nothing for the moment as the monster opened the cell door walked in and pulled her to her feet.

She then walked back out and bought in a large suitcase, she opened it and held up a strange white cylinder with a rotating ball mounted on the top, "This is called a magic wand, we use it to train the pussy muscles, which is probably the slave's most important muscle of all," Cat laughed at her own joke,

"Ha fucking Ha!" Lucy replied as Cat reached into the box again, she then opened her mouth wide in a scream as another bolt of pain assaulted her body. While her mouth was open Cat shoved a huge rubber ball into it, and then before Lucy could spit it out, she quickly wrapped the supplied head harness around the slave's head locking it in place.

"Say AH," Cat said with a giggle, as Lucy screamed wordlessly and tried to spit out the gag. It was stretching her jaw it was so big, and uncomfortable and it tasted vile! She begged to have it taken out but Cat just smiled and said "No, I don't want any more insults from you a slave is always polite, or it does not speak at all…Beside's your mouth muscles need training as well, you have to be able to fit at least a whole pussy or nine inch dong inside"

This can't be real Lucy thought, this has to be some kind of sick nightmare! But it was all to clear it was real and she blushed a deep scarlet as she realised just how cruel and sick her captor was. She screamed and begged and wanted to run away and hide, but there was nothing the sex slave could do as her cruel mistress went back to her work.

She now uncuffed Lucy's hands and for an instant Lucy thought she had her chance, but Cat didn't even need the electrodes to stop her, she just grabbed the long blonde hair, and then pulled on it, hard!

Lucy was proud of her golden locks, which were more than eight feet long, silky and perfect, they also made a very useful and very painful leash, and it felt as if, Cat was ripping her roots out of her skull! "Right turn around, be good and no funny business," Cat said then grabbed Lucy's flailing arms.

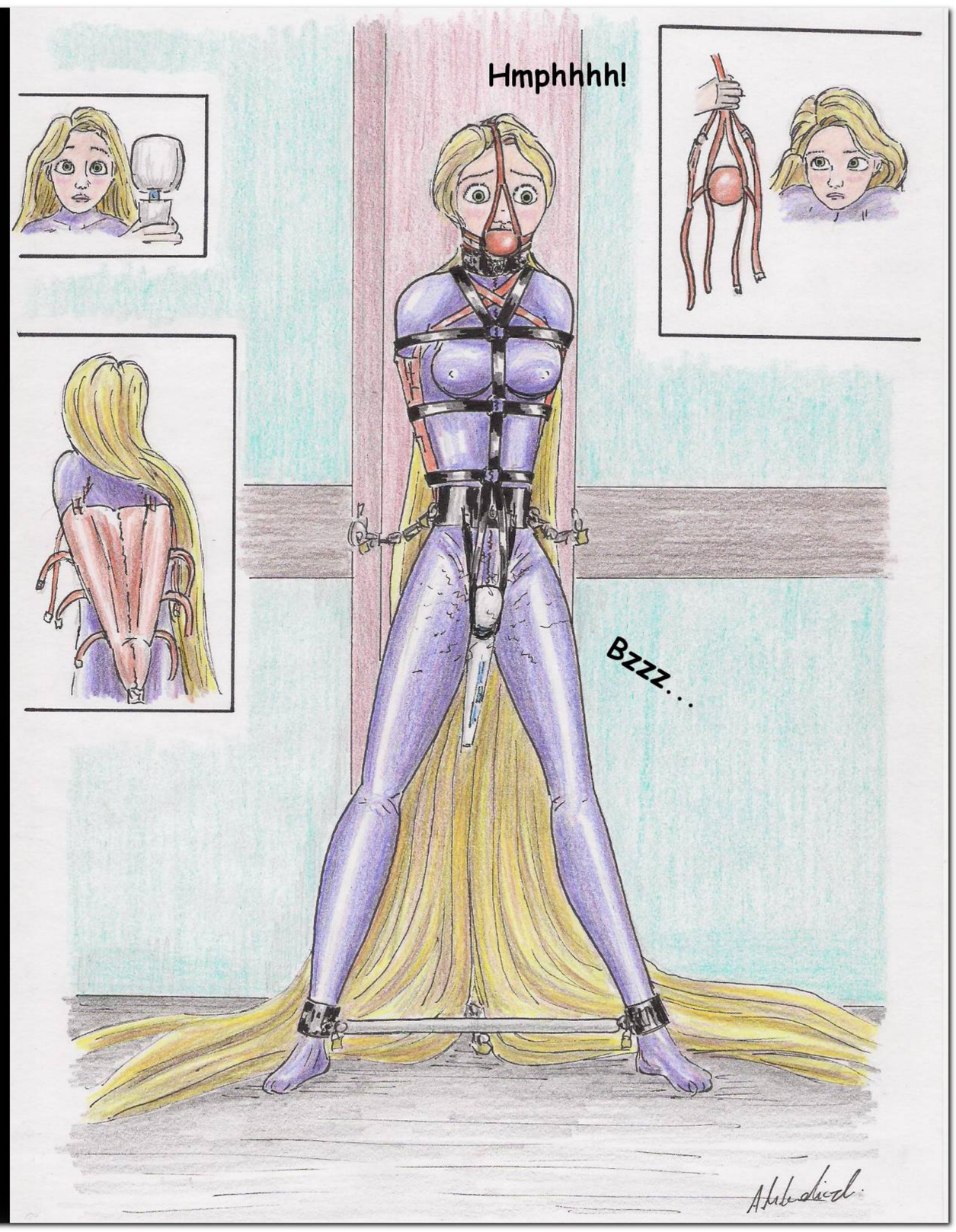
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The evil woman proved to be very strong and easily pulled Lucy's wrists together behind her back, then quickly slipped something rubbery over it. Lucy howled in pain as her elbows were pulled together behind her back, and she felt heavy straps locking whatever it was in place, before finally a pair of straps was fastened over her chest and around her neck to lock it in place.

Lucy screamed in pain from her unnatural pose and desperately struggled to break free, Cat for her part just held up a mirror and smiled. Lucy's eyes widened as saw the red latex sheath that held her arms and Cat said, "This is an armbinder it will train your arms so they can be locked together behind your back for prolonged periods. You should be proud most women aren't "flexible" enough to touch their elbows on day one, but I knew you could do it,"

Lucy just struggled and begged wordlessly into her gag, wondering how someone could be this insane? She shuddered as she realised that Cat probably wasn't what you'd call conventionally crazy, she was a sociopath to be sure, but she knew what she was doing, she just did not care! A single tear escaped Lucy's eye as she realised once again just how horrific her situation had become. If only she hadn't taken that wrong turn, if only.

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Lucy must have tried to say something out loud and somehow Cat understood the mangled speech because her captor said, "Oh no I was planning to take you today for a while, though I have to thank you for entering the woods, it saved me a very long walk towing your sleepy butt,"

"Bitch!" Lucy tried to say but her captor just shrugged.

"Normally new slaves don't spend a whole day in a binder but you're so limber so I think you can take it. Oh and I didn't give you permission to move earlier, so I'm going to punish you later," for a moment Lucy wondered what "Punishment" could be worse than this? She rather wished she hadn't had that thought realising that where this devil woman was involved the answer was probably… quite a lot…
Cat now picked up a leather harness and draped it over Lucy's body, then quickly secured the straps as the slave grunted in pain. A wide band like a small corset went around her waist and crushed it into a perfect hourglass shape. Meanwhile straps went over, under and between her breasts framing them and pushing them up and out to strain against the rubber suit. Meanwhile straps went around the back of the armbinder pulling it tightly to Lucy's back, Lucy howled in pain as her arms were pulled into an ever more unnatural pose.

"Yes I know it hurts but in time your body will adapt and a slave must be fully…flexible…" Cat said with a giggle, and then she forced Lucy's head up and removed the collar and chain.

Lucy took her chance and tried to break free, and run for it but Cat already had her hand around Lucy's arm and pulled her to a halt, a second later she tripped on the hobble chain and fell on her knees with a painful jolt. A second alter a grater agony joined this when Cat reached out grabbed hold of Lucy's right breast and squeezed. Lucy screamed in mortal agony as pain blazed through the captive breast and Cat hissed, "That just earned you another punishment,"

With brutal and surprising strength Cat Hauled Lucy upright and then forced her against the wall. Once this was done she pushed the slave girl's head up again and then slipped a new collar around her neck.

In contrast to the first one this was an unpadded circle of black leather which forced her to keep her head up and was a constant uncomfortable reminder of her predicament. "You look so beautiful like this," Cat said, "Now turn around!" With no choice Lucy did as she was told and Lucy quickly reached down and undid the hobble chain, "Right spread your legs," and a quick kick to the ankles persuaded the slave to obey.

Facing a wall Lucy could not see what was happening but she could feel something being locked around her legs. A metal pole was now cuffed between her legs forcing her to keep them spread at all times. She then clipped two short chains onto the side of the corset and then a rather longer one to an O-ring around Lucy's collar.

Walking in slave boots and a spreader bar was all but impossible but as Cat dragged her along and out of the cell, Lucy was forced to stumble forwards. Just outside the cell was a large wooden post which Cat slammed Lucy against before securing her in place using the corset chains, and another one to lock the spreader bar in place. Finally she removed the boots and Lucy sighed in a microscopic bit of relief.

"We have a lot of work to do before you are ready for your new role and if I'm honest you don't deserve this," Cat said, "But I started so I guess I'll finish, and we'll see if you're a real slut and not just a painwhore?"

She now produced the device, which she said was called a "Magic wand" and secured it over Lucy's pussy with a pair of straps that attached it to the corset band. Oh no! Lucy thought as she realised what was about to happen, "Now it's time to start training your pussy muscles, we need them in great shape,"

"Rh Ro!!!" Lucy screamed into her gag as the dildo was turned on and began to vibrate, sending a wave of pleasure through the rubber suit and into the girl's sex. She screamed and thrashed even as pleasure built within her and she blushed a deep and scarlet red, Oh God no, I can't orgasm from this! She begged her body over and over but it was all to clear it was already to late… The boiling ecstasy was rushing through her body and bound as she was there was nothing she could do to stop it. The worst part of it was her suit felt so…comfortable even as it tormented her and God help her she wanted to orgasm, she deserved to orgasm after all she'd been through!

Cat smiled; right I'll let you get acquainted then…"

Eight hours later…

For hours on end Lucy had been left hanging in her bondage, the pain of her tight and evil bondage mixing with the constant stimulation into a boiling mass of strange sensation. After a while pleasure and pain became confused, as the exhausted and sweating prisoner was tormented and pleasured over and over again.

She had begged for it to stop begged for release from her sexual prison and finally it had come but not the way she had hoped…

The whip slashed against Lucy's naked body, the slave thrashing in her chains as the leather strap bit into her buttocks. Heavy nipple clamps and chains shook and sent pulses of pain through the captive's perfect bust.

Lucy begged for her captor to stop but instead Catherina swung the whip again and again, counting as the whip smacked tender white flesh "Eleven!" Smack! "I call this the spanking massage, Twelve!" Smack! "This is your punishment for trying to rebel!" Smack!

Lucy screamed in agony as Catherina swung the whip again and again, "You really should thank me slave, this lesson will make sure you never rebel again!" Lucy's reply was muffled by the gag but Catherina seemed to get the gist of it, five more quick slashes followed before Cat hissed, "And that's for the potty mouth bitch!"

Cat's head darted into view and Lucy moaned in horror as she stroked the girls aroused nipples, "Wow I guess you really like a bit of pain, maybe I should have punished you, by not letting you have a whipping if you enjoy it so much?"

Its not that, it's just the cold and the…things on the ends of my nipples, the slave tried to tell herself, even as she flushed bright red and wondered if that was true. In any case she'd learned her lesson, she would do as Cat ordered, and obey her commands, and she was too scared of the devil woman to fight back any more.

Well no, she thought as the catsuit clad monster leaned down to examine the wilts on Lucy's buttocks, I will obey, until I can find a way to escape, and after that… She could think of a few ideas…

Cat suddenly reached out and unhooked the nipple chains, before beginning to massage Lucy's sore nipples. Lucy moaned as pain suddenly gave way to pleasure and a tear of horror at her own reaction pricked in her eye. "Now now, don't be sad, we're going to have a lot of fun together," Cat slipped the collar back around Lucy's neck and began unbinding her slave as she added, "And besides, it really was your fault if you hadn't rebelled…"

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Nnnn plsss nnnn!!!

SMACK

I will never try to escape again!!!

SMACK

Lucy collapsed in a heap of agony as the chains were released, but she was given no time to rest as Cat took hold of her chain, then forced her hands back into a pair of handcuffs and removed the gag. Lucy worked her jaw grateful the oversized rubber ball had been removed, she opened her mouth to speak but one glance at the evil Domme suggested that was a bad idea.

"Now come my bondage girl, we have much to do…" Exhausted and horrified by what had happened to her, Lucy obeyed, and was forced to walk in front of her mistress who lazily swung her whip around her wrist as they walked.

Even if Lucy hadn't been mortally terrified she was still exhausted from a long day of torment and was barely able to keep her eyes open. How could such a horrible thing have happened to her? Was this hell, she wondered, had she died and gone to the bad place? No she could feel her heart thundering in her chest, and in any case Cat wasn't a devil, there was something all too human about her evil.

Cat led her through several corridors separated by locked doors, which the Domme carefully unlocked and then relocked behind them. She afforded Lucy no chance to escape and Lucy could only follow her naked feet pounding the cold concrete floor. Oddly enough the slave was actually grateful for that, the sensation was keeping her awake!

Finally they arrived at a bank of showers and Cat allowed Lucy to stand under a faucet, Finally something nice, the captive thought, as warm water poured over her body. It was a pleasant sensation but one that lasted about six seconds as the water suddenly turned icy cold. "AUCH!" Lucy screamed as her captor just giggled.

A cold and shivery slave was dragged into the next room which proved to contain a four poster bed. This would have been inviting, it not for the fact that a new heavy bondage uniform had been laid out upon it. "What the?" she asked as her captor said,

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Floor is COLD!!!

Ooo

Lets go my bondage girl...

Finally something nice...

Ooo

WHAT THE...

Like your sleeping suits?

"Do you like your sleeping suits? This is your apartment, I hope you like it, oh you're shaking, good thing you have a nice rubbery sleep suit to keep you warm…"

"I can't wear these!" Lucy blurted out, then instantly regretted it as her captor held up the whip,

"Oh I think you can," Lucy was still sore, from the whipping, handcuffed and trapped in a locked room, she realised that resistance would do her no good and so she allowed herself to be dressed in her new costume.

"You must be trained even in your sleep," Cat said, trained to accept and enjoy wearing latex at all times, to enjoy bondage and total control," Lucy did enjoy latex, but wearing it at night?

With some effort her captor forced her into a new purple catsuit, and Lucy asked, "Do I really have to wear this at night?"

"Yes," an annoyed Cat replied, then slapped a piece of sticky tape over Lucy's mouth before the slave could react. "Now just you stop complaining, most people would be proud to be called upon to serve me, but some people are just so ungrateful, now for the straitjacket…"

Lucy tried to resist but her captor did not allow her a single chance to escape or to resist. In no time at all the slave had been forced into a tight leather straightjacket, her arms bound uselessly around her waist. Then she had ripped off the gag tape and then while the slave was yelping in pain, she had forced Lucy's head into a heavy purple latex hood. This had openings for the slave's eyes, mouth and nostrils. It was hot tight and very uncomfortable and Lucy tried to protest but then a blow up dildo was forced into her mouth. She tried to spit the evil rubber thing out but Cat quickly inflated it with a squeeze bulb until it filled her entire mouth, packed in tightly and thoroughly gagging her. A solid metal tube was built through the middle of the dildo, which in turn was attached to a long rubber tube that hung out of her mouth and allowed her to breathe through it even when gagged.

Not stopping for a moment Cat fitted a second latex hood over the first; this was a loose affair of thin latex and fitted around the slave's head like a hood. At least it did until the Mistress picked up a bulb attached to the top of the hood and began pumping on it.

In no time at all the slave hood inflated ballooning into a massive round ball of rubber that tightly gripped the slave's head. Lucy screamed as the hoods pushed down on her tender flesh gripping it tightly and causing sweat to boil from her body. She desperately moaned and looked pitifully into Cat's eyes begging her to let her out. "Oh don't look at me like that, we're not done yet!" Cat told her, before clipping the "magic wand" back in place over Lucy's sex. Maybe this won't be so bad; Lucy thought a brief hope spot that lasted only seconds…

Cat held up a final piece of pink latex, "This is a sleep sack it will keep you nice and still while you dream," Lucy didn't like the sound of that and tried to run, only to trip over, the dildo's power cable and land in a heap. Cat giggled and the grabbed her slave by the ankles and pulled her up onto the bed.

deviant bondage

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Is it really necessary to wear this tight latex suit for night?

Of course and STOP complaining! I´m doing everything just for your good! Now straitjacket...

HMPHHH!!!

Oh don´t look at me like that...

To her disgust Lucy realised that the bed sheets, the quilt, the pillow's everything was made of thick latex! How could anyone sleep in this? She wondered, but it turned out she wasn't going to sleep in the bed that night, only on it. Her captor laid out the long rubber sheath of the sleep sack beside Lucy and then quickly slid Lucy into it (all that latex made this very easy).

In no time at all the bag was zipped up and then secured further by six straps, with the end result that Lucy was totally immobilised and trapped in her hot and sweaty bondage cocoon. Her mistress held up a mirror and allowed Lucy to see herself.

The slave gasped at what she saw, she barely looked human, buried under layers of latex, reduced to what looked like a rubbery slug helpless and utterly at the mercy of her captor. The suit was so hot and tight and every breath she took stank of rubber and latex a feeling of utter helplessness boiling through her as she looked upon her own bound and trapped form. The latex was so tight yet once again it was strangely comfortable, a barrier between her and the cruel world, it was also a barrier between her and a cruel mistress since she was sure the whip could not hurt her through so many layers of rubber…surely?

There was something else as well, inside all the latex Lucy barely recognised herself and she was almost glad, at least no one would know it was her if they found her, no one would know that the rubbing of the wand on her crotch was exciting her… Her logic was flawed any rescuer would have quickly pulled off the hood but trapped as she was, ashamed as she was she clutched at any straw she could find.

Her captor smiled at her, then said, "Have a pleasant night," before reaching down to a zipper that rested just above Lucy's collar. With a grunt of effort she quickly pulled the zipper upwards which in turn pulled the second hood closed over Lucy's face. Lucy screamed in horror as plastic breathing tubes forced their way into her nostrils and the hood was quickly pulled closed plunging her into darkness.

She was now totally immobile, cut off in sensory depravation, able to do nothing but breathe….

Cat smiled as she looked down at the rubber coated cocoon that held her new slave. "God you are so beautiful," she thought out loud as she stroked the latex pod. You could barely tell that the suit held a human being instead it looked more like a demented sex toy, the only sign of life being the rapid rise and fall of the things chest.

But then of course that was the point since Lucy wasn't a human being any more in Cat's eyes, instead she was a piece of property, the demented Domme's total and absolute slave. The girl that had been Lucy had ceased to exist and now she was all Cat's, her's to play and use and control in any way the demented Domme could conceive of.

God but how she had missed that feeling, the feeling of absolute power that came from controlling another woman so totally. Even better Lucy really was Cat's slave this was not a business transaction where she would lose the girl almost as soon as things got interesting, instead she was Cat's forever…



She leaned over the latex coated slave a wave of pleasure and joy boiling through her sadistic mind, she had missed this, and she had so looked forward to this moment. Since the second she had seen Lucy on that dirt track she had wanted this and now, the girl was all hers!

The rubber was a cocoon and soon a beautiful bondage slut butterfly would emerge, she smiled, and though she knew Lucy could not hear her under all that latex said, "I love you Lucy..."

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She could not move, she could not feel she could do nothing but lie on her back and take latex tainted gasps of air. Lucy could barely even feel the hard mattress her back was resting on, so thick was the suit she wore. Deaf and blind she almost instantly lost track of time, sure that with no markers to tell her otherwise she had already been trapped like this for hours.

Was this hell? The terrified captive wondered once again, at the very least it was hell on earth. The hood and suit gripped her form tightly, causing sweat to pool all across her body and she shook and shuddered in the unyielding plastic sheath that held her. Had she been left here to die? Had her resistance angered her captor so much she had simply decided to wall her up and leave her?

She moaned in frustration as she found she could not even rub her legs together and gain pleasure from the wand. Another howl came as she realised with disgust that she had wanted to pleasure herself on the evil device. Why didn't it activate, why was she just left in this maddening void?

Suddenly her isolation was ended but not in any pleasant way. The slave howled in pain as an electric shock stung her right nipple. The shock was tiny, like you might get from touching a metal railing but in total isolation the effect was magnified and Lucy screamed in absolute pain. A moment later another shock stung her left nipple and then her right and then her left again. She screamed and bucked in agony, trying to claw her way out of her escape proof suit, but to no avail.

While she was thrashing she accidentally sucked on the dildo in her mouth instantly the shocks stopped and instead the magic wand activated sending a small pulse of pleasure through her body. That felt better…and she began sucking on the dildo as more pulses of pleasure erupted through her…

Suddenly her mind caught up with the rest of her and she froze in place, no not that? She thought as she realised that sucking on the dildo in her mouth activated the one attached to her privates! I won't do it! She told herself, she would not give her captor the satisfaction of seeing her fuck herself!

Her stern resolve to resist lasted about five seconds, at which point the shocks resumed stinging her breasts until she began sucking on the dildo again at which point pleasure replaced pain. Oh No! She thought as she realised how this torment worked, as long as she sucked on the dildo she would be safe from the shocks but at the cost of her dignity as she had what amounted to oral sex with herself!

She tried to stop tried to endure the cruel shocks but she could not take the agony and kept sucking again and again. In any case a part of her wanted to suck, wanted the orgasm on offer. Didn't she deserve it? Didn't she deserve a reward for all she had suffered through this long horrible day? She'd endured so much didn't she rate a reward for all that. Besides pleasure was good and the shocks were so bad, surely she'd already been tortured enough?

The slave screamed but could not stop herself as she sucked harder and harder on the dildo, the wand buzzed harder and harder on her crotch pushing her closer and closer to orgasm. She was rising, the heat was building, and pleasure was pulsing through her body. She desperately ground her legs together trying to push herself closer and closer to release. She could feel heat boiling through her sex, she was so embarrassed, so humiliated, yet it was so good. She was close, she was close!
She exploded a wave of orgasmic energy blazing through her body like an explosion, and she screamed in pleasure and horror, as ecstasy. Totally cut off from anything else she had no distractions, no escape only the pure pleasure and total joy of the orgasm as it blazed through her.

It was so good, it was the best she'd ever had, and it was over far too soon, leaving her once again a terrified girl trapped in a latex cocoon. She lay in the dark her soul on fire, as the absolute horror of what had happened blazed through her. Not only had she driven herself to orgasm at command, worse she had enjoyed it!

If that were not bad enough she wanted to have another one! She could not want that, that was the thinking of a slave, not a free woman! She begged for mercy, begged for it to stop, for this nightmare to end, but nothing happened, instead the shocks started again. She tried to endure them, tried to resist having to suck on the hateful dildo but she could not do it.

Tortured for hours already, kidnapped, raped, her will and her strength were already worn down, and resistance was becoming harder by the moment. She didn't want to admit it but something within her had already broken, it was all very well to talk about resisting when one was a free woman and suffering was hypothetical, but her torments were absolutely real. To resist just meant more pain while giving in meant a reward.

Lucy tried to lie to herself, tried to tell herself she was doing this just to survive until she could escape but the truth was she was already broken, her will dominated by Cat's and now she did the only thing she could to survive. She sucked on the dildo and as she did she begged into the gag, her mangled plea unrecognisable as it spoke of total defeat. "Please stop, I'll do anything!"

No one was listening however and so the broken slave sucked on and on…

The sex slave that had been Lucy never knew how long she spent in that demented cocoon. It might have been an hour, it felt like a year. She lost count of the endless cycles of torment and pleasure, her jaw aching as she pleasured herself over and over again.

Finally after what felt like a life time it stopped and she was left to lie in the darkness. Exhausted her eyes rolled up into her head and at last she slept…

She awoke to the light, her hoods had been removed and Cat was leaning over her…"Please, I'll do anything…" she begged and Cat smiled. Lucy braced herself sure a pussy was about to be shoved in her face and equally sure she would suck it to avoid worse. Instead her captor giggled then said, "Anything? Well I have a nice long list…"

Well at least I'm not in that torture device anymore, Lucy thought as she tried to find the tiniest bit of good in her cruel situation. It was the morning after the night before (at least she thought it was) and she was once again mostly naked except for a black leather harness that framed her perfect body. She was gagged again, this time with a bit gag that was attached to a head harness, and which also had a pair of leather "ears" shaped like a donkey's attached either side of the forehead. Cat had called the costume a "Ponygirl" uniform, Lucy for her part would have dropped dead from embarrassment if she hadn't already suffered far worse.

She was standing in a bright sunlit room on the ground floor of what she thought was that old castle just outside of town. That piece of knowledge did Lucy little good however since she had no way to make use of it. She kept telling herself she was looking for a way out of this horror movie but the truth was after last night she was to scared to actually do anything about it. Instead she stood bolt upright with her leash attached to a pole in the middle of the room.

Cat for her part stood watching her from a very comfortable chair in the corner; she was dressed in another latex costume and was smiling as she admired the nearly naked girl. "While I prefer full body latex suits, I have to admit this "dress" shows off your athletic body quite…nicely," Cat said as she stood up and walked over to Lucy.

Lucy whimpered as she realised Cat was leering at her all but naked body, but Cat just grinned and said, "Hey at least your wearing underwear! Now you need a lot of exercise or you'll lose that champion's body of yours."

With that she produced a riding crop from behind her back, "Now this exercise is very simple all you have to do is run round and round the room until I tell you to stop, oh and if you do stop anyway?" With that she slashed the crop at Lucy's legs striking her on the back of her shins, and with a yelp of pain the slave instantly began to move…

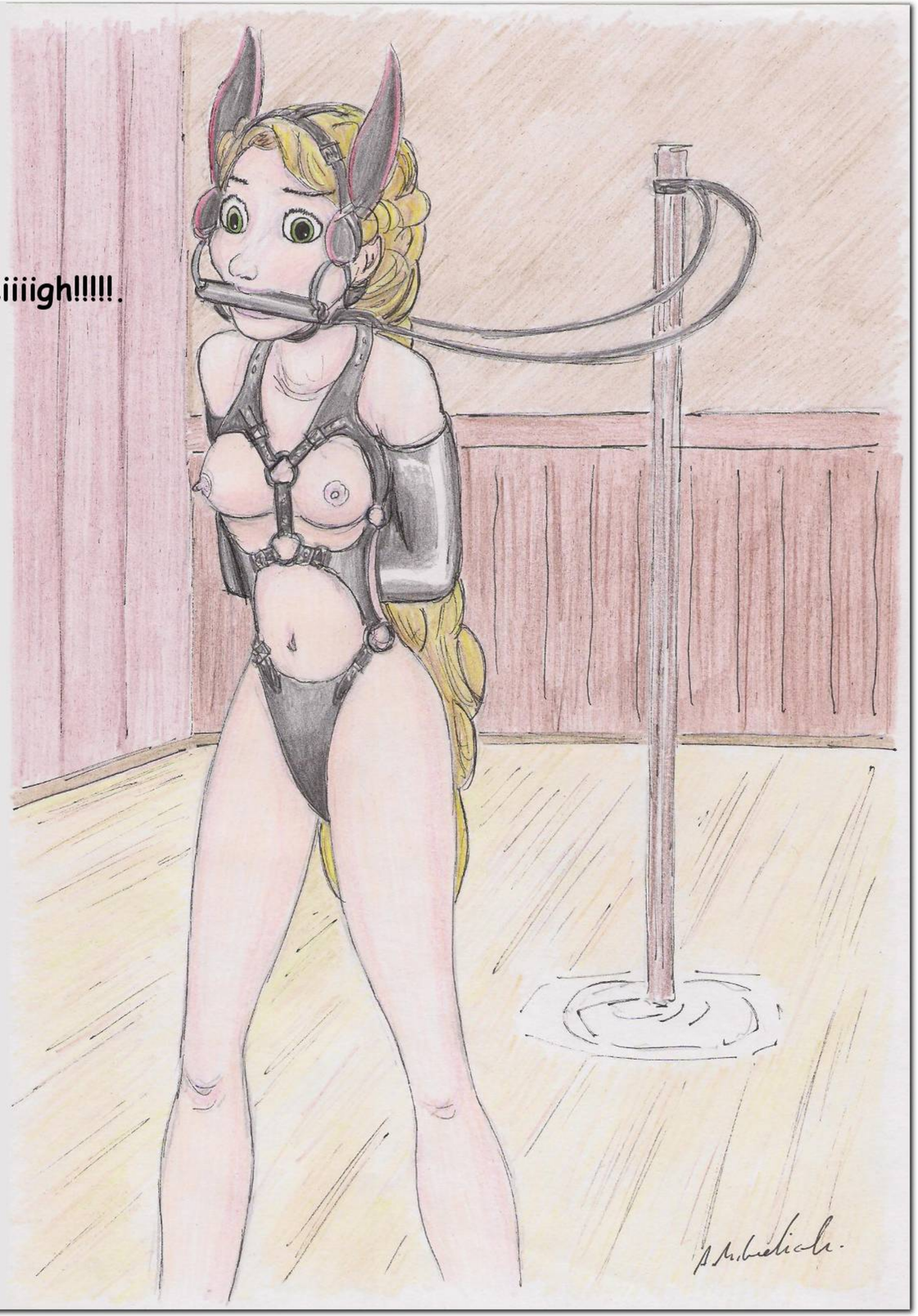
deviant bondage

I prefer full body latex suits, but this "dress" show your beautiful athletic body...

If Cat was honest she was a little disappointed at how easily Lucy had broken to her will, one night of sensory depravation and she'd been begging to serve. Hell given how the torment worked the girl had probably been fucking herself silly all night long, barely even tortured at all! Still anyone who ran around in Wellington boots and latex rain coats was probably a latex fetishist and a masochist to begin with. Add in the fact that as a free western woman Lucy had probably never even been spanked before and was it really surprising a little torment had driven her into a total mental collapse.

In any case it didn't matter that much, if the slave was already nice and cooperative they could move onto the next stage of the operation, testing all the lovely new torments Cat had planned for her…
Cat looked at Lucy, then looked at the whip, and then looked over the girls thighs, "Hmm better keep you at this for a while, you'll need good strong muscles to cope with your training…"
Bitch! Lucy thought as the whip slashed at her thighs over and over forcing her to run round and round like some kind of demented human pony, which of course was exactly what Cat had decided she was!

Neeeeiiiigh!!!!!.



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I'm bored! Lucy thought and that was a sensation she'd never expected to have while at Cat's mercy. Cat had spent most of the day forcing Lucy to exercise until the girl final collapsed of exhaustion, begging into her gag to be allowed to rest and that she would do anything to be allowed this. To her surprise Cat had once again smiled and then been merciful…to a given value of mercy.

She been forced back into the costume from the night before but this time Cat left off the dildo and the hoods, leaving only a ring gag. Lucy expected to be forced to suck her captor's pussy but instead Cat just gave her a drink and some more cold soup and then turned out the lights and left her alone.

She'd lain on the bed breathing hard and sure she was about to suffer another night of torment without the compensation of pleasure. Instead nothing had happened and she had just lain there for what seemed like an age and once again she found the cocoon almost comfortable. It was like a layer of armour between her and the cruel world (and one cruel woman in particular). Why was she feeling like this? She couldn't…like this…could she?

If Lucy was brutally honest with herself she did enjoy sexual submission…to an extent, she always let her boyfriends take control during sex and she had enjoyed a kinky experiment with handcuffs…She'd also always enjoyed running in heavy boots and unsuitable clothes especially plastic ones. In fact if Cat had just asked her Lucy might have been interested, well maybe not something this extreme but Cat was hot and Lucy liked to "experiment" with new things…

STOP IT! She screamed in her mind horrified at her attempts to justify her torment and suffering. She was not a slave, she was not Cat's property she was a free woman and she was going to wring that monsters neck when she got free.

If she got free…She thought ten minutes and a failed escape attempt later. She'd tried to get out of the tight latex but she was bound so thoroughly that all she could do was struggle a bit in her bonds and wear herself out even more thoroughly than she already was. Finally she'd fallen into a deep a dreamless sleep.

She had awoken many hours later, and much refreshed to find Cat stroking her face and instantly she had frozen in fear at what was to come. Nothing had happened instead Cat had stripped her out of the suit, dressed her in a latex bra and panties, and then hogtied her wrists to her ankles with soft rope. She'd then removed the gag, and ignoring Lucy's pleas she'd fed her another meal of cold soup, before telling her that she had to go out and she should amuse herself for a bit.

Lucy hadn't been able to believe her luck, and had begun struggling to free herself from the ropes. Unfortunately Cat proved as adept at tying knots as she was at evil torment and there had been nothing Lucy could do to escape. Instead she had just lain on the latex coated bed and gotten very bored.

She was actually a little bit curious about what her captor had planned for her next, it was just so boring laying here, and if Cat had some horrific sex torment in mind why didn't she just get it over with.

At least while Cat was actually torturing her she could take her mind off her situation, well she couldn't since she was being tortured but at least she didn't have time to think about the true abject horror of her position. She was a SLAVE, she was the property of another woman and she could see no way to escape, and even if she did try to escape wouldn't that be doomed to failure? If she was lucky Cat would only whip her bloody, if she wasn't her mistress would probably put her back in the sack, turn on the electrodes and leave her there until her mind snapped in half. Lucy shook in fear, "Why me!" she whined, there were so many other girls out there why hadn't her mistress turned one of them into a fucktoy? Her face glowed red in humiliation as she shifted in her bondage and felt the tight, slick latex of the bed rub on her perfect legs, "HOW DID SHE KNOW!?!" she demanded to the world, how had Cat know that latex and bondage excited her, and worse how could Lucy have let this happen to herself?

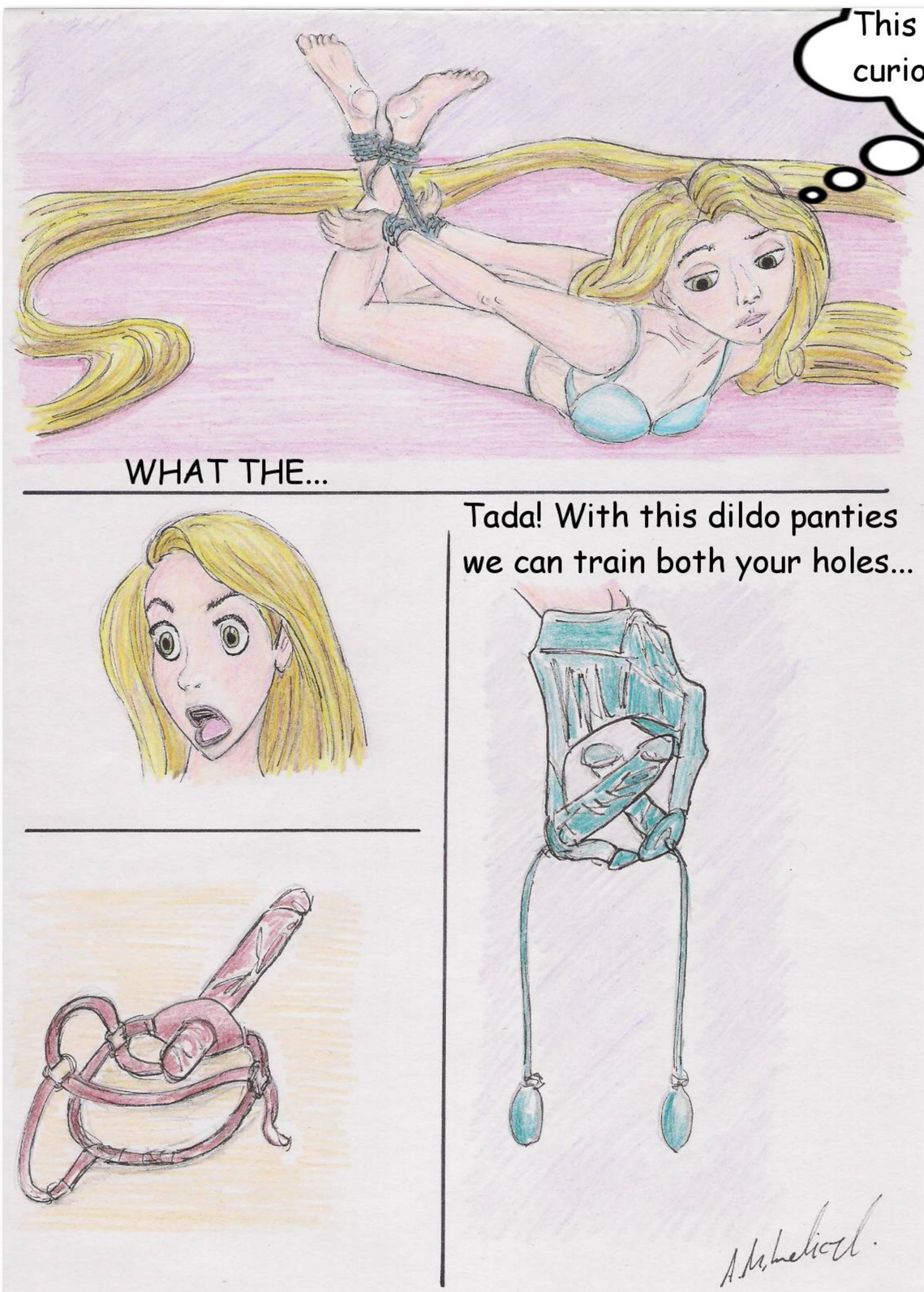
She knew it wasn't her fault and Cat had probably just picked her at random but it was easy to see conspiracies and a demented plan when you are chained up and tightly bound by a demented Domme. Why can't I fight this bitch? Lucy wondered then remembered all the things that had already happened, the truth was that she really couldn't fight the monster…

"I'm back!" Cat announced as she breezed into the room and Lucy could not hide a groan of equal parts disgust and fear. "Why anyone would think you don't like me," Cat announced, causing Lucy to grunt,

"I wonder why that is?" An instant later she exclaimed "What the!" then yelped as Cat grabbed her by the jaw,

"Now that isn't very nice I'm giving you all this training and you throw it in my face? Well we shall see about that!" With that she held up a bag she was carrying reached inside and produced a pair of latex panties. For a moment Lucy wondered how this could be a torment but then she noticed the hoses and inflator bulbs hanging down from underwear, and then Cat turned them side on revealing the two huge inflatable dildo's built into the panties…

Lucy [illegible] naked body, but Cat [illegible] underwear [illegible] that champion's body of yours."



deviant bondage

Lucy was understandably reluctant to wear the panties and made this known, her Mistress though was having none of it, and ignoring the litany of complaint forced her slave into the panties with almost contemptuous ease. Lucy groaned in humiliation and unwanted arousal as the first one slipped into her pussy, then howled in pain as the second one slipped inside her anal passage. She'd never had anal before and screamed for mercy.

Cat ignored her and instead held up a third dildo, for a moment Lucy thought it was a strap-on with a long shaft, attached to a shorter one that could fit inside the users sex, and held on by a harness. After a moment though she realised it was actually a head harness, and Lucy shut up, keeping her mouth sealed tightly. Expecting this, her Mistress simply grabbed the girl's right nipple and twisted it, then while Lucy screamed slipped the dildo home.

With Lucy gagged it was easy for Cat to finish preparing her…

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"Why don't you just look delightful," Cat told her slave a few minutes later, an assessment Lucy didn't agree with. She'd been taken back to her first cell and then strung up spread eagle pose, with chains around her wrists and ankles. A medical posture collar forced her to keep her head up and prevented her from turning side to side, and then to latex straps had been fastened around her upper thighs.
Attached to this belt were a pair of vibrators, sort of smaller versions of the "Magic wand, and also the battery packs for a pair of vibrating pads that had been fixed over Lucy's nipples. The result was a tightly bound and very scared sex slave who had no idea what her captor had planned for her.

"This is your "pleasure" uniform, one that I...well unless I change my mind, it is the one you will wear when giving me pleasure." Cat said with a cocky smile, "Normally you'd be on your knees and wearing a ring gag but I thought I'd get you used to things first, now if you please me, you get this,"

Cat produced a remote control and pushed a button, at once the vibrators over Lucy's sex and nipples began to buzz gently and Lucy moaned in sudden and unwanted pleasure. Giggling at the sight Cat added, "And if you don't please me," she pushed a different button and Lucy screamed in mortal pain as electric shocks erupted from the vibrators to sting her bound body. Worse as she thrashed about in her chains this caused the dildos inside her sex and anus to move as well, stimulating her even as she was tormented!

Giggling once again Cat said, "Right I'm setting this for six hours during which these devices will randomly shock and pleasure you." She leaned in close and stroked Lucy's harnessed face, "Understand I don't want to do this, all you have to do is agree to co-operate and we won't have to do this again," Lucy screamed and begged swearing she'd be a good girl from now on but Cat just shrugged, "I said again, you already more that earned this punishment!" She stepped back and said, "I really hope this works, otherwise it will have to be a week in the sack…without the wand!" She pushed another button then spun on her heels and left the cell.

For a moment nothing happened, but then Lucy felt a faint buzzing begin over her sex and tits, and she moaned in involuntary pleasure, even as she shook with fear. She was going to be raped and tortured by machine, and worse her body actually seemed to like it!

She desperately fought her chains, trying to escape before pleasure turned to pain but she had no more success this time than any of the others. She moaned in pleasure she could not deny before an instant later agony replaced joy. Electric shocks pulsed through both her nipples and Lucy thrashed in agony desperately trying to break her chains and rip off the electrodes and then when that turned out not to be an option just trying to shake them loose. She screamed and begged for mercy as red hot lances boiled through her body. This was not like the small shocks in the cocoon; this was far more powerful and really hurt!

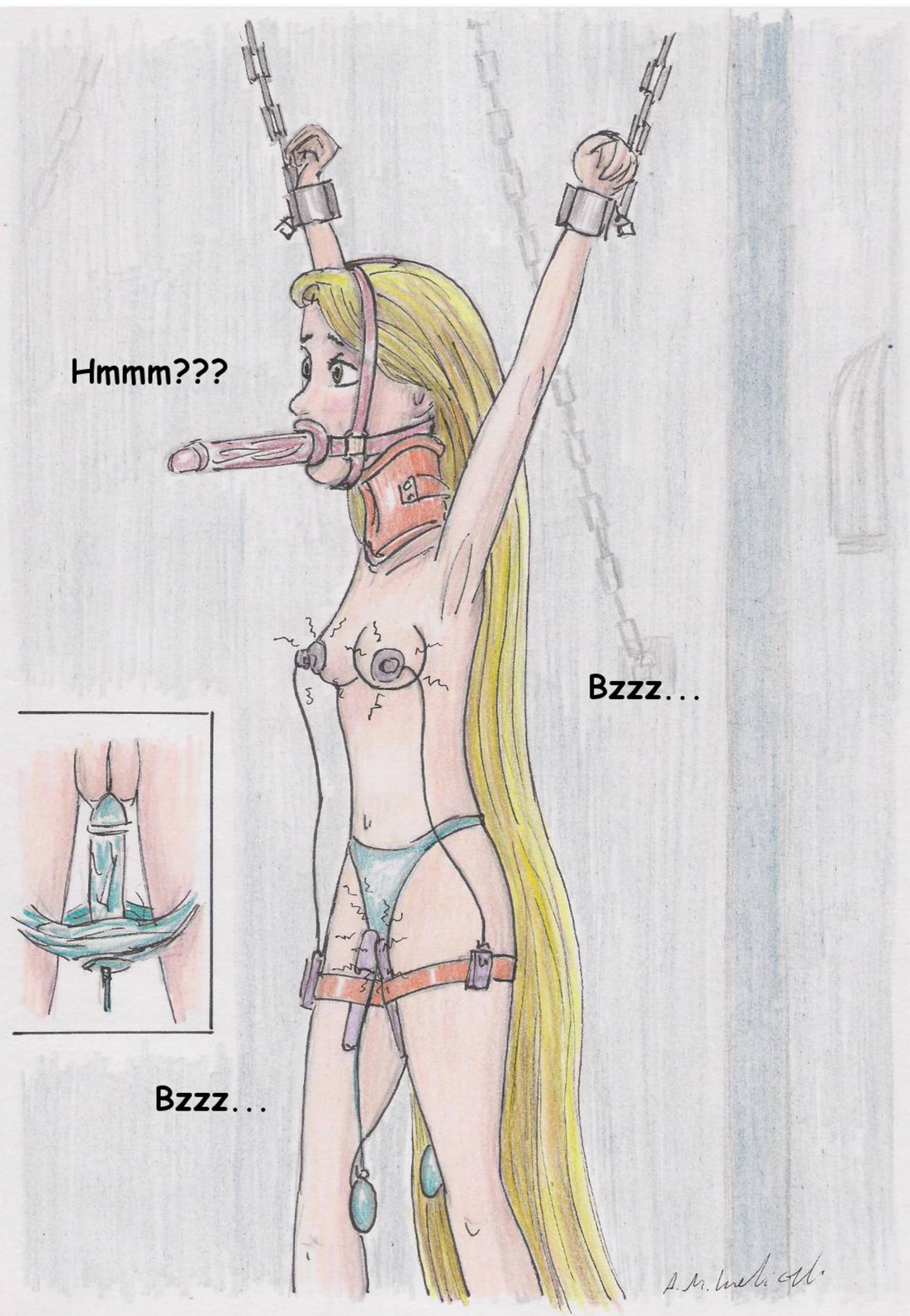
Suddenly the pain cut off and instead the vibrations resumed, for a moment Lucy relaxed unable (and unwilling) to stop herself enjoying the pleasure that was building in her loins…

She was just starting to rise towards orgasm when suddenly the pleasure cut off and again the boiling pain came, she screamed in agony, she screamed for mercy but none came. Why couldn't she have the pleasure? Why was her Mistress being so cruel?

The pain cut off and this time everything cut off leaving her dangling in her chains, coated in sweat and shaking in fear. Why was this happening? She thought as she realised the answer, because once again she had tried to defy Cat. All Cat wanted was for her to be a good girl was that too much to ask. NO! I! DON'T! WANT! TO! BE! A! SLAVE! Lucy screamed in her mind even as she began rubbing her legs together involuntarily. She froze OH! NO! Thought the sex slave as she realised what she was doing.

She could not like this, could she? Yet she could not deny the way torment and bondage excited her, but that was just her body reacting, it wasn't her fault what was causing that reaction, was it?

Suddenly the pain began again, and when it ended she was screaming at Cat begging her to let her serve, anything but more agony. But then what reason did Cat have to be merciful? She had defied her and now must pay a price for that…



As the gentle buzzing resumed she reflected on the worst part of it all, her defiance wasn't helping her cause or her chance of escape. If she didn't do what Cat wanted and play along then Cat would never trust her, and she would never have the chance to turn the tables. As she neared Orgasm she moaned in horror wondering if she'd manage that before she became a broken, submissive and obedient slut…
Cat smiled as she watched the camera feed from Lucy's cell and savouring the girl's emotional and physical torment. She had missed this the feeling of utter control over another, and even better she wouldn't have to give this one up she could keep tormenting Lucy forever.

Even better there was no risk this time; for while Lucy had been reported missing she had arranged matters so there was no real risk to her. A quiet tip off to the police had led them to a large stash of stolen goods hidden in Lucy's dorm room and she was assumed to have fled when she realised the game was up.
Of course the goods weren't Lucy's they were Cat's; She was actually quite ashamed of her recent bout of Kleptomania, but she'd been so bored and unable to help herself. Thankfully since taking Lucy she hadn't felt any need to steal and they had come in rather handy for framing the younger woman. The police might realise Lucy wasn't the "Bedfordshire Pilferer" eventually but by then the trail would be stone cold…

Feeling very pleased with herself Cat unzipped her Catsuit and began to pleasure herself…

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Having had two doses of the penalty for resistance Lucy was ready to do just about anything when she was pulled from her latex bed, the next morning. To her surprise Cat had once more decided to be nice, dressing her in a simple latex powder blue swimsuit, the comfortable version of her slave collar and a pair of padded handcuffs. She hadn't been gagged (though she had now learned to keep her thoughts to herself) and Cat had even let her have a small but real breakfast instead of cold soup. The sex slave didn't actually like cheese on toast but after days without real food it was almost heaven.

"Now I bet your wondering why you're wearing a swimsuit," Cat had finally asked and then led Lucy out of her bedroom and through the castles long passageways. Maybe she's going to let me have a swim Lucy wondered and was pleasantly surprised when they actually arrived at a small indoor pool.

It was never going to be that easy of course, and Lucy groaned as she saw a latex catsuit, straightjacket, and half a dozen flotation devices laid out beside the pool. "You will look so stunning in those," Cat had said, and Lucy had just whimpered.

The suit had been coated with talc on the inside already and slipped easily onto Lucy's body, fitting like a glove. Next Cat held up the straightjacket and began to inflate the life jacket and armbands. "You do know I can swim, I was a champion at that as well," Lucy blurted out, and then froze in fear as Cat giggled again,

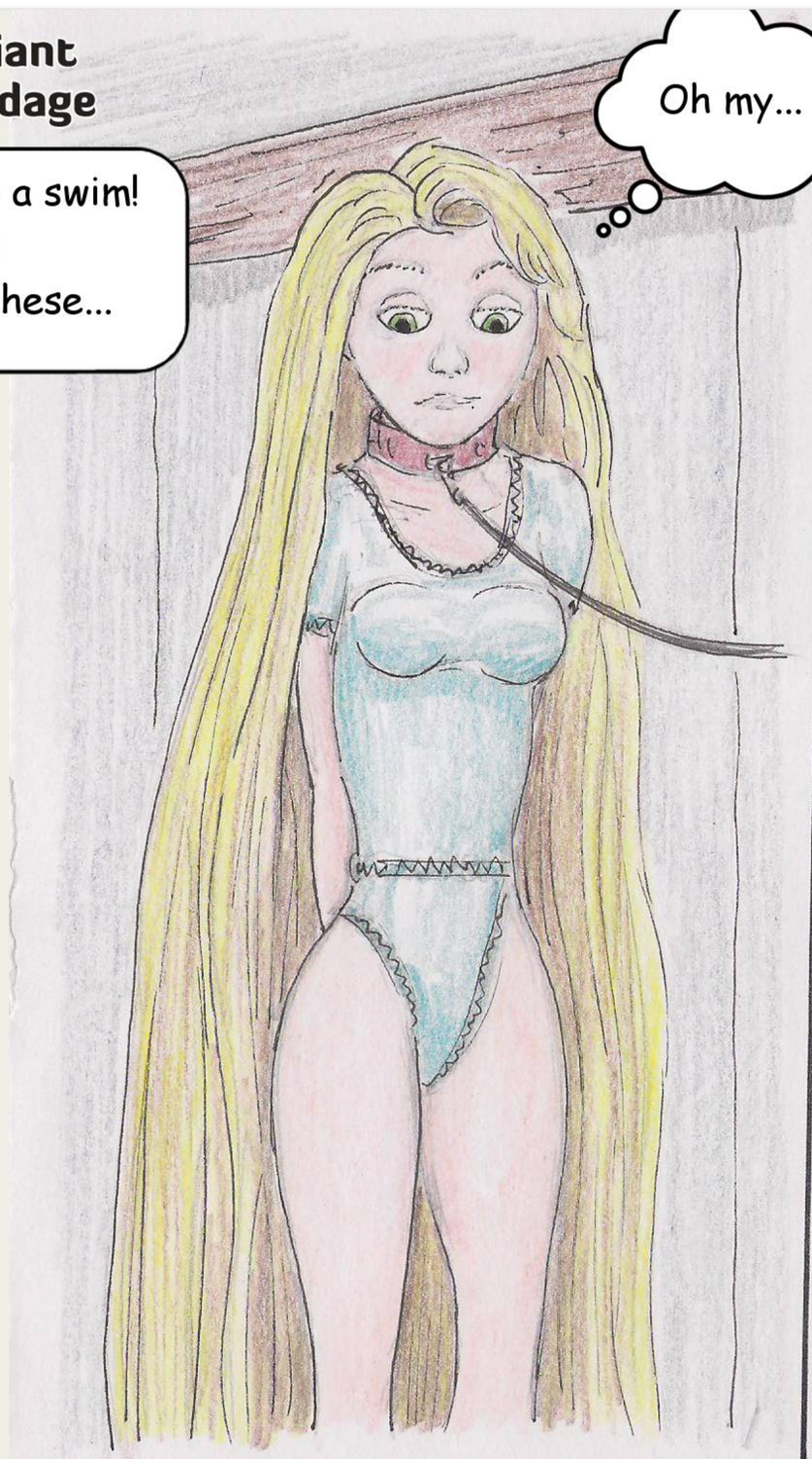
"Yes you were a champion but with my help you'll be a world champion before long, though maybe not in the sports you might expect," What did that mean the slave wondered as she was dressed in the straightjacket,

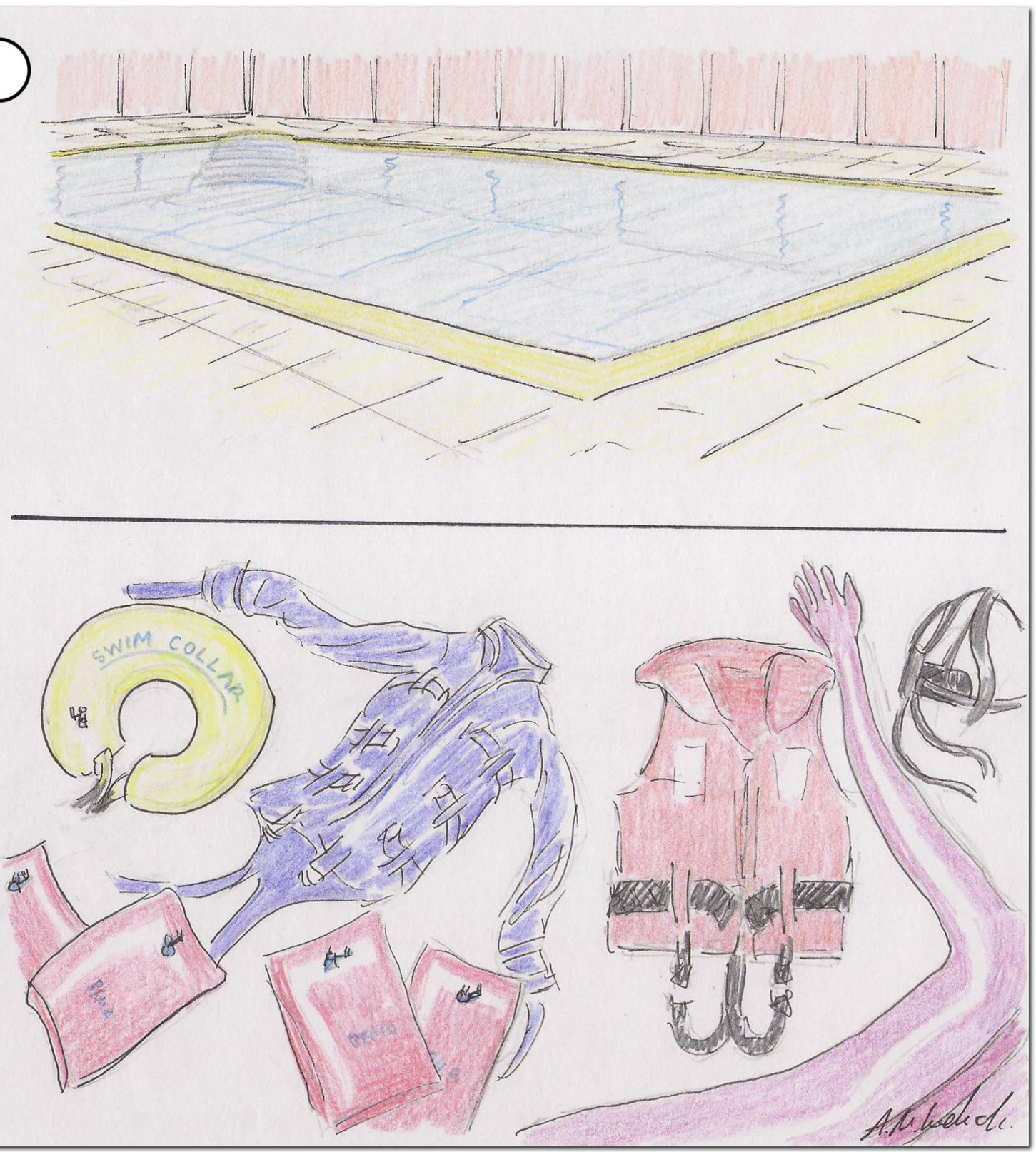
"So tight," she moaned, as her perfect body was bound still further, "And so humiliating, she added, as a life preserver was fitted around her body and then two children's armbands went around her upper arms. A moment later a pecker gag was fitted into her mouth as Cat tired of her complaints.

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Let´s go for a swim! You will look stunning in these...

Oh my...





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Do you really think they are necessary? I can swim, you know I was regional champion?...

Yes you are right! You WAS a champion, but with my help you will become world champion! Now the straitjacket...

Gosh so tight!

God this is so HUMILIATING!!!

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The broken slave did not resist as two more armbands went around her ankles and then a pair of ankle cuffs joined her legs together. A final inflatable went around her neck and then her Mistress shoved her backwards into the pool. Lucy screamed well aware she could not hope to swim in her current uniform, and then felt really stupid as she landed on her back in the water and the floatation devices took her weight leaving her bobbing on the surface.

Lucy struggled in her tight latex prison and tried to swim away from her captor but the rubber bands and life jacket constrained her so much she could barely manage to kick around a little bit. She could only watch as her Mistress slipped into the water and waded over to her captive's side. Cat placed her hands on Lucy's chest and the girl screamed in mortal terror sure she was about to be pushed under the water.

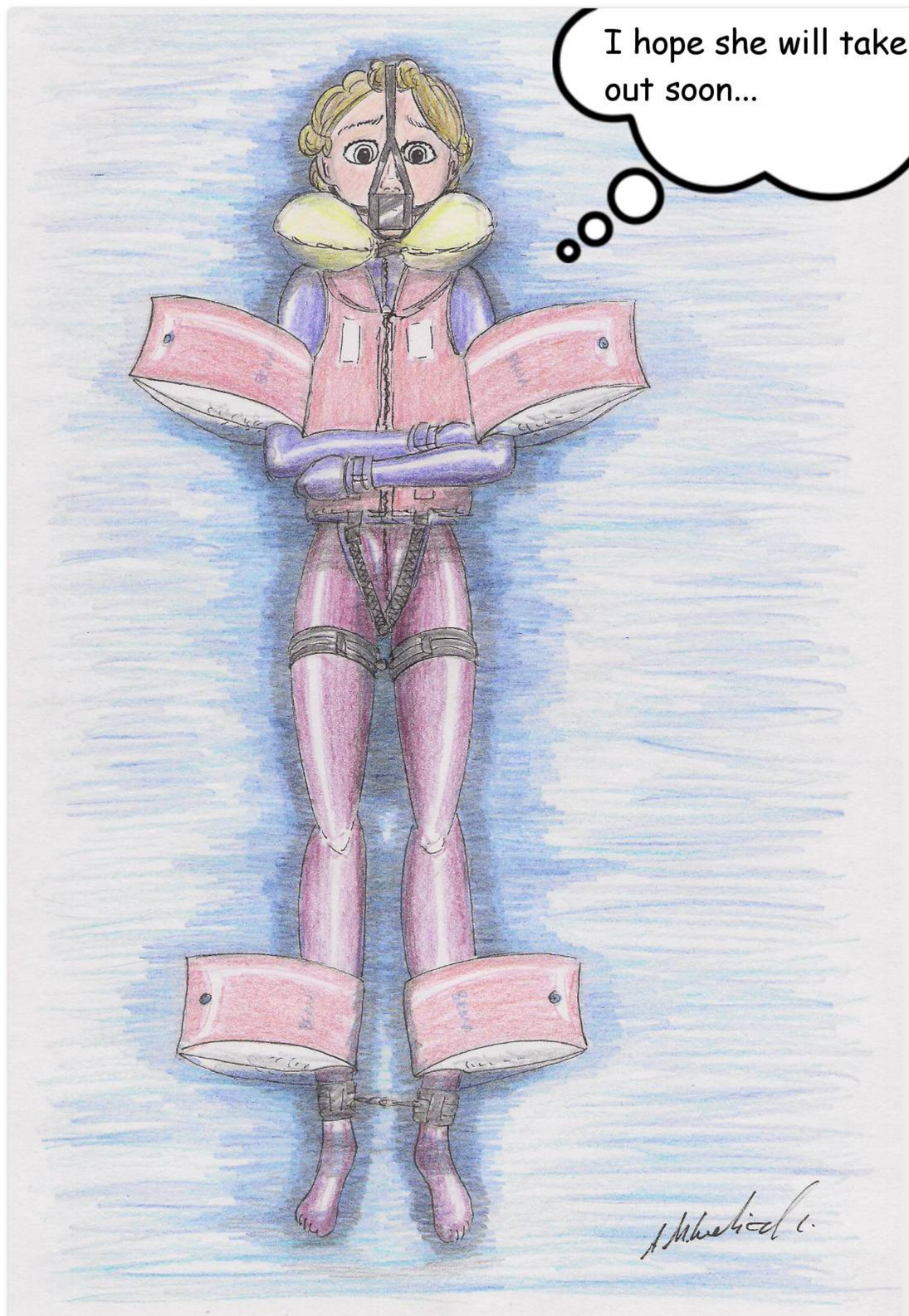
Instead Cat smiled and stoked Lucy's bound body, and ran a hand over Lucy's latex coated crotch causing the girl to moan. "There is a very important lesson a slave must learn and that is to trust its Mistress,"

"Rhy?!" Lucy managed through her gag, deeply confused,

"Because only if you trust me can you surrender utterly to me, only then can I control you, mould you and turn you into the perfect sex slave we know you want to be,"

"Ro!" moaned the gagged girl as Cat giggled,

"Really then how come you nearly orgasm every single time I do anything to you, you like it don't you, the humiliation, the pain, the total lose of control. I know you want it and what's more I know why…"
Lucy just stared at her, so Cat resumed speaking, "It get's to you doesn't it, how easy your life was, handed a skill at birth that would make your fortune, never having to struggle, never having to do anything but run and then enjoy the rewards, your life is too easy,"



No that's not true! Lucy tried to scream but was unable to get the words out as her mind churned. In some ways she had always felt her life was a bit to easy, that was what had drawn her to crude fetish games in the first place but still this wasn't that, this was sick, oh why did she like this?

Cat smiled, "Right glad that's settled, now lets see if you can swim a length, if you can pass my swimming challengers I'll let you have the wand for the night, if not, well I'm sure you'll just love spending the night with a dildo up your anus,"

Lucy almost smiled into her gag, she was a champion athlete after all, and this was one set of tasks she could easily pass. The sex slave began kicking with her feet and was quickly paddling back and forth along the pool...

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When Cat finally pulled her out of the pool, and stripped her naked for the trip back to her "apartment," Lucy noticed a look of deep disappointment on Cat's face at the slave's success, and was suddenly worried her Mistress would punish her just for being good. When her Mistress strapped her spread eagle to the bed she was sure she was going to suffer, but instead her captor, strapped the magic wand over Lucy's crotch and moved to turn it on. As she did so she said,

"Now do you see, you trusted me, you did everything I asked and now I reward you, I wonder if you'll perform as well tomorrow?" she turned the dildo on and left the room.

As Cat left Lucy thought that her captor had a very strange definition of trust, Lucy trusted her alright, to be as evil as possible towards her, but at the same time she felt a small measure of satisfaction. She had obeyed and hadn't been punished and her captor seemed to be going easier on her, now if she could just endure a little longer maybe Cat would drop her guard and she could escape.

She moaned as the pleasure began and wondered just how on Earth she was supposed to do that…

Lucy whimpered as the pleasure overwhelmed her, she tried not to cum but her naked body betrayed her and she came hard, Cat laughed as she undressed herself, "Now you're ready to please me, you'll love that champion's body of yours."

Some time passed, and Lucy was never sure how much, she spent most of her time in the castle basement, which while clean and well lit, had no windows. Also she was sure Cat was messing with her perception of time.

When the lights went off in her apartment she was left in total darkness and almost complete sensory depravation, it wasn't quite as bad as the cocoon had been but it made it very difficult to keep track of time. Sometimes it would feel as if she had slept there for days, but then the light would come on and the clock on the wall would reveal an hour had passed, at others what felt like an hour would turn out to twelve. Lucy thought Cat might be moving the hands of the clock but she couldn't confirm this until one "morning" she was taken upstairs for a swim and found it was pitch black outside the windows…

For the most part her life had settled down into a demented if almost…dull routine, she was awoken, dressed in a latex costume and taken for a day of demented bdsm and torment. To her surprise (and relief) she hadn't yet been called upon to have oral sex with her captor but somehow she knew that was only a matter of time.

Worse she noticed that as time went by she wasn't looking as hard for a way to escape, was she being brainwashed? Surely she could not be coming to accept this sexual hell she was confined in. Still she had to admit her current costume was rather…comfortable, and by Cat's standards actually quite modest. It was a Maids costume, cut tight but not silly tight to her body, with a white apron, a knee length skirt and knee high kinky boots with three inch heels. Her arms were bound behind her back, while a mouth corset style posture collar held a pecker gag inside her mouth, in her hair she wore a simple Maid's tiara while a serving tray was attached to her waist by a belt and supported by two chains attached either side of her slave collar. The suit was actually rather comfortable (by Cat's standards) but the tray was what worried Lucy. She could not use her hands to steady it, and a wine glass and bottle of cheap wine had been placed on it.

Her orders were simple get the wine and the glass from the Kitchen to her Mistress in the dining room. It sounded simple, except every move she made caused the glass and bottle to wobble, and the full bottle kept pulling the tray down at one side. She was sure that one miss step would send the thing crashing to the floor and her to a very evil torment.



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Rubber maid where are you? I WANT my wine! If you will be obedient I will give you reward...

Cat had told her that if she succeeded she would be rewarded, if she failed? Well she could guess what that would involve… The bottle wobbled and Lucy froze sure it was going to fall as Cat called, "RUBBER MAID? WHERE IS MY WINE?" Lucy tried to speed up while taking little mincing steps to avoid falling over or breaking the bottle. She knew she'd be rewarded if she succeeded, and she really didn't want to have to deal with what would happen if she failed…

She was just entering the dinning room when Cat appeared beside her and snatched the bottle off the tray, opened it and began to drink. Yuck! Lucy thought, the cheap swill smelled like vinegar and Cat had the world's worst drinking manners. Still her Mistress was smiling which was usually a good thing.

"Right well done my dear, I think you earned that reward…

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Why did I just know this would happen? Lucy wondered as she lay on the floor all but naked and awaited her Mistress. She was lying on a sort of inflatable bed that lifted her up at a forty five degree angle, and had then been chained in a spread eagle pose while inflatable bags had been fitted around her fists. Her head was lifted just high enough that she could reach her Mistress's crotch, though once again that wasn't what she was expected to suck. Instead her captor had put on a huge blue strap on dildo, and announced "Here's your reward,"

"So big…" Lucy had moaned,

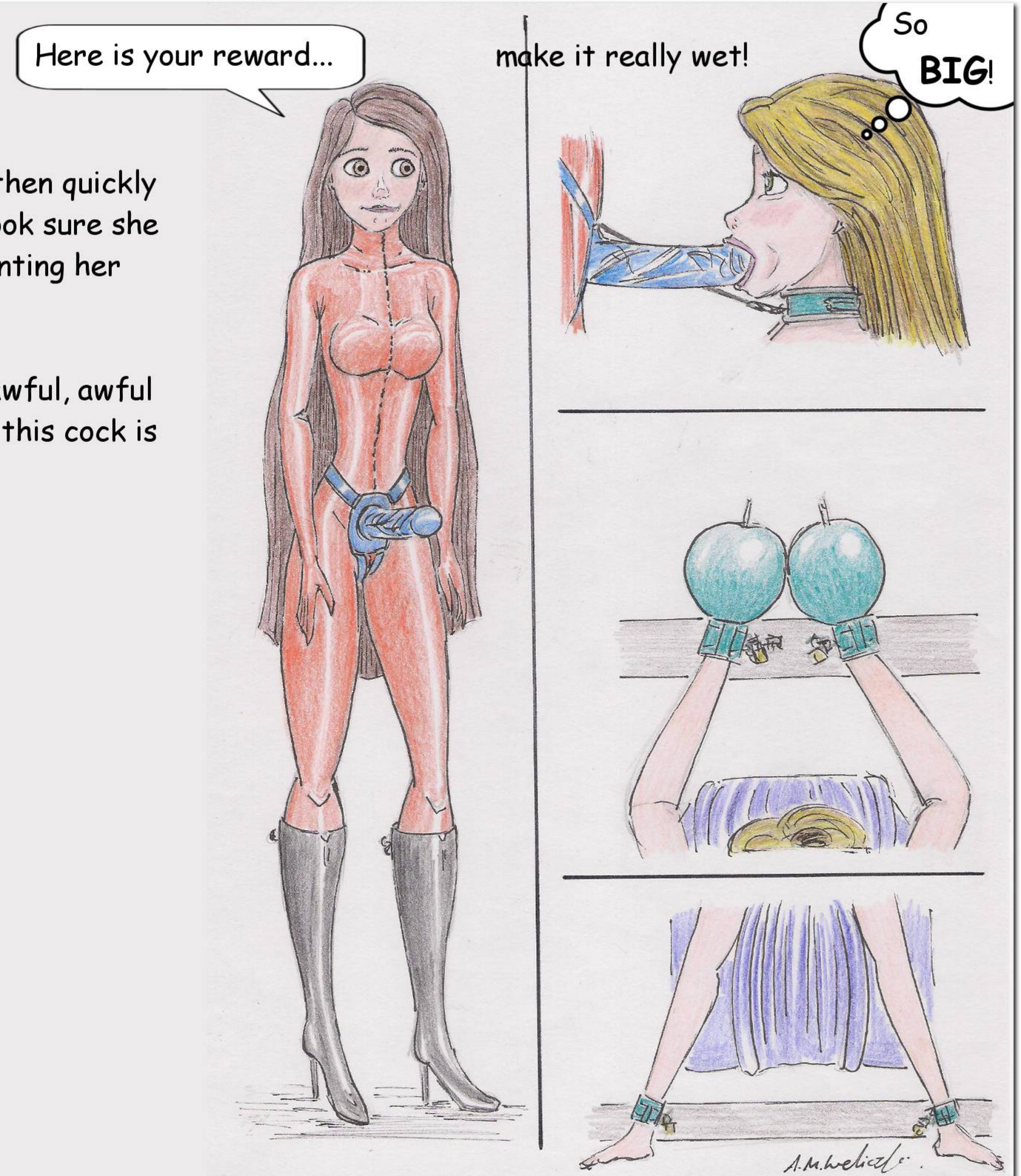
"Why yes you'll never see a man this well endowed, now you can either suck it and then I'll use it on your pussy, or resist and I'll ram it up your back passage!" Lucy whimpered but seeing no other option she did as she was told, leaning forwards and taking the dildo in her mouth.

It tasted disgusting, a vile piece of foam latex that was quickly thrust deep into Lucy's mouth and then pulled back and forth as her Mistress demanded, "SUCK IT!" For a moment Lucy moaned in disgust but then she did as she was told. Her submission still disgusted her, yet the slave was well aware there was nothing she could do, either she sucked the dildo or the massive dong would be rammed into her anus and she'd probably split in half.

"Make it really wet," Cat demanded, as she thrust the dildo back and forth inside Lucy's mouth. Lucy wanted to spit it out, to spit on Cat to do anything to defy the woman but she could not do it, she was too scared of what would happen when she failed. Also a part of her, a big part of her now wanted the reward that was coming, sexual pleasure was the only joy she had left, and she wanted, no she needed to have it.

After a minute or two Cat shrugged, pulled out the cock and then quickly wrapped Lucy's head in a head harness and panel gag. Lucy shook sure she had failed and was about to be severely punished for disappointing her mistress. Instead Cat stroked her cheek and smiled.

"Well that wasn't bad for a start, but you will really need an awful, awful lot of training before you'll be ready to do that for real. Still this cock is nice and wet so I think you've earned this…"



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Cat straddled Lucy's "bed," and Lucy could not help but moan in pleasure as she reached out and stroked the slave Girl's breasts, "You like that, don't you?" and Lucy could not deny it, even as she moaned then yelped as the dildo slipped into her perfect pussy.

The spit slick dildo slipped easily into Lucy's tight hole, and she groaned in pleasure and a little pain as it filled her tight pussy. "You like that don't you?" Cat said and Lucy blushed as Cat slowly pulled back out and then thrust home again sending a wave of pleasure through the blonde slave's bound body.

"Yeah you like that don't you?" Cat asked again, as Lucy blushed bright red and tried to look away from her captor, but Cat grabbed her by the jaw and pulled her back. "Look at me, Look at me while I fuck you!" she ordered as she began to thrust back and forth in a practised and powerful piston motion.

Lucy moaned in pure pleasure as wave after wave of ecstasy boiled through her body, and she could not deny the truth any longer, she's raping me and I like it! "Your such a good little slave," Cat said, "Accept this reward from Mistress, accept it and love me!" Lucy squirmed and tried to pull of the dildo, disgusted by her own actions, how she could like this, she was being raped and she liked it!

She tried to fight her traitor body but it was already to late, her boiling need for pleasure overwhelming the remnants of her shame. Lucy howled as she orgasmed a massive blaze of pleasure burning away all. There was no more shame, no more torment only the simple joy of pleasure, pleasure unending as her cruel but skilled mistress granted her the gift of orgasm that was the only reward for a slave…

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Yaeh you like it. Look at me. Lok at me while I FUCK YOU!

Hmmm yahhh...

She is raping me and I like IT!

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"Now wasn't that good?" Cat asked half an hour later as she sat in a throne like chair and admired the slave Girl kneeling beside her. Lucy was once more wearing a straightjacket, of pink latex over a blue latex catsuit, an inflatable penis gag filled her mouth and the collar orbited her neck. Lucy was sucking hard on the penis sure that she would soon be called upon to suck the strap on again and that she had to improve her skills as quickly as possible.

"I have to admit this has been a very nice month," Cat said, "Tomorrow though we shall start you real training, for you have a very long way to go before you are a champion slave,"

Lucy moaned wondering if it really had been a month or if her Mistress was messing with her mind again. Just wait until I get free! The slave thought to herself, but then she groaned as she recalled the one question she still could not answer…How!?!

THE END…FOR NOW

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Wow that was quiet nice month. Tomorrow we will start with your REAL training!

Just wait till I get free...

Hmmm...

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Art by ThunderingPikachu.

Special thanks to writer EchoTango. Without you this comics would never exist :)

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Linda a Thunderingpikachu

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