

CHAPTER ONE

I have a story to tell.

You just never know how things will turn out. All my life I've been sure I knew everything only to be continually amazed by how many new things I keep learning. Oh well, perhaps that's a definition for optimism. So how do I start?

Some background, of course. Not too much; it's hardly as interesting or exciting as the events which unfolded on that fine September morning where I plan to start my story in earnest. So, five years ago I graduated from Law School; First Class Honours in fact. I was twenty-two. There were no fewer than five employment offers waiting for me.

I expect my qualifications were the major reason for the interest shown but I've little doubt my gender, and the fact that I was pretty enough to make a good living as a part-time model throughout my degree course, had something to do with it.

Affirmative action programs were much more common then, and most of the large law firms were looking to recruit qualified women (preferably competent as well, but very often it seemed any woman would do) and thus get the Equal Opportunity Tribunal off their backs.

I accepted a position with Hardaway, Chandler and Morris. They specialised in corporate and taxation law and it was my intention to do the same. That's where the money is!

Actually, there's money everywhere in the legal profession. The industry's reputation for rapacity and pitilessness has been hard won. It was also my intention to get my name into the letter-head; Hardaway, Chandler, Morris and Carnegie had quite a ring about it.



The money I set aside from my short, if profitable, modeling career had proved sufficient to purchase part of a charming, spacious inner-city apartment, to furnish it much as I desired, except for the Picasso originals I drooled over, and to buy all of a racy, very red Porsche. It is true. Red ones go faster!

I think that's all you need to know for now. If something crops up later I'll just drop it into the text.

As you can see, little of the above has much to do with Dimples (that wasn't her name then, of course) and a particularly memorable September day. You know, I've never bothered to find out her real name... what's the point?

What happened that morning was this. I had worked back the previous evening on a difficult brief for a new (and important) client. It was two in the morning before I could leave the office and Bob Chandler has earlier insisted that I catch up on some sleep the following morning. I was not expected in the office until after lunch.

Sleep in I did. At least until I awoke with a start and a surge of adrenalin. Someone had entered

my darkened bedroom and was rummaging through a chest of drawers. Fighting back a rising tide of panic, I inched into a position which gave me an uninterrupted view of the action.

A girl, tee-shirt and jeans, perhaps five foot four, voluptuous build, was haphazardly burgling my home. I stole a glance at the clock; ten thirty. No wonder she hadn't noticed my presence. Any other day and I would have been long gone.

All this took about two nanoseconds. The panic was replaced with anger. What could I use as a weapon? Nothing came to mind. What I was sure of was the need for action now. I couldn't count on surprise for much longer. As it turned out, I couldn't count on it at all!

No sooner had I begun to slip out of the bedclothes than the intruder detected my presence. She was as startled as I was.

I raised a blood-curdling yell and charged straight at her. She panicked and tried to run, dropping the handful of jewelry she had rifled from my dressing table.

I caught her a couple of paces inside the door and we crashed downward together. I'm not sure what happened in the fall but most likely she banged her skull into the door frame for she lay limp and lifeless on the floor.

I was mightily relieved by this turn of events and struggled to a sitting position, my wits slowly returning. For a moment I thought she could be faking. I pinched her cheek viciously.

No response other than a twitch. She wasn't dead; now that would have been truly awkward!

I was half-way down the hall to phone the police when I realised that she could recover at any moment.

I had to tie her up first. There was some strong nylon curtain cord in the pantry. She stunk a bit and, as I pulled her hands together I couldn't help notice the numerous puncture marks in her forearms.

A junkie, what else? Another surge of anger. I roped her wrists together with venom. That wasn't enough! I untied her and rolled her roughly onto her stomach. This time I bound her wrists together behind her back. I tightened the knots with all my might, relishing the sight of the thin white cord disappearing into her flesh. Much better. Miss Pussy thought so too!

Much more satisfactory. I bound her ankles together as tightly as I could then hitched another length of cord between her wrists and ankles and drew them inexorably together until the heels of her sneakers actually touched her lifeless finger-tips. I tied her off then and stood back to get a good look at my handiwork. She was very painfully hog-tied. Helpless. I chuckled. At my mercy. I chuckled again. There was precious little chance she'd get any of that!

Somehow I didn't feel like calling the police. Completely in charge now, I was reluctant to give up my captive. The thought of punishing her further appealed greatly to me. She wasn't at all bad-looking.

Perhaps I would keep her for a day or two, teach her a lesson and then hand her over to the police.

It struck me then that I was still in my skimpy, sheer satin nightie. Time to get dressed. What if my prisoner awoke while I was still in the shower? What if she screamed enough to rouse my neighbours? I couldn't let that happen.

I didn't want my fun spoiled before it started. How could I keep her quiet? A gag, of course.

What to use? Something uncomfortable, certainly. I could think of several splendid devices.

In my modeling career I had been approached many times to pose for bondage photos.

Ultimately, I'd turned down the offers, not so much because I had been shocked by the assignment (in fact, I'd been fascinated) but because my desire was to do the tying up! Not the other way around.

Clara's Menagerie continued...

I had to do some shopping. To keep my victim unconscious I stuffed a cotton-wool sponge soaked in chloroform under her nose.

If you're wondering where that chloroform came from, don't! I have no idea either. It came with the premises.

I showered quickly, dressed casually in a sporty blouse and skirt and went about my business.

As far as I could tell from the near deserted street, the luckless burglar was acting alone. I really hoped she was or my wicked plans would come to naught. Hardly what I wanted.

Twenty minutes later I was back in the house, unwrapping my purchase. It was a large rubber ball, made of the stiffest neoprene. I knelt beside the lifeless slut and toppled her onto her side. Her breath stank as well. For a long while I couldn't force the ball into her mouth. Perhaps I should have bought a smaller one. Still, I enjoyed the struggle and was at last rewarded. The huge gag distended her jaws cruelly, jamming her tongue into the floor of her mouth and forming a near perfect seal against her taught lips. The bad breath disappeared!

She didn't have a snowball's chance in hell of expelling the massive rubber ball. Wonderful! Just the thing. I considered calling in sick but that was irresponsible. There was still a lot of work to be done on the new account. It had to be completed. And slut-slag here; well, she wasn't going anywhere.

Apparently she had broken in through a carelessly unlocked window. I guess that's the downside of a ground floor apartment. That wouldn't happen again. I locked the apartment securely before changing into a smart, tailored business suit, dark, seamed, silk stockings and polished, black patent leather pumps with 4 inch stiletto heels. I do love my stiletto heels! Before leaving for work, a mischievous impulse compelled me to drag the helpless miscreant into the large bathroom to make her lie on the hard tiles rather than the thick, soft carpet in the hallway. And any accidents would be much easier to clean up.

Much to my surprise, I was able concentrate wonderfully well on my work. The afternoon flew by and almost before I knew it, there it was, 9 pm. On the way home I teased myself with thoughts of giving up my prize in a few days. I already knew there was no chance of that, not unless some untoward event made her imprisonment impossible.

And I was being socially responsible! Under my careful guidance; why, the slut-junkie would be rehabilitated and turned into a useful member of society; at least, I giggled, useful to me. 'Awake at last,' I enquired, after turning on the light in the bathroom.

The tightly bound bundle was lying on its side, writhing, wriggling on the cold tiles. Startled by the light and my presence, the hapless burglar struggled and twisted until she could see me.

The gigantic gag still filled her bloated mouth to bursting point. Sweat poured freely from her anguished face; it was hard to tell whether withdrawal or discomfort were most responsible for her distress. It was probably both.

'I know you're going to find this hard to understand, at least initially...' That was for sure. My words went unheard. I didn't let that stop me.

'I think I'm going to make you my companion... my constant companion... and,' I added, eyes twinkling, 'you'll learn to love it...'

That last line got her attention. Her eyeballs stared incredulously.

'Don't worry, darling, I'll to teach you all you need to know.'

I smiled reassuringly before leaving the room and slipping into something more comfortable.

Much more comfortable. Quite wantonly, I chose to wear a transparent, full-length, black chiffon peignoir which made no real attempt to hide my voluptuous figure. I felt delicious.

I had a lot to do before I could go to bed so I began with a tasty meal to replenish my energy. Returned to the bathroom, I attracted my victim's attention by posing provocatively in the doorway. Miss Pussy tingled. Again that incredulous stare. Her useless, pathetic wriggling intensified. There was real fear in her eyes. Splendid!

Another dose of chloroform and she was out cold again. I untied her and removed her clothes, all of them; she wore no watch or jewelry other than a silly pair of paste earrings.

I found no documentation of any kind. I stripped naked myself before dragging her body into the shower recess. For what seemed an eternity I scrubbed away briskly at her grubby flesh and eventually achieved my aim of cleaning her up.

Her skin fairly glowed so rosy and bright had it become. I clipped her nails, trimmed her hair and cleaned

her dirty teeth before propping her up against a wall to get a proper look at what I'd collected. My property.

A diabolical idea struck me. I shivered deliciously. Why stop at trimming her hair? I shaved her whole body; yes, eyelids and eyelashes as well as head and pubic hair. I shaved her arms and legs. I shaved her torso. By the time I rested there wasn't a square inch of flesh anywhere which hadn't been meticulously depilated.

With bounding enthusiasm I pulled on some protective rubber gloves, uncapped a jar of Permalave ointment and began rubbing it firmly into her skin.

She wouldn't need shaving again. For evermore she was doomed to live in a perfectly hairless body. I just had to hope that no-one came looking for her now. It would be a bit awkward to explain away this transformation.

I pulled her out of the recess and sat astride her spongy, naked buttocks while I lovingly rebound her wrists behind her back.

I strained desperately to make the knots horribly tight, this time orienting her palms together. This allowed me to slip a further length of cord around her elbows and bind them together as well.

I was able, by dint of a huge effort, to cinch her elbows directly together. The dreadful strain on her shoulders and biceps was delightfully evident.

And it did wonders for her surprisingly lush boobs. I grinned wickedly. I had plans for those gorgeous mammaries already. I bound her legs together, at ankles and knees, and tightened every knot until the cord creaked.

I bound her wrists and ankles together in the strictest hog-tie and topped off the effect with a loosely knotted noose around her neck which I leashed to the door handle. I filled her mouth with gag.

All in all, I was well pleased with my efforts. This was a far prettier creature. I slipped into my peignoir, turned out the light and went to bed. I slept like a log... after just a touch of hanky-panky, of course.

CHAPTER TWO

The next four weeks sped by with my life oscillating between two different worlds. During the day I was a hard-working, hard-arsed, resolute lawyer.

During the evenings and weekends I was the blossoming mistress of a slave made ever more helpless and dependent by the imposition of a strict regime of discipline and punishment.

I couldn't feed my slave until the third day. It wasn't until then that I took delivery of a customised head harness which would allow me to feed her without risking the kind of noisy outburst which might attract attention.

A simple phone call to a certain film producer had put me in contact with a firm which specialised in the manufacture of elaborate bondage apparel.

By dint of pleading and cajoling I was able to acquire the harness in record time. I made an order for a variety of additional equipment, to be delivered ASAP. More about that later.

Three days of unrelenting, cruel bondage on a hard, tiled floor had reduced my slave to a gibbering wreck. She was going cold-turkey in the harshest way imaginable. Her arms and legs must have ached abominably and the knowledge that her naked torso was perfectly hairless could not have been too reassuring. She'd find out about her head later.

I dressed specially for the occasion in a skin-tight, strapless, black satin gown, slit deliberately in front from ankle to crotch to reveal a tantalising glimpse of my silk-stockinged legs.

My voluptuous breasts, all 36DD of them, threatened to spill loose at any moment from their scanty covering.

I completed my ensemble with a pair of shoulder-length, creaseless, black satin gloves, a frightfully expensive diamond necklace with matching, pendant earrings and a pair of beautiful, black patent leather slippers with 5 inch heels.

My dark, almost black, hair was tied attractively at the nape of my neck.

"Good evening, darling... " I purred seductively, relishing the sight of her mistreated body as it writhed futilely, in great pain, on the unyielding tiles.

With a huge effort, the helpless creature twisted her hairless head around to look at me. Her expression was one of hopeless despair. Needless to say, I found it intellectually, emotionally and sexually satisfying. I posed provocatively, relishing her suffering. I ran my tongue wantonly around my pouting lips. I sighed deeply. The despair intensified. I sighed again.

"There now, darling," I continued. "You must be dreadfully hungry? Perhaps you could try to nod your head if you'd like to eat something... "

The tightly bound slut tried first to swallow. She sort of managed that. Then she succeeded in nodding her glistening, smoothly shaven skull.

"Splendid... " I caroled. "There is one thing, though... I want you to promise me that you're not going to make any noise when I remove that cute gag from your mouth. Nod your head again if you understand... "

Even blind Freddie could have detected the obvious insincerity in the pathetic creature's expression. I played along.

"Good girl," I said cheerily, before kneeling down in front of her and wrenching the gigantic ball from her distended jaws.

I expect she meant to scream. However, three days with a mouth burstingly full of painful gag had put a dampener on her larynx.

The sound which emerged was a barely audible bleat.

Moments later she tried again, this time with a little more success. I didn't give her the chance for a third attempt. The chloroform did its job again, rendering my precious captive once more unconscious.

I was quite pleased with myself.

The episode had gone exactly according to script. There's nothing like that for giving your confidence a boost. Now to fit the silly slut with her custom head harness.

It was a task I enjoyed immensely. To begin with, I filled her mouth with a contoured rubber plug. It was a



dreadfully tight fit, as I fully intended, in effect sealing her throat from the outside world.

There was a thin central tube through the plug which would permit feeding. To weld the plug into her full-lipped mouth was a thick, black rubber strap which encircled her hairless head around the nape of her neck.

I buckled the strap ferociously, putting ever more pressure on her gag and making sure that she got a good feel of the pain. There were several more components to her head harness.

A supporting black rubber strap ran from the nape of her slender neck, over the crown of her shaven head, then divided in two above her pert nose before melding into the main strap.

The junctions of the rubber straps, both at front and back, were securely riveted; a matching buckle at the crown of her skull served to fasten the supporting straps together.

I did all I could to tighten those straps to their maximum tension. After all, I didn't want to be accused of being irresponsible!

There was a circular vent in the front of the gag strap corresponding to the feeding tube in the center of the monstrous plug. I popped a customised rubber stopper into the hole and applied pressure to the lug which sealed the stopper into the tube.

My darling slave's bizarrely shaven skull was superbly, agonisingly harnessed. For a few moments my gloved fingers lingered affectionately over her gag-bloated cheeks. I explored the crevasse between her soft flesh and the biting gag strap. It was an altogether enjoyable sensation.

Two hours later she awoke, more than a little the worse for wear. I wasn't there to see her initial reaction to the crushing harness buckled into her head but from the stream of tears cascading down her blotched face I could guess that she found it far from comfortable.

"I did warn you, darling..." I purred soothingly. "Now you'll just have to get used to it until I feel I can trust you again."

More tears.

"Don't be such a blubber-baby," I admonished. "You've only got yourself to blame." Still more tears. "Oh well," I concluded, "... suit yourself."

She did end up being fed that evening. I prepared a vile-tasting brew of supposedly nutritious dog-food which I boiled down to mush before adding some vitamins and minerals as well as a hefty dose of a specially prepared hormone treatment.

I'll take a moment to explain the hormones. I had the prescription authorised by my dearest friend from University days; Harriett Stovall, now a research gynaecologist.

Of course, I didn't exactly explain the reason I needed them, nor was

I asked. Good friends in the right places are what make the world go around.

Anyway, I was able to acquire a highly concentrated course of the latest, supposedly non-synthetic breast enhancement hormones, mostly n-oestrogens I guess, which could be prepared in liquid form. To speed the process along, I began my slave's treatment with a triple dose.

I suppose I can reveal my little secret now. You've probably worked it out for yourself. I like girls... in a very biblical way... and I especially like girls with big boobs.

The feeding process was quite simple.

I rolled my captive onto her back (and you can imagine the effect this position had upon her cruelly bound arms and legs), sat astride her abdomen so that the top of my thighs pressed against her helpless tits (delicious!), removed the rubber stopper from her gag-strap, inserted a narrow funnel into the feeding tube and finally shoveled the mush into her.



She couldn't refuse this peculiar repast; she had no control over her tongue or jaws. From the ghastly expression distorting her visage, I got a good idea of how horrible the taste must be.

I was relieved to know that.

My slave had a lot to learn. She bucked around a little which I found quite stimulating. Recognising that there was a small danger of spilling the mush, I applied a little extra pressure to her tightly bound limbs. She quickly got the hint and lay quite still. She finished off her first meal as my slave with a slurp of water.

In many ways that first week was the least productive. I must have discarded at least a hundred different ideas, replacing them with hundreds more.

Chaos eventually gave way to order and by the end of the first week, I had worked out a more-or-less coherent plan.

There were two major areas that had to be addressed. The first was mostly practical. How and where would I keep my slave and how would I keep her presence secret.

I had the answer to the first part of the problem. My apartment boasted three bedrooms, all of them very spacious.

The smallest, however, because of the architecture of the block, did not abut any of the outer walls of the building and therefore had no windows, relying solely on artificial lighting.

It was an ideal site for my slave's dungeon. Now that was a particularly appealing word.

I liked the sound of it. Furthermore, this third bedroom had two entrances, one a conventional door in the hallway and the other an opening into the shared walk-in dressing room between it and my chosen bedroom.

I resolved to wall in the doorway in the hall and to disguise the second entrance from my bedroom. To all intents and purposes I would own a two-bedroom apartment. Only I would be aware of the secret torture chamber!

Circumstances compelled me to do the work myself. In addition, I had the task of fitting out the dungeon with the appropriate furnishings. I spent a couple of pleasant evenings deciding exactly what I wanted. Filling in a doorway is damned hard work and leaves your hands a mess. But it's still a lot easier than creating a new doorway. At least there are no load problems. It took four full weekends as well as several long evenings to finally finish the job.

I didn't scrimp. I was determined to complete the job professionally.

Even if I say so myself, I defy anyone to detect the sometime location of that door.

It was much easier to fit a false frame to the outside of the dressing room door which matched the rest of the walk-in closet and replace the handle with a hidden, electronically operated lock.

Internally, I ripped up the carpet in the sometime bedroom and replaced it with a layer of black, hard rubber tiles. The walls and ceiling were covered with a thick film of stiff, black rubber neoprene, unrelieved except for the provisions made to accommodate the myriad of paraphernalia I would use in my slave's education. Lighting was by way of recessed fluorescent tubes.

My second problem was more aesthetic. What sort of slave did I want and how would I accomplish the transformation. Well, I won't spoil the story by giving you all the details now.

We'll let them unfold as the days go by. I called Harriett again on the fifth day of Dimples' enslavement. I needed another favour and this one was going to be very tricky.

Again I received her complete cooperation. Again she showed no curiosity. At least not until the end of our conversation.

"You know, Clara... I'm just dying to know what you're up to. Promise you will tell me when you can."

I promised. And perhaps I would be able to keep the promise. It all depended on how lucky I felt. How well does anyone ever know their best friend?

Burdened with a proverbial arm-load of equipment, all courtesy of Harriett's surgery, I struggled home. I was tempted to operate on my slave while she was conscious. The pleasure I would derive from her suffering and terror would be delicious.

Alas, the procedure was delicate and too much suffering, or rather struggling, could well spoil the operation. The trusty chloroform was pressed into duty again.

I had to temporarily remove her gag to get at her tongue. A combination of calipers and tongs gave me maximum access to this flaccid strip of flesh. I chose a spot in the center of her tongue and one inch back from the tip to insert a thick, piercing, red-hot needle.

I worked the needle around until I had made a good sized wound, large enough to accept a thin steel rod of about one quarter inch diameter.

The rest was easy. I slid the two halves of a genuine 18 carat gold rivet onto the rod, one above and one below the tongue.

I seated them carefully into place then attached the rivet gun. Snap. The hollow rivet was sealed immovably in place. I removed the spacing rod. I should point out that neither the rivet gun nor rivet came from Harriett's surgery!

I smeared the wound with a little disinfectant to prevent infection before replacing her gag and head harness as severely as I could. In quick succession I pierced the septum between her nostrils, her nipples and her pussy; indeed each labium got three piercings and her thick, protruding clit got one all for itself. I planted a Perspex sleeper in each wound to keep them open.

I chose to blindfold her with a large, black silk scarf. The blindfold would stay in place until I was ready to install her in her very own dungeon.

I had to choose between completing all the practical matters in the shortest time frame and starting in earnest on the training of my slave.

As you know, I chose the first course of action. Basically, Dimples spent four weeks in the bathroom, permanently hog-tied, gagged and blindfolded while the revolutionary hormones did their wonderful work on her superb tits.

Indifferent 36C boobs blossomed into 40EEE, spongy slave-tits, capped by turgid nipples over one inch long and nearly three-quarters of an inch in diameter!

I fed her twice a day, cleaned her once (while unconscious, of course) and occasionally found time to tease her a little. I like to think that I cured Dimples of her drug addiction in that short space of time.

I wanted more. I became increasingly impatient as the completion of my other projects loomed nearer and I pestered Harriett mercilessly until she provided me with a course of revolutionary growth hormone injections, these not yet available commercially.

I forgot my promise to use them exactly as directed as soon as I came home. Using the time-honoured rule-of-thumb that a double dose (or more) will produce results in half the time (or less) as a normal dose, I drew a syringe-full of growth fluid into a nasty hypodermic before plunging the razor-sharp needle into a soft, helpless boob.

I repeated the operation on her other boob. Just for luck, I squirted a tiny amount into each thick, sensitive nipple.

Another short squirt went into her delicate clit. And why not! As a final touch, I planted the needle into the base of her riveted tongue, injected a milliliter or two there then did the same to the middle and tip of that juicy member.

I repeated the treatment over the next five evenings, using up the entire supply of fluid in less than a third of the recommended time.

The risk paid off. I've always been lucky! My slave's breasts ripened to a fantastic 44FFFF (contrast that with her naturally slim 22" waistline and buxom 38" hips) on the very same day, Saturday, that I finished preparing the dungeon.

What timing! Her tender nipples were more than large enough for the bizarre treatment I had in store for them.

Her tongue widened a little but more importantly elongated a good two inches! Delicious! Indeed, I have to say it was no easy job to keep her properly gagged what with all that tongue in her pretty mouth.

I guessed that would have to do for the moment. I had all of Sunday to begin my slave's introduction to her new life.

Actually, I started the ball rolling late on Saturday night.

Rendering the bizarre creature unconscious, I scrubbed her down in the shower before dragging her

hairless, stunningly proportioned body into the sombrely decorated torture chamber.

I buckled rubber straps around her wrists and ankles then strung her up, spread-eagled, in the center of the room.

The wounds in her tongue, nose, nipples, labia and clit had healed splendidly and the sleepers slid out effortlessly.

What a sight! Some things just feel so right. So, get on with it! Standing on a small footstool, I set about squeezing Dimples' shaven skull into the gleaming, pure white neoprene hood I had had especially commissioned for her benefit.

It was hard work, I have to tell you, but as the saying goes, somebody had to do it! Eventually the securing collar snapped chokingly into position around my pet's helpless throat and I could step back (down) and see for myself if the reality measured up to my fantasy.

I have to say it did!

My plan was to transform this habitual criminal into my personal puppygirl. A childhood dream come true. I still remember with perfect clarity that afternoon, I might've been seventeen, when my mother caught me playing with our next door neighbour's daughter.

I had her on all fours, her pup's collar transferred to her throat and the leash in my hand. I got into a lot of trouble for that.

I was far too old to be playing those games! Well, mum wasn't around now and I intended to do just as I pleased!

Dimples' rubber sheathed skull had taken on the delicious caricature of a very cute puppy. A pair of thin, vertical slits were the sole concession made for sight and even these were angled outwards so as to interfere with her bifocal vision.

Just enough of her eyeballs were visible to get a sense of her mood. She would be able to see objects within twenty feet, after a fashion, but beyond that all would be obscured. The area around her snout had been subtly built up to give her that unmistakable 'canine' look and one consequence of this was the unique treatment meted out to her mouth. Integrally incorporated into the puppy-hood was a spring driven brace which locked over her upper and lower teeth, applying a severe and constant tension. Dimples would be able to close her mouth, but not without considerable effort.

Significantly, she wouldn't be able to keep it closed for very long. Her lips were completely covered in such a way as to definitely enhance her puppy image.

Finally, a particularly cute pair of puppy ears sprouted from above the location of her real ears, now cruelly crushed to oblivion.

"Not a bad start," I murmured. I was tingling all over. What fun I was going to have.

I opened the velvet lined box which contained my pet's erotic jewelry. I spent a small fortune on it. I began by snapping her 18-ct, golden nose ring into place.

It took some time to fit the ring, I had to work it through first one layer of supple neoprene, then through her pierced septum before finally teasing it through a second layer of glossy rubber. This lustrous, heavy circle of gold was a full 5mm thick with an inner diameter of 12mm.

The cunning, invisible locking mechanism ensured it could not be removed without a tiny Allen key.

Her enormous, beautifully obscene tits were capped with a pair of huge, thumb-sized, super sensitive nipples.

It was a joy to squeeze and prod the lovely nipple rings into place. They were made of 18-ct gold, of course, and glinted in stunning contrast to the dark nipple flesh surrounding them.

They were somewhat larger than her nose ring; again about 5mm thick but with a 20mm inner diameter.

They locked with the same inescapable finality and made a striking impact!

To complement the gleaming nipple rings, I added two pairs of barbed, golden nipple collars, one on each side of each piercing. The special tool with which they had to be applied ensured they sank deeply into her

tender, tortured nipple flesh and that the needle-sharp barbs which were their only lining were given a golden opportunity to permanently punish their victim.

Nothing could remove them, at least as far as I was aware. It was an indescribably erotic sight!

A pair of enormous, spongy puppy-tits pitilessly and permanently tormented by the agonisingly ringed and collared nipples sprouting proudly from them.

My poor pussy went wet the moment I let my fingers gently squeeze those exquisitely tortured nubs. Of course, had my pet been awake, I wouldn't have been near as gentle! I don't want the reader to get the idea I'm a softie!

I saved the most enjoyable task for last. The torment I planned for her precocious clit was particularly ingenious.

To begin with I forced a cruelly serrated golden ring through that tender, defenseless shred of sex-flesh and sealed it permanently.

Including serrations, the ring's diameter was 3mm with an internal diameter of 8mm. More than enough to guarantee the constant delivery of extreme discomfort. Not that this would satisfy me, nor the insatiable Miss Pussy.

So, to add injury to insult so to speak, I clamped a murderous, viciously barbed clit collar behind my pet's clit ring, hard up against her groin. This golden collar was a trifle smaller than her nipple collars but otherwise identical.

Given that I planned to supplement Dimples' diet with a regular dose of powerful aphrodisiacs, I had little doubt that never a moment would go by where the efficacy of my ministrations would be unappreciated; by all parties concerned! At the slightest sign of sexual arousal, her suffering would escalate from severe to excruciating. Perfect!

Tugging firmly on the tortured morsel to keep it out of the way, I locked three attractive, golden padlocks, one after another, through the matching pairs of piercings in her smooth labia.

The hasps were pitilessly small which ensured her soft, plump pussy lips were nicely scrunched up, crushed and made to suffer.

I didn't intend to gag Dimples, her dungeon had been completely sound-proofed, but an impish idea tickled my fancy. Nor would it spoil her impending rendezvous with reality.

I assembled what I needed. I screwed a gold-plated steel shackle through my pet's eyeleted tongue and then attached a 8" length of fine, golden chain to the other end of the shackle. What made it really interesting was the 2lb, gold-plated weight dangling from the nether end of the chain!

Her erotically enlarged tongue was fairly wrenched out from between her straining puppy-lips in what must have been a hideously painful predicament.

Or would be as soon as she regained consciousness. Conversely, it looked terrific.

I positioned a standing mirror in front of her in such a way that she could clearly see the full extent of her dehumanisation. I could certainly clearly see it.

And I loved it. There wasn't a trace of remorse. Nor guilt. Nor even wrongdoing! Unfortunately, I couldn't rely on the rest of the world being so enlightened so I would have to be careful. Still, nothing had rocked the boat yet.

I set the automatic switching panel to light up the dungeon at 6 am. It was after midnight now and I was terribly tired. A last glance at the rubber hooded, golden ringed creature hanging forlornly twixt Scylla and Charybdis sent a shiver of raw pleasure racing through my loins.

I turned out the lights, went to bed and gave Miss Pussy what she wanted.

CHAPTER THREE

It was my alarm I forgot to set, understandably. I had intended to rise around seven and here it was after nine! I sat up groggily, shaking my head to clear away the cobwebs.

I needed a shower, some coffee and a slice of toast. I couldn't resist, however, taking a peek at my little pet. I had installed a small, one-way mirror behind a sliding panel in my dressing room.

This allowed me to see in without being seen. Dimples was awake. Her shaven, rubber-sheathed skull was steeply bowed, no doubt as a consequence of the cute little bauble hanging from her elongated, protruding tongue. She was twisting feebly against her tight suspension.

Her magnificent, nipple-ringed breasts swelled out with every breath; her wickedly tormented clit poked wretchedly past her punitively padlocked labia.

The sound-proofing prevented any noise from reaching my ears.

There was no hurry after all. I had all day. Relishing the anticipation of the day's events was its own reward. I indulged in a leisurely, steaming hot shower. The coffee tasted great.

I wanted this special day to be unforgettable. To start off on the right foot, I dressed in a smart, new outfit, chosen deliberately for this occasion.

Briefly, this was a minuscule, gleaming, red patent leather mini-skirt, tightly belted around my slim waist by a wide, studded, black patent leather belt.

I wore a shimmering, white satin blouse with billowing sleeves buttoned neatly at my wrists.

It tucked smartly into my belt. I wantonly dispensed with underwear, choosing only a pair of sheer, seamed, black silk stockings which I anchored at mid-thigh with a pair of frothy, rosetted, black satin garters.

The hemline of my clinging leather skirt barely covered my stocking tops. I wore a brand new pair of beautiful, black patent leather knee boots with 4" stiletto heels. Completing my wardrobe were a pair of my favourite, black kidskin gloves, tucked away under my blouse sleeves.

A thick, black satin ribbon positioned a treasured cameo oval against my throat while I had piled my hair regally on the crown of my head.

I looked in the mirror and liked what I saw. And I wanted Dimples to like what she saw!

It just wouldn't work turning up at the office looking like this.

I gave myself a final inspection, applied make-up to my eyes, cheeks and lips, collected a whippy, whalebone cane from my dresser and prepared to make a grand entrance.

I shut the secret door loudly to ensure my appearance would have her full attention.

The poor darling actually managed to raise her shiny, rubber covered head at the sudden interruption. I strode magnificently into the room, standing proudly, commandingly before her.

I shall never forget that first shiver of uncomprehending terror. Her eyes were partially hidden behind narrow slits but since these did not preclude the effusion of tears which trickled steadily down the gleaming rubber hood, I got a good idea of her distress from the constant weeping. I thrilled to that sight. A peculiar grunt, completely indecipherable, spluttered from her parched, rubber punished puppy-lips.

"Good morning, pet," I said cheerily. "My word, you have scrubbed up well... you look positively gorgeous!"

A renewed flood of tears coursed down her glossy hood and a series of strange whines, gurgles and blubberings replaced the grunts. I smiled condescendingly.

I packed the standing mirror away before making a detailed inspection of my helplessly suspended pet. I couldn't resist the temptation.

Standing directly behind her trembling carcass, I lined up her generous buttocks and gave her a lusty cut with the stinging whalebone cane.

It made a lovely impact. The poor thing screeched desperately. My loins surged with excitement.

Oh dear, I realised. I was going to have to exert some self control.

Flogging Dimples was such fun! In fact, that's how she got her name. Inspecting the bright red weal laid

across her buttocks, I noticed for the first time a cute little dimple. So, she became Dimples. Standing in front of my helpless pet once more, I resumed our one-way conversation.

"This is a memorable occasion for you, pet. Today you'll begin your new life as my perfectly adorable puppygirl. There's going to be lots of training, and discipline, of course and I can hardly wait to get started. I'm not going to burden you with a long list of rules, at least not for the moment. All you need to remember for now is that I am your Goddess... and that I demand instant and absolute obedience!"

More blubbering, spluttering and tears.

"Are you trying to say something, pet?" I enquired solicitously. At great cost, the poor thing managed to faintly nod her rubber hooded head. I strode right up to her and cupped my palm under the horrible tongue weight, at last relieving her, albeit temporarily, of the frightful burden.

"... pl... pl... please... pl... please... put... me... down... " The croaking, stuttering delivery confirmed the effectiveness of the tongue ball and the jaw control.

"Oh dear," I sighed, lifting the steel ball to the level of her chin. "Silly girl!"

I nonchalantly dropped the weight. Her scream of pure agony was music to my ears. Another bucket of tears coursed down her cheeks. I stepped back to my former position, ruefully shaking my head.

"That wasn't a very promising start, pet. I want a little respect." I gently tapped the crop against the palm of my leather gloved hand. "Perhaps I can appeal to you directly."

I think she realised my intention as soon as I began walking behind her. The blubbering intensified. I gave her twelve full-blooded cuts, spacing their delivery just enough to allow her a moment to prepare for the next stroke and thereby maximise her suffering.

"Do you understand now, pet," I enquired.

The poor creature frantically nodded her rubber encased head.

"That's better... and now I want you to thank me for correcting you." I relieved her of the unbearable tension on her tongue. "Well!" I snapped. "I'm waiting!"

Eventually my patience was rewarded with a barely audible, barely decipherable croak.

"... G...G... God... Goddess... pl... please... God... Goddess... th... th... thank... you... Go... Goddess... "

As a reward for her very satisfying answer, I gently lowered the steel weight rather than dropping it. You see, I wanted her to realise I could be kind as well as cruel. I rather think the wretched creature had a few other things she wanted to say but I thought it best to curtail the conversation at this point.

"I'm going to fit your puppygirl costume now, darling. I just know you'll love it."

My hands were actually shaking with excitement as I methodically laid out the divers components of the incredible puppygirl outfit I had designed for my pet.

The initial garment was an elaborately fiendish, rubber chastity corset. The corset strap itself was made of 0.5" thick, gleaming white neoprene and was some 4" wide at the sides, a little wider in front and back. There were no buckles or laces as such, rather it supported a series of temporary fasteners which I could connect to a compact winch which would yield a three-to-one advantage.

Assisted by this phenomenal leverage, I was able to cinch the marvelous corset strap to a diabolical 17". The winch maintained the tension while I meticulously inserted the tiny, gold-plated steel screws which welded together the dovetailed edges of the crushing corset.

Once they were in place, I disposed of the temporary fasteners. The result was dramatic! Dimples' waist

had been fiendishly wasped, enhancing the splendid contrast of her buxom breasts and buttocks. I should add that the inner surface of the dreadful corset strap was generously coated with a forest of stiff, rubber barbs ranging in length from 3mm to 5mm, depending on location.

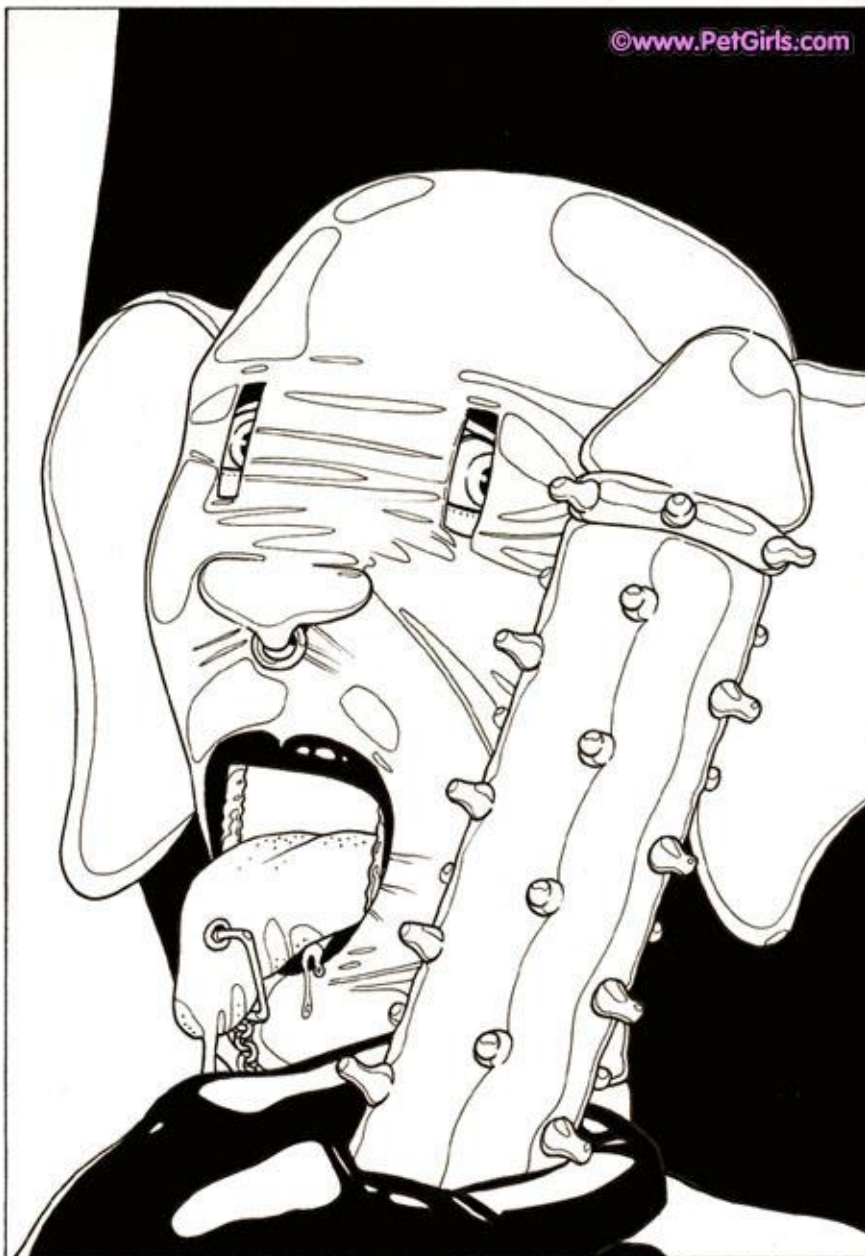
And that the gold-embossed rims of the strap had been deliberately designed to cut into its victim's ribcage and hips. As you may well have guessed, the poor darling was beside herself.

She twisted and jerked, writhed and shuddered, as the corset ground inexorably into her helpless flesh. Her screams and moans were magnificent.

It's nice to know your efforts are appreciated.

The atrocious weight which so cruelly stretched her eyeleted tongue fairly bounced about like a ping-pong ball! I couldn't suppress a chuckle at the ridiculous sight.

And to think I had hardly started. I gave my pet a long look at the impossibly huge dildo I intended to force into her bottom.



The brutal, rubber weapon was a full 3" thick and nearly 12" long, liberally covered with a close-spaced pattern of the devilish, stiff rubber barbs I had become so fond of.

Some of them were as long as half an inch! I smeared a generous dab of Vaseline around her tight, puckered anus and aligned the obscenely moulded head of the monstrous dildo.

I pushed savagely, relishing the struggle as the dreadful instrument tore into its subhuman sheath. In it

went until only a gleaming, golden stub protruded from her diabolically tortured rectum.

Integrally attached to the rear of Dimples' wasping corset strap was a fiendishly customised saddle strap. I pulled this down between her legs, slipped the stub of her spiked anal dildo through the tiny provision made for it, squeezed her swollen, ringed and collared clit, and her padlocked labia, through a second opening, this one a little longer, then brought the nether end of the chastity strap up to meet the front of her corset strap.

A set of temporary fasteners was used to link the polished rubber sections while I set up the winch for a second time.

The object was the same. I wanted to apply the most extreme compression with the saddle strap. Once I had racked the thick rubber saddle strap up to the waiting corset, I used matching steel screws to weld the dovetailed sections together.

The results were splendid. Her defenceless genitals were trapped within the grip of the cutting, gouging rubber chastity strap.

An amorphous mass of tortured clit and labia protruded helplessly through the mercilessly narrow opening. The gleaming white rubber fairly buried itself into her smooth flesh while her burden was made ever worse by the ubiquitous mass of wicked rubber barbs which lined the inner surface of the diabolically de-sexing strap.

I had paid particular attention to her groin; the longest, sharpest, stiffest spikes were stationed down there with the sole intent of inflicting the cruelest suffering imaginable upon her defenceless, wretched sex-flesh. As you can well imagine, Dimples had totally lost control by this stage. She was making a terrific noise.

The heavy weight shackled to her tongue now bounced around like a tennis ball. Her tongue itself had turned purple. Tears cascaded down from her handicapped eyes. Her shrieks and moans, grunts and cries, though completely unintelligible, were music to my ears. There was a special satisfaction in the knowledge that her distress, her discomfort, her agony had been inflicted at my whim. That I had the power to dispense pain exactly as I wished. I was so sexually aroused!

I stared long and hard at her twisting, writhing, jerking carcass. The gleaming rubber chastity harness fairly glinted in the strong, artificial light, doing a tremendous job of wasping her slender waist to minuscule proportions and punishing her elaborately ringed, collared and padlocked genitals. Other than the obvious discomfort of a murderously corseted waist, the only visible sign of the suffering caused by her delightful chastity harness was the diabolically wicked treatment meted out to her helpless, swollen genitals. The monstrous, spiked dildo filling her helpless anus was more or less undetectable; certainly the tiny stub which protruded from that orifice was just about impossible to detect. It was nice to know that Dimples and I shared that little secret. Only we were aware of the terrible rubber barbs which everywhere added so fiendishly to her suffering.

"Would you like me to give you a little time to get used to your puppygirl costume?"

I fear the question was somewhat rhetorical. I don't think she was paying attention to her divine Goddess. Foolish puppygirl. I just had to dispense another six cuts with my friendly, whippy whalebone cane. And I'm sure her dildo-engorged buttocks weren't too happy with her either. I tried again.

"Dimples, I do wish you'd pay more attention." That was the first time, I think, that I'd used her new name. Somehow, I don't think she noticed.

"I'm going to be frightfully angry with you if you don't perk up. I'm aware that you might be a bit uncomfortable but I just know you're going to get used to it. Who knows... eventually you may even enjoy its embrace."

At least I had her attention now, even if my assurances had not entirely convinced her.

"That's more like it," I said encouragingly. "It's no good making a song and dance... puppygirls like you have to be treated firmly... there's nothing else for it... I want a pretty, obedient and faithful puppygirl and there's only one way to achieve that. You'll see... "

I wasn't sure how much of this information was being digested but if a renewed flood of tears and another futile, helpless burst of squirming and moaning meant what I thought they did, then Dimples was at last beginning to realise the full extent of her misfortune. Actually, I shouldn't call it misfortune. I was extremely fortunate!

"Are you trying to tell me something, pet?" I enquired kindly. "Are you trying to express your gratitude? Is that it? Of course."

How I relished the situation. How I thrived on it. The power... the enormously erotic pleasure I derived from Dimples' enslavement. I paused for a moment to be sure she was paying attention. I think she was, although I must admit her suffering made it difficult for her to concentrate. I gave her a couple of sharp cuts, across her spongy, tormented breasts, to ensure her full attention.

"I'm going to put you to sleep in a moment. I have to do something about those ridiculous human limbs... they're hardly suitable, are they? When you wake, we can get on with your training immediately. I just know we are going to get on famously..."

The chloroform did its duty once again, hopefully the last time it would be needed. Once Dimples was lowered to the floor, I removed the shackle and dead-weight from her erotically lengthened tongue and the straps from her wrists and ankles. I went to work on her long, lovely legs.

Each foot was squeezed into a cruelly constricting, white neoprene bootie, twisting her instep into a full ballet Pointe. I used a series of four, wide white neoprene straps to double up each leg, crushing her calves into her thighs. I generated enormous tension before sealing the straps with steel screws, in exactly the same way as I had secured her frightful chastity corset. The spike-lined straps gouged ferociously into her flesh, implacably imprisoning her legs in an inescapable, vice-like, agonising grip. Even her feet were welded excruciatingly into her upper thighs. This done, I fitted a pair of gleaming, polished white rubber sheaths over her tortured, shortened hind legs. It took forty minutes to seal each sheath properly; they were so tight, they could only be inched gradually into place. A pair of thick, white neoprene straps completed the costuming of her hind legs. These straps were screw-sealed at the junction of each thigh with her fiendishly disciplined groin. The pressure generated against her impossibly compressed flesh was so intense that the carefully customised sheaths completely homogenised the outline of her hind legs. A special pad, cunningly sprung and protecting each knee-cap, would ensure plenty of mobility. After all, I didn't want a sluggish pet! I inflicted similar treatment upon her arms, perhaps more accurately her fore-legs.

Her lifeless hands compressed into fists, I encased them in stiff, crushing mittens which not only kept her fingers and thumbs cruelly compressed but also twisted those compressed balls perpendicular to her forearms. Next, her forearms were crushed into her biceps. Three, spike-lined, white neoprene straps immobilised her limbs in that contorted pose, cutting viciously into her smooth, hairless flesh. Another pair of glossy, white rubber sheaths encased her fore-legs, anchored immovably in place by matching rubber straps screw-sealed into her arm-pits. As you've probably guessed, the pressure applied by these gleaming sheaths also did a splendid job of homogenising her fore-legs. Again, special sprung pads at her elbows would do wonders for her mobility.

In fact, she was quite a sight! Her naked torso (well, naked except for that delightful chastity corset) sprouted four, amorphous, truncated, rubber-crushed limbs as well as a rubber hooded, nose-ringed puppy-skull. Dimples would be able to move her fore-and-hind legs at their junction with her torso, albeit with a great deal of difficulty, but every other muscle and sinew in her diabolically sheathed limbs had been

rendered absolutely and agonisingly lifeless.

I ran my fingers gingerly across the superbly taut rubber, relishing the vibrations emanating from the inhumanly compressed flesh within. The erotic satisfaction was so intense that I needed a few minutes to myself... to release the pent-up passion.

Somewhat calmer, I retired to my dressing room to freshen up, then went to the kitchen for a coffee. I returned to the dungeon and, leaning in the doorway, languidly sipped my coffee while devouring the sight of my helpless, dehumanised puppygirl. I had probably been a bit too generous with the chloroform; there was no sign of imminent recovery. I rolled Dimples onto her belly and dragged her into the center of the room. I stowed away the suspension system used earlier to spread-eagle her. The last touch remained.



Dimples' puppy-tail locked seamlessly into the protruding stub of her diabolical anal dildo. Capped with a fluffy pom-pom of fine rubber strands, the gleaming, six-inch long, one-inch thick neoprene rod, in purest white, looked mouth-wateringly cute! I locked the door before I left.

I had some housework to catch up on as well as a briefing for a sizeable damages claim. I did the housework first then spent the best part of two hours establishing arguments. I ignored Dimples completely, well aware of the folly of mixing business with pleasure.

I made another coffee and drank it, seated comfortably in front of the secret mirror in my dressing room. The chloroform had long since worn off, returning my treasure to her world of endless, excruciating agony. She was still on her belly, her bizarre, rubber sheathed limbs jerking spasmodically in a fruitless, pathetic attempt to lessen her torment.

I gulped down the last of my coffee; I just couldn't wait to hear what she had to say!

"Awake at last?" I enquired solicitously. The sound of my voice brought an instant response. Dimples twisted frantically, raising her hairless head up to locate the source of the sound.

"... aahhhhh... aaahhhhhhhhhhh... eerrrrrrrrrr... aahhhhh... "

Well, there wasn't much I could make of her first effort at communication. But I wasn't in a hurry.

"... aahhh... aaahhhhhhh... h... help... help... me... pl... please... please... help... me... aahhh... aaahhhhh... aaahhhhh... please... please... "

I was miffed. Surely the silly girl must know that a puppygirl doesn't talk! A puppygirl barks! Or whimpers!

"... aahhh... I... I... I'm... sorry... please... I'm... sorry... h... help... please... help... me... "

To compound her stupidity, she didn't even have the courtesy to refer to me as her Goddess. Oh well, I had a remedy for the problem.

Shaking my head admonishingly, I strode to a cabinet and assembled the components of a delightful training aid. Dimples tried desperately to squirm away from me as soon as she realised her peril.

"... no... no... oh... please... no... please... please... "

It was a one-sided contest. I flipped her onto her back and sat squarely across her magnificently disciplined breasts. Her incredibly costumed, crippled limbs flailed wildly but to no effect. Her rubber hooded, cruelly compressed head twisted from side to side to avoid my attack. "...aaahhhhh...aaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh... aaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh... "

She abandoned speech in favour of plain screaming. I clucked reprovingly.

"Don't make such a fuss, pet. Stop wriggling! Open that mouth!"

She paid no attention whatsoever to my requests. There was nothing for it but to jam the hilt of the whalebone cane into her mouth and grind it around. One gloved hand kept the miscreant's mouth wide open and more or less steady while the other fished around inside the gaping orifice with a 12" length of thin, gleaming gold-plated rod.

Eventually, I hooked her elongated tongue and promptly stretched it viciously, pulling it agonisingly out from her trembling, rubber tensioned puppy-lips.

The next step was to clip the upper end of the rod to her nose-ring. The hardest part over, I withdrew the cane from her mouth and slid a little further down her naked torso, resting all my weight onto her wickedly wasped waist. I clipped each ringed and collared nipple to the lower end of the rod, mashing her spongy breasts together in a display which must have been as uncomfortable as it was erotic.

I remained straddled over her for several minutes, lingering contentedly long after I had installed her

diabolically cruel tongue rod. One gloved hand explored the polished surface of her diabolical chastity corset, teasingly caressing her fiendishly ringed, collared and padlocked genitals while the other pinched and prodded her stiffly, agonisingly stretched tongue. All the while my wantonly naked groin was in intimate contact with her rubber crushed flesh. The pleasure was intense. I sighed joyfully, allowing myself the luxury of a splendid orgasm.

I rose shakily to my feet. I doubt that Dimples was even aware that she had entertained me so marvelously. The prime purpose of the tongue rod, obviously, was to prevent my puppygirl from making intelligible sounds. From the medley of grunts, moans, whimpers and gurgles which now made up Dimples' vocabulary, I could see it was entirely satisfactory. I stood imperiously above her staring down disdainfully while I waited for her to calm down. I placed one spike-heeled shoe directly on her rubber-tortured groin. That got her attention immediately. I spoke slowly, carefully, making sure every word was listened to. The steady pressure from my boot no doubt had a lot to do with her rapt attention.

"You don't seem to be making very much progress, pet... and to be honest I have to say that I'm disappointed. Will you never learn... a puppygirl barks, whines or whimpers... I have to hope that tongue rod will help you develop a more useful vocabulary."

"For the moment, you have to get up and about. I'll leave you alone for a couple of hours so you can get accustomed to your puppygirl costume. I expect to see you walking around when I return... on all fours, tail wagging, of course", I chuckled.

Soliloquy completed, I used the toe of my shoe to roll Dimples onto her belly.

"Do make an effort, pet... "

Well, what a way to spend an afternoon! I couldn't recommend it too highly. It was early evening already and the excitement of the last two hours had left me ravenous. Dinner took a long while to cook; every five minutes or so I had to rush back to the observation window to see what Dimples was up to. There wasn't much progress to begin with. The silly thing seemed to be spending most of her time futilely fighting the terrible tension imposed by the training rod through her eyeleted tongue.

Patience is its own reward. On my sixth visit I was delighted to find Dimples had struggled onto all fours, albeit very shakily. Those spring-loaded pads, artificial paws really, capping her knees and elbows were going to take a long time to master. Nonetheless, it was a start. Her first, tentative steps were terribly exciting, even though most of them ended in tragedy. A wicked combination of extreme handicaps exacerbated by the powerful incentives driving her puppy-legs made every hesitant step a real adventure. Nine times out of ten, poor Dimples couldn't keep her balance and ended up flat on her engorged, swollen, tormented puppy-tits. I felt quite proud of my achievement. It was all a matter of providing suitable encouragement!

I ate dinner about nine and then freshened up in preparation for Dimples' first training session. I entered the room quietly and for a few minutes the wretched creature didn't notice me. She was still on all fours and making what seemed a conscientious effort to overcome the cruel handicaps I had subjected her to. She was bouncing along delightfully on her bizarrely bound limbs, controlling the spring-loaded paw-pads after a fashion, at least. Her puppy-tail drooped lifelessly. At last she bounced in my direction.

"Hello, pet," I crooned sweetly.

Dimples stopped in her tracks, terrified. The diabolical tongue rod wouldn't allow her to raise her rubber compressed head but my voice was more than enough to set her quaking and shivering. It was just the kind of response I was looking for!

"Ready for your first training session, pet?"

I chose to interpret the croaking whimper as an affirmative.

"Splendid, so am I!"

Right from the first moment I set an exacting standard for my helpless puppygirl. Assisted by the liberal application of my slender whalebone cane, I taught Dimples to sit, to heel and to lie down. To my immense satisfaction, she demonstrated a desperate, if clumsy, enthusiasm to obey my commands, no doubt realising at last she had no choice.

The destabilising effect of her bounding puppy-paws caused her quite a lot of difficulty which compelled me to expend a lot of cane energy correcting her style. Why should I let a small inconvenience like that act as an excuse? It was not in my nature.

Patiently, I used the cane to explain to her how she must wag her pretty puppy-tail. It didn't take her long to realise the only way she could do this was with her stretched and punished rectal muscles. Clench and squeeze them she did, setting up a delightful flutter of white rubber puppy-tail. Watching the helpless creature do her best to remember to keep her tail wagging while performing the exacting tasks I set her to brought a smile to my lips.

I flogged her savagely for the slightest misstep, for the faintest hesitation to obey my commands, for the merest hint of laziness and the instant her cute puppy-tail stopped wagging, whatever the reason. For ninety minutes I drove Dimples from one end of the chamber to the other. It was the most exhilarating experience of my life.

Eventually, of course, she collapsed from sheer exhaustion and no amount of encouragement could incite her to rise again. I called it a day at that point and, after rewarding her efforts with a fond caress, I left her alone to contemplate her future. Just to be sure she really appreciated my authority, I thought it best to leave the diabolical tongue rod where it would do her the most good.

CHAPTER FOUR

Unfortunately, the following day was Monday. Back to the grindstone. I looked in on Dimples before I left and was delighted to see her up and about, diligently practising her awkward and wonderfully uncomfortable four-legged prance, bounding along on her puppy-paws just as I had trained her to. Her puppy-tail wagged merrily.

I felt such a rush of affection for the delicious creature that I almost relented and removed the agonising tongue rod which was so obviously causing her the cruelest suffering. Almost! Well, I didn't want to spoil her!

I had a couple of errands to take care of at lunch-time and as it turned out, I was required for three client conferences in the afternoon. The last one didn't finish until nearly seven, making it almost eight before I returned home.

I hadn't intended to be that late and found myself feeling a little concerned for the well-being of my pet. I looked in on her first thing. She was resting, motionless, in one corner of the dungeon. Still alive, thank goodness!

I had a few chores waiting. They were done quickly. Back to Dimples. As soon as she was aware of my presence, she scrambled desperately to all-fours then stood still, trembling with dread, puppy-tail fluttering frantically.

She was, at last, learning a healthy respect for her omnipotent Goddess. I removed the cruel tongue rod and allowed her a moment to recover from the grinding cramp occasioned by its lengthy emplacement. "Would you like something to eat, pet?" I enquired kindly. The question was somewhat rhetorical; the poor darling had been virtually starved for the last forty-eight hours.

"... Woof... Woof... Woooooof..."

I could only assume that her mewling, croaky bark was an affirmative. "Follow me," I invited, leading the dehumanised creature into the kitchen where a gold-plated bowl full of vile-tasting mush, liberally doused with powerful aphrodisiacs, awaited her.



Nothing but the best for my Dimples!

"Just for you, pet. Eat it all up." She didn't hesitate.

The dreadful concoction might as well have been smoked salmon for all the enthusiasm she displayed in wolfing it down. Hunger does strange things to a puppygirl!

Conveniently, her extended tongue came in pretty useful for this purpose. The bowl was licked clean

without any encouragement from me and as soon as that was finished, I took the tortured beast back to her dungeon. For fifteen minutes or so I compelled the helpless creature to bound stylishly from one end of the cell to the other. From force of habit I applied the cane liberally, but her apparent diligence was so captivating that I almost began to feel guilty.

"Keep up the good work, pet. I'm going to have some dinner and then get you ready for more puppygirl training."

Actually, dinner was little more than a snack, followed by a cup of coffee and a small whisky. I did change into something much more suitable though. I squeezed into an adorable, red leather body-suit which sheathed me like a second skin from head to toe. Knee-high, black patent leather boots and elbow length, black kidskin gloves complimented the fiery, scarlet costume magnificently. I chose to wear a matching, black leather mask which snugly hid most of my features while allowing me to speak and see freely. Finally, I high-lighted my trim torso with a wide, gleaming, black patent leather belt. The last thing I had to do was prepare a surprise for my bitch...

"Come here, pet," I caroled pleasantly, "Clara's got something for you... "

The exquisitely tormented thing was non-plussed by the vision of splendour which had magically appeared before her. Quaking with mindless fear, whimpering and blubbering uncontrollably, she slowly stumbled forward in obedience to her all-powerful Goddess.

Her cruelly tortured, rubber-sheathed limbs, agonisingly bound into bizarre stumps, seemed almost paralysed with dread. Her impossibly corseted torso, crushingly compressed skull, diabolically dildoad bottom and fiendishly mistreated genitals all added grotesquely to her inhuman suffering. So, the sight thrilled me to the very core.

"I want you to wear this, pet," I said conversationally. "Come closer and let me put it on you."

Whimpering piteously, poor Dimples inched nearer to the diabolical surprise which awaited her. I buckled an amazing, fiendishly cruel, baby-pink rubber collar (the colour complemented her glossy white rubber puppygirl costume perfectly, and looked mouth-wateringly cute!) around her throat, completely covering the neck piece of her dehumanising puppy hood. The half-inch thick neoprene was moulded to force the puppygirl's head agonisingly backwards, compelling her, when on all-fours, to stare directly ahead.

The blunt, serrated, gold-plated rims cut murderously into her jaw-line and collar-bones while the compression generated against her throat was so intense that the wretched creature was brought to the very point of suffocation. The choking, gouging, brutal collar was beautifully decorated with a lateral row of polished golden spikes which stood out a full inch from the gleaming rubber. Furthermore, a small, embossed gold panel on the front of the collar bore her name... Dimples.

What surprised me the most was Dimples' mostly uncomplaining acceptance of this additional handicap. Of course, she whimpered and moaned a little, and coughed and spluttered in response to the choking constriction, what else would you expect. But she didn't try to run and she kept her paws. I was impressed by, and even a touch proud of, my puppygirl's behaviour.

"Good girl," I whispered encouragingly, giving the golden buckle a brisk rub to restore its lustre.

There was just the one adjustment so I simply had to choke her. The intention here, aside from the always pleasurable decision to increase my puppygirl's suffering, was to immobilise her head. Several solid blows confirmed the efficacy of the treatment. Dimples' tormented skull absorbed the punishment splendidly.

"Do stop blubbering," I admonished testily, laying on a couple of hearty cuts across her up-thrust buttocks.

"You look positively scrumptious!"

Dimples' leash was designed to clip onto her fetching nose-ring and as soon as it was in place, I had the pleasure of taking my puppygirl for her first walk. We toured the apartment in style, Dimples' close-heeling no doubt helped by the strict tension I kept on the leash.

At frequent intervals I interrupted the stroll to impress upon my puppygirl the importance of displaying enthusiasm, devotion and obedience. Of course, the most effective teacher for these important puppygirl traits proved to be the cane!

The lesson lasted for the best part of two hours, time enough to tire me; heaven knows how desperately exhausted poor Dimples must have been by the time I finally called a halt to her training. Still, the effort had been worth-while. As I suspected from the previous evening, Dimples was a quick learner and seemed to appreciate there was no alternative for her but to co-operate completely. I was quietly confident that she would make a splendid puppygirl.

As a reward for her frantically sincere efforts to make a good impression, I allowed the panting, trembling creature to collapse at my feet while I lay back to relax in front of television. Not that I paid much attention to the program. The ferocious bondage handicaps prevented her from obtaining any real relief from her subhumanly agonising torment, even when she was permitted to lie down. She lay awkwardly on her side, her gleaming, rubber-crushed limbs sticking out stiffly from her wickedly wasped torso. She couldn't even rest her aching head; the gouging, gigantic collar kept it welded immovably into her shoulders.

Instructing my puppygirl to stay, I went to the kitchen for a coffee and a late night snack. To my amazement, it was already past mid-night. I wasn't tired at all. I returned to my couch and promptly introduced Dimples to another responsibility she would have to come to excel at. Jerking sharply on her nose-leash, I encouraged my puppygirl to leap to all-fours.

"Good girl," I whispered, pleased with the alacrity and demonstrable enthusiasm she displayed.

"A puppygirl must learn how to keep her Goddess' footwear sparkling clean."

A gentle tug on the leash was all that was necessary to set Dimples into motion. She realised at once that the only implement available to her for the task was her long, punitively eyeleted tongue and without hesitation she set to with a will to polish the slick, black patent leather which sheathed my legs from knee to toe.

For the first five minutes or so, I sat upright with my feet planted firmly on the floor to better assess my puppygirl's progress. There was plenty of enthusiasm but unfortunately a certain lack of style.

"Don't slobber, darling," I purred. "Poke that cute little tongue all the way out and polish the leather with long, loving strokes..."

To be sure my suggestions were taken to heart, I reinforced my requests with a round dozen lusty cuts applied with relish across her helpless buttocks. She whimpered piteously throughout the flogging but made no attempt to cower or otherwise try to evade her just deserts.

"Do you understand now, pet?" I enquired solicitously, fondly patting her smooth, rubber crushed head.

A plaintive "Wooof... wooof..." was squeezed in between the sobbing and the blubbing. A thin smile was the signal for Dimples to resume her ministrations. I kept a close eye on her for another minute or two, just to be sure that she knew what to do. After that I reclined into the couch and stretched out more or less horizontally, lifting my leather booted legs parallel to the floor. Dimples tongue-polished my boots without a moment's respite for ninety minutes. Every inch of the shiny surface was licked to a mirror finish and not content with that the delightful creature turned her attention to the soles and heels as well. The slender, stiletto heels were sucked passionately while her nimble tongue did its best to polish out the tiny scratches which inevitably appear on the soles of even the most carefully looked after footwear.

Toward the end of the session I became aware of a faint, yet piteous whimper. I sat up slowly and surveyed her pleasing handiwork.

"That's enough, darling... you've done a splendid job... Sit!"

The last word was a command.

As I had trained her, Dimples sat back instantly on her lush, well whipped buttocks, using her hind legs to keep her balance. Her fore legs were held out stiffly in front of her, exposing her grotesquely huge, nipple ringed puppy-tits. The pose was both frightfully uncomfortable as well as difficult to maintain. I loved it! The soulful whimpering intensified. I had to chuckle. So that was the problem, as if I didn't know. The aphrodisiacs were hard at work already.

"Do I excite you, pet?" I purred throatily.

The answer was manifestly obvious now. The helpless creature's exquisitely tortured clit was hopelessly fighting the fiendish, spiked bondage which kept it constant company.

I got up then and made a quick trip to the dungeon to collect Dimples' old friend. Concealing the surprise behind my back I stood over my dehumanised puppygirl, thrusting my leather sheathed crotch almost into her face. The gigantic, choking collar compelled the wretch to tilt her tormented skull heavenward, fixing her slitted eyes directly on mine.

Terrified by my menacing gesture, Dimples began to tremble violently. It was an awesomely satisfying sensation to observe the full extent of my power over this defenceless, dehumanised creature.

"You didn't answer my question, pet. Do I excite you?" "... woof... woof.. " The anguished wail, the trembling forelegs, the cascading tears, all confirmed in the most poignant way possible her hopeless yearning.

"How dare you!" I snarled in a convincing outburst of righteous anger. Horrified by my response, Dimples recoiled in total funk, overbalancing and ending up a contorted, helpless bundle. I kicked her where she lay for several minutes, even managing to score a couple of direct hits on her superbly tortured genitals.

"I didn't permit you to relax!" I continued, still demonstrably irate. "Get back into position!"

To encourage a prompt response I jerked viciously on her nose-leash, literally hauling her to a squatting position.

"Open that mouth! Give me that tongue!"

Poor Dimples took one look at the diabolical, golden weight which was about to be chained to her tongue and shrieked uncontrollably. She flung herself onto the floor, twisting and writhing.

"... no... no... help me... help me..."

So much for obedience. Dimples had to learn that this was not the way to behave. Oh no!

"Silly thing," I murmured regretfully.

I took hold of her nose leash and dragged the helpless, floundering creature into her dungeon. I left her blubbering and squirming in one corner while I made ready the block and tackle.

Much to my amusement, she tried to run for it. I've no idea where she thought she could go. Chuckling at the spectacle of her rubber-costumed body disappearing down the hall-way, I let her get as far as the kitchen before I caught up with her. Again I used her nose-leash to drag her back to the dungeon. A very one-sided struggle resulted in Dimples' tongue being chained to the 2lb golden bauble she was so terrified of. That was just the beginning. Two chains dangled down from a pulley in the ceiling and I clipped one to each of the golden rings piercing her tortured, collared nipples.

Breathing deeply and unable (unwilling?) to control my excitement, I began lifting the terrified creature by her obscenely swollen, nipple-ringed puppy-tits. Each click of the ratchet was deliberately, delightfully slow. It didn't take too long for her to work out what was about to happen. She scrabbled desperately on all fours, blubbering incoherently and abjectly unable to defend herself in the slightest.

The fun really began the moment her rubber-crushed fore-legs were lifted clear of the dungeon floor. The blubbering became a high-pitched wail of agony while the tongue-ball bounced madly about and her fore-legs jerked this way and that in a pathetically ridiculous attempt to relieve the diabolical tension being applied to her wretched puppy-tits. Her tail had stopped wagging. What was the world coming to! I relished the spectacle with a passion, savouring every nuance of my helpless pet's exquisite torture. How I reveled in her suffering. How I thrived on it! Ever so slowly I inched my puppygirl heavenward. Her beautifully augmented puppy-tits responded delightfully to the tension placed on them. They stretched superbly taut before at last reaching the limit of their elasticity.

Dimples' hind legs cleared the dungeon floor! The vision was truly captivating. There she hung, her whole weight supported only by her fiendishly mistreated puppy-tits. The wretched creature had long since screamed herself hoarse and was now only capable of croaking, rasping groans. Her diabolically bound limbs jerked spasmodically.

I approached my puppygirl slowly, savouring every moment of my triumph. Snug within the embrace of my gleaming patent leather cat-suit, I could only imagine the effect my appearance must have had upon poor Dimples. I towered over her hideously tortured, superbly bound carcass for what must have been an age. I rubbed my leather sheathed flesh sensuously against her.

Finally, I grasped her tongue ball and jerked it sharply to get her full attention.

"Can't you see, pet, how foolish it is to disobey me...?"

I wasn't really expecting an answer. Her crushingly collared neck kept her hooded skull so rigid that she couldn't even nod in response to my question. Combine that with the cruel tension I maintained on the devilish tongue ball and it's pretty easy to understand the reason for her inability to reply. Not that I let her helplessness influence my next remark, of course!

"... I've asked you a question, pet... well! Answer me!"

How I relished her exquisite dilemma. She had to reply yet she could not. I leaned over her, glaring into her slitted, terrified eyeballs. I answered the question for her, punctuating every word with a vicious tug on the terrible tongue ball.

"Yes..! Goddess..! I..! am..! very..! foolish..! to..! disobey..! you..!"

I changed my voice to a softer, more sympathetic tone.

"There now... that is what you meant to say... isn't it, darling?"

I think her despairing, anguished eyes tried to answer me. Who knows? For certain, I'm sure her diabolically tortured puppy-tits were really regretted her stupidity!

"I'm so glad you understand," I purred. "And now you must beg to be punished..."

Intoxicated with the thrill of the situation, I relaxed my grip on the tongue ball, expectantly awaiting my pet's response to this dread request. My eyes held hers inexorably. For several moments there was only frantic gurgling and breathless panting but at last a barely audible croak bubbled from her trembling, rubber tensioned puppy-lips.

"... woof... wooffff..."

Her words were music to my ears. I squealed with delight, dropping the tongue ball with a theatrical flourish. Miss Pussy spasmed with delight!

"Of course, pet, of course I will!"

It took only moments for me to fetch my favourite cane and in no time flat I was laying it vigorously into her. Her juicy buttocks received a round dozen especially ferocious cuts followed by a further dozen delivered with equal venom across her impossibly stretched and tortured puppy-tits.

The quality of the flogging built up quite a bit of momentum, so much so in fact that Dimples was swinging through an arc of nearly 30 degrees by the time I called a halt to the event. The halt co-incident with a splendid orgasm! Mine, of course!

Determined to maintain a regime of absolute discipline, I resisted a mellow impulse to relieve some of my pet's dreadful suffering. I left her hanging by her obscenely stretched bitch-tits, tongue-ball attached, moaning piteously and swinging slowly some six inches clear of the dungeon floor.

Needless to say, I slept like a log. I felt wonderful.

CHAPTER FIVE

The next morning was a mad rush to get to work. I missed the alarm somehow and it wasn't until 7.30 am that I woke up. After a shower, I had to look in on my poor pet. Even I couldn't help feeling a little sorry for her. She had been hanging by her superbly tortured puppy-tits for a good five hours. She was barely conscious. Tenderly, I lowered her to the floor and removed the chains from her nipple rings and that dreadful ball from her eyeleted tongue.

She squirmed lifelessly. I bent over my precious puppygirl, kissed her hooded skull affectionately and then left the dungeon, locking the door behind me and leaving her to recover from my attentions as best she could. You can understand why I found it hard to concentrate on work.

The gulf between my home life and office life had become so wide that I felt I was in another world. I managed as best I could and nobody seemed to notice my pre-occupation. Lunch-time rolled around and after collecting some more presents for my puppygirl, I headed for the Regent, where I had arranged to meet Harriett for lunch. I needed another favour, and this one was going to be even harder to explain. She was punctual, as always. We rabbitied on throughout the meal as we had often done in the past and I was finding it increasingly difficult to bring up my request. When you think about it, there are very few people you really know. In the end, Harriett broke the ice.

"If I'm not mistaken, Clara... there's something you want, isn't there?"

"Well, yes... but I'm not sure now's the time to talk about it. In fact, I'm not sure that I should talk about it at all."

"Are you just trying to whet my curiosity?"

"No... I'm trying to decide whether to confide in you."

"Clara... what are you on about?"

I needed Harriett's co-operation. "Well... you remember those hormone treatments you let me have?"

"For your friend? Of course... don't tell me they're used up already. They should last at least three months!"

"No... no... it's something else. I want you to perform a little operation or two for me."

"What do you mean? What's wrong with you?"

"... errr... nothing's wrong with me... at least nothing you'd notice..." I chuckled lamely. "No, I want you to do a little work on a companion of mine... "

"Which companion? And what kind of work do you mean?"

"Actually, Harriett, my companion is a bitch!" That remark got a reaction. A puzzled expression clouded my friend's face.

"Then why are you asking me for help? Why don't you see a vet?"

I drummed my fingers nervously on the table. "Well, you see, Harriett... she wasn't always a bitch... "

Harriett's puzzled expression changed to one of outright amazement. "What are you talking about, Clara? Are you pulling my leg?"

"Oh no, darling. I couldn't be more serious."

"Well then... what sort of a bitch is she... and what do you mean she wasn't always one?"

"Will you give me your word that you won't tell a soul about this?"

"I don't know. I suppose it depends on what you say."

I shook my head.

"That's not good enough, Harriett. You have to promise me faithfully that you'll never divulge my little secret to anyone."

The use of the word secret was deliberate. I hoped that Harriett's incorrigible curiosity would not allow her to walk away without hearing the full story.

Harriett grinned conspiratorially. "You are dreadful, Clara... you always were... alright, I promise. Now tell me what you've been up to."

For the next ten minutes or so, I gave Harriett an abridged version of the events which had transpired since my first encounter with the hapless Dimples.

She listened, speechless, to the story and, if I was not mistaken, I sensed her growing excitement as the tale reached its climax. We sat in silence for several minutes.

"Have you gone crazy, Clara? You're making this up. You must be!"

"No I'm not, Harriett... and you're welcome to view the evidence directly whenever you wish."

Another stunned silence.

"I suppose I ought to ask you what you mean by a little operation."

"Oh, we can talk about that later. I just want you to tidy up a few bits and pieces."

"And what does your companion think about your plans?"

"I haven't mentioned them to her."

"You mean she's none too keen on the idea."

"What do you think!"

I imagine Harriett didn't know what to think. I ordered a second cup of coffee. She had gone all queer and I was beginning to think that it hadn't been a very good idea to confide in her after all.

"Will you do this for me, Harriett?" I asked earnestly.

"I don't know, Clara... it's completely unethical, and probably criminal... "

"Will you think about it?"

Harriett smiled disconcertingly.

"Yes, Clara, I'll think about it... and no matter what decision I reach, I'll respect your confidence."

"Thank you."

"Look at the time," Harriett exclaimed, more than a little flushed. "I have to run. I've an appointment in ten minutes."

"When will I know your answer?"

"I'll call you tomorrow night. Good-bye, Clara."

Not quite what I'd hoped for. Still, it could've been much worse. At least she hadn't gone screaming for the police. A nasty thought spoiled the taste of my cigarette. Suppose the police were waiting for me when I got home. Oh dear. Then I would really have some explaining to do. Somehow I didn't think they would be

very likely to believe my story about drug rehabilitation! I could see the banner headline.

"Attractive Lawyer Keeps Puppygirl in Cruel Bondage". It was unlikely to advance my career. I did get some work done in the afternoon. It wasn't much though, so I forced myself to take some home with me.

Fortunately, there was nothing untoward going on when I got home. As always, the first thing I did was look in on Dimples. Oblivious of my presence through the one-way glass, the delightful creature lay awkwardly on one side in a vain attempt to relieve just a fraction of the terrible torture I had so enthusiastically inflicted upon her.

I changed into my leather cat-suit costume, fully aware of the erotic effect my presence had on her. I strode into the dungeon.

"Good afternoon, pet," I caroled pleasantly.

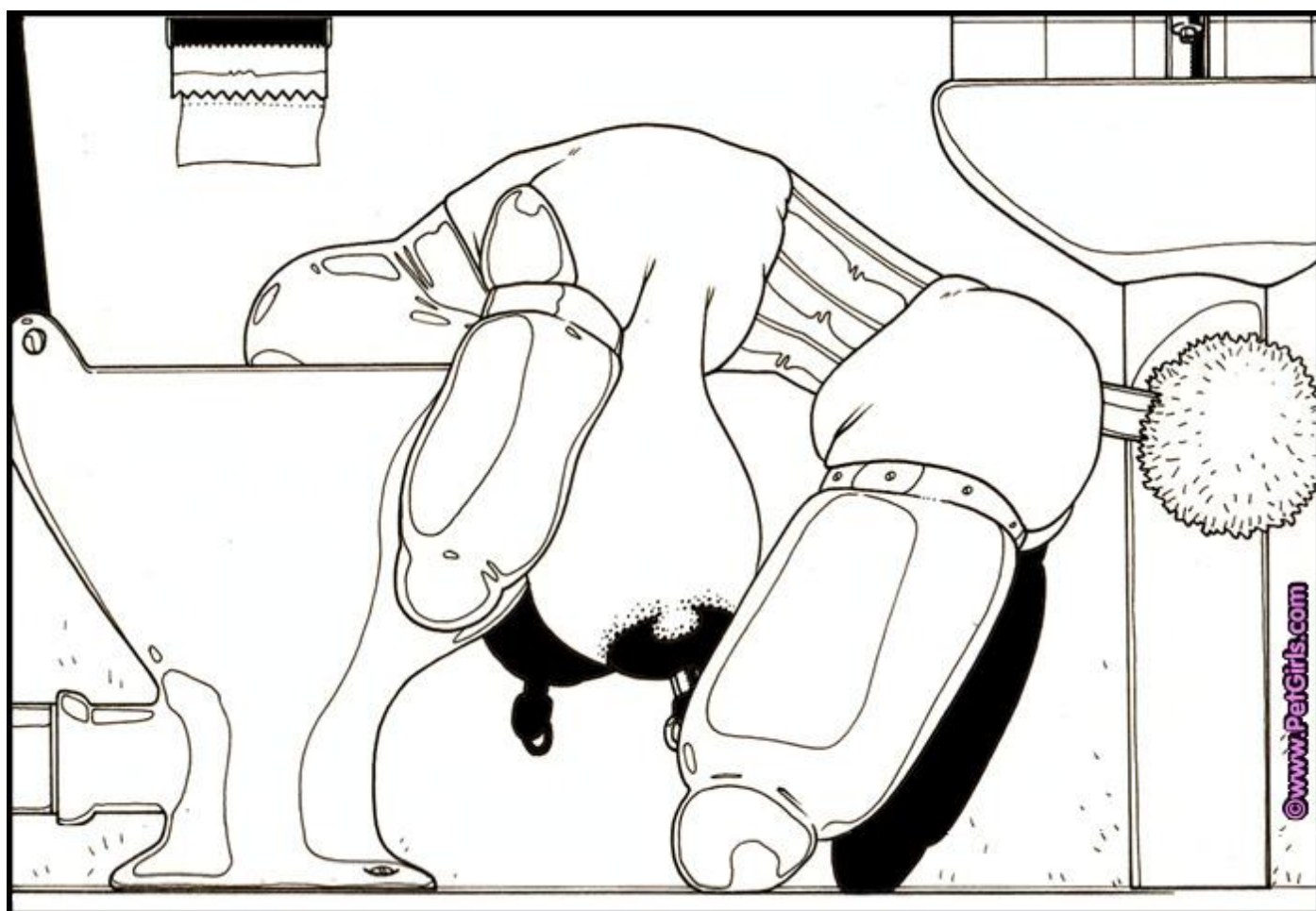
Dimples responded instantly, bounding to all-fours, wagging her tail and trembling with terror. How I loved that sight.

"Sit," I cried imperiously, striding over and laying on a couple of hearty cuts across her helplessly proffered puppy-tits. She yelped endearingly, but never faltered from the precise and extremely demanding pose I had trained her to adopt.

"While I'm getting dinner ready, pet, I want you to trot into the bathroom and put that pretty tongue of yours to work polishing the toilet bowl."

I removed her collar so that she would have some chance to get the job done. "Off you go..." I concluded, hastening her departure with a lusty swat at her juicy buttocks.

In half an hour I was ready to eat. I called into the bathroom to check on Dimples' progress.



There she was, frightfully contorted, her hooded head disappearing down into the toilet bowl. She didn't detect my approach so I was able to spend several minutes quietly enjoying the spectacle of her abject

enslavement.

How diligently and desperately her darting tongue caressed the porcelain. There was no doubting her complete commitment to the task. In the whole time I observed her, she never paused for so much as a moment's rest!

I didn't want my dinner to go cold so I used the heel of my boot to attract her attention.

"Time for dinner, pet. Into the kitchen with you!" Dimples' vile-tasting mush was in her bowl awaiting her and she trotted over to it but didn't dare begin to eat.

"Sit," I commanded before seating myself where I could keep an eye on her and eat my somewhat tastier repast. The wretched creature was desperately hungry but she never even looked at her bowl. Abjectly obedient, she sat motionless throughout the fifteen minutes or so it took me to finish eating.

"Eat it all up," I relented at last.

Dimples buried her face into the slush, gobbling and slurping away until the bowl had been emptied so thoroughly that its golden surface positively shone.

I took her into the bathroom again and, after complimenting her on the splendid job her tongue had done on the toilet bowl, I made her sit still while I scrubbed out her mouth with soap and water. After all, I couldn't very well allow her to polish my boots with a dirty tongue.

After that, I rebuckled her choking collar. The single adjustment for the crushing neoprene ensured that it never relaxed its diabolical grip. I decided that now was as good a time as any to finish up the work I had brought home.

I squashed my precious puppygirl uncomfortably into the knee-hole under my desk so that she could polish my boots while I worked. She slaved away with tremendous zeal, apparently oblivious to the horrific torture I had permanently inflicted upon her dehumanised body.

I couldn't help but attribute her charming loyalty and devotion to the lengthy spell of tit suspension I had forced her to endure the previous evening. Considering the salutary effect it had upon her, I resolved to make frequent use of the treatment in the future. When you on a good thing, stick to it!

At last I finished the brief. Now I could turn my full attention to Dimples and play some games with her. To begin with, we went through many of the training drills but so diligently and stylishly did she respond to my commands, and my cane, that I soon called a halt to the revision and ordered the gorgeous creature to sit while I made ready another surprise for her.

The surprise turned out to be an innocuously smooth, albeit very large, rubber ball. I allowed Dimples an opportunity to look at it and then flung it casually across the room.

"Fetch, darling," I caroled pleasantly and then sat back to watch the fun.

The delightful creature instantly understood what was required. She bounded away after the bouncing ball, tail wagging and soon had it cornered. Now her trouble began in earnest. After trying for several seconds to grip the stiff, slippery, shiny rubber with her rubber stretched jaws, she realised that wasn't going to work. Another minute or so passed before the quaking creature finally achieved the impossible. Somehow she had managed to squash the huge ball right into her mouth.

She trotted proudly back to me, her desperate relief plainly evident. She had covered half the distance separating us before the diabolical ball revealed its terrible secret. Of necessity, the rubber had been compressed by the tautly stretched jaws enveloping it and this pressure had activated the cunningly concealed the mechanism which operated the forest of stiff rubber barbs hidden within.

The needle-tipped rubber barbs attacked her mouth with venom, inflicting another source of dreadful agony which she would have to endure for as long as I wished.

She staggered under the impact of the excruciating pain while a howl of tormented anguish was effectively

muffled by the massive size of the fiendishly spiked ball. How I relished her performance. I clapped my hands heartily together.

"Oh, Dimples... what a sight you are..." I exclaimed jovially.

And what a sight she was!

An hour or so went by before I began to grow jaded with the game. Dimples, however, by dint of a Herculean effort, somehow managed to keep up the impression of genuine enthusiasm for the sport. Each time I threw the terrible ball, she would hurry after it and unhesitatingly fill her hapless mouth.

Then she would trot proudly back to me, tail wagging enthusiastically, with only the tell-tale trembling of her superbly costumed body to proclaim her impossible suffering.

"Did you enjoy our game, darling," I purred throatily, reclining back into a comfortable arm-chair while my precious puppygirl sat stiffly at my feet, her mouth still burstingly full of the monstrously spiked rubber ball.

The combination of stiff, choking collar and agonisingly plugged mouth prevented her from replying. Goodness, they almost prevented her from breathing. I relished the terrified shudder which racked her tortured body as she realised her hopeless predicament. I smiled cruelly, delightfully alive to my pet's dreadful dilemma.

I just watched her for a few minutes, thoroughly captivated by her terror.

"How silly of me, darling. I've forgotten to take the ball out of your mouth."

I leaned forward and did just that, first deactivating the spring-loaded spikes of course. The sigh of relief which surged through my puppygirl was overwhelming; in fact, I could almost swear that I detected a hint of gratitude. Perfect. Gratitude is the natural precursor to devotion. I was certain I was on the right track.

"... woof... wooooooof..."

I decided Dimples' frantic bark was an affirmative.

"I'm so glad, pet," I crooned. "We can play again tomorrow night! Now come over here and clean my boots again."

I closed my eyes and relaxed, enjoying the soothingly smooth caress of Dimples' agile tongue as it stroked the gleaming surface of my black patent leather knee-boots.

I did some idle thinking. At this rate, I was going to be worked to death. Owning a pet is quite a responsibility. What I needed was a maid. Actually, I had wanted one for a long time. A very special maid. Well, now that the ice was broken, that idea took on a certain credibility. Somehow I doubted another burglar would trip across my threshold. Oh Clara! You are wicked. A germ of an idea, nefarious of course, snuck up on me.

My boots were indeed thoroughly polished by the time I had finished ruminating and just as surely Dimples was on the verge of collapse from exhaustion. How I loved to drive her to the limit.

I stood up and, sure enough, the wretched creature was excited again. Somehow, her fiendishly tortured genitals were pathetically engorged with desire. Hooray for modern pharmaceuticals! Heaven knows how much pain she suffered. It must have been excruciating. I certainly hoped it was.

The hopeless longing in her tear-rimmed eyes brought a smile to my lips. I had no intention of ever allowing my puppygirl the slightest sexual relief. I got the pleasure in this relationship! But I was delighted by the ease with which I could stimulate her.

"You've done an excellent job on my boots, darling," I praised her warmly. "They look lovely."

I patted her gently on the crown of her hooded skull. I deliberately made no mention of her engorged, ringed and collared clit, much to her obvious relief. Carrot and stick. Actually, more like stick and not quite

so much stick! Still, a small kindness like that did its bit to foster the latent devotion I hoped was building up. Well, so maybe devotion is hardly the right word... but it sounds great!

"Time for bed, pet," I told her, "but first we must see if you've learned anything from your foolishness last night. I've left your tongue ball on the sideboard over there. Be a good puppygirl and fetch it for me."

A tremor of despair swept over her but it lasted barely a moment. Away she bounded, tail fluttering with enthusiasm. She gripped the chain between her rubber-coated teeth and promptly returned to me. She carefully laid it at my feet and then sat back to await my next command.

"Good girl," I crooned. "Poke your tongue out."

She must have been expecting that instruction because as soon as I spoke, her eyeleted tongue came darting from her lips. Her gigantic, nipple-ringed puppy-tits heaved in time with her frantic panting. She was dreadfully afraid of what was about to happen to her but even more terrified of what would happen if she disobeyed. It was just the response I was looking for!



I shackled the chain to her tongue eyelet so that the heavy ball hung cruelly at the level of her massive puppy-tits. I made her remain in the strict sitting position she had learned to adopt for quite a long time while I watched her suffering, with the intent of impressing upon her my absolute authority.

At last I allowed her to crawl away to her dungeon and get what sleep she could. Even on all-fours, the tongue ball did not touch the ground. Her choking, crushing collar had wrenched her hooded head too far back for that.

The gleaming ball swung jauntily as she loped into her dungeon, puppy-tail still wagging. I turned out the lights and locked the door. Sleep came quickly to me that night; after a compulsory orgasm, of course!

CHAPTER SIX

Another day, another dollar!

I dressed early for work next morning and snatched a cup of coffee. I called in briefly on Dimples, just long enough to say good morning and pat her hooded head.

I advised her to be a good puppygirl while I was gone. I removed the agonising tongue-ball. The manifest gratitude in her soulful, slitted eyes was a thrilling experience.

I have to admit that the addition of Dimples to my life enriched it tremendously. I couldn't imagine being happier.

At work I was a human dynamo. Of course, no-one realised that my enthusiasm was mostly directed to finishing early... so I could spend more time with my pet!

About mid-afternoon, I received a call from Harriett. I didn't expect to hear from her until later in the evening. My new secretary, a quiet, pretty girl in her late teens, put her through.

I tensed nervously, uncertain of her decision. I mean, what sort of decision would you expect from a sane and intelligent person; and a doctor at that!

"Hi, Harriett," I opened.

"Clara... would it be possible for me to pop around this evening and meet your... your companion...?"

"Ummm..." I hadn't expected her to ask that question!

"In confidence, of course... I promise I won't tell a soul... ever... "

I had to make a decision immediately. "Of course, Harriett... I'd be delighted... what say we make it about eight-thirty...?"

"Thank you, Clara... see you then... "

I didn't get another word in. Well, what had I got myself into this time.

Actually, the situation was very clear; I'd committed myself to revealing my relationship with Dimples, even to the extent of revealing Dimples herself! What wasn't so clear were the potential consequences of my candour. I didn't really think Harriett would betray me but there was always that chance. In more ways than one, the excitement level in my life had risen dramatically.

I left for home soon after that conversation. I could trust Primrose to cope in my absence. Indeed, the sweet creature's innocence had already sparked a mischievous thought or three - but that could wait.

The reassuring sight of Dimples' contorted, agonisingly bound body calmed my nerves wonderfully.

I even allowed myself to believe that the shudder which coursed through my puppygirl's body was her way of saying how glad she was to see me. She leapt to all-fours instantly and in response to a click of my fingers came to heel.

She followed obediently wherever I led her. As soon as the chores were finished I retired to my bedroom. I sat Dimples in one corner in that precarious and uncomfortable pose I loved so much. I had a little time for the always delightful pastime of teasing my pathetically helpless puppygirl.

"Now then, pet," I crooned ominously, "it's time we did something about your promiscuity."

More quaking.

"That's right, pet... I'm talking about that pink worm between your legs. I'm going to teach it to behave... "

Abject terror was the word to describe Dimples trembling countenance!

"... and I just know you're going to be ever so grateful for my concern... aren't you, pet?"

Notwithstanding the terror and the fear it almost looked as if the wretched creature really wanted to show her gratitude. She couldn't nod her hooded head, her crushing, choking collar saw to that, but she was able to utter a plaintive bleat in reply to my question.

"Splendid... let's start right now... I'm going to take a shower and I want you to watch me while I undress... don't take your eyes off me... however, if that wretched organ so much as twitches I'm going to hang you up by those gorgeous tits again and flog you senseless... do you understand me, pet?"

A pathetic howl of anguish assured me she did.

I did every thing I could to arouse the poor thing. I slipped seductively from my tailored business suit and then peeled my bra and panties teasingly from my smooth flesh. Tears poured from the trembling creature's slitted eyes as she fought frantically to resist my allure.

A heart-wrenching wail of misery signalled her failure. How I thrilled to the knowledge that I could so easily excite her; that I could make her fiendishly tortured clit respond in spite of the terrible ordeal I forced it to endure and the even more terrible punishment she knew her weakness would bring upon her. It was all she could do to maintain her pose. It was all I could do to stop myself from laughing... I mean, a Goddess has to demonstrate self control as well, you know!

"What a silly creature you are, Dimples," I purred. "Anyone would think you actually wanted me to string you up by those precocious tits. Now you just stay here while I have my shower... then we'll see about punishing you... and perhaps you should think about an appropriate way to thank me for helping you... "

I was too excited to dawdle in the shower; ten minutes was all the time I needed to clean up. A further ten minutes to get dressed in a simple, knee-length white silk evening dress with matching 4" heeled patent leather shoes and elbow length silk gloves. Jewelry and earrings completed my ensemble and I felt as good as I looked.

Dimples had to watch me while I dressed and from the corner of my eye I was delighted to see the further erotic effect my presence had upon her impossibly tormented clit. It looked very much as though she was never going to learn to control herself, at least while I kept up the supply of aphrodisiacs, which was of course what I wanted.

I would never need to manufacture an excuse to punish her... not that I would have let that stop me!

I called her to my side while I sat in front of the mirror and applied a hint of make-up.

Kneeling awkwardly, her tear-rimmed eyes, twisted heavenward by the pressure from her crushing collar, were barely inches from my thigh. I glared stonily down upon her.

"Do you have something you want to say to me?" I enquired ominously. A delicious shudder coursed through her trembling, tortured, helpless body.

"... woof... wooff... "

Her reply was a barely audible squeak which could not, however, disguise the tone of utter hopelessness. The dear thing seemed completely resigned to her fate. I patted her shaven skull reassuringly.

"Heel!" I ordered, standing up and leading my pet into her customised dungeon. On my command, Dimples sat up in position beneath the slender chains which would shortly hoist her high by her enormous, bizarrely engorged puppy-tits.

A trickle of tears flowed steadily from her soulful, slitted puppy-like eyes which, unfortunately for her, only increased my anticipation of the fun I would have.

She barely flinched as I clipped a separate chain to each thick, golden nipple ring. For several minutes I allowed myself the luxury of teasing those massive, spongy mammarys. My silk gloved fingers alternatively stroked, pinched, squeezed and caressed her soft breast flesh. Indeed, I intended a particularly nasty

surprise for those juicy melons just as soon as I was done thrashing her.

Believe it or not, my ministrations actually managed to excite her again. Her bubbling groan of despair mingled with my own chuckle of delight.

"Up we go, pet! I called out jocularly, activating the electric motor which drove the pulley.

I let her hang by her tits, tantalisingly just an inch or two above the floor, until her screaming had quietened down to a soft moaning. Her diabolically harnessed fore-legs and hind-legs threshed about wildly but to no avail.

There wasn't the slightest thing she could do to lessen her intolerable agony. I studied her struggles intently, a warm glow suffusing through my veins.

I chose an especially cruel cane with which to flog her and laid the first stroke across her naked backside with deliberate venom. Warming to the task with every stroke I worked myself into a passionate frenzy and didn't let up upon my helpless victim until a massive orgasm almost brought me to my knees. I groaned wantonly with the exquisite pleasure.

Poor Dimples received a dreadful thrashing. I had whipped her buttocks and her breasts until my arms ached from the effort. I was exhilarated.

I left her swinging forlornly while I staggered back to my bedroom for a much needed breather and freshen-up. After all, I had to make a good impression on Harriett in a couple of hours or so. Time flies when you're having fun and it was nearly six already.

Actually, I had two surprises for Dimples. Completely composed again, I made a regal entry into my puppygirl's dungeon, carrying with me the first of her new toys. I had hoisted her to a height which made it easy for me to glare down at her. I displayed for her education one of a matched pair of wickedly cruel, rubber breast harnesses.

"Do you know what this is, darling?" I crooned.

I don't think she did, but then she probably had other things on her mind.

"It's just a little something for this gorgeous titty... "

My silk gloved hand gripped one impossibly stretched puppy-tit and squeezed ferociously.

"Pay attention, pet," I continued, thrusting the thick rubber garment into her face. "I want to stop these over-ripe melons from flip-flopping all over the place... now... if I let you down are you going to sit still and make it easy for me to strap up both these marvelous boobs... ?"

At the merest mention of being released from her agonising breast suspension, Dimples woofed pleadingly, fervently begging me.

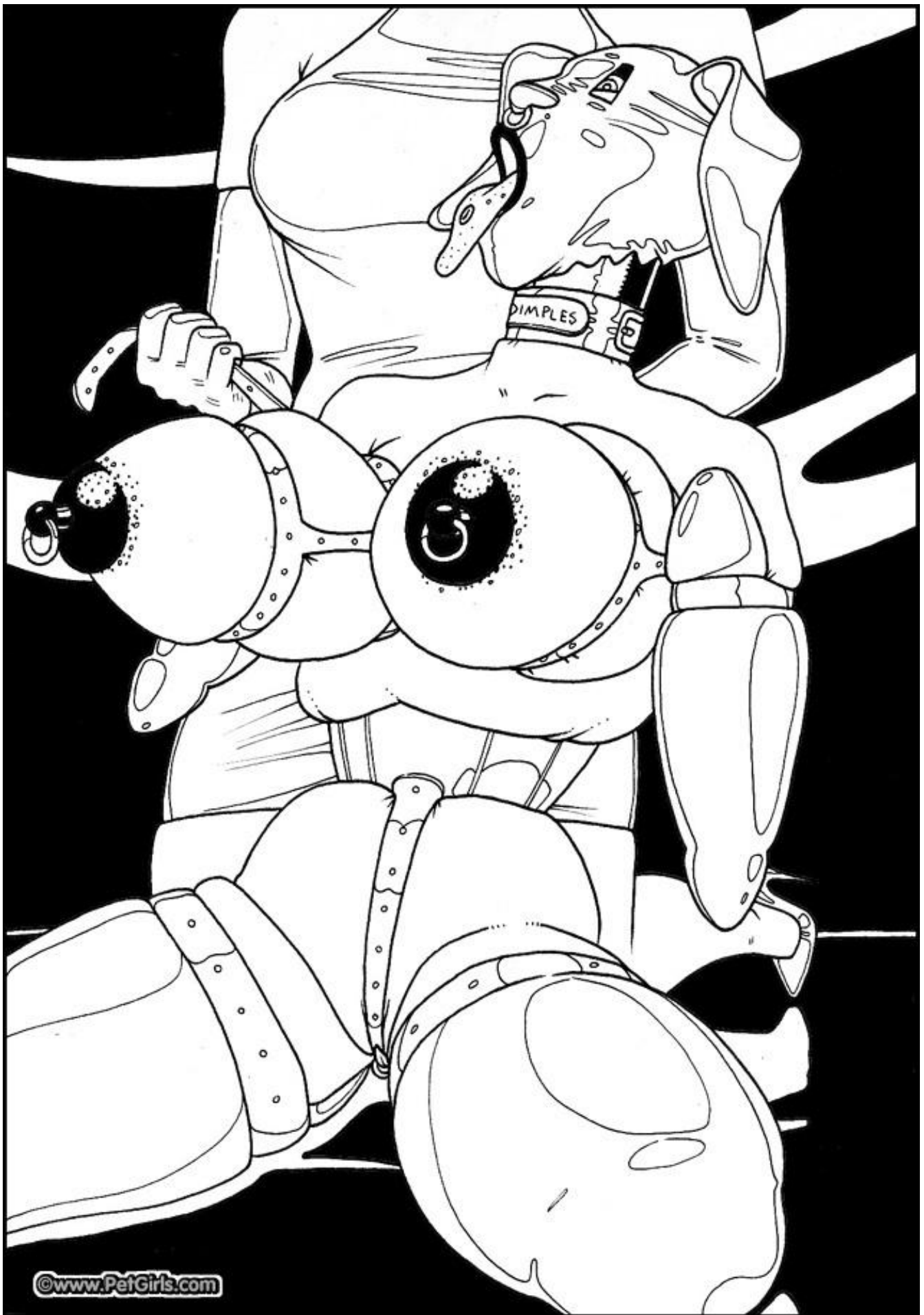
"Well, pet... I want you to know that if I detect the slightest recalcitrance I'm going to hang you up for the rest of the night... "

I lowered my plaything to the floor and unclipped her tortured tits from their dreadful suspension.

She actually did sit still while I buckled the nasty surprises into her poor, horribly mistreated breasts.

Well, almost mostly still! When two cups of stiff, wire-like rubber mesh are welded into your tit-flesh so deeply that they all but disappear from sight, I suppose you are entitled to make a bit of a fuss.

Anchoring the cups around the base of each gigantic tit were thick, pure white rubber straps, delightfully provided with an inner lining of needle thin, stainless steel barbs about a half-inch long.



I cinched up these straps so tightly I didn't think there was the remotest chance that they would slip but the addition of the fiendish steel barbs provided the kind of guarantee which particularly appealed to me. Dimples' stoic acceptance of another cruel addition to her enormous bondage burden was positive testament to the efficacy of my training program. Even when I activated the series of concealed springs which were embedded in the rubber coated wire

strips which formed her horrendous tit harness, thus spearing them into her helpless breast flesh, her only response was a soul-wrenching groan accompanied by an agony-racked shudder.

The elongating action of the diabolical breast cage wrenched her swollen, engorged nipples well out from her chest.

Her thick, gleaming nipple rings fluttered tremulously so monstrous was the pressure and tension inside her exquisitely tortured puppy-tits.

"You look lovely, pet," I crooned, standing back, hands on hips, and surveying my handiwork. Somehow it seemed very proper that those marvelous puppy-tits were brought into line. I couldn't help giving her hooded skull an affectionate pat. Wonderful! I removed her choking collar.

"Why don't you pop into my bedroom and polish the floor of the shower stall?"

A plaintive woof and away she went, tail wagging continuously, bouncing delightfully on all fours, the perfect puppygirl!

I have to say I was a bit bedraggled again after that splendid interlude with Dimples. I slipped into the bedroom and freshened up before going into the kitchen and preparing a light snack which I topped off with a glass of dry claret and a cup of coffee.

I filled Dimples' bowl with a good helping of mush and then tip-toed into the bathroom to watch her at work. As always, it was a treat to see her slaving away.

The dear creature positively ground her hooded head into the floor with each long, long tongue-stroke. Her murderously dildoad butt quaked with the enormity of her effort. Her cute tailed wagged incorrigibly

I could have watched her all night but, alas, there was that appointment with Harriett looming in another half hour or so.

"That's enough for now, pet," I murmured sweetly, "get into the kitchen and eat your dinner... then you can report to me in my bedroom... I do hope you haven't forgotten the other surprise I have for you... "

At the sound of my voice, Dimples snapped to attention and the look of hopeless, soulful despair when I mentioned that little surprise made the effort all the more worthwhile. Some five minutes later the dear thing pranced stylishly into my bedroom.

"There you are, pet," I exclaimed. "Just look at what I've got for you!" Dimples snapped to rigid attention... almost rigid, anyway. Her forelegs quivered nervously and her innocent, slitted, puppy-eyes fluttered with trepidation.

"There... there... pet," I whispered soothingly. "... my little puppygirl will look purr-fectly lovely in this darling muzzle..."

And, sure enough, she did.

I bolted her choking, gouging collar back into place before fitting the bizarre, golden torture muzzle I had had such fun in creating.

A solid gold band encircled her rubber compressed skull, murderously splitting her jaws while providing a pitilessly narrow slit through which I cajoled her enlarged, eyeleted tongue.

A small Allen key served to tighten the band and you can be sure I kept tightening until I heard her skull creak. The gleaming gold band ground ferociously into her hooded head.

Satisfied with the level of my pet's suffering, at least for the moment, I turned the Allen key to its secondary function. Each turn of the screw drove an inflexible array of needle-tipped barbs further into her helplessly imprisoned tongue. She was attacked from above and below the tongue slit, the merciless invaders establishing themselves from both directions a full 2 mm within her tender flesh.

It was too much for poor Dimples. I'm sure she tried desperately hard to accept her Goddess' gift but the

sudden, indescribably acute agony, to say nothing of the added pressure on her breathing already made unbearable by the murderously tight collar, made her lose her balance and topple awkwardly forward. As was to be expected, she landed flush upon her enormous, spongy, diabolically harnessed puppy-tits. Not surprisingly, she scarcely made a sound!

I clapped my hands in delight.

"Oh pet," I bubbled good-humouredly, "what a silly thing to do!"

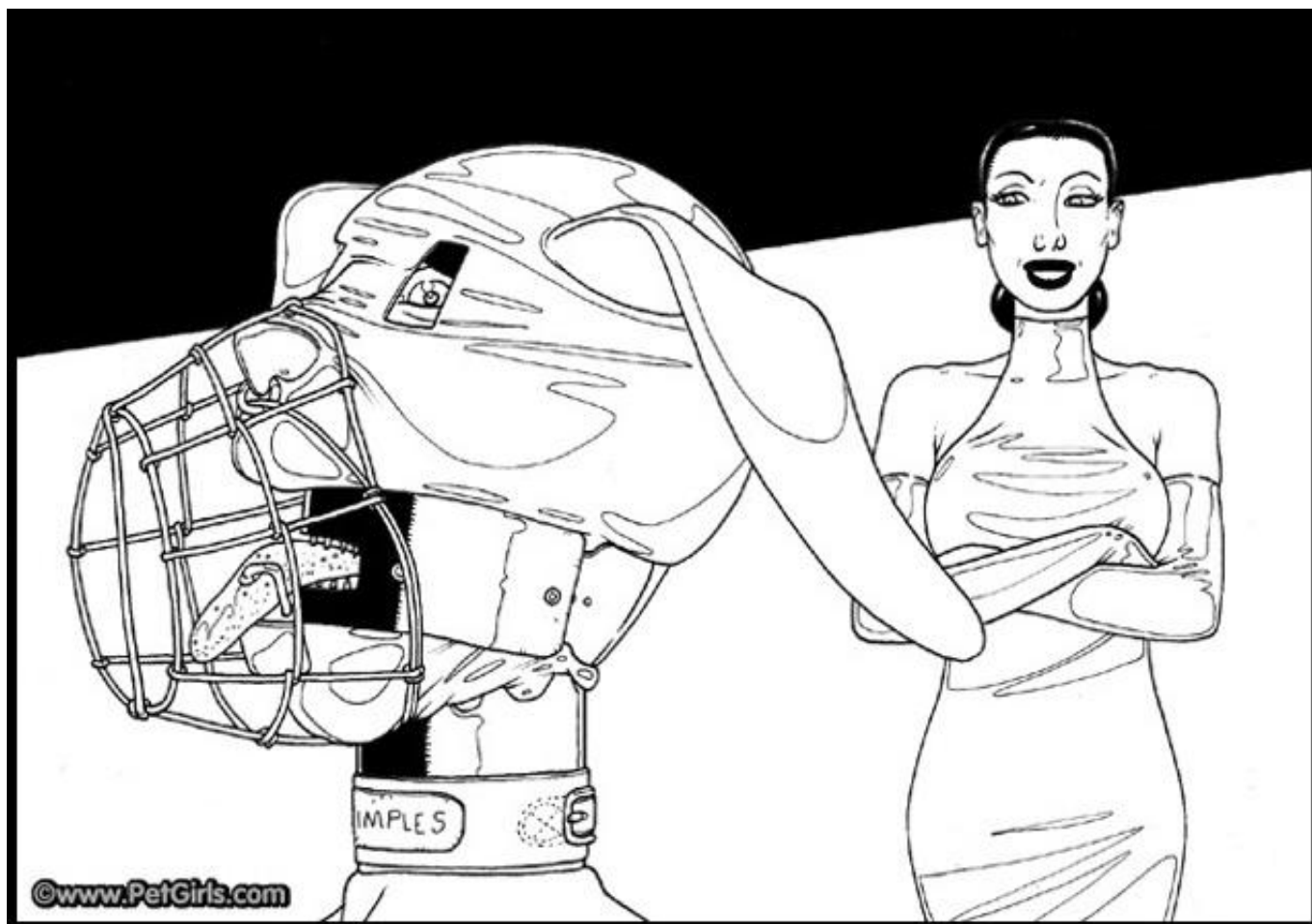
I wondered for a moment if I was going to have to encourage her back into position but, no, she did that herself. My precious puppygirl somehow managed to struggle onto her hind legs, sit up straight and present her fore legs in the prescribed manner.

A heavy golden padlock, matching those sealing her swollen, compressed labia snapped shut through her tongue eyelet, and cruelly stretched that tormented organ.

That was the principal intention, of course, but the image was important too. Dimples looked delicious. To complete the muzzle, I clipped a thin, golden circlet onto the muzzle band.

It secured her snout in much the same way as a face mask supplies oxygen. Well, an oxygen mask doesn't grind into its victim's flesh, I know that, but otherwise there was a certain similarity.

To create that attractive muzzle-look, a golden wire mesh surrounded her snout. The spacing was wide enough to allow the spectator a good view of her punitively padlocked tongue.



"Splendid," I murmured to no-one in particular. "Perfect!"

So, as a final statement, I snapped a dainty, golden bell onto Dimples' wickedly serrated clit ring. What a sight! Simply gorgeous. I shuddered. Miss Pussy was ready for another round. I resolved to hold the thought.

"Stay," I commanded imperiously and, confident of her total subjection to my will, I strode magnificently from my bed-room to await my guest's arrival.

Harriett was right on time. I poured her a drink, a brandy, and we sat down in the living room. We were the both of us making a splendid attempt to pretend this was nothing other than a normal social visit. Harriett cracked first.

"Well, Clara... are you going to show me your bitch?"

It was hard to put a finger on Harriett's tone. It made me just a touch nervous; something I don't like very much.

"Of course, darling, right away if you wish. Are you sure you're ready for her? Not to put too fine a point on it... she's a bizarre sight."

"Yes, Clara, I am. I do want to see it... er... her."

"Then I'll go and get her."

Now or never! Actually, a part of me was looking forward to showing off my treasure to Harriett; after all, I was very proud of my achievement.

A warm surge of affection for Dimples flushed my cheeks. There she was, sitting so awkwardly and uncomfortably, and looking so sweet in her gorgeous white, pink and gold puppygirl costume, just as I had left her.

My silk-gloved hand fondly caressed her rubber crushed, muzzled head.

"A friend of mine wants to meet you, pet," I told her as I clipped her stylish, golden chain leash to her gleaming, choking collar. The pink kidskin handle perfectly matched Dimples' murderous collar.

"I just know you're going to make me very proud of you."

Of course she would!

"Heel, pet," I commanded and led her away for her first public viewing. She was very good. She trotted jauntily along at my heels, making the most tremendous effort to please me... to obey me.

It was hard to believe that this rubber-costumed creature, trotting so smartly at my side on those four, agonisingly truncated limbs, tail wagging jauntily, laboured permanently under the most diabolical and cruel bondage handicaps I could devise. Harriett's gasp of amazement was audible clear across the room.

"For heaven's sake, Clara... what have you done!"

"Rehabilitation, Harriett..." I explained mischievously. "I've taken this wretched, degenerate, deviate, drug-addicted criminal and transformed her into a useful member of society..."

I couldn't keep the grin off my face.

"Well... useful to me... in fact, if I could've caught two robbers then I'd have a maid as well... still... you can't have everything! Although I don't see why not."

Harriett looked on, goggle-eyed.

"Sit," I commanded imperiously and, of course, my devoted pet obeyed me instantly. At my invitation, Harriett sat beside me on the divan where we both had a close and clear view of my exquisitely dehumanised puppygirl. Harriett was mesmerised.

"I just don't believe it!"

She couldn't turn away from Dimples' forlorn, puppy-eyed, gag-muzzled face.

"How does she endure what you've done?"

At last... here was a serious question.

"Training, Harriett. Proper training. And zero tolerance. I love that concept. It's all a matter of perspective. Dimples has adapted very well to her circumstances... if she could speak... but of course a puppygirl can only bark... I'm sure she'd tell you how happy I've made her... "

"Happy! Oh Clara... how can the poor thing be happy? Look at those dreadfully mistreated, hideous breasts... and what have you done to her... her sex? The creature must be in absolute agony!"

"Well... yes," I replied with a satisfied grin. "I suppose it must hurt a bit... but I have explained how important it is for her to please me... and as it turns out, Harriett, it really pleases me to treat her this way. In fact... I plan on doing so forever... or at least until they lock me up!"

"Oh... "

"Perhaps I could give you a little demonstration?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well... what would you say if I could demonstrate that my pet is so infatuated with me that I can... arouse her in a matter of minutes."

Harriett could no longer keep a straight face. She giggled like a schoolgirl.

"I think, Clara, it would mean that it... she... really does worship you... or at least I'm prepared to suspend belief... and I'd be delighted to help you!"

Her mirth was contagious. The gleam in her eye said it all. She was as wicked as I.

"Splendid!"

All I needed now was Dimples' co-operation.

"Come here, pet," I purred invitingly, beckoning her to approach me. She waddled forward, perched precariously on her straining hind legs, her monstrously tortured puppy-tits heaving stentoriously, as the reason for my renewed interest in her dawned.

Totally silenced by the terrible muzzle-gag punishing her aching, gaping mouth, Dimples could manage only a pleading, imploring expression with her fear-dilated eyes.

As soon as she was close enough, I slipped my right forefinger through a helplessly proffered, quivering nipple ring, and hauled her up very close.

"Do I excite you, darling," I whispered throatily all the while tenderly caressing her crushed skull with silk-gloved fingers. My hands never went near her tortured groin, yet it took only a moment. The poor thing could not control herself.

The tell-tale tinkle of the little bell clipped to her tortured clit broke the silence.

"See what I mean!" I chirped smugly.

I thought it unwise to mention the aphrodisiacs for the moment. Releasing her ringed nipple, a firm push with a sharp heel knocked Dimples onto her back, exposing her diabolically, elaborately tormented groin to full view.

Spiked, ringed, collared and crushed though it was, there was no mistaking the pathetic surge of arousal which my brief ministrations had provoked.

Harriett was speechless.

"Of course," I added matter-of-factly, "I'll have to punish her now. She knows better than show the slightest sign of sexual expression... "

"You are terrible," whispered Harriett breathlessly.

"I know!"

Time to get down to business.

"So, when can you help me with Dimples?"

Something was clearly on Harriett's mind. I had to repeat the question.

"... whenever you like... "

Harriett didn't even ask what I wanted done.

"... but I can't use the surgery... I occasionally allow other doctors to use it... well, perhaps I can... but it will have to be on a Sunday... very early in the morning..."

"This Sunday!"

"I'll make enquiries and let you know."

As things turned out, I had to wait three weeks before a suitable opportunity arose. It worked out for the best, though; I was able to think of a few more delicious things to do for my pet, and get all the circuitry and equipment I needed.

But what I really needed was another six hours in the day. Without the domestic services I had relied on prior to Dimples' appearance (what else could I do but cancel the contract?), here I was reduced to menial work myself. Hardly suitable employment for a Goddess!

I've already hinted at certain mischievous thoughts so I guess now is as good a time as any to lay my cards on the table. I was resolved to possess Primrose. Kidnapping, obviously, was out of the question.

Something subtle was needed.

And that would tax my skills to the limit! So, I had to do my homework. To that end, I commissioned a furtive investigation aimed at providing me with every detail of Primrose's past and present life. I'll reveal the results in good time.

Meanwhile, being the kind of gal I am, I had to get something started. Once or twice in the following week, I made ever so casual remarks to the effect that girls, and particularly girls like Primrose, looked their best in tall, stiletto heels. I made a point of showing off my own footwear, reinforcing my suggestions.

It took only a couple of days for my scheming to bear fruit. Of course, the three-inch heels supporting a smart pair of black patent pumps were modest but they sure beat the flats she had always worn in the past.

She was deliciously clumsy, which I ignored. I did make several flattering compliments to the effect of how much more attractive and feminine she had become. I heroically resisted the impulse to encourage her into higher heels too quickly. I'm not very good at waiting.

At home, except for the sheer amount of work I had, everything was working out marvelously. Dimples' obedience training never relaxed for a moment and, as her stamina, endurance and skill level improved, I demanded more, and obtained more, from her.

Eventually that third Sunday rolled around and it was time to finish off, so to speak, my puppygirl project. Not that the helpless creature had been given the slightest inclination of the fate awaiting her.

We drugged Dimples (a proper anaesthetic this time, not that horrible chloroform) before removing her amazing costume and bundling her into the boot of Harriett's Mercedes at some ungodly pre-dawn hour. Concealing her bizarrely ringed, naked body beneath a hospital sheet, we wheeled the unconscious creature into Harriett's surgery. The place was deserted but we locked all the doors anyway.

I made do as Harriett's nurse and gofer and four hours later Dimples was thoroughly worked over. My shopping list was extensive and consisted of some interesting modifications, additions and amputations.

Harriett and I had such a good time. We made a great team!

Dimples' eyelids were removed and her eyeballs sealed with permanently implanted lenses. Into her ears went a pair of solid plugs, right into her ear drums. We worked on Dimples' plumbing, redirecting her urethra into her rectum so that both waste outlets could be controlled by a single, precisely contoured, hollow anal plug.

That this unlikely, rubber spiked punishment dildo was really enormous and designed to fill Dimples' bum to bursting point did not deter either of us. Rather, it made the task all the sweeter.

The piece-de-resistance were 40 independent pin nodes, so called because each one was barely the size of a pin-head. Harriett's surgery was equipped with all the paraphernalia necessary for micro-surgery so there was nothing to hinder their insertion into all of Dimples' most sensitive organs and tissues.

Her tongue and her lips, the tip of her nose and her earlobes, her nipples and her breasts, her clit and her labia, her fingers and her toes, the list seemed endless; all were seeded with these dread devices which, in response to the correct signal would emit a terrifying, agonising electric shock.

I could hardly wait to see the surprise in my puppygirl's face when she made her first acquaintance.

A further ten, slightly larger nodes were carefully distributed throughout her skull, torso and limbs. These were motion sensors, calibrated to detect the faintest vibration.

The final three nodes detected sexual arousal and were implanted into her most erogenous tissues; her nipples and her clit. I expected plenty of use from all these fellows as well. The accompanying remote had lots of buttons!

Finished at last, we shared a smile, a glass of Perrier and a spirited high-five!

With nobody the wiser for our visit, we covered the drugged Dimples again and trundled her straight back into the security of the Mercedes' spacious boot. I thanked Harriett profusely before she dropped us off.

There was something else on her mind and I suspected it wouldn't be very long before I found out what it was.

Dimples stayed anaesthetised for two days while her surgery healed. I was quite despondent without her.

How had I ever managed? Her recovery was delayed until after I had refitted her exemplary puppygirl costume to my full satisfaction. The result was identical, save only that more of her eyes were visible.

The lenses restricted her vision as before, perhaps more, but I got a pleasing eyeful of her wide, puppy-eyes.

Dimples responded surprisingly well to these additional handicaps. Well, maybe she wasn't too fond of the pervasive, punitive, electrical punishment regime I enjoyed exposing her to at every opportunity. But she certainly was aware of how much more important it was for her to make me happy!

Over the ensuing month our lives settled into a very satisfactory pattern. Typically a working day would begin around 6 am with a short game; sometimes I would make her try to find me with her eye lenses polarised to Stygian gloom all the while suffering increasingly frequent and severe electric shocks until she located me.

Simultaneously, I could choose to block all sound with the press of a button on the ubiquitous remote which housed the central control unit for all of Dimples' electrical devices. With both handicaps activated it was child's play for me to evade her as long as I wanted.

A perennial favourite, of course, was fetch the ball. I could never tire of watching my pet stagger around with her poor mouth bursting full of agonisingly spiked rubber, her puppytail wagging enthusiastically. On those mornings when I felt particularly grumpy, I'd make the devoted creature fill her mouth with that terrible burden before blinding and deafening her and then sneaking into the shower.

Of course, the frequency and intensity gauges on her electrical punishment system were set nice and high to give her a good feel of the pain while she stumbled helplessly about in a futile attempt to locate me.

Dimples always displayed the greatest enthusiasm for whatever game I wanted to play. There was no doubt in my mind that the sweet thing worshipped the very ground I walked upon. Well, maybe I was deluding myself a bit. Depending on the time, and my mood, I would sometimes allow Dimples to watch me dressing

for work.

I always wore erotic lingerie now, not just because I knew it excited my pet... it excited me too! Dimples' sexual arousal sensors was designed to detect the slightest twinge of desire and automatically respond with an excruciating jolt of electrical agony throughout her entire erogenous network.

I think it was mute testament to the extent of Dimples' adoring devotion for me that her eagerness to be with me, to watch me, to suffer terribly at my whim, never seemed to flag; if anything, quite the opposite. That the diabolical costume which oppressed her 24/7, and the strict discipline I supplied, might have had something to do with was irrelevant.

One of Dimples' favourite early morning labours was to tongue-polish my shoes. She did this, squashed awkwardly up under the breakfast table, her eyeleted tongue expertly polishing every millimeter of gleaming patent leather.

Primarily for security reasons I always locked my pet away while I was absent. The routine never varied. It was always a delight to muzzle the gorgeous creature, particularly so when the implement was so wonderfully cruel and painful.

On my command to point, Dimples would adopt a rigid pose on all fours while I set the motion sensors on the remote which controlled her electric punishment devices. The effect was simple. Until the remote was reset, even a twitch was enough to trigger a murderous electric shock. Well, not quite; she could twitch her tail!

The remote also recorded the number of jolts it dispensed so that I could use this information to meet out an appropriate punishment on my return.

Dimples clearly understood that a puppygirl on guard-duty was expected to stand perfectly still until told otherwise. To prevent distraction I always polarised her eye lenses and deactivated her ear plugs.

How long my working day lasted depended on circumstance. There were days when I was able to get away early, around 5pm, but more usually I wouldn't get home until after seven. If I had time, then I often played more games, teasing and torturing Dimples as it took my fancy.

I liked to find an excuse to hang her by her superbly tortured, rubber-harnessed breasts at least once a week and there deliver a resolute thrashing with a variety of cruel canes and paddles.

Her muzzle came off for dinner but went straight back on unless I intended to allow her to tongue-clean my boots or play fetch the ball. She would usually sit up rigidly straight at my side whether I worked at my desk, read a book or relaxed in front of the television.

Unless I was very tired I would slip into one erotic outfit or another, both for my own gratification and to excite poor Dimples. At regular intervals, as my pet zealously tongue-polished her Goddess' gleaming patent leather foot-wear, I would detect a faint, yet agonised shudder, certain evidence that yet another electric jolt had coursed through her exquisitely sensitive erogenous zones.

The improvements made to Dimples' plumbing solved a messy problem. All I needed to do now was clip the umbilical cable mounted in the shower stall into the valve below her puppy-tail and let the system do the rest. Every night Dimples got a broiling enema as part of her waste removal program. No more yucky stuff. I'm a fastidious girl.

Occasionally I chose to reward my pet for particularly meritorious, diligent and devoted service. This reward would take the form of an invitation to sleep in my bedroom. By the side of my bed was a special rubber mat, deliciously pink, about three feet in diameter with a surface comprised of stiff, two-inch long, rubber barbs. Just to be sure she didn't disturb me during the night, I would muzzle her and cut off sight and sound. Activating the motion sensors did wonders to stop her from squirming about. As a comforter, I slept with the her leash grip wrapped around my fingers.

On those nights when she slept in her kennel, she was actually more comfortable; the rubber mat provided inside had no spikes at all! I was very flattered by her obvious preference to spend her time with me. It was nice to know just how much she longed for my company!

Alright, so it's time to reveal a little something. Very occasionally, the network responsible for the distribution of electric discipline throughout my puppygirl's body would suspend the usual delivery of punitive shocks and randomly generate a wave of sexual pleasure. Anything from one to two minutes of pussy and nipple pleasing delight.

Not quite enough to allow an orgasm, I wasn't going to have any of that, but more than enough to keep her interested, and coming back for more. The random signal could not be triggered unless Dimples and I were within six feet of one another.

The cynical reader might conclude that Dimples' devotion was less than genuine. I chose to take a more charitable view.

Now look what you've made me do! I fear my affection for Dimples is letting the story get away. It's about time I did something about those loose threads; first Primrose, then Harriett.

Notwithstanding all the goings on with Dimples, I scarcely missed a day at the office. I wasn't a partner yet and hours billed was my sine qua non responsibility.

Primrose was a great help, principally because she always did as she was told, and no request was too much trouble for her. My campaign to woo her into a more suitable wardrobe was making steady progress, fortunately not hindered by my occasional loss of temper. Her innocent face was so slappable!

These days she never reported for work with less than four inches of slender stiletto beneath her steady heels. I think my helpful hints to spend as much time as possible on her feet helped cure her of most of her clumsiness.

My next goal was to encourage her to aspire to a more elegant posture. I expected to find an opportunity to bring this topic to her attention in the near future.

A week or so after our medical excursion, I received an encrypted email from Harriett. It's easier to reproduce the text than paraphrase it.

My Dearest Clara,

I have been so inspired by the remarkable success you have achieved with your Dimples that I am determined to follow your example. Would it be possible for us to get together soon to discuss the matter. There is so much I would like to learn from you. Warmest Regards Your Friend Harriett P.S. I would have called you personally were I not feeling so paranoid about the need for security...

That very night I called her. There's nothing quite like having a cozy chat with a friend while your devoted, superbly tortured puppygirl tongue-polishes your patent leather boots with genuine, diligent enthusiasm.

"Darling," I gushed. "Just got your email. I'd love to help! What can I do?" "Hello, Clara... thank you... I... I'm not sure where to begin... perhaps we could have dinner tomorrow?"

"Of course... let's have it at my place... and why not wear your most erotic evening gown... and I will too... we'll give dear Dimples a night she'll never forget!"

"... oh, Clara... that sounds lovely... I'm just not sure I've got anything suitable?"

"Splurge. You deserve it," I giggled. "Think of it as an initial investment..." "You are so wonderfully wicked... I will. And... thank you, Clara. Is seven too early?"

"That's fine... I'm looking forward to a smashing evening... you won't believe how much fun a girl can have with a well trained pet."

There were quite a few other questions I would have liked to ask of my friend... but they could wait until the morrow. As Alice said... things get curiouser and curiouser...

Dimples, completely deafened by the permanently implanted plugs drilling her ears, couldn't hear a word of our conversation... in fact her world was almost always silent. Languidly, I reached down and fondly patted her gleaming, rubber crushed skull. I tweaked a cute puppy-ear. She responded instantly to my

touch with longer, more loving tongue strokes.

The knowledge that I might gain a co-conspirator to share my secret world was just wonderful. I was particularly cruel with Dimples for the remainder of the evening but made it up by permitting her to sleep at the side of my bed.

Of course, I rearranged my schedule the following day, helped immensely by wholehearted co-operation from my ever attentive secretary.

Primrose, it seemed to me, was just about the perfect assistant. Under pressure, most people... all lawyers, well, perhaps not all... will treat their underlings with little regard, if not outright contempt. I guess I was already famous for my conspicuous achievement in this regard. In three years I had worn out eleven secretaries, all of them unable to cope with my demanding behaviour.

Primrose was special. No amount of indifference, arrogance, rudeness, or even frequent, vicious face-slaps, seemed to upset her. She arrived at least an hour early every morning and personally cleaned and tidied my office to a spotless standard.

Nothing was too much trouble for her, nor any chore too menial. Even when her solicitations annoyed me to the point where I would snarl or strike, she never took offence, nor displayed resentment. Quite precious! You can see the attraction. And the stimulus behind my campaign for her corruption.

More on that later. Actually, much more! Back to Harriett. Much to Dimples' surprise I was home by mid-afternoon, shopping for dinner completed. We played fetch the ball for a short while before I left her to her own devices, puppytail wagging, prancing proudly and endlessly around the living room with her gaping mouth stuffed to bursting point with her spiked rubber torture toy.

What with preparing the banquet and getting ready for my friend's arrival, it was after six before I emerged from my bedroom... dressed to kill! I wore a pure white evening gown of shimmering silk. Its clinging, strapless design scarcely concealed my turgid nipples, sheathing my slender torso with a sensuous familiarity.

The floor-length gown stretched deliciously tight over my long legs and were it not for the profoundly revealing slit which ran from the hemline almost to my groin, I would never have been able to take a step in it.

My legs were shod in gleaming, white patent leather thigh boots, their five inch stiletto heels raising my height over 6 feet. I wore no underwear at all, a habit, in private, I was fast becoming addicted to. Of course, I just had to squeeze into a pair of exquisitely snug, shoulder-length, white satin evening gloves and complement their effect with some frightfully expensive finger jewelry.

A gorgeous, white gold necklace, supported by matching drop earrings and a very elaborate, coiffured hair style completed my personal appearance.

I looked terrific!

"Well, pet," I chirped. "How do I look?"

Dimples was flabbergasted. Her bulging eyes expressed most eloquently the extent of her admiration and adoration. Of course, no other part of her face was capable of expressing anything! It was crushed in rubber. Her mouth was impossibly full, as it had been for the previous two hours, of agonisingly barbed mechanical rubber.

Like a coquettish adolescent, I flaunted my erotic, regally attired figure for her helpless appraisal, deliberately exciting her diabolically tortured, ringed and collared clit.

True to their purpose, the vigilant sexual arousal sensors detected her forbidden pleasure and meted out instant, electrical justice for her misbehaviour. Goodness knows how many jolting, terrible electric shocks she endured!

Dimples sat up at rigid attention, her dynamically paw-padded kneecaps supporting all her weight while her forelegs remained tucked neatly into her sides.

"Oh dear," I concluded, "don't tell me that disobedient clit of yours is playing up again!"

Desperately, Dimples tried to confirm my suspicions by nodding her hooded head but the combination of her choking, gouging rubber posture collar and the delightfully huge, spiked ball so absolutely distending her creakingly stretched jaws made the motion almost undetectable.

More informative were the regular shudders which racked her tortured torso, reflecting the pitiless attack of her subcutaneous discipline regime.

"Do try and control yourself, pet," I consoled her. "I'm having company tonight and I'll be very cross if you embarrass me in front of my friend!"

I just had to smile. A tear formed in the corner of each lidless eye. Her wide-eyed puppy look was so forlorn. Was the precious creature more concerned with my disappointment than with her own suffering?

"Let me take that out of your poor mouth," I continued in a suddenly friendly tone, reaching down and extracting the monstrous, spiked rubber torture toy.

"Heel!" I commanded, "I want you with me when Harriett arrives."

I didn't have that long to wait. Harriett was punctual, arriving exactly on the dot of seven. She looked positively radiant and I told her so immediately.

"My gosh, Harriett... you look wonderful!"

There was just a hint of nervousness in her smile.

"... thank you, Clara... I hope I haven't overdone it..."

"Not at all! You look splendid! Dimples is going to adore you!"

"You look pretty adorable yourself."

"Why... thank you. Let's have a drink... it's amazing what a couple of stiff brandies can do for your inhibitions."

Harriett preceded me into the living room. Dimples heeled beautifully. I poured the drinks while Harriett took a seat on my favourite, cozy sofa. Taking me at my word, Clara tossed off the first brandy in a single gulp and presented her glass for a refill.

"That's just what I need! Two or three more and I'm not going to be the slightest diffident about expressing myself." Harriett took the refill.

"You know, Clara, that darling creature has to be the most erotic thing I've ever seen... I can't take my eyes off it!"

I chuckled conspiratorially. "It is gorgeous, isn't it... and to think by what improbable fortune it came into my life! I always was a lucky little girl!"

I sat opposite Harriett, sipping at my first brandy. Both of us concentrated on the rigidly immobile creature poised stiffly on all fours beside my chair. Harriett did look radiant. Gleaming, patent leather so suited her tall, regal figure.

She had chosen a full-length sheath of warm red, polished patent leather which clung to her substantial, hour-glass figure like iron filings to a magnet. Matching, shoulder-length leather gloves complemented the gown perfectly, as did the delicate, red leather pumps whose five inch heels did much to account for the imperiousness of her bearing. Her sheer, red silk stockings disappeared intriguingly into the leather sheath. The gold accessories which completed her apparel were both attractive and plentiful. A gold bracelet on each wrist, half a dozen gold rings spread haphazardly over half a dozen fingers, a gold choker around her

throat and finally huge tear-drop earrings beneath her stylishly cut, short auburn hair.

I handed over a third brandy.

"Perhaps you'd like to play with Dimples while I see to dinner?" A bright flush spread across Harriett's face. She nodded eagerly. I tossed her the monstrously spiked ball that I so loved to make my pet fetch for me.

"That's her favourite game. She just loves to chase that ball!"

I smiled whimsically.

"... by the way, you won't be able to get it out of her mouth until you depress one of those small studs... the spikes which spring out through all those tiny holes are far too long... "

Harriett held the heavy ball quite gingerly. "Don't worry, darling... it can't hurt you!"

Half way out of the room, I had another thought. "Use this, Harriett, if Dimples needs it!"

Harriett's enthusiastic grin as she accepted the stiff, bamboo cane confirmed how perceptive I was becoming!

I guess I spent ten or fifteen minutes in the kitchen and it wasn't long before I heard the first, exhilarating crack of cane on flesh. Way to go, Harriett, I whispered. Goodness... I was simply dying to know what Harriett had on her mind.

"Dinner will be ready in five minutes."

"Oh... " exclaimed Harriett, looking up sheepishly, cane in hand. "I'm not hungry, darling... I can't believe it... you are absolutely right... she does love this game... and so do I!"

I laughed aloud. "Dimples will keep, Harriett. Give her a couple of cuts for good luck, then I'll muzzle her and she can keep us company while we eat."

Harriett did love to use the cane! And she thought Dimples' grinding, tongue-torturing muzzle was cute!

I parked my puppygirl in one corner of the dining room where we could both keep an eye on her and we sat down to eat. I left her eyes open, the better she could appreciate at our regal beauty.

Her ears she didn't need so they were sealed and since there was no reason for her to move, I activated the motion sensors as soon as she assumed her awkward hind-leg squat. Harriett admired my sense of style!

Then she got straight down to business, much to my relief. What a story! Two years ago she had been jilted. I already knew that. The love of her life, Malcolm Berwick, had cancelled their wedding plans just days before the ceremony was to have been conducted.

I did remember something to that effect but I had never realised how devastating his decision had been for my friend. Harriett was on the other side of the country then, and our communications were at a low point. Harriett, as always, had kept a stiff upper lip in the best British tradition; as I recalled she had even made a joke of it during the brief conversation we had on the matter.

As they say, hell hath no fury! It took an hour to reveal all the details.

Harriett had never got on very well with Malcolm's twin sisters, nor his step-mother. They were jealous of her academic success and professional standing Harriett explained and, I thought privately, none too keen on Harriett's assertive manner.

Certainly, Malcolm wasn't thrilled by Harriett's solution to domestic stress. Her slaps hurt! Anyway, as a result of their scheming, Malcolm had been introduced to a young debutante, Diana Cassel, whose family were fabulously rich and of impeccable background.

Three months later, an infatuated Malcolm called off the impending wedding. Not surprisingly, he was less than candid with his explanation and it was several months before Harriett pieced the puzzle together.

The gala society wedding which celebrated the union between Malcolm and Diana was the final piece of

evidence.

That was just over twelve months ago and Harriett had been stewing impotently ever since. Those days were over!

"So, Clara, you can imagine how impressed I was when I saw what you've achieved with Dimples!"

The gleam in Harriett's eyes was strangely similar to the one in mine.

"I want Malcolm back... not as a bitch," Harriett was smiling now, like the proverbial cat at a mouse, "... but as a husband... a very special kind of husband, of course... for the rest of his miserable life I intend to make him regret he ever jilted me and wed that stupid, vapid bimbo!"

"Mmmm... very interesting, Harriett," I added conspiratorially. "Have you got a plan?"

"Not exactly, Clara... that's the main reason I'm talking to you. Somehow, I have to work out how to kidnap them... "

"... them!"

"... oh, yes... all of them... I intend to punish the lot! Malcolm, Diana, Pamela and Amanda... and Louise!"

"I think that's going to be impossible." Crazy, more like! "It's one thing to imprison a vagrant burglar with whom you have no connection, and whom, probably, no-one will miss - it's quite another to abduct five people without sparking a hue and cry, especially when your relationship to them is common knowledge."

"Oh, Clara, I don't want to hear that kind of talk. Of course it's going to be difficult - I know that! Otherwise I'd have done it already! But I do intend to find a way and nothing would make me happier than to have your help... and your experience!"

"Darling," I interrupted, "don't get me wrong. There's nothing I'd love more than to promote your little scheme. It would be such fun... and I've certainly become addicted to this past-time's pleasures. It's just no use having pipe-dreams which can't be... can't be... teased into reality. It's going to take a pretty stupendous plan to pull this off... and make sure we don't end up in the slammer... I mean... who could look after Dimples like I do?"

We both laughed at that. I could see Harriett relaxing.

"Clara, you and I have enough brain-power between us to come up with a crafty scheme... I'm sure of that. Even if it takes a year or two... I don't care... I will be revenged... and there will come a day when every one of those wretches will rue the moment they ever dreamed they could make a fool of me!"

Vengeance is a dish best tasted cold. Indeed it is.

"I promise, Harriett," I said seriously, "if we can come up with an adequate plan, and we can finance it comfortably, then right here and now I guarantee my full support... provided, of course, I get a little input in the fate of these miscreants... "

Harriett grinned. "I'm counting on that wickedly inventive mind of yours... I want an absolutely fabulous relationship with those rats."

"Then it boils down to three main problems, doesn't it. Money! Location! And execution! The first two won't be easy but we should be able to sort something out with minimal risk.

It's the third problem that's going to cause us grief. Five people have to disappear, pretty much at the same time, without suspicion falling on you.

If it does, you'll never get to enjoy your triumph. No matter how good your alibi, the police will keep digging... as I know from experience... until they get a result."

"Clara... I think I've thought of a way around that. I won't be a suspect if the world believes I'm already dead!"

"What do you mean?"

"... well... let's say there is a dreadful car accident in three months time. My faithful Mercedes bursts into flame after crashing through the safety barriers in front of the Colac Gorge... or somewhere like that... all that's left in the burnt-out ruin are the charred remains of a female corpse... with my wrist-watch, rings and, most importantly... my teeth."

"Your teeth?"

Harriett was smiling infectiously. "Indeed. I can get a suitable cadaver when the time comes... and manipulate the dental records... I'm a doctor, you know!"

We both had a chuckle at that.

It sounded plausible. I let her continue.

"As soon as an opportunity arises... it should be as natural as possible... we arrange for the accident, and... no more Harriett Stovall... no more suspect!"

"You have been thinking about this, haven't you, darling?"

"Of course... it's the only thing... well, almost only... I ever think about."

"What about your family? What will they think?"

"Mum and dad are dead. I will miss my little brother... but it can't be helped. He's got a very sweet wife and three sprogs... not that he will grieve any the less... it is the one part of the plan I will regret."

I let that pass. I have no family at all. Never really did!

"Money will be a problem. I have about \$350,000 in savings, as well as my apartment and my Practice. I intend to cash up most of the savings immediately... the longer they are separated from my demise the better... but I won't be able to do anything with the property or the Practice.

I've left everything to Timothy in my will and it would look too peculiar for me to dispose of those assets."

"I have plenty of money, Harriett... and I think I know where I can get more."

"I want to leave my savings with you, Clara... you always were clever with money... I think we need a cozy country retreat... twenty acres... hectares or whatever... and plenty of time to get it ready for our guests... ideally, darling, I'd like to share something with you... in your name, of course, since a title deed in a dead woman's name is not much use... "

I guess it took this long for me to be sure that Harriett was deadly serious. It sounded very exciting.

"That would be wonderful, Harriett... perfectly wonderful! What fun we'll have!"

Later that evening, after we had hung Dimples by her hideously harnessed puppy-tits to the roof of her dungeon, Harriett flogged her senseless for the better part of an hour.

I cheered her on, delighted to observe that the episode brought her complete sexual gratification.

CHAPTER EIGHT

I did have second thoughts for a couple of days after that amazing evening with Harriett.

I got over them. The prospect of building up a stable of pets and slaves for our mutual pleasure was too intoxicating, despite the effort it would entail.

What we had to be sure of was the security of our plans. One slip up and... well, that didn't bear thinking about.

The very first decision we made was to keep our meetings to the bare minimum and wherever possible disguise them as social get-togethers. We wanted no-one to associate us when it came time for the coroner to examine Harriett's untimely demise.

I was a busy girl.

First there was Dimples, my pride and joy, whose torment I daily grew more addicted to. Then there were the devious plans hatching by my co-conspirator and I. My job was important... if for no other reason than I had a pressing need for all the money I could raise.

But more than that! I liked the work... the combative, deceitful nature of the legal process... black and white decisions in a world that is really a murky shade of grey. And finally, there was Primrose!

I intended to make her acquisition as a permanent member of my household into as thrilling an experience as I could... a timely exercise in patience (not something I'm renowned for), suggestion, allure, duplicity, all coupled with just the right amount of discipline to build up the perfect relationship.

Of course, once the dear creature was fully under my control, I would dispense with the patience, etcetera, and replace them with extreme, agonising and pitiless bondage! Miss Pussy squelched at the thought!

I like to think I juggled all these demands successfully.

The homework on Primrose was complete. A competent lawyer builds up a wide network of contacts in the Government and Private Sectors and, particularly when the lawyer is a great beauty, favours are freely tendered.

Primrose was indeed all she appeared to be. Orphaned, single and desperately lonely; only an orphan could possibly be saddled with a name like Primrose!

The fewer the complications, the better. There were several hints from her past which suggested at lesbian relationships with older women. I already knew that, or at least suspected it. I read people pretty well, a good lawyer needs that skill, and I was certain that Primrose's zeal was motivated by more than a conscientious work ethic.

That week, on several occasions, I made a point of almost making personal contact. Sure enough, flushed cheeks and sharp breathing confirmed the effect of my physical presence. Primrose had a crush on me. I was sure of it. Perfect!

At our next planning session, I broached the subject of Primrose with my partner.

Harriett was very enthusiastic. I explained Primrose's physical inadequacies (principally her disappointing bust); both those she was aware of and the rather larger number she would soon discover and, thanks to Harriett's expertise in this area, we concocted a devious plan to deceive the innocent girl.

I waited for a suitable opportunity. Primrose's fashion sense was improving. Responding to my subliminal suggestions, the sweet girl had taken to wearing tighter, figure-flattering skirts. Of course, I voiced my approval.

Without warning, I advanced predatorily upon her. My lips were barely inches from hers, our breasts almost in direct contact. Her breathing was erratic, her eyes wide. She couldn't help herself.

Timidly, she leaned up and caressed my full, sensuous lips with her own trembling lips. The yearning in her soulful eyes was innocently transparent. Moments later she staggered back, ashamed and abashed.

"Oh... Oh... Miss Carnegie... what have I done? I... I'm... sorry... I'm so sorry... "

I stood my ground, regarding her with cold, stony-eyed contempt. I didn't trust myself to speak. It was hard enough maintaining the self control necessary to contain a spontaneous outburst of exultation.

"I... I'm really sorry, Miss Carnegie... please... please don't fire me... "

Tears of despair coursed down her pale, tender cheeks. I interrupted her next volley with a stern, shaking finger.

"I'm too angry to talk about this now, Primrose. So, listen carefully. I have a client conference in a few minutes and I expect it will last for an hour. While I'm busy I want you to go out and buy a cane, a thick one, and put it on my desk."

I waited a few moments for my instructions to sink in. Primrose gulped nervously.

"Alternatively, you can pack your things and leave the office immediately!"

More tears poured from her red-rimmed eyes.

"Now... get out of my office before I loose my temper..." Primrose, dejected and chagrined, scurried subserviently through the door, closing it gently behind her.

"That went rather well," I murmured to myself, flopping into a chair. Adrenalin pumped through my veins.

"The game's afoot," I continued, mimicking my favourite detective. All I had to do was keep to the script. And hope Primrose kept to it as well.

Five minutes later, after freshening up, I left for the conference. Primrose was nowhere to be seen. Well, that could be good or bad. Why do so many senior executives evade tax? What a silly question. I've never met a man who wasn't convinced he paid far more than a fair share. Mr Ralph Bennett, a kindly man in his late fifties, had fallen afoul of a tax audit to the tune of four million dollars.

He was waiting for me in a small conference room. He stood up immediately I entered the room.

Rather than shake my hand, he brushed it with his lips and beamed a charming smile just for me. It was the tonic I needed. My brain switched back to the task at hand.

I'm sure the reader isn't really interested in the details of a tax fraud case, so I won't bore you with more than is necessary for the story.

Ralph's ex-wife, a greedy gold-digger more than thirty years his junior, had sparked the audit out of malice when her scheming to get hold of a lot of his money backfired.

I was handed the brief ahead of the partners because the client's case was hopeless.

In fact, if my suspicions were correct, the charges leveled against Ralph Bennett were the tip of the iceberg. He'd been a naughty boy, dodging tax, all his adult life.

When I suggested this to him, he smiled his charming smile, and didn't say a word. For the past month, I'd been trying to convince him to reach a settlement. So far the charges were civil, and I feared the likelihood of criminal proceedings should the matter go to court, and more damaging information come to light. Who could predict what might happen there? Ralph wasn't prepared to admit to anything. I've done nothing wrong, he explained, with never a hint of sarcasm.

Which brings me to the purpose of the meeting. The plaintiff's case was not as strong as it first appeared. It had taken me many hours of hard work to discover this, no-one else had, and I was ready to share my optimism.

I think I saw the shadow of a smile as I outlined the loopholes I intended to wriggle through on the way to his acquittal.

"Do your best, m'dear. I have confidence in you. Do your best."

And that was that. So, you're wondering, so what? Well, down the track I won the case. Actually, the charges were dropped before we got into court and the firm collected a hefty \$1.25 million fee.

I made another powerful friend and, more importantly, a year after that, Ralph Bennett became the first professional customer of an unlisted corporation which specialised in female re-education.

Guess who operates that corporation? That's another story and I'll get to it eventually. Let's get back to Primrose.

It was more like ninety minutes before I got back to my office. There was Primrose, head down and working feverishly. I breathed a small sigh of relief. She wasn't looking for a new job just yet. I marched past without a word.

Sometimes, even I get a surprise. There, on my desk, was a long, thick, solid bamboo cane, charmingly decorated with a red ribbon and a small card. Primrose's exact, cursive writing is very easy to read.

Dear Miss Carnegie,

I am so sorry for my rude behaviour. I don't know what came over me. I promise I'll never do anything so awful again. I think I know what the cane is for and I know I deserve it. Please give me another chance. Please.

I wish I had scripted that! Miss Pussy squirmed with delight. What a treasure Primrose was, is. Don't forget the plan, I had to admonish myself. Don't get carried away.

I swished the robust cane through the air. It was a formidable weapon and I had no doubt it would hurt a lot. Perhaps even more than the canes I used on Dimples' luscious bottom. It was a welcome addition to my arsenal.

I picked up the phone.

"Come in here, Primrose. Now!"

Seconds later she slunk into sight, eyes downcast and trembling.

"Bend over!"

"Hike that skirt up!"

"Drop those knickers!"

Primrose has a lovely bottom. Pink, glowing, smooth and lush. And I was about to cane it. Lucky me. I got to see the frothy, feminine, snug basque which squeezed her slender waist down to the size which made it possible for her to wear the tight skirt I had so recently complimented her on.

Tautly suspended to the baby blue, satin basque were sleek, flesh coloured, nylon stockings, seams perfectly straight. It was a thrilling sight.

Adrenalin flowed freely once again. Idly, I wondered which of us was pumping the most?

The only sound in the room was Primrose's rapid panting. She hadn't said a word in response to each barked command. She obeyed my orders without demur. I savoured the memories this moment would provide for my old age. I flexed my wrist.

"Primrose," I announced, "I'm going to give you ten hard cuts. If you squeal loudly, or wriggle around too much, that cut won't count. Is that clear?"

I had to wait a few moments for Primrose's barely audible, quaking reply.

"... yes... yes, Miss Carnegie... "

"Good. Let's begin, shall we?"

I got off to a great start, the first cut slicing into the meat of her buttocks, just above her thighs. To my complete surprise, she coped famously with what I thought was a lusty, full-blooded blow.

A faint bleat escaped her lips and while her quivering bottom jiggled a bit, her high-heeled feet, pressed tightly together, never moved an inch. Another interesting development. Well, Primrose's Stoic response

wasn't going to get the better of me! Famous last words.

Primrose took the ensuing nine cuts with the same equanimity as she bore the first. Her squeaks did get a bit louder, and her bottom did wriggle more, but what really astonished me most was that she hardly moved her feet at all. I suppose I could've hit her harder, but not much. The welter of livid, bright red weals criss-crossing her quivering bottom were unmistakable evidence of the sincere effort I had applied to her caning.

Primrose had deviated from the script and, for a minute or two, I just stood there, uncertain of what I should do next. Fortunately, there was no hurry.

Primrose maintained the awkward, bent over position I had commanded her to adopt, her frilly knickers pooled around her high heeled feet, and never said a word.

Eventually my wits returned. I ad-libbed as best as I could.

"I haven't caned you, Primrose, for kissing me," I said softly. "I caned you for daring to do so without first obtaining my permission."

A powerful shudder wracked Primrose's humiliatingly bent body. She didn't move or say a word.

"Stand up, and come here!"

"Closer!"

Fixed by my penetrating gaze, Primrose inched steadily forward until barely an inch separated us. Tears were pouring down her cheeks but there was no mistaking the hint of the shy smile puckering the corners of her full, sensuous mouth.

"You may kiss me now."

The look of wonder in her soft, limpid eyes sparked an unexpected surge of affection. Tentatively, shivering all over, Primrose leaned up to kiss me. Just as her lips touched mine, I pounced.

The cane clattered to the floor as my right hand went up to grasp a good handful of her beautiful blonde hair and my left encircled her slender waist.

I squeezed her body into mine at the same time as I jerked her head sharply back. I attacked her lips with mine, mashing them and daggering my tongue into her throat.

Primrose accepted my assault, pressing herself into me rather than pulling away. Her lips made no attempt to counter-attack, passively responding to my dominance with a submissive display of tenderness which made me go weak at the knees.

It was the best kiss I had ever had. Goodness, I had dreamed all my life of kisses like that. I wanted it to last forever. Miss Pussy was on fire.

"Pick up your knickers."

"No, don't put them on. Throw them in the trash. Girls like you don't wear knickers!"

"Good girl. Now pick up the cane and put it here, on my table."

"Stand in the corner."

"Put your hands on your head."

"Place your feet together."

"Don't slouch."

"Good girl. Don't move a muscle."

I slumped in my chair, drained. I couldn't pull my eyes away. Primrose had squashed herself snugly into the corner, nylon sheathed legs pressed tightly together, back straight and hands clasped firmly together on the top of her disheveled head. She stood as still as a statue.

Her uncomplaining, immediate obedience to every order left me at a loss for words. That doesn't happen

very often; I'm a woman, after all. So, for the next hour, I watched her.

A very occasional twitch confirmed I wasn't admiring a photograph. I had some script rewriting to do. Not a major overhaul, thankfully.

"Come here, Primrose."

"You can take your hands down now."

"Good girl. Pull up your skirt and bend over. I'm going to cane you again."

Primrose did exactly as she was told, thrusting her sore, swollen bottom out bravely. I swished the cane around ferociously, the better to build up suspense.

"Is there anything you want to say, Primrose?" I inquired calmly.

There was a moment's silence.

"... thank... thank you, Miss Carnegie... "

Ask a stupid question! What was I expecting her to say?

"My pleasure," I whispered to myself.

I had more success this time. Admittedly, the target zone was far more receptive to the cane's caress. On two occasions, when I scored a particularly meritorious hit directly over a livid welt, Primrose emitted a muffled scream.

I deemed that enough to earn a penalty stroke so, this time, the squirming girl got twelve of the best. We were both panting furiously when I called a halt to the exhilarating flogging. I moved a chair around so I could sit down and still keep a clear view of Primrose's, welted, glowing bottom.

It was truly magnificent sight. I slipped my fingers under my skirt and gave Miss Clit just the tiniest incentive. What a truly remarkable orgasm I experienced, legs spread, head lolling, all inspired by the fantastic vision just feet from my eyes. It was getting late.

Gradually, I pulled myself together.

"You've been caned before, haven't you, Primrose?"

"... yes... Miss Carnegie... "

"And?"

Getting information out of this girl was as easy as extracting honesty from a politician!

"... at... at the orphanage... Matron Carmody...caned me all the time... "

Why didn't that surprise me? Was there ever a more thrashable bottom on the face of the planet?

"I'm going home. Tidy up and I'll see you in the morning."

I hid the cane in a closet, away from prying eyes, and collected what I thought I'd need for the evening.

"There is one more thing, Primrose," I said, pausing in the doorway. "Girls like you don't have furry pussies!"

I didn't get any legal work done at all that night. I did torment Dimples for quite some time, nothing unusual in that, and her suffering calmed me down.

The experience with Primrose was quite a lot more than I'd expected. With a bottom as severely thrashed as hers, I realised she'd have a case for sexual harassment (duh!), among other charges, assault and grievous bodily harm being chief among them.

Strange, I already knew that wasn't going to happen. Nothing I had done that day had scared her, or so it seemed. I certainly hurt her, we both knew that, but it wasn't the same thing.

Stranger still was that kiss. If I didn't know myself better, I might have imagined a first hint of real affection for another human being stirring in my breast.

I don't think that had ever happened to me before. You're dreaming, Clara.

You're dreaming.

"Come on, pet," I murmured rhetorically. "You can sleep with me tonight."

Muzzled, deafened and subhumanly costumed, my adoring puppygirl close heeled her Goddess, tail twitching with excitement.

"There are still some constants in the world, thank goodness" I whispered to myself, tugging reassuringly on Dimples' leash as I snuggled under the bedclothes.

CHAPTER NINE

The following day was glorious. It was well into Autumn and the chill morning air was losing its battle against a golden Sun. The sky was crisp blue with never a wisp of cloud.

It had rained during the evening and the air was fresh. I filled my lungs. My spirit soared. I just knew I was going to have great day.

I breezed through the office, the center of attraction for every eye. When you have a curvaceous figure, you dress to emphasize it and you mount it on slender, five inch stiletto heels, all eyes are drawn to you. Vanity is such a marvelous vice, and well worth all the effort spent pandering to it.

"Good morning."

Primrose responded to the warmth in my voice with a charming smile. I returned it.

"Good morning, Miss Carnegie," she said sweetly.

Primrose stood up as soon as I entered her cubicle. That drew a wry grin. She was probably more comfortable on her feet today, notwithstanding the high heels. She had taken a great deal of care to make her appearance both feminine and appealing.

I wasn't at all surprised to find my office particularly neat and spotless. Primrose had excelled herself. The day's schedule was full, as usual, so it was time to get on it. I expect none of the paperwork I did that day is of the slightest interest to the reader, so I'll cut to the chase.

Late in the afternoon, I called Primrose into my office. She stood patiently beside my desk, silently awaiting my attention. I kept her waiting about twenty minutes, as I often did. I seldom allowed Primrose to sit in my presence, a quiet exercise of power.

"I want to make you an offer, Primrose. Pay attention, because I expect an immediate answer. I need a full-time assistant. A girl who will serve as my secretary, my maid and my housekeeper. A girl who will gladly provide the personal services I demand... "

"Oh.. oh, yes... Miss Carnegie... please... please may I have the job... "

Primrose was desperate, her sincerity palpable. She had taken my direction for an immediate response very literally.

I held up a finger to silence her. Chagrined, she lowered her pretty head.

"As I was saying. The position is permanent. You will be on duty twenty-four hours a day, every day. In lieu of a salary, all your needs will be provided for. I expect loyalty, zeal and... most importantly of all... unquestioning obedience!"

There was silence for a minute. That Primrose. I realised she was waiting for permission to speak.

"Well?"

"Yes, Miss Carnegie!"

The reply was instantaneous and the bright gleam was back in her eye. Her excitement was infectious. A smile, unbidden, played across my lips.

"I'm not an unreasonable person, Primrose, but I will not be trifled with. When you are told to do something, I expect you to do it with genuine enthusiasm, and to the best of your ability. It is possible that you may not understand exactly what I want you to do, and in those circumstances only, you may ask for clarification. Otherwise, you will acknowledge my instructions as soon as you receive them... yes, Miss Clara... followed by a respectful curtsy... will be sufficient. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Miss Clara."

Somewhere along the line, Primrose had been coached. Her graceful curtsy was both sweet and charming. Now for some fun.

"Fetch the cane!"

"Yes, Miss Clara."

There might have been the faintest hesitation in her reply but her submissive curtsy was just as charming as the previous one. Away she skipped, oozing enthusiasm and returned promptly, politely proffering the cane.

A curious longing filled her eyes. She knew exactly what was about to happen to her, and fully accepted it. A brief nod from me was all the signal she needed to bend a full ninety degrees at the waist, hoist her tight skirt clear and meekly present her splendidly bruised and swollen bottom. Her long, lovely legs, flawlessly sheathed in smoky, seamed stockings were pressed deliciously together, knees locked.

Primrose was bare from basque to stocking tops, and fastidiously depilated. Miss Pussy throbbed with urgency. There was something powerfully erotic about caning such a willing, obedient bottom.

I laid on with a vengeance, slamming the heavy cane into the helpless, tender flesh.

I relished each exhilarating impact and the faint, mewling whimper which accompanied her wriggling buttock cheeks. Primrose endured these ten cuts so well that I couldn't, in good conscience, apply a single penalty stroke. Panting heavily, I flopped into a chair conveniently placed to give me a front row view of her welted, purplish bottom.

Miss Pussy was raging and I didn't dare disappoint her. It was the work of a moment to trigger a glorious orgasm.

What was that! Just two feet from my face, Primrose's punished bottom was trembling violently. Her legs shook. A soft, throaty moan escaped her lips. And that distinctive, musky odor of a girl in heat assailed my nostrils.

"Primrose," I enquired, unable to contain my disbelief, "did you just have an orgasm?"

"... I... I think so... Miss Clara... "

"You think so?"

"... I... I've never had an orgasm before, Miss Clara... it... it was... so wonderful... "

I was glad Primrose couldn't see my face. My jaw dropped like a stunned mullet. The sweet girl kept diverging from the script.

"I see," I said, a little more composed. "In future, Primrose, there will be no unauthorised orgasms."

"... oh... Miss Clara... I'm sorry... I didn't know... "

"I understand. In due course, I will take appropriate measures to control your sexuality. Please put the cane away."

"Yes, Miss Clara."

Primrose straightened up, smoothed her skirt carefully, bobbed a charming curtsy and obediently returned the cane to its proper place. Her mincing steps couldn't quite disguise the fire in her thrashed bottom.

"I'm anxious to press you into my service immediately. You are no longer an employee of Hardaway, Chandler and Morris. Go to your cubicle, pack your things then wait outside my door until I call for you."

"Oh... yes, Miss Clara." Another dainty curtsy. The joyful tone in her voice was unmistakable. I picked up the phone.

"Well, Harriett," I exclaimed triumphantly, "prepare for a patient!"

"You did it? Really?"

"Of course! I'll be there in an hour."

"I'll be ready."

Simple as that. Over the next three weeks, Primrose was scheduled for a complete transformation into my vision of the perfect personal companion. I couldn't help but wonder when, in that period, her limit would be reached and further progress made possible only by the use of force.

I'll leave the reader to wonder as well; a little suspense goes a long way. I opened the door to my office and there was Primrose, standing patiently just outside, a small carton of personal effects clutched to her mediocre bosom.

"Put that in the closet," I told her, indicating the carton.

"Yes, Miss Clara."

"Take your apartment key out of your purse. Leave your purse in the closet. Give me the key."

"Yes, Miss Clara."

"Follow me."

Primrose couldn't help but squirm around when her sore, swollen bottom made contact with the soft, leather seat in my SUV.

That stopped as soon as I told her to sit still and not fidget, and strapped her in as tightly as I could. I'll explain later how I came about the SUV. When a lot of things are going on at once, it's not always easy to keep the narrative straight.

So, Harriett had arranged the exclusive use of a small, private clinic and it was to that destination we drove. Primrose sat perfectly still, her dainty hands clasped demurely in her lap. There was a quiet, eager smile on her pretty face.

I maintained silence for twenty minutes, curious as to whether Primrose would ask where we were going. She didn't say a word, simply concentrated on staying still, legs pressed tight together, very ladylike.

"I'm taking you to the clinic, Primrose." I spoke sensibly. "I want various changes made to your body, principally for my sexual gratification... "

I let that sink in for a minute.

"I'm counting on your cooperation. The sooner Doctor Stovall can complete the procedures I wish performed on you, the sooner I can take you home with me. I'm hoping we can get everything done and healed in three weeks, but how closely we stick to the schedule depends,

in large part, on how positively you respond to the treatment." I gave Primrose plenty of time to digest the fate imminently awaiting her, really curious this time as to whether she would ask about the nature of these changes.

Her breathing did become more erratic, her cheeks flushed but she gave no sign of needing to know more than I chose to tell her. Absolutely delicious. It was just the response both Miss Pussy and I wanted.

"We're almost there, Primrose. I want to impress upon you how I expect you to behave. You will not talk without permission. Doctor Stovall will tell you if you have anything to say that she wants to hear. You will listen carefully to everything you are told, and do your best to be agreeable. I will receive progress reports on your behaviour and I don't want to be disappointed. Indeed, I hope to visit you regularly, and those visits will be all the more enjoyable for me if I am reassured of your commitment to the program."

I caressed her stockinged thigh, tenderly, and was rewarded with an expressive sigh. Her lovely leg quivered with excitement. I kept up my affectionate teasing until we were arrived at the clinic. I pulled into the undercover parking.

"Well, Primrose," I exclaimed, facing her directly. "Here we are."

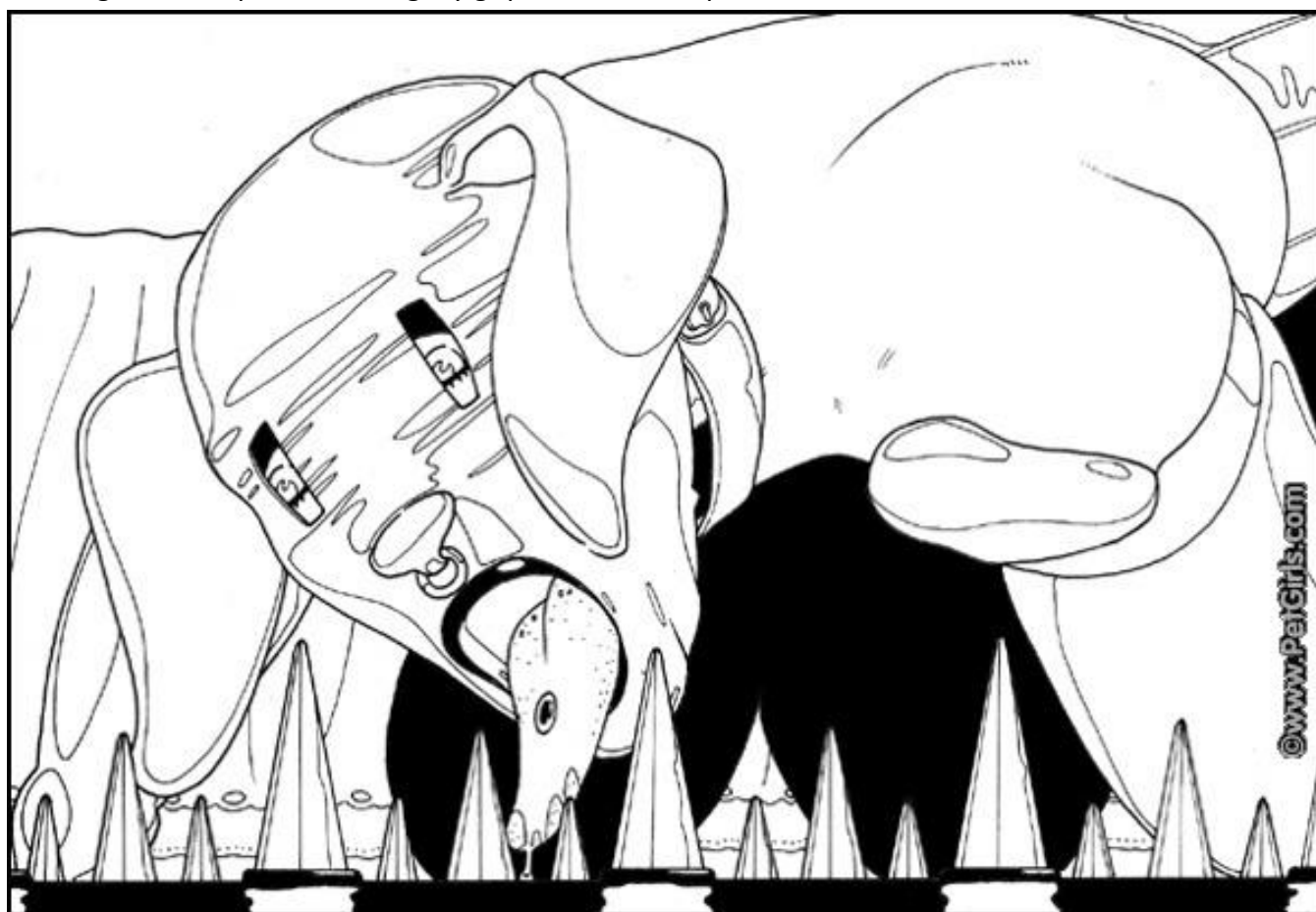
I gripped her chin firmly and twisted her head around until our eyes met and only a few inches separated our faces.

"Are you going to disappoint me, Primrose?"

"... oh... oh no, Miss Clara... "

How fervently her whole expression strove to convince me of her sincerity.

"Good girl," I whispered, shifting my grip to crush her lips into mine.



That kiss was every bit as good as the first one. I made it last a long time.

Later that night, home at last, I paid particular attention to Dimples. I was very excited. I couldn't imagine how events could have turned out better! While I prepared our supper my puppygirl showed tremendous zeal and diligence as she put her cute, eyeleted tongue to work polishing every inch of her spiked sleeping mat, oblivious to the bite of the wicked barbs which festooned it. After two hours of ceaseless labour, the fiendish rubber mat gleamed. I complimented her on her thoroughness, even going so far as to bestow a light kiss of affection upon her rubber crushed skull. She watched me eat, kneeling devotedly at my feet, then wolfed down her own vile mush in the short time allotted to her.

I allowed her another moment or two to lap water and finally directed her to tongue-polish her feeding area back to pristine cleanliness.

To heighten Dimples' exquisite suffering, and indulge my own passion, I sprawled across the divan in the living room, naked save only for a treasured pair of crotch-length, black patent leather boots.

We spent three hours together, Dimples worshipfully applying her elongated, supple and very willing tongue to the evening ritual of boot-polishing. She couldn't help but be continually aware of my erotic nakedness.

At times her electrical punishment system surged continuously, informing me of the full extent of her hopeless arousal. Her agony was extreme, superbly so, and I relished every minute of it.

Her tongue never touched my flesh. Dimples was not permitted that luxury but those rules did not apply to me. Gently, I played a delicious game with Miss Clit, my ardour fuelled by the arousing image of hopeless, extreme suffering labouring zealously so close to my fingers. I climaxed marvelously, gratified in the knowledge that Dimples was as aware of my pleasure as she was of her agony.

Of course, I had disabled her pleasure dispensors for the moment, unlikely though the chance was they would activate.

Only three weeks to wait, I sighed, until Primrose was here to serve me. Perfect!

Deliciously tired, I sat Dimples at my feet while I fitted her muzzle. My single adjustment philosophy ensured that every part of Dimples' subhumanly cruel costume was always set at the maximum peak of discomfort. I didn't want to spoil her!

Heeling faithfully, the dear thing trotted agilely along behind me, on four crushed and truncated legs, agonisingly caged tits flip-flopping and puppytail wagging devotedly.

Benevolently, I reactivated her pleasure sensors and led her into my bedroom. Unhesitatingly, she made straight for the wickedly barbed rubber mat and curled up on it, seemingly oblivious to the hundreds of stiff, sharp prods pressing everywhere into her. I enjoyed a good night's sleep!

CHAPTER #10

Two days later I was waiting anxiously by the phone for Harriett's call.

It was early evening, and to pass the time, Dimples and I played fetch the ball, interspersed with the occasional cut from my brand-new, steel-spiked punishment paddle.

I can definitely recommend this kind of exercise as an excellent way to relieve tension. I knew Harriett wouldn't let me down, she was the medical expert, but I had a lot at stake.

The phone rang a little after seven. It wasn't Harriett! It was a partner from the office, Jim Hardaway, or Jimbo as he liked to be called.

Can you imagine anyone wanting to be called Jimbo? He wasn't the Hardaway in the firm's name, merely a nephew of the late George Hardaway. In case you weren't aware, nepotism is rife in the legal profession. Unique among my colleagues, he was the only one I couldn't abide. Just so you know; not everything that went on at the office was to my satisfaction. He was married, of course, they always are, and sure in the knowledge that his irresistible charm would inevitably triumph, even in the teeth of determined opposition.

Unfortunately, he had turned his attentions on me! Well, you can imagine my feelings on the matter! Several polite rebuffs in past months had failed to dampen his fervor and now, especially, was not a good time for me to be pestered by such an obnoxious moron.

I was very rude to him but I knew that wasn't going to be enough. I would have to make a fuss at the next meeting; perhaps that would cool his heels. One way or another, however, he quite spoiled my mood and I really needed the release that a prolonged flogging of dear Dimples' magnificent, rubber caged tits gave me. Goodness knows how long I would have laid on had not Harriett got through. I did come to my senses enough to lower my poor puppygirl to the ground and release her chained nipples.

"Do you get harassed very often, Harriett? Jesus Christ! I'm really fucking sick of it!"

Dimples had followed me faithfully into the living room and, shivering uncontrollably from the intensity of her thrashing, collapsed at my feet, resting her aching, compressed skull against my high heeled slipper. Soothingly, I scratched her cute puppy snout.

"Calm down, Clara... please... what's the matter?"

"It's that turd Hardaway... I think you might have met him last year at the picnic... "

"You mean the man who groped me? I do remember... I slapped his face! What's he done now?"

"I'd like to fucking cut his dick off... the bastard... Jesus God!"

"Are you alright, Clara?"

Harriett's concern for my well-being halted the vitriol.

"I'll be okay in a minute. Tell me about Primrose, please."

"Well... I do have news that will cheer you up. I think I know why that girl appeals to you. She's gorgeous. She has the sweetest disposition I've ever come across... "

"Don't tease me, Harriett... what did she say when you explained what was going to happen to her?"

"Hardly a word... I had to practically beg to get even a few words out of her. Finally, after I'd outlined all the things I planned to do to her, I couldn't help myself... "

"Harriett! What do you mean?"

"Well... I made her answer my question... " "What question?"

"I asked her whether she was ready to get started... "

"And?"

"She said... yes, Doctor Stovall, perfectly polite. I was sure she'd try to back out."

"And?"

"Stop interrupting, Clara... please, darling... I'm not going to leave anything out. I promise."

"Sorry... "

"Where was I? I know. On my instruction, she took off all her clothes, without hesitation or demur. My word, Clara, her bum was beautifully striped. You did a wonderful job. You're an expert!"

"I'm working on it, Harriett. And?"

"Stop it! Let me tell the story. Now I've lost my train of thought... "

"Something about a striped bum, I think."

Harriett giggled. Her amusement was infectious so it was a couple of minutes before we recovered sufficiently to get back to the subject of Primrose.

"She jumped onto the theatre table and lay there quietly while I prepared the anaesthetic. As soon as she saw the hypodermic, she proffered her arm and, presto, she went out like a light."

"Wow!"

I couldn't think of anything else to say.

"So, after eight hours under my delicate hands, spread over two days, I have to report that stage one is complete."

"Thank you, Harriett. I'm thrilled."

"When will you be over?"

"Monday night, I hope. About seven. I'll call if I can't make it."

"Lovely. I have to run. Primrose needs some attention. Mind you give Dimples some attention from me."

"Don't you worry about that!"

I'm sure Harriett heard my grin!

On Saturday morning, I cleared out Primrose's tiny apartment, canceled her utilities and donated all her possessions to a nearby charity stall. I contacted her landlord, paid him a month's rent in lieu of notice, and secured the termination of her lease.

Earlier in the week, I had completed the paperwork ending Primrose's employment and called the post office to redirect her correspondence to my PO address.

Sunday was a day of rest, and I needed it. Dimples and I spent the entire day together and we had a marvelous time. If only I had the seclusion to take my puppygirl for a proper walk, outdoors. That was a circumstance I planned to remedy in the future.

Leashed and muzzled, I did take Dimples for a walk of sorts. We circumnavigated my apartment at least a dozen times, Dimples' prancing proudly at my heels with a never a sign of resentment to spoil the illusion of adoring devotion. How her bloated, cruelly caged puppy-tits flip-flopped all over the place.

Dimples chased after her ball for hours at a time, tail wagging incessantly, often having to try and find me and or the ball while blinded, deafened and under pitiless attack from her ever vigilant punishment system.

My, how time flies when you're having fun.

I caused quite a ruckus at the Monday meeting. I had an ultimatum, I announced. Either Jimbo would get off my case or I would find another legal firm; perhaps start my own!

Jimbo was furious, and immediately ordered me off the premises, expecting, at least, the tacit support of his male colleagues. There were no female colleagues, other than me. He didn't get that support which, naturally, increased his fury ten-fold. Particularly when my favourite partner, Tommy Morris, bluntly informed the meeting that I was worth three Jimbo's.

So the meeting ended in a victory of sorts, but I had acquired a vicious enemy right at the time when I least needed one! I planned on watching my back.

Before I describe my reunion with Primrose that evening, I have to bring you up to date on our other plans. I'll be as brief as I can.

I sold my Porsche, reluctantly trading it in for a large SUV. I was loathe to give it up. No amount of remodeling would make it a fit conveyance for our livestock, so needs must, as they say.

After a thorough interior refit, the SUV would be ideal for our purposes. Together with Harriett's savings, the net proceeds from the Porsche sale and my own investments, we had about \$750,000 in our kitty, after immediate expenses.

For the moment, I didn't intend to sell my apartment. For one thing I'd worked too hard on it, and for another I wanted to keep all suspicion of our joint property under wraps. It's a lot harder to be found when nobody knows where to look!

We chose a ten hectare property in the Southern Highlands, a good four-hour drive from town. It was not a fashionable locale but then I was more interested in seclusion, and a pleasant climate. I had no intention of boiling in summer or freezing in winter.

The property had been up for sale for over a year which gave me plenty of leverage when it came time to bargain. I got it for a mere \$280,000. That left plenty to spare for renovations.

I had already approached Alan McKell, the CEO of Cummings Constructions, with regard to an arrangement. He was well in my debt from earlier litigation; my brilliance, and luck, and some timely incompetence from the opposition, had directly saved his company close to seven million dollars.

In fact, at one time in my pre-Dimples days, he had tempted me with a huge salary to join his corporation. In the end I declined his offer; I wanted more variety in my work.

Serious businessmen know the difference between real debts and other debts. So I was not surprised by Alan's immediate commitment to place at my disposal whatever architectural and building services I might require; at a very reasonable cost, and no paperwork, of course.

Harriett was delighted with our progress on this front and we spent some memorable hours together planning and designing the perfect hideaway. The final touches, however, would have to be completed by ourselves, and whatever help we could press-gang.

In a court of law, there is winning... and winning! In the month leading up to Primrose's transformation, I won three cases in a row, all of them from behind the eight-ball.

Fees alone, plus handsome bonuses, brought in eleven million dollars for the firm; as well as indirectly attracting a bevy of new clients. With the exception of Jimbo, I was everybody's favourite counsel.

Which brings me back to the Monday. Tom Morris, always my friend, took me aside after the meeting and divulged the firm's decision to offer me a full partnership, commencing from the first of next month. Formal confirmation would follow at the next partners' meeting. He hoped this news would mollify me, and convince me of how highly regarded I was. Significantly, I would now get a proper share of the firm's profits.

To offset the good news, Tom asked me to fly interstate for a week, or as long as it took, to advise on a brief that was going nowhere for a subsidiary of one of our best clients.

He was apologetic. He knew how much I disliked air travel, or any business related travel for that matter.

I couldn't refuse, not now, and told him I could leave on Wednesday morning and that I would do my best

to rescue the brief. I didn't tell him that I'd fly home on Friday with however much help I provided being enough. Harriett would have to look after Dimples while I was gone. Somehow, I didn't expect her to object.

Everything happens at once, doesn't it. Looking back, I sometimes wonder how I didn't trip over my own feet. That reminds me. I had a new secretary to break in as well. Sophie, her name was. The less said about her the better.

I thought I'd never get out of the office.

Harriett had leased a small clinic for a month and to cut down on commute time, she had temporarily taken up residence there. I was more than ready for the stiff drink she offered as soon as I sat down with her in one of the consulting rooms.

"What a day!"

I quaffed off the straight shot of scotch in a single gulp. "May I have another?"

"Of course."

Harriett was positively glowing. There was no need to wonder whether she was having second thoughts.

"Nice boots."

Harriett blushed at my compliment. A pair of stylish, black patent leather boots, proudly boasting five inch heels, disappeared invitingly under her conventional lab coat.

"I'm getting into the spirit of our adventure, Clara. I have a long way to go before I catch up to you."

I grinned conspiratorially. The second scotch joined the first, rumbling in my happy, warmed-up tummy.

"Before I forget, I have to ask a favour."

"Of course, darling."

"I'm summoned interstate on Wednesday and I'll be stuck down there until Friday. Would you please take care of Dimples while I'm gone?"

Harriett gleamed.

"I'd love to."

"Thank you. I'll drop by tomorrow night and drop her off. It's probably not a good idea to introduce Primrose to Dimples just yet."

"Probably not," Harriett grinned.

That was easy.

"Well, Harriett, I guess my most pressing question is whether Primrose is still co-operating with our plans?"

"I'm afraid so." The serious tone confused me for a moment. "But I predict she'll rebel at any moment. Actually, I've been predicting that every day."

"Lovely."

Of course, I always hoped Primrose would maintain her willing and enthusiastic disposition throughout her ordeal, and into her future as my personal companion. I just didn't think it was likely. I was surprised, and gratified, to find out she had lasted this long.

"I think it's safe to say there won't be any complications. I've never done finer work. Primrose's breasts are developing already, a complete array of nodes have been implanted, as we agreed, and for the last two

days she's been on a super heavy dose of the potent, sex stimulant concoction I developed. Goodness only knows what would happen if that were made available to the public!"

"And does it work?"

"My word! It's driving her frantic... as we hoped... I've had to strap her tightly to the bed to control her lust. Furthermore, as I predicted, her ripening tits are truly, frightfully itchy."

"It sounds wonderful, Harriett... thank you very much... "

"The pleasure's mine, darling... "

"Is there anything else I need to know?"

"Don't play with her hands or feet. Her fingers and ankles are recovering from surgery and I want them to heal properly."

"No handsies or footsies, I promise."

"Here's a key. Please keep it. I think we should keep Primrose's room locked at all times, whether one of us is in there or not. I don't expect visitors, obviously, but why take a chance."

I fondled the key expectantly.

"Which way?"

"Third door on the left. It's the isolation ward. Enjoy yourself."

Little doubt about that!

Harriett's mischievous smile was catching. I chuckled all the way down the corridor.

The isolation ward was almost totally black. A single night light in the far corner from the solitary hospital bed illuminated the nurse's station, not that a nurse was present!

It was barely 7 pm but we saw no reason to permit Primrose the use of more senses than she absolutely needed.

"... who's there... ?"

The soft, submissive voice was unmistakably Primrose. "Just me, Clara."

"...oh... Miss Clara... "

"Is there another light anywhere, Primrose... I can't see a thing?"

"... yes, Miss Clara... I think all the lights are operated from the desk in the corner... "

"Thank you."

Two brilliant, fluorescent tubes lit up the large room famously. How my heart raced with that first sight of my dear little girl.

Harriett had done her work to perfection. Primrose lay atop a wide hospital cot, barely making a dent in the very hard, rubber sheeted mattress. She was on her back, her four limbs spread-eagled to the steel corners and by the look of things, the thick, white rubber straps which kept her immobile had been applied very tightly.

At first I could see only her head and arms; a thin, crisp, white rubber sheet covered the rest of her gorgeous body. I know it's not usual hospital practice to restrain a patient so immodestly, or so uncomfortably, but this was a special case and Primrose was a special girl!

I sat down beside her and patted her sweating forehead reassuringly. My fingers lingered soothingly, eliciting a soft moan of raw pleasure.

"How do you feel," I asked, genuinely concerned for her well-being.

"... Oh, Miss Clara... I'm sorry..." Primrose blurted contritely, "...

I... I'm so aroused... I... I can't help myself..."

A tinge of steel crept into my voice.

"Have you had an orgasm?"

"... oh, no, Miss Clara... I promise... Doctor Stovall operated on my hands and feet so I've been tied down to make sure I don't damage myself... I... I can't move a muscle... I just can't..."

I couldn't remember ever hearing Primrose so garrulous, or so ingenuous. The modifications made to Primrose's fingers were concealed inside soft, white rubber mittens and kept more or less rigid by the application of a mercilessly buckled white rubber strap around each wrist, pinning her to the bedposts like a butterfly.

Rather than simply fusing her fingers together, Harriett had addressed each digit individually, restricting their movement to one dimension.

All Primrose would be allowed to accomplish was to bend her fingers in one communal clump. They would not move independently, nor would they splay. Her thumbs were unaffected. I was dying to look under the sheet. So I did.

I pulled the rubber film all the way down to the foot of the cot, completely exposing her stunning, naked body. Harriett had told me that the full spectrum of control nodes had been implanted into her tender flesh. Looking at the searingly erotic vision spread helplessly before me, I had some difficulty seeing the evidence.

Primrose had been strapped to the cot so comprehensively that I doubted she could even squirm. I was very impressed by the obvious care Harriett put into her work. Every strap, and there were plenty of them, was cinched murderously tight. Primrose was positively nailed to the hard, uncomfortable cot.

"These restraints look awful," I exclaimed in surprise, running my fingers caressingly over her soft, smooth, rubber-crushed flesh. "Perhaps I should loosen them?"

"... oh... no... Miss Clara... please don't touch them... Doctor Stovall said it was critical that I remain absolutely immobile while my therapy is in progress..."

"Oh dear. You poor girl. You must be frightfully uncomfortable." How sincere I sounded!

"... I... I don't mind... really, Miss Clara... it's... it's not that bad... the worst thing is... my breasts and nipples are so itchy..."

Calmly, I moved my hand to a heaving breast. I stroked it affectionately.

"Would you like me to scratch for you?"

A groan of pure ecstasy slipped from Primrose's full, sweet lips.

"... oh, yes... Miss Clara... yes, please..." I knew exactly what to do. Deftly, expertly, I teased and stimulated her desperate breasts for barely more than a minute before Primrose's soft moans gave way to the louder shrieks of a girl about to indulge in a mighty orgasm. I wasn't having any of that.

A vicious pinch, directed at the offending nipple, curtailed that intention. That hormone concoction of Harriett's was powerful stuff. I wondered whether I should try some myself.

Primrose squealed in response to my nasty squeeze but her cries were clearly those of acute frustration rather than physical pain. I know the difference.

"Primrose," I scolded, "I think you've tricked me... and been a bit naughty... those wanton breasts weren't itchy at all... "

"... I... I'm so sorry... Miss Clara... I'm sorry... I couldn't help it... as soon as you touched me the itching stopped... and instead I felt the most wonderful feeling... "

"No harm done. I believe Doctor Stovall intends to install a full set of chastity devices either tomorrow or the next day. That will remove temptation."

"... thank... you, Miss Clara... "

"It's for your own good, Primrose. You will be allowed orgasms, at my discretion. Be patient, you will come to understand how much more satisfying an orgasm is when you have my permission to enjoy it."

I heard a weak, pitiful moan, fraught with yearning. Miss Pussy responded with a searing surge. I never dreamed my relationship with Primrose would be so fulfilling.

"... yes, Miss Clara... "

How sweet!

Before covering her luscious figure with the crisp, rubber sheet, I paused a moment to appreciate what had been done to her feet.

Soft rubber booties covered her strenuously arched ankles and it was obvious that something drastic had been done to stretch and twist her insteps into a direct line with her shins.

Primrose would discover, soon enough, that she was compelled to support her weight on tip-toe, all the time. I tucked the sheet gently under her chin.

"I must go now. Please be a good girl."

"... yes, Miss Clara... I promise... "

Inflamed by her intoxicating innocence, I leaned over and attacked her submissively responsive lips. My fierce kiss ravished her passionately. Then I was gone, turning out the lights and locking the door behind me.

I think Harriett could tell from the leery grin on my face that I was pleased with the results, so far.

I don't want the reader to get the impression that my infatuation with Primrose was making me ignore Dimples. Heaven forbid.

Tired and exhausted though I was, it was midnight after all and I had had a very demanding day, I heroically summoned the strength of character to torment my precious puppygirl.

She chased her spiked rubber torture toy all around the living room, tits flopping and tail wagging, and if that wasn't enough I encouraged her to roll over, first one way and then the other, until I was sure her pitilessly caged and punished puppy-tits were nicely bruised and swollen.

The dynamic pads loaded into all four of her puppy-paws were a brilliant innovation. I don't mind boasting about that one bit. Dimples was far from being an immobile cripple. In spite of the extensive and agonising handicaps permanently afflicting her, I had given her the ability to bounce around like a real puppy and now, with the benefit of an exacting training regime behind her, I was seeing real dividends for my perseverance.

I brought myself to a satisfying orgasm. Inspired by the vision of helpless misery striving with apparent eagerness to please me, it was the work of a moment to touch up Miss Clit and get her to do her thing. Glowing, I called a halt to Dimples' performance and the exhausted creature collapsed at my feet, panting and trembling. Aware of my proximity, she nuzzled her rubber crushed snout against my ankles and gently lapped my slender stilettos. Her cute, punitively implanted tail never stopped wagging for a moment.

How's that for a working day!

On the Tuesday, I briefly called into the office. The documents I requested had been couriered up overnight; that would give me something to read on the flight. I put most of my briefs on hold. Those few I couldn't I passed off to Tom Morris.

I knew I could rely on him to hold the fort in my absence.

I already knew I couldn't rely on my new secretary. Useless!

I had a detour to make on my way home. Ingenious Engineering, Inc. ran a very profitable sideline in custom bondage devices. They were my first choice to build the traveling kennel I wanted for Dimples. I had placed the order as soon as I had the specifications for the SUV, and paid a hefty premium for a rush completion. I should have taken delivery on the previous Friday but I just hadn't had the time.

There were two components to the kennel, the cage itself and the hydraulic truck which transported it. The truck was designed to be dismantled with four easy motions and I was very impressed that this turned out to be the case.

While a technician saw to the installation of some mounting points in the back of the SUV, I was given a professional demonstration of the operating procedure; in fact, I was able to do it myself, with ease, on the first attempt.

Barely half an hour elapsed before I was on the road again, kennel stowed securely in the back.

I had to reverse the SUV into my garage; there wasn't much clearance, and barely room at the rear to unload Dimples' surprise if I wanted to shut the roller-door.

Understandably, I did. With the exception of nosy Mrs Simpson, my ground-floor neighbour and self-appointed mother hen, the occupants of number 46 were business people and the building was nearly deserted by day.

Still, there was no point in rousing suspicions and you know how gossipy people are when they get the chance. Internal access to the garage was through the kitchen via the laundry, so once inside my activities were conveniently hidden away from prying eyes.

I was feeling despondent at the thought of being without my Dimples for the next few days and that motivated me to relieve her from sentry duty and allow her to scamper after me as I went through all the things I needed to do to prepare for the trip.

She stayed muzzled, I loved the sight of her like that, which kept down the yapping. Sure, she got underfoot from time to time and slowed me down but usually a good kick would topple her and clear the path.

Late in the afternoon, I got a call from Harriett and the reassuring confirmation that all had gone well with the morning's surgery. She had some pressing matters to attend and wouldn't return to the clinic until after ten.

I suggested I drop Dimples off sometime between then and eleven. That would work out fine.

So, to my surprise, I had a couple of hours to relax. I prepared a simple meal, fed Dimples and cleaned up the residue. I consoled myself with the knowledge that it wouldn't be long before these responsibilities, and many others, would be delegated.

I made Dimples lie on her back, under my booted feet, so I could casually torment her hideously harnessed tits and cruelly wasped waist, while I idled away a pleasant hour or two of mindless television.

Over the past weeks, I had hardly turned the set on. India was at war with Pakistan again, and according to our outraged media, it appeared most of my countrymen couldn't care less.

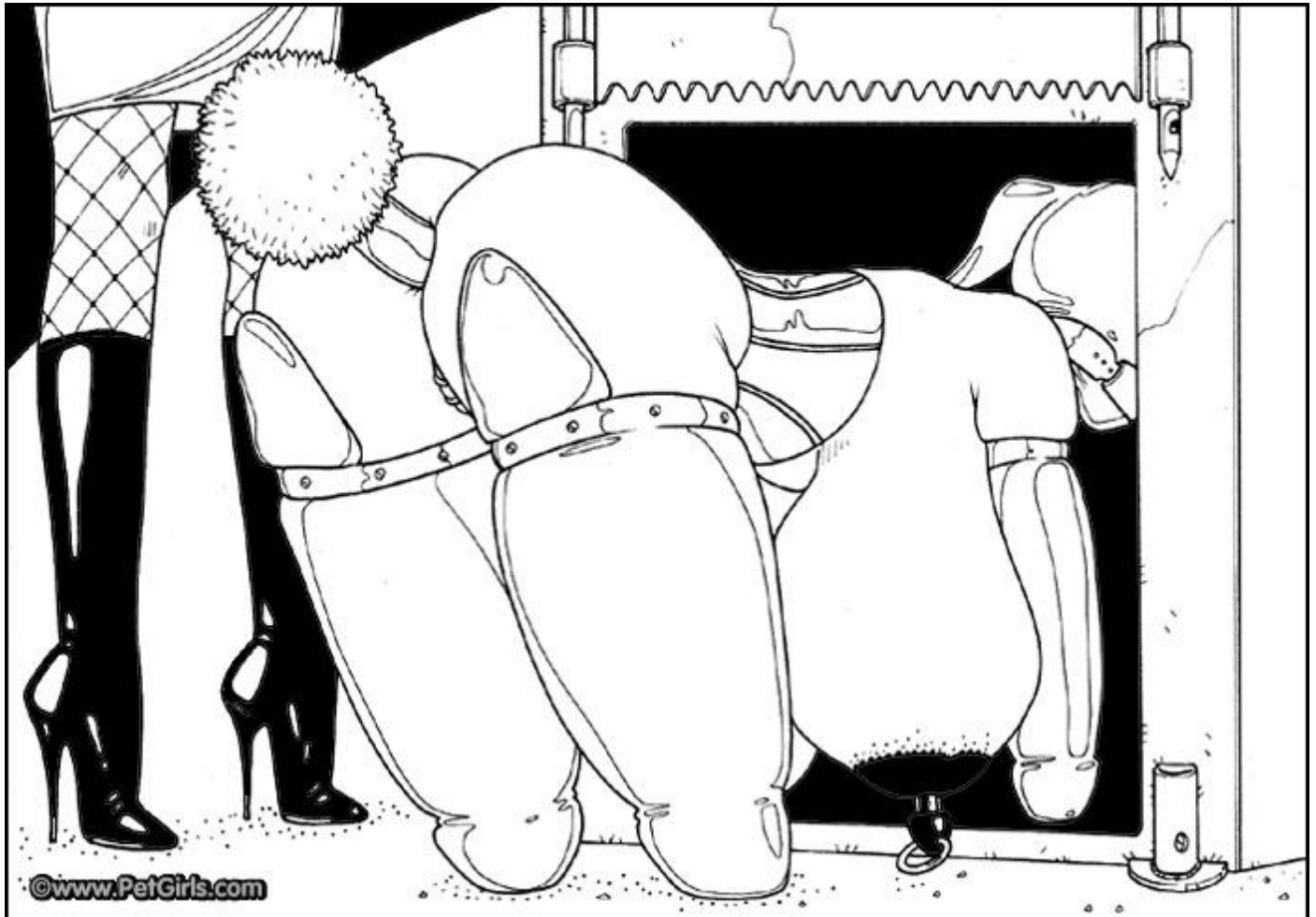
There were already too many Muslims and Hindus on the planet and a culling was long overdue. I didn't have an opinion, one way or the other, at least while their nuclear arsenals remained dormant.

"Come on, pet," I whispered, nudging Dimples to her paws.

I snapped the leash to her gouging, choking collar and she heeled instantly.

Into the garage we trooped where her traveling kennel awaited, its single door opened wide for her. More a portcullis than a door really.

On my command, she squeezed herself through the narrow entrance and eventually wormed her way completely inside.



Her steel kennel was lined throughout with oppressively hard rubber which made getting comfortable absolutely out of the question. She could wriggle around, barely, but this luxury would last only another second or two. I locked the door, trapping my puppygirl in Stygian, claustrophobic gloom.

Then came the moment I was waiting for. I lifted a small cover plate to reveal a recessed button. Depressing it was an exquisite thrill for Miss Pussy and me. There was no external evidence to indicate anything was happening, but I knew that within Dimples' hellish kennel, a forest of stiff, brutal rubber barbs had been activated and were slowly, deliberately, grinding their way into her helpless body from every direction. So much for wriggling around.

I shivered with delicious, secret knowledge.

I tapped the silent kennel contentedly. It sounded solid. Repeating the procedure I had learned earlier in the day, I raised the kennel to up to the tailgate, extended the rails, activated the ram which drove the kennel into the vehicle before finally snapping the catches which secured the base to the mountings in the SUV. I dismantled the truck and stowed the components beside the kennel, delighted that nothing weighed more than twenty pounds.

I filled a shopping bag with the things Harriett would need to manage Dimples. In addition to the mundane items, I made certain to include her leash, keys, remote, some favourite toys and a representative selection of canes and paddles.

It was time to go.

Driving through the city with a diabolically kenneled puppygirl just a few feet away from me was an exciting, if unnerving, experience. If nothing else, it motivated me to obey the road rules.

A light drizzle tumbled down, the first of the winter rain, and it was cold and wet outside.

No sooner had I pulled into the clinic's parking lot than Harriett appeared in the loading entrance.

The area was secluded, but not completely private. Up went the tailgate and, with Harriett looking on admiringly, I assembled the mobile truck. Dimples' forbidding kennel came out as easily as it went in. In less

than five minutes we were safe inside the clinic, enjoying the comfort of a warm embrace. I let Harriett wheel the trolley, it was child's play really, into her makeshift quarters.

There was a sparkle in Harriett's eye. She was salivating.

"Where is that tongue ball toy Dimples was wearing the first time I saw her?"

Harriett had immediately taken charge of the bag of goodies I brought with me, and was eagerly rummaging through it.

"Sorry, sweetie. I didn't think."

"Oh well, I'll have to make do with these."

I was sure Harriett would be able to make do with what she had.

"May I let her out now, Clara?"

"I was going to suggest it."

This was Dimples' first ride and I wanted to be sure the goods had not been too badly damaged in transit. I explained the operation of the hydraulic barbs which kept the occupant absolutely rigid, among other things. It was more difficult to get Dimples out of the kennel than it had been to stuff her in.

We got a great view of her soft, juicy buttocks as she awkwardly wriggled out backwards. Harriett gasped in amazement. Actually, so did I, but not as noticeably.

Everywhere that Dimples' tender, naked flesh had been exposed to the extruding rubber prongs there was now a ripening bruise.

What really got us excited though, was how many there were! I clipped the leash to her collar and fastened the other end to the kennel's frame, leaving the traumatised puppygirl to recuperate as best she could. Neither of us could think of a single good reason to remove her muzzle.

"You know, Clara... I think I might make Dimples sleep in her kennel tonight."

"She'll certainly be safe there," I laughed good naturedly.

I found a convenient power outlet and plugged the hydraulic truck into it. No sense in letting the battery run down. We adjourned to the consulting room where Harriett kept her store of scotch and sat quietly across from each other, Harriett daydreaming and me waiting for the alcohol to warm my chilled bones.

"There's no turning back, now, is there?"

"No," I agreed. "I don't think so."

Harriett nodded thoughtfully.

"I'm not sure faking my death will be enough. There's always the risk I might run into an old acquaintance, or colleague, or, heaven forbid, family. I have a lot of cousins... "

I wasn't sure where Harriett was going. I poured myself a second drink.

"I have to change my appearance as well. What do you think of this?" Harriett handed me a regulation passport photo. It took me a minute or so before I recognised her under the prosthetics.

"That's what I want to look like. There's a place in Maine that does this sort of thing, for cash, no questions asked."

"If you think so, Harriett, it's fine with me."

It did sound like a good idea. One more precaution against a casual disaster. I wondered how she knew about the place in Maine.

"I'm hoping you can get me a forged passport... "

I had to laugh. I waited until I had recovered my equanimity.

"Harriett," I said sternly, shaking my finger at her, "I'm an Officer of the Court... of course I can!"

Nor was it an idle boast. I really did know someone who could do just that. Harriett was smiling now.

"Here are half a dozen copies of the new me. And my ID."

"Lucy Lane?"

A tiny snicker slipped out.

"What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all."

Harriett slipped the photographs and ID details into a zip-lock baggie, handed them to me and I put them into my purse.

"I'll get started on it first thing next week. When do you plan on leaving?"



"That depends... I don't think it's critical... when the time's ripe, I guess... "

"Talking about ripe... how's my Primrose?"

"She's sedated, at the moment. She's had a busy day. Let's take a look."

Harriett illuminated the isolation ward and I went weak at the knees. Miss Pussy was enthralled.

Primrose was unrecognisable. The rubber sheet was pulled down to the foot of the bed so everything was visible. Where can I start? There wasn't a hair to be found anywhere on her smooth, beautiful body. In my philosophy, slaves are permanently shaven; I find the image both aesthetically and sexually satisfying and, I think, it helps them to adjust to their station.

I suppose the last phrase is facetious; the most important aids to adjustment are pitiless bondage, remorseless discipline and endless, exhausting labour.

I could see a thick Perspex stud

embedded in her nasal septum, several in her lolling tongue, more in her earlobes and tragi, one in each nipple, four in each labium and a final, tasty stud in her pink, exposed clit.

"Lovely. Thank you, Harriett. You've done a wonderful job."

"My pleasure. I've installed Primrose's anal plug and reorganised her plumbing so that waste control will work as easily with her as it does with Dimples.

It really is a convenient solution. Every day, I'll expand the outer surface of the plug a little more until it reaches its maximum dimensions."

Harriett grinned.

"You do realise, Clara, Primrose's bottom is going to be very full."

"Lovely," I repeated.

I stroked a soft, spongy tit. Primrose's breasts were already substantially larger than they had been just twenty-four hours earlier and her nipples stiffer, thicker and longer. I ran a finger around her inviting lips. They were fuller and very feminine.

"How long before she wakes up?"

"Not until morning, I hope. I don't want to miss those first, delicious moments."

"Shit! And I will!" "I'm afraid there aren't any video facilities, Clara. But I can take some photographs, if you like."

"I'm not much for happy snaps."

"Are you sure? Once Primrose sees the state she's in, we can say goodnight to her co-operation. It may be the last chance you get to see that sweet, charming smile she has whenever you're around."

"You're probably right. About the smile, I mean. But I don't want photographs. I don't get nostalgic."

Harriett changed the subject.

"Tomorrow afternoon, I intend to implant the ear plugs and contact lenses. That tidies up everything. Another six days or so for recovery and physiotherapy, and you can take her home."

"Lovely."

I stopped by Harriett's quarters on the way out to say good-bye to Dimples, to ask her to behave herself and to admonish Harriett not to break my pet.

From the feral gleam in Harriett's eye, I suspected Dimples was in for an unforgettable holiday.

You don't want to know what happened.

Do IQs always plummet to room temperature when you cross a state border? The brief I was sent to rescue was terminal.

I did try to tell Tom that when I called in the first afternoon, as soon as I realised the utter hopelessness of the case. Well, that wasn't an option which meant I didn't fly home until late on Sunday night, tired and pissed.

I left the brief in better shape than I found it; indeed, there was a fighting chance our client could escape the consequences of their negligence with little more than a rap on the knuckles.

This was the last time I would fly anywhere for someone else's convenience. I had asked Harriett not to call me unless an emergency arose, so that was some consolation as I tried to relax in a damnable airline seat.

Of course, there could have been a really big emergency, but why worry about that. I had resisted repeated impulses to call Harriett for progress reports. Every idle byte of brain capacity was directed toward fixing

EpiCom's incompetence.

For a while down there, I very nearly called it quits... and quit.

In the last four days I had just eleven hours of sleep. If I could've kept my eyes open, I would've rushed to the clinic as soon as the plane touched down.

Alas, exhaustion won out and the cab driver had to wake me up at the front door to my apartment. I had the sense to leave a simple message on Harriett's voicemail before taking off my shoes and falling asleep in my clothes.

CHAPTER TWELVE

I slept a solid fourteen hours so it was midday before I finally scrambled out of bed.

There was a message for me from Harriett. Everything was fine, and I could call by any time after five. The dozen other messages were all work related and I would deal with them when I got to the office.

Impatiently aware that I would be seeing Primrose later in the day, I dressed smartly, and not a little provocatively, and this helped me feel better immediately.

I had scarcely sat down before two things happened which soured the good mood my reflections on Primrose had built up.

First, I lost my temper with Sophie. She gave new meaning to the word vapid! The references I asked her to prepare for my return were muddled beyond belief. She got downsized, then and there! A flood of tears, and apologies, had no effect on me. What do you take me for?

In my ideal world, Sophie made the perfect companion for Dimples. She met all the requirements!

Then Tom Morris took me aside to confirm my suspicions that Jimbo was rumour-mongering behind my back. More than that, he was slyly building a coalition among the firm's less talented associates, with my downfall as its objective.

Hidden agendas, backstabbing and character assassination rule firms like ours and only those at the very top, or bottom, can afford to remain aloof from the machinations.

I had plenty of support of my own, at least while the money rolled in, and it was mostly from the important end of the spectrum. I didn't see any immediate danger but, after I thanked Tom for his warning, it did get me thinking about a counter-attack.

Without a secretary for the time being, I strolled downtown in person to file some papers in the District Court.

I waited till after 3 pm, the better the chance to run into my favourite disreputable private detective. Jack 'the Spider' Diamond could invariably be found late afternoons in The Coronet, a seedy haunt much patronised by the legal and other shady professions.

He saw me coming, and stood up immediately.

"Well. Is this a treat? If my old eyes don't mistake me, here be the gracious Clara Carnegie, come to enliven an old man's evening tipple."

Hardly evening.

"Ahh... Mr Diamond," I gushed. "You do know how to make a girl's heart flutter."

How can an old man's smile be both so polite and lecherous at the same time? Sixty years of practice, I suppose.

"May I get you a drink?"

"No sir! I'll get you one. I need your help."

He was having none of that.

"You know better," he smiled wryly. "So, what'll it be?"

There was no point in arguing the matter. We'd had this conversation before.

"A flat white, please."

I got a quizzical look.

"Don't do that. I have a mountain of work to get through before I get home tonight."

The last time I had stopped for one drink with Jack, I stayed till closing time and had to be carried home, hopelessly drunk. It seemed a lifetime ago.

"As you wish."

So, I drank coffee while Jack drank whisky. He was a striking man, well past sixty now, but lean and wiry still. His reputation for deadly menace had not dimmed with his advancing years, nor his repute as a Libertine. A story going round was that, years ago, Jack and Jimbo had come to blows over a certain lady.

Apparently the blows had been all Jack's; his outclassed opponent had ended up in hospital in need of repair. Jack did three months for assault! Not that prison was a novel experience for him.

I explained the difficulties I was faced with now that Jimbo had more or less declared war. What could I do about it?

Jack just smiled that secretive, know everything smile that all detectives try to cultivate, but few succeed. Reluctantly, I declined his offer to drop Jimbo in the harbour, in company with enough cement to ensure he stayed sunk. Leave it with me, dear lady, he told me. I'll have a word with him.

The second matter was more delicate and I began by producing the photos and ID Harriett had given me. Jack didn't blink, palmed the offerings and quoted two prices. The second, an order of magnitude greater than the first, would procure a genuine document, able to withstand the closest scrutiny. I grimaced at the cost but in the end opted for added safety.

I felt a good deal better when I got back to the office. The harried receptionist handed me a wad of messages, as well as a silent admonition for my peremptory dismissal of the feckless Sophie. I replied in kind, filing away the memory that when I took over, Wendy would be needing new employment as well! There was only one matter urgent enough to need my attention before I left for my rendezvous so as soon as that was dealt with, I freshened up and headed for the clinic. Without Dimples or Primrose for nearly a week, I was barking mad from withdrawal.

"Harriett," I exclaimed. "Am I glad to see you! And you too, pet."

Dimples couldn't hear me, but she did see me enter the room. Harriett had set her up to await my arrival, an awkwardly squatting statue, motion sensors activated, collared and muzzled, where she could see the door.

How her face lit up at my appearance, or so I chose to believe. It could even be true. Dimples soft, tender flesh was pock-marked with the evidence of repeated visits to her kennel.

Maybe I was the lesser of two evils? I deactivated the sensors, unlocked her muzzle and gestured. Dimples knew exactly what I meant and flung herself at my feet, groveling desperately.

A second gesture set her frantically tongue-polishing my five-inch pumps while I stood there, relaxing at last and enjoying the attention.

Simultaneously, I carried on a conversation with Harriett, rushing through the frustrations of the last five days.

"Harriett," I exclaimed earnestly, coming to the end of the litany at last, "I have to work for myself just as soon as I can afford it."

Harriett passed me a whalebone cane. I gave Dimples a tremendously vicious slash across her plump, upthrust bottom, startling her into a croaking bark and disrupting her rhythm. She resumed her ministrations instantly, tail flicking faster than ever.

"I know why you're smiling, you rotter. You'll be dead soon, and no-one's going to make you fly to the far ends then."

"You'll think of something, Clara. You always do. Have you had dinner?"

"What?"

"Dinner. Have you had any?"

I had to think for a minute.

"No."

"Hungry?"

"I am, I think. I didn't eat much, or well, while I was gone."

"There's a Thai place around the corner."

"I have to see Primrose first. You haven't said a word so I'm hoping that means nothing's gone wrong."

"You'll see."

What did that mean? I ordered Dimples to sit, thrusting the cane crosswise into her rubber crushed snout so I would know where I left it.

Anxious, I led the way down the corridor.

"Wrong way, Clara," Harriett informed me a few steps later. "Primrose is in the physiotherapy center at the moment. Been there all day, in fact."

Harriett didn't wait for a reply so I hurried after her.

"Pay attention, Clara. We're going into the annex first. There's a one-way mirror there and you'll have a perfect view."

What was going on?

"Harriett?"

"See for yourself," she replied, unlocking the door.

I don't think I know the words to do justice to the astonishing sight waiting to thrill me.

I'll try. Primrose appeared fully recovered. Harriett had costumed her in the basic components of her uniform and the effect was spectacular. My eyes danced, drawn simultaneously to her arms, legs and torso. Where to start?

At the bottom and work up, I suppose. Primrose's long legs had disappeared inside a pair of gleaming, thigh-high, black neoprene ballet boots. Her insteps, twisted into an exact line with her shins, forced all her body weight directly onto her toes which were captured in the pitilessly narrow point of the ballet toe.

A supremely narrow stiletto speared down from the heel, barely two inches behind the point.

The smooth, glistening surface was absolutely wrinkle free for its entire length and nowhere was it obvious how the stunning ballet boots could have been applied so snugly. The material covering her feet was evidently stiffer than that sheathing her calves and thighs, but you couldn't tell from looking.

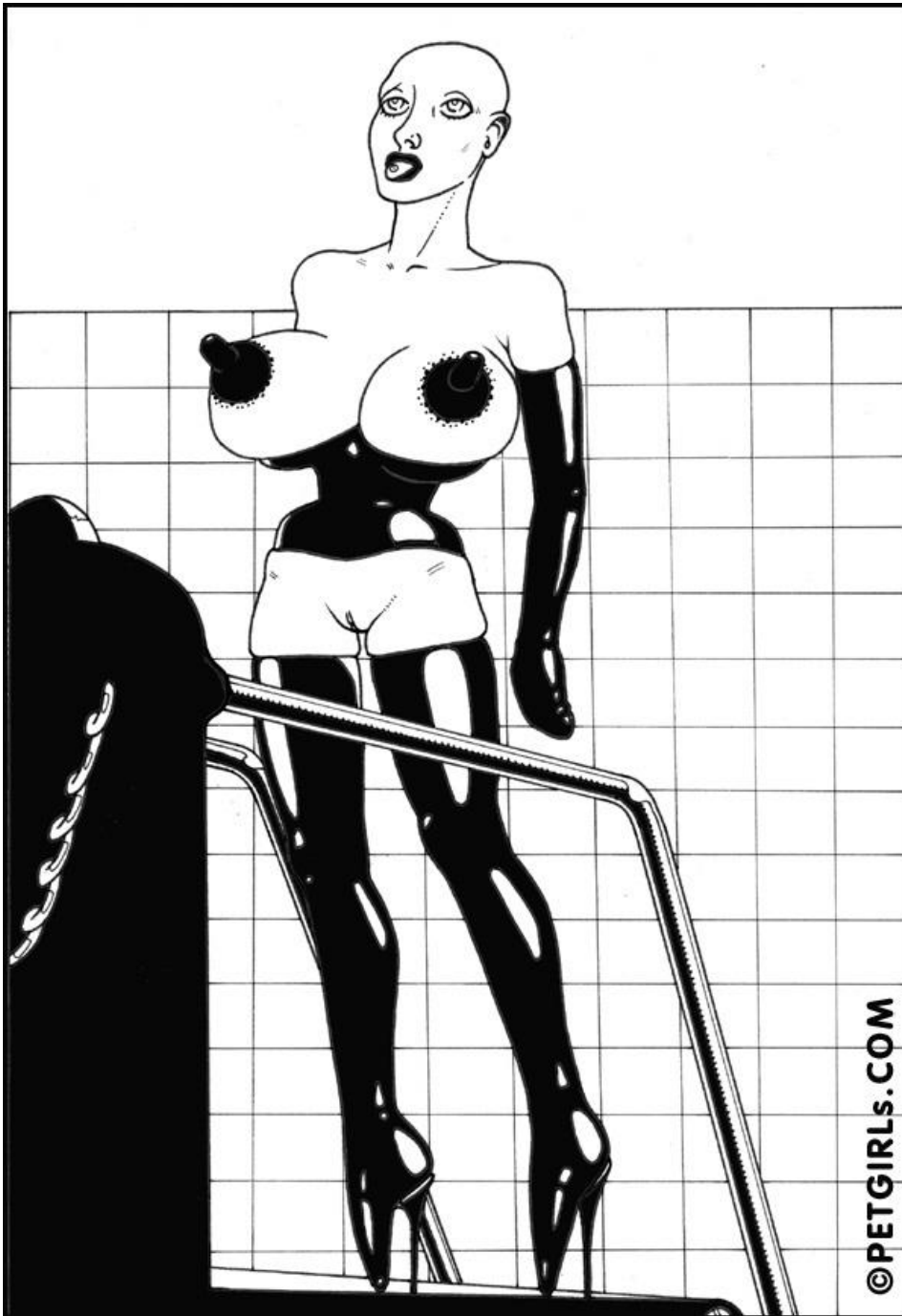
Just three inches of bare, soft thigh separated the compressed rim of each boot from Primrose's erotically shaven groin. Primrose's arms were swallowed up as well. The shoulder-length gloves, made from the same material as her ballet boots, gripped her arms with a sensuous, relentless pressure. There was no separate provision for her fingers, only her thumbs. This time, only two inches of upper arm were exposed.

Finally, Primrose had been wasped. Around her waist (perhaps petiole is a more accurate term), crushing it down to miniscule proportions, was a matching, black neoprene corset.

It began directly under her prodigious bosom, attractively supporting those fully ripened melons before daggering inwards at a drastic angle until, at its smallest circumference, there was some change from seventeen inches. Away it went after that, at a complimentary angle, stopping only at the top of her hips

where the compression it exerted did wonders to maximise the beauty, and juiciness, of Primrose's magnificent bottom.

The dread corset seemed to be a smooth, featureless sleeve and, like her gloves and boots, a natural part of her body.



I won't pretend the erotic allure of Primrose's exquisite uniform, or rather that small part of it she wore at the moment, didn't get me and Miss Pussy going in a fundamentally sexual way, it did!

The real charge, the one that overwhelmed me with a kaleidoscopic confection of lust, power, joy, affection, even love, was provided by Primrose herself, and her heroic determination to surmount her egregious handicaps.

Unaware of the stunned audience gaping through the one-way glass, Primrose was patiently pacing atop a typical walking machine. It wasn't going very fast, of course, but it was clear from the effort being expended by its rubber uniformed occupant that she wasn't taking a stroll in the park. Such tiny, dainty, mincing steps. The wasping corset prohibited Primrose from bending her waist, either forward, back or to the side, which made it nearly impossible for her to watch her

perilously pointed feet. From time to time, one cluster of rubber sheathed, handicapped fingers would reach out for the support of the safety bar but for the most part, Primrose kept her arms by her sides, swinging them gently, in step with her bravely marching feet.

Her bald skull glistened. Her beautiful mouth was slightly agape, her studded tongue resting on her lower lip. She was the picture of concentration, holding her hairless head high with grim determination. Her delicious breasts, though not as large as I had made Dimples', competed urgently for the limited real estate on her dainty frame, bouncing and jiggling marvelously with every strenuous stride.

Don't be misled.

When I called them melons earlier, I meant it. Each spongy globe filled a triple-F cup to overflowing! Eventually I was able to say something.

"How long's this been going on?" Hardly original.

"Since Friday morning. That's when I got her into her uniform. I don't have to tell you that the dear gave me all the help she could to get her dressed."

I groaned. My dream was really coming true.

"If you observe long enough, you'll see she keeps a close eye on the clock. Fifteen minutes exercise followed by five minutes rest. Although I'd hardly call it rest since she doesn't sit down."

I groaned again. Miss Pussy was on fire, raging as she never had in all my dissolute life.

"Wait till you see her on the stair climbing machine. It makes me drool!"

"Stop it!"

"Or do I prefer watching her on the bicycle? Her poor bum is completely full of studded dildo so, knowing that, I can't imagine how she finds the courage to sit on that uncomfortable seat and peddle away for fifteen seconds, let alone fifteen minutes."

"And you've been seeing this, gloating over it, all weekend?"

"Yes."

"While I've been cooped up with the saddest, stupidest lawyers in the country?"

"I guess so."

Harriett's grin got broader as the conversation went on.

"There's no justice, is there?"

"I suppose not. Two or three times a day she works out for half an hour with the weights and before and after each session, she does lots of stretches."

I couldn't do that. Primrose must have been a lot fitter than her soft figure suggested, and she knew a lot more about exercise than I did.

Heavens, ten minutes flogging Dimples wore my arm to a frazzle.

"Sessions?" I enquired. "How many a day?"

"Just two. She eats breakfast at 6 am, and she's in here stretching ten minutes later. Lunch is at 2 pm. She rests after that until 3 pm. Then it's on with the next session, until 10 or 11 pm, or whenever I call a halt."

"You've got to be kidding. She wears her uniform the whole time?"

"Of course... and, when she lies down she's always strapped to her cot, just as tightly as I can."

"What about the hormones?"

"She's aroused... very aroused, in fact. The readout from the node monitor makes that unambiguous."

"... um... "

"Don't worry. She hasn't had a single orgasm. Her self-control is extraordinary. I've no idea how she can endure so much constant frustration."

The conversation faltered while we watched Primrose dismount from the walker. She took several deep breaths, or what passes for same when you contend with a ferociously oppressive corset.

Moments later she was standing steadily, her astoundingly booted feet pressed gracefully together, her gloved hands clasped demurely beneath her precocious breasts.

The serene, contented expression lighting up her pretty face took my breath away.

"She's beautiful, Harriett. Absolutely beautiful."

"I know."

I made up my mind.

"I shall take her home with me."

"I thought you might. Let's get dinner first."

"Soon. I want to watch a little longer."

"Sure. You deserve some time alone. I'll see that Dimples is fed and cleaned. Do you want me to kennel her and pack her into the car as well?" "Thank you, Harriett."

Alone at last with my perfect slave, I slumped nerveless into a convenient chair. I was mesmerised. Sure enough, when the five minutes were up, Primrose moved purposefully toward the next leg of her program. It happened to be the stair climber. I watched her make an adjustment, adding what looked like at least an inch to the stair height.

To bend over, she had to pivot on her hips, which did wonders for the shape of her gorgeous bottom, and the hang of her marvelous tits.

I shook my head in amazement. It takes all types, I know, but there never was one like Primrose! I knew that when I got Primrose home, and into my bed, I was going to have the best orgasm of my life. The very best!

I remember it was a Thai restaurant, but I've no idea what I ate. We didn't linger over coffee, or anything like that. I was on a mission. I wished I had been better prepared.

Primrose's golden jewelry was on my dressing table, and the other items of her uniform carefully stored away. Never mind. I really wasn't in a hurry to make the presentations.

"Aren't you coming with me?"

"I'm not going to invade your privacy. I'm going to bed. I'll call tomorrow, after I've cleaned up this place."

"Thanks, Harriett. I couldn't have done all this without you. You know that?"

She nodded. We hugged affectionately.

"Oh, and that reminds me. Your passport is in the pipeline, Lucy Lane. That's such a cool name."

"Goodnight, Clara."

"Goodnight, sweetie."

In your life there are moments which remain as clear in your memory as the day they happened.

This moment was going to be one of them. I opened the connecting door between the annex and the physio room just as Primrose was about to mount the walker again. She saw me immediately.

In what seemed slow motion, as I strode across the room to her, she faced me and made the prettiest, politest curtsy I have ever seen. How hard she must have been practising, I had no idea?

We embraced and, thanks to the eight inch heels of her ballet boots, our lips were almost on a level. I crushed her to me, marveling at her tiny waist as I ground a fierce, intense kiss from her soft, responsive lips.

Contact with her studded tongue inflamed me. Only the sudden realisation that I might be choking my precious slave made me stop. Primrose was panting but how could I mistake the rosy glow of unbridled happiness suffusing her sweet face.

I fought in vain to hold back a tear.

"Oh, Primrose," I gushed. "You really are glad to see me, aren't you?"

"... yeth, Mith Clara... oh yeth... "

Innocent sincerity is even more touching when accompanied by a gentle, high pitched lisp. The Perspex studs through her tongue had an unintended, very charming, side effect.

"Come with me, darling," I crooned, "I'm taking you home."

Hand in hand, we left the clinic.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

If you're thinking it was rash of me to drive off with a more or less naked woman strapped into the passenger seat beside me, you're right.

But I did turn up the heater, making the cabin cozy and warm. I'm not a total idiot.

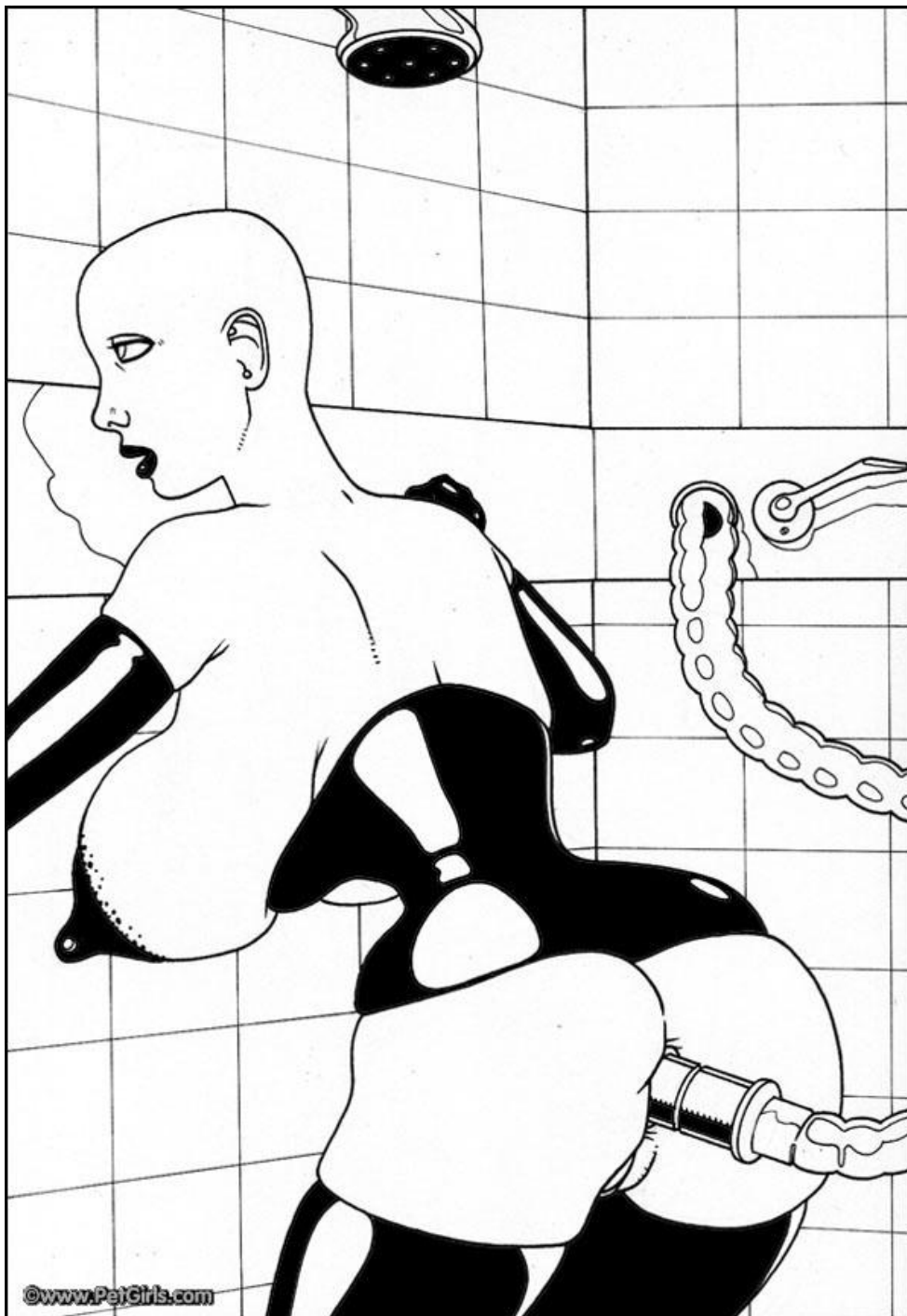
The windows were tinted so there was nothing to see from the outside. Not so from my perspective. The vision of loveliness sitting up so calmly mere inches away made it difficult to concentrate on the road ahead. I kept looking to see if she was squirming but no, notwithstanding her delicious bum was aching, absolutely full of relentless, studded dildo, there was never a moment when she looked like she wanted to ease her enormous discomfort.

Funny, it never occurred to me that Primrose could've slipped the safety belt and jumped from the car a dozen times before we reached my apartment.

So much for security.

Inside, I led Primrose into the bathroom. Don't worry, I hadn't forgotten Dimples. She was safe inside her kennel and going nowhere.

I positioned Primrose within the shower stall and unhooked the waste extraction umbilical.



"You know what this is, don't you?" "Yeth, Mith Clara. Doctor Thovall taught me how to uthe it."

Very enterprising.

"Show me."

"Yeth, Mith Clara."

How could I ever get tired of that endearing lisp.

Primrose took the hose from me and, bending over almost between her ballet bootied legs, demonstrated an unexpected dexterity with her handicapped fingers. She snapped the hose ring to the valve standing sentinel at the entrance to her stuffed rectum. That simple act was all that was required to set the process in motion.

Legs spread, hips bent forward and hands resting against the stall, Primrose cooperated with the fiery enema which took care of a whole day's unpleasantness.

"Come on, darling, come with me."

I took Primrose into my bedroom and invited her to stand beside my bed. She was very excited, very happy and perfectly compliant. She did steal a quick glance at Dimples' spiked sleeping mat.

"Don't worry, Primrose. That's not for you."

She smiled sweetly, submissively. I just had to embrace her, squeeze her tight and kiss her with unbridled passion. It was blissful.

"Primrose, my darling," I murmured, "we shall have a memorable evening." Her sigh of expectation melted my heart. Her erotic innocence was overwhelming.

"I want you to put your hands behind your back and close your eyes."

"Yeth, Mith Clara."

I stepped out of my clothes, all of them, hardly bothering to tidy up. I did slip into a pair of five inch heeled slippers, the better to preserve my one inch height superiority over Primrose.

The aroma of my arousal was pungent. I breathed heavily.

Not for a moment did my eyes leave Primrose's exquisitely uniformed, trembling body. She was achingly desirable.

On my dressing table was the collection of golden jewelry designed to replace the myriad of Perspex studs embedded in her smooth, tender flesh. I picked up the lined display case and, like a feral cat playing with a trapped mouse, I advanced hungrily, deliberately down upon her.

The musky scent of Primrose's primitive sexual excitement mingled with mine to create an overpowering aroma and its marvelous effect on both of us was obvious. I sidled close, so close in fact that my turgid nipples scraped against hers, making both of us groan wantonly.

"Be patient, darling," I croaked. "Soon, I promise, I'll make you have a wonderful orgasm."

Primrose's heart was beating like drum, her prodigious, bare bosom heaved and a delicious, constant moan escaped her moist, parted lips.

"... yeth... yeth... Mith Clara... I... I'm trying tho hard... "

"So am I," I admitted.

I knew my forbearance would have its own reward.

I whispered in her ear.

"Try not to move, darling. I have some presents for you."

My hands were shaking so badly, I almost dropped the case. I gritted my teeth and tried to concentrate. I had hardly foreseen this eventuality.

Taking deep breaths, only through my mouth, and keeping my eyes averted from the wondrous vision awaiting my pleasure, I gradually regained some semblance of control.

The studs in Primrose's smooth, lush body were designed for easy removal so it took just a moment to pop the stud embedded in her nasal septum.

Primrose shivered, but otherwise stayed perfectly still. I worked a golden bolt through the wide perforation in her septum, settling the thick, heavy golden shackle attached to it onto her upper lip.

A supporting tool enabled me to align the bolt flush with each end of the shackle and only then allowed me to twist the bolt a half turn which action, of course, locked the snug, glinting nose shackle permanently.

"Lovely," I whispered, tugging gently on the shackle to test the tension. I caressed Primrose's cheeks with the back of my hand, not that she needed soothing. Eyes tight shut, she seemed lost in her own little heaven. She was adorable.

The next studs to go were those in each tragus muscle.

If you've never heard of it, that's the little flap of cartilage that covers the ear canal. Into the vacated holes went a matching pair of golden shackles, these somewhat more delicate than the heavy shackle in Primrose's nose.

Shortly thereafter, a pair of larger, heavier shackles were bolted through her earlobes and then all four decorations were sealed permanently.

The atmosphere was electric. The mix of pheromones and arousal assailing our nostrils had both of us panting with desire.

There I was, torn between mutually exclusive needs. How I wanted to prolong the magic pleasure of the slow, sensuous application of all the beautiful jewelry Primrose would learn to live with for the rest of her life. And how I wanted to ravage her, right now! What a dilemma.

I was going nowhere thinking like that so I stepped back for a moment and took a deep breath. Coiled in the palm of my hand was a short length of solid gold chain. The links were thick and flattened which meant there was scarcely any hollow and only moderate flexibility. The link at each end was open.

I decided to do the right side of Primrose's face first. I snapped one end of the golden chain to the shackle through her tragus and left it dangling there while I applied a custom crimping tool to make the connection both undetectable and permanent.

Tenderly, I draped the lustrous links across her cheek, just under her cheekbone and satisfyingly clipped it to the right side of her nose shackle. The crimping tool did its duty, completing the process. There was an identical chain for the left side of her face and I was just as gentle and careful locking it into place as I had been with its mate.

Primrose was panting very rapidly now. The weight depended across her face was considerable, the sensations strange if not downright unnerving.

"Patience, my precious," I whispered fondly. "When I'm finished, you'll see. I promise. Can I count on you to keep your eyes closed?"

"Oh yeth, Mith Clara."

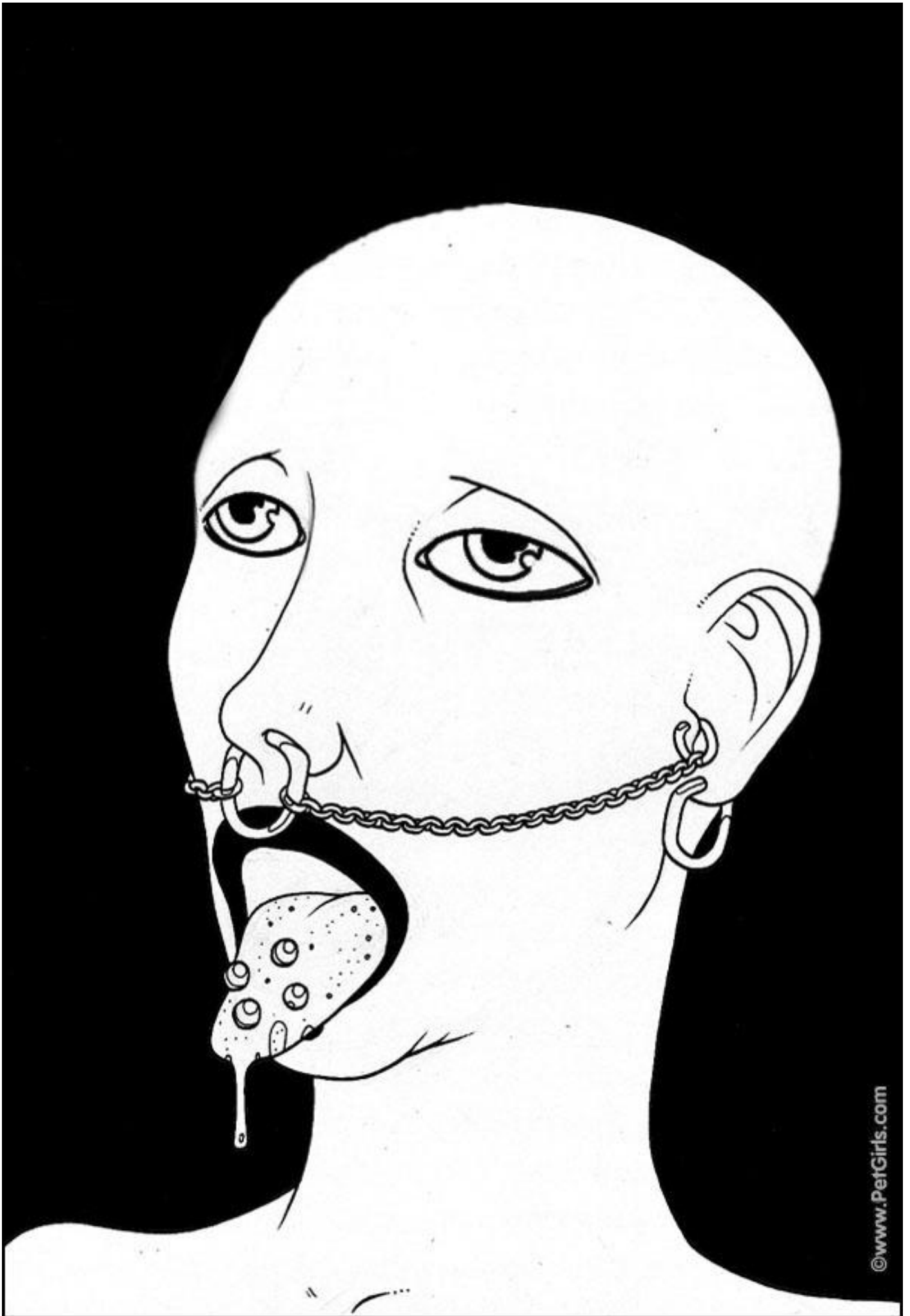
"Lovely."

I ran my tingling fingers around the rims of Primrose's trembling lips. She responded with faint pressure against my touch, and a yearning sigh which thrilled Miss Pussy.

"Poke your tongue out, Primrose. As far as you can."

Moments later, a cute, pink tongue emerged from its erotic cavern and positively strained to extrude itself as far away as it could. There were four studs in Primrose's tongue, two through the centerline and one on each side, arranged in a diamond pattern.

The farthest stud was only a little more than an inch back from the tip so the spacing between them was close. I popped the rear stud first. To replace it, I pushed an eight gauge rod, capped at one end by a quarter-inch diameter ball, all burnished gold, through the hole. Holding the ball pressed up firmly up into the bottom of her tongue, I squeezed a matching ball onto the rod until it pressed snugly into place and a faint snick confirmed the assembly was permanently mounted where I wanted it to be.



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Primrose shivered but did not retract her tongue so much as a millimeter. Indeed, the only hindrance I

encountered while embedding the four golden barbells into Primrose's willing tongue were my shaking hands. Some experiences are too exciting!

"Put your tongue away."

"Good girl. Do the barbells pinch, darling?"

"No, Mith Clara."

"Lovely."

Moving on then. Primrose gasped the instant my fingers brushed her nipples. I slipped a rounded nipple collar into position as quickly as I could, pushing it hard against her puckering aureolae before my ministrations could swell the sensitive tissue and frustrate my intention.

As soon as both nipples were properly collared, the burnished bands snugly in place, I could relax and concentrate on the task of arousing Primrose's nipples to their full size. It hardly took a moment to excite those sensitive nubs into rigid bars, each almost an inch long and over half an inch thick.

The nipple collars just about disappeared into the helpless, vulnerable flesh they constricted.

When I was sure there was nothing I could do to coax further growth from Primrose's delicious nipples, I gave each nubbin a final, friendly squeeze and popped the studs embedded in them.

"I think this will hurt a bit, precious," I whispered soothingly. "Be brave."

More than a bit, I suspected. A tiny recess in the surface of each collar housed a minute, pressure responsive pad. I did my best to depress them simultaneously and almost succeeded.

Primrose reacted immediately. A muffled, lisping scream bubbled from her lips, she staggered back uncertainly, her handicapped fingers reached for the source of her agony and, just for a moment, her eyes opened wide in pain and fright.

Actually, Primrose's tantrum was far milder than I'd expected and, in seconds, her hands were behind her back again, her eyes shut and her ballet booted feet more or less steady.

Her breath came in ragged gasps, she shivered freely and it was plain to see from her pursed lips and the set of her jaw how hard she was fighting to disguise her agony.

I couldn't blame her. Primrose's nipple collars had welded themselves into her flesh in the most fiendish way possible. A myriad of tiny, rapier thin barbs had exploded from the inner ring of each collar and sunk themselves aggressively into their helpless target.

Those nipple collars were there for good and, furthermore, the barbs would act as a constant stimulant to prevent Primrose's stiff, engorged nipples from retracting or deflating.

I had to reward Primrose for her splendid success in keeping her suffering to herself so I bent forward and kissed each tormented nipple passionately.

The earthy croaks drawn from her throat by these attentions clearly demonstrated the heady mix of pleasure and pain assailing her senses. I have to say my senses were assailed solely by pleasure.

Thank heavens!

Chastened golden cones covered each nipple, sliding snugly over Primrose's bloated nipples until the rims abutted the collars where a simple twist served to weld each cone into a single assembly with each nipple collar.

I couldn't keep the smile off my face.

In a short while, Primrose would learn that her imprisoned, captive nipples were locked inside a cozy prison whose sole objective was to keep those delicate nubbins in a constant state of intolerably intense arousal. Combined with the unrelenting agony of the merciless collar barbs, I had no doubt that there would never be another moment in Primrose's life where she could forget or ignore her beautiful, golden nipples.

What I had to hope for now was that I'd got the dimensions correct. Delicately, I threaded a bolt through a

precise hole on the side of one cone and fished around until, eventually, I located the corresponding nipple piercing.

After that, it took no time at all to find the hole on the other side of the cone, align the rod flush and check the shackle swiveled freely from beneath the cone.

Satisfied with my handiwork, I snapped the bolt permanently into position. Armed with recent experience, I shackled Primrose's other nipple with much less fiddling around. I couldn't resist the urge, Miss Pussy made me, to give those gorgeous, defenceless nipples a solid tug.

Very nice. Very resilient. Primrose groaned but I couldn't be sure if she was voicing her approval or a complaint. So I tugged again, harder. This time, Primrose's wanton groan was unambiguous. She was clearly encouraging me, the little vixen!

"Darling," I purred. "I have to do the same thing to your clitty. Can you bear it?"

"... yeth... yeth... Mith Clara... "

There was unmistakable trepidation in her reply, but no hesitation.

"You are a good girl, you really are."

Primrose responded to the praise with a tiny smile and a stiffening of her shoulders. Her morale was fully recovered.

It didn't take long to realise that Primrose's position was inconvenient for my purposes. I was never going to get her clit capped and collared while she was standing up.

"Just relax, precious, I'm going to guide you onto my bed.

That's right, keep those eyes shut. I want you to have such a surprise."

Once Primrose was lying across my bed, I manipulated her exquisitely uniformed body until her ballet booted legs were wide apart, her knees at the edge and her calves hanging down where her twisted toes almost touched the carpet.

Much of her weight was supported by her gloved arms, tucked awkwardly behind her back. Little things like that make a lasting impression.

Big things, like the vision of beauty sprawled out awaiting my pleasure, did a lot in the impression department too. The golden shackles, chains and cones which festooned her face and breasts made for a supremely erotic effect, complimenting her seamless, crushing rubber uniform. Primrose's full, prodigious breasts kept a fair amount of shape, even though she was flat on her back.

For a moment, I thought I was going to abandon my purpose in favour of instant gratification. Miss Pussy ordered me to jump aboard and ravish the sweet creature so helplessly in my power.

Courageously, I held off her prurient urgings and, instead, fumbled with Primrose's delicate clit collar, hoping my hands would stop shaking long enough to fit the wicked, golden band where it would do the most good.

There was no time to waste. Forewarned of her next ordeal, Primrose's pink clit was already thickening with anticipation, poking its way out between the cloying folds of her aroused labia.

Spreading her engorged labia wide, I slipped the collar onto the turgid shred of sex flesh, quickly working it down the length until it came to rest, hard up into her groin. None too soon, either.

Contact with my fingers, and the collar itself, had an immediate effect. Moments after I was satisfied that the golden band was positioned where I wanted it, Primrose's throbbing clit had swollen up famously. Over half an inch long and almost as thick.

With a gleam in my eye, I poked my tongue out and allowed its tip to caress the pulsing, desperate organ until I was confident my gentle touch was seconds away from forcing poor Primrose into a premature orgasm.

That was hardly fair so, before she could achieve the climax I had brought her to the brink of, I depressed the micro pad, bringing to life a circle of miniature, exploding barbs.

In the blink of an eye, Primrose's ecstasy turned to agony. A keening wail escaped through her tightly pursed lips and her body stiffened under the impact. Her legs spasmed. Somehow she was able to keep her eyes scrunched and her arms pinned underneath her, clear evidence she had been expecting the attack, if not its severity.

Gradually the bed stopped bouncing, as a combination of my soothing caresses and Primrose's astonishing willpower, brought some relaxation to the frantic tension in her muscles. I removed the little stud in her clit piercing.

"What a good girl you are," I murmured, impressed and delighted by Primrose's continued, agreeable behaviour.

As soon as we had both calmed down, I slid the tiny, golden cone over the turgid, engorged nubbin, delicately twisting the snug cage until a tell-tale snick advised me I had locked it permanently into its housing on the rim of Primrose's barbed clit collar.

I enlisted the aid of a pair of tweezers to poke and prod a thin golden bolt through the barrel of the cone, and the pierced flesh imprisoned by it.

Properly aligned and flush, I forced the half turn which served to make Primrose's dainty, golden clit shackle a life-time companion for her.

"Just perfect," I exclaimed, the relief plain in my voice as the evidence confirmed that Primrose's caged and disciplined clit could not retract into the safety of her swollen labia, which lips, I couldn't help but notice, were awash with desire.

I was shivering with anticipation all the while I eased a contoured, flexible rubber dildo into Primrose's slippery pussy. It was a modest size for the moment but that would change incrementally over the next two weeks.

Primrose's wriggling antics made it immediately apparent that the lifeless visitor was very welcome. What sort of welcome would it get when it came to life? I'd like to see that!

I suppose the best way to describe Primrose's chastity shield would be to liken it to a snug, golden pussy pouch, made flexible by a nearly invisible hinge running down the midline. A circular panel had been removed from the center, corresponding to the clit cage. I jiggled the shield into place over both the cage and the shackle; the shackle swiveled up to the horizontal for the purpose.

More or less simultaneously, I fitted a separator plate between Primrose's distended labia and as soon as it was where it should be, I pressed the shield firmly into her groin. There were four golden bolts, without shackles, which had to be threaded from one side through to the other. First through the right shield shell, then through the matching piercing in her right labia, then through the separator plate (I'd had the forethought to make these holes a little wider than the bolt, just in case), then through her left labia before finally, hopefully, locating the socket in the left shield shell.

I started just behind her clit cage and it was the devil of a job to manoeuvre the damned bolt past all the obstacles I had set up.

Primrose wasn't to blame. Heavens no; she lay perfectly still, legs spread, patiently prepared to endure whatever I had in store for her.

So, you can imagine my sigh of relief when I felt the distal end of the bolt engage its destination. I screwed the rebellious bolt into the socket far enough to be confident it wouldn't slip out, and then got on with the next in line, about an inch away in the direction of her comprehensively plugged bottom.

Each bolt was easier to engage than its predecessor, as you'd expect as the burnished chastity assembly was inexorably welded to its victim's shaven pussy.

All four bolts were eventually secured, isolating Primrose's excited pussy from all foreign contact. It was

simple, though very satisfying, to tighten each bolt as far as it would go with the reward of a final click to announce it was permanently engaged and perfectly flush with the shield's gleaming surface. All in all, I was exceptionally pleased with my handiwork.

Sealing the shield had drawn the shells much closer with the obvious consequence of applying excruciating pressure to Primrose's helpless labia, trapped and separated as they were.

Both the time, and the money, I had invested in Primrose's erotic body jewelry were amply repaid by the marvelous vision sprawled out before me. Primrose lay quite still, only the heaving of her enormous bosom hinting at the intensity of her arousal, and discomfort.

Her melon sized breasts, each strikingly capped with an exquisitely caged, shackled and collared nipple, spilled provocatively on each side of her impossibly wasped torso. Through her parted, trembling lips, I could make out her lolling tongue, or rather the twinkling pattern of barbells which highlighted and handicapped it. Her big blue eyes, of course, were squeezed shut and her sleekly gloved arms remained pinned beneath her, in about as awkward a configuration as you could imagine.

My eyes were drawn to Primrose's sparkling clit, imprisoned and tormented in an identical fashion to her engorged nipples, and the temptation to tweak the dainty shackle bolted through it proved too hard to resist.

Primrose squirmed desperately, my light touch sufficient to provoke a dizzying confection of urgent arousal and extreme agony. I groaned wantonly as the image appeared in my mind of a clit-leashed Primrose staggering along in my wake. The shape of things to come looked very fine.

"Stand up, Primrose."

The dear girl actually managed to struggle to her ballet booted feet without using her crushingly gloved arms. They stayed obediently behind her back.

"Make a quarter turn to your right."

"Open your eyes."

Primrose's gaze was directed squarely at my dressing table mirror. For a very long moment we both stared at the astounding reflection.

I searched her beautifully decorated face anxiously, a sinking feeling in my stomach that our honeymoon was at an end and the dire reality of her bizarre and painful predicament would overwhelm her.

In fact, so certain was I of this eventually that the remote control for Primrose's elaborate, internal discipline system was in the palm of my hand, awaiting the opportunity to punish the first hint of rebellion. I searched and waited in vain. No such rebellion eventuated. I suppose you can never be really sure of another person's thoughts but, standing there, looking closely at her reaction, what could I think other than the plainly obvious? Primrose was mesmerised by her wanton appearance and far from being repelled by the permanent, and painful, jewelry welded to all her most sensitive flesh, she was entranced by it. My jaw dropped in disbelief as I watched Primrose straighten her shoulders and thrust her magnificent bosom proudly forward. Now I had seen everything. "Well?" I enquired.

"... thank you... thank you, Mith Clara... "

As soon as Primrose caught sight of my naked body, she lowered her eyes respectfully. Somehow that submissive gesture provided an irresistible trigger.

I swept Primrose into my arms and threw her onto the bed. I was on top of her in an instant, trapping her shaven skull between my thighs and lowering a raging, drooling Miss Pussy directly onto an eager, if inexperienced, tongue.

In spite of the suddenness of my assault, Primrose had succeeded in pinning her sleekly gloved arms beneath her pitilessly wasped torso. Looking down past my own heaving, naked breasts, I could just make

out her wide, innocent blue eyes, peering up at me adoringly. A rush of genuine affection surged through me.

"Sweet Primrose," I murmured throatily, tenderly brushing her eyelids with my fingertips.

No sooner had her eyes closed than I picked up the pace, desperate to sate Miss Pussy's impatient desire. I ground my groin into her face, thrilling to the exquisite sensations provided by her meekly responsive, barbelled tongue.

"You have my permission, Primrose."

The words were barely out of my mouth before Primrose spasmed, an explosive shudder ripping through her magnificently uniformed body. Her reaction set me off as well and I howled with delight, mashing Miss Pussy ferociously against the helpless head between my thighs for the full duration of the very best orgasm I had ever had.

Primrose's primal passion endured even longer than mine, a chaotic combination of pleasure, pain and asphyxiation driving her to a seemingly endless climax.

Exhausted, I collapsed beside my treasure and for several minutes there was only the sound of our frantic breathing.

"That was something!" I exclaimed breathlessly.

My lips kissed Primrose's cheek and at the same time I was able to rub an itch in the tip of my nose against a convenient face chain. Practical as well as decorative, I couldn't help but think.

I found the remote unit dropped carelessly while Miss Pussy was completely in charge.

"Roll over, darling," I requested, encouraging her with a gentle nudge.

Harriett had assured me that all the features controlled by the remote were working perfectly. I hoped so.

Clara's Menagerie - The Final Part

I pressed Primrose's elegantly booted legs together and tapped in a simple, coded instruction.

The effect was instantaneous. An enormously powerful magnetic field was generated between the invisible steel bands which encircled her thighs, calves and ankles beneath the neoprene sheaths. Primrose's lovely legs were welded into an inseparable single limb.

Lifting her ballet toed feet, I bent her calves back onto her thighs, the natural resistance increasing the closer her ankles came to her tender, voluptuous buttocks.

Fortunately, I didn't have to rely on my own strength, especially in my presently enervated state. A second code entered into the remote activated complimentary magnetic fields and I was more than satisfied with the salutary effect.

Primrose's calves were cruelly crushed into her thighs, the rapier pointed heels of her ballet boots almost disappearing into the deep cleft between her plentiful, juicy buttock cheeks.

I mounted Primrose's limp, supine body, sitting squarely astride her delicious bottom, and enjoying the strange pressure of the contact between Miss Pussy and the ballet boots.

Primrose's face was buried in a pillow so I wasn't able to gauge her visible response to the sudden and extremely painful immobilisation of her legs. I did hear a faint grunt but the fact that there was no physical resistance and her seamlessly gloved arms remained passively crossed over her spine suggested Primrose was perfectly content to accept my authority.

I wriggled my hips to appease Miss Pussy and then set about immobilising Primrose's arms in a particularly venomous manner. I pressed her palms together, clumped fingers pointing up, and triggered the magnetic field which glued her hands into a neat, single appendage, fingers against fingers, thumb against thumb.

On to the exciting part. I gripped her elbows firmly and began pushing inwards, inexorably forcing her

helplessly integrated hands on a tortuous journey up the length of her spine towards a final destination in the region of her slender neck.

Primrose shuddered involuntarily and muffled, pitiful cries of distress escaped her lovely lips. Neither of which, however, deterred my resolve and a combination of Primrose's natural suppleness, my direction and a series of powerful magnetic fields between the bands around her palms and thumbs, wrists, forearms and biceps produced a fiendishly exhilarating result.

From fingertip to elbow, Primrose's aching, tormented arms were welded crushingly together along her spine, her wrists driven up to the height of her neck, her useless hands actually touching the base of her shaven skull.

I just had to applaud her Stoic acceptance of the terrible bondage burden I subjected her to. I caressed her hairless head soothingly, kissed her shackled earlobes and scratched her nose.

"Good girl," I praised her fondly.

Primrose had been ravaged on top of the bed which meant I had to slide the bedclothes out from underneath her to get us ready for slumber. I had to surmise that the sharp tremors which accompanied this action were the consequence of the contact made by the rustling satin and Primrose's caged, shackled and collared nipples. Whoops.

Gently, carefully, I rolled Primrose onto her back, manoeuvring her to one side of the bed. The poor girl writhed and squirmed as she tried famously to accustom her excruciatingly bound limbs to the responsibility of bearing all her weight. I pulled the covers up, pausing a moment to fondle her deliciously vulnerable breasts.

I tucked her in snugly. Only her head, propped up on her mercilessly bound hands, was visible. I kissed the dear girl on her sweet lips and stroked her forehead affectionately. A warm smile spread over my flushed face as our eyes locked and I was bathed in the unmistakable glow of loyal devotion and deep contentment.

"Open wide, darling," I commanded kindly.

Actually, Primrose had seen the gag in my hand before I issued the instruction, and her mouth was already stretched open as far as it could go in expectation of having it rigorously plugged.

"Poke your tongue into the slot."

"Perfect."

Primrose thrust her barbelled tongue into the custom provision made for it in the surface of the stiff, neoprene plug which had been shaped to fill her helpless mouth to bursting point.

I relished the satisfying snick which confirmed Primrose's tongue was securely captured. Serious, downward pressure popped the rear component of the plug behind her teeth, allowing the front section to settle around her teeth.

A golden post was driven into the front of the gag and this supported a burnished shackle through its barrel, matching those embedded in the rest of her body. In turn, the shackle supported a two inch length of golden chain, identical to her face chains, terminating in an attractive snap clip which I promptly fastened to Primrose's nose shackle.

The tip of the post, protruding out directly from the center of Primrose's mouth, was in fact an adjustment knob. A custom key fitted over it and a few clockwise rotations were sufficient to exploit the agony gag's full potential.

Primrose's tongue was achingly stretched to its roots, her jaws were jacked savagely apart and her lips drawn wickedly onto the studded surface of the horror gag's outer hemisphere. I petted her bloated cheeks and creaking jaws. The devilish gag's excruciating impact was blatantly apparent, notwithstanding Primrose's brave effort to conceal her suffering. I brought my lips close to her ear. I couldn't help myself.

"Do you think I could squeeze another turn?" I whispered mischevously. I observed her intently while she considered my dread question.

She needed barely a second to reach a decision. A pair of tears pooled in the corners of her lens sheathed eyes. Her hairless head nodded worshipfully. I could do whatever I wanted to her. So I did!

"Good girl. I'm coming to bed soon."

I pulled on a comfortable silk dressing gown. The rest of the house was nowhere near as warm as my bedroom. One of the first improvements I planned to make when we renovated our country house was the inclusion of central heating. I don't like the cold.

You thought I'd forgotten Dimples, didn't you? Not very likely. I traipsed out to the garage and extracted the kennel from my SUV, wheeling it all the way into Dimples' dungeon.

There I extracted her, somewhat the worse for wear I must admit. But I had neither the time nor inclination to alleviate her suffering. I did make myself attach the truck to the power supply, that was important, before leashing my mercilessly muzzled pet and leading her into my cozy bedroom.

Dimples settled onto her cruelly spiked mat while I slipped out of my gown and slippers and under the covers.

After one, final, appreciative glance to left and right, I reached up to the headboard and switched off the lights. I cuddled up against Primrose and to the best of my recollection, I was asleep within minutes. Everything in my wonderful world was just right.

Of course, that's hardly the end of my tale. It's scarcely the start.

Clara's Menagerie 2 has been finished and is, as we speak in the sweaty grasp of Benson! Expect a full preview of the second scintillating part of this story soon, only here at PetGirls.com!