

THE PRICE OF ARROGANCE

CAPTURED, BROKEN, & TRAINED
BY I. BINDER



The Price of Arrogance
(Captured, Broken & Trained)

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The author believes in and fully endorses safe consensual sexual activity including any and all related fantasy play. While it may be fun to include the illusion of non-consensual activity in theme play, there should always be carefully developed boundaries and most importantly SAFE WORDS. Never disrespect or exceed your partner's boundaries and always always always adhere to the use of safe words.

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Chapter 1

Harry awoke. Everything was pitch black, but he was still fully hooded so he had no way of knowing if there were lights on in the room. He could only presume that there were. His shoulders ached. His legs felt cramped. His hands were tingling. And there was a dull pain in his lower abdomen. He did not know what time it was. This was not the way things were suppose to be right now.

He had been attracted to Janie from the first time he saw her at the pool of their apartment complex. She was relatively tall, about 6 feet, maybe not really so tall for young people now. She was blonde and wore her hair in a no nonsense page boy cut. It was reminiscent of an earlier age, but somehow it did not look out of date on her. He was not really sure which building she lived in, he had tried to follow her back from the pool or the workout room on several occasions, but had to break off in the narrow area leading to the north part of the complex. He could only assume she lived on that end. Unfortunately he lived in the southern part of the complex. He would guess her age at about 24 and he knew she was physically fit. He had seen her in the workout room.

Harry prided himself on his body; he was a regular in the workout room. He would try to workout at least an hour every day. He was very careful about what he ate (not so careful of what he drank), but he did not use any drugs. He regarded himself as handsome and he certainly had little trouble attracting women. But for some reason, those relationships never seemed to work out. He was not with anyone right now. He had been told he was vain. Marie, who had recently broken off with him, had even told him that there was no room for anyone else in his life because nobody could compete with his love for himself. He didn't understand. He was witty; he took girls to the very best places and he would ALWAYS bypass the line at the best clubs. It is true that he would flirt with other women wherever he saw them, but he had always made it a point of leaving with the person he arrived with, well, almost always.

His schedule was very flexible. He was a day trader and worked from home, or wherever he and his computer happened to be, so he could travel as he desired and while he was not what he himself considered wealthy (this made him a bit penurious when it came to other people) he was able to adequately fund his party boy life style. His apartment was not exactly luxurious, but it was a comfortable bachelor place. Besides, it was located in a very large complex primarily populated by young people, and it had been fertile hunting grounds for Harry. He would wear a loose fitting athletic shirt with cut off sleeves that showed off his build. He was not bulked up like body builders; he was instead slim at 190 lbs. and 6'1". But he had six pack abs and firm muscle tone. Women never complained.

He considered himself to be extraordinary in bed and made a point of including this fact in his verbal resume during early dating rituals. Some girls seemed put-off by this, but he figured that they were just shy and were probably too much work anyway.

Janie had seemed in this later group and while she had not told him to stop talking to her she was not receptive, especially when the subject of sex came up, and with Harry the subject of sex always came up. But there was something about her that he found to be so compelling he could not leave it alone. He had asked her out several times. She had always had other plans. He had asked for her telephone number, she said he didn't need it since they saw each other all of the time. He told her that she was missing out because he was on the A list and they could go anywhere. She had just smiled.

He had been prodding her for about two months (this may be a record for Harry) when there appeared to be a crack in the defense. Janie said:

“You think you are in pretty good shape.”

“What you see is what you get.” Harry's version of modesty.

“I understand that you were a wrestler in High School.”

“A damn good one.” He had probably told her that, it was something he often told women when speaking of his sexual prowess.

“Do you think you could beat me?” Even the question created a bulge in Harry’s pants.

“Of course, I have at least 60 pounds on you and even though I know you work out a lot you would be no match for me.”

“OK, so you would give me a handicap of some sort?”

“Whatever you want!” The bulge was growing and Harry suddenly had a metallic taste in his mouth. Wrestling involved touching, a lot of touching, very intimate touching, he was ready to agree to almost anything to keep this fantasy alive. He only hoped she was not playing some kind of cruel game. But why would she lead him on for nothing, after all, it was not uncommon for women to want a pretext.

“Here is the deal. We will have a wrestling match. You will give me a small handicap that I will describe in a minute. The match is 45 minutes and if you can pin me for 30 seconds at any time during the 45 minutes you win and I will go out with you to any place you want to go.”

“I don’t think I would need anywhere near 45 minutes, but I would love to tangle with you for that much time.” Now he did not care what the handicap was. This was sounding like something that just might happen.

“Here is the handicap. We will be on a 20’ by 20’ mat. You will be blindfolded with a device that I will provide that will guarantee that you cannot see anything.”

“So you will just have to stay out of my reach for 45 minutes?”

“Yes, but to even the odds a little I will wear a small bell that will give away my location when I move. We will both stay on the mat. In fact I have a place in mind that has a room of the right size with a mat on the floor and padded walls so we don’t hurt ourselves.”

“You don’t expect me to hold back do you?”

“No, and neither will I. I plan to take you down and keep you down for a lot longer than 30 seconds; maybe longer than 45 minutes.” Let her dream he thought.

“When and where?” Please make it soon the voice in the back of his head (or was it another head) was saying. Forty-Five minutes of her on top of him could make him want to throw the match. But he knew that would not happen. He would toy with her a bit, let her appear to have some advantage, and then he would dominate her in a way she would not be able to resist. He is after all a super male and although fit, she is a female. The weaker sex is meant to be controlled and dominated by men.

“How is tomorrow night? I need to arrange the location. I will meet you in front of the main entrance to the complex at 6:30 p.m. and you can drive us there. I will give you directions. It can be a little hard to find. Why don’t you pack an overnight bag in case we decide to stay all night.”

Had he really heard that? Did she just say: “Stay all night?” “I will be there with bells on. Oh, no, sorry, it is you who will be wearing the bells. What should I wear?”

“Dress comfortably, but I figure the match should be in the nude.”

Harry could hardly speak. “That is fine by me; I have always thought this convention of clothing is a bit overrated.” This just kept getting better and better.

Harry could hardly think the next day. He made a few bad trades and decided he needed to stop. He spent most of the day day-dreaming. He wanted to tell everyone about this, but his ego shouted NO. If it turned out to be a hoax and she didn't show, he would be embarrassed beyond belief if he had told anyone. Could that be her game? Was she setting him up to not show or to come and laugh at him? He wasn't sure what he would do to her if that was the case, but it sure would not be pretty. No, he would not tell a soul. He did shoot a few e-mails to friends telling them that he had something come up and might be out of town for a few days. If it was all night, maybe all the next day too. What was this mysterious exotic location they were going to?

Chapter 2

By 6:00 p.m. Harry was in his car parked in front of the complex. He was increasingly sure she was not going to show. He didn't even have her telephone number. He had been in such a state of excitement the day before that he had forgotten to ask for it. Surely she would have given it to him then. Then at 6:30 exactly he saw her emerge from the main entrance. She was wearing a short, black leather dress that cut just above the knee and a heavy sweater. Even with the bulk of the sweater her breasts stood out well. She had on stiletto heels that strapped up to mid calf. She was carrying a small Louis Vuitton bag. He realized that he had never learned what she did, although she seemed comfortable for money and was always perfectly dressed.

Janie opened the passenger door of Harry's Mercedes and threw her small bag into the back seat. She sat down and fastened her seat belt. Harry felt light headed with relief and anticipation. As she closed the door her scent washed over him. What was it? He was not sure, but the smell was intoxicating. She was here. She was giving him directions to drive. She had brought an overnight bag. Now he wished that he had crowed to at least a few friends before going. But this would make the story so much better when opened fresh – another huge achievement for Harry. They should be putting him on the cover of GQ magazine – no, Time. Of course, there was the camera on his phone in his pocket. It is marvelous that cameras are so available now yet take such great pictures. When he was done with her, when he had brought her to his will and initiated her into the Harry Appreciation Group, there would have to be some pictures. What could she really do about it anyway? He would be discrete; well, sort of. Some pictures of his conquests usually ended up on his Facebook page, the less racy ones, but then there were the ones he shared with his closer network of friends. It wouldn't be right to deny them would it?

She was directing him through areas he had never been before. It became rural and dark, very dark.

“How much further?”

“Not far now” she replied. “Take the dirt road half a mile ahead on your right.” He found it, turned and continued to drive. The road had once been gravel, but showed signs of deferred maintenance.

“Ahead, through those trees is a gate. It should be open.” It was. He could now see a large building ahead. It looked like it has once been a manufacturing plant of some kind. He could now actually see some light coming from within. They pulled up in front of a large door that had been rolled up to reveal a portion of the inside used for vehicles.

“Drive on in.” she said. He complied. There was no sign of anyone inside, but the lights in the open bay were on. Next to where they had parked there was a metal staircase that went up to a cat walk a level above with a series of doors. One was clearly lit.

“That is where we are going.” She said pointing to the lit door. Harry was not sure what he was expecting, but this was not it. The place had a thick layer of dust evidencing its lack of use for many years. Janie grabbed her bag and signaled to him to do the same as she headed for the stairs. There was a moment of hesitation but it quickly passed. Hell, he was usually the one taking women to have sex in places they did not want to go.

There was no sign of anyone else. The door on the second floor opened into a room lined with tables and electronic equipment. These were the first signs the building had any recent habitation. “Some friends of mine use this place for filming and film related work.” Janie volunteered. Harry was not particularly familiar with the movie or filming business, but he did see viewing screens and what looked like equipment for playing and editing video. Work here must happen during the daytime.

Janie led the way across the room and through another door, which in turn led to a hallway with metal doors on each side. Harry counted three on each side. Janie opened the second door on the left. They both walked in. The room was hued in a light blue; it was approximately 20' by 20'. The floor was completely matted. The walls, including the back of the door were also padded. The mats and all of the padding were similar to the type normally used in workout facilities. Lighting was imbedded into the ceiling but covered by wire. The ceiling had other pieces of equipment behind wire but Harry could not figure out what they were, maybe speakers or special lighting. It appeared that this room was designed for some very active interaction. Harry thought it was perfect for his purposes. She would be confined to a small space and the padded walls meant that he, even blindfolded, could move quickly and even bounce off the walls, as he needed. Janie closed the door. There was an outline in the padding where the door had been, but no other sign. Harry looked around and saw other similar openings that appeared to be panels and even a few holes the purpose of which he could not divine.

Janie walked to a wall and pushed on the outline of a panel. It popped open revealing a cupboard. There was something black on one of the shelves, something small and red on another.

“Our clothes go in here and these are our accessories.” With that Janie began stripping. In just a few minutes she stood naked before him. Her breasts were even better than Harry had imagined. She looked at Harry and said; “Now you.”

Harry quickly followed suit neatly folding his clothing and placing them on one of the shelves. As he did he got a better look at the other items on the shelves. The smaller of the two was a red leather collar. In the front was a silver ring with a small bell. The collar had a buckle at the back with a ring for a padlock. Janie fastened the collar around her neck then handed Harry a small brass

lock and turned her back. “Lock it on.” She directed. He followed the instruction.

Janie turned back, reached into the cupboard and withdrew the other item. It was made of black leather and Harry immediately recognized it as the sort of item sold for more adventurous sexual activity in many adult shops. She handed it to him. He turned it in his hands examining the item. It was made of quality leather and all of the stitching looked very professional. He could see that it would mold to the entire head. The face had no eyes, only two small holes for the nostrils and a zipper at the location of the mouth. The rest was smooth. Once placed over the head it would lace up the back to make it fit tightly and smoothly to the face. After the laces were pulled tight the back could be zipped down from the crown to the neck. The neck had a 3” collar that closed over the back of the neck with two metal studs, each of which accepts a lock. There was something very intimidating about this item. She had said a “blindfold”. This was a great deal more than a blindfold. What would she say if he refused to put it on? She handed it to him and told him to put it on and lace up the back. He weighed it in his hand and looked up at her.

“Now that we are here am I too much for you?” The bell on her collar tinkled with virtually every move she made. He had agreed to be completely without sight – and this would certainly do that. He heard her bell tinkle again. What the hell, he had come this far, he was not going to quit now. He pulled it over his head, aligned the nose, mouth and chin and started to tighten the laces. He worked down from the top to the bottom. As he pulled on the laces to smooth the hood into place he could hear the tinkle of the bell in various parts of the room. He briefly wondered what she was doing, but went back to pulling the laces.

“Ok.” He said as he turned to the sound of the tinkle. She was going to be easy to find. His confidence, never a problem for Harry, suddenly was even better. He heard her approach and turned his back to her. She guided him back a ways as she made a few minor

adjustments to the lacing, tightened the knot and folded all of the ends up into lace area before pulling the zipper from the crown to the bottom of the neck. He put his hands on his face. The leather fit without a wrinkle to every part of his face. It was not uncomfortable, his breathing was a little bit restricted, but, he absolutely could not see a thing. He felt the two parts of the collar close behind his neck followed by the sound of two padlocks closing. But there was another sound, like the tinkle of her bell, but different. What was that?

“It looks like we are ready.” She said.

“ghu whet ugh mhm” He tried to respond but found that the hood was molded so closely to his head and tight around his chin that it kept his mouth tightly closed. He couldn’t even understand what he had said. Well, there was nothing to say anyway it was time to take his prize. The bell tinkled in front and slightly to his left. He jumped forward in the direction of the bell, as he did he spread his arms to get her if she moved to the side. Something caught him at the back of his neck. That is what he had heard; when she locked the collar she had attached a chain to the collar. The other end must be connected to the wall behind him. The force of the jerk on the back of his neck stopped him and almost dropped him to the ground. He barely managed to keep from falling. She would pay for this. But she had apparently anticipated this event and had placed a loop or rope about where his right foot would be. As he was jerked to a stop she flicked the rope over his foot, pulled it tight to the right ankle. Then she pulled. He was already off balance and this was enough to drive him to the ground. He immediately tried to pull his leg back, but she must have secured it to something.

And where had the rope come from? He didn’t know what she had done, the walls had appeared smooth. But, they did have cupboards. That must have been what she was doing while he was lacing the hood. He guessed that there were now a number of anchors and other implements positioned about the room. What and where they were, he would not be able to see. Had she planned out

every detail of this? He was suddenly not so sure of his advantage. He lay on the floor on his back, his neck was connected someplace behind him. He felt to where the chain connected to the collar. It was locked into a clip that was closed by the padlock. He could not remove it. He then reached up the chain as far as he could, he tried to slide toward it, but his right ankle was roped and stretched in the other direction. He could not reach the point where the chain connected to the wall. There was nothing he could do about the chain. The ankle rope was a single loop that slid easily like a western lasso. It had been pulled tight to the opposite wall. With his neck anchored he could not reach anywhere near his ankle. Stretched tightly it was too tight to shake loose. He did not understand how she had been able to pull it so tight against his strength. It must be because she had surprised him. The agreement had been wrestle. This did not seem to be fair. But, what was he going to do about it.

He was pretty well stuck. She could just wait out the 45 minutes and he would have failed, but something told him that she had a lot more planned. What was next? She had tricked him. He was angry now. Tinkle to the left of him. He lashed out with his free left foot. That appears to have been anticipated in her next plan. As his foot struck air, a loop dropped over it and tightened on the left ankle. She had the other ankle. He pulled his leg toward his body and grabbed his thigh with his arms. She pulled the rope to the right crossing over his anchored right leg. It became a tug of war, but it was not a fair fight. She had apparently fastened the rope through some type of cleat like the ones found on sail boats. It allowed the rope to move only in one direction, in this case tighter. His leg was being pulled out at about a 45 degree angle to the right. The objective was clear; she meant to turn him on his stomach. As much as she was determined to flip him over he was determined to prevent it. But every time he relaxed she would jerk on the rope and take up a little slack. He would pull back, but always to no avail. He was losing the battle an inch at a time. Finally he was on his side keeping off his stomach with the force of his hands and arms. He was careful to keep his hands close to his body not knowing what

she had in mind for them. His muscles were beginning to shake and spasm. As he weakened, a single forceful pull completed the action. He was on his stomach with his legs split at about 45 degrees.

The game was not playing out well. He figured three rounds for her and none for him. He could not afford to lose any more. It was clear that she intended to keep going until he was not just stuck, but completely helpless. It was clear his hands were the next, and most important, objective. As long as they were free he was a threat. He heard her approach between his legs. Here it came, what would she do? And would she make a mistake? If he could get a hand on her he was strong enough to pull her under him even tied as he was. She was kneeling down behind him, between his legs. Her hands came forward and grabbed him by the penis and testicles. Maybe things were about to get sexual. Maybe his hands were not next. She stroked his penis a couple of times then took his testicles in her hand. That made him nervous, but maybe things were turning in a more positive direction. Then she tightly connected something around his scrotum just above his testicles. What was that, some kind of harness, and what was it for? He could feel her feeding a rope through something on the new harness. He felt her wrap a rope around his upper thigh. After she seemed to finish feeding the rope, she was still doing something near his sexual equipment, what he was not sure.

He couldn't let her finish whatever she was trying to set up, He was running out of time and needed to make a play. As suddenly as he could he lurched to his right, turned his shoulders as far as he could and reached out with his right arm grasping for her arm or some other part of her. His hand grazed across her stomach but there was nothing to grab. He had missed. He quickly pulled his hand back with the idea to set up for another try, but something had changed. One of her loops had found the right wrist. The end of that loop was the one she had threaded through the ball harness. She jumped up and pulled hard. He resisted, pulling his hand forward, but the pain in his balls was intense. He stopped pulling his

right hand let it be pulled back on top of his buttocks. That had hurt. Instinctively he grabbed his tortured balls with his left hand. He had enough presence of mind to be careful to grab below his body so she could not get a line on his only free hand. But, as he loosened the grip on his testicles he felt a rope tighten around his last free wrist. Not only did it close on his wrist it pulled it out from under his body and around to his side. Like the last loop this rope ran through the ball harness. How had she done that? She must have positioned a loop around his penis and testicles anticipating that at some time he would be compelled to grab them. With his right hand out of play and his left wrist snared she stood over him with her foot on his buttocks and pulled on the rope which ran through the ball harness and then attached to his left wrist. In this position resistance only punished his testicles. It quickly became a losing battle and his left hand joined his right on top of his buttocks and behind his back.

Both his legs and both his wrists were now secured, but only with a single loop of rope each. If he could get a little slack he could slip these binds. He put his hands together and started to try to work the loops off his wrists. He leaned back and pulled on the end of the lines going to the ball harness to see if he could create slack. It wouldn't take much slack to slip a hand loose. Maybe she would stop and take a break and he would be able to get a hand out. But that was not to happen. He heard the bell as she walked around him a couple of times. He heard her step across him and squat down on his back. Her naked legs came into contact with his upper arms and back. The tops of her feet were on his shoulders. She was facing away from his head and toward his body. Her weight pushed him back down and tightened the loops on his wrists. Whether it was true or not he had thought he was just about to get a hand free, but then he felt the ropes tighten as she sat on him. He would not be able to do anything while she was sitting on him. Normally the feel of her naked flesh against him would have been exciting, but now he was too angry. He was ready to find some good use for these ropes when he got free.

He could feel her knees pushing in on his arms. He felt rope being pulled under both his wrists. He could not see it, but she had made a loop by folding a length of rope in half. She then pulled the loop under his wrists brought it up and fed the running ends of the rope through the loop to make a two rope circle of his wrists. She pulled the ropes back reversing the direction and pulled it tight. Then she made two more circles of his wrists, in the opposite direction from the first. His wrists were now circled with six lines of strong rope. She had carefully kept all the wraps above the loops that held each individual wrist. She fed the running ends back through the original loop to keep the tie from twisting and creating slack. Then she turned the rope ends with one pointed toward his head and the other toward his feet and circled the wrist ropes three or four times in opposite directions, cinching the original tie. When she was done she put her knee across his lower arms and pulled the cinch tight. The two ends were then knotted. But to keep the knot from finding slack she fed each rope end back through the wrist wrapping so that each line fed next to an arm and toward his hands. Then she removed the two lasso loops from his wrists.

His ball harness was to be put right back to use. She fed the two ends of the hand tie down through the ball harness and back to his hands. She pulled them tight and knotted them back above the hands. So much for an easy escape. He could feel the remaining rope ends from the hand tie lying on his back as she got up. He wondered if he could get to the knot with his fingers. She stepped across him the other direction and once again sat down, this time on his hands. Once again her naked flesh came into contact with his body. He wiggled his hands to see if he could grab something. He had no leverage. He felt loops of rope being wrapped just above his elbows. It felt like Four loops followed by a careful cinch that filled the entire gap between his elbows. From the end of the cinch she brought the rope ends up under his right arm, across the shoulder, around the back of the neck, across the other shoulder, then down and under the left arm and back to the elbow cinch. From there the lines were brought up over the rope that was now behind his neck and then back to the cinch, where, after being pulled tight. She

moved back off his hands and then knotted the rope ends from the hand tie to the elbow cinch; so much for his reaching and untying the knots at his wrists.

His wrists and elbows were professionally tied. The elbows were not too tight, but anchored over his shoulders and to his neck the tie would not move an inch. He twisted his wrists, but there was no slack. He tried to move them to one side or another, but they were held tight to his ball harness. He felt around for knots with his fingers. He found what felt like a knot but it did not have a rope end to manipulate. All of the rope ends were tied at his elbows and there was no chance of reaching them. Without help he did not see how he was going to get his hands or arms loose. She seemed to be happy with her work. She leaned forward pressing her breasts into his back. She placed her lips against his ear and whispered: "End Game."

She was on his upper legs again. He felt her hands near his testicles as she fed another rope through the ball harness. What was she going to do with that? She pulled it down in the same direction as his anchored right foot and secured it someplace. It was not very tight.

Then she was up again. Suddenly the rope holding his left leg came loose of its anchor. She used the rope to pull his left leg down next to his right leg and then secured it. Once again she stepped across his body and sat down, this time on his buttocks. His fingers could just reach her and he could not resist straining just to touch her. This time she wrapped and cinched his legs just below the knees. He thought he had always seen pictures with the legs tied above the knees, but as he quickly realized the space below the knee is less fleshy, less subject to muscle expansion, and as a result, is a more secure place to tie. She tightened the cinch and tied it off. It was a secure tie.

She next removed the loop from his left ankle. She was up again and he felt her pull on the rope she had earlier anchored from

his ball harness. He felt the pressure on his testicles as she pulled out the slack. Only then after the new anchor was pulled tight did she loosen and remove the loop from his right foot that had previously provided the lower body anchor. She positioned her body on his legs just below the knees using the weight of her naked body to hold the legs in place she tied his ankles in the same loop and cinch system that he had used on his hands and knees.

He was pretty sure he was not going to get out of this now and began wondering how to tell her she had won. For the moment though, he tried to enjoy the feel of her naked flesh on his body. Ok, she was a little kinky. He could handle kinky couldn't he. He was not sure he liked being the one who was tied though.

His legs were now tied together at the knees and ankles. At least his feet were no longer anchored. He could only move them up and down, together of course. Then she looped a rope over the cinch of his ankles; she lifted his feet and bent his legs up toward his hands. Most of his resistance was gone now. He knew she had won. Instead of resisting he just tried to enjoy the feel of her body on his legs. He really wished he could touch her. He could feel her bare breasts as she put her body against his legs and pushed. She was closing the distance between his ankles and wrists. The line from his feet was secured through the cinch on his wrists then back over the ankles and back to the wrists with several wraps. Then she would push his legs forward and take up the slack, then repeat pushing again and again taking up the slack. When she was satisfied she tied it off at his wrists before taking the rope ends back to her favorite spot for the final knot, the elbow cinch. Great, he was now hogtied with the final knot well out of reach.

"Don't run away, I will be right back." She said as she got up and moved away from him.

"Very funny" he thought. He heard an increased tinkling of the bell and then a sound as if she were putting the collar with the bell away followed by rustling sound that sounded like she was getting

dressed. It appeared the sexual contact was over. He guessed that she felt it was over and she was the clear victor. He could not disagree with that assessment. He had lost in a big way. He was now resigned to losing, there was only one problem, he was still secured unmoving on the floor of the funny little matted room.

Then there was a sound like a door followed by silence. She had left him there. He could not tell for sure, but he guessed it had taken her less than half an hour to subdue and secure him. He didn't need her to wait out the rest of the 45 minutes but there was nothing he could do about it. As soon as she left he started to struggle. First he just pulled and twisted his arms. When that yielded nothing his frustration lead him to jerk and pull with all his strength. That was not a good idea. His wrists were still anchored to his ball harness. He was actually glad that his ankles were tied to his wrists. When he tried to straighten his legs it actually took some pressure off his testicles. He tried to twist his body but the anchor from his ball harness to the wall stopped that. It ran between his thighs and was then fed between his calves before going to the anchor. It held him straight. He could roll to the right or left – not far enough to get on his back – but he could not change the angle or pull his knees toward his body at all. Then he decided to take a more intelligent approach. He used what limited mobility he had in his hands to check out every rope he could touch. He would touch a rope with his fingers, follow it in each direction, and then pull looking for any slack he may be able to exploit. There was none. Then frustration took over. He screamed into the hood and pulled with all of his strength. Nothing moved, nothing loosened – he was totally helpless. He went limp in resignation of his plight.

She returned some time later. How long it was he could not tell. It seemed like a lot longer than 45 minutes. Was she now going to let him go and gloat about her victory? He had not heard any clicking that sounded like a camera. He was praying she had not taken photos. There seemed little doubt that she must have. He was thankful that his face had been covered in the hood for the entire embarrassing affair. How would he explain this if she

distributed the pictures? Thoughts of being a viral video on the Internet sent a streak of panic through him.

She knelled down next to him, turned him on his right side and started to stroke his left nipple. The response was immediate. He stopped struggling and began squirming instead. "I guess you are wondering what happens next." She said. He nodded feeling the panic of intense embarrassment well up. He felt like he was going to throw up. He was a man. He was very strong. He was in the very best of shape. How could this have happened? How could he have lost this contest, and lost it so convincingly.

"Ok", he thought, I will just have to live with the shame. But, she was gorgeous. Maybe this is what turned her on. If this led to sex all would be ok. If it worked that way he would let her tie him up as much as she wanted. She wouldn't even have to trick him. Although he was sure he would quickly figure out a way to turn the tables. The image of her sleek curvaceous body hogtied on the mat while he teased and caressed her made him suddenly harden.

"Well", she continued, "if you won you got me. I won so I get you." That sounded ok. She continued: "Only I won't be keeping you. The entire evening has been on live feed to a selective audience. Some were even watching from an adjoining room. If we had come into the building from the other side you would have seen a paved lot and a lot of cars. What is this about, you must be thinking. Later tonight, there will be an auction. You, my fine muscular, if not too smart, boy, are the merchandise. You are being auctioned off. Starting tomorrow morning you will be the property of another. You will stay here in this building until you are trained to meet the desire and need of your new owner. Just to be fair, there is a bright side. If you can get loose before morning you will be free and the sale will be cancelled. That will, of course, cost me a great deal of money so I have done my best to make sure that does not happen." She rolled him back and forth. He could feel a lick and a nip to his nipple. His mind was reeling with the words he was hearing. What on earth was she talking about? Auction? Property?

He was not going to belong to someone else. He was not going to be property. He may be helpless now, but this was just not going to happen. Suddenly fears of embarrassment seemed like small and petty concerns.

“By the way, you never had a chance. I had very carefully sought you out. I was sure your machismo ego would make you play. Your sexual ego could not make you believe that I would not fall for you. You are so used to women falling for you and letting you completely dominate them, treat them like trash, and discard them when you are ready to move on to the next conquest. Don’t get me wrong, you are attractive and strong. Properly trained you will be a very valuable slave. Training will not be easy, but you will succumb. In fact, it is our experiences that the ones like you are the easiest to teach.”

He squirmed and struggled under her touch once again testing the limits of movement that the ropes allowed. He tried to say “people will miss me. People will figure out what you have done.” It was mostly mumbles, but she must have figured it out.

“Did you ever wonder why you could not figure out exactly where I live? Why we were never seen together? Why you don’t even know my real name? Why we came in your car and brought an overnight bag? I knew we were staying overnight, and of course for you it will be quite a bit longer, but, you will not need the bag or even the cloths you came in. They are already gone. Your new owner will dress you any way she sees fit. And, although you do not believe it now, you will strive to please her. There will come a time when there will be nothing more important to you than pleasing your Master or Mistress. And, you will not be missed. No one in the world knows where you are, where you went, or that you are missing. You will not even be missed. You are so selfish that people are use to you moving out of their life without a word. A few will wonder for a shot time and then just dismiss it and go on with their life. Your car will go to a chop shop. By tomorrow it will be in pieces and gone. Your rent has been paid ahead for a couple of months. Long enough to finish

your training, then you will give notice and arrange for all your things to be collected. You may even send a few e-mails to people.”

“Well, ta ta for now. Oh you have plenty of time before morning, but maybe you should just use that time to think about what a good little submissive sex slave you will be. By the way, anything but fully submissive and completely obedient will be a very painful journey. But I have confidence in you. There is already a great deal of interest and I think you will bring a very good price.” He twisted and pulled at the ropes nothing moved and his only reward was the pain in his testicles that was becoming all too common. He thought he heard a laugh. Then there were a couple of pats on his hip, similar to the pat on the head of a dog or small child. A twinge of fury at this dismissive gesture ran through his body only to be quickly replaced by fear.

He heard the door close as she left. What would be next? How had he let this happen? He should have been able to beat her. He was strong. She had cheated. Even blindfolded he should have been able to win, but the neck leash had caught him by surprise it gave her the quick advantage which she had then been able to exploit. It was not fair, she had cheated, but there was no referee or umpire to call foul or throw a flag. She had carefully planned for his surprise and then exploited it and there were no do-overs.

His emotions were fear, anxiety, panic, hope, and despair. They came and went as he struggled, twisted, used his fingers to seek out any individual rope to tug and pull. All, with the same result, sweat, pain, spasms, and exhaustion, but no slack, no increase in motion, and no hope of escape. If he could just loosen or free something. But there was nothing. He had little question that he would still be here hogtied on the floor when morning finally came. That thought took his mind off the long term concerns and caused him to focus on the short term. The last wait had seemed like forever. What time was it? Maybe 8 or 9 p.m. When was morning? At least 8 or 9 hours. His muscles were already beginning to ache. There was no way he could stay like this for that length of

time. He would not do it. There was again a flurry of twisting, pulling, struggling and screaming into the hood. Whoever it was that said something about doing the same thing over and over expecting a different result had not fully considered being in a situation where there was no other choice. He could struggle or he could submit and give up. He was not going to give up – that left struggle. It was going to be a very long night. He wished he could see. He wished there was a clock so at least he could sense how long it had been and how long it would be. Of course if there was a clock he couldn't see it.

Chapter 3

His thoughts were interrupted by the sound of the door. She was back. He knew it wasn't morning. Was it all a tease? If she had meant to scare the shit out of him she had succeeded. His hope suddenly exploded. He would accept anything she wanted. Just let him go. He really wanted, no needed to be let go. He heard movement and then there was a hand on his feet. It did not smell, sound or feel like her. He was pushed forcefully onto his right side. The hand, definitely rougher than Janie's touch ran along his flank, across his stomach fingering the six pack that he worked so hard to maintain and was so proud of, then up to his left nipple. Fingers firmly grabbed his nipple and pinched it. Hard! He yelped in pain. He was pulled back onto his stomach and then pushed over onto his left side. The touching was repeated on the right side of his body. This time the fingers circled the right nipple a couple of times, stoked it three or four times and then pinched it. He had tensed as the fingers got to his nipple, started to relax as it was stroked, but stiffened and yelped when it was pinched. He pulled on his hands trying to bring them to the defense of his breasts. They stayed firmly in place. Who was this? He could smell a slight smell of perfume that made him believe his current tormentor was a woman, but he was absolutely sure it was not Janie. Was it true? Was this a potential buyer? A wave of intense fear washed over him. He did not want to be bought by this person. There was something in her manner that told him belonging to her would be intensely unpleasant. Janie was attractive, no, she was beautiful. But what kind of woman would want to buy a sex slave? She might be very unattractive. This was bullshit. He used women, he didn't serve them. It did not matter what Janie had said, he was not going to be a submissive sex slave and certainly not to this person. If Janie and the others thought they could break him, well, they would just have to see. He was not going to be a slave. He was not going to do what they wanted. First chance he got he was out of here. If

someone had to get hurt in the process, well, they should have thought of that before they started down this path.

The woman grabbed his crotch. Once again it was rough and unpleasant. There was nothing in that touch that was remotely arousing. He went very limp.

Then there was a voice in his ear. It was accompanied by a slightly repugnant smell that he could not place. "What you are not pleased to see me? If I decide to buy you, you will learn better." He was frozen with terror. Even if he were completely free he doubted he could move an inch.

He was really scared now. "Please, oh please, not this one. Anything but this one."

Her hands squeezed his thighs and buttocks; she even opened his hands and looked at his fingers and palms. If he were not hooded he was sure she would have checked his teeth. Then she got up and walked away without a further word. As soon as she was gone he once again began to struggle and pull. It was useless but he could not help himself. His body was now coated in sweat. Then he tried to relax his muscles. Maybe he could go to sleep. Maybe he was sleeping, and when he woke up this would all be a dream. Put the increasing pain in his shoulders, arms and legs could not be ignored. He always slept sprawled out. He had a king size bed and he used most of it. He wasn't even a cuddler when he slept with women. When he was done he rolled onto his back, usually with his arms splayed out and then slept. His present position could not possible be at a more extreme from the position he normally slept in.

For a long time he was alone with the throbbing pain in his limbs and the ache in his testicles from his repeated attempts to escape. Could it be nearing morning? He was pretty sure it was still quite early. The door opened again. No, not again. He would welcome Janie now, even if she were here to tell him it was morning, but he dared not let himself believe that was the case. There was a

hand stroking his head over the hood. He could not tell anything from this touch. Then the hand ran down his back. Not the hand from earlier, but not Janie either. This touch was firm, but much tenderer than his last experience. He was once again rolled onto his side. Not roughly, but with command. He could again feel his stomach being inspected. Fingers ran up to his breast and tenderly circled and stroked the nipple. He responded to this touch. He could feel himself growing. While one hand continued to stroke his nipple the other went to his penis. She circled the head with her finger and stroked up and down the shaft. He was becoming quite excited. The hand then left his nipple. The other hand stopped stroking his penis and took it in her fingers. Then he felt something hard being held along the shaft. She held it in place for four or five seconds and then let go. Was he being measured? That was just degrading. He may have held breasts in his hand and mentally guessed at the size but even he would not pull out a measure and check the size. This one was better than the last, but this last act was so dehumanizing. How could this woman have any appreciation for him? He wished he wasn't hooded and could at least get a look at these women who held his fate in their hands. Literally.

Then she too was up and gone. How many inspections would there be? Somehow he was sure that there would be more indignities before the night was done. This time he didn't even bother to struggle after she left. It was all too clear that the result would only be frustration and more pain in his testicles. They really ached now. He would give anything to be able to massage them. Or even have someone else massage them for him.

He tried to find a comfortable position, but there was none. He could lie on his side, either side, but he could not shift onto his back with his legs pulled up behind him. And even laying on his side was difficult. There was no place to put his head, it would just hang there. If he didn't keep his muscles tight, if he relaxed his position he would start to drift back to the position on his stomach. In the end he accepted this and waited. What time was it? How long would it be?

He had given up any hope of freeing himself. And it was pretty clear no one here was going to let him loose.

Again it seemed like a very long time lying alone, but then he heard the door open. What horror would descend on him now? He heard someone approach. The sound was soft, delicate, not a large person. Once again he was put onto his right side. It was always the right side. But this time it was not forceful or even assertive. Then his head was lifted and placed on something very soft. At first he thought a pillow had been put under his head, but it was warm. His head was on someone's leg. A hand was gently stroking the left side of his head through the hood. The touch was tender. "Are you thirsty?" The voice was soft and melodic. The image in his head was an angel. He pictured her with a glow of light surrounding her. He responded with a nod of his head. He was in fact thirsty, very thirsty.

He felt the zipper on the hood being opened. "Please untie me." He said.

Two soft fingers pressed against his lips. "Shh, no talking." It was not commanding, but gentle and compelling. He said nothing more. "Here, drink this." A bendy straw was pushed through the opening into his mouth. Her left hand was gently stroking his head. Her right hand was holding something near his mouth with the straw positioned against his lips. He took the straw in his lips and sipped. It was only water but it was so welcome and tasted wonderful. "Easy. Not too fast." The voice said. He relaxed under her touch and care. Where had this angel come from?

Then she gently released his head, removed the straw, and gently rolled him back onto his stomach. She was up and behind him. He felt the anchor to his ball harness go slack. Then he could feel her hands on the knots. She was untying something. It was the hogtie line. After the knots had been released she continued to loosen it until his legs were able to lay down flat. The relief in his cramping leg muscles was magical. He stretched his legs out until

his toes touched the floor. Then she was back at the elbow cinch again untying something. Hope and anticipation raced through him. She was untying him. He had asked her to, but had dared not hope or expect it would happen. He said nothing he was terrified if he said a word she would stop. She was working on the rope that anchored his wrists to the ball harness. She loosened this line until the pressure on his testicles was gone. The line still went from his hands through the ball harness but it was not secured after that and there was slack in the line. He could actually move his hands a little – they were still tightly tied together but no longer pulled into his buttocks.

“Roll over.” She instructed and helped him onto his back. It had been a long time since he was in that position. It felt wonderful. She stood up and he could hear her doing something with her clothing. It sounded like she removed a dress and dropped it to the floor nearby. He wished he could see her. He was sure she was beautiful. She straddled his thighs. He could feel her naked legs, but he could also tell she was wearing panties. She leaned forward and her hair fell on his chest. It must have been fairly long. Her hands held the sides of his body as her tongue began to work on his stomach, chest and breasts. She started at his navel, kissed and flicked with her tongue. She kissed up the ripples of his abdomen moving then to his right nipple and lingering. She took the nipple in her mouth gently, released and kissed it, licked the tip gently with her tongue, then returned the entire nipple to her mouth and gently sucked it. When she was finished with the right nipple she slowly worked across his chest to the left nipple. He tried to push his lower body into her and rubbed against her. He was hardening, but his penis and testicles were down between his legs where they had been pulled by the anchor ropes to his ball harness. The harness was still attached, he could feel it pressing against his testicles, even though there were no anchors holding it down any more, his legs were so tightly tied together that he could not work his penis up.

“Untie my legs so I can get to you.” He said. Again she shushed him and pressed her mouth over the opening in the hood.

Her tongue flicked in finding his mouth and tongue. As she did this she gently reached between his thighs and maneuvered his penis and testicles back to their normal position. His penis emerged like a spring popping straight into the air. But then she stood up. What was she doing? He was so ready for her. She stepped to one side and obviously removed her panties. He felt them drop near his left shoulder and by his head. He could smell the musk aroma of her. She too was excited. He could smell it. Then she was back across his body and lowered herself onto him. He felt her hand on his penis as she guided it into her. She was moist and soft. Then she began to move on top of him. She twisted back and forth and ground forward and back. He wished his hands were free. He had felt her breasts brush against him when she had kissed him earlier. He could tell they were naked. He wanted to put his hands on them. He wanted to feel them, squeeze them and kiss them. He wanted to just see them. Maybe she had loosened his hands when she was untying things. He tried to twist a hand loose. No, they were still completely secure. He would not be using his hands. "My hands." He said. "I want to touch you." She lifted her body off of him. "I am sorry, please, don't stop." She moved up near his hooded face. With a hand gently holding his head another hand pulled apart the edges of the mouth zipper and he felt a soft tender nipple inserted. He did not have to be told what to do. He started to kiss and lick and suck on it. She shifted to the other breast and let him continue. Finally the evening had taken a turn in the right direction. He was having sex with an angel. She had loosened his ropes and he was sure she was going to let him go before they were done. He lost himself in the love making.

She withdrew her breast from his mouth and once again mounted his fully erect penis. It was too much. He had been teased and tormented all night. Now his penis was deep inside her as she worked herself back and forth. He was not use to this. He had had women on top before, but when his excitement level mounted he would always shift on top and take control of the situation. Here he had no control. He prided himself on his endurance, but in the end he was always more concerned with his own satisfaction. His ego

required him to make it last because he was, of course, a great, even unequalled, lover, but once he had cum he quickly lost interest. He was not thinking of her and whether she was nearing satisfaction as he felt himself about to explode. He was only holding back to prolong the enjoyment for himself, but the time was about right. Then it came. He stiffened and jerked and bucked.

“You didn’t just do that!” The voice was no longer gentle. There was an edge of steel in those words that cut through him. He went limp with labored breathing.

He started to explain. “I . . .” But before he could get anything more out something pushed into his mouth. He felt and tasted the fabric. She pushed her sex dampened panties into his mouth cutting off any speech. He felt her hand push up on his chin to force his mouth closed as she zipped the hood zipper closed. He was gagged with her panties and the hood was once more closed over his mouth. He tried to open his mouth to spit them out but they were held tightly in place.

“You will be very, very sorry for that.” She was up, grabbed the anchor line that was still attached to his ball harness and started to pull, hard. He tried to twist and pull, but she pulled and jerked the line to a very tight anchor position. He was certain it was tighter than it had been before she had released it. If only he could explain maybe she would still let him go. But that was not the direction it was going to go. He was still on his back so she grabbed him by the flank and rolled him over. Stretched as he was he could not resist. Next she took the line that had anchored his wrists to the ball harness. It was still threaded through the ball harness. She put a foot on his buttocks and pulled upward dragging his hands down tightly. Once again there was the pain in his testicles from the force of the pull. His hands could not go any further but she was still pulling. Was she trying to tighten the line or just torture him? Still holding the line tightly she moved to his feet and lifted them. Oh, no, he was not going to go back into a hogtie. He stiffened his legs. It wasn’t much in the way of resistance, but it was something and if the

last hours had taught him anything it was that it was a lot more comfortable lying with his legs down than cramped into a hogtie position.

“You think that will work?” She did seem small after all. He did not think she was as strong as Janie. It was a little battle, but he could win this one. The line she had been tugging on loosened a bit and he moved his hands to take up some slack. She sat down on his legs and he could feel her feed a line across the cinch at his ankles. Then she jumped off his legs so that he could not kick her and fed the end back through the ball harness. The rope ran from his hands through the ball harness, to his ankles and then back through the ball harness. Then she fed the end through a ring on the top of his hood. Now she stood over him and pulled on the rope. His head was dragged back painfully. She was standing over him pulling on the rope. “Release the knees.” She said. He resisted. There was a sharp pain in his ribs. She had kicked him. It drove the breath from him and broke the resistance. His knees gave and his feet popped up. She quickly pulled the line. His feet were pulled up at about a 90 degree angle. They were not in the tight hogtie of earlier but they could no longer lay flat and the pain in his neck from having his head pulled back was increasingly uncomfortable. Keeping a hold on the rope she moved up to his legs and put her full weight against his feet and legs. With each inch of slack gained she tightened up the rope. She did not stop until his legs were bent over near his buttocks. She did give him a slight break. She removed the rope from the ring in the top of the hood, ran it instead through the rope that ran across the back of his neck, back down to the elbow cinch and secured it. She stood up, but it looked like there was still a little slack.

“Not good enough.” She said. She sat on his ankles using the full weight of her body to push his legs down tightly into his buttocks. He tried to struggle, pulling on his hands and bucking with his legs as best he could. She stayed in place and worked the ropes taking out the slack an inch at a time like tightening laces. When she was done she had about six inches of slack at the elbow tie. She untied

the earlier knot, took up the slack and tied it tightly. "That should do." She said as she stood up. What had started out providing some relief and even hope of release had gone terribly wrong. Instead of being more comfortable his mouth was stuffed with a pair of used panties. His testicles were more tightly anchored to the wall. He was pulled into a very tight hogtie and no longer even able to use pressure from his feet to relieve pressure because both his hands and feet were secured through the ball harness. The pressure on his testicles was now constant.

"After that performance I am not sure you are worth bidding on. But I might buy you just to make sure you suffer enough." She gave him a poke with her foot, turned and left. The smell of her lingered in his nose. To what extent it came from her panties now residing in his mouth he was not sure. She had been so gentle and he had been so hopeful but there was clearly a strong harsh edge. What on earth was next? He was totally exhausted. This time he did not even struggle. At some point he must have fallen asleep.

But he was awake again now. He felt the pressure on his legs, testicles, arms and shoulders. He pulled at his hands and his feet. No movement, no slack, no hope. "FUCK." He needed to pee. He tried to squirm in the ropes. Nothing. What was he going to do now? Maybe if he lay very still. He didn't move. Not that he could. Time had already been slow. Now it was not moving at all. He needed some relief. He tried to scream, but with his mouth stuffed with panties and zipped tightly inside the hood practically no sound came out. Even if there were someone in the room, which he was pretty sure there was not, nobody could hear him, let alone understand him. Pressure was building and pretty soon became painful. At some point he was going to lose this battle as well. He did not want to pee on the floor. He was not sure what they would do to him for that. But even more, he did not want to pee on himself. This was just too humiliating for words. How could he let himself get in this position? Why on earth had he made this bet? How could he be so arrogant? He thought he was putting one over on her. There was no way he could have anticipated what she had

planned for him. Any healthy red blooded man would have fallen for her trap. It was a trap from the beginning. It was her perfidy – not his fault. But none of that helped him now.

He was going to have to let go pretty soon. Maybe he could roll to his side and point the stream away from himself, but his penis was not pointing away from him. It was pulled up between his thighs. He was still holding, but he could feel himself starting to leak. There was a dribble of liquid collecting between his thighs. Finally he gave up. It was inevitable. There was a burst of liquid. It quickly filled the crevice created by his tightly bound thighs. It ran over the top of his thighs and he could feel the wetness running down through his thighs to the mat below. The pressure was now gone, he felt better in that respect but he was drenched from his buttocks to his knees and a puddle of pee had collected on the mat from his abdomen to his knees. The acrid smell drove away the sweet musky smell that had previously inhabited his hood. He tried to change his angle to move to a dry spot, but he was tightly anchored in place. He could not get out of the puddle created by his own liquid waste. He was angry. This was really not fair.

Somehow he was going to figure a way out of this. Somehow he was going to get the upper hand and this was just one more tick on the list of things to get even for. He had not seen any of his tormentors except Janie, but he had created a mental image of each of them during their time with him. In his mind he was standing over four tightly tied women. In his image each of them had perfectly proportioned breasts. Some large, like Janie, the breasts he had seen before all sight had disappeared. Some were smaller but still round and firm like the angel come devil that had tightened him into his current position. Four pair of beautiful breasts, all at his disposal, all there for his touch, all with owners whose hands were bound behind them so that they could not prevent his touching, pinching, licking and sucking. If angel thought she was frustrated earlier, just wait. He would torment her breasts and her clit until she begged for relief. But he would stop before that happened and move to another leaving her squirming in anticipation that was not fulfilled. The

images made him hard. He had forgotten that he was lying in a puddle. He had forgotten that he was soaked in his own urine. The fantasy dominated his mind until he once again drifted into sleep.

Chapter 4

He was awake again. The fantasy was fresh in his mind and he smiled as best he could with his mouth stuffed. He reached out to touch one of the naked females, but his hand did not move. It was secure behind him, as were his feet. He snapped back to reality. It had been a dream, a wonderful dream, but reality was back. He could not move. Not even an inch. How long had he slept? His legs were no longer wet. He did not feel the puddle. It had been long enough for it to dry. He hoped that morning was almost here.

He heard the sound of the door opening. “You have really been a bad boy, haven’t you? There is so much to punish you for, but that is ok, we do enjoy that, although I don’t think you will. I guarantee you will think twice before you pee on my floor again.” It was Janie’s voice, but there must have been several of them because the voice was coming from one direction while a hand grabbed his ankles from a different direction and pushed him to his side. Suddenly there was a cold wet sensation. Someone had poured what felt like a bucket of water onto him. “We can’t have you stinking up the rest of the place.” He felt a sponge wipe down his thighs. He was turned to the other side and the process repeated. It felt more like scrubbing than sponging. Then he was being dried with cloth or a towel. As happy as he was to have the dried urine washed off, it was still dehumanizing to lie helplessly while he was washed by others he could not even see.

“I guess you decided to be a slave since you are still here and it is morning. I told you the terms. You had your chance and now it is too late. The auction is over. You have been bought. Not as good a price as I would have liked, but not un-expected, given that abysmal and selfish sexual performance. Your Mistress thinks you have potential, but it is recognized that you will take a great deal of training. That means you may be with me for a long time.”

“It is time for you to start to understand and accept your new role in life. You are a slave. You are property. ‘Resistance is futile’ . . . I love that line. More importantly, it is very painful.” There was a self satisfied pause in her narrative. “You will learn to obey and to please. You may not think that now, but you will. You are probably still thinking that you can escape. . . . But you cannot. I don’t expect you to believe that yet, but in time you will. I can give you, as a piece of advice, that the sooner you accept your situation the easier things will be. But I don’t expect you to follow that advice. I expect you to fight back. I expect you to try and to resist with everything you have. Each effort will earn increasing levels of punishment. Only when you realize that you cannot get away and that the punishment can be mitigated only by complete obedience and only when you accept that fact in the center of your being will you be ready.”

“Last night you violated one of the cardinal rules. You came without permission and more importantly you failed to satisfy a Mistress who had given you the enormous gift of her attention. That defalcation must be addressed before we can move forward with your training.”

“Before we begin, you need to start to learn the rules.”

“Rule One – never speak unless you are spoken too.”

“Rule Two – you will never make eye contact with a Mistress or Master unless you are told to do so.”

“Rule Three – one you have already violated. The satisfaction of your Mistress or Master is your most important task. You will think ONLY of her pleasure and you will insure that she is pleased no matter what it takes, no matter how painful it is, no matter what is asked of you.”

“Rule Four – again, one you have already violated. You will not cum without permission. This also means no masturbation

without permission. Your penis, balls and nipples belong to your Mistress. You will not touch them except to clean them or as necessary to dress or as directed by your Mistress.”

“Rule Five – any time you are allowed to address your Mistress you will use the title ‘Mistress’.”

“Rule Six – you will not go anywhere or do anything unless you are directed to do so.”

“Rule Seven – you will do whatever you are instructed to do without question or hesitation. You are not to think about it. You are not to analysis it. And, under no circumstances are you to question it.”

“Violations of these rules will be punished; repeat violations will be punished with increased intensity. There will not be warnings; any and every violation will result in punishment. Severe violations will be subject to immediate correction. Minor violations will result in punishment points. Before you are allowed to sleep any day, when you are allowed to sleep, punishment points will be redeemed. Punishment may also be imposed for the enjoyment of your Mistress. You will accept and endure punishment because it pleases your Mistress. You will take joy in the fact that your punishment is pleasing her.”

“What a line of crap.” He thought. “She is right about my not accepting this nonsense. She can’t keep me tied forever.” The images of his dream rushed back into his head. He had an objective, now all he needed was a plan. She had won last night because she had carefully worked out a plan with every detail designed to give her the win. He would have to be even cleverer. But he was smart and he could do that.

“To begin your training you are going to be required to satisfy at least ten women. If you fail to satisfy any one of them, five more will be added. But, enough talk, it is time to put things in action.” She

was kneeling down next to him and he could feel her hands on the ropes at the elbow cinch. Ok, she was untying him. The rope cinching his feet into the hogtie was untied and release. The anchor from his balls to the wall was loosened and he felt her untie it from the ball harness. His hopes were up, but he had gone through this last night. His feet and hands were still well tied. He stretched his legs out, and like last night it felt wonderful. Then she untied his ankles. It was the most free he had been since first losing the contest. But then he could feel her doing something at his ankles. Something was attached to each ankle and he could hear what sounded like a short chain between them. His ankles were now hobbled instead of tied. She moved her attention to the rope at his knees and untied and removed it. He would now be able to walk. Running was out, but he would be able to walk. He was still fully hooded. His mouth was still stuffed with angel's panties, his elbows and wrists were still tightly tied. He certainly had no advantage and even if left alone he doubted he could untie his arms. He could tell that there was at least one other person in the room with Janie but they had not spoken so he could not tell if it was any of the other individuals from last night.

“Get up.” She said and he felt himself being lifted from both sides. He stood. His legs wobbled. He was afraid they would collapse, but after a moment they held him. He could hear the sound of the leash and realized that he was still attached to the wall. He felt hands at his balls and felt something being connected to his ball harness. Then he felt a lock being opened on the back of the hood. He prayed that she was taking it off. He really wanted the hood off. He felt the neck leash fall away and heard a sound like it was being contracted back to, or into the wall. It sounded like a measuring tape when the tape is spring back after use. He was now no longer anchored.

There was a sharp tug on his ball harness. She had attached a new leash there. “Come on.” He could not see but did his best to go in the direction his balls were being pulled. He almost tripped and fell. His legs were allowed only about a foot of movement. He had

to take very short steps to avoid falling. There was someone, he assumed it was Janie, pulling him forward by the leash attached to his balls. There was someone else at his side and from time to time he felt a female hand on his arm guiding him. He could tell they had left the room and turned to the left. This was the opposite direction from how he had approached this room of horror such a very long time ago. They eventually turned and went down another hallway or open space. It felt like a hallway. He was not sure why he was so sure of that. Maybe his senses were adapting like blind peoples do. He was turned to the left and taken through a doorway.

He felt a touch on his arm. "Do you need to go to the bathroom?" He, of course, could not respond. This voice was very soft and not commanding at all. "I will guide you to the toilet. You really should do your best to go. It may be a long time before they let you go again." She had said "they" not "we". What did that mean? Who was she? If not one of them then why was she helping them? There must be others like him. Maybe there were others that could help him.

She guided him to a traditional feeling toilet and he sat. Her advice seemed helpful. With his arms tied he could not help himself afterwards, but when he stood up he could feel her cleaning him up. "Good, you will be happy about this later." She guided him back through the door to the hallway and he felt the leash at his balls pulled again. He followed the lead. This was the most humiliating experience of his life. He turned bright red under his hood. The only saving grace was that there did not seem to be anyone else around to see his embarrassing situation.

They turned into another room. "You will be allowed to rest here until this evening." It was the same voice of the one who was not one of them. "I am going to open your mouth and give you something to eat, but you mustn't try to talk to me. I will be required to give you punishment points if you do and I don't want to do that." She unzipped the mouth and removed the panties. He was very glad to be rid of those. Then she was holding a straw to his lips.

“Drink this.” She said. “It will give you the nourishment you will need for tonight.” He sucked on the straw. It tasted wonderful, a chocolate flavor. She did not stop until he heard the air sound indicating that the container was near empty.

“Who are you?” He asked. “Please!”

She zipped the mouth closed. “I told you not to talk. Now I have to give you a point. I will get points if I don’t. She will closely question me about what has gone on here and I cannot lie.” She had him sitting on what felt like a cot. “I need to put you in a sleep position now. You need to lie out on your back. If you do what I say I will be able to take those ropes off your arms.” Ok, he really wanted that. He rolled on his side and then turned over onto his back. How could she untie his arms if he were lying on them? “Put your legs together.” She fastened a strap around his ankles. Then he felt her working something up his body, first over his legs and thighs, then over the front of his body, all the way to his neck where he felt her fasten something to the front of his collar.

“Roll over on your stomach so I can get this connected and untie your hands.” He complied. It was hard to maneuver with his legs strapped together. But, he would do almost anything to get the ropes off of his arms. He was lying on something that felt and smelled like leather. He could not imagine what it was but his feet were imbedded in the lower part. He felt her straightening the sides of whatever this was. Then she returned to his feet. She started at the ankles and worked her way up his body first pulling the ends of broad belts up from either side of whatever this was and buckling them around him. She fastened his ankles, knees, upper thighs, and waist into the leather sheet.

Then she was back to his feet again. She was pulling up the sides of the leather and he heard the sound of a zipper working. Whatever this was it was being closed around his body and zipped up from behind his heels. She didn’t stop until she reached his waist. It fully encased his lower body but was not particularly tight.

Then he felt her fastening another belt together over his waist. When she tightened it down he realized it was holding him down on the cot. She clipped something to his collar. It felt to be anchoring someplace in front of him, probably to the wall above him. He realized she was not going to take any chances when she untied his hands. He could not help but thinking what his chances for escape might be. She seemed like a slight girl. She could not be even as strong as Janie. Even held down like this, when his hands were released he could grab her. He should be able to control her long enough to release himself. He could not let her know his plan. He needed to seem completely compliant so she would not suspect.

Another belt was buckled over his shoulders holding them down to the bed. That would complicate things a bit, but if he got his hands free he still might be able to pull it off. Yes, she was sitting on his buttocks and untying his hands. When his wrists were free she rubbed them and his hands. He rubbed them together but he really wanted to be able to put them in front of himself. That was still prevented by the elbow tie. Unless she untied that there was nothing he could do. "Put your palms together." She said. He had to wait for her to make a mistake, which she had not made so far, so he complied. He felt something pulled up over his hands and laid out between his arms and his body. Then she fastened straps on the inside around each of his wrists. The straps were not tight and he wondered if he might be able to pull out of them. Just as she had done with his lower body she then folded the sides of this new device together and started to zip it up. Just below his elbows another strap was fastened around each of his arms, and another around each upper arm. Only then did she untie the rope that had held his elbows since the night before. As the rope came free finally releasing his elbows she shifted her body forward so that she was actually sitting on his leather encased hands. He tried to twist his body and pull on his hands but the strap across his shoulders held him down and there was just not enough movement in his arms. He felt her pulling the pieces of the armbinder together as she worked the zipper up until it was closed all the way from his fingers to just below his neck. But she wasn't finished with it. She went back to his

hands and he could feel her inserting and working laces up the back of the binder. This action made it considerably tighter than before. She ended by tying the laces off at the top near his neck. Two more straps were attached around the outside of the binder, one around his wrists and one at the elbows. Then she went back to the larger sheath. She fastened new straps from the body sheath around his body at his waist, middle of his back and even his neck. She removed the earlier external strap at his shoulders that had held him to the bed as she worked. The sheath was then worked up the rest of the way from his waist until it closed around his shoulders at his neck. He was completely enclosed in leather.

But, like the arm binder, she was not done. She returned once again to his feet and began working and pulling up laces. As she went she pulled and tightened up the slack. When she finally tied off the final lace at his neck the sheath was pulled tightly over his body. "I suggest you try to sleep. It could be a very long night." It sounded like she had pushed a button and said something. There was a buzzing sound and the door opened. She left and it closed. He felt like he had lost an opportunity, but he also realized that even if he could have gotten control of her he had been, in all likelihood, locked in the room the whole time. There were no longer ropes cutting into the flesh of his wrists and arms, but his arms were still completely denied him. It may have been something new, but he was completely secure. What was going to happen now? What did she mean it would be a long night? He had no frame of reference so he could not even guess. Who was this girl? From what she had said and the way she acted he decided she was a slave. He had not thought there were such things in modern society, but those misconceptions were now gone. Certainly she should be more on his side than Janie. But he understood she would be afraid. Still, maybe he could figure out a way to get her to help him. He tried to sleep. There was really nothing else to do. Thinking about his situation was not particularly helpful. It only led to panic and the panic always lead to struggling which only brought frustration.

He would sleep, then awake, then sleep some more. There was no way to gage time. It could have been a few hours or many. He had totally lost track. He did not know if it was day or night. He heard the door open. "I hope you are well rested." It was Janie's voice. "What is this?" He heard her say. Janie had picked something up. "Why is this here?"

"I am sorry Mistress." He heard the female slave say. "You are just so sloppy. Two punishment points. Now put it where it belongs." He felt the zipper on his mouth opened and the panties reinserted. Then the zipper was closed again. The girl was definitely a slave. If there were slaves, then there was a chance to make allies. Escape would be easier if there were numbers for a rebellion.

He felt the body sheath being unlaced; then its buckles were undone. The arm binder was not removed. Before he could move Janie came forward and carefully inspected the arm binder. Holding him down with a knee on his shoulders he felt her pull and tighten the laces. Straps from the top of the arm binder went over his shoulders and connected to it in the back. She inspected each strap and tightened them. Only when she seemed satisfied was he stood up and a leash attached again to his ball harness. It did not hurt that much, but there was always the potential for pain. Mostly it was humiliating. No man should be led by a leash to his balls, certainly not he. There would have to be significant payback for this.

He was lead out of the room and down a hallway. Then they were in a confined area. It was surprising what your senses could tell you about your environment even when you could not see. Suddenly everything shook and jerked and they started to move. It was an elevator and they were going down. Where was she taking him? How was he going to have sex with ten women? He liked the idea, but he hoped he was going to be given some time to complete this task. He was good; he had even had sex with two girls once, that had been pretty good, but ten? If this was training he might want even more.

Just like he had sensed that he was in a hallway before he now sensed that this was a larger room. He could hear sounds that were at some distance from him. Some talking, he could not make out any of the words. The leash moved him forward until his stomach bumped into what must have been a beam or bar. Someone grabbed each of his ankles, pulled them to the limit of the hobble chain and connected something that fastened them in place. Then something was connected to a ring in the front of the collar on his hood. He was pulled forward over the bar and this line was connected below holding him bent forward with his stomach on the bar. He felt hands touching his balls. The ball harness was loosened and removed. That felt very good, but he really wished he could touch them and massage them. They had been badly punished the night before.

Then she, it felt like a she, was back and he could feel something else being placed around his penis and balls. It fastened around the base of his penis next to his body. Next something was wrapped around his scrotum above his balls and below the penis in the same place the earlier ball harness had been. As she connected this piece he realized how tender the flesh there had become from the night of torture. He grunted, but nobody seemed to care.

Then he felt something fastened around his penis just below the head. It felt like a band but there were connecting straps back to the band at the base of his penis. The straps were short. How would he be able to have sex with anyone this way? He was not soft, after all he was being touched and had started to tumify, but he was not yet hard and the straps from the band at the head of his penis were tight. Unless the straps could extend he would not be able to obtain a full erection. It felt like there was a small box attached to the band at the base of his penis. He had no guess as to its function.

“This device will help you with the rules. Let’s demonstrate.” Janie started to gently massage his balls. Because of his vulnerability this act was frightening, but it was also providing much

needed relief. Then she pushed her body up against his from behind reached around his body and started to tease and manipulate his nipples. As she did she was grinding her body against him. She was not naked, but whatever she was wearing was light and he could feel her loins. It was starting to work. He felt his excitement level rising. He could feel his penis start to gorge with blood and expand. How would those straps affect this? The sudden pain took his breath away. It was an electrical shock running the entire length of his penis from the head to the base. He screamed, of course no one heard, the panties were still doing their job. He went limp and the pain stopped.

“I have actually been kind to you. I don’t know why, you certainly don’t deserve it. There are electrical contacts in the strap around your penis and around the head. The activators for the electricity are the lines running from the straps at the head back to the base. If your penis expands and tries to stand up it pushes on the straps and initiates the shock. As long as you keep your cock under control you will not get shocked. I think I can guarantee you will not be coming without permission tonight.” He was horrified. She laughed and patted him on the flank a couple of times. He hated that dismissive gesture but he was not thinking about that now. The pain had been intense. How could he satisfy ten women with this infernal device connected to his penis? Then he felt the locks on the hood being released. Nothing could have made him happier. The laces were released and the hood was pulled off. Everything was a blur. He could see soft lights. It appeared to be a large room and he could make out the form of people in various locations. It looked like a night club or sorts. But before his eyes could adjust his sight was gone again. Something was pulled over his head and down over his eyes. It was made of latex and fit tightly to his head. Once again he was completely deprived of sight. She had not removed the panties from his mouth when she removed the hood so he spit them out.

“You were not told to spit those out. You just earned your first two punishment points. By the way, you will keep track of your

punish points. When it is time for punishment you will be asked how many points you have. If you give the wrong number points will be added. One for every point you failed to report.”

He was unfastened from the bar and lead to another location in the room.

“There is a small step up.” She said and he carefully lifted his foot and stepped up about 6 inches. He assumed he was on a short platform. She moved him forward on the platform or whatever it was. She stopped him and he could feel his legs in contact with something. One leg at a time she maneuvered him forward against what felt like a curved piece of metal. Straps were then connected around his legs at the ankle, mid calf and just below the knee. His legs were each held tightly in place about six inches apart. She pushed him forward and he panicked for a second. The restraining devices on his legs moved forward and down. They appeared to be hinged near his feet. He was now kneeling in the restraints. He felt something moved forward until it touched his neck. Hands grabbed his head and maneuvered it forward into a curved surface. A wide strap was then connected from one side to the other behind his neck. There was an indent for his chin that made it very difficult to turn his head from one side to the other. He tried to position himself into a more comfortable position, but his legs were completely immobile. His torso was slightly bent so that his body was leaning forward slightly. He tried to move around. He could push himself up just a little but the wooden stock around his neck together with its placement forward of his body stopped him from becoming straight. Then something was attached to the end of his arm binder and his arms were pulled up and away from his body behind him. It was not far or severe, but it was far enough that his hands no longer touched his body. He was almost wishing he was back in the padded room in the hogtie. He had to hold his body in place with his thigh muscles. He could relax but then he was held by his neck. This position was going to be difficult to hold and would definitely put a strain on his muscles.

“Could you use a little help holding your body up?” There was a snicker.

“Yeh, right, like you care.” He knew that was a mistake as soon as he had said it.

“Insubordination two points. Failure to use the title Mistress another two points. You are off to quite a start.” “But I am going to help you anyway.” There was too much glee in that response. She was behind him and suddenly he felt something cold on his anus. She was lubricating him.

“NO!” He screamed. Someone else pushed a large round object into his mouth and quickly buckled a strap behind his neck pulling a large rubber ball deep into his mouth.

“Talking without permission – two points. Failure to use the title Mistress – two points. I think what you meant to say was: Thank you Mistress. . . . You might want to **remember that.**” She said as she rammed something into his anus. It rammed home as she said the last two words with emphasis. It felt large and was very uncomfortable. He had never had that part of his body invaded and he did not want it now. It appeared that whatever it was it was connected to some sort of pole because he felt it being secured below. The invading device must have been connected to a shaft which was then connected below him. But it was not firmly held in place. Whichever way he moved the shaft moved with him, except up and down. If he tried that it moved in and out of him. He wanted it out now. He tried to move his body forward, back, to the side. Wherever he moved the device stayed in him. He raised himself up the inch or two his position allowed. It did not follow this movement but slipped up and down inside him. He pushed up as far as he could and tried to rotate his hips to see if he could get it out. It was too long and imbedded too deeply. It was not coming out. This also put great pressure on his neck. He relaxed down and felt it move deeper. It was no longer painful, but it created a strange sensation.

He was not gay and he was not going to be fucked in the ass. Well, yes, it appeared that he was. But he was not going to like it.

“Almost ready.” It was Janie again. “Can’t ignore these.” He felt something bite onto his left nipple. He had seen pictures of nipple clamps before, but they had always been on well endowed women. He shook his body back and forth to try to shake it free. “You can try if you want, but that is not going to work.” Then there was a clamp on his other nipple. It felt like they were digging into his flesh, he pictured the alligator clip that he had used to smoke marijuana. He shook again with more determination. The result was the same. And as he twisted and shook the dildo in his ass moved in and out and pressured back and forth.

As his mind focused on his nipples and ass, the combination of sensation began to have an unexpected result. He could feel his penis starting to expand. He moved started to roll his hips forward and back shifting his attention to the sensation in his ass. There must be nerve endings in the area where the dildo was moving that were associated with his sex. It was starting to actually feel good. No, that could not be happening. That was completely fucked up. The pain in his nipples had transitioned into a feeling of pressure. This was so not right. He was becoming aroused. PAIN. Burning, stinging pain sliced through the shaft of his penis. It started at the head and shot down the entire shaft. He remembered the anti-arousal device connected to his penis. How could he have forgotten that? FUCK, it hurt. It hurt a lot.

“Still selfish. Still trying to pleasure yourself. As you can see, that will not be happening.” He felt her hand stroking his shoulder.

“I will let you think about that for a bit and then you can start to be of service.” He sensed she was walking away. Once again he was left helpless with only the pain in his muscles and now, of course, with the addition of the unwanted attention to his ass and nipples. If she didn’t want him to become excited why was she invading and clipping sexual regions. This was really not fair.

After she walked away he tried to focus on what was going on in the room. He could hear sounds. He could make out the sound of voices. The words were indistinguishable. He thought he heard sounds like glasses. Was he the center piece in some sick night club? The mere fact that there were other people here. The fact he was so lewdly displayed. Could this be any more humiliating?

Maybe it was a coven and he was the sacrifice. That really didn't match with her claims that he had been sold as a slave. It was pretty clear he was going to be part of some show. But what else could they do to him? He wasn't sure he wanted to know, but he knew something more was coming. But, for now it appeared that no one was paying any attention to him. Was that bad or good?

After waiting tensely for what seemed like a very long time he thought maybe he was just a decoration. They did seem to like leaving him totally helpless for long periods of time. He twisted around to test his bonds. His hands and arms were still tightly held. He knew he could not loosen or get out of the arm binder. After all, he had been trying for many, many hours and much of that was before it had been pulled up behind him. And, as he twisted about to test the range of motion in his arms the dildo slipped and slid about in his ass. He knew where that would take him and did not like the thought so he stopped and tried to hold still.

He slipped back into his own mind. In the image he saw the wooden bar that he had been pushed over earlier when they fastened the torture device to his penis. But in his mind Jane was the one pulled over the bar. She was naked. Her feet were anchored by ropes that pulled her legs wide apart, not closely limited like his had been. Each wrist was also tied, pulled toward the floor across the bar and anchored wide apart. Her weight was carried by her stomach. She was tightly gagged, but you couldn't see the gag because her head was encased in a tight leather hood. In this position her hips were held firmly at just below waist height. While her breasts hung down easily within reach. He approached her from

behind. Spread and pulled forward as she was, her sex was open and exposed. He reached over and began to finger and tease her until his fingers detected moisture. He knew that she could not resist him. Would he be kind? Maybe, but first he should make her beg, but that would mean removing her gag. Maybe when he was done with her he would take it off and let her kneel at his feet and beg his forgiveness. But, he was kind so he entered her from behind. As he drove deeply into her his hands stroked and manipulated her nipples. She squirmed under his touch and tried as best she could in her bonds to push her sex back toward him.

PAIN, FUCK, SHIT, he had done it again. He screamed, but the gag reduced it to a muffled groan. Fuck, he hated her. She was even going to deprive him of the escape of his fantasy.

There were people around him. How many he did not know. Then Janie's voice, but it did not seem directed at him. "This is a new piece of furniture. Call it an automatic pleasure chair. As you can see it comes with a head that gives head. Remove the gag when you want to use it. Sit in the chair and push forward. It will then lick, suck, and tongue your pussy until you come. If it is not being sufficiently pleasurable just push one of the buttons on the arm. They will provide **encouragement**." She emphasized the last word. "Since this is a beta test we are asking you to fill out a rating card afterwards."

The gag was unbuckled and removed from his mouth. He felt a leg lifted across his head. Then he felt thighs on either side of his head. He realized that the board in which his head was locked was the seat of a stool. Without a word being uttered he felt the legs slide up until his mouth was in contact with a soft moist pussy. He could see nothing, so he had no idea what the owner of this sex organ looked like. Tentatively he kissed it. This was familiar ground. He was pretty good at oral sex. It was a good way to raise a woman to a level of excitement so that they would then do what he wanted. "I guess you have to turn this thing on." It was a voice that

he had not heard before. Suddenly there was a severe shock in his nipples. The clips were wired.

“FUCK.” He said, but the speech was muffled by the flesh surrounding his mouth. So that is what the buttons Janie had mentioned did. That hurt. He did not want that again. His tongue pushed forward and licked the length of the vagina. The tip found her clitoris and flick at it. Then he closed his lips around it and gently sucked. He got a response; she pushed her sex forward into his mouth. He sucked for a bit, then he used his tongue to enter her, licking, pushing and probing. He realized that he had never actually brought a girl to climax orally. He wasn't sure how to close the deal, but he knew he needed to try. He was actually enjoying this so he kept at it.

After a time he wondered why she was not reaching climax. He had been doing this a very long time. He stopped to give his mouth a quick rest planning to then return to sucking her clitoris. He figured that would be the best way to get to the end. It must have only been about five seconds when there was a searing pain in his ass. Oh, no, fuck, the dildo was wired too. This was followed a second later by a shock to his nipples. He got the message and dove back in with renewed enthusiasm.

There were giggles and laughs from all around him. He was the show and the audience was enjoying it quite a bit. He turned bright red under his latex hood. This was just too much. He tried to pull his legs free. Nothing. He twisted and pulled on his arms looking futilely for freedom that would not be allowed him. Then he returned his focus to pleasuring the female organ against his mouth. He could now hear her breath increasing and the sound of moaning. Finally she pushed back and patted him on the forehead. His mouth hurt and he was breathing heavily as she dismounted from the chair.

He hopped there would be a rest before someone else decided to partake, but that was not to be the case. He felt another member of this group of female predators climb into the chair. While he could

not see anything he could still feel the movement in the chair and sense a leg being swung across his head so that the next customer straddled his face.

A new voice that sounded younger than the last. "Is this the on button?" It was his nipples again.

ARRGGHHH. Didn't they realize how much that hurt? He could not stifle his scream but he quickly recovered and tried to reach forward with his mouth and tongue. She was not close enough to reach and the wood yoke of the chair stopped his head from going toward her. His tongue, like a snake testing the air, was flicking and searching for something to connect with.

"Yep, that is the on button." A giggle followed by laughs from the audience. He could feel himself blush. If he were free there would be mayhem in this place. He could kill them all with a clear conscience.

But suddenly there was contact. He felt the moist crotch pushed forward onto his mouth. From there being nothing there now his mouth and nose were completely encased in female sex. Now he was trying to back off, but the strap across the back of his neck held his head tightly in place. He had no control over the amount of contact. That belonged and would belong completely to the person who sat in this infernal chair.

"Let's see, this must be the speed control."

There was a sharp pain of electric shock in his ass. MMMPPHHH. He knew what he needed to do and went after it with enthusiasm. With her sex so tightly pressed on his face he used his tongue pushing it as deep as possible and searching around inside her with it. She seemed to enjoy this and squirmed around on his face. He was having trouble breathing so he tipped his head back to try to clear his nostrils from their fleshy encasement. As they cleared he took a deep breath. But with this new positioning his lips found

her clitoris. He went to work sucking and lightly nipping with his teeth.

“Easy going big boy.”

She must have pushed both buttons because the shock raged through his nipples and his ass at the same time. And it wasn't just a quick shock; she must have held the buttons down for a second or two. He tried to scream but she had simultaneously pushed her sex tighter onto his mouth. His head was being pushed back onto the neck strap. It strained his neck muscles and once again limited his ability to breath. He tried to move his head back and forth, but her thighs closed in on either side. In addition he felt stabbing points into his lower back. It felt like she was wearing spurs, but he quickly realized it was the points of her stiletto heels. It was like being attacked by an octopus. He needed to get this one done and off his face, but she was not making it easy. He wanted to tell her to back off a little, but even if he dared such a verbal direction his voice could not penetrate the pussy gag that muffled all his speech. Maybe if he could get back on her clitoris he could concentrate on getting her to completion.

She pulled back a bit loosening the seal on his face. He could feel the moister from the contact from the point of his nose to his chin and around to include his cheeks. But, he was able to breathe. Not knowing how quickly she would return he took a deep breath.

She was not quick. She continued to move forward and back continuously frustrating his attempts to finish the job. She also had a very heavy hand on the buttons, pushing one, then another and sometimes both together. If he could not reach her he was shocked. If he stopped to take a breath he was shocked. If he was too forceful he was shocked. If his touch was too light he was shocked. Sometimes for no reason he could discern except maybe her own glee he was shocked.

He tried hard to focus on what he was doing but his range of motion was so very limited. He imagined a petite brunette (he didn't know why he made her a brunette) with a golden tan and small but well formed breasts with a tight clip painfully attached to each nipple. She was tied with her hands above her head fully exposing her naked form. Of course she was blindfolded. He was walking around her with a cattle prod searching out increasingly tender places. She wasn't gagged. He wanted to enjoy the sound of her screams and her whimpering begging efforts to make him show her some mercy. She had and was proving she did not understand the meaning of mercy and in his mind he was just as ruthless as she was.

As his mouth continued work and his mind drifted into fantasy he moved his hips within their limited range of motion causing the dildo in his ass to sip and slid about. It actually was quite pleasurable. The combination of the smell of her sex in his nostrils, the fantasy in his head and the work of the dildo in his anal cavity were having their inevitable affect. Wait a minute. He couldn't do this. PAIN. Too fucking late. He really needed to touch and massage the tortured flesh of his penis; he pulled down on his hands. Nothing. He twisted and pulled on his arms. Nothing. If there was to be any relief he would not be the one delivering it. As if the pain in his penis wasn't enough both his nipples and his ass lit up with electrical shock. Finish the job. He needed to finish the job.

More rapid squirming of her body, small cries and moans. He got a good suction on her clitoris and her body tensed and jerked. He didn't stop he kept on sucking until with a loud slurping sound the suction was broken as she pulled her sex out of reach. She did not immediately dismount but instead lounged in the chair breathing heavily. He tried to relax. His mouth and jaw were aching. The muscles in his thighs were burning from the strain, but there was no position he could take to relieve the strain. What had Janie said? Ten of them? And this was just two. There was no way he could handle eight more of these, especially if they were like this last one.

As he felt the chair go empty he prayed that whoever was next did not like to push buttons. She didn't. He did his best to give her no reason to do so and in fact he got through that entire session without being shocked. In fact she seemed happy. She told him he was a "good boy" and patted him on the head. It should have made him feel good. It didn't. He felt completely humiliated.

It also appeared that interest in the show was waning. It did now sound like there were as many people surrounding, watching and cheering on his tormentor. There was another after this one, but after she finished there must have been no others waiting. He felt the ball gag pushed back into his mouth and buckled tightly at the back of his neck. He was in a room full of women but he was left alone. He really needed a change in position. It seemed everything hurt, but there was nothing he could do. His legs were each held tightly to whatever they were anchored to. His head was held locked in the front of this infernal chair; his arms were secured behind him in the armbinder and pulled up away from his body and, his anal cavity was filled with the dildo. He waited for the torture to resume, but no one came. He almost wished they would start again. At least then the concentration on the task took his mind off of trying to maintain his position.

The musk smell from his servicing multiple vaginas was still all over his face. But, look at the bright side he had just brought four women to orgasm with only the use of his mouth and tongue. That was pretty good. But no one else came – in either sense of the word. He could hear the sound of music. He could hear the sound of voices talking and people enjoying themselves, but no one was paying any attention to him. He could sure use a drink right now. He was very thirsty. Something more fortified would be more than welcome, but nobody was attending to him and he could do nothing for himself.

Chapter 5

At last, there was someone there. He tried to turn and tip his head to see if he could see anything, but other than a slight leaking of light from below the lower limit of the half hood he could see nothing. “There does not seem to be any more interest tonight. Feed him and put him in the punishment rack until I am ready.”

“Yes Mistress.” He heard the voice of the female slave who had attended to him earlier. Then he felt the dildo being unfastened and pulled from within him. Something ran down the inside of his leg, but nobody seemed to care about that. The neck strap was released and in its place a collar was fastened around his neck. She then hooked a line to the back of the collar and used the line to help pull him upright. Whatever had locked the devices holding his legs in a kneeling position had been released and they swung up. She then released each of the straps holding his ankles and legs in place. But something was locked around each of his ankles. He heard the click as whatever it was closed. “Turn around.” He did. “Follow me.” There was a tug on a leash now connected to the front of the new collar. Whatever had been connected to the back of the collar had been released. At least he wasn’t leashed to his balls this time. He followed the pressure on the leash.

“Mind the step.” He remembered that he had had to step up to get where he was just as he stepped forward, but it was too late. As his foot slipped off the edge he tried to push it forward to catch himself, but it was held back. There was a hobble chain between his ankles. Instinct told him to reach out with his arms but they stayed tightly bound behind his back. He was falling forward. Someone caught him and held him until struggling he got his feet under him once more. It was a female, but he believed it was someone stronger than this little slave.

“She told you to mind the step. Without me you would have fallen on your face. You might have even broken some of the furniture. You are a clumsy slave.” It was Janie’s voice again. Now that was just unfair. He couldn’t see a thing and the female slave didn’t say anything until it was too late. But, he was still hoping for some help from this person who shared at least in part his plight. He did not want to see her punished. He regained his balance and as he felt the tug on the collar he followed it.

They travelled across the room and into a confined area that felt like the earlier elevator. It started to jerk and move again. But they were not going up they were going down. They must be headed for the basement. That made sense. Where else would you keep slaves but the basement? It actually felt good to be walking. And she had mentioned food. He realized that not only was he thirsty, he was very hungry. In the last 24 hours all he had had to eat was the protein the little slave had given him so long ago. Not counting, of course, the juices of the women he had serviced, but he did not think that counted. At least he hoped that did not count.

They moved down a hallway and turned through a doorway. He could not make out what was in this room. Again he tried to move his head around to see something. Even though the hood only covered his head down to his nose, it fit tightly and nothing but a hint of light came through from below.

“Lay down so I can feed you.” She said. He knelt straight ahead and let her guide him onto his stomach. The slave unfastened something at the bottom of his arm binder. It was a chain that ran from a ring at the bottom of the arm binder to the middle of the chain connecting his feet. She brought the end of the chain up and through the ring at the back of his collar pulling his feet up into that familiar hogtie position. The chain passed through the ring on his armbinder so that his feet were pulled toward his hands. He did not resist. He really did want something to eat and did not think there was much to gain by fighting back at this point. After the

chain had been run through the ring at the armbinder the ankle hobble chain was now two lines one to each ankle. They were also pulled through the loop until his ankles were pulled together and connected directly to the armbinder ring. He heard some clicks and everything was securely in place. Because the arm binder actually extended to the ends of his fingers there was a little more slack in this hogtie. His legs were not pulled in a painful position, but he was certainly not going anywhere.

She removed the ball gag from his mouth, and then, more importantly, removed the half hood. His eyes had been covered for so long that the bright light made him squint. It would take a few minutes for them to adjust. He looked up at her and was transfixed. She was beautiful. Shoulder length blonde hair. Well formed breasts, a small waist over sleek hips and well formed legs. She was not tall, maybe 5'2", but it was hard to tell looking up at her from his position on the floor. She wore only metal and chains. There was a silver colored collar around her neck. Another similar band encircled her waist. It appeared to be very tight. From the bottom of this waist band there was a metal plate that extended down covering her sex and disappearing between her legs. Her nipples had each been pierced and had a small ring with a chain connecting them one to the other. Behind the areola each breast was circled by a small metal band about an inch in width. A similar sized band encircled the base of her breasts. This latter band was tight enough to cause the breast to expand forward. He could not tell how the bands were fastened to her. Could they be permanent? He could not tell. Each wrist and ankle also had bands. There were very small and flat looking chains that came from behind her and ran through a loop in each wrist band. The chain then disappeared back behind her apparently anchored at the back of her waist band. Her ankles were hobbled at about 12 inches of separation. From the center of this chain another chain extended up, disappearing behind her. Again, clearly attached to the waist band. If he ever got his hands free the chains she wore would give him a huge advantage he never even knew he had. He tried to think back. Had he missed some earlier opportunity? He didn't think so.

“Now, all of you behave while I make your food.” All of you? He had been looking at her to his right and there was no one else there. He lifted his head and looked to the left. Only two feet from him was a small blonde figure. She lay in a white rectangle painted onto the floor. Harry looked around himself and noticed that he too was in a white rectangle. The other occupant was on her stomach and was wearing a set of bands and chains similar to what his slave attendant was wearing with a big difference. Her hands were behind her back one wrist above the other just above the waist band. He could see that the chain through each wrist had been pulled tight. Each chain ran straight from the neck collar through the wrist band and into waist band. The chain and hobble from her ankles was also hard to be seen. Her feet were pulled up tightly against her buttocks. From the band around each ankle he saw a chain (what he knew to be half of the hobble chain) go up to the lower part of the waist band and then disappear into a small metal housing. It looked like there was a ring that had somehow been fed or clipped over the chain that helped hold the two chains together, but he could not see what else it might do. He could now see that there was also a metal plate on the rear portion of the waist belt affair. The whole thing was reminiscent of pictures of ancient chastity belts. Her breasts were quite small. She had the same piercing with a nipple ring and the two metal bands around them. Only about an inch of breast extended beyond the band below the areola.

She was moving her hands opening and closing her fingers and kicking with her feet. She was crying and now he could hear sniffing and sobbing. Her restraints looked like they would be hard to release, but his certainly were not.

“Help me get out of this and I will help you.” He said trying to sound and look sincere. He did not know how he was going to help her. She was in chains that looked like they locked. He didn’t see any way he could help her, but maybe she could untie some of his bonds.

“I don’t want to be punished.” She sobbed. “It is just not fair. I tried so hard. It was just a little mistake. She gave me a point for that. I tried to apologize and tell her how sorry I was. She gave me another point for that. I panicked and begged her not to punish me. She gave me two points for that and had me gagged and tied to a pole in the training room with a sign around my neck saying ‘I don’t follow instructions.’ I’ve only been here a couple of days, but it is already unbearable. I need to get out of here. I can’t be punished again. It hurts too much.”

He noticed the web of reddish purple welts on her upper legs and buttocks. The flesh looked very swollen and painful. He stared at the welts and imagined how painful those had been when they were delivered. What could she have done to deserve that? He could see why she did not want more punishment if that was the result. He was scheduled for punishment. He sure as hell didn’t want that. He needed to get out of here before punishment. Once again he tested the armbinder. Until it was unlaced, unzipped and the internal straps released he was not going to get his arms out. He twisted his body around to get a look at his ankles. Each one was encircled with a small cuff, only about half an inch wide, not as substantial as the cuff worn by the girl next to him or the slave girl, but he could see they were locked in place and would be very difficult to get off. He pulled to see if he could create some slack. He could not. Maybe she could release the connector at his neck and at least let him get up and move.

“Please, see if you can roll over here and unfasten this chain at my neck and release the thing holding my arms. When I get free I will figure some way to get you out of that and we will get out of here. I don’t want to be punished either.” He turned on his side exposing his back to her.

There was a new voice. “It is no use; you will only get her in trouble for trying. When she fastened the chain to your collar she locked it in place, which also locked the armbinder in place. And believe me, there is no way out of this outfit we are wearing. And

believe me; you don't even want to try." He rolled back and lifted his head to see the speaker. She was on the other side of the blonde. She was raven haired and as best he could see very well endowed in the breast department. On her the breast rings looked like small adornments. Otherwise she was in the same situation as the other girl. Wrists pulled behind her back and ankles held tightly against her buttocks.

"We can't just give in. There has to be a way out." He tried to make eye contact with her.

She looked in his eyes and then looked away. "I know how you feel. I have been here for about a month. And I think I have tried everything. These chains may not look strong but they are. They do not break. I tried cleaving one with a meat cleaver from the kitchen. You should see the big notch in the blade of that cleaver now. The locks are all electronic and require a chipped key. They are absolutely tamper proof. I stuck a small piece of metal that I found into the waist band lock. The reaction was immediate. What you can't see is that under these belts and plates there is are metal dildos in both opening. These and the bands around our breasts are completely wired. They vibrate, they pulse, and more deliver fucking unbearable electric shocks. In case you fucking haven't figured it out yet they just love electricity around here." Her voice hardened.

"As soon as I tampered with the belt lock, all four devices, my pussy, ass, and both breasts started attacked me. The pain was unbelievable. It took me to the ground. I would have done anything to make it stop. But it did not; it went into punishment mode for the next hour. I didn't know about punishment mode, but I learned pretty quickly. A plug or ring starts vibrating, not a lot, but enough to start to get your attention. Then another follows, then another, then they shift back and forth. I tried to resist, but that is impossible. Then I tried to get satisfaction, but this fucking machine knows my pulse rate at any time so as soon as I got excited and start to get toward climax the vibrating stops and the shocks began. As this was all happening, the slack in my hand chains was retracted so that they

were pulled behind me, like they are now. Once they are in that position you can only get them released by a Mistress with an electronic key. It requires explaining why the belt has decided to incapacitate your hands which results in an assessment of punishment points.”

“This just isn’t possible. There must be a way to get out of this place.” He said. Again pulling and jerking at his restraints.

The girl looked back up and made eye contact. Her voice softened. “Yesterday I would have agreed with you. I figured all I had to do was be completely compliant, get their trust, and find a flaw.” Harry heard her sob softly. “I thought that there were jobs that might give me a way out. I figured if I got an opportunity I could get out of here. It took most of two weeks of being the best little compliant slave you have ever seen to get there. Eventually I got a chance to work in the kitchen.”

“Today a delivery came. The exterior door was open. I could actually see outside into the parking lot and beyond to the forest. I figured if I could slip out unnoticed. They don’t keep careful count in the kitchen area, so if I could make it across the parking lot unseen I could hide and then try to work my way to where I could get help. I can only imagine the reaction of one of the good citizens of this town when they saw me. I hoped it would not be someone too old who might have a heart attack.”

“But they saw you before you got out.”

The girl snorted. “Not exactly. It was well into lunch and nobody was paying attention. I decided it was time to make my move. I tried to cut the chain with the clever. I was shocked when it was impervious to the heavy clever; now I was really committed. I slipped out the door, moved along the side of the building for a short distance and then tried to run across the parking lot. I got about 15-20 feet. There was a buzzing sound and the restraint chains started to wind into the belt. I tried to hold against them. I tried to get back

inside. I clasped my hands together in front of my body and put all my strength into keeping my legs straight. It just kept winding, slowly, inexorably. My grip broke and my hands pulled behind me not stopping until the chains were straight up my back. My feet pulled out from under me and I went down. It took less than a minute to tighten me into the hogtie you see right now. I think there is a GPS in this outfit that senses if you leave the allowed area. I can move my hands up and down a little.” She showed how she could slide them up the chain toward her shoulders. “But that doesn’t help much. Then, of course, the punishment cycles started. To add insult to injury, they spotted me there before long. Other than a little laughing and a few jokes I was left like a sack of potatoes that had fallen off the truck for the entire fucking afternoon.” She sobbed again and looked down. “And this belt, this fucking device, just kept punishing me the entire time. I tried begging for help or at least for someone to turn off the belt. I should have known better. It only caused more laughs. I squirmed and screamed, but nothing did any good.”

“The other slaves did everything they could to pretend I did not exist. I can’t blame them. Eventually two slaves came, put me on a dolly and brought me here. You two are worried about punishment. I am sure whatever they have in store for me will be very special.”

Harry stared at her in disbelief. He was sure they had some harness like this in store for him. If he was going to get out of here it needed to be before they secured him in one of those outfits. He needed to make sure that that did not happen. It appeared that once harnessed escape became almost impossible.

“If I can get over there will you try to use your hands to help me? At least you can try to loosen the lacing on this armbinder. Maybe then I can wiggle my arms out.”

“Believe me. There is no chance. And, by the way, if you leave the painted rectangle they will punish you.”

The sobbing from the blonde was getting louder. "I don't want to be here. I need to get out of here. Someone needs to help me. Please." It was even hard to understand her; the words were all running together absorbed in her sobbing. It was pretty obvious to Harry that this one had lived a pampered life until she had ended up here. He wondered how that had happened. The story for her was clearly different than his, but he figured she had been tricked in some way. These people were very devious. He accentuated the thought with tugs of his hands and feet. He noticed that the other two were engaging in the similar activity, with the same result.

"When did you get here?" He said to the blonde. Maybe if he talked to her she would calm down. He also wanted to learn as much as he could about this place.

She snuffled a little and turned her head to look at him. "I have been here for what I think is three days. It is difficult because there are no clocks and I haven't seen sunlight."

"How did they get you?"

She sobbed again. Looked down and then looked over at Harry. "I feel so stupid." Again she sobbed. "I met this wonderful sophisticated woman at a party. She told me she owned a company that manufactured unique clothing. After a few weeks she called me. She told me that one of her models had not shown up for an Internet show. She said that the model was about the same size as me and that when she had met me she thought I would be a wonderful model. Of course I agreed to help her. She even had a chauffeured car come and pick me up. I was so excited. The chauffer was this exotic looking woman. She brought me out here. I was suspicious when I saw how remote the location was, but the driver told me that it was necessary to protect the proprietary aspects of the product. Janie met me at the door and seemed so happy that I had come to help."

"Janie? Janie. That bitch." Harry felt bile in his throat. He really hated that bitch. Somehow he was going to get even, but she

is very clever. “Then they grabbed you?”

“No, they played it through to the end.” The girl stopped talking and sobbed some more. “ She got me to undress and told me the outfit I was going to model required me to wear a corset. I stood there, just stood there, while they removed the remainder of my clothing and cinched my waist in a corset. I did not like it. I complained about how tight it was. But Janie said: ‘Model’s have to be strong.’ I thought she was right, so, I sucked it up. Then she pulled out what looked like long gloves. I pushed my hands and arms into them, I actually pushed my own hands into the gloves, and stood doing nothing while she laced them up and buckled straps around the wrists. I thought that was strange. But, then she pulled my arms back behind me. I didn’t know what for, but I didn’t resist. I just went along with it. Why did I do that?” More sobbing. “Then I heard a click. Only then did I realize that my hands had been locked into loops in the back of the corset. I started to protest but she just laughed and pushed something into my mouth. It was a ball gag. Only then did I try to twist free and run. But it was way too late. She swept my legs out from under me, sat on me, tied my feet, and pulled them up behind me. I had messed around with a boy friend with handcuffs once, but I had never been put in a hogtie before. I don’t like it much.” The girl jerked her hands and feet against the hogtie she now found herself ensconced in.

“She laughed at me. I felt humiliated. I had no idea why she had done this. Then she left me struggling on the floor until morning. I was visited by a few people, but I could not see them because my eyes had been taped over. None of them stayed very long or talked to me. I don’t know what they were doing.”

“They were inspecting the goods before they bid on you.” Harry said after pausing for a moment..

“Bid for what? What do you mean?”

“Didn’t she tell you? She captures us then she holds an auction, sells us, and then we are trained to meet the specifications of the purchaser.” As soon as he said it he thought that maybe he shouldn’t have been so direct.

“No.” She sobbed. “I don’t want to be owned by someone. I like my life. I am not meant to be a slave. If I’d known it was about money I could get my step father to buy me. He has lots of money since mommy died.”

The other girl piped in again. “And how long has it been since your mother died?”

“Just a couple of months.”

“And everything with you and your step father are grand?”

“Yes, he controls my trust, but he gives me anything I want.”

“Not any more I suspect. You might as well get used to this place. I suspect that your step father got a good price for you. There is nothing you can do about it now.” The blonde evaporated into uncontrollable sobbing. Harry thought the dark haired girl’s statement was a little harsh, but he was becoming irritated with the blonde. They were all in a bad situation, but falling apart was not going to help.

“Maybe we can do something.” Harry said. “How many of us are there?” He looked across at the more experienced slave as he spoke.

“I take it you mean how many captives or slaves? There are maybe 25, but I have never seen more than 4 or 5 in one place before.”

“How many do you think might help join together to get out of here? How many are men?”

“Most are women. Maybe 3 or 4 men but I have never seen two men together in the same place at the same time. Four or five new slaves seem to come in each week. From what I have heard most stay here about 60 days. Then they are shipped to their new ‘homes’. I think there is a private runway nearby that they use. So there is a constant turn-over. There are three or four girls that I think are house slaves and stay here all the time, but they also function as overseers. You have to be careful of them, they act like they are helpful, but they are very loyal to the Mistress. Just wait until the first time one of them canes you. It is always more severe than any of the Mistresses.”

“How about the others? How many of them are there?”

“Four or Five regular Mistresses and one male. The women clearly run the show, but the man, Nathan, can be brutal. Do your best to stay away from him. They have a club of some sort attached and it often has 20 or 30 more people in the evenings. Almost all are women. I am not exactly sure what their role is but they are treated as Mistresses when they are here.” Harry already knew some of this but he did not want to talk about it. The focus had to be on escape.

“If we can get four or five of us together, even against one of them, even in chains, we should be able to get control. Then we can get a key to release the chains.”

“It is going to be difficult to recruit anyone. Most of the time we are absolutely prohibited from talking, in fact, most of the time we are gagged. It is going to be very hard to talk to others under those circumstances. It is also going to be very hard to do anything. Except when we are assigned tasks to perform our hands are secured behind our backs. They also keep us hooded a lot of the time. We are always hooded when we are moved, so it is very difficult to tell what is where. I think most of the doors have electronic locks. They always stop at the door and then there is a

soft buzz before they take you through. I am not sure how that works because of the damn hood.”

“I understand the difficulty. It may take some time, but what choice do we have?”

“I am not sure how much longer I will be here. I have been here a month already. That is why I put my plan together. I hate this place, but from what I have seen I really do not want to be shipped out.”

“What did you see?”

“I was taken down to the shipping room to help with the shipping of two girls. They were brought in by the overseers. They had already been hooded; it was a hood like I had not seen before. I could tell that it was padded at the eyes, ears and mouth. There were wires coming from the hood. And there was a tube coming out of the mouth area, I learned this tube went into the stomach and was used for feeding during travel. I could tell that they were terrified, but they were completely compliant. There were two of us on each girl supervised by an overseer. Mistress Amber was overseeing the entire matter. The overseer walked us through the entire procedure. They are very careful. We strapped the girls’ elbows and the knees. Only then did Mistress Amber remove the girls’ chains. She also removed the breast bands at the base of the breast, but they were still pierced with the rings in each nipple and the surrounding band that is held by pins in the flesh.” Harry cringed at this revelation. He hoped they did not do this to males.

“We were given new metal plugs to insert in the pussy and ass to replace the ones removed with the belts. They were held in place with leather straps, and the straps were locked on. Wires protruded from the ends of the plugs. Something like a bra, but with clips that fastened to the rings in the nipples was put on the girls. Each breast was worked through a hole in the bra. As the breast was pushed into the cup the bra fit tighter around the base of the breast. Once

the breasts were fit and the bra tightened at the back, the overseer tighten a cord that encircled the base of each breast. I could tell it was uncomfortable because the victim squirmed. I wondered why there was so much security with supposedly trained slaves.”

“The shipping container was a long thin box. The lower part was lined with foam but had a torso cut indentation. The girl was laid face down in the box then strapped in at the ankles, knees, thighs, waist, below the shoulders and at the neck. In addition a strap was pulled over each shoulder and connected to the strap at the waist. Another strap was pulled up between the legs. This was fastened and tightened before they started on the leg straps. It was attached to the same strap where the shoulder straps were just anchored. The girl couldn’t even wiggle. The tube from her mouth was connected to a bottle on one side in the box. The wires from the plugs, bra, and hood were connected to a small black box on the inside of the shipping box. A switch on the box was flicked. From the reactions of the subject, it is my guess that any sound from her mouth caused the plugs and/or bra to shock her. She immediately became still and very quiet. Not that she could make much noise through that gag and hood. It appeared that there were periodic cycles of sexual stimulation, that interested me at first, but it appeared they were designed to provide stimulation but no release.”

“More foam was inserted into the top of the box and the lid fastened in place. The box was labeled. I thought I heard something about the Middle East. That was terrifying. There was no way she was getting out of that box before she got to her new owner. I felt sick; there was a huge pain in my stomach. I knew I needed to perfect my plan, and I thought I had until today.”

There was a sound at the door. Someone was coming. The overseer wheeled in a cart. From that she put two plates – one looked like dog a dish- in front of each of the room’s occupants. When she had finished placing all the plates she left.

The dog dish was filled with water; the other plate had cubes of something that looked not unlike tofu. It was pretty clear that if they were going to eat they were going to do so without the use of their hands. How humiliating, but Harry was hungry and was ready to try anything.

First though, he was thirsty. He was very thirsty and needed water before they took it away. He put his face down in the dog dish and sucked up some liquid. It was a bit of a challenge, but it tasted good and he figured it out quickly. It was humiliating, but there was nothing he could do about that. And, at least he was treated no differently than the other two occupants of the room. After he had consumed about half the water he turned to the food. Each cube was cut to make it fairly easy to take in his mouth.

“What is this stuff?” He asked.

“Some specially engineered food product designed to give us the right amount of nutrients and calories and to ease the removal process.”

“Removal?” He asked.

“We each have a plug in our ass. It is not removed to let us go to the bathroom, so most mornings as a part of our cleaning we are given an enema through a hole in the plug. You will get use to it.”

“I haven’t.” Spoke the blonde. “It is painful and humiliating. They have done it twice to me and I hate it. I don’t want that anymore. I want to just sit on a toilet like a real person.” Harry could hear her starting to sob again.

Harry looked back to his plate. He took a cube in his mouth. It was almost tasteless. He knew he needed nourishment so he ate most of what was on the plate. He tried not to think of how the waste from this and other meals would be removed from his body. That

was if he did not get out of here. There had to be a way to get out of here.

Chapter 6

The overseer was back. "Time to get you outfitted." She said to Harry. She released his legs and pulled him up onto his feet. His arms were still tightly bound behind him. Before she did anything else she put the half hood back over his head. It extended down over his eyes and encircled his nose with a hole for it to protrude through. He remembered what the dark haired girl had said about never being moved without being blindfolded. He wished he had had more time to talk to her. She knew an awful lot about this place. He suddenly realized that he had never even asked her name, nor had he given her his. He wondered if he would ever see here again. He wondered what was meant by "outfitted". He hoped it was not the cuff and chain arrangement he saw on the other captives. He really did not want those things on him. But he had no control over anything.

They did not travel too far before he was paused, then he was pulled through a doorway. He heard the door close behind him. His handler removed the hood. He was in a small room with cabinets and drawers around the walls.

The overseer measured his neck. Then she went to a cabinet and removed a metal collar about two inches wide. She placed it around his neck and secured it in place by a means he could not see. She pulled something down from the ceiling and fastened it to the back of the collar. She went to the wall and the line to his neck tightened. He did not have to stand on his toes, but he could move only inches from his current spot in the middle of the room. Then she measured his ankle. He considered kicking her, but wondered what he could gain from such action so long as he was held by his neck in the middle of the room with his arms tied behind his back. After that she went to another cabinet and came back with two metal cuffs. One was fastened around each ankle. Harry did not try to resist. There was really nothing he could do. The cuffs were closed

and she attached a chain to each cuff. She pulled on the chains and pulled his legs about 18 inches apart, locking each chain down to the floor. He could not put his legs together and he could go nowhere.

The next area of attention was his waist. Again it was measured and a metal band locked around him. This band was at least half an inch thick. He could better see how the restraints fastened. One end of the band fit into a receiving rectangular opening in the other end of the band. When brought flush it clicked into place to give the appearance of a complete and solid band. It was so finely machined that the joint could barely be seen.

She measured the distance from the front of the band through his crotch and up to the band in the rear. Then she returned with what looked like two curving triangles meeting together at their respective apex with a hinge about an inch wide. He tried to study this device. It was shiny silver like the bands, but there appeared to be engraving, and they were not smooth. On the inside of the curve of each piece he could see what looked like copper webbing or lines not unlike the surface of a circuit board. There was a hole of about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in one plate and of about 1 and $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in the other. She went around behind him and he could feel her fastening one wide end of this device to the lower part of the waist band in back. From what he had briefly seen he assumed it was attached to the lower part of the waist band with a series of J shaped brackets that inserted into the waist band and then locked in place. It appeared that this back plate was also hinged just below where it attached. This caused the entire device to hang straight down. He could now see that it would be pulled up between his legs with the small hinge coming together between his legs and the front plate curving up to the belt in front.

She was doing something on the waist band, attaching something else to it in back. He tried to look back, but could not see very well what she was doing. Then he felt it. He knew instantly what it was. A plug was inserted into his anal cavity. Before he could even try to twist away it sunk into him. Harry hated it

immediately. He had never been invaded in that part of his body. He was not gay and he did not want that foreign object up his ass. He tried to twist and pull away to prevent what was happening, but it was way too late. There was no way he could get it out. He felt himself blush with shame.

The plug was held in place by a single fine metal line running up to his waist belt in the back. She then pulled two lines forward passing them on either side of his penis and attaching each to the front of the belt about an inch apart. The clamshell parts of the metal plate still hung behind him. She lifted the back piece and he could feel the dildo inside him shift about as a piece on the end of the dildo was threaded through the half inch hole in the back plate. Now the plug was held ridged within his body. Harry did not like this. He did not like this at all. He really needed that thing out of him.

The girl turned her attention to the front. She removed the device that he had been wearing on his penis and balls. He was very happy to get rid of that device of torture. When it had been removed she lifted the front plate. He looked at the 1 ½ inch opening. He knew what she was going to do with that, but didn't exactly know how. It was quickly answered. She gathered his ball sack in her hand and eased his testicles through the small hole. Only after they were through did she bend his penis and feed it through the hole. The process had actually been very easy. The only hitch had been that he started to tumify when she touched him. She fixed that with a swat of a small switch to the end of his penis. Harry was shocked, but he immediately went soft.

She pulled his testicles and penis all the way through and then lifted the plate and fastened it into the waist belt. This wasn't too bad. But she was not yet done. She fastened a small band around his scrotum above his testicles. A small net of what looked like copper wire extended from this band to encase his testicles. Then she pulled three small lines from receptacles in the front plate and clicked each of them into the band above his testis. If they were

pulled they would pull his testicles down stretching his scrotum. Harry did not like this, but he had no idea what he could do about it.

Next she produced a small net made of what looked like very light copper wire. It had been fashioned into a cylinder of sorts. She fit this over the shaft of his penis. It was not tight, but he worried about what would happen if he got hard. She quickly tested this. She started to stroke his penis and balls. She also used her mouth to lick and caress his nipples. It worked. He very quickly came to attention. He quickly looked down to see if the wires were going to cut into his penis, but he could see that the mesh was designed with elastic joiners in such a way that it held firm to his penis whether soft or hard, but did not cut. Two ends at the base of the copper mesh were inserted into clips made to receive them on the face of the front plate.

But she wasn't finished with this yet. The next piece was not soft or pliable; it was instead a small tube, only a couple of inches long and curved downward. It fit over his penis and snapped onto the front plate. A curved opening at the back allowed his testicles to hang free below his now encased penis. His penis was held curving downward. If he became excited it would not be able to rise. In fact, it could not even straighten. And there was not room for it to expand and push out of the device. He was not sure how that was going to actually work, but he was pretty sure this would prevent him from satisfying himself in any way.

She went to the back of the belt and pulled out a Y shaped chain. It was pulled down and one end of the Y was connected to each ankle. Only then did she release chains holding his legs apart. It looked just like what he has seen on the other slaves in the feeding room. Fuck. This was not good. But what could he do? NOTHING!

Finally she started to release the arm binder. She was going to apply the wrist restraints. Would he have an opportunity here? He was not sure. If so, would he try to take it? After she had opened the arm binder his arms were still held to it by the straps at

the wrist, elbow and upper arm. She loosened the strap on his left wrist and measured the wrist. She tightened the strap again. She went to the cupboard and returned with two metal cuffs. She pulled two chains from the back of the waist belt. They made a slight clicking noise as they were withdrawn from chambers in the back of the waist belt. Each chain was pulled up and attached at the back of the collar, but not before each one was threaded through a wrist cuff. One at a time she then removed only the strap around his wrists and replaced each with a metal cuff. Only then did she remove the straps at the elbows and upper arms and finally remove the remainder of the arm binder. He was now free of the arm binder, but his arms were held tightly behind his back by the new cuff and chain arrangement. It was just as he had observed on the girls in the feeding room. He tested the movement by sliding his hands up and down on the chain. They could not go below the top of the belt where the chain passed through a small loop in the back of the belt. He was too muscular to raise his hands up very far. Maybe an inch or two. He tried to pull them to the side to see how much slack there was in the chains. Almost none. Unlike rope, the chain would not even stretch. So much for his plan to escape before they got him in their house chains. That ship had sailed. She had been very careful, she had given him no opportunity to try anything. He reviewed everything she had just done to see if he had missed an opportunity. He had not, there had not been any. Given what he had been told of these restraints he knew this would change his escape plans.

Then she came around in front of him again. She had a small bottle from which she applied liquid to each of his nipples and breasts. She put the bottle away and returned with a small slightly conical band in one hand and something that looked like a pump in the other. She pressed the band against his right breast. It left a hole in the middle about 1 ½ inches in diameter through which his nipple was fully exposed. Then she placed the open end of the pump looking device over his flesh just inside the band and started to pump. The effect was to suck the end of his breast forward into the opening in the band. It also caused his nipple to stand erect.

When she was happy with the amount of breast showing through she removed the pump and clicked a small switch on a device she was holding in her hand. He felt two rings of pain around the band. He could feel it as pins inserted themselves into his flesh around both edges of the band, thus holding the band in place. It did not hurt a great deal, but had caught him by surprise. Then she repeated the process on the other breast. He tried to squirm away from her. He had succeeded a couple of times.

“I am in no mode to play with you today. You already cost me a point.” She had something else in her hand and pushed a button. Electric shock surged through his penis. The copper mesh was an electrical conductor. He stopped squirming and stood still as she pumped and then connected the second band to the left breast.

She was not yet done. She returned with a device he had never seen before. She took his left nipple between her fingers and pulled it forward. Then she brought this new device up behind her fingers. He knew what was happening and braced for the pain. It was not as bad as he thought it would be. As soon as the breast was pierced she inserted a ring of about $\frac{3}{4}$ inch diameter. It was not closed at that time. She repeated the process on the other breast. When both rings were in place she took a small wire from the breast plate and thread a small washer on the end over each ring. She returned with a soldering iron and closed and soldered each ring. She must have done this many times because she moved very quickly and although he could feel the heat from the iron it never burned his flesh.

He looked at the rings now adorning both nipples. He liked piercing on women. He did not like nipple rings on men. He felt like it was gay, but here he was with both nipples pierced. The overall effect of these chains and bands made him feel very much under her control. He could see how this was part of the entire slave training concept Janie and her minions were exerting. And, once again he had been helpless to do anything to interfere with the Mistress' control. He was in real trouble, more than ever before in his life. He

had only been here a day and a half. He did not know how he was going to handle this. What was going to be next?

Chapter 7

What indeed? The half hood was again pulled over his head depriving him of all sight. He heard and sensed something clipped to the front of his waist belt and then felt a tug. They were off again, to somewhere. His feet moved jerky short steps because his ankles were hobbled with a 12" chain. He had to struggle to keep up. A couple of times he overstepped and almost tripped. Once she helped steady him, but he learned to gauge the distance and was soon able to walk without tripping.

They had left the room and moved a distance before they passed through what he had come to recognize as another door. He was moved forward for a distance inside this new area and then stopped. He heard the very soft sound of some motors turning. She moved him forward a short distance and he felt his waist belt come into contact with something. It was curved and seemed built to receive the waist belt. As soon as the belt made full contact latches clicked into place. The belt was now one with whatever this device was. Harry would have liked to have reached out and touched it with his hands, but of course, they were secured at his back just above his waist. Whatever it was he could not feel any contact with any other part of his body.

More motor sounds. Then pressure from the back of his neck as his upper body was pushed forwards a short distance. The neck collar found a receptacle similar to the one holding the waist. Again clicks and it was solidly secured. He tried to turn his head. He could slightly, but the neck collar was held tightly in place. He tried to turn his body from side to side, but because of the tight fit of the waist belt to his body that was impossible. His ankles were next, first the right, then the left. He heard a click and felt the leg chain against the back of his legs. The chain and hobble were released from the ankle cuffs. They recoiled into the metal device below his belt in back. Chains on his ankles were not now needed. Each ankle cuff was

held motionless, he was tightly held in, in whatever this device was. He was not sure what this thing was for, but he was pretty sure he would not like it. He was also pretty sure there was not a damn thing he was going to be able to do about it.

Someone was in front of him touching the area below his belt in front. The penis restraint that held his penis bent downward was released. The touch was light and feminine. She took his penis in her hand and guided it into something else to the front of him. Something soft was surrounding it, but he could not move against it. Then she removed the half hood and he got a chance to take a look at the nature of his confinement. He was surprised. He had expected something quite a bit larger than he saw. There was a pole maybe three inches in diameter in front of him and about a foot away. From that a triangle shaped piece extended until it made a semicircle around the front half of his collar. It pretty much blocked his ability to see below, but he thought he could make out a similarly shaped extrusion at waist level. That made sense. He could not see to his feet. The pole extended up to the ceiling.

“Mistress wants you to receive training as a sex slave. There will be tests so you should pay close attention.”

“How long will I be here?” He asked. The only answer was a sharp electrical shock up and down the length of his penis. UGGHH. She had not removed the copper mesh that surrounded it. Harry bit down and suppressed his cry to a groan.

“You were not given permission to speak. It is none of your business how long you will be anywhere. You will be where Mistress wants you to be when Mistress wants you there and for as long as it pleases Mistress. If you want thing to go better you must learn to follow the rules and work hard to excel at your training.” With that she went to a cabinet and returned with something that looked like a flight helmet. She placed it over his head. It had what looked like goggles over the eyes and something that was then fastened over his nose and mouth. It was shaped almost like a pilot’s oxygen

mask. She checked his hands, checked each part of his restraint and then left. He heard the door open and then close. Once again he was alone. He wondered who was going to come and give him “sex training” and what that would involve. Maybe that would not be so bad. He did like sex.

Suddenly he could see. The face plates had not been removed. Could they be made to allow him to see through them? There was a beautiful blonde girl standing in front of him. Where had she come from? How had she gotten in here without him hearing her? She was naked. She had a very, very small waist. It could not be more than 17”. Yet here breasts were large, very firm, and perfectly formed. But there was something odd about her. She had not moved and didn’t quite look real. Then she blinked and smiled.

“Hello Slave. I am Anya and I will be your instructor for sex and pleasure training. Your entire body belongs to me. You will do exactly as I say at all times. I know your blood pressure, I know your pulse, I know your breathing rate, I know your skin moisture. I know everything. Don’t try to fool me. Trying is foolish and will be quite painful. If you perform well you will be ok. If you do not, you will be punished. I have no mercy.” He realized that that was very true. He was hearing her voice in the earpieces of his helmet, but he also realized that she was not real. She was a computer image on the eye plates in front of him it was a perfect 3-D image, but still a computer image. He was at the mercy of a fucking computer program. This was bad. This was very bad.

“You will learn to provide service to others. You will learn to do so without losing your control. You will learn NEVER to achieve climax with a Mistress unless directed to do so. If you are very good you will occasionally be given access to a female slave for that purpose. Occasionally you may be honored to provide reward for a female slave, but even then you will not climax. Should you climax without permission you will be punished.

You are not to attempt to pleasure yourself at any time in any way. All of your sexual energy belongs to the Mistresses. You will only exert sexual energy and engage in sexual activity when directed to do so by a Mistress. Our training will concentrate on two areas. You will learn the techniques to provide maximum pleasure. You will learn full control. You will become a perfect Taoist. First we will check you stats.” Harry hated this stupid computer. What did a fucking computer know about maintaining control? Harry was good at control, although he did not relish the idea of being deprived of orgasm. That was not only not fair, it really wasn’t even possible.

She moved forward – or it looked like she did, he knew she was just on the screen in his face. He felt tingling in his nipples were they being stroked? By whom? Then his balls were being caressed and his penis stroked. “You will tell me if you think you are about to climax. **BUT DO NOT CLIMAX.**”

He told himself: “Think of something else.” He tried to think of techniques he had used to last longer with women, but most of that involved changing position and withdrawing for a short time. He could do nothing to control the stroking and caressing. This was very hard, he thought, then laughed at the pun. He tried to shift his lower body. He could do nothing. In fact, the sense of helplessness only tended to increase his excitement. There was something almost intoxicating about being totally in the control of another who was performing sexual acts on him. He remembered one woman who had liked him to handcuff her and then tease her. He suddenly understood what she liked so much. The caressing changed. He was receiving a blow job. How could that be? And what a blow job. He had always liked oral sex, at least receiving it, and he had to admit that this one was near, if not on the top of the list. He was about to explode. “I’m going to cum.” He said. But how could a computer character hear him. A sudden shock to his penis and balls stopped the climax.

“Good reporting. You did leak a little, but only a little.” The blow job and caressing has stopped. “You may think that the shock

to your penis is not worth following directions. Believe me, that pain is short and quick. It fulfills the purpose of interrupting the climax. It is a far cry from the punishment you will receive if you climax without permission. You do not want to find out the difference. You lasted 3 minutes. We have a great deal of work to do. Three minutes is now the beginning standard. You need to achieve at least 10 minutes tonight. Now let's work on your ability to give oral sex."

Her face that had been the center of focus on his helmet screen moved up out of view. He saw her breasts move into view. Even for a computer character they were very nice. Then her stomach was right in front of him, and then he watched as her sex slide in to the area of his mouth. The screen showed her lower abdomen. But he could smell her too. How was that possible? Then he felt something moist against his lips. He knew what that was. He didn't know how they got it there, but he knew what it was. "First with the tongue." She Said. "Long slow insertions, curl up and return. Keep doing it until I tell you to do something else." He obeyed. She continued to make corrections and to direct his action. This felt just like a real pussy. It smelled like a real pussy, and he could see her abdomen moving in his face just as it would be if there was a real girl there. He was becoming excited. He felt himself become erect. "Control yourself. Think about controlling it."

That didn't help. "You will learn. Think about this then." The shock in his penis immediately stopped his movement toward sexual satisfaction, but it was accompanied by a shock in his ass and to both nipples. He gasped. "Don't stop. Keep to your task. This body that was once yours is now just a tool. It no longer belongs to you. You must direct it and use it only as the Mistresses desire and controls."

After a time she changed to use of his tongue on the clitoris. She taught him how to find it without using his hands or eye. She pulled back and showed him what he was doing after several times. He completely forgot this was a computer program. She was as real as any woman he had ever been to bed with. He practiced using

just the tip of the tongue on the end of her clitoris. He practiced curling his tongue to surround it. He learned that if he made the motion of moving his head backwards, even though his head did not actually move her sex moved away as if he had pulled his head away. If he pushed his head forward, again not actually moving the pressure of her sex on his face increased. He was able to get through the clitoris exercises without having to be shocked. A couple of times he started to feel himself becoming excited. He thought about the shock and the pain in his penis and then concentrated on going back to work on his performance. They went through a number of technique drills. Then she told him to put it all together in a free play drill.

He wanted to please Anya. He was convinced that this was not a program. There had to be a real woman behind this. What he was seeing must be just the avatar. She was firm, but patient and encouraging. He would show her that he knew what he was doing when it came to sex. He would impress her somehow. The oral training went on for a long time. His lips were hurting. His tongue was sore. She never climaxed. She never even seemed too excited, as hard as he tried, but he kept trying.

She pulled back. Her sex was no longer in his mouth, or even within reach. He tried to push forward, but it did not work. "Good enthusiasm. Technique is going to take some work. You forgot most of it when we went to free play. Maybe you will do better tomorrow. I will leave you to think about what you learned and what you need to do. To end up let's do 30 minutes of endurance drill. I may not be here, but you are still required to declare before you reach climax if you think you cannot control it."

She was gone and his mask went black. He couldn't see a thing, but the caressing and stroking of his nipples, balls, and penis began again, followed very quickly by a world class blow job. The effect was predictable. He had been giving oral sex to a beautiful woman for hours and now he was receiving oral sex. Not just oral sex, the best he could ever remember.

He could not resist. In fact, he did not want to resist. He wanted, no, he needed sexual release. He did not declare, he was going to take it all the way. It felt so very good, but then, he let go. He could feel his penis start to throb, he could feel the explosion escaping, but before he got to the height of the orgasm, before he got to that place of ecstasy, electricity surged up and down his penis. That stopped things cold. As soon as that stopped there was a series of shocks to his balls, ass, and nipples. They were painful beyond belief. He pulled and twisted at his restraints. He could go nowhere. The painful shocks went on for what seemed like forever. He had disappointed and been punished. How did they know he had given up?

But then the stroking and sucking began again. Now he tried hard to focus and not give in. He must have had better success because the shock was only to his penis. He could not tell how long it had been. She had said thirty minutes, but it seemed like hours. Finally it stopped. He did not know how many times he had had to be shocked. He had lost track. Was it 8? Was it a dozen? Had he done ok? How did he stack up to others? He did not feel like he had done very well.

Chapter 8

He heard the door open and close. There was a sound behind him. The ankle chains were pulled from the belt and click into place in each ankle. The helmet was removed. It was the blonde overseer. To Harry's dismay, the half hood was placed over his eyes. After a series of clicking sounds the device released his neck, waist and ankles. Harry wanted to stretch his muscles, but he did not dare. He could sense the closeness of the woman. She took him by the shoulders and turned him around. He complied. Something was connected to the front of his waist band, the leash, and they were on their way again.

It was true they were going to blindfold him when he was moved. That really sucked. How was he going to figure out where things were?

He was led from the training room into another room. Once again he felt himself being eased forward and again felt and heard something click into the waist band. He tested by trying to twist to one side and then the other. There was no movement. It felt just like the device he had just been released from. As he expected his neck was eased forward and the collar clicked into place. Had he been brought back to the device? If not, what was this one for? His ankles were next. This was followed by the release and retraction of the ankle chains.

Whatever he was here for he was not going anywhere. He expected the hood to be removed, but that did not happen. He heard some motors whir and his neck and upper body were angled forward slightly. Then he felt the plate on the rear portion of his lower body released and swung down on the hinge between his legs. There was still the line running from the back of the belt between his buttocks that held the dildo in his ass in place. Then he heard nothing. He had not heard the overseer leave, but he heard

no sound of movement in the room. After a while he tested the restraints. He did not expect any slack, and there was none. What type of “training” did they have in mind for him now? Finally after what seemed like a long time he heard the door open and someone enter.

“It is time for your punishment prior to giving you some rest.” It was Janie’s voice. “How many punishment points did you accumulate?”

“Six he answered.”

“I think you mean six Mistress. That is another point, and it is wrong. The correct answer was nine. Now, how many points?”

“Nine Mistress.” He said. The word came out only with difficulty, but he figured he better conform.

“Wrong again. You will recall you just received another point. Try again.”

“Ten points Mistress.” He was panicking a little. That sounded like a lot of points.

“The answer is acceptable. Plus two points for giving the wrong answer twice. You will now receive 12 strokes with the cane.” He remembered the bright red welts on the legs and buttocks of the blonde in the feeding room. They had looked very painful and it did not look like there were anywhere near 12 of them. He did not think this was going to be enjoyable. “Slave Wendy will now administer the punishment. I will give you a break because you are new. The severity of the strokes will be moderate. Proceed.”

There was a swishing sound and a line of fire erupted across his upper thighs just below his buttocks. Instinctively his hands tried to go to the area to give comfort, but of course they could not. They were held helplessly in the small of his back just above his waist. It

felt like a red hot iron had been pressed to his flesh. He tried to move his body, move his legs; do anything to get away from it.

“You will count the strokes. If you don’t count a stroke it does not count. If you lose track we may have to start over. Do you understand?”

“Yes Mistress.” That was very humiliating.

“Well?”

He quickly responded: “One.”

“I guess you really are not very smart. That should have been one Mistress. That stroke does not count. Begin again.”

“Oh God, oh God.” He thought. Not again.

But before he could even reason it out it came again.

SWISH - - - CRACK - - - AGGHAAAHH

Fire erupted on the lower part of his buttocks. He gasped in pain. She had gotten both globes with the single stroke. But he had learned. “One Mistress.” He gasped. The stroke had taken the breath right out of him and he had trouble getting the words out.

She said nothing and he tried to brace himself for the next stroke. It seemed like forever.

SWISH - - - - CRACK - - - OOHAAAA

It connected with his legs just above the knees. The pain was like nothing he had ever felt before. He tried to squirm out of reach. Nothing moved. It took a couple of seconds for his mind to clear. “Two Mistress.” He groaned praying she would take mercy on him.

Two? Ten more to go? Oh God. He was never going to get through this. Nobody could take this.

This time he didn't even hear the swish, he just felt the stripe of pain fully across both globes of his buttocks. The pain was severe, but not as bad as on his thighs. Maybe she would keep more of them up there. "Three Mistress."

SWISH - - - CRACK - - - NNNOOOOOAAAA

He heard and felt that one. It landed almost on top of the last stroke. The flesh in that area was tender from the last stoke and it hurt a lot more. "Four Mistress." He needed to rub his flesh.

He needed to do something to make the pain go away. But the pain from each stroke remained. Now he realized why that little blonde was so terrified. He would have to re-think his demonstrations of defiance.

SWISH - - - CRACK - - - UGGHHAAA

Back on this thighs, about mid-way. He never realized how tender the flesh on the back of the legs could be. "Five Mistress." Was that right? It seemed like a lot more than that. Nobody said anything, so it must be correct. He needed to focus. He could not lose count; he had to do what was expected of him so at least it would stop at twelve. Oh my God, twelve. He wondered if the pain would make him pass out. What would they do?

SWISH - - - CRACK - - - AAAAHGGAAAWWA

Fuck that hurt. It was right on the thighs. "Six Mistress." He gasped it out. He could only imagine what the welts looked like. He was sure they were ugly. He wondered if they were bleeding. He would not be surprised. He noted that she was taking her time in between strokes. She would let the full impact of the pain settle throughout his entire body before she would strike again. Just as the

pain was coming under control, just as he was getting his breath, there would be another stroke. Like everything else in this place they made this a science. He thought of the little blonde and the bright red welts that had lined her thighs and buttocks. Her flesh looked very sore. What must it feel like to be caned on flesh that had already suffered so? She had said that punishment would be imposed every day.

SWISH - - - CRACK - - - -UUGGHAA

“Seven Mistress.” The stroke had been on the lower part of the buttocks. He focused on the pain. He focused on waiting for the stroke. There was nothing he could do to stop it, he could only endure it.

Then came eight, nine, and ten. It seemed easier if he just focused on taking the stoke and announcing the number. If he had been thinking it would have been all over a stroke ago. He had to make sure that he did not do anything to receive points, but if he did he was absolutely going to remember the number. How had he not remembered that? He had thought he could play their head games back with them. That had not worked well for him.

SWISH - - - CRACK - - - AAGGWAAHH

“Eleven Mistress.” FUCK, this was too much, but only one more. The pain was running through all parts of his body. When they released him from this device would he even be able to walk? He would have to deal with that later. Right now he had to get ready for the last stroke. As he had done most of this exercise he held his breath and tried to tense his body to take the stroke, but he just did not seem to be able to time the strokes. He tried to take a quick breath, but the stroke came just as he let out the air.

SWISH - - - CRACK - - - UGGUAAAA

It was right back in the crease where his buttocks met his legs. This was clearly the most painful spot. That hurt. Everything hurt, but that was twelve.

“Twelve Mistress.” He announced almost triumphantly. He wanted to say “That’s it.” But he had learned that it was not worth it. He tried to remember the rest of the rules she had told him. There were a lot of rules and it seemed they kept giving new rules. His buttocks and thighs burned. He could tell this was going to hurt for days.

“Your performance was acceptable. Hopefully you have learned something from this. You need to work on your focus. Wendy will apply a disinfectant and take you to bed. You have a great deal of work to do tomorrow so I suggest you get some sleep. Will you try harder tomorrow?”

“Yes Mistress.” He had no trouble saying it now. She controlled every part of him. He would, in fact, try harder. She walked away and he heard the door open and close. The overseer slave, now he knew her name, Wendy rubbed some ointment over his buttocks and thighs. Then she reconnected the rear plate to the waist belt. He knew now why they had removed it. It would have blocked some of the stokes on his buttocks.

The chains to his ankles were replaced, and with clicks he was released from the device that held his neck, waist and ankles. His legs were weak, but he managed to keep his balance. The awful hood was replaced. He was turned, the leash reattached and they were off. She had said take him to bed. He was certainly ready for that. He figured they would keep him locked in some small cell with just a small bed. It didn’t matter anything right now would be a luxury.

Chapter 9

This seemed like a longer trip and Harry sensed they were going down a series of hallways. Finally they stopped and then went through a door. Harry wondered if there were other people around watching. What could be more humiliating than being led around hooded by a leash?

“Time to get you ready for bed.” Wendy said. She removed the half hood. That was very welcome, but what he really wanted was to touch his poor thighs and buttocks. His bottom was on fire. He could still feel every one of the twelve welts. He looked over his shoulder and down at the back of his legs. The stripes were already starting to take on a dark red to purple look. Each stripe was about a half an inch in width topped by a purple red ridge and the flesh on either side was very red. There was almost no spot from his knees to his buttocks that was not discolored.

“You are very lucky that Mistress only made the level moderate. I don’t think the pain is much less when it is administered, but the burn will go away in a day or two, severe can hurt for a week to ten days. The marks will last a bit longer. Just take a look any time you feel like disobeying. Pretty soon you will learn that a slave’s pleasure is in pleasing the Mistress. I am in a very good mood right now because Mistress was pleased with my performance. You should feel pleased that she was happy with the punishment.”

“Yes Mistress.” It was becoming easier.

“I am not a mistress. I am a slave. I, like you, serve for the pleasure of the Mistresses. Do not address me incorrectly. I am in a good mood so I will not give you a point for that mistake. This time.”

“How should I address you?”

“When called upon to speak you may address me as Slave Wendy.”

“Yes Slave Wendy.”

The room was a small cell, sort of what he had expected. No more than six feet wide and ten feet long. There was a small bench against the right wall. It was no more than two feet wide and seven feet long. He was a well developed man. This bench was only about as wide as his shoulders. Although the top was padded like a mattress it looked hard, and he saw no pillow, sheets, or blanket. How was he to sleep on that? He knew he would figure it out. Just being able to lie down under his own control was enough. He had not enjoyed trying to sleep in the hogtie and encased in leather. That might have been the most miserable night of his life. The bed was looking better. He wanted to curl up and try to sleep. Ok, curling was going to be a challenge, but he would figure something out.

Slave Wendy went to the corner and touched something on the wall. A toilet came out of the wall. She removed the accessory to the front plate that held his penis and guided him to the toilet. “Go now.” As she held his penis, he did. He didn’t even have control of going to the bathroom. He liked having women hold his equipment, but not like this. This was completely degrading. He really needed to get out of this place. When he was done she wiped off the tip with a paper towel and threw it away in a small receptacle by the toilet. Then she led him back to the bed.

“Lay down on your stomach.” She directed. Oh, no, was she going to put him back in hogtie again. His stomach lurched, but he did not question, did not resist. He lay down as she had commanded. She quickly connected a chain to the back of his collar. It extended into the wall above one end of the bed. Then she went around to his feet and connected another line onto the line to his hobble just above where it separated to go to each ankle. He felt the chain from his legs to the waist device tighten, but it only moved

about six inches. As it was taken up it caused the ring on the new chain from the wall to pass over both ankle chain portions pulling his ankles together. He had only a little movement in his feet, but at least they were not pulled up behind him.

Next, he felt her clip something onto each side of his waist belt. Then, one at a time she released the tension on the chain that held his hands behind his back and snapped each wrist in turn to a three inch chain from each side of the waist belt. She had expertly moved each hand and arm from its position behind his back to the side where it was re-secured. Even if he had been looking for an opportunity to try to escape or even use his hands this would not have been it. With the extra freedom he tried to reach around and touch the tortured flesh of his buttocks. He could just reach the sides of the stripes on his upper buttocks. His flesh was tender to the touch and it seemed like the welts were huge. He was sure they would hurt for more than a few days.

“Don’t touch.” She said. “If you do I will have to bag your hands and secure your arms more tightly which will make sleep more difficult.”

“Yes Slave Wendy.” He immediately pulled his hands away. He might explore later when she was gone.

“Roll over on your back.” She instructed. It was not easy to do. His body was held out straight with only a few inches of room to move up and down and his hands were fastened to his waist at each side by a small chain. He shifted his body, used his fingers to move him along, and eventually got over onto his back. He immediately felt the pain from the contact of his bruised flesh with the mat. Wendy watched, but did not help him in his task.

When he was on his back she attached something to the front of the plate below his waist. It completely encased his penis and scrotum. It was reminiscent of the covering in the training room. Next she produced a helmet. It appeared that all of these things

came from a cabinet that had opened in the wall. The helmet was almost exactly the same as the one he had worn in the training room, including the mask portion that hung down. It was placed over his head and fastened into place. "I suggest you sleep. You are likely to have a very difficult day tomorrow." With that, all sound in the room was gone and he suddenly heard sounds as if he were on a beach near the ocean. The waves were lightly rolling and there was the sound of a gently breeze. Where they trying to get him to relax? Maybe. He thought he could make out swaying palm trees and the moon obscured by clouds. That was relaxing, but he didn't really want to relax.

He tried to focus on where he was and what he was going to do. It was difficult even to keep track of time and dates. He thought it was Thursday. But, wait a minute. He had a date with Julia Friday. That was tomorrow. She would certainly wonder where he was. She was not the sort of woman to leave things be. She would inquire when he did not show up, did not respond to calls, and was just missing. There would be an investigation. Had Janie left any clues? He watched every CSI type film there was. There were always clues. It might take a while, but they would find him. They would rescue him. Julia would be his salvation.

He had met her about three months before at a Starbucks. She is the most amazing fiery red head, strong, smart, charming, and great in bed. She was dressed in a suit and looked very self assured. Normally he would not even have approached a woman like that. Her suit alone must have cost a thousand bucks. But she looked him up and down, and he could tell that she liked what she saw. The next look was more than an invitation to come over and talk to her. He is not shy, so that is exactly what he did. He could not remember what he had said, but it was not one of his cheesy lines reserved for the girls at the night clubs. They had talked for a long time. She had laughed at his witty comments, and she had leaned in toward him as she spoke and listened. He knew what that body language meant. He learned that she was an attorney. He had never dated a woman with such a prestigious job before. Finally she

told him her name and said she had to get to Court, but that she would be back tomorrow at the same time, maybe if he was here they could talk. He went to this Starbucks almost every morning, but he usually didn't linger, just got his coffee and left. Tomorrow would be different.

He had also learned the name of her favorite musical group and he thought he remembered that they were playing this weekend. He went home, got on his computer, and discovered that he was correct. Inside an hour he had scored two tickets to Friday's show. A bit presumptuous, but he figured if she turned him down he would still have a few days to find a suitable date, so not such a great risk.

The next morning he was at Starbucks. He got his coffee and positioned himself in the same location he had been in when he spoke to her the day before. Within 20 minutes she was there. He had not bought a coffee for her. As he saw her he wished that he had. Instead he went to meet her at the door, guided her back to the stool area he had staked out and asked what she wanted. She told him and he got in line to get it. Maybe a bit clumsy, but still chivalrous. He returned with her coffee and they talked. Finally he got around to inviting her to the concert on Friday. She accepted, gave him her address and number and told him to pick her up at 6:30. Then she leaned forward gave him a quick kiss like they had been an item for years and was out the door. Her coffee cup sat on the table two thirds empty. He could see the shape of her lipstick on the far edge of the cup. He picked it up, turned it toward himself and brought the part that had touched her lips to his lips. He sipped the coffee, but it was not the coffee he was thinking about.

Friday had been a dream. He had picked her up on time. Now not a suit, but casual designer clothes that had jumped from the pages of Vogue. As they walked into the concert he felt like celebrities walking down the red carpet. And he could see all the men's eyes turning to watch her. The performance even seemed better than normal. They returned to her place. It was a luxurious

condominium in a high rise complex, but it was bigger than most peoples' houses. The ceilings were high and every room large and spacious. The living room opened onto a balcony that looked out over the city. She obviously did very well.

He had not had to come on to her. They had been sitting in some very large overstuffed chairs covered in white leather. After they had a couple of drinks and listened to some soft music she set down her glass, got up, and walked over to where he was sitting. He was reminded of a panther moving in on its prey. Her eyes pinned him in place. She knelt down over him with one knee on each side of his, took his head in her hands and started to kiss him. Soon their clothes were all but gone and they were making love in the chair. When they were finished, she picked up her bra, put it around his neck, and holding an end in each of her hands led him from the chair into the bedroom.

The bed seemed larger than king size, but they only needed a fraction of its space. He did not remember when they had finally fallen asleep. He did remember waking in the morning and wondering where she was. Then he smelled bacon from outside the room. He loved bacon. He jumped up and slipped on his boxers from next the bed. He looked around for the rest of his clothes but could not see them so he went to the kitchen as he was. She did not seem to mind. In fact, she seemed to welcome it. She poured him a cup of fresh coffee. As he took a sip she came over and put a dab of whipped cream onto each of his nipples. Then she bent down and licked it off. He could feel the tent forming in his boxers. He really did not care where the rest of his clothes were right then. It was a good thing she had not yet started cooking the eggs, because it was a good 20 minutes before they were back to the counter.

They had started spending a great deal of time together. He would meet her for coffee at least two mornings a week at Starbucks. Every Friday was theirs. They would meet at her place. Often they just stayed there, ordering in or cooking. Sometimes it lasted the entire weekend. Too often she had to work on Saturday.

Sometimes on those occasions he would see her on Sunday afternoon. It had been about three months and the relationship was still very strong. That was a very long time for Harry. They had not officially made their relationship exclusive. That is why he still flirted. And on Saturdays, when she worked, he had gone clubbing. A lot of those trips resulted in sexual liaisons. He had never told Julia about those. Actually he had never lied to her about them. Well, maybe a little, she had asked him a couple of times how his Saturday had been and he had told her he just stayed home and watched television. And, of course there had been Janie and his putting the moves on her. That had sure ended well. If he had only been true to Julia he wouldn't be here now.

Julia was the perfect woman. The only rough spot was dealing with the natural order of things. Men were supposed to be in charge, but this was a very strong woman. She was very use to having her own way. At work she was in charge of other lawyers including men, so she was use to giving orders and making decisions. He had been working hard to establish his dominance. How could she respect him if he didn't take charge? But, she resisted. She had even asked to tie him up once. He had emphatically rejected that idea. That brought his mind back to his present circumstances. He certainly was not in charge now. He was under the full and complete control of women. He struggled with his chains, but it was a symbolic effort. He knew he was not going anywhere. What little movement he would be allowed would be the decision of another. The decision of a woman, and there was not a thing he could do about it. At least for now.

Julia would miss him when he did not show up on Friday. She may be wondering already. They talked on the phone every day. She had not heard from him. He never went more than a couple of days without seeing her for coffee. She would inquire. She would sound the alarm. Right now he was happy that he had established a solid relationship with such a strong assertive woman. She would not take no for an answer. She would not just go to the authorities and weep. She would make sure they investigated. She would

make sure they found him. It might take a few days, but now he was sure it would happen. He just had to do what he could to make these next few days as bearable as possible. That started with keeping that damn cane off his butt and legs. He hated their “rules”, they were humiliating and stupid, but since punishment was daily, he was going to have to follow them until he was rescued. It was pretty clear that open defiance was a stupid and ineffective strategy. But, for now, he really needed to sleep.

He awoke to a buzzing in his balls. Julia has been there with him. They had been entwined in her giant bed and he was preparing to enter her. He had been dreaming.

“So, you are feeling sexual.” It was Anya. He turned his head to the side and there she stood. “We should never miss an opportunity for some training.” He felt like a mouse looking into the face of a cat that was about to toy with him before eating. She glided across the room. Somehow it felt larger than the small cell he had been restrained in. He turned his body slightly to face her. She leaned over and brought her face into his. He felt her lips on his cheek, then the other cheek, and then on his mouth. His mouth opened slightly and her tongue. It wasn’t really her tongue, she wasn’t real. But it sure felt like her tongue. That was good enough for him. His tongue answered.

She swung a leg over him, took his penis in her hand and slowly inserted it into her. He could see her on top of him. He could feel her weight on his groin. He could feel her moist sexual cavity swallow his penis. He could see her breasts moving up and down as she worked her body on him. He usually didn’t have the woman on top. Maybe for a little bit, but he was suppose to be on top. But, if they were on top he would work their nipples and breasts. His hands moved to reach her breasts. No luck. They could get nowhere near. Maybe his mouth – he tried to lift his head to get his mouth on a nipple. Again, no luck – his focus returned to the slow undulating of her body on his. He was getting very excited. He knew where that would take him. He rotated his hips down and tried to hold still.

“Match my rhythm slave.”

“If I do I am going to cum.”

She sighed. “So much work to do. No talking! Use your mind to control your actions. A point for talking. A point for forgetting that I am your Mistress right now.”

He began moving trying to find and match her rhythm. He concentrated on doing that and took his mind off everything else. It seemed to be working, he was holding his own. And then he wasn't. Pain the full length of his penis and through his balls. He opened his mouth to cry out but she stuck a breast into it.

“Now you have to get me started all over again. When you bring me to climax, without coming yourself, of course, I will let you sleep.” Great, how do you satisfy a computer program? Just exactly where is it's G-spot. She offered a nipple and he sucked on it. Caressed it with his tongue and started to work his hips against her. She had not gotten off. He wondered if the mesh around his penis would shock a live woman if it went off while he was inside her. He didn't think he wanted to know the answer. Was she going to keep him up all night? He already knew that Anya would never get tired. Not unless her hard drive failed, or something. But this felt so good – so very good. They hadn't let him cum since the first night. That was really not right. He needed to cum. He was going to cum. He was going to cum right . . . PAIN. Shit, how did it always know? You would think he could slip by at least once in a while.

“Weak, but better, that was 6 minutes. Start again.” He did. He kept moving and squirming. She gave direction. She shifted her positioning and asked him to note what she was doing. She used her mouth on his nipples and then had him duplicate the process on hers. Corrections were usually accompanied by a shock to his anus, balls or breasts. The shock to his penis was always reserved for

when he was approaching climax. It worked. It always worked. But it hurt. It hurt a lot.

He didn't know how long it was. It seemed like a very long time. She stopped and got up and looked down. "You have not satisfied me slave, but you have made some progress. I will let you sleep now."

"Thank you Mistress." He said without even thinking. She was gone everything was black and the gentle beach sounds were back. He tried to sleep. For a long time he lay there wondering what he could have done differently to have not ended up in this position. He thought about stupid things. It wasn't even morning and he already had two punishment points for tomorrow. As he thought about that he could feel every stripe on his butt and thighs. He needed to make sure that there would not be any more, or at least as few as possible. He would be very careful. He would act very respectful. And he would not be defiant unless he was damn sure he had a very good chance to turn the tables. He would love to have one of the Mistresses or even Slave Wendy under his control. He could teach them a few things. He could even teach Anya, but that might be a little difficult since she really didn't exist.

Chapter 10

It was morning. He was sure. The sound in his helmet had turned off and he could tell there was someone in the room. The small clips holding his hands to the side of his belt were removed as the chain from neck to waist (and through his wrist cuffs) tightened thus pulling his arms back to their familiar spot behind his back. The helmet was removed, as was the device covering his genitals. He tried to get a peek inside as it was taken away and returned to a cupboard in the wall, but it could not make out much. It was of course Wendy caring for him and she now released the anchor from his neck and feet and allowed the feet chain to lengthen so that he would be able to walk, almost upright, but in hobble.

After he was released from the bench she gave him water from a glass with a straw and allowed him once more to relieve himself before she reconnected his penis housing, as he had started to think of it, and she led him from the room. He was not allowed to sit and relieve his bowels; although sitting would not have helped because there was the dildo stuffed into his anal cavity and then there was a metal plate covering it. He could feel pressure in his bowels and knew that he really did need to evacuate that part of his body. He could not believe that she had not thought of this. "Slave Wendy, I need to go to the bathroom . . . the other way . . . too."

"You really should not have spoken uninvited, but I will not punish you for that this time. We are going to go take care of that and your morning grooming right after your exercise." She put the half hood in place, Harry hated that thing, but did not resist. She connected the leash and they were off. Not letting him relieve his bowels made no sense to him. There was a perfectly good toilet right there. All she had to do was take out that damn dildo and he would be able to evacuate, right there, right now. Instead he was left very uncomfortable. Why go somewhere else? Then he remembered what the other slave in the feeding room has told him

about this subject. FUCK – they were going to give him an enema. That really sucked. The very thought filled him with foreboding.

Before he could give it much more thought they arrived . . . somewhere. He had not been paying attention, so he was not sure where, not that it really mattered with eyes covered every trip was beginning to feel like every other trip. This must be for his ‘exercise’. From what Wendy had said earlier he assumed it must be a gymnasium or workout room of some kind.

He felt and heard a clip fastened to the back of his collar, and then clips to the sides of his belt. Then she removed the half hood. A pretty small room for a workout room, it was only about 10 feet by 10 feet. There were a lot of strange looking things on the walls, but none of it was exercise equipment as he knew of it.

“You will need ankle support. Lift your left foot.” Slave Wendy had unclipped his left ankle and was holding a boot that looked like the footwear worn by boxers. He lifted his foot and she slipped it on. It fit tightly, but had been designed to consider the fact that his ankle was locked in a metal cuff. It even had slots pre-cut for the rings on the ankle cuff. When it was in place she re attached the ankle chain and then came around to the front and laced the boot up. It provided good ankle support and came up to his shin. The process was repeated on his right foot. Great – he was dressed in black boots and a silver metal cod piece. They could have at least made them match he joked to himself. She was back with the all too familiar head helmet. That was all he needed, a little more time with Anya. He did not feel the least bit sexual right now. All he really wanted to do was go to the bathroom. And he wanted to do it himself, and in a bathroom.

Wendy was gone and he was left to one of their favorite pass times, waiting. He knew he had no control over the schedule. At least she had not anchored down his legs. To the extent of the hobble he could move them around a little and shift his weight back and forth and forward and back.

“If that is supposed to be a dance I am not impressed.” It was a new voice. One he had not heard before. And there she was standing right in front of him. She was Asian, but not small. She stood at least 5’ 11”. She was not naked, but not really dressed either. She wore an outfit of leather that fit around her waist in a manner that accentuated how very narrow it was. The bodice extended up to the bottom of her ample breasts but did not cover them. Instead a band of leather encircled each breast meeting in an A-line to the collar. The bodice was cut above each of her hips. It narrowed in front to only a narrow band that disappeared between her legs covering her sex. She wore knee length black boot. She was beautiful, she was powerful, she was sexy, but she was no more real than Anya. Another computer CGI or avatar depending on whether there was a human being on the other side. He had convinced himself that it must be so with Anya. Artificial intelligence was just not that good. Or at least he didn’t think it was.

“I am Mia. I am your personal trainer. Everything to do with your nutrition, health, conditions and body development is mine. Anything you put in your mouth that is not a part of another Mistress must be approved by me. When and if you sleep is decided by me. I will direct your exercise. With the other training you require, there will never be sufficient time for the exercise you should receive. For that reason you will always give every direction the maximum amount of effort. I will not abide malingering or slacking in any way. Is that clear?”

“Yes Mistress.” Her eyes had burned into him as she spoke. He had worked with some strong trainers before, but he sensed this one was on the top of the heap. He did not think even 100% was going to be enough for her.

“I watched you before I came in. You look undisciplined and sloppy. I will not have that. When you are not responding to a command or doing something as directed, and so long as your restraints allow it, you will stand at slave attention. Is that clear?”

“Yes Mistress, except I don’t know what that is.” He figured this was must some new trick to give him points.

“We will begin by learning slave positions. Slave attention is as follows: Body as erect as permitted. Feet spread to the extent of the hobble if present. If your feet are not hobbled then they are to be directly below each shoulder. Your neck is to be straight, but your head and eyes are to be tilted downward – even if you are hooded. Your hands, if free, will be folded across your back as they are now held. Assume the position of slave attention.”

He hated the idea of doing what was asked. It was going to be demeaning, but the alternative would be pain, and then he would still do what was asked. The problem was that he thought he was pretty much in that position already except maybe his chin was too high, he dropped it.

“You are slouching.” His balls erupted in fire. He straightened his back and found that there was in fact some room there. “You are letting the ankle chain touch the floor. It should be tight.” Again with the fire in his balls. He pushed his feet apart as far as they could go. “Better. Now hold that position.” He lost sight of her. It appeared that she had moved behind him. He dare not turn his head to look.

After a time. “Ok, now slave supplication. First go down on your knees.” He followed her instruction and as he did, he felt the chains attached to his waist and neck slackened to allow the move. “Put your buttocks back on your feet.” He was kneeling erect, but he sat back down as commanded. “Now spread you knees apart. They should form almost a right angle. The body from the waist is to be erect, including the neck, but once again your head and eyes are to be tilted downward.” He followed the instruction being careful not to slouch. “Arms, of course, are again behind your back, or if movement allows may be to either side of your legs with hands open and palms up.” He felt the chains holding his hands loosen so he

moved his arms to the outside of his legs laying the back of each hand on the floor near his knees with his palms up and the hands open. "Hold that position." He did. It was not as easy as he thought. He felt the pressure on his legs and wanted to shift his weight, but he gritted his teeth and held his position.

"A variation is prone supplication. You will now bend forward at the waist until your head touches the floor between your knees. Hands will be extended out in front of you. Again palms will be up and hands will be open. Assume prone supplication." He bent forward and put his head to the floor. He heard and felt the sound of the helmet making contact with the floor. He pushed his arms forward. As he did the chains extended allowing the movement. The natural position was to have his palms down so he had to consciously rotate them up. It was not particularly comfortable. "Any time a Mistress orders you into a position you will not break position until directed to do so."

"The final position for today is a simple one. It is kneel. Get on your knees." He did so. "Put your knees six inches apart so that you are accessible."

"Yes Mistress." His knees were together but he spaced them apart. He looked down to make sure he got the right distance.

"Keep your eyes forward. Now straighten you back and again slightly lower your head and eyes, but with your neck straight." He stretched up as instructed. "Your hands will be in the small of the back." Well, no surprise there.

"Attention." He quickly raised his head, pulled himself to his feet and assumed the position. "And your hands?" He had never had to think about his arms while here. They had almost always been restrained behind him, and now they were hanging by his sides. He quickly pulled them up behind his back to the position they were normally held by the chains. This time, however, he was

holding his hands there, the chains hung limply. He concentrated on straightening his body and not moving.

“Prone supplication.” He was down on his knees with his head to the floor and his arms outstretched in a matter of seconds.

She went back and forth through the positions and he instantly followed. Before long he did not even have to think about it. He could react to the sound of the words. He understood that this was the objective. With just a voice command a Mistress could get instant control of his body.

“Starting tomorrow we will exercise. The objective is to keep your muscles toned so that they are pleasing to the Mistresses. There will also be endurance exercise. For now though, we will perform a short test. I assume you know how to do a push-up. Assume that position.” He could do that. He dropped to the ground in what he had learned to be a front leaning rest position and started to pump up and down. He could do this with one hand. “Stop. Hold that position.” He held himself in position. She walked around him. “Straighten your back. I want to be able to put a board from your heels to your neck without any sag.” Yea, he actually knew this drill. He stiffened his body. “Now do a push-up.” He went down and up quickly. “If your chest does not reach within 2 inches of the floor it does not count. I will not abide those little showman fake flurries. Try again.” He lowered himself all the way to the floor and then pushed up again.

“Ok, 100 pushups right now. Make sure everyone counts. I do not want to see any bad pushups.” He had done 100 pushups before, but he was pretty sure they were not pushups that would meet Mia’s standards. He started. The first 10 were steady and methodical. He did wish he had had a chance to stretch his arms before starting this. They had been held motionless for so long. Then there were 10 more. They felt good. “I haven’t heard you start. When you get finished warming up and are ready to begin let

me know.” What? What did she want? “You will need to count out loud so that I can hear your. Enough messing around now start.”

He began again. “One Mistress.” At least he knew the protocol of counting. He got through 27 without event.

“That is a fault, it does not count.”

“Yes Mistress.” He continued, but counted the next pushup repeating 28, thus skipping the disallowed pushup. He focused hard on making sure each pushup was to standard. At 75 his arms were starting to ache. He fought his way through. At 85 he was wobbling, he got down but had to fight to push himself back up. At 86 he knew without a rest he would not get back up. He let his chest touch and then rest on the floor letting the weight off his arms.

“Eighty-five. That is 15 short of my rather modest command. Supplication slave.” His arms did not want to carry his weight as he rolled over and assumed the kneeling position she had previously taught him. “From now on, any time you finish an exercise you will assume supplication if you are on the floor or attention if you are standing.”

“Yes Mistress.” He could tell these exercises were going to be absolute hell. He had been placed in the hands of a computerized sadist of the first order.

“When a Mistress gives you the command ‘Hands’ you will place your hands in the small of your back. Hands!” He moved his hands from their position next to his legs and put them behind him. This time the chains retracted as he moved his arms. They were back in the familiar place, tightly held behind his back.

“I told you I am in charge of your nutrition. I have designed nourishment just for you. You will now feed.” She moved forward and pressed her right breast into his mouth. “Suck.” She said. He was in shock. Where did her breast come from? Not from this

computer character. Again, it seemed to be the work of this mask. He sucked on the nipple. There was liquid, it was sweet, but otherwise not recognizable. He had never taken liquid from the breast of a woman. Well, at least not since he was a baby. This was not without enjoyment, and the liquid tasted good. He certainly preferred this to eating tasteless cubes while hogtied on the floor.

“I may decide to deliver your nutrient in different ways. When it pleases me you will nurse.”

“Yes Mistress. Whatever pleases you.” He knew this game. After a time. “Good, that is enough. Attention.” He jumped to his feet and assumed the position. “We will resume tomorrow.” She was gone and he was in the dark. This time he held his position. He was sure she was still watching and would take note if he shifted his weight. Somehow, in spite of making some mistakes and not meeting her expectations he had gotten through that session without being awarded punishment points. She was very strict, but maybe she was not as cruel as he thought. He was sure some of the others would have given him points. They did not seem to care if he was learning something for the first time. It appeared that Mia was fair.

It seemed like a long time before Wendy returned. He knew the routine as she removed the helmet and replaced it with the half hood. They were off to somewhere else.

Chapter 11

They entered another room. He felt clips being attached to the outside of each ankle, the sides of his belt and the sides of his collar. Clips were then fastened to each wrist cuff. As the lines attached to the wrist cuffs tightened the line from the collar to the back of the belt extended allowing his arms to be pulled out to the sides away from his body. Then he felt every line tighten an extra notch. He could not move at all. She removed the back plate and front plate from the belt at his waist. This also removed the penis housing. He was naked below the waist. The butt plug was still in place and he could make out small chains that passed on either side of his genitals and disappeared in the direction of the butt plug. A single chain came up the back and connected to the belt in back. Even with the plates removed the butt plug had its own security. He felt something being attached to the back of the butt plug. Then the butt plug started to swell. Where it had room to move around inside him before, it was now firmly lodged in place. He hoped this would not last for very long.

Wendy finally removed the half hood. He was in a narrow room, no more than eight feet across but maybe fifteen or twenty feet long. It was entirely covered with tile and there was a drain in the floor right between his extended legs. He saw what looked like two other drains in the floor. The lines from his collar, wrists, waist and feet ran into openings in the walls. Curled up on a holder on the wall in front was a hose slightly smaller in diameter than a typical garden hose. It ended in a brass nozzle. Of most immediate interest was a small hose that extended from his rear area out to what looked like a Y. One side of the Y was a line of hose hanging down and ending in an open end at the drain, the other side extended up and into the wall. He could see a selector switch at the Y that allowed it to be directed from one side to the other. He heard the sound of water, and then he felt it. A warm stream of water was rushing into him. They were giving him an enema. It would have

been so much easier to just remove the butt plug. He did not believe they could clean him out through the little tube embedded in the huge dildo in his bottom. But of more immediate concern was the pressure he was feeling inside him. He had given himself an enema once. He remembered on that occasion that he was supposed to hold the water inside for three minutes before he let it go. He didn't like it and he didn't even make one minute. This enema had passed the level of the pressure of his prior experience . . . a long time ago. He looked down and saw his abdomen extended. He looked pregnant. He was fearful that he would actually explode. He tried to use pressure to stop the inflow, but that did not work. It only hurt, so he stopped and tried to relax. Finally it stopped. He saw Wendy turn something on the hose at the point it connected to him. Then she changed the Y valve from what was clearly the in setting to the out setting. The pressure in him was tremendous and as he watched her he thank heavens, she was going to let this damn water out.

“The valve is closed so you don't have to worry about leaking. The chemicals in the liquid need about five minutes to fully liquefy the contents of your bowels. I have some other things to attend to so I will be back later. It should not be more than half an hour. Don't worry, the chemicals don't do any damage by being in there longer.”

Half an hour? The pressure and pain was too much for that. He needed the liquid out now. “No, please I can't be like this for that long. It hurts too much.”

“Still thinking of you I see. I will see you in an hour. Do you want to try for two hours?”

He had known better. It had just been a moment of panic. He felt like an idiot. “No slave Wendy. Thank you for correcting me. I will patiently await your pleasure.” Was that laying it on thick enough? He flushed with humiliation. How could he give in so easily? It was easy, there was no choice. He could not even look at her. He had never felt so humiliated.

“Good response slave. You saved yourself a point. But, you still get the hour. I will see you then, or later if I have other things to do. After all you would not expect your needs to interfere with my tasks for Mistress would you?”

“Certainly not slave Wendy. Thank you.” Fuck! He was doomed. If he argued or complained it would only be worse.

She was gone. Ok, how to get that stuff out of him. He knew that she had closed the line going into his plug, so nothing was going to get out that way. She had also inflated the butt plug to try to keep anything from passing around. Maybe it wasn't a perfect seal. That thing had been moving around in his ass for days and he thought it had gotten pretty well lubricated. He tried to press down a little like one does when dealing with constipation. This was the mother of all constipation. He looked down at the drain to see if anything came out. It did not. If he could get a hand down there he might be able to pull his buttocks apart, but his hands were held tightly out to his sides. Once again, there was no way to overcome the genius of their plans and the insidious devices.

Put your mind somewhere else. Don't think of the pressure and pain in your abdomen. He needed to curl up but the chains would not allow it. And he could not even take the weight off his legs. When he tried to let down the weight of his body it picked up first on the collar, and then on his arms. That hurt too much to maintain for more than a short time. He wanted to be able to move his feet. At least change the position, but they were pulled out to the length of the hobble chain and held tight. They could not go forward or back or to either side. Finally, after struggling, pulling and testing his restraints, he did the only thing he could do. He waited.

Was it only an hour? It seemed like much more. He had never been happier to see anyone in his entire life. When the door opened his face lit up. She saw and it evoked a smile. “Happy to see me, I

see.” She walked over and stroked his abdomen. It was hard as a rock from the pressure. “Are you ready to be emptied slave?”

“Yes please slave Wendy.” He responded with a tone of desperation in his voice.

“The correct answer is – Only if it pleases you slave Wendy. We will try again in ten minutes.” She was gone. He watched her leave over his shoulder trying to think of something, anything he could say that might bring her back. He knew there was nothing so he stayed silent.

This was impossible, he could not take this any longer. As soon as she left he pulled and twisted in his chains. Nothing. He was completely helpless. The pressure in his stomach seemed to have become worse.

She returned and this time he got the response correctly. He felt her twist whatever she had previously closed and he heard the sound as a stream of brown water flowed from inside him down the tube and into the drain. He was surprised at how quickly this little tube relieved the pressure.

When the flow had reduced to a trickle she unwound the hose he had seen on the wall, turned it on and as he watched in surprise pointed the nozzle at him. The water was cold. She washed away any last signs of brown water and wet down his entire body from head to toe. Then she removed a scrubbing mitt like the ones used to wash cars and soaped his entire exposed body. She paid special attention to his penis. When she scrubbed his buttocks and thighs over the still fresh welts it brought tears to his eyes, but he said nothing.

She told him to open his mouth, and when he did she put paste on a toothbrush and brushed his teeth. She inspected the inside of his mouth and his teeth. He was allowed to rinse his mouth from a cup she held up for him. She told him to spit and he did. It

ran down into the soap on his chest. Next she lathered his face with shaving cream, produced a razor and shaved him. She was very good at it and did not nick him once. None-the-less, he held very still during the process. Only then did she spray him down with the hose washing all of the soap into the drain. She inspected him for cleanliness taking special care to inspect his penis and balls, between his buttocks, and his face. He was wet, but the room was warm. He felt warm air blowing on him. She left while he air dried.

Chapter 12

Wendy replaced the metal plates, first feeding his balls and then his penis through the small hole in the front plate, then locking both front and back plates in place. Then she pulled the half hood back over his head. He hated the hood, but was becoming use to it, and realized that it meant he was about to be moved. The leash was attached and they were on their way. He was becoming very use to following blindly, restricted to 12 inch steps by his hobble. She had not replaced the penis covering. Had she forgotten?

They maneuvered into what he thought must be another room. But he heard movement. They were not alone. "Kneel". She instructed. He assumed the position as he had been instructed. He felt her connect a short chain from the ground in front of him to a loop right between his legs. He had not even realized there was a loop there. He heard her fasten something near his ankle chain and then felt and heard the chain tighten until it threatened to pull him backwards. His ankles were pulled together and held to the floor unless he provided slack by letting his butt rotate back. But if he did that he lost his erect status. In order to hold a proper position he had to exert pressure forward pulling his ankles together. If he relaxed at all the tension of his ankles wanting to pull a little apart pulled him back. Next she attached a line to the back of his collar.

"This is a posture trainer." She said. "You will need to keep your back and neck very straight. You must do so even if there are other distraction. I have very much to do, but I will check in on you later in the day. Enjoy." Great, another wait in position event. He squirmed around a bit to find a comfortable position. He must have let his hips move back a little, and lowered his neck just a bit. It was all it took, there was no resistance from the neck chain, but the dildo in his anal cavity shot a burst of electricity through his body. This was followed only a second later by sharp pain in both nipples. It didn't take long to figure out the position Wendy had put him in. The chain to his neck was not designed to hold him up. It only measured

his movement and activated the electronics on his body if he broke position. Wendy did not even have to wait and watch over him. He also heard a click. She had fixed him good.

Wendy may be a slave, but his thoughts of her were becoming a lot less charitable. He remembered her receiving a punishment point on his very first day. He would love to be in the room when someone was laying the cane to her bottom. He pictured her bent forward and held by chains in the punishment room. He was standing next to her with the cane, testing it in the palm of his hand. Mistress Janie directs him to give Wendy six moderate strokes and then she leaves. They are alone. Wendy is trying to turn her head toward the back, but she could see nothing anyway because she is hooded. She pleads, "please". He walks around in front of her, tells her to open her mouth and be very convincing.

Suddenly Harry realizes that his day dream was making him hard. He knows were that would go. He had to get this thought out of his mind. He squirms, his hips move backwards, his head forward and the shock erupts in his ass and nipples. There was another click. He straightened immediately. Focus. Concentrate on what you are doing. He held himself very straight and very still. This was not going to be easy.

He did not know how long he had been in this position. His knees were hurting. His back hurt. He desperately wanted to change his position. How long could a person stay motionless? He thought of the British guards at Buckingham Palace. They stood completely motionless for hours at a time. They didn't even seem to blink. Well, it must be possible. He wondered how they had trained to do that. He doubted it had involved anyone electrifying their ass. Then he jumped. There was a hand on his penis. He had not even heard anyone come up to him. The hand was soft, but he could tell nothing more about its owner than that. There had been not a word. Then he felt a tongue on his right nipple. This was really not fair. She had said distraction. This wasn't a distraction, this was downright torture. He had to hold his position perfectly or get

shocked in his ass. He had to not approach climax or the mesh on his penis would light up. He wanted to tell this person to stop and go away. But he knew better than that also. How could he figure out what was going on? He had an idea.

“May I be of service to you Mistress?” He was surprised at his cunning. This would draw them out. But, it did not. Instead, nothing, just the continued rubbing of his penis, and then his balls, and of course the licking and nipping at his right nipple. She could at least even it out, the left nipple was actually starting to ache for attention. He had said she. He certainly hoped it was a she. Even that, he could not tell. He would resist. He could resist. His penis was getting very hard. Her hand, they were very soft, it had to be a her, would not leave. He could not take this anymore. He twisted his body back and forth pulling his penis from her hand. The shock to his ass and nipples made him howl out in pain. Apparently this training device measured the degree of movement and punished accordingly as well. He heard two clicks and a giggle. At least it was a female.

“What, you don’t appreciate my attention? But, then you are the one who should be pleasuring me.” With that he felt a nipple in his mouth. He went to work kissing, sucking, licking, also trying very hard to keep his head straight and upright. She moved back just a little. He did not notice and allowed his head to follow forward. There was a shock in his ass and nipples, then another click.

“You’re not very good at this are you slave. You even have five violations already. My, my, you are not very well trained. I may have to give Wendy some points for your poor training.” Yes he thought, punish that bitch. But then he thought some more. What would happen to him if she was punished for his failing? Suddenly his desire to see her punished faded. He did not want her punished. He wanted her rewarded. He wanted her pleased with him. He wanted her proud of him.

“Please Mistress, it is all my fault, punish me not Slave Wendy. I will be a better slave and pay closer attention to her teaching.”

“Very well slave, we will see. If you can make it until Slave Wendy returns to collect you without another infraction you will receive a punishment point. If you do not make it then Slave Wendy gets two points and you get none. She, of course will be told how you failed her.” Thankfully the Mistress stopped her attention to his body and walked away. He held his back straight and stiff. He refused to move his legs or hips in any way. His penis had gone limp with fear when he had thought of Mistress giving points to Wendy, but there was a feeling of craving in his upper body from the uneven treatment of his nipples. He was determined to get through this. He did not know how long it would be, but it didn’t matter. He would hold this position for days if that was needed.

It hadn’t been days. It might have been hours. Was he shaking? He could feel sweat on his forehead. “You seem to be having a difficult time holding that position.” It was a voice he had not heard before. But it was soft, gentle, and almost sympathetic. His head was stroked very gently; even through the hood he could tell that this woman had a very light touch. Then she was running a finger up his upper arm from the elbow to the shoulder. “I think you need something else to think about.” Her voice was soft. It was soothing and just the sound of her voice was making it easier to hold his position. She was what he needed. He tried to create an image for her. The voice was so small and gentle that she must also be small, delicate of stature, he guessed at brunette with very pale skin and small but perfectly formed breasts.

Her fingers moved to his abdomen and upper body. Then something, actually a number of something’s, sharp, was scratching up his abdomen. She had finger nails. He knew that there would be marks from that. She started to lift the edge of the hood and he hoped he would get a look at her, but she only raised it enough to expose an ear. Her mouth and tongue were at his ear. Ok, this

wasn't gentle talking. It was this sort of thing that had gotten him in trouble before. Her fingers were caressing his buttocks. She gently ran her fingers along the red welts that he had longed to massage but had been denied. They hurt, but her touch was soothing. With each initial touch there was renewed pain, but it quickly ebbed as she ran her finger gently along the welt. There was something healing about her touch. He wished she would just stay there gently caressing the welts. He also wished she would get her damn tongue out of his ear. Not that it didn't feel good, it felt too good. He could feel his penis starting to pay attention. He tried to focus his attention on his sore buttocks and the soothing attention they were receiving. Then her nails, at least one full hand worth, although he could swear she must have at least eight fingers on that hand raked from the bottom of his right buttocks all the way up to the top. Under normal circumstances this would not have been bad, maybe even erotic. He had been with scratchers before. He really didn't mind, he had even worn the marks as a badge of conquest. But this time the scratches pulled across each of the welts on his butt. He was sure that her nails had torn through the welts. He thought he felt blood.

It was all that he could do to hold still through this. He had been surprised and had started to jerk forward when he caught himself and held his position perfectly. Before he could congratulate himself the nails raked up the other buttocks. He stiffened, but he did not break position. Well, it appeared that this one did belong, with her ilk, in this little club of sadists. Her mouth had left his ear and the hood was pulled back down. Then her mouth moved to his right nipple. Why the right nipple again? Just like her fingers her mouth was delicate and gentle. Her tongue found just the tip of his nipple and gently flicked it. This one must be absolutely great in bed he thought. He would put up with the scratching. He hadn't even seen her, but he wanted her. Even her aroma was delicate, just the slightest hint of some soft flower the name of which he knew he would not even know if told. She had not touched his penis but he could feel it standing erect. He was definitely sexually attracted to this woman. Maybe he could convince her to help him get out of here. Not now. He knew they were not alone, but he began to have

thoughts of being with her alone, holding her in his arms, kissing her mouth and breasts and making love to her. Why should she share him with Janie and her evil friends who were happy to immobilize his body and use his mouth as some sort of sick sexual device? She could get him out of here and they could be together.

His thoughts were interrupted. There was a final lick to the right breast – of course nothing to the left. “There, didn’t that help? I will let you show me your appreciation later, but for now I have to be off.” She ran her fingers up the side of his body, around across the front of his shoulder and around his neck. Then she was gone. He had managed to stay in position the entire time without a fault, and he did feel renewed vigor to further endure.

He stiffened his body and held his position. “See Wendy, I didn’t fail you he thought. I did it right. Would Wendy know? Would she only see that he had five faults? She needed to know that that had been early, and that after that he had gotten control and had held control throughout. She needed to know that he had done a good job.

Wendy was there. She unclipped his feet and the line connected between his legs. “Attention Slave.” He jumped to his feet. His legs wobbled and he almost fell, but he recovered and managed to get to position. She walked away from him for a moment and then returned. “You had five faults slave.”

“Yes, I am sorry Slave Wendy.”

“Although you had five faults they were all in the first hour. You were then able to hold for the next three hours without a fault. You get one fault removed for every hour you sustain without a fault. That leaves you with a total of only two faults. That means two points. I am pleased.” She checked and adjusted the half hood over his head, clipped the leash to his belt and led him away. Harry found himself smiling. He felt proud that he had made her happy. He followed her, happy in his success.

Chapter 13

After they entered another room he was instructed to lie down on his stomach. He was getting better at moving about without the use of his hands. After he was down and positioned on his stomach he felt something being clicked over the chain from his waist to his feet, then he heard the familiar buzzing and felt his legs being pulled up. As his feet pulled up into a hogtie position he realized that she had slipped a ring over the chain which ring was then connected with a short chain to the floor. As his hobble chain was pulled through the ring it pulled his feet together and then held the entire affair to the floor by the chain between his legs. Not only would he be held in place he was not able to even roll from side to side.

Wendy removed the hood. He was in the feeding room. He was lying in one of the white rectangles on the floor. To his right there was another feeding rectangle, empty, and then a wall. He looked to his left. There were four more rectangles between his position and the wall on this side. It looked like the same feeding room he had been in the day before. He had not realized that the other slaves had been clipped to the floor on that occasion, but it would be very difficult to see the small chain that performed that task.

There was only one other slave in the room. She was also in chains and positioned two rectangles away from him on his left. He strained to see if she was also locked down. He could not be sure, but he thought he could see the ring just below her ankles. Because her ankles were held so tightly to her buttocks he could not tell if that ring had a chain extending down like his did. He assumed that it did. In spite of his asking for help the night before neither slave present then had volunteered that they were connected in place. Not that it mattered. Neither of them had made any move to try to get out of the rectangle and now he knew that that would not have been possible.

His focus returned to the other slave. She was of slim build and he thought she might be tall, but pulled up in this position it was hard to be sure. Her slim frame did not extend to her breasts. Even pressed against the floor and encased in the metal breast restraints they appeared to be too large for the rest of her body. They were very firm. He wondered if she had implants or if it was just the effect of the tight restraints around the base of each breast that held them so. He was glad for the moment that he was not a girl. It must be painful to be made to lie on ones breasts when they are pushed forward by tight rings around the base.

Her hair was a bright copper color. The color was bright, too bright to be natural. He wondered if the basement matched the attic. He could not see because she was lying on her stomach in the same position he was. He could not see her face because her head was turned toward the other wall. He saw her body raising and lowering with her breathing, but otherwise she was holding herself still. He wondered how long she had been here. Her bottom and thighs were decorated with a lattice of bright red stripes. They did not look fresh and in places became hard to distinguish from a background of mottled splotches of black gray and green; bruises in various stages of healing. She had been severely punished at some time or times in the past. Then he noticed the soles of her feet. They were also adorned with red welts. There were at least four stripes on each foot. The bottom of her feet had been caned. He didn't even want to think about how painful that must be. What had this girl done to deserve such punishment?

Wendy left the room and he heard the door closed. If yesterday was an example they would have a while together before she returned with their food. "Are you ok?" He asked.

There was no answer. The girl did not move, just lay there looking away from him. Could she be asleep? Her breathing was not labored. You would have thought that she would have at least been watching while Wendy secured him in position. He knew he

certainly would have. Of course, he was hooded while that was happening. She could have been watching. All he really knew is that she was not looking his way now. Did she not want him to see her face?

After waiting a while he continued. "My name is Harry. What is your name?" No movement, no sound, no acknowledgement at all. There was a profound sense of despair emanating from her. He would have liked to have gone over to her and place a gently hand on her shoulder. If he could have moved from his spot on the floor and if he had a hand he could control. How much conciliation could she actually get from a slave hogtied on the floor and about to eat from dog bowls on the floor.

"This seems to be one of the few opportunities we have to talk to each other. I think we need to use these opportunities to try to help each other and to work together if we are ever going to get out of this place."

Her head lifted and turned toward him. Her eyes were red and moist. "There is no getting out of this place. There is only pain, humiliation, and degradation. Did they send you in here to try to give me false hope that they can then crush for their perverse amusement?" She glared at him like her predicament was somehow his fault.

"I just want to help." That even sounded stupid to him when he said it.

"Right, you are a big strong man who is going to come to my rescue. I guess you can just break those chains? Did I miss something when a little girl wearing chains pulled you helplessly into this room secured you to the floor and hogtied you? Maybe you are just here because you like this? Maybe you chose to be here. Well, I didn't. How are you going to help me?"

He felt his face redden as he pulled at his restraints and tried to shift his position. She was certainly correct about how helpless he was. She was also correct about how easily he was handled by another much smaller slave.

“I didn’t choose to be here. I don’t want to be here, but I have not given up. I am going to find a way to get out of here.” He responded with strength that even surprised him.

“And just how long have you been here?”

“Only a couple of days.” He responded.

She stared at him for a moment before responding. “For at least a week I was sure I would be rescued. I was sure someone would miss me and find me. Then I decided that I better try to get out of here on my own. Nobody comes, nobody will rescue us and there is no way out. They will play with your head. It is part of how they break you. They will give you hope to test you and then take it away. It is not just the pain of punishment when that happens; it is the crushing blow to your hope. I can’t do that anymore. No one is coming and I am not escaping. I won’t even try anymore. I am now property.” She gave a slight sob. “I am a slave and I will start working hard to be a good slave. That is the only chance for any happiness and satisfaction. The sooner you figure that out the better you will be. You want to help me? Let me help you. Give up on any hope for rescue. Forget any resistance. Embrace their rules and be the best slave you can be. You can do it now or you can fight back like I did. Then you will just do it later. I know now how foolish I was to resist.” She kept eye contact for a few seconds then turned her head back toward the wall signaling that the conversation was over.

He did not say anything in response. He did not try to learn more of her story. It was much too painful and he had the sense that she would not tell him anymore any way. But, he was not prepared to give up. He knew people were looking for him. Julia would not give up on him. There must be some clues. People had seen him

talking to Janie around the pool. They would figure it out and find him. And as she had pointed out, he was a big strong man; most of the staff he had seen were actually slaves who wore chains. They would be no problem for him . . . if he could get free of some or all of his restraints. The non-slaves he had seen had all been women. He knew there was a least one man, but men never seemed to be around. He could certainly handle these women if he had a fair fight. Even if he could get a rematch with Janie he was certain it would end differently. He would have been ready for her tricks like the fucking collar chain. All he had to do was grab her before she got out of reach. She would have been the one hogtied on the floor of the challenge room. But, he doubted she was going to give him a rematch.

Wendy was back with their food and water. It tasted no better than the day before. He would much rather take his nourishment from Mia. Hadn't she said she was in charge of his nourishment? But he knew he needed his strength so he ate. And he was very thirsty so he drank. Or rather he lapped up his water from the bowl. He felt humiliated doing this, but he needed to stay hydrated.

After a time another slave appeared. She went to the other slave in the room. Released her from the hogtie and instructed her to assume a position of attention. She followed the instructions without the slightest hesitation. A half hood very similar to his was placed over her head, a leash clipped to her belt, and she was led away. He could tell from her steps that the bottom of her feet were tender. But, as she had said, she was going to do her very best to be a very good slave.

Wendy then returned. She cleaned his face and released him from the floor and hogtie. He also assumed attention when directed. He was hooded and away they went. As much as he was getting used to being led around without being able to see he hated it. It so compounded his sense of vulnerability. He wondered for a moment if he would ever get used to it – wait a fucking minute – he

did not want to get used to it. He needed to get out of here. This place was really fucking with his mind.

Chapter 14

There were sounds in the room as they entered. He recognized the sound of the night club where his mouth had been used as a pleasure device for the women in attendance. He was expecting to be returned to the pleasure chair but instead Wendy removed the hood. He had only had glimpses of the room before. Now he could look around and get a better look. It was not a large room, more the size of an intimate club. There was a bar at one side. A slave was behind the bar mixing drinks. She had to work within the range of her chains, but seemed very practiced at it. He wondered if she was one of the house slaves or a slave in training. He saw several tables with chairs around them, but mostly the occupants seemed to be sitting around low coffee style tables in more comfortable chairs. He guessed that there were about 20 women in the club. Where they all Mistresses? Were some just customers? It seemed unlikely. They would have to keep this place a secret. He saw another female slave with a tray full of drinks. She was serving customers.

Wendy removed the restraint holding his penis and balls. Then she activated something on his belt and he felt the chains to his wrists pick up slack. He moved his arms down and then up in front of him. His hands were not free. A chain from the back of his collar still passed through a loop on each wrist before returning to the rear of his belt. No change was made to the chains at his feet. He was still hobbled to a twelve inch step with a chain from the middle of the hobble to the back of his waist belt. He tested the movement of his arms. He could reach up as far as the lower part of his face. He could reach forward about 18 inches from his body, and he could lower his hands all the way to their length so long as they were to his side and slightly back. His hands went to his penis and balls. He had not been able to touch them since he arrived.

“You will not touch yourself unless directed to do so.” He moved his hands back to his side. “Look at me, not them.” He turned his attention to Wendy. “You will receive training as a serving slave. It will be your job to take drink orders. When you approach a table you will kneel down at least several feet from the table and then crawl forward before you talk to any Mistress. You will not ever stand over a seated Mistress. You will insure that when you are at a table your head is always lower than the Mistress. When you approach, and after you kneel you will ask: ‘May I be of service Mistress.’ You will then take the orders, slide back away from the table before rising, and then return to the bartender and give the orders. If a Mistress touches you, you will stay still until she is done. You will not say anything else to a Mistress unless responding to a question. Do you have any questions?”

“Do I have something to write down the orders Slave Wendy?”

“Slaves are not allowed writing implements. You will remember the orders. You will remember who ordered what, and you will pass on the information correctly. This is also an exercise in memory. The Mistresses get very testy when their orders are not followed correctly. Now go.”

He looked around the room. It was dimly lit but it was not hard to see the groups. There were six different groups of women seated in various places. He saw the pleasure chair where he had been restrained his first night. There was a female slave strapped into this infernal device, but nobody seated to receive her attention. She was not moving. From his experience he understood why. He was naked and they were all dressed. He felt his face go hot as he blushed with shame. But what choice did he have?

He turned his focus back to the tables. He did not want to get caught diverting his attention from the assigned task. He saw a group of four women just to his left. It looked like their glasses were nearly empty. This would be a good place to begin. He moved over to where they were. They were all trim, young and well dressed.

Nearest to him was a redhead. Her hair looked familiar. He moved around to find a position to kneel, then he inched forward to take the orders.

“Julia? What the . . .” His eyes locked on hers as she looked up at him. His stare became a glare. He started to back away and rise. He needed to get away from there.

“Kneel slave.” The command was forceful enough that other nearby heads turned. He was frozen in place. It felt like he stood there for a long time. In reality it was measured in seconds. His emotions rolled. Shock – disbelief – betrayal – anger – fear – despair. He dropped to his knees, but his eyes never left hers. “You will not look me in the eyes. Put your head on the ground.” He complied. Her foot moved forward and rested on his head. She was wearing only a very small strappy sandal, but there was a lot of pressure against the side of his head. The sole of her shoe was into his hairline with the point of the heel was pushing into his cheek. She did not push with her foot. She did not move or remove her foot. She left him kneeling with his head on the floor and her sandal clad foot holding it down in place. He did not move. He could barely breathe.

He was trying to process this information. Julia? For the last 24 hours he had been fanaticizing about how Julia was going to be his savior. She was going to raise the alarm. She was going to nag the authorities until they found him. She was going to see that he was rescued. She loved him. Didn't she? What was she doing here? Had she not recognized him? That seemed unlikely. It was dark in here, but not that dark. She had looked right into his face. She knew. She had ordered him to the ground. She sat there, ignoring him, with her foot holding him to the floor. Was she acting for her friends? Maybe she was surprised to see him here and she would see to his rescue after she left. After all, she loved him. But, if she loved him she couldn't humiliate him like this. Could she? Something was very wrong.

Eventually she took her foot off his head and moved it down in front of his face. It had been a long time. "Worship my foot slave." He raised his head a little and glanced up at her. This was humiliating. He could feel the eyes of the other women on him. He did not want to do this, but if he did not it would be very bad for him. He started to kiss her foot. Her aroma was familiar and comforting.

Other than a very narrow strap just behind her toes and another around her ankle her foot was naked. He licked her insole, kissed her toes, kissed and licked her ankle. He remembered once when they were in bed together in between love making sessions he had found his head near her feet. She had beautiful small sleek feet and he had kissed them, even working his tongue up the instep. But that had not been kneeling on the floor in front of a group of other women. He felt completely humiliated, but he gave no thought to stopping. He was completely subject to her control. He knew there was no choice. He was a slave. And now he was not so sure he was ever going to be anything but a slave, perhaps not ever again. His stomach knotted with the thought. He just kept hoping that his was all a coincidence and that she would still somehow be his salvation. "Now the other foot slave." She changed feet and he continued with his task.

She moved her foot away. "Did you have something to say slave." She asked.

He straightened up to his knees and asked: "May I be of service Mistress?"

A hand, not Julia reached out and grasped his penis. The touch was not gentle, but not painful. Then she moved her hand up to his abs and ran her fingers over the curves. She ended with a pinch of his right nipple. "Very good, your report was quite accurate Julia." Her report? She had talked to them about him. Had she been a part of this all along? Was she in league with Janie? Any hope of her help crumbled. The hand returned to his penis and stroked it. He was becoming erect. As she stoked she gave him her

drink order followed by three others, the rest of the table. He was trying to focus, but it was not easy with what she was doing.

“Well, what are you waiting for, we want our drinks. And by the way your little outburst and making improper eye contact will cost you two points.” The hand left his penis. He crawled back got up and hurried back to the bar before he forgot the orders. Julia had been a conquest. He was as close to faithful to her as he could be. She was lying to him the whole time. How could anyone be so devious? She was using and tricking him. This turn of events was huge. He was going to have to regroup.

He was sure he got the orders correct. When the drinks were placed on his tray he returned to Julia’s table with some trepidation. Keeping his eyes down, he knelt next to the table. He set down the tray, then taking the drinks one at a time served them to the Mistresses. He held each glass out until the gloved hands decided to reach over and take it; or in the case of one of them, signaled with her hand for him to place it on the table. He very carefully did so. “You got the order correct. Now you can thank us for allowing you to please us by kissing each of our feet.” He did not look up at Julia. This was just too much. Kissing Julia’s feet was one thing; he knew her he had kissed much of her body, but these other women?

But there was really no choice. He hated humiliating himself in this way, but he did not want to be punished, and if he was going to have any chance of escape he needed to at least appear compliant. He kept his eyes cast down and leaned forward to kiss the feet of the two women he was closest to. After he had done that, without getting back up, moving only on his knees, he moved behind one of the women to get to the feet of the third. The squeeze was a bit tight, but he got to her feet and kissed them. In getting there his flank brushed the side of one of the women.

“You were not given permission to touch me. He felt the sharp pain of a kick to his side. That will cost you one point.” That was not fair he had almost no room to maneuver. But he knew better than to

complain. He carefully moved back and moved around to provide his offering to the feet of the last of the four.

When he was done he knelt waiting to be dismissed.

“You do not know how difficult it was keeping quite in the face of your chauvinistic machismo attitude. And you weren’t even a gentleman about it. Oh yes, you would occasionally open or hold a door. Almost always when you wanted to show me off to others that were around, but I don’t remember you ever holding a chair, standing when I got up from a table, helping me with my coat, or even waiting to make sure I was next to you when we walked somewhere. I do remember you telling me what a modern man you were because you would always listen to the woman’s opinion before you made YOUR decision. I had to control my laughter when you told me that men should always control the finances in any family. Of course, I make about four times what you do. And much of it is because of good investments. I remember hearing about some of the bad financial decisions you had made.”

“And, most of all, when you wanted to have sex, we were supposed to have sex. You would just show up sometimes. Remember all those times you showed up at my door and I wasn’t there? Well I was – the advantage of lobby cameras. And I know that when I wasn’t around you didn’t mind cruising the clubs for something to fix your itch. And, although much of the sex was pretty good, your enthusiasm would always dissipate after you came. Although you would continue making what you thought looked like an effort you would look for the first opportunity to stop.”

“I have to say, I couldn’t wait to get you here. For the first time in your miserable life you will learn to not think of yourself first. You will in fact learn not to think of yourself at all. You are property. You are an item of service and pleasure. I know you are still thinking of freedom, rescue, and escape. From the look on your face when you saw me you were probably hoping that I was leading the charge looking for you. Too bad, no one is looking for you. No one has

missed you. Your life here, and hereafter can be tolerable, some slaves even learn to get great pleasure from their service to their superiors. But, defiance, arrogance, selfishness, thoughtlessness and incompetence will not be tolerated. Those that do not learn quickly think they have descended into hell. You have a nice collection of stripes on your backside already. I don't know how many more you have earned today, but you have earned three at this table so far this evening. You will find later that when the cane is applied over the welts and bruises of an earlier discipline it is even more painful. You have that to look forward to yet tonight. You have kissed our feet tonight to recognize that you are at the level of the ground we walk on. You will for the rest of tonight continue to recognize and think about this by kissing the feet of every Mistress you serve, not just the ones at this table. Now get out of here and make yourself useful."

Concentrate on the job at hand he kept telling himself. He needed very much to get through this evening. He did not know how many feet he kissed. How many soles he licked. How many toes were stuck in his mouth for his attention. And every time he was terrified that the recipient of his attention would find some fault. He did not want any more points.

Finally the club was closing. Without warning he felt his hands pulled behind his back as the chains tightened in his belt. Wendy was suddenly there and pulled the hood over his head. "You owe Mistress some pain." She said as she connected the leash and tugged him off. He had learned how to follow her lead.

Chapter 15

He knew where they were as soon as he felt the waist belt click into the restraint device. Then it was his neck followed by each ankle. The chain to his legs was then released. Unhappily, he recognized the punishment rack. He shivered in anticipation, but he was just left. He did not want to be punished, but he hated being made to wait. He knew the purpose of this was to make him think about the punishment to come.

All he could think about was how much emotional energy he had invested in the thought of Julia and how lost and betrayed he felt. He tried to think of other things but his thoughts keep coming back to Julia. They really could have been great together. Maybe she was even the one that he could have given up other women for. She was so strong this evening. She was so self-assured and in command. He didn't think he would like that, but as he thought about it he was finding her strength a little sexy. That's silly he thought to himself, it was the man who should be in charge. He had never stayed for long with demanding controlling females. Either they conformed to him or he moved on to others that would.

"How many points slave?" It was Julia's voice, he had expected Janie. Julia was going to punish him. This was wrong. If anyone supervised punishment it should be Janie. She was the one who had won the match. She was the one who had subdued him. She was the one he needed to get even with. But, he had no control. None at all.

"Six Mistress." He responded after a brief pause. He felt his voice crack. He did not want her to recognize the fear and shame in his voice. He needed to be strong for her, but he could not. Involuntarily he found himself testing the effectiveness of his restraints. He was well held. He was going no place. He could do

nothing to protect his vulnerable flesh and he could do nothing to mitigate his punishment.

“Very good. Wendy you may begin.”

“Yes Mistress.” She replied as he heard the swish of the first stroke. Even though he had been caned the day before, even though he knew what it would feel like and what to expect, he was not ready for it.

SWISH - - - CRACK.

The impact took his breath away. It took him some time to be able to speak.

“AAGGAAHH, Ooonne Miiistrresssss.” He could feel the stripe of fire across the top of his thighs. He hated the stripes on his thighs much more than on his buttocks.

His flesh was already on fire but there were still five more to come. He closed his eyes and waited for the next stroke to come.

He waited for the punishment to continue.

SWISH - - - THRACKK - - - OOAAGGHHH - - - twwooo
Mistress.

Fuck that hurt. Maybe not as much as the first. But it hurt.

SWHHISS - - - CRACKK - - - AGGHAAAA - - - threeee - - - -
MMMMistress

He wanted to be brave. He wanted to keep his mouth shut, but that was just not possible. It hurt too much.

There was nothing he could do to stop the continuation of his punishment. After the next three his bottom and thighs were alive

with fire. But, at least there were no more strikes to come – this night. They had hurt, but the last strikes did not seem as bad as the first. He was sure they were still all delivered with the same strength. He was sure that the marks would remain for just as long and that they would hurt just as much in the morning. He had expected that caning his previously injured flesh would hurt more, but for some reason it had not. It still had hurt, it had hurt a lot and he didn't want it any more. He had to get out of here, but in the meantime he was going to have to obey and do his best to keep from getting more points.

“I don't think he felt that well enough.” Julia said. “I want one more stroke and I want it right on top of the welt just below his buttocks from yesterday. It is clearly the most aggravated stroke mark from yesterday. Make sure he feels it.”

That was not fair. He thought, he had taken all his strokes. At least Janie was fair.

SWISSHH - - - THRACCK - - - AAAGGHHHHH

The stroke fell right on target. Julia did not need to worry. He felt it. He could not help himself, a howl escaped from his mouth. He tried his best to roll his hips forward. He tried to get his hands onto his tortured flesh. Neither, of course, was accomplished.

“I didn't hear a count so I guess that did not count. Again Wendy.”

He tried his best to move his bottom out or range. He knew he couldn't, he knew every inch of his flesh was open and available to where ever she would strike. He waited. He hated the waiting. And then it came.

SWIISHH - - - CRACK - - - OOOHHGGAAA

It was on the buttocks. It again targeted a mark from last night. It hurt. Not as much as the last stroke, but more than all of the other six before. He would do anything to make it stop.

“Seeevennn Miiiistress.” He gasped.

“Ok, I am inclined to give you another stoke, but I will give you a choice. You can have an alternative pain that will hurt for a while but leave no mark.”

He did not want any more cane strokes. “Anything but more of the cane Mistress. It hurts too much.”

“You are something. This is just too easy. Wendy, apply the gel.”

He felt a hand massaging his balls something cool was spread all over them. Well this wasn't so bad. Then she stopped and her hand pulled away. The chill started to change. It became fire. It felt like a hot poker had been put against his balls, except burning steel would start to cool and the burned nerve endings would quickly become insensitive to the pain. The pain did not stop.

“I am going to let you enjoy that for a while. It should stop in about 20 minutes, although I am not sure, she did use quite a bit. I will have Wendy check on you in about an hour. Enjoy.”

He was alone with only the burning in his balls. He could have just had a single stroke of the cane and been done. She had worked him into having his balls set on fire. He should have known that whatever the alternative was, it was going to be so much worse than what he was trying to avoid. How did they keep out smarting him at every turn?

Chapter 16

He had been returned to his cell. He was being guided about this place by a slight young girl almost half his weight and a good eight inches shorter than he was. She was even wearing chains on her wrists and feet. But he followed her lead. He did as she commanded. He had no choice. He was always hooded before he was moved from one place to another. His hands were always pulled back to the small of his back, and he was hobbled to a twelve inch step. He could have tried to resist the leash usually attached to the front of his belt, but to what end?

He noticed that there was always a set routine to the security. Any time a change in restraints was called for he would first be anchored in some fashion. If a foot was moved it would be done one at a time. If the position of his wrists were moved one wrist would be released and then re-secured at its new location before the other was moved. And for extra security the chains running from the back of his collar through the link on each wrist cuff and ending at the belt in back would be slackened, but never removed. Thus, even when they gave him use of his hands, such as his role serving the Mistresses earlier he was immediately subject to loss of this privilege just by the activation of the motor in the back of the belt that controlled these chains. He had tried to get a look at the connection points, but he could see little and he had not seen a mirror in this place the entire time he had been here. He did know that the motors were stronger than he was. When the chains were pulled tight from his neck to his belt all of his strength could not budge a wrist from its position at the small of his back. He could only get maybe an inch or two of slack by arching his back.

And he knew that they, including Wendy, could activate the electrodes attached to the tender parts of his body. He could always feel the bulk of the device invading his rectal cavity. It had taken some adjustment to get use to walking with it, he did not know if he

should be embarrassed that he had. He could feel the pressure of the part of the copper mesh tightened around his scrotum and the ring above his balls. The ring through each of his nipples hurt less, but if anything brushed against one, he became very aware of its presence. Likewise, the metal bands surrounding his nipples and held to his flesh with pins inserted into his flesh did not hurt anymore, except when he did something to cause one or both to shift or move, like lying on them. These were among the easiest of his restraints to see so he had spent a fair amount of time studying them. He knew he was not supposed to touch them, but when he was serving, had use of his hands, and thought no one was looking he did put a hand on the right band. He did so with some trepidation. He was not so sure that they would not have it booby trapped to do something horrible to him for this infraction. Nothing happened. He tried to pull it away from his body and noticed that his flesh both above and below the ring moved out with the pressure. It also hurt, so he stopped. That right breast hurt for the rest of the evening, and right now it throbbed. His exploration had not been the best idea.

After providing him a brief toilet, Wendy carefully went through the routine of securing him to his sleeping area. On the bed, after he was made to lie down, he was anchored at the neck and ankles holding him flat with very little movement. Only then did she loosen the line to each wrist which was quickly connect to the side of his waist; one at a time. He already knew the routine so he turned onto his back at her command and waited while she secured his helmet and the covering to his gentiles. The pain in his buttocks and thighs was noticeable, but not as bad as last night.

“Sweet dreams. You have a busy day tomorrow.” He felt her hands make a final check of everything and then she was gone and the door closed behind her. Even if he were free, he did not know how he would get out of the cell. He had noticed that there was no handle on the inside of the door. He did not think he had seen handles on the doors in any of the rooms he had been in. He recalled there being a buzzing sound before a door opened, and a click when it closed. There must be some electronic activation.

Maybe Wendy was carrying something that could activate the doors. He knew he did not have anything and the door looked solid. He would like to examine it further, but with this helmet on his head he could see nothing but black – at least nothing unless the helmet was activated, and then he saw whatever, or whoever they wanted him to see. He shook his head to see if he could loosen it a bit and look out below or on the side. He could not. He was left in the dark, unable to move with only his thoughts.

This had been a very depressing evening. He had been counting on Julia to be his savior. He was sure that she was going to help him be found and rescued. The shock of seeing her sitting there had been almost overwhelming. Then to have her laugh at him, abuse him, humiliate and degrade him. The thought that she had been one of those responsible for capturing him; capturing, he had to think about that for a moment. Ok, he had agreed to a contest. He had lost the contest. If he had won it was his intention to sleep with Janie. He was pretty sure that Julia would not have liked that, at least the Julia he thought he had the relationship with. Who knew with this bitch?

It is too bad that his contest was with Janie. She was smart, fast, and stronger than he had expected. If he knew she was a member of the 'coven', he would have challenged Julia. The result would be very different. He pictured he and Julia in the challenge room. In this fantasy he was not hooded, so he could see every move and all of her body. He had never gotten tired of looking at that body and he enjoyed the thought of it now. She was holding a rope in her hands. He did not bother picking one up, the one she was holding should do just fine. She tries to throw a lasso over him, but he ducks under and grabs her with both arms. As he does he slips around behind her. With his right arm he grabs both of her arms at the elbows and holds them from behind. His other hand reaches down between her legs and grabs hold. She had always been well trimmed, but never shaved so he is able to grab a handful of hair. She screams as he pulls her feet up off the ground and puts her down on her stomach. Not too hard, but hard enough to

momentarily stun her. Her hand has loosened on the rope she is holding and he grabs it away. Quickly he wraps it around her elbows and pulls them together. She tries to struggle, but he is sitting on her shoulders facing toward her arms and hands and the weight of his body keeps her flat on the floor. When her elbows are tied and cinched, following what he had learned, he brings the running end of the rope up under her upper arm, around behind her neck, down through the other arm and then after once again looping at the elbow cinch up through the neck rope and back to the elbows. He pulls it tight and ties it off. The contest is effectively over. She is virtually helpless.

He had to get off her to go get some more rope and he can see that she was trying to struggle to her feet. He lets her. He takes another loop of rope and secures it around her waist, but she kicks at him with her feet. (Hey, this was his dream.) But it was to no avail. He shifts his position and grabs her leg. She dances on one foot before he knocks it out from under her. With her elbows tied she cannot catch herself and she falls hard on the floor. It is a good thing for her that it has padding. It appears again that she has been momentarily stunned. He uses that moment to wrap the rope around her knees four or five times. She starts to thrash, wiggle, and kick, but it is too late. He wraps a cinch around the encircling lines and pulls it tight, tying it off behind her knees.

“You still have your hands and feet.” He say to the betraying bitch. “But not for long.” He decided feet first. Her hands could cause no trouble the way they were. They could not reach anything and the elbows had been pulled way too tight to allow her to use her hands on any part of the ropes securing them. He grabs her by the elbow cinch and lays her on her stomach. Then he sits on her thighs and loops the rope around her ankles. She tries to kick as best she can from the knees down, but it is a useless endeavor. He did have to give her credit for spunk. Or maybe it was just pure terror sensing what he was going to do to her. And, she deserved everything he could think of – and more. She hadn’t just betrayed him; she had schemed with others to making him fall for her, to make him

vulnerable, to set him up for Janie. Therefore, Janie wasn't his fault it was Julia's. The two of them had worked together to snare him. Julia had told Janie what to do, how to act, and where he was vulnerable. He was sure of it. So it wasn't his fault after all. After her feet are secure, he ties her wrists. She squirms on the ground. What a wonderful sight.

“What, nothing to say to me now? Don't you want me to kiss your feet? Oh, wait a minute; you are no longer in charge. I guess you will be kissing my feet. And a lot more.” He puts his foot in front of her mouth. She squirms forward, good; she was going to see how it felt. Then she bites him. He was able to pull his foot away before she could do much damage, it did not break the skin. This would not do, he was going to have to show her who was boss. Even in his dream, even when she was completely secured and he had won she was still trying to exert dominance. He went to the cupboard. Found something he thought would work and returned to where she was laying. She seemed to have accepted that she was not getting loose from the ropes and the level of pulling and fighting had reduced. He pushed her onto her side and told her to open her mouth. Instead she tightly gripped her teeth. He responded by taking a nipple in his fingers and twisting. She let go with a scream, and as she did he popped a leather covered ring into her mouth behind her teeth. It had a strap from each side which he buckled behind her neck.

“It is one thing to bite my foot, but we can't have you biting anything more important now can we?” He was holding her head and body in his lap. She understood and looked to see that he was very stiff and erect. “I guess we can work on your gag reflex a little while we are at this now. I have to tell you dear that I think you give very good head, but I think it would be much better if you could take more if not all of me. I know it is a great deal since I am certainly larger than the men you are used to, but we will endeavor to fix that.” He was very erect now. This was going to be a great combination of pleasure for him and punishment for her. She had never taken more than just a little of his penis in her mouth. Once, he had put his hand on the back of her head, which had caused her

to start to gag and stopped the sex. That would not be happening now. He was going to make sure she took the entire length of him even if it went halfway down her throat. And tied with a ring gag in her mouth she would have no choice but to accept it. If she didn't want to choke on her own vomit she would have to control it.

The room brightened. Julia was gone. He was in his cell secured to his bed and Anya was looking down on him. "What were you fantasizing?" She was close to him staring in his face. He could feel her hand encircling his balls. There was no way they could know what he was dreaming. "Tell me now, in detail, and no lying." Her grip on his balls tightened until it hurt.

"I was thinking of given pleasure to my Mistress." He said.

"Liar." She spat. She squeezed very hard and both of his nipples erupted with electrical shock.

"I was thinking of Julia Mistress." He said.

"That is correct. What were you doing with Mistress Julia?"

"I was making love to her Mistress."

"Not exactly. I don't believe that you are over the humiliation from earlier. Did you want her to kiss your feet like she made you kiss hers?"

"Yes Mistress." He lowered his head.

"You will now tell me every detail of this dream, from the beginning until the moment when I stopped you from completing it. You will leave nothing out. You will not prevaricate in any detail. If you do you will be punished."

"Please Mistress; she will be angry with me. I loved her, I felt betrayed, I wanted to get even."

Again with the pain in his balls and the shock to his nipples.
“No more delay start at the beginning and leave out no detail.”

He was sure she knew every detail. He didn't know how, but he was sure if she lied about anything she would know. Somehow they knew what he was thinking. He had lost track of the fact that he was talking to a computer; one that had instant feedback on his pulse, his respiration, and moisture on his screen. It could tell what his body was going to do before he did. It knew when he was about to orgasm and had all the tools needed to determine when he was being truthful. He started to relate the story. When he got to the point where he was about to force his penis into her throat he stopped. “That is when you stopped me Mistress.”

“Do you really think that you could beat Mistress Julia in a contest?”

“I have by far the advantage of weight and strength. I should win any such contest.”

“Who is larger, you or Janie?”

“I am, Mistress.”

“Who is stronger, you or Janie?”

“I am Mistress.”

“Who won that contest?”

“She did Mistress.”

“Did you think it was proper to bind a Mistress?”

“No Mistress. I was angry.”

“Did you think it was proper to dominate a Mistress?”

“No Mistress. That was wrong.”

“Did you think it was proper to force sexual attention on your Mistress?”

“No Mistress, but I actually didn’t do it, you stopped me.”

“What do you do when you are commanded to do something by a Mistress?”

“Obey without question Mistress.”

“Did you obey without question?”

“No Mistress. But it was only a dream.”

“What do you do if you are commanded to do something by a Mistress in a dream?”

“Obey Mistress.”

“I am afraid we have a long night of remediation. You will be all night long in the hands of my assistants. You don’t deserve my attention until you have made atonement for your thoughts tonight. And then tomorrow you are going to apologize to Mistress Julia. You will have no control. You will not be allowed to climax. You won’t really even be a participant. He felt the chain anchoring his ankles tighten. It usually allowed him about six inches of movement. Now it was pulled tight. Then the chains through his wrists from his neck started to tighten. The three-inch connectors to his waist had not been removed so the effect was to pull each hand back next to each buttock and pin it there. Then he felt the bed moving. The bed was made of a series of pads and each one dropped revealing a series of iron bars. They were positioned at his neck, the middle of his back, just below the waist chain, at the middle of his thighs, the

middle of his calves and at his ankles. The weight of his body was now carried on these bars.

Anya was gone but she had been replaced by two figures. They looked like they were half girl and half big cat of some kind. They had large yellow eyes and a mouth of very sharp teeth, but they had a human female body including breasts. They both moved forward and descended on him. He had forgotten that Anya was only a computer image. He was not able to process that these creatures also were not real. Anya and Mai had become so real that he was ready to accept these creatures. All he could think was what they were and what were they going to do to him.

He wanted to scream but a mouth closed over his, its breath was hot and the tongue was rough. The tongue forced itself deep into his mouth and even throat. He found himself gagging. He did not try to bite it or dislodge it he just did his best to control the gagging. Then it was out. He could see them both perched on his body like jackals on a fresh kill, but they weren't eating him; at least not that way. It was not long before he was wishing they were just devouring his flesh. They seemed to be everywhere, licking, scratching, caressing.

Because he could not see anything more than he was meant to see in the visor of the helmet he could not see the billowing looking objects that descended over his body from above and projected from below. He could only feel the effect that the program wanted him to feel. He could only watch the fluid movement of these cat like creatures that moved around all over his body.

They knew every spot to touch, and it seemed they were everywhere. The level of sexual arousal was unlike anything he every remembered. But these creatures were also diabolical. They did not need the electrical mesh to stop him from reaching relief. They seemed to know when to stop, when to move somewhere else; when to just withdraw leaving him screaming for relief, letting him

cool and catch his breath. Making him think it was over and he could try to get some sleep. And then, they would start again.

It could not have been just all night. It felt like days. He even tried cursing and screaming at them to stop hoping that they would just inflict pain instead. They were oblivious to any sound from him. It was as if they had no ears. He tried to twist and squirm away from their touch, but there was no way to avoid it. What little movement he could muster was not sufficient to ease or mitigate the sensation in any way. He tried to just give in to it, enjoy the sensation, but that worked only for a few minutes, then the teasing became unbearable.

“Just cane me. Please. No more of this.” They did not hear, or if they did they did not acknowledge that they did. It just went on, and on, and on.

They would stop and he would pray it was over, and then as soon as he believed that it was they would start again. When they finally did stop he was not prepared to believe it, he thought it was just a delay tease again. That had happened what seemed like hundreds of times. He could not even relax. He just knew if he did it would start again.

When Wendy came for him his body ached. He was exhausted and he was soaked in sweat.

Chapter 17

As expected, Harry found himself in the exercise room. Chains were attached to both sides of his collar and both sides of his waist belt. He then felt her remove the penis harness exposing both his penis and balls. She attached something to the ball harness. Then she removed his half hood. He could see that the chains from his neck and waist were angled up to poles on either side of him. What he did not understand was a bar that came from a pole in front and was attached to his ball harness. Just before she put the helmet on he looked down and could see that he was standing on a surface that was like a treadmill. Wendy removed the hobble and let it retrace back into his belt. It really upset him that she could do that so easily yet he had no control over it. Then she put what looked like running shoes on his feet and laced them. His hands were still held in the middle of his back. The helmet was slipped over his head and he could see nothing around him.

Wendy had gone, but Mia was there in front of him. He shuddered briefly as he saw her. He realized that he was really afraid of her. “Good morning slave. Are you ready for a workout?”

“Yes Mistress.” Even though he was looking into screens on the inside of his helmet he made sure to keep his eyes down. He worked out a lot. He should not be afraid of this, he should easily be able to conquer this. He should be able to make Mia happy with him.

“We are going to start with a nice run. You are going to run for 5 kilometers. It is an up and down track and I expect you to keep a good constant pace. I will give you 30 minutes to complete the run. You have some control over the pace. If you speed up the treadmill will sense that and go faster. If you slow down it will slow down except that it has a minimum speed that it will not go below. If you run at the minimum speed you will take too long to finish the

challenge so you will have to increase the pace.” She moved up to him and started stroking his nipples as she gave him instructions. “Oh, and by the way, the attachment to your balls will make sure you keep moving. If you try to stop or fall back too far your balls will suffer.”

That wasn't fair. He thought, but just then the treadmill started and he started to move with it. Mia was gone.

He was on a path in a canyon. He was running on a flat area at the moment, but he could see the path started to go up hill just ahead. It looked like it was going to get pretty steep. He even felt the breeze blowing against him as he ran. The shoes Wendy had placed on his feet fit perfectly and were comfortable for running. He almost felt like he was outside on a normal run. Almost. He never ran naked. He also never ran with his hands restrained.

He focused on the road ahead and tried to control his breathing as he started onto the upward incline. All was going well. It was a challenge to run with his hands held behind his back. He was used to being able to use his hands as part of his momentum, but he was adjusting to this handicap. It was not necessarily going to slow him, but it was certainly going to make him tired faster. He was used to working through the pain in exercise. He knew 3 miles which was what 5 kilometers transferred into would tax him. He usually ran about a mile or mile and a half. He was not and never had been a distance runner. She had given him 30 minutes. That was 10 minutes a mile. Not bad, but not leisurely either.

He saw something ahead, several things. They were flying. They were about twelve inches high and moved very fast. He had never seen anything quite like them. Then three of them came right at him. They were fairies? How could that be? Fairies were not real. They were flying around him in circles. They all had long blonde hair and they giggled and laughed in a very high pitched sound. It is a distraction he thought to himself, something in the program to affect his concentration. He needed to ignore them.

He kept his focus on the trail ahead and kept running, matching his pace to that established by the treadmill. It was getting harder to keep the pace because the trail was heading up. He had run on adjustable treadmills before. He knew that although he was not really in the canyon, although he was just running on a treadmill the angle of the treadmill could adjust to the grade of the hill he was supposed to be attacking. He had run to video images before, but never anything as real as that presented by the helmet. If he didn't tell himself that he was not really in this canyon he would forget and begin to believe it was real.

He felt something on his shoulder. One of the fairies had landed on him. He could see her there, he could feel her there, this couldn't be just a video there was something there. With a look of mischief on her face she reached down and grabbed the ring in his left nipple.

"Don't do that. Go away." He yelled. There was the tinkling laugh and she pulled hard on the ring. It actually hurt. Involuntarily he tried to pull a hand around and push her away. Of course he could not but it was enough to break his stride. He stumbled and he thought he was going to fall, but he was caught by the chains at his waist and neck. Then his balls lit on fire. He struggled to regain his position and get back in pace. As soon as he was on his feet and running the shocking to his balls stopped. Well, the distraction had worked. When he fell the fairy had flown off of him and was again flying about him with her companions. They were all giggling and laughing. He really wished they would go away.

He did not know how far he had run or how long it had taken. When he normally ran he wore both a watch and a device that measured his distance. He also normally ran on tracks that were well marked so he knew what the distance was. He could also stop and take a break and have a drink if he needed to. That was not an option here. He would continue to run as long as Mistress Mia wanted him to run. He was hoping that he had been maintaining a

proper pace. He was afraid it was too slow. He would try to increase the pace and maintain that pace. But over time he knew he would start to slow down again. He would become aware of it when he felt the treadmill moving at a pace that was ahead of what he was decreasing to. He would immediately react by trying to increase the pace.

He crossed over a saddle and was starting to run downhill. It gave him a chance to catch his breath. Then the fairy was back, now on his right shoulder. She was blowing in his ear. He had always thought fairies were cute little things. Perfect little sexy females, but these fairies were very irritating. Another one landed on his left shoulder. He could feel her wings fluttering against the side of his head. She, like the fairy before, reached down to his nipple, but rather than pull on the ring she stroked and pulling at the nipple. Her tiny hands were very soft and this actually felt very nice. But he would still prefer them to just go away. He had watched a lot of horror movies. He expected that at any moment one of them was going to smile and he would see a mouth full of very sharp pointed teeth that she would sink into his flesh. He tried to put his focus back on the trail ahead of him. He noticed that his breathing had become more labored. He needed to focus on the run. He had to meet Mia's expectations.

He was straining to breathe. He could see Mia up ahead. She was holding a stop watch in her hand. That must be the finish line. He picked up the pace and put all of what he had left in him to get to where she was standing. As he passed her he started to slow, anticipating going to a walk, but the treadmill was still going and he only accomplished shocking his balls. He struggled back up the minimum pace. What was going on? Mia was running alongside him. "Did you think that was the end?" He had. "We still have 1000 meters to go. You will hold with my pace." He had put what he thought was his last ounce of energy into getting to where she was standing. Where was he going to find the strength to go another 1000 meters? She was right next to him, then she was starting to move ahead. She looked back over her shoulder to him and he

picked up the pace to catch her. She said nothing, but nodded. He was not going to disappoint her. He had forgotten the pain and was starting to enjoy running next to her. She moved like a gazelle. Her muscle tone was exceptional. He did not think there was anything but muscle on this girl yet it was proportioned perfectly. He watched her breasts moving up and down but they were not fleshy enough to bounce. He was holding his own, they were running together. He felt as good as he had since he had come to this place. "Almost there, strong finish." She said and the pace quickened again. He was right with her. Then she was slowing and then walking. The treadmill matched her pace perfectly. He was walking next to her. Then they stopped. He was breathing heavily, but he felt good.

He wanted to sit down, but there was nothing to sit on in the image and he remembered that he was connected at the collar and waist as well as at his balls. He did not want to find out what would happen if he lowered himself while that was attached. After he had caught his breath she approached him. "That was good. You made the time. Now we need to see to your nourishment. Kneel." He had forgotten all about the restraints holding him. The images of the canyon and Mia were all that was real. He knelt. Nothing prevented it. She moved forward and took his head in her hands and pressed it against her breasts. "Feed." She instructed. He happily started to nurse on her breast. As before the liquid tasted sweet. He was thankful to Mia for having run with him the last distance. He was sure that she had helped him make the time. She actually was looking out for him. Here she was feeding him from her own body. Finally she moved back and told him that that was sufficient. She instructed him to assume the position of attention and wait for slave Wendy. He stood and assumed the position. He was no longer in the canyon with Mia. It was dark in the helmet.

Wendy returned and replaced his hobble chain before disconnecting him from the exercise device. She removed the helmet, replaced it with his hood, attached the leash and away they went. He wished that he could have had more time with Mia.

Chapter 18

When Wendy brought him to a stop he felt and heard clips being attached to his neck, waist, ankles and wrist cuffs. He was not thrilled about where they were. He knew this was the clean-up room, and he knew what was coming next. He felt the plates removed from below his waist belt and heard the hose being attached to the rear extension of the device held tightly in his anal cavity. He was actually becoming use to the feel of its constant pressure.

Wendy removed his half hood and he was shocked to see another occupant in the room. She was to Harry's left already restrained in a similar manner to Harry with her arms out to her sides and a hose connected to her rear. He noticed that her abdomen was somewhat extended. He assumed she had already received her solution and was waiting out the period before she would be allowed to get rid of it. Harry grimaced sympathetically, but as he did he suddenly felt the pressure inside him as the liquid began to fill him up. He knew there was no way to resist and that attempting to clench his muscles was not a good idea, it would only lead to cramping, but it was hard to keep from doing so. When Wendy was satisfied that he had received enough liquid she locked it down so that nothing could get out and left the room.

It would now be just a matter of waiting until Wendy or some other overseer returned to relieve his plight. He looked over to his roommate she looked back at him. Harry had to give Janie, Julia and their gang credit, all of their slaves had been very good looking. This one was no exception. Standing as she was he could really admire her long beautifully shaped legs. She had short brown hair. It was cut in what Harry had come to think of as a slave cut. It seemed to be the same cut worn by almost every female slave he saw. They must do that some place here he thought. Her breasts were more than ample. They were large enough to make the metal

band at their base hard to see. He could tell from watching them that she was breathing heavily. He was too. The pressure and pain of this activity was very uncomfortable. She looked very young, no more than 18 or 19.

“How long have you been here?” Harry asked. Conversation might help them pass the time.

She looked at Harry carefully before responding. “A couple of weeks I think.” He could see a few bruises on her buttocks and legs and the aftermath of a caning in stripes on her buttocks and legs. Obviously she was doing pretty well in the punishment department.

“How about you?” She responded.

“Just a few days. I am trying to figure this place out.”

“I don’t think you will ever figure this place out. I just want to get through my training and get on to whatever is next. I hope it will be better than this, but I know it is inevitable, so I might as well get on with it.”

“How did they get you?” Harry asked.

“I was stupid.” She said.

“I suspect that is the case for all of us.” Harry pulled at his arms in a demonstration of helplessness.

“I came here to go to college. It is very expensive and I was doing all I could to raise money. I was working at a coffee house. There was this very classy lady that came in and bought coffee from me every morning. On some slow mornings she spent some time talking to me and learning about what was going on in my life. One morning she told me there was an opportunity coming up in a week or two that would allow me to earn as much as \$500. ‘Who do I have to sleep with.’ I asked jokingly. Not so funny now. ‘No, No,

nothing like that. It is perfectly legal and above board.' Was her response. You have to participate in a psychological test. I can't tell you too much about it because that can affect the experiment, but it has to do with the interrelation of sensory activities. I do know that you have to go through a one hour exposure that will provide differing stimuli to your eyes, ears, smell, and taste. There will be an interview and paperwork to fill out later. The whole thing will take an afternoon."

"I figured I could do that. I told her I was very interested. The next morning she had me fill out a form with lots of information about me. She said she would submit it and see if I was acceptable. I asked her the name of the trial or the organization but she told me she could not tell me anything until I was accepted and had signed the confidentiality agreement. It was bullshit, of course, but it sounded right at the time."

"I didn't hear anything for about 10 days. I was beginning to think I had been rejected. I should have been so lucky."

"They were probably using the time to check you out." Said Harry.

"I am sure that is true. They want to make sure you can disappear without being noticed. I am a long way from home. Both my parents are gone. I rarely communicate with my siblings. I live . . . lived . . . alone and had just broken up with my boyfriend so there were no current relationships. It is my guess that nobody is missing me."

"Of course, the trial was not real." Harry tried to look sympathetic. He felt stupid stating the obvious.

"You got it. I was given the location and a time to report. It was a small office in a strip mall. There were two other girls in the reception area when I got there. A woman came out from the back room and told us she would check us in and then she would be

administering the test. She then gave each of us a folded up garment, a lock with a key and told us to go into the next room, put our clothing and personal effects in one of the lockers. Put on the garment and return. She told us there was a pocket in the smock for the key, but that everything else, especially cell phones had to go in the locker. The other girls looked about my age. Obviously we all were there for the \$500. For me, that was a lot of money for an afternoon's work."

"Once we had changed into the smock we came back out into the waiting area. The smock covered us from the neck to the knees. The top connected on both shoulders with Velcro fasteners leaving a hole for the head and holes for each arm. Not attractive, but not revealing either. The woman took one of the other girls back into the back room leaving us in the waiting area. She told us she was going to set us up for the test one at a time. That it would be about 20 minute each to do that and then they would start the test. I waited reading a few fashion magazines that they had in the room. I thought it a strange choice, but was glad there was something to read."

"It was 15-20 minutes before she returned. She selected me next and I followed her into the other room. 'Some people become disoriented during this test.' She told me. 'To make sure you don't fall we are going to have you lay on a bench.' She led me over to something that looked like a leather covered bench, but it was only slightly off upright. She guided me up against it, told me to hold on to the sides and then pulled a strap around just below my buttocks and buckled it. As she pulled it tight it lifted me up onto my toes. Then she pulled another strap across my shoulders. I was a little nervous at the idea of being strapped down, but it was only two big straps that seemed ok for the purpose of keeping me from falling off the table. I was a little surprised when she touched a lever and the bench tilted forward about 15 - 20 degrees. When this happened my feet came up off the floor."

“Then she told me she was going to attach the sensory equipment. She was being so reassuring and talking me through each stage that I just nodded. She held up something that looked like it had a lot of straps and buckles. I was very curious how she could even figure out what went where, but she could. It was designed for my head and she started to position it around me. There were pads over each eye, another set of pads with plugs that went into each of my ears, and something that went over my mouth. It wasn't just over my mouth. There were two small plastic covered flanges that fit in behind my front teeth one up and the other down. They were spring loaded pushing my mouth open, but with so little force that it took little effort for me to keep my mouth closed. I didn't like any of these, but figured it was all for science. She told me: 'that device will feel a bit strange, it will make it a little hard to talk, but not impossible.' I nodded my head in acknowledgement and said: 'It's ok.' It really wasn't that bad after all. I was going to be a trooper. Next she pulled something over my head on top of the straps and pads that had already been strapped into place. I was very curious as to why this was necessary, but she was ahead of me. 'This contains some of the electronics that connect the other measuring devices I have already installed.' She told me. I accepted that, but reached up with one of my hands to touch this thing that had been put on my head.”

“We can't have that.' She said as she grabbed both of my wrists in her hands and pulled them behind my back. She quickly wrapped a strap around both wrists and buckled it. I was so surprised that I did not resist. Then I felt her pull a strap across my legs just above my knees and tighten it pulling my legs together. Then another strap across my ankles. At that point I was sure this was not right.”

“What do you think you are doing?' I questioned with as much authority as I could muster. I also jerked and pulled at my arms and attempted to kick with my now strapped feet.”

“She laughed a little. ‘It is too late for that. You will be silent now. Talk when you are spoken to. Not until.’ I was completely shocked. I tried to get my wrists free, but she reinforced the strap with her hands. Then she pulled a leather device up over my joined arms, at the time I didn’t know what an armbinder was. It was strapped and pulled tight firmly securing my arms behind my back. I tried to pull against what she was doing, but I was held on the bench and she had full control over my arms. There was nothing I could do about it. I tried to scream for help, but as soon as I started to yell my mouth was pulled open by the devices behind my teeth and something expanded from the mask to fill my mouth. It stifled all sound. What had been mild springs that yielded to even my slightest effort had become firm and unmovable. It was impossible to close my mouth, even if it was not stuffed with the expanding rubber balloon that seemed to seek out and find every empty space in my mouth.”

“I was in a panic at this stage. I prayed that this was all a sick part of the experiment and that is why they were paying some much money. It was not going to be enough. They were going to have to come up with a lot more than \$500 to make up for this. Then I felt the Velcro fastener on the smock open at my shoulders. The belt over my shoulders was loosened just long enough to allow the smock to be pulled down to my butt. She pulled it up from the bottom and pretty soon it was all bunched at the strap below my buttocks. She loosened that strap, cut the smock up the back and pulled it free. She had not said to do otherwise, so I still wore my underwear. Both my panties and my bra were quickly cut away. I was now completely naked.”

“I could not image what she was going to do next. I was unable to protest or even question. I did notice that the bulging invader to my mouth had largely deflated and the device forcing my jaws apart had eased its hold on my mouth. I felt the bench move again until I was lying flat on my stomach. That made my legs and ankles easily accessible. She took advantage tying my ankles and knees with rope. Then she released the straps at my ankles and

knees and used another rope or something to pull my feet up until they were connected to the bottom of the arm binder. She removed the remains straps holding me to the bench and warned me not to move or I would fall. She added a strap to the armbinder that passed around my waist and held the armbinder down and preventing its movement.”

“I had not been aware of the presence of any other person prior to then. I felt two pair of hands lift me off of the bench and lower me to something with wheels. I was rolled into what must have been another room, taken off the trolley, and put on the floor. I felt a line attached to the collar that had been put around my neck as a part of the head gear. The line was attached to the wall someplace in front of me. ‘You have been taken. It is not wise to resist.’ When she was gone I started to roll and immediately bumped into something soft. It also moved. It was the first girl. They had taken her, now they had taken me, and I expected in about 20 minutes we would be joined by the third girl. That is what happened. If we made any sound at all it activated the gag and it did not deflate for about 5 - 10 minutes. We learned if we quietly whispered to each other it did not activate the gags. We tried to help each other in any way we could, but neither of us could see and our hands were completely encased in the armbinder. We had no use of our fingers.”

“After the third girl joined us we were left for a long time. I don’t know if our captors stayed or left during that time, but they did not seem to be near us. The new girl just lay there crying and whining. She would start to scream and then suddenly go quiet as her gag activated. In about 10 minutes time we could hear her again until she again started a scream and then went quiet for the next 10 minutes. We were laid out side by side. I was in the center. The lines from our collars to the wall were only about two feet long. I tried to pull back and realized that would not work. If I rolled to one side or the other I was pressed up against the naked body of the girl next to me. Each seemed to be restrained in exactly the same fashion with a leather arm sheath hogtied to their feet.”

“At some point they came for us. I think it was well after dark. We were each put in a canvas bag, thrown into the back of some vehicle and driven here. I have been here since. We were taken, all three of us. There was nothing any of us could do about it.”

“You seem ok with the idea of being a slave.” Harry asked with a question in his voice.

“It is really not all that bad. There are some things I don’t like much. This ‘cleaning’ being near the top of my list, but it really is not that bad.”

“But what about the future? Are you really ok being owned by someone?”

“I don’t think I mind that idea. My Mistress is pretty good. I like making her happy. She has let me be a contestant in the challenge ring and I am pretty good at it. I would really like to become an overseer slave. I could fight in the challenge ring, control other slaves, and I think I could deliver pretty good punishment. It seems to me that the other overseers like their jobs.”

Harry thought about Wendy. Was Wendy happy? All he wanted was to escape and get back to his old life. But that seemed all but impossible. Would he change his attitude? Would he accept being a slave? He did not think so. The scope of this operation was so much more than he had at first thought. It seemed like they were moving a large quantity of slaves through here. How could it not have been uncovered? There must be a great deal of support at very high levels. And, even though the volume was high it seemed that slaves did not escape. Did they all eventually accept their new status?

He wanted to talk more to this girl but Wendy returned. He and the girl were both happy to have the painful contents of their bowels removed followed by the washing and cleaning of their bodies. Wendy worked back and forth between the two of them.

She then removed the girl and left Harry alone, alone although well secured. He was sure that Janie must have been behind the capture of the girl. He did not know why, he was just sure. Just look at how clever Janie was at capturing prey. Yes, she was certainly the woman behind the taking of these three girls. Although there were at least two of them, Janie would have been involved and probably the brains behind the plan, probably Julia as well, but of course, it could well have been one of the other Mistresses. Look how she had tricked him. He had been completely sucked in and now he was stuck. Just like her other prey. She found and captured slaves. What was most frightening now was that although none of the slaves wanted to be slaves they seemed likely to accept it after time. Would they do that to him? No – no way. He was not going to be a slave. He was going to figure a way to get out of this hell.

At that point in his thoughts, Wendy returned and prepared him to move.

Chapter 19

The next few days of training and work, followed a familiar pattern. He was awakened in the morning. One of those nights he had actually been able to get through the night without a visit from Anya. Then he would have exercise with Mia often followed by posture training, which he really hated. In the afternoon he would work. Usually it was cleaning with a mop and bucket, or even down on his knees scrubbing with a brush. Once he had helped out in the kitchen stocking shelves. He had seen a few other slaves, but he had been gagged most of the time and there had been no opportunity to talk to anyone. One other time he had worked in the club again as a server. He was happy that Julia was not there that night.

Then there would be feeding, punishment, and bed. He had been in a black mood after learning that Julia was not going to be his savior and as a result had not been very communicative in the feeding room so he had not linked up with any other potential allies to try to get out of this place. He decided that he needed to try to look forward and see if he could hatch a plan. That meant he needed to talk to other slaves and see what he could learn.

He had been returned to the feeding room. He was surprised how quickly he was beginning to know where he was going and recognize different common rooms even when he could not see them. When his hood was removed he could see only one other occupant of the room. It was a female, a little older than many of the other slaves, he figured early 30's. She was blonde and her hair had recently been done, professionally Harry figured. She still had on tastefully applied makeup although it was smeared a little and around her eyes it gave away that although she was trying to look stoic she may have cried a little in the last little while. That was no surprise. She was tied in rope only. She had no chains; she had no pierced nipples, not even on her own, she did not even appear to

have any protrusions into her bodily cavity. She was, as far as Harry could tell, brand new.

She did not look at him with the kind of surprise he expected for a new slave who had not seen another chained and pierced in the outfit. It looked a little like she had seen that before or at least she expected it. Now it was Harry's curiosity that was peaked. Who was this new addition?

"My name is Harry." He said as if he were introducing himself to her at some social function in which they had just met. "I'd shake your hand, but as you can see that would be a bit of a challenge at the moment." Gallows' humor, he thought.

"Are you a slave?" She looked at him inspecting his attire.

"So it would seem. I don't care much for the idea, but they don't seem to care much about what I care."

"Who are they?" She was looking at every aspect of his restraint.

"Aren't you going to ask me to help get you out of here?"

"I was getting around to that." She said.

"Don't bother. One of the first things you will learn here is that their security is without a flaw. Try to roll over to me." Harry said.

She started to roll and was stopped short by the line extending from her hogtie line to the floor.

"Oh." Is all she said.

"You can't get to me and I can't get to you. They like to tell you that you will be punished if you leave the rectangle." She looked

down at the white rectangle surrounding her. “But I don’t know why they bother. We can’t actually do it anyway.”

“How long have you been here?” She asked.

“Only about a week. I can see you are new. When did they get you?”

“Late last night or early this morning. If you count the time I have been tied up. I don’t know if they could have taken me earlier or if there was still a chance for escape. I am not sure.”

“How did they get you? It usually involves some sort of trick.”

“I actually came looking for them. I am a reporter. I had heard rumors about some place that was actually capturing and selling modern day slaves. I knew there was a place in the old eastern bloc where people voluntarily signed up as slaves for sometimes weeks at a time as a sort of vacation, if you can call it that, but I had heard this was different. It was real and the slaves were not volunteers.”

“I figured this would be a great story. I am free-lance now although I have an association with one paper that I am trying to expand on that. I used one of my old aliases, the one I had used during a government construction corruption case, I figured it was not likely to have any overlap with this case, and I had a pretty good background established. So I started poking around. That was about six months ago. I put out inquiries on the Internet. I followed things I found on the Internet. I located and talked to people in all of the S&M clubs, I figured they would know something. I basically got nothing. Many people knew the rumors. Many wanted it to be true, but most thought it was just urban legend. That is the problem with rumors there are always so many. Some will be real, but how do you know which?”

“I was about ready to stop when I got a response to one of my inquiries. I had engaged in what I hoped to be subtle suggestions

that I would like to be by a slave. I had to deal with all the crazy self-promoters, ugh, that was so distasteful – mostly men by the way – and I think they really did want to sell themselves; then the perfectly despicable ‘buy my wife’ crowd. I was so discouraged I was ready to give up, but then it came. As simple e-mail with an anonymous source that said things were possible, but it was very expensive. The e-mail had an attachment. It told me to open the attachment and follow the instructions if wanted to go forward. If I was not interested delete the e-mail. I don’t usually open attachments from people I don’t know, but this response seemed directed at me personally, and it was the first and only lead I had had. I walked away from my computer. I had a glass of wine. I returned and looked at it several times. I did a back-up on my computer so I could restore it if this was an evil virus, and then opened the attachment. After all that worry it was just a short note, I have no idea why they needed to put it in an e-mail attachment.”

“The note gave me an IP address to go to. I did. A page came up asking for a user name and password. The note had given me both and I entered them. It took me to a page that said new merchandise was expected to be available on Friday. It then had a place to click for those interested in participating. I printed a copy of the page and clicked on the link. The next page required me to enter a personal code, which had been included in the note, and to fill out personal data. I filled out the form with all of the information (well, the information relating to my cover) and submitted it. I also printed that page. They were vague enough that I did not yet have a printable story, it felt right and I thought I could get more. I felt like I was getting close.”

“The next day I received a call on my cell phone. The caller, a female voice, told me to meet her at a restaurant location in 30 minutes. I told her that was pretty quick. She said there was no flexibility. Come or don’t. I put my recorder in jacket with the mike to the collar and went. It was a public place so I was not worried. And when I met my lunch companion, I was even less apprehensive. She seemed both sophisticated and charming. She said that there

were people who wanted to obtain unique and well trained servants and that she knew people who supplied those needs. I was really getting excited. She said that such training did not come cheap. I told her that I understood and was ready to make the commitment. The ID I was using had been coordinated with the bank so that if anyone checked it showed my cover to be worth several million dollars. Finally she told me that a car would pick me up on Friday at noon. I would be flown to the auction location, which was never disclosed in advance. I would need a deposit of \$50,000 and \$4,000 cash for expenses. It could be in the form of a cashier's check made out to a foundation for the preservation of wild life. If I did not purchase any product I would return with my check. She said to bring a bag because I would most certainly be gone overnight and perhaps two nights. 'Don't worry the accommodations are first class'. 'For \$4,000 they should be'. I told her, but she told me that covered air costs, food and lodging. It did not even cover the costs, just made sure that only serious people were involved."

"It was a scramble, but I came up with the \$50,000, so I arranged for the check. I stored the tape of the meeting in my secret hiding place at home; sent my editor an e-mail that I was on a big story and would be going undercover. I said I would check in with him in 72 hours. That is my protection. He doesn't actually know what I am working on, as an independent he is not entitled to see my notes or to have me check topic with him and I prefer it that way. He sent a confirming e-mail, so I know he knows. So, I guess I have two days to wait before he sounds the alarm." She started testing her bonds. She had stayed amazingly still as she had been talking. Most people would test the ropes. Wait a little while, and then test them again. This was the first time he had seen her do more than just try to shift her position.

"Just as expected on Friday at noon there was a car waiting for me out in front. It took me to a small private airstrip that did not even seem to have an active control tower. My luncheon companion met me there and we boarded a small jet. All cell phones, pads, Blackberries and other electronic devices were collected and locked

in the plane's safe. We were told we could have them back when we left. I remember at the time being most unhappy about not having my music.

There were two other women on board and the plane stopped once more picking up two more before reaching its destination at about 6 pm. I do not know where that was. I kept looking for a sign that said something but could not find any help. I only know that it has to be within 3 and a half hours flying distance from Denver. That opens up a lot of country. Again we were on a private air strip. I saw at least two other private jets, including at least one G-5. I was practically drooling. This was going to be a great story. There was a building nearby and that is where we went." Harry was completely enthralled in her story.

"There was nothing but women inside the room, maybe 15 or 20 seated at tables. All dressed in top 5th Avenue attire. I had dressed up for the event, but felt shabby by comparison. There were also three serving girls. My eye was caught by them because they were naked except for chains and some attachments, a lot like you are wearing." She nodded with her head toward Harry. Harry did not know how to respond so he shrugged. It was slightly humiliating having his restrained position pointed out, but on the humiliation scale this was low to what he was regularly experiencing.

"I sat at a table with several other women. We introduced ourselves, but started paying attention to the action on the screens around us. There big screens on the walls like in a sports book, each showing a different image and each with a split image. The left side of the screen showed a naked person, each was hooded and tied into a hogtied position. You could see them moving around, at least moving around a little."

"The left screen is live video to the cells." Said the girl next to me.

"And the right screen?" I asked.

“That is background information and video on the subject including the capture. I just love the capture. Especially when it is a man like in number 2.”

“I looked at the screen marked 2 and could see that the figure on the left was a young man with well-defined muscle tone who did not seem to be too happy or accepting of his situation. Of all of the subjects his was wiggling and squirming the most. I focused on the right portion of the screen. How do we figure out what is going on?”

“There is sound, but it doesn’t play on all screens at the same time. When they do the auction they will put up highlights when each subject comes to auction, but that is hours away. We can follow up right here.’ She said and I noticed that there was a video screen build into the table. She pushed a button and it activated. Then she manipulated some more buttons and the image from the right part of screen number 2 was on the video in front of us. And we could hear the sound. We saw a young, well build brown haired, brown eyed man talking to a couple of girls. He had a nice smile and was very attractive. ‘Let’s see the final seduction and capture.’ She said and pushed another button. ‘I always love this.’ I think she had reached down under her dress, but I wasn’t going to look close enough to be sure.”

“The young man was in the living room of an apartment. He was sitting with a pretty little petite redhead with his arm around her. His hand kept sneaking down over the top of her breast. She did nothing to move it but she looked very nervous. At the time I thought maybe she just didn’t know how to get him to move his hand. Especially since they were not alone – not cool – I thought. The man was talking to a larger more athletic girl seated across from him. ‘Here’s the deal.’ She was saying. ‘For the first 20 minutes you just get to watch us. Then we will move in on you and it will be a threesome. How does that sound so far?’ He obviously had no trouble and told them so. ‘Now, you don’t get to use your hands. Just your mouth and, well, you know what.’ He nodded and said it

was ok. 'And to make sure you comply I get to tie your hands behind your back. That's all of it. OK?'"

"He hesitated. 'I don't know about the tying the hand business.' He said."

"'Never mind then.' The athletic one said and stood up. The redhead looked really frightened for some reason then turned to him and pleaded for him to do it."

"'It will be ok. I will be there. Don't you trust me?' She said. He looked at the other girl starting to leave the room – she was really very attractive, he looked back at his girlfriend, and agreed. Following the lead of the athletic girl both of them stripped off their clothing down to their bra and panties. The male watched. Then he followed suit."

"'We need those off too.' Said the girl in control. He hesitated, but there was something in her voice, then he removed his boxers. He was now naked. The girl handed him a very short little strap. 'This fastens around your penis, behind your balls and next to your body.' She said. 'If you need help, I can put it on for you.' She stroked a finger across his nipple. He stiffened a little and took what she had given him. He looked closely at it. It had ring at the bottom so that when it was fastened around him there would be a ring there. 'It will help you last a long time.' She said. 'It can be a lot of fun.' He must have figured it could do little harm so he fastened it around himself. 'See If you can tighten it up another notch.' She said. 'If it is too loose it won't work.' He tightened the buckle another notch. I remember thinking that it did seem to make him stand up a lot straighter. 'Turn around and put your hands behind your back, palm together.' She nodded to the other girl who came forward and started manipulating her boy friend's nipples and penis."

"He seemed to be following her directions without question at this point, or maybe it was the added sexual promise in the action of his girlfriend, but he turned and offered his hands without question or

even comment. I remember being impressed at the speed with which she wrapped a double coiled rope around his hands at least three times, paused for only seconds to tie a knot, then cross wrapped the lines to cinch it up tight. He complained about how tight it was as she pulled the cinch up and tied a knot on top between his wrists. I remember thinking that will be very difficult to reach.”

“Then she picked up another rope. ‘Hey, my hands are tied already.’ He said.”

“‘This will make sure they stay out of trouble.’ She said as she dropped the loop of rope over his body down to around his waist and then looped it back around a couple of times encircling his body. Meanwhile his girlfriend had gone to work on his nipples with her mouth. Without waiting for any permission or further discussion the athletic girl then ran the rope around the new waist rope between the body and his arms making a new cinch. She pulled this tight and again got a protest from him. She then took the remaining lines from his wrist tie pulled them through his legs, ran then through the ring on the strap he himself had connected behind his penis and brought them back up to his waist in back. He did not appear to have been paying attention to what she was doing because of the distraction from the other girl, but when she pulled the lines tight and tied them she had his full attention.”

“‘Just what the hell do you think you are doing?’ He pulled back from the attention of the smaller girl and tried to turn around and look at his hands and arms. She had gotten a knot tied before he could twist so it did not come loose. His arms were held to the back of his waist, but his hands, which were well tied together, were pulled down toward his balls. I could not help enjoying the video and rooting for the girls making the capture. The girl at the table next to me cheered. I felt the same but remained quiet.”

“‘I told you that we would have fun use later. Now I think we need to add a few things.’ She grabbed his upper body and used the edge of the bed to put him down on it. He was on his side, but

she managed to get him on his stomach. 'Stay here.' She directed the smaller girl. She hesitated but the larger girl glared at her and she complied. He spit out a couple of obscenities and started to tell her that she better let him go right now or she would be very sorry. He said nothing more because she stuffed a rubber ball gag into his mouth. He was caught completely by surprise and his eye went wide, but it was buckled tightly in back and there was no way he could get it out. 'You will be so much more fun now.' She said. The redhead was sitting across his back at about his elbows. She did not weigh much, but without the use of his hands it was enough to keep him down."

"I was amazed at the efficiency. The larger girl then took a loop of rope and quickly put it over both legs, but she didn't stop at the ankles, she brought the loop right up to his knees and started to wrap and cinch it. He must have realized that this was a significant event because his bucking and twisting increased, but it was to no avail, she had brought his legs together and tied his knees. With his knees tied there was nothing he could do to prevent his ankles from being tied and then being pulled back to his hands in a very tight hogtie. As you can now see, I do know what hogtie feels like." She pulled at her wrists and moved her feet. Not a very energetic attempt.

"I was astounded. He had been tricked and captured. I looked up at screen number 2 and could see that he was now helplessly tied some place waiting for one of us to buy him. The girl friend had been in on it, but why. After he was completely helpless they rolled him on to his side. I could tell he was confused. He was hoping at that point that they were just going to have their way with him and not hurt him too much. The redhead spoke: 'Remember how I was having the tuition problems? Remember how I was afraid that I was going to have to sell my car to pay for my bills? Well, I love my car, so I sold you instead.' The girls at the table with me laughed at this. The guy was trying to say something through the gag. He was squirming and struggling. He was twisting his arms and wrists, he

was becoming frantic, but it was pretty clear he was not getting out of the ropes.”

“Now I will call for them to come and get him.’ It was the larger girl. She took an envelope from her purse and handed it to the smaller girl. ‘\$10,000 as agreed.’ The girl took the envelope, but with hesitation.”

“I just don’t know she said. He looks so frightened. Maybe he wasn’t all that bad. I don’t think I can go through with this.’ She handed the envelope back to the tall athletic girl. The boy on the bed had been watching and listening the entire time. You could see a look of hope cross his face. The small girl turned toward him and reached for the knot holding his legs in the hogtie. She untied the first knot at the elbows when the larger girl dropped a loop over her from behind. She also scooped up her elbows in one arm and pulled them back where she started to loop her arms with the ends from the rope that had just encircled her body. The small girl struggled, but the larger girl was able to push her face first onto the bed next to her boyfriend. The larger girl finished wrapping and cinching the elbows. ‘No.’ The girl was saying. ‘Gary, help me.’”

“The larger girl laughed at this as did those watching. ‘Yeah, he can be a lot of help to you. You sold him. We accepted the deal and delivered. In fact he has been delivered and is ours. You were trying to take our property. That is not allowed. So, since you feel so bad about what you did we are going to let you join him as a slave.’ When she finished with the girl’s elbows she ran the rope up under her arm, around the back of the neck then back to the elbow tie coming under the other arm. After cinching the elbows the rope was run through the neck rope and tightened. The entire tie was too tight to come loose and there was no way for her to reach any part of it with her hands. One rope and she was already done. The look of shock was slipping off her face and it looked like she was going to scream, but before she could a ball gag was pushed into her mouth and buckled behind her neck.”

“It could not have taken more than two minutes for her to finish tying the wrists, knees and elbows of this smaller girl and pulling her into a hogtie like her boyfriend. They lay next to each other on the bed only able to communicate with their eyes. That quickly ended as their capture came forward and slipped a leather bag like affair over each of their heads. It had a front that pulled back under the chin and it tightened at the neck with a chrome chain that had some type of locking arrangement at the back once it was tightened. ‘I am sure you two will enjoy being together for a bit before we ship you out for your training. But we don’t want to have to worry about the pesky hands now do we.’ With that she rolled them so that they were facing each other on the bed. She attached a clip to the front of each of their collars. Then she attached a clip to the ring on the boyfriend’s crotch, ran it forward between the legs of the girl and tightened it over the cinch at her hands. Her hogtie was to her elbows so her hands had had some movement. Now they were pushed down into her buttocks, and when she tried to move them she pulled on her boyfriend’s crotch. Although I was pretty sure that relationship was over even if they could both walk out of there, which they obviously did not.”

“I looked around on the other screens in the room and located the red head. There were another three active screens. They were auctioning off a total of five slaves. This operation was huge. How did they keep this a secret? Well, not a complete secret, because I had found out. And pretty soon the entire world would know. I wondered how many of the slaves could be found and recovered and how many were gone to dubious lifestyles forever.”

“I had snuck a small camera in with me and managed to snap a few pictures. I wanted as much documentation as I could get. I would have liked to buy one of the slaves and rescue him or her, but I knew that the price was going to be a lot higher than I could pay. I would have to write my story quickly. I could not let this go for long before telling the police. Who knew what else was being done to these poor people. I felt like lives could be at stake.” Harry was actually feeling a lot better than he had. This girl was going to blow

the lid off this entire place. She was going to have the police rushing in to rescue them. Only problem was it looked like she needed a lot of rescuing first.

“We were at the point when the bidding was about to start. The woman who had brought me asked me to come back to the office and meet someone. I followed her. I imagined they wanted to interview me to determine if I was suitable for purchase of their property. I would think they only wanted people who had impeccable discretion. Well, I could play that role.”

“We walked into a room that I expected to be an office. It did not look like an office. There was a table in the middle of the room, but there were no chairs. Two women were already in the room when we arrived. They were not dressed in evening gowns like the others. Instead they were dressed in black leather that was very form fitting. It showed off their figures narrowing their waists, emphasizing the curve of their hips and loins, and not flattening, but pushing up their breasts. I knew my cover, so I was not worried. ‘You wanted to see me.’ I said.”

“‘I did Ms. Reston.’ It took me a moment. It was not my cover name, it was my real name. ‘I have enjoyed some of your stories. Too bad you will not be writing this one. You will be too busy with your training and your new life to write any stories. Now, take off those clothes.’ She put a copy of my cover driver’s license and my real driver’s license down on the table.”

“‘You have this all wrong. I am not Reston. I guess I look a lot like her.’ I tried.”

“‘It would be a shame to ruin those nice clothes, so take them off right now.’ The other woman in the room had moved around so that I was flanked by her and the woman I had entered with. I looked around for another way out. There was none. I had just watched how this game ends, so I was not going to play, at least not willingly. They seemed to sense this and the two at my sides grabbed my

arms and pushed me face forward onto the table. The woman I had been talking to walked around gathered up my dress and threw it up over my waist exposing my stockings and underwear below. I tried to pull loose from the two holding me but could not. Then I felt a belt pulled around my knees and buckled. She then came around to the side of me. The others pushed my hands behind my back and she fastened them together with a belt. Then she gathered all of my dress and pull it up over my head. They tied it together there. It had a tight waist so it stayed firm there, but created a nice sack for everything above the waist.”

“I felt them let go of me and I tried to kick out, but the belt around my knees did not allow enough movement. I felt hands remove my garter belt and pull my underwear down until it all gathered at the belt above my knees. Then she undid the belt and pulled everything down to my feet. My feet were still tangled in the remnants of my clothing, but my body was fully exposed from the waist down. As I tried to kick my feet free so that I could at least try to use them I felt ropes being wrapped around my knees. I had just watched enough tying so I knew what to expect. They were wrapped just below the knees then cinched. Only then did they pull the clothing away from my feet and repeat the process with my ankles. The ankle ropes were then taken up to the knees and tied off there. ‘Are you ready to cooperate?’ I heard.”

“Yea, let me out of this and I will make sure I spell you name correctly.’ I get a little confrontive when I am scared.”

“Too bad about the dress.’ She said as she took shears at the waist and cut it up the back. I had been able to get my wrists out of the belt, but they were ready for me. I was face down on the table and as the dress cleared my hands and arms one of the women each grabbed an arm. This time they went to work on my elbows. I remembered what I had just seen and knew how effective that could be so I tried to keep my elbows apart. That is very hard when there are that many people and you are face down without the use of your legs. It did not take them long to get a wrapping around my elbows

and then to pull them tightly together. I am pretty limber, but it hurt when they pushed them back like they did. 'I want them touching.' The woman in charge said and she just kept pulling. I screamed in pain and finally she relented a little. I can't see them, but I think they are tied pretty close together and then completely cinched in between." Harry looked to confirm and nodded to her.

Harry tried to help. "I'd like to tell you you'll get use to that and it will stop hurting, but it won't. It hurts like hell."

"I know. I've been this way a very long time now. With my ankles, knees and elbows tied I knew I was all done. I could only stay defiant for the sake of pure attitude. I'm not going to let them think they have won." Harry was thinking let's see how that works for you, but he was not going to say anything.

"When they finished off my wrists and, of course, hogtied my ankles to my elbows I expected they would just leave me in the room. Instead they carried me back out to where the rest were partying. I was tied down to a table – like I could go someplace if they didn't – and left where I could watch the auction. 'Don't want you to miss the bidding.' I was told. I thought I might as well get as much as I can. I could see a few scenarios. I would figure out a way to escape from them. Or, my editor would sound the alarm in a couple of days, use the secret password I have given him to enter my computer and see what I was working on. Follow the leads to the girl I came here with and get me the hell out. The only question is how long it will take. It's been about 24 hours now. Of course I have spent half of it in these damn ropes." She pulled and tested the ropes again at the point. "They let me watch the rest of their little party. I saw them all laugh and congratulate the bidders as the purchases were made. Other bids were coming in over the telephone. I think they had an Internet feed for that. I was a little afraid they were going to add me to the auction. Thank heavens they did not do that. What really pissed me off is that after the auction I was gagged and hooded and then just left with the baggage. The fucking baggage."

“Don’t get your hopes up too quickly. I thought I had someone watching for me as well. Boy was I wrong. And they are very good. You recall that attachment you had to click on? They didn’t need it for the message; they needed it for a little program that jumped into your computer. You can bet that from that point on they knew exactly every stroke you typed on your computer, including all your passwords. Did you work on the file with your notes during that time?”

“Yes, I did, but it is password protected.”

“Not to them. They will have it and everything on your computer, and they can change whatever is there. By the time your editor looks at the file you will be working on some scandal to do with the aborigines of Australia. And your editor will get an e-mail telling him that you are fine, it hasn’t come together yet, but you are going off somewhere for a while. Everyone believes I am gone for the next year. Did you have a code that you would have to use or anything you have to say or he knows something is wrong?”

“No, not really, but he knows my style pretty well.”

“And so will they by the time they finish reading all your e-mail. Are there any appointments or events coming up that people will know you wouldn’t miss?”

“Not really. My mother’s birthday is in a couple of months, but we don’t talk much. She will certainly expect a card or a gift, and hope for a call, but I don’t always call her. I do go out on lengthy projects. I was on one for a year and a half. Nobody knew where I was until I got back. Even my editor did not know the details although I checked in with him every 90 days or so. My landlord will miss me when the rent is not paid. So that comes up in a couple of weeks.”

Harry hated to disabuse her of this but felt he needed to. “They paid my rent two months in advance. Then they plan to give notice and move me out because I am not coming back due to a great opportunity somewhere else. Great opportunity, how do you like that?”

The reporter did not look quite so sure of herself right now. Her hands were groping around for knots she knew were nowhere near her fingers. Her legs and feet were moving to try to find some slack that had not been there for the last 12 hours and was not about to appear now. “Do you think there is a way to escape?”

“I have been working on that. They are very careful and these chains are insidious. If you get an opportunity to try something before they put you in the chains take it, even if it is a long shot. From here they may take you to their club to gloat at you a bit, which might be your best chance. After that you will be secured for the night. I would guess you will not be left in the hogtie because you have been in it for so long, but if they put you in a sleeping sack like they did me there is no chance to get out of that thing. Then first thing in the morning you should get your chains, piercings and inserts.”

“What do you mean inserts?” There was a touch of fear in her voice.

“Part of their control, you are a woman so you get one in front and one in back. They, along with the nipple rings, are wired so they can shock you in any or all of those places as they deem fit.” Her face responded in fear.

“Does it hurt?”

“Yes, it hurts a lot, sometimes a lot more than others. They can control the amount of the shock. And they can tease you with it. They also vibrate. The sexual teasing is worse than the pain. And they will play head games with you. You just have to be compliant.

You can't do anything to stop them, so all you can do is comply. Make them think you are a good slave."

"I do not intend to be a slave. Not theirs or anyone else's. I don't care what it takes, that is not happening." Harry did not respond. He knew she was going to have to figure this out on her own.

Harry was struck by the comparison of the two girls he had talked to in the last while. The first had been here long enough to accept her future. The second, much more knowledgeable than most, aware of the risk, could not accept that she had been caught and was enslaved. Where did that leave Harry? He knew how hard it was going to be, but he was determined to escape. He was not going to simply give in and let them make him a slave.

Chapter 20

It had been a day or two since he had talked to the reporter. He had not seen her since, but that was not unusual. Only a few slaves were ever together at the same time, and with the use of hoods and other controls he could have walked right past her or been next to her and never known it. They had not been rescued. He wondered if she had been reported missing, if people were looking for her, and if they might be rescued at any moment. He doubted that to be the case. He had liked her. He hoped she was figuring out ways to cope with this place. He did imagine that her buttocks and thighs were well striped by now. If he saw her again that would be the first thing he would look for. But for now he had his own routine to deal with.

He was led into a small room. As Wendy pushed him forward he heard the familiar click of his waist and neck fastening into the holding device. "I am going to change out your cuffs." She said as she disconnected the chains to his neck and then his ankles and let them recede back into the belt. Then she removed each of his cuffs and put them on a shelf. She even removed the plates in front and in back of his belt. The dildo was still in place being held by its three chains, two in front and the one in back.

"I will be right back. Hold attention while I am gone." She left the room. As she closed the door he heard a click. He tried to straighten his position a little and realized that he was not attached to the waist retainer. He leaned back. His neck was not held either. For the first time since Janie had secured him he had use of his hands and feet and was not connected to anything. He reached up and removed the half hood. He looked around the room. It was small. He saw the holding restraints in front of him. There was a small cabinet in one wall. The doors were open. On the shelves were various restraint items including the cuffs that had just been removed from him.

This was his chance. They had been so careful with keeping him restrained he did not know if he would get another chance. He went to the door. It was closed and locked. There was no handle on the inside. What were his choices? If he replaced the hood and put himself back into the device maybe Wendy would be pleased with him. Wait a minute. When Wendy returned she would have to open the door to get in. That would be his chance. He returned to the small cupboard and removed a length of rope. Then he waited by the door for her return.

He heard it open. Wendy stepped through. As she appeared inside he grabbed the chains at the back of her collar with his right hand. With his left he dropped the hood in the door so that it would not close. Wendy tried to twist around to fight back, but he quickly looped the rope around the chains and pulled it down toward her waist. Simultaneously he stepped on the hobble chain and pushed her forward. She fell to the ground with him on top of her. Using the chains he pulled her hands back behind her. He quickly wrapped her wrists above the cuffs with the rope and cinched it tight. It did not need to be tight because the cuffs themselves meant she could not pull out, but before he tied it off he gave the cinch an extra pull. "How is that bitch." With her hands tied it was easy to finish the job. He tied her elbows together and was pleased with himself when he could make them almost touch. He found a large red ball gag and inserted into her mouth. He didn't want her attracting any attention. To further insure quiet he pulled a full hood over her head. After her ankles and knees were tied together and her feet were pulled up and secured to her elbows, not her wrists, so he could get a little extra tension she could hardly move. "Let's see how you enjoyed this. Don't worry, I bet they find you in an hour or so. Of course, by then I will be long gone." It felt good to finally be the one in control. Wendy was struggling, but not making any progress. He rechecked all his knots. She wasn't going anywhere.

He turned to leave, but then remembered something. He did not want to lose a chance to get even. He returned to the cupboard,

removed a belt. He turned Wendy on her side and inserted the buckle pin into the lock slot at the top of her belt. He had remembered the anti-tamper device. Almost immediately she stiffened and he heard a suppressed squeal from inside the hood. "Hope you are enjoying yourself. From what I understand that will put your restraints in punishment mode. Don't want you to get bored without me. . . . Enjoy!"

He slipped out the door and found himself in a hallway. Even though he had been moved around a lot he had always been blindfolded. He figured the easiest way out of this place was through the club. It had to be close. But he had to be careful. He had to avoid being seen. He also could use some clothes. And some shoes. Being naked was beginning to feel normal in here, but once he was outside he would need clothing.

There were doors on either side of the hallway, but as with the inside the outside did not have handles either. He wondered if Wendy had some device to activate doors. He went back to the room he had left her in, but the door was closed and he could see no way to get in. If she had something of use to him he had no way to get to it. He inspected a few more doors, but they were all the same. He had no means of opening any of them. Maybe he should just get out of here.

One end of the hallway seemed to have more light than the other. He went in that direction. All of the doors along the way were similarly closed without handles. None of them had windows and there were no markings or decorations on the walls or doors. Every door looked the same. As he approached the end of the hallway he could see that it opened to the left and light was coming in from there. He stopped at the edge of the turn and looked carefully around the corner. There was no sign of any other human. He was looking into the club. Good work, now he might have a chance. He wished again that he had some clothing. He thought about checking out the kitchen area, but he was sure there would be people there

and the risk would be huge. He would not worry about clothing. He was just going to try to get out of here.

It was only then that it occurred to him that he was taking a great chance. He was sure the punishment for attempting to escape would be severe. But, he was committed at this point. He had left Wendy very tightly tied and activated the punishment cycle on her belt. That has just been revenge, but it meant he better get out from her reach after she was rescued. Besides, he could not get back into the room where he had left her even if he wanted to.

He saw no one in the club. He thought that the entrance to the club was on the other side. He would have to cross it. Again he thought about clothing. There might be some clothing in the serving areas, that was not as risky as the kitchen, but it was also likely that there would be at least some slaves working nearby and where there were slaves there were overseers. His best chance was just to move straight across the club area to the outside. He would still be naked, but as he weighed the choices his desire to get out of here was too compelling to justify searching around. He started out across the room. He had gotten almost to the very center of the open room when he saw someone standing there. A wave of shock and fear ran through him. Then he recognized her. It was Julia. She was dressed in skin tight black leather. Every curve of her body, her hips, breasts and waist were accentuated. She looked even better than she did when naked.

“Kneel slave.” She said and took a step forward toward him. She held a coil of rope in her hand. Was that for him? Did they know he was out? No, if they did there would be more than just one small female.

“Not a chance bitch. I have had enough of your little house of horrors.” He glared at her and took a step in her direction. “Maybe it is time for some payback. I see you brought me something to tie you with.”

“If you think you can.” She kicked off her black patent pumps making her bare foot then dropped a loop of the rope and started to swing it around like a cowboy getting ready to rope a steer. Well, he was no steer. If she tried to lasso him he would grab the rope and turn it on her. She would be no match for him. She was in good condition, but not even as strong as Janie. She only weighed about 115 lbs. They had actually wrestled together before so he was even use to the feel of her. There was no doubt in his mind that he could easily handler her. He couldn't let her escape and raise a warning so his first task was to get hold of her. He would then need to get her on the ground where he could use his weight to hold her while he tied her. This was going to be the most fun he had had since arriving here. He moved forward slowly expecting her to try to run around him on one side or the other. He had been a pretty good football player and an open field tackle was certainly something he was up to, but he knew it was important not to commit himself until he had her where he could get her. She was moving from side to side. He matched her movements and moved forward.

She was holding and swinging the lasso in her right hand, but she was holding something small in her left. She was on one edge of the wooden dance floor. The area was small only about twenty feet across. He started to move across toward her, slowly, matching her movements. Then he saw her do something with the small device in her left hand. He felt something encircle his ankles; tighten pulling them together and then sweeping them out from under him. His hands went down to break his fall and as he did she dropped her lasso over his head and pulled it tight around his neck. He hit the floor and tried to pull his legs up, but the line around his neck threatened to strangle him. He grabbed the rope to his neck with both hands and tried to pull it toward him, but it was too late, she had already secured the end. He needed to get the noose off his neck. He straightened his body and tried to lung as far forward as the rope now holding his ankles would allow, but she was ready for this too and took up the slack before he could use it. He got his hands over the rope around his neck so he could breath; but he could not develop enough slack to pull it over his head.

She walked around him staying out of arms length until she reached his ankles. She had another rope in her hands. He didn't even know where it had come from. She stepped over him and sat on his legs just below his knees. With his feet held in the catch loop and her weight on his legs she easily wrapped the new rope around his ankles, turned the line and cinched it tightly. She turned around, produced another rope and tied his legs just below the knees. She ended by securing the ends of the rope from his ankles to cinch at his knees. He knew the reason for this. A person with their hands tied behind them could often reach knots at their ankles, but knots at the knees were hopelessly out of reach. This could not be happening. He was in another one on one contest with a woman and he was losing. And this had been much more of a fair fight, except for the booby trap on the floor. He realized that her maneuvering had been designed to get him in the correct place to spring the trap. Once again he had been fooled. He really hated these women.

He was lying on his side. Both hands were still holding the loop around his neck, but not with enough slack to get it over his head. "That was too easy. I really thought you had more in you than that. On your stomach slave, it is over."

He glared at her. "If you want me there you are going to have to figure out how to do it on your own." He was furious. He didn't care if he strangled to death, if he could get his hands on her she would be very sorry. He was not going to give her his hands while he had any freedom of movement. All he had to do was get a hand on her. Even with his legs tied, his arms would be enough if he could just grab her.

She checked the bonds and the knots on his legs. He looked down to check out his position. He could see that his ankles and knees were each wrapped with about six lines that were then tightly cinched in the center with at least four winds. The cinch was pulled

so tightly that the wraps almost looked like they were wrapped around each ankle and leg individually.

She turned back toward his body but kept herself out of his reach while sitting on his legs. He felt her take his penis and balls in her hand. He knew she would be attaching a line. But he also knew she would be waiting for him to use his hands. He had been captured that way before. He was not going to give her that satisfaction. After she had attached a line around his balls she fed the other end of the rope between his legs. Then she stood behind him put a foot on his buttocks and pulled up on the line. “On your stomach slave” She ordered as she pulled upward on the line connected to his balls. It hurt like hell. He tried to hold strong, but she gave it another jerk. Fuck that hurt. He really had no choice he rolled onto his stomach. This was humiliating. This should not be happening like this.

But, there was really nothing he could do about it. He still had some hope, his hands were still free. He was using both of them to hold the rope around his neck away from his throat, but they were under his control, not hers. He could still grab her. That could turn the tide.

“Hands behind your back . . . slave.” He hesitated. He knew if he did this it would be all over. She would quickly tie them and any chance would be gone. She jerked hard on the line to his balls. Fuck that hurt. She was standing over him with her foot on his butt. Part of him wanted to give in. It was his job to please her. Wait a minute – fuck that. He had not been here that long. He clenched his arms under him.

“You know I could just sit here and wait for more help to arrive. But I know you want a chance to prove yourself. I will give you the chance. Still holding the end of the rope from his balls she walked around to his left side and put her naked right foot on his shoulder. Her left leg was to his left and just below the shoulder. If he could roll quickly to his left he could grab her leg and maybe take her

down. He rolled; his right wrist went for her left ankle as he tried to encircle her leg with his left arm. But as he grabbed she pulled up the leg and dropped her weight onto his back. This pressed him down negating the use of his right arm. His left arm was out to the side wrapped into the back of her left knee. She quickly slipped a rope loop over the now exposed wrist and rolling backwards off of him as she pulled it tight to the cinch at his knees. His hand and arm was held down to his side. She attached a rope to his balls and then encircle the wrist. She was then able to use that rope to pull his wrist behind his back. He resisted but had no leverage to work with. His left hand was now on his buttocks behind him.

“You are already in a great deal of trouble. I would not push it any further. Now put your hands behind your back, together, palm to palm.”

It was over. He was completely fucked. He had no choice. Slowly, grudgingly, he removed his right hand from under his body and brought it behind his back. He was humiliated. He had been beaten. He felt tears forming in his eyes.

She wasted no time wrapping and cinching his wrists. All was now officially lost. His freedom had lasted, what, ten minutes and covered about 100 feet. He was once again a tied helpless slave. He had bested Wendy. He had surprised her and she had been easy, but Julia had been another matter. He had not been beaten with brawn. He had been outsmarted. Meanwhile, Julia turned her attention to his elbows; he felt them pulled tightly together. That hurt, but there was nothing he could do about it. Then she threaded the rope from his testicles over the wrist cinch and fed it back between his legs. She secured it to a loop in the front of his waist belt.

Both the noose around his neck and the trap loop around his ankles were removed. She didn't need them anymore, he was not going anywhere. Julia tied a line from his ankles to his elbows and tightened until he was in the all too familiar hogtie. Maybe even a little tighter than normal. The adrenalin from the encounter began to

wear off leaving him terrified. Julia checked all her knots and lines and when satisfied stood and walked in front of him and presented her left foot.

“Start Kissing.”

“Yes Mistress.” His mouth and tongue went to work on her foot. He actually liked her feet. They were petite and quite lovely. He had loved to touch and massage them. Until this week he had never thought of kissing or licking them. He would never have believed that he would be lying on his stomach kissing any ones feet. She offered the other foot and he continued his adoration. Then suddenly she just turned her back on him and walked away, pausing only to pick up hers shoes as she left.

He lay hogtied in the middle of the dance floor only a short distance from freedom, but it might as well be thousands of miles. He knew she had done a good job. He knew that he would not be able to get loose, but he had to try. This was going to be very bad if, no when, he didn't. He twisted his wrists, but they were held tight, and even if they were released his elbows had been pulled, this time painfully, close together and tightly secured. He tried to pull his feet down and twisted his ankles in their bonds. Nothing, she had pulled everything very tight. He had almost no movement.

After a very long time he saw two slaves approach him. Wendy was not with them. They were wheeling something that looked like the wheel cart for a set of golf clubs. At the bottom there were curved and cupped surfaces.

While he lay on his stomach they placed the device on top of him. Each of the curved parts fit over a knee, a frame extended up his back to his neck. They strapped him into this contraption. When done they stood it upright pulling him up so that he looking like the golf bag. He was held at about a 60 degree angle and wheels on either side of the cart and a handle at the back allowed them to move him around.

“I am Slave Rachel. I will be your overseeing for a while. It seems that Slave Wendy will be preoccupied. She allowed herself to be tied up. So she gets to stay that way for at least the next 12 hours. The punishment cycle on her belt was also activated. I can’t even imagine being subjected to that for 12 hours. Can you?” A wave of terror hit him. She may be suffering right now, but he was pretty sure he was the one who was going to be the most sorry. He thought about the extra unnecessary pulls he had made to her cinching. He thought of how he had exerted extra pressure to get her elbows very close together. He had not thought she would be spending 12 hours like that. He knew it would be unbearable. But expected it to be only a short time. He also knew he had tied her well and she would have no choice but to bear it, or at least accept it. This was not good. This was bad. This was very very bad. What had he said to her: ‘By the time you are out I will be long gone.’ Well, not so much. He pulled at his own bonds. Julia definitely tied tighter than Janie. He did not look forward to when he would see Wendy, rather be under the control of Wendy again.

Finally they pulled a full discipline hood over his head and then they wheeled him away. He could not resist.

Chapter 21

He felt himself unstrapped and lifted out of the little cart. He was placed on something cold and hard. He was face down. Rachel undid the hogtie and straightened his legs. That was a great relief, he was afraid he was going to be left in the tight hogtie for a long time. After his legs were straightened she turned him over so that he was lying on his back. When she shifted him around a little he felt his arms slip into a hollowed out spot in the table, he was pretty sure it was a table, which he was lying on, although hooded he could see nothing. He was hoping the ropes at his elbows would be untied or at least eased. That did not happen.

Once he was on his back he felt leather straps attached across his body just below the shoulders and at his waist. Then she untied his ankles. When both ankles were strapped down she released his knees. Straps were then applied below each knee and around each upper thigh.

He heard the door open and someone enter. The hood was removed. Julia was standing over him. He was strapped to a metal table that looked like an operating table. There was a bright light above him and a tray, probably of instruments near the table. Julia had a marker pen in her hand. She drew a series of dotted lines across each of his legs just above the knee.

“This is the point where the incision will be made. It will hurt a lot. But look at the bright side. You will not be tempted to run away again. You will not walk away either. But as you saw in getting here we have a little cart to move you around.” He was trying to comprehend what she was saying. What was she about to do to him?

“As a sex slave you really don’t need legs. I will leave you to think about this for a bit before the doctor arrives.” She turned and

left. He looked down at the marks above his knees. Good God, she was going to cut off his legs. The panic was overwhelming. He squirmed, pulled, twisted. He could not move his body or his legs. Each leg was individually held by straps at the thigh, below the knee and at the ankle.

“No doctor is going to cut off perfectly functional legs.” Harry looked at Rachel as he made the statement. He paid no attention to any protocol.

Strangely Rachel did not asses points. Maybe she was taking some pity on him. “I wouldn’t be so sure about that. A couple of the Mistress members are actually doctors. Cheer up, it could be worse.”

“Remember the slave girl who had her arms and legs removed.” Said the other slave girl in the room.

Rachael scowled at her. “Did you actually ever see her?” Rachel directed her question to the other slave. Then she looked back at Harry. “I have not actually seen her, but we have all heard about a slave who engineered an escape plan. She managed to get to the kitchen and secure a knife that she used to stab a Mistress. Mistress lived, but just barely. They had both her arms and her legs removed. She was equipped with a leather harness with handles so she could be picked up and moved from place to place. That is when they designed the cart to move her around. It is the cart you were brought in here on. At least she is not having your arms removed. You can do pretty well without legs.” Harry was terrified. Everything else they did to him he could recover from, but not if they cut off his legs.

Julia returned. He looked around wildly for the doctor who was going to cut off his legs. “It seems we need a slave for the floor challenge and a few Mistresses would like to have a male contestant for a change. That means you are going to be allowed to keep your legs – for now any way.” He practically cried with relief. “But I am

going to give you something to think about.” She pulled out a tattoo gun and went to work on both of his legs. The dotted line she had drawn on his legs was now a tattoo. “The next time you think about running just take a look at these lines and think about your body ending there. I hope you will be worth it in the match or I still might remove your worthless legs. Don’t embarrass me. It won’t be easy; you will be fighting female opponents.”

“Thank you Mistress. Thank you, I will not disappoint you. I will do whatever you want.”

“We will see. Why do I think I will regret this?” She turned and left shaking her head from side to side as she walked out the door.

He was removed from the table, hooded and hobbled. Rachel then led him back to the chaining room and locked him into the frame. He heard the sound of moaning, then squealing, and could hear the sound of chains rattling. He was pretty sure it was Wendy.

“Slave Wendy, I am so sorry I did this to you.” The sounds that returned did not sound accepting of his apology. They sounded frustrated and angry. He wanted her pain and punishment to end, but he was also happy that she could not get her hands on him right now. He knew that condition was only good for a short time. At some point she would be released and he would be at her mercy.

Rachel replaced his cuffs and chains. She never removed the hood so he got no chance to see how Wendy was doing with his tie, and whether she had been able to loosen anything. He hoped she would be able to get loose, but he doubted it. He had paid attention and learned the techniques when he had been tied and had made sure that there were no knots within reach. He had also pulled the ropes much tighter than needed. They had said twelve hours. She was going to be there for the whole twelve hours. He was very sorry he had activated the punishment cycle on the belt. Maybe he was as sadistic as these people, or was he just responding to them? It must be that. He did not think he was cruel.

He was once more confined in his chains with his hands pulled behind his back. He did not hear Rachel or the other slave with her even acknowledge Wendy. They did nothing to help her, loosen her bonds, or even give her some encouragement or soothing. She might as well have been furniture. Well, in fact, she was just property, so not much different. Her feelings were not important and they could not be distracted from their task at hand by her plight. He realized that if it were one of them suffering on the floor she would have treated them the same.

He was thankful that he was still walking. He wondered if Julia would really have removed his legs. He had not seen anyone without legs during the time he had been there, but he also did not remember seeing anyone with the tattoo dotted line above his knees. If they were just trying to get into his head it had worked. He could not take the chance that it was real. He was absolutely sure he would not try this stunt again.

“Let’s go.” Rachel was less patient than Wendy. She jerked on the leash even before he realized that his waist and neck had been released from the device. She had also added a gag. Wendy didn’t gag him when she moved him. It was a ring gag that fit behind his teeth and then buckled behind his head, but then she stuffed an inflatable gag in through the ring and pumped it up. The ring held it in his mouth. It was very effective. He was to learn that Rachel always hooded and gagged her slaves when she moved them.

Chapter 21

Rachel led Harry into a room. He felt lines attach to the outside of his ankle cuffs and at his neck. His gag and hood were removed and the familiar helmet was placed over his head. Then Rachel left. Harry stood with his hands locked behind his back waiting for something to happen. He wondered if his digital mistress would be displeased with him. Would he be punished?

After a time the helmet lit up. It was a new Mistress. One he had not seen before. She had black hair and a dark complexion. She was about 6' 10" in height with a medium build, but well defined muscles. "I am Mistress Miranda. I will train you for your appearance in the ring. You will do well to listen carefully to what I have to teach you."

"Yes Mistress," he assumed a position of attention before her. Somehow the chains to his ankles allowed this. He was still not sure what this match was; only that he was to be a competitor and that his legs had been saved. He had always been very competitive. This was something he could do. He might even enjoy it.

"The match pits individuals and/or teams. Each side is provided with ropes and devices. The winner is the one who renders their opponent helpless. There are very few rules. You may not throw a punch with your fists. You may only kick with the sole of your foot, and not against an opponent who is down on the mat. You may not strangle an opponent or engage in conduct that is life threatening or designed to cause serious injury. Your opponents are the property of their Mistress. You are not to inflict permanent injury to that property. Other than that the only rule is win. Do you understand these rules?"

"Yes Mistress."

“You will now be shown a previous match. At the conclusion we will examine the strengths and weaknesses of the winners and losers.”

“Yes Mistress.” At least this would give him a preview of what he was going to be doing.

Miranda was gone and he was looking at a sports platform with ropes around the sides like a boxing ring. It appeared to be in the middle of the club where the dance floor was normally located. He could see that there were three people in each of opposite corners. Two were naked except for neck and waist bands. They were slaves. The third was standing outside the ropes and was well dressed. A Mistress.

He focused on the competitors. In one corner the girls were clearly twins. They were blonde and walked about with the air of one who was familiar with being in the public eye, and who enjoyed it. That was an unusual appearance for a slave. They were paying attention to the Mistress in their corner but glancing to the crowd, even acknowledging some approval from what were clearly fans.

In the corner across the ring there was a small blonde and a brunette of larger stature. The brunette made eye contact with one of the twins and held a look of confidence. The blonde looked frightened. She would not make eye contact with anyone. He noticed bright red welts and stripes from a very recent caning on her buttocks and thighs. She was trying to pay attention to what her Mistress was saying, but he doubted anything was being retained.

There was a box just outside the ropes in each corner. He could not see its contents. There were coils of rope laid across the top rope of the ring on all four sides. It appeared that the ring inside the ropes was about 16 feet square. The entire ring was elevated about two and one half feet from the floor.

A signal was given to begin. Each of the girls picked a coil of rope and moved toward the center of the ring where they squared off opposite the other team. The twins moved back and forth and forward and back in unison. It was if they had choreographed their movements. The brunette was a few steps forward of the blonde who stayed very close to the ring ropes. A couple of times when the twins feinted forward she jumped back even bumping into the ring ropes. The twins jumped back and one moved to the right increasing the distance between her and her sister. It looked like she was going around the brunette and toward the blonde. The blonde's eyes were large; she backed into the ring ropes and held her hands clasped together in front of her body. But then the twin changed direction and moved in to the side of the brunette grabbing her left arm with both of her hands. Simultaneously her sister moved to the left and then in grabbing the brunette's right arm with both of her hands. Together, with almost perfect form and alignment each twin swept a foot from front to back taking out the legs of the brunette. As they did, they each twisted the arm they held back behind the brunette's back and using their weight took her straight down to the mat. There was a loud thump as she hit the canvas face first.

The brunette was larger than either of the twins, but it appears she was momentarily stunned. The maneuver had knocked her breath from her. The sisters pushed her arms together behind her and one sister quickly threw a loop of rope around the elbows and just as quickly reversed direction and wrapped the elbows another couple of times. The blonde had not moved. She appeared frozen in place.

As soon as the brunette could get a breath she yelled: "Help me." She was trying to look at her partner who was still frozen in place. The brunette started to buck and twist and pull at her arms, but the tying sister had already started to cinch the wrap. Then the blonde came to life. She rushed forward intent on tackling the sister who was at that time wrapping the cinch on her companion's elbows, but she did not make it. The sister who had been holding, but not

tying, the brunette released her hold and hit the blonde with a tackle just above her knees. They both went down to the canvas.

The brunette sensed that she was now besieged by only a single opponent. She tried to roll free just as the sister riding her back tied off the cinch at her elbows. The twin ran a security line up under the brunette's arms, over her shoulders, behind her neck and back to the cinch. Harry knew that the purpose of this was to keep the cinch wraps from slipping down. It made the tie much more secure. The brunette's elbows were not tightly held together, but they were firmly held behind her. She would now be at a significant disadvantage.

He looked to see what was happening with the blonde. She may have been small and frightened, but it looked like she was strong. She was pretty much holding her own as the two wrestled about on the mat each trying to get the other down with them on top. The blonde got a loop of rope over one ankle of her tormentor, but she didn't seem to know what to do with it. The sister let her keep the ankle and instead went for the blonde's ankles getting a loop not over one, but both legs. She pulled it up to the knees and used the leverage to pull the blonde's legs together. While the blonde was struggling with a roped foot and trying to get it to the other foot the sister put several more loops around her legs just below the knees.

His attention went back to the brunette. The twin who had tied her elbows threw her down on the canvas. "Stay down." She said, but the brunette paid no attention, she was scrambling to get up off the canvas. The twin had moved to the corner and returned. It took no more than a second or two. The brunette had managed to struggle up to a position half sitting half kneeling. The twin pulled something over her head. It was a leather bag that covered the entire head all the way to the neck and then tightened around the neck with a chain built into the bottom of the device. The twin pulled the neck tight and clicked it into a secure position.

Harry heard the brunette curse. She tried to reach her head, but with her elbows tied and cinched she could not get there. She twisted and pulled at her arms, but they did not move. She was now sitting in the middle of the ring.

The other twin was in the process of cinching the wraps at the knees of the blonde. The blonde had thrown a loop of the rope attached to the twin's ankle over the other ankle and had managed to pull the ankles together. She was in the act of throwing loops around the ankles when the other sister slipped up and dropped a hood, just like the one used on the brunette, over her head.

"NO." She screamed. Her hands released her hold on the sister's ankles she had been concentrating on and went to the new head gear. But it was too late, it had been pulled on, tightened, and the chain at her neck clipped into place in almost a single motion. She grabbed at the neck trying to find the clasp and open it up. It held tight. Her hands were searching for the mechanism that locked the chain in place. The sister who had just hooded her grabbed her by the shoulders and put her face down on the canvas. The other twin, now done with tying her knees was instantly onto her thighs pinning her down.

"Help me, Sara, help Me." the blonde started yelling through the hood.

The brunette was shaking her head as if that might remove the hood. She was trying to reach up to the elbow tie with her hands, but she could not get there. She was only tied with a single rope, but she was effectively out of the game. She would not be helping the blonde . . . or herself.

The sisters had little difficulty grabbing the blonde's arms and pulling them behind her back. Then as one held her arms the other wrapped and tied first her wrists and then her elbows. They left her squirming on the mat to return to the brunette. She had gotten to her feet, but could not see anything and was just wandering about the

ring. One of the sisters dropped a loop over her body down to her waist and pulled it tight holding her arms to her body. It was then wrapped around her body and cinched between her body and arms. It was about four inches above her wrists so they wrapped and cinched her wrists separately. Only then did they put her on the mat and tie her ankles and knees. They ended by hogtying her ankles to her elbows. She twisted and pulled, but she knew it was over.

They returned to the blonde and finished tying her ankles and hogtying her as well. The two girls were thrown side by side in the middle of the ring. The crowd was cheering. It had only taken a matter of minutes for them to completely subdue their opponents.

He could hear the girls. "Help me Sara," the blonde said, "I can't move."

"I can't help you, I am hogtied." Responded the brunette. "Why did you let them get me?"

"I am sorry Sara, I was scared." Neither of them had anything to say after that.

Each of the sisters then selected one of their victims, removed the hood and squatted over their face. "You know what to do." Said one of the sisters as she grabbed the head of her victim and guided it into place. They did know and both captives went to work. It took longer for the twins to use their prey than it had to render them helpless. The twins finished almost at the same time. Most of the crowd had lost interest and turned to other activities. It did appear that slaves sometimes did receive pleasure. Maybe Harry was going to like this latest challenge.

When they were done each twin placed the hood back in place. The girls were placed head to head in the middle of the ring. The twins connected them together at the neck with a very short line. Then to make sure they could not use their hands to help one another they were pulled in opposite directions and a line from each

of set of tied knees was pulled out to an opposite post. Their heads could touch but they could get no closer to one another than that. Unless they could untie themselves they would be of no assistance to their partner.

On overseer slave entered the ring. Checked all the knots and ropes. Tightened a couple of knots and then left the ring.

Miranda was back. "Why did the winners prevail?"

"They worked together Mistress. They used misdirection and achieved surprise. They also were able to tie very quickly. They must have had a lot of practice."

"Were they right to go after just one opponent first?"

"Yes Mistress, especially since the blonde hung back and didn't try to move in until they had achieved control over the brunette."

"What about the choice to go after the brunette first."

"A good decision Mistress. She was clearly the greater threat. They were able to neutralize her quickly and from that point the contest was over."

"What did the losers do wrong?"

"The blonde was too timid. She let her fear show and she froze up when her partner needed her most. She was not very good with her ropes. She had only managed to get a rope around one ankle and part of a loop on another while her opponent completely tied her knees. They didn't work together at all. It looked like the twins had a plan from the beginning. It didn't look like the losers ever had a plan of any kind."

"So you think you can do better?"

“Yes Mistress, without any question.”

“Another example.” She said.

He was watching the ring again. He was beginning to get the idea that these matches were a regular event and very popular and important to the Mistresses. These slaves were like gladiators. They may be slaves, but he could tell they were trained, had a following and took winning seriously. The loser wasn't killed, but he suspected that they at least punished and perhaps even sold off.

There were two girls in the ring this time. In the blue corner was an Asian girl. She was of moderate height, with small well shaped breasts, and strong legs. The other girl was a redhead, somewhat taller than the Asian girl with much larger breasts, and very long legs. They both moved with the air of confidence of someone who had prevailed in the ring before.

On the start they circled around the ring a few times sizing each other up. Then the Asian girl came in low looking for a leg. She managed to get a hold of the left leg of the redhead and tried to do a leg lift to put her on her back. The redhead instead sprawled her weight across the back of the Asian girl with her arms wrapped around her mid-section. They went down together. Not actually as either of them had planned, but more on their sides with the redhead holding the Asian girl by the stomach from behind while the Asian girl refused to give up her purchase on the leg. The Asian girl managed to get a loop end around the thigh she was holding, but also the other thigh. Then she fed the running end through the loop end and was able to start to pull it tight working her opponent's knees together. The back of her head was stuck in the crotch of the redhead so she was working right in front of her face.

The redhead had a pretty good wrestling hold, but for a bondage contest it didn't provide much opportunity to tie anything. She did manage to wrap a line around the waist of the Asian girl; she left the loop in the middle of her abdomen and pulled the ends down

through her crotch. She was doing all of this while still trying to keep a hold of her. It was not too hard because her adversary was busy tying and cinching her knees. She knew when she was done with that she would try to break away to go after another part of her so she needed to work faster. She released her hold around the waist of the girl, straightened up and pulled the lines from her crotch up her back around her neck and back to the rope circling her waist where she tied it. In the rope that she had brought up to her neck she had first tied a loop. That loop was now in the middle of the back of the Asian girl.

The Asian girl finished with the redhead's knees and was about to move to something else. The redhead grabbed her by the rope down her back and managed to swing her around sweeping her feet away at the same time and plant her on her face on the canvas. Then she put a line through the loop in the middle of her back, circled around her elbow, went back through the loop around the other elbow and back through the loop. When she pulled on the line it pulled the Asian's elbows back to the middle of her back. Expertly the redhead wrapped the elbows and quickly cinched them. The Asian girl's elbows were held to about three inches apart behind her back. She twisted and broke free rolling across the canvas and coming up on her buttocks. The two of them stared back at each other. The redhead sat with knees tied and a rope tied to one ankle. The Asian's elbows were tied behind her and she had a line that ran around her waist, through her crotch up around her neck and back to the waist with a loop that was also tied into the elbow tie. There was one big difference. The redhead had her hands and could just untie her knees. The Asian girl could not reach the tie on her elbows.

Not wanting to lose advantage the redhead rolled across the canvas to the corner, grabbed a hood and rolled back to where the Asian girl sat. It had not been quick enough and there was no surprise. "Oh no you don't." Said the Asian girl. She kicked the redhead away from her. Harry realized that if the Redhead could have set the hood the game would have been over. It looked like it was just a matter of time anyway, but that would have been the end.

The Asian girl was up on her feet. She kept working her arms up and down trying to find some slack. She was not succeeding. But she did not take her eyes off the redhead. Every time the redhead reached for the knots at her knees the Asian girl would move forward and kick her down. Then the Asian girl started to rub the cinch ropes up and down on the ring buckle, the large wrapping where the ring ropes turn at a corner. Harry saw the knot on the top of the cinch come loose. It had been tied quickly after all. That is what happens in the ring. The timing was good because the redhead had gotten tired of being kicked and was making a move to grab the legs of the Asian, who was still working her arms up and down loosening the elbow tie. The redhead could not see this and thought her opponent still did not have the use of her arms. The redhead was kneeling in front of her about to grab her legs when the Asian decided she had enough room in the tie. She suddenly jumped to the side and swung around behind the redhead. She quickly picked up the hood from where it had dropped on the canvas and slipped it over the redhead's head. As the redhead reached behind her head to try to stop the action the hood was pulled tight and the chain clicked in place.

"Thanks for bringing this for me." The Asian said. "It definitely looks better on you than on me."

With that she pitched the girl forward to the canvas, got her arms through both of her elbows and managed to pull both arms behind her back. Holding them with one arm and the weight of her body she quickly wrapped and cinched first the elbows and then the wrists. She wasted no time pulling her into a hogtie, apparently the traditional position for the loser. Then she stood to receive her applause. The Mistress in the redhead's corner did not look very happy. Her fighter had every appearance of being the winner, but there had been a reversal.

Miranda was back. "Well slave, did you learn anything?"

“Yes Mistress.”

“What did you learn?”

“Never lose focus on your opponent. The Asian girl was able to keep the redhead from untying her knees while she in turn was working on freeing her arms. That is why it is so important to hood an opponent and to keep them from hooding you. The one who loses sight usually loses the match. But it also means to see what is to be seen. The redhead never saw that the Asian girl was working free.”

“And?”

“Never give up. She could have quit, but she kept fighting and was able to turn the tables.”

“And can you employ these principles?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“We will see.” She was gone and it was dark.

Rachael was back to collect him. He was hooded and gagged and led away. Harry was actually excited. He wondered how long it would be before he got a chance to show what he could do. He could see a line of tightly hogtied female victims lying in the ring as he strutted to rounds of applause. This was going to be great.

Chapter 22

Rachael maneuvered him down on the floor. He was pretty sure this was a feeding room. He could hear other sounds in the room, but the hood had not been removed so he could not tell how many occupants were there.

He had enjoyed the feeding room. It was one of the very few opportunities to talk to other slaves. He hoped he would encounter someone interesting this time. He was sure there were others there. He could hear occasional squealing. He had no idea what was causing that. But there was something else different. Before Rachel pulled his legs into the expected hogtie she directed him to open them. He followed her instructions and felt her do something with his testicles. She had attached them to the floor with a metal loop. They were not on a short lease from a ring. Rather, a U shaped bar had been pushed down over them and into two holes in the floor so that his testicles and penis were actually pinned against the floor. Only then did she pull his legs up into the hogtie position. "The floor chain is for women, not for men. I know Wendy likes to use it, but this is so much more effective. And it really does keep you very still." She slapped him on the buttocks. He wiggled a little, but not much. She was right. This was much more effective. He wished he had Wendy back.

Then she moved around to the side. He felt her clip something onto a nipple ring then at the other side the same treatment for the other nipple ring. Whatever it was it had a spring action and was pulling down on his nipples. He followed it down until his body was flat on the floor. "You may not want to do that." Rachel said. "Each spring holds up a contact in the floor. When the contacts touch electricity will flow into your nipples. You have a choice; the spring pulling on your nipple or the nipples being shocked. And the shock is progressive. Each time it shocks you it moves up a notch making the next shock more intense. For each two minutes there are no

shocks it will move down one notch. If you make it another two minutes it will move down another notch. Starting in 3 – 2 – 1.”

She flipped the switch, but he had already arched his back. There was no shock, but he felt the pain in his nipples as the rings were pulled downward. In order to keep from shocking himself he had to hold his back curved upwards. This was going to be very difficult and painful with his hands locked at the small of his back. He tried to shift his position and the spring made contact on the right side. The shock was immediate and he let out a scream, although it was mostly muffled by the gag still in his mouth. Now he knew what the other sounds in the room were. There were others all in the same fix as he. Rachel ran quite a different feeding room than Wendy. He was only beginning to learn how true that was.

Rachael left. But unlike Wendy she had not even removed the hood so he could not see what else was going on in the room. When Wendy left him he was able to chat with other slaves. Under Rachel, slaves were hooded, gagged, and tormented. He hoped that at least he would be able to see when he ate.

Harry could tell that at least one of his cell mates was having a very difficult time. She was moaning and screaming a lot. He could understand it. It was very hard to hold this arched back position and he kept drifting forward until it would hit him. Then he would scream, shake and arch his back. The shock hurt like hell, and he could tell from the fact that the next shock hurt more, and then another even more painful that he was not making the necessary time to reduce the level.

He had to concentrate on keeping from making contact for the next two minutes so the intensity would drop, at least a little. He had had one very bad cycle when he had been shocked, pulled up, but twisted as he did so that he initiated the shock, at higher intensity on the other nipple, then he actually bounced forward getting the still higher shock on both nipples. He had then managed to get control and keep his position for the six minutes necessary to work it back

down. He was very happy he did not see what the next cycle felt like. But now he was back up. He was not sure how far, but at least three levels. His back was hurting and he felt himself shaking from the exertion.

Finally Rachael was back. Harry was happy about that. He did not think he could keep his position another minute. Finally, she removed his hood. She put a plate of food and a bowl of water on the floor under his chin.

Harry could now see that there were two other slaves in the room. He also got a good look at the device that had tormented his nipples. The girl closest to him had fairly small breasts, so it was easy to see. The rings from each of her nipples was attached to a small spring connected to a metal plate in the floor. The plate was spring loaded so it was trying to close. Unless she held her back curved enough to keep her nipples at least two inches off floor the plate closed and made the electrical circuit. Then Harry realized why all the noise. The next girl over had very large breasts. And tight metal bands around the base of each breast pushed them out even further. He didn't know how she was able to pull back enough to ever stop the shock, let alone hold the position over time. When her hood was removed Harry could see that her eyes were wet with tears.

Rachael removed the inflatable inserts from the ring gag in his and the other slave's mouths. She said. "Your allotted time for eating starts now. The electricity will automatically come back on in fifteen minutes." She had not removed the ring gag. Harry shook his head back and forth to try to get her attention to that fact so they could eat. She smiled and then shook her head. "You are such a spoiled slave. My slaves learn to eat through the ring gag. It is good training for the tongue. Your time is already running so I suggest you start. And by the way, I want every cube of nourishment gone. I will award a stripe for every cube that is left." She left the room.

The other two slaves had gone to work on their food. They had obviously been in this room before. Harry first needed a drink. He lowered his mouth into the water and tried to figure out how to suck it in without being able to use his lips or close his mouth. He got a little, but it was very hard. He figured he better deal with the food cubes. He really did not want to be whipped or caned by Rachael. Each cube was about the same size as the opening in the ring gag. He watched what the others were doing and realized that by pushing down over a cube you could then suck it up through the ring and into the mouth. The tongue could then be used to break it down and assist in swallowing. It was a slow process even for the two slaves with more experience. He realized that for the blonde with the very large breasts it was even more of a challenge. She had trouble getting her head down over her breasts to even get the food.

Without warning a shock hit his nipples. The fifteen minutes was up. There were still four cubes left in his bowl. He looked to the others. The girl with the small breasts had only one and the large breasted blonde had three. To his surprise both of the girls ignored the shocks and went after the remaining food. He tried to follow suit and got one cube, but it was very painful and took multiple progressive shocks. He was not going back for any more for at least six minutes. If he had to take some strokes, well, his bottom was getting use to it.

Finally Rachael returned. She walked around and looked into each of their bowls. "Annie, you still can't quite get that last cube can you?"

"Ohhh aave achaa." Harry recognized she was trying to say "No Slave Rachael."

"If your Mistress didn't so love your breasts we could cut them off, but I am afraid you will be burdened with them for some time to come. You realize I can't give you a pass just because your body makes it hard to comply?"

“Ess aave acaa” – translate: “Yes Slave Rachael.”

“And you slave, what part of eat it all didn’t you understand? You are not burdened like Annie with large breasts. And she even did better than you. I still see three cubes in your bowl. How many were left when the electricity came back on.” She leaned down and removed his ring gag.

“Four slave Rachael.” He responded, trying to be truthful.

“And you thought so little of my directions that in fifteen minutes you were only able to stand the electricity long enough to eat one? I guess I shouldn’t be surprised. After all aren’t you the one who left your former overseer tied on the floor of the chaining room? How many additional stripes should I give you for disrespecting me?” The other two slaves were looking at him with horror. He had the effrontery to attack his overseer.

“As you see fit slave Wendy.” He caught his mistake as soon as he made it, but it was out and gone.

“Don’t you equate me with that spineless creature. If you had tried that nonsense with me you would be very sorry right now. I am going to give you six stripes. Three for the uneaten food, two for your lack of enthusiasm and one for your insult.”

He heard the swishing sound that he had come to associate with the cane, but it was not his buttocks or thighs, it struck across the soles of his feet. His body stiffened and he cried out. That hurt a great deal more than on either the buttocks or the thighs. While he was catching his breath she walked over to the blonde and laid a stroke across her feet. She howled, sobbed, and then thanked her for caring enough to see to her training.

She was back next to Harry. He heard the swish of the cane again and once more his foot was on fire. He wiggled his toes, but

here was nothing else he could do to give himself any relief from the pain.

“Your buttocks and thighs belong to the Mistress for her punishment. I have to settle for your feet. But that is ok; I have it on good authority that it hurts even more than a normal caning. I suspect for your next feeding there will be nothing left.” She struck again. He could feel tears welling up in his eyes. She carefully waited for the pain from each stroke to cycle through its full effect before she would strike again. He wanted to beg her to stop. He wanted to beg her to not hit so hard, but he was terrified to say anything. He knew that anything he tried would not work and only draw more pain. He was praying to have Wendy back. Whatever she would do to make him pay for what he did to her it would be worth it to be rid of Rachael.

She had delivered five strokes; there was still one to go. “I think I should get Wendy to assign you to me. I could trade her poor Annie. She tries so hard, but because of her large breasts she just can’t meet my standards and I have to stripe her feet every night. She deserves an easy overseer, one like Wendy. You, on the other hand are sorely in need of discipline.” The last stroke hit across the soles of both feet together. His head pulled back and he howled. He was not sure what was worse, the pain of this last stroke on his feet or the thought of being under Rachael’s control for the future. He did not want to be a slave. He did not think he could put up with being a slave, but being a slave with Wendy was a walk in the park compared to this. He could not do this. He just could not do it. He would die. Certainly this would kill him.

Harry was hooded, gagged, and left to feel the pain in his feet and think about what his future. He heard Rachael removing one of the other slaves from the room. She returned and took the other slave leaving him alone. He struggled to hold his position and keep his nipples from erupting in fire. He was getting very tired. How long had it been? It seemed like she had held him this way forever. He wondered if he got tired and collapsed on the floor would it be

enough to eventually kill him. Was that the out? He would rather die than go through this, but still, every time the shock hit his nipples he pulled back and arched his back to make the pain stop. He could not give in. His body would not let him do it.

Eventually she came to get him.

Chapter 23

The dance floor of the club had been replaced with a boxing type ring. Coils of ropes were draped over the ropes of the ring on all four sides. There was a red marked corner and a blue marked corner. Harry stood in the blue corner. An anchor line from his collar went back to the top of the post at his corner. He had been led in to the ring hooded and with his hands tied behind him. Now they had been released and the hood removed. He still wore the neck collar and the waist belt, but for the anchor at his neck all other restraints had been removed. His opponents stood in the red corner across from him. He guessed slaves did not get stools for their fights. Julia stood outside the ring ropes in his corner, Janie stood behind the twins across the ring. There was no referee. He noticed that there was a box just outside the ring in each corner that held a number of other devices and restraints. He would have liked some time to examine what was available, but for now that would have to wait.

He examined his opposition. They really were twins. He could not tell them apart. Even their red hair was cut in the same fashion, pretty short, but that made sense if they did a lot of this. They were about 5'8" tall, they had petite breasts, which, because they were slaves had the standard bands and rings. Their bodies were sleek with some muscle definition, but not enough to detract from their attractive design. Harry had always liked women who kept themselves in good shape. A little muscle was an attractive thing as far as he was concerned. As Harry watched them they were both looking at him. Janie was talking to them. Harry would have loved to hear what she was saying.

“They are very good. They work together as if they were one so you will have to be very careful. You need to get control of one of them early and get her incapacitated so you can take out the other one. And do it fast. They can move like lightening.” Julia was

coaching him. He thought what she was saying was pretty obvious, but he appreciated her positive attention.

“Yes Mistress. I will not disappoint you.”

“You better not. Janie and I have a bet on this match. Don’t make a fool out of me.”

“No Mistress.”

He watched as Janie released the leash from her two tigers and heard the click as Julia released his. The match was about to start. Each of his opponents grabbed a coil of rope so he did the same. The two of them moved almost as one. They separated themselves just far enough to make it impossible to grab them both, but still close enough to provide mutual support. They were good. They circled the ring about 6 feet from each other. Julia had said to be fast, so he made his move. He jumped forward and grabbed the twin to his right. He needed to get control of her hands, get her on her stomach on the ground and get his weight on top of her. She tried to twist and pull her body down out of his grip, but he followed her down. He had dropped to his knees. She pushed back up in an attempt to break free, but he had both arms around her and she did not succeed. She was still not on the ground, but he had a good hold on her and his right hand had managed to get a hold of left wrist and had pulled it around behind her back.

He had lost track of the sister and just as he was about to congratulate himself something slipped over his head and down to his neck. He knew what it was. He had seen a few of them. It was a leather bag type hood. It covered the entire head and then secures in place by a chrome chain around the bottom. He felt her pull the chain tight and clip it at the back of the hood. There were cheers from the audience. He could not try to take it off without losing his grip on the struggling slave below him. He was not going to do that. He needed to get the one he was holding under control and then he would worry about this little problem. Using his weight

and the grip he had on her wrist he managed to propel her the rest of the way to the ground and on to her stomach. She had obviously expected him to react to the placing of the hood and give her an opportunity to escape. He had won that one.

With this little slave on the ground with one hand behind her back he used his body, sat up on her buttocks and started to tie the rope in his hands to the wrist he held behind her back. As he did he felt a loop of rope dropped over him. The sister had dropped what felt like a double line over him so that it encircled his body and arms just above the elbows. She pulled it back quickly in the opposite direction tightening the line and then in a motion so fast he could almost not follow looped it twice more in the opposite direction. She fed the rope ends back through the original loop and pulled. He figured she was trying to pull him off her sister. He would not be so easily had. He leaned forward keeping his weight in place on the girl below him and finished tying the line to her wrist. He had at least one of four of his opponent's wrists under control. But the second girl was on his back. His pushing forward on the sister and the girl behind pulling backwards tightened the ropes around his body. He didn't worry about what she had done. Other than giving her something to pull against it really did little to restrain him. His arms were held to his body, but it would take almost no effort to slip them up and out of these ropes. He felt her tie off her work in back, but went back to the task before him. He had managed to get a hold on the girl's other wrist and pull it behind her near the tied wrist. He now had the first of his victims on her face on the floor with him sitting on her butt and both hands held behind her back. She was twisting and pulling on her wrists, but he started to wrap the wrists with the rope. Once he got the wrists secured he could deal with what the sister was doing at his upper body, and then deal with her.

As he struggled to finish tying the girl below him he felt the girl behind him take the two ends of the rope around his body and push each one forward on each side of his body between his upper arm and body. Each line was then fed back below the ropes circling his body, then again between the arms and the body and back below.

She was creating a cinch at each elbow. He quickly debated whether to try to do something about this or finish with the tie on the girl below him. He quickly decided to do the latter. If he let the one under control loose now she would be able to release herself very quickly and the work of the sister would be enough of an impediment against two of them to make it hard for him to get control again. The sister repeated the action creating a third line in the cinch on each side, and just as he was finishing with the cinch on the hands of the girl below him and tying his knot the sister pulled the cinch at each arm tightly and tied her lines together behind him. His hands were available again but his arms were held slightly back and down to his sides. He knew he could reach the knot she had tied at his back, but he wasn't that stupid. If he put a hand behind him to reach for the knot he knew that it would end up stuck there. He tried to move his arms to see if he could pull one loose. He could not. He would need to loosen the cinches before he could free an arm. That meant he needed to get to a position where he could reach behind without her taking advantage.

He had one of the twins tied, but he knew if he lost control of her the sister could release her very quickly. He really wished he could see right now. He straightened up and listened for where the sister might be. He suddenly found her. She hit him in the side like an NFL linebacker. He fell to the side and felt the girl who had been beneath him roll free, but she did not completely disengage. She rolled to the side and he felt her thighs lock around his head in a scissor lock. Instinctively he reached for her, but with his arms held to his sides he could not reach her legs, so he bucked and twisted to pull his head loose. It didn't work, her legs were very strong, and she knew exactly what she was doing. Right now he really wished he had tied her ankles. He could hear some cheers and claps from the audience. The flesh of her thighs was pushed tight around his neck.

He was lying on his side with his head held tightly in the legs of one of his opponents. The sister was in front of him. With one hand she grabbed his balls and pulled. He grabbed for her with his arms,

but she was out of reach of his limited ability. Then he felt a strap tighten around the base of his equipment next to the body. It closed tightly with a buckle. He tried to reach down with his hands but could only get the tip of a finger to this new strap. He felt a loop slip over first his right wrist and then his left. He had tried to waive his left around after he felt the first one but he had such limited movement he could not avoid her. He tried to twist away from her, but the pressure from the legs around his neck just increased. FUCK – this was not going as planned.

The girl stood up, put her foot on his balls and pulled up on both ropes. They had been fed through a ring on the anchor at his penis. As she pulled he felt himself turning until he was on his back. When his hands were pulled down to his lower belly she fed the lines thru the rope band at his chest and tied them off. He tried to shift his arms forward but the cinch at the elbows pulled them back, and it was tied in back so his arms could not move forward. His hands were pulled down against his lower abdomen. And he was still being held to the ground by the scissor hold of the partially tied sister. He was in big trouble. His legs were still free, but he figured not for long. Before the free girl finished with him in this position she attached a new band around his scrotum just above his balls. The anchor at his penis was good for control, but his one would provide painful compliance.

She was trying to wrap a rope around his legs above the knees. He spread his legs. She got up from her position on top of him and walked below his legs and pulled. He struggled, but the girl holding him in the scissor lock increased her pressure. Harry saw spots before his eyes. Harry realized that the girl had placed a loop around his upper legs. As she worked it closed it pulled his legs together. He could hold his legs apart, but he could not get the rope off and as his legs came closer together the rope loop prevented his regaining any lost ground. Finally he just gave up and let her pull the legs together. She tied a very quick knot. She was gone for a second, but had obviously grabbed another rope because she was at his ankles. Harry was losing his fight. She crossed his ankles.

He offered slight resistance. She slipped a doubled over loop around his ankles and wrapped them three times and then cinched the tie. Then she released the rope at his knees and pushed his tied ankles up allowing her to wrap the ankles with lines running between his feet and then between his legs. When she was done his legs were no longer able to be straightened. A line ran from the ring at his testicles and pulled through the tie at his feet. His ankles were pulled up until they almost touched his testicles. The battle was over. He was effectively helpless.

Harry was mortified. He was supposed to be a powerful Alpha male, but he had now had three wrestling matches with woman. And it now appeared that this contest had gone no better than his previous attempts. There had been two of them, but he was so much larger and more powerful. How could this keep happening to him? For a moment he was happy to be in the hood. At least it hid the bright red complexion of his face.

But she still was not done. She rolled him onto his back. She inspected the ropes at his wrists then added another series of ropes between his hands in front. She carefully knotted the lines at each wrist. Even though the knots were right there it was of no use to him. He could actually touch his fingers, but they could not get anywhere near the knots.

Then, like a sack of potatoes she flipped him over to his stomach. The sisters operated like they had one mind. He never heard them say a word to each other but as she flipped him over the sister loosened the scissor hold then tightened it again as soon as he was in the new position. The sister squatted down on his back with her knees on his shoulder blades and her feet back over the legs of her sister. One elbow at a time she pulled the elbow as far back as she could working the lines tighter on both sides. When she was done she had created two or three inches of slack on each side. She loosened the knot, took up the slack and retied it.

Only then did the scissor hold around his neck release. The twins were standing in the center of the ring. One of them was raising her hands to the cheer of the audience. He tried to move, all without any positive result. He felt something being done at the back of the hood. It was unclipped, loosened and removed. He saw Janie in the twins' corner with a very big smile on her face. He could only imagine what the look was on the face of Julia in his corner.

The twins were still standing in the middle of the ring. The one he had tied still had her hands tied behind her back. He had done a pretty good job of that. Suddenly her sister grabbed her. She dropped a loop over her sister, brought it all the way down to her knees and pulled it tight. It pulled her legs together and then up so that she fell to the ground.

“Bitch.” Said the tied sister. “We have to share.”

“I didn't get myself tied, so I guess you will just have to wait until I am done with him.” She quickly tied her sisters legs and ankles and then pulled her into a quick hogtie. “When you get yourself free of that you can have a little. It should be good training.”

She walked to where Harry lay on the ground. Flipped him over onto his back and positioned herself over his face. “Pleasure me slave.” With that she pressed her sex into his face while she grabbed his hair with one hand. Harry knew what was required. He did not mind giving oral pleasure to a woman, but not hogtied with her in complete control. His stomach knotted, but he knew there was no choice. He extended his tongue and leaned forward into the moist cleft between her legs. He could tell from her aroma that she was excited, and he found that he was getting excited as well.

Harry used his tongue to lick and stroke the lips of her sex. She leaned back and moaned but did not lose her grip on his hair. He moved up and found the nub of her clitoris. It was not peeking out from its hood. He went to work licking and sucking. She was becoming louder.

As he worked on one sister with his mouth he could hear the sounds of the tied sister struggling in her ropes. The sounds from the audience indicated that they had returned their attentions to other activities and attention to the stage was limited at best. The contest was over. It had lasted maybe ten minutes. There had been wagering and some people were settling up. Others were just talking and complaining. He heard a few comments praising the prowess of the twins. He heard a few more disparaging his performance. The distraction caused him to flag in his duties. A jerk at his hair reminded him of his situation and he went back to work. The sooner he brought the winner to orgasm the sooner this part of the nightmare would be over. He hated the humiliation of being forced to pleasure a slave girl completely under her control.

After a time the tied sister must have made her release. Maybe someone had helped her. He didn't know, but she was suddenly there. Like a tag team match she touched her sister on the shoulder. In response the sister shifted her body back to make room for her sister to now occupy his mouth and face. She did and he went to work on the sexual organs of the new occupant. He tried to employ the techniques he had learned. He assumed the sooner he brought pleasure to these two the sooner they would leave him alone. It was sufficiently embarrassing to have been bested by them. It was an extra insult to be used by them and to have to give them pleasure while he lay completely helpless on the floor.

He cursed the knowledge that had he won he would be the one receiving pleasure now. Then he felt the sister who had just removed herself from his mouth turn her attention to his penis and mount him. He had never felt so much like a thing instead of a person. He tried to concentrate on the differing rhythms of the two girls. You would have thought that the twins would have been one in sexual matters. They were not, when the cycle of his use of his mouth started to follow the pace of the other sister pumping on his penis, the sister receiving this pleasure pushed her sex more firmly onto his face. For a moment he could not even obtain air. After a

time she loosened the hold, grabbed his hair and guided him back to his work. He focused on her signs and signals. But the motion on his penis was distracting. He should have blown by now, but that did not happen. Was it the humiliation of the situation? Was it the distraction of being forced to do two different acts at the same time at different pace? Was it the tight strap around the base of his penis? He did not know, but it did not happen. When the twins stopped and got up he realized how frustrated he was. He considered rolling onto his stomach and trying to finish the job, but the thought of the women watching him do that was just too humiliating. He closed his eyes and tried to pretend he was somewhere else.

The twins seemed to have tired of him. They returned to their corner and chatting happily between themselves stood there while two other slaves replaced their wrist and leg cuffs and reattached the chains. Then they left the ring, still chatting and giggling like two school girls in the mall.

Harry was completely ignored for the rest of the evening. Harry was happy to be left alone. Occasionally he saw a woman looking at him with a predatory look. He shuddered and looked down. He dare not meet their eyes and even more so dare not intentionally look away. He did not want to be punished. Only when most occupants of the club had left did he see Julia enter the ring.

“Will there ever be a time that you do not disappoint me?”

“I am sorry Mistress.” He felt sad and embarrassed. How could his performance continue to be so disappointing? You will lie in the spot of your defeat until morning and contemplate the errors of your ways” She placed the all too familiar helmet over head. She repositioned him in the center of the ring. Then ran a chain from the back of his neck to a post, from either side of his belt she ran a chain to the next two posts and finally a chain from the strap on his balls to the post behind. He lay on his stomach with his feet folded and

pulled up. He was unable to roll to one side or the other. Then she left and the room fell silent.

He went back through his plan and actions in his head. His plan had been good. He wished he had had a chance to inspect the other items available in the box in his corner. First, he would have known about the hood and been more on guard. Who knows what other items that might be of help might be in there. It was not his fault, the twins were very good. They had moved so fast. The speed with which the twin had wrapped his body and tied his elbows was almost frightening. They obviously had a great deal of experience. He wondered if he could get a rematch.

The faceplate on the helmet came alive. This time there was no Mistress there. He was hoping for Mia, but there was no one. There were just the sight and sounds of the images like a movie.

He watched the image of him with Janie walking up the hallway and into the challenge room on his first night here. He wanted to scream “don’t do it. Go back.” He and Janie entered the room. He watched and listened as he stripped and she handed the hood to him. He remembered the moment. It didn’t feel right, but he had not followed his feelings like he should of. He watched now as he pulled it over his head and laced it up. Was that the moment of his doom? He wondered what would have happened if he had refused to put it on. He was the engineer of his own demise. In the video he could see what he had missed. While he was securing and fastening the hood into place she was very busy. She went around the room folding out small panels each one of which had a piece of equipment that looked like it belonged on a sailboat. When a line was fed through it, spring loaded stops would only allow the rope to move in one direction. Janie was feeding the end of ropes into these cleats with the rest of the rope ending in a slip loop laid out so as to be easily available to her when the contest started.

As painful as it was to watch he found himself transfixed. She had moved so smoothly silently pulling a chain from a place in the

wall to bring up with her when she fastened the back of the hood, including the chain. Janie knew just what was going to happen. When they started she jingled the bell on her collar then she crouched ready to trap his foot when the neck chain grabbed him back. It was one of the ropes that were already fed through one of the devices. That allowed her to pull it tight very quickly and keep tightening as he struggled to figure out what had happened. He thought he was still in the fight after that, but he quickly saw it was all over. It was pretty much all over from the time he walked in the door of that room. Janie had everything planned to the last detail. He wondered what her plan would have been if he would not put on the hood. He was pretty sure there was a plan. But that had not happened, he had fallen for it completely, he had put it on, he watched as she finished her work until he was tightly secured.

There was no commentary with the videos just the images and sounds of the events.

The image went to his escape attempt. He was sneaking down the hallway – all very clear on the video. The image shifted to Julia. She was in the bar placing coils of ropes in strategic positions. Fuck! She knew he was coming. They had engineered the whole thing. It had not been a mistake that Wendy didn't lock his belt and collar. It has been a trap for him; or a test. In any event he could see that once again he had no chance. He had been fucked from the beginning. He hated the way they were manipulating him.

For hours he watched images of himself being humiliated and controlled. He watched his efforts to try to please. He watched himself being punished. He watched as he was pierced and placed in his slave chains. The purpose was clear. He was a slave. He had no free will. His role was to obey. Obey completely. He needed to follow the directions of his Mistresses. There would be tests. He must show he was a proper and obedient slave that was his only chance for redemption.

Chapter 24

Harry was very happy when someone finally came for him. It has been a very restless night. It was not just that he was tightly bound. It was not even being left out in the open in a humiliating situation. No, it was the realization that he had been so wrong in his assessment of himself. He had thought of himself as a strong assertive male. He had always thought that he was the one in control in relationships. He had never – at least until now – thought of himself as submissive. Harry now realized that if he had ever been in control, he was not so sure anymore, that those days were gone. Harry was now a slave and it looked like he was going to continue to be a slave. He would just have to figure out how to deal with his new life.

Harry was tired, he was hungry and he felt grimy. When he was finally removed from the ring and taken to the cleaning stalls he was very happy. He was not happy that it was Rachael who came for him. He wanted to ask her where Wendy was, but he was afraid to. In fact he dare not say anything to this bitch. She was a slave, but she was the cruelest person he had encountered so far, even considering all the mistresses.

Chained between two poles in the cleaning room, he was soaped and scrubbed. Rachael's touch was rough and the brush she used to wash him felt like it was armed with wire bristles. He wished it had been Rachael he had hogtied and not Wendy. But, right now his self-confidence was so bad he was pretty sure that if it came to a showdown between him and Rachael he would be the one beaten and tied.

After he was clean, in fact his entire body was bright red for the scrubbing; she brought him to a feeding room. Once again he was fastened on the floor with the tight metal staple fastening his balls to the floor.

“I don’t have time to screw with you this morning. You have a scheduled training session.” She put a plate of food in front of him. “Your Mistress is very disappointed with your dismal performance last night. I would be on my best behavior if I were you. You have ten minutes to finish everything in your bowl.”

Then she left. Harry looked around the room there was another slave eating, but she did not look in Harry’s direction. Harry decided that he better finish the assigned task and he better do it quickly. He was already in enough trouble. He certainly did not need to add anything more.

He lowered his head into the bowl and started to eat. It was the same tasteless mush he had been fed so far. If this was his culinary future it was pretty depressing. Normally he would not have bothered to eat something like this. But things had changed. Now he was worried he would not finish before Rachael returned. He needed to please her – no, pleasing her was not even possible – he needed to obey her and not incur her wraith.

Harry hated the way he was fastened. This was only the second time he had been actually stapled to the floor. It made things so much more complicated. He had almost no movement, and it hurt. He had to push forward to get at all parts of the damn bowl, and that meant pulling painfully at his balls.

He had tried to use his chin to move the bowl back closer, but either it was quite heavy or somehow held to the floor it refused to move. At least that kept it from moving away from him.

He felt a sigh of relief pass through his body when he licked up the last of the gruel. He had decided that it was gruel. He was a slave, and what else would you feed a slave but gruel.

Wait a minute! What the fuck was he doing? He was letting them get in his head. This was completely fucked up. He was nobodies fucking slave.

Harry pulled at his wrists. They were held by his chains to the back of his belt. They did not move. "FUCK!" He shouted. He heard the slave in the room gasp. Harry looked over at her. She was looking at him now, but she turned her head away the minute he looked over.

Well, she could wimp out. She could accept this. He was no fucking slave and he was going to show them. He had escaped once. He would do it again. He tried to twist his body, but he stopped that right away. It hurt. It hurt a lot. In order to get off the floor he would have to pull his balls off. That did not seem like a very good idea. He was not going to do that.

He laid his head forward. The only place it could go was into the now empty food bowl. That was humiliating, but he had no choice. At least for now they had him controlled. They probably thought he was broken. They probably thought he was ready to accept being a slave. He had started to let those thoughts creep in, they were very clever. He had been tricked. They had put him in positions where they were able to make him feel weak. It was not going to work. He would show them. He would have to pretend they had won, but there would be an opportunity, and this time – this time things would be very different.

Then Rachael returned and Harry felt his stomach knot. He felt compelled to do whatever she wanted. He was very frightened of her.

Rachael hooded him and released him from his position on the floor. He was led away to whatever his next appointment was to be. Would this present his chance? He didn't know, just more stupid training. He sighed.

Chapter 25

The room was quiet and the helmet was dark. Then it suddenly lit up and he could see the woman standing before him.

“I am Sophia.” She had light brown hair that had been done up behind her head. She was tall, over six feet he was sure. She wore a dress of a white billowing fabric that dropped away from both shoulders where it joined from front to back with a golden colored ring. This created a scooped neck line that exposed the tops of what seemed to be quite prodigious breasts. The gown extended all the way to the floor making contact and dragging across the surface as she walked. Her posture was erect and her neck long and slim. She wore a golden hoop earring in each of her ears and a necklace of golden links that contrasted perfectly with her complexion. Her skin had an olive hue but glistened as if just oiled.

“I will coach you on the subject of attitude. We will spend some time looking at your value systems and the way you have conducted yourself prior to coming here. I will help you realize how fundamentally flawed your actions have been. You have already seen how your narcissism has gotten you in trouble in just the short time you have been here.”

The image in the helmet changed. He was walking down the street with Julia. He was not sure when this was, but he recognized the location of one of his favorite restaurants. She was dressed in a slightly revealing dress, very elegant – it was Julia after all – she was wearing very high heels. He noticed that his pace was making it difficult for her to keep up in those heels. That is funny, he didn’t remember that. And after all she didn’t say anything at the time. In fact, as they got to the door of the restaurant and he held it open he had to wait for her to catch up and go through. Well, he had held the door for her. When the image disappeared Sophia had moved up closer to him. “Analysis?” Was all she said.

His mind raced. “I was walking too fast.”

“And?” The image replayed. He was talking. He was talking about himself. She looked bored, but he could not at the time have seen her expression because he was half a step in front of her, and he never looked back until they got to the door.

“I was inattentive and dominating the conversation.” That was funny; it was a simple little clip of his life. Something he did not even remember, but he did not care much for the male – him – in this vignette.

Another clip started to play. He was at Julia’s door. The door was open and he was leaving. It must have been the end of one of their evenings. “So you are working tomorrow.” He said.

“At least until six or seven” she had replied.

“That is ok; I will just stay home and watch a movie. I won’t trouble you; I know you need to concentrate. Maybe we can see each other Sunday afternoon.”

“You are so sweet and thoughtful.” She said as she gave him a kiss. The door closed and he walked toward his car. He had his phone out and was flicking through the numbers.

“Saturday night. Who would be good for Saturday night? Maybe just check out the new club.” He was talking to himself. Yea, he did that. He certainly wouldn’t have if he knew he was being filmed. And, how much of him had they filmed. Part of the answer followed. The image jumped to him in the Sapphire Club. This had been one of his best haunts. He always scored when he went there. Of course they were always shallow venal women, but he didn’t go to find conversation partners, unless they wanted to talk about him. He danced with several women. He used pick-up lines on at least eight. Could it have really been so many?

After he left one table the three girls seated there exchanged looks around the table and giggled. "I am not ready for the pool boy." Said one of the girls and the rest broke into roars of laughter. Harry looked at the outfit he was wearing. He had on tight form fitting jeans. He liked them because they accentuated his "package". His shirt was made of very thin material that allowed all the curves and ripples of his body to show through. And he made sure to keep it unbuttoned almost to his waist. He wore several gold chains around his neck. Harry blushed. He didn't think he looked like the pool boy, but he did think he looked a little like a drug dealer. He had never thought of that before either. He had not thought about what others were thinking of him.

It took some work, but he found a blonde who was willing to leave with him. Before he saw them leaving, the image shifted to the blonde in the bathroom taking a line of Cocaine. He remembered this one. Not very smart or talkative, but he remembered her as being quite good in bed.

And then they were there, in his bedroom. How on earth did they get these images? Damn, Julia must have put a camera in his apartment. He watched with interest as he kissed the blonde, and in the process, undressed her, removed his shirt and put her on his bed. It had taken less than two minutes. Pretty good he thought. Once on the bed he continued to kiss her for not more than a minute before he began to shift his attention to other parts of her body. This went on for about ten minutes, but it was obvious by this point that he found himself in need.

Only then did he remove his pants, followed by immediately mounting her for what was about 5 minutes of frenzied action, although the positions never changed, and then he stopped. She was still moving and trying to continue, but he was on top of her and his weight did not allow much to happen. He kissed her a few times on the neck and shoulder and then lay still. Finally she stopped moving. The image panned in on her face. There was a combination of frustration and rage. He remembered now, she had

dressed and left his place. He had not offered to drive her home and she had not requested it.

Instead, she called an Uber and headed back to Club Sapphire. He was watching her at a table with three of her girl friends. “A selfish, asshole. Just a notch above impotent. Less erotic than my gynecological exam last week. I think I need a shower.” The girlfriends giggled and offered sympathy.

His ego was crushed. He had thought he had performed well. He always tried to pay attention to his sexual partners. Well, didn't he? That was certainly not what he was seeing in the images. But it wasn't done. The next image was at Julia's. It must have been Sunday.

“Just a boring day at home.” He was saying. “I missed you so much.” She was seated next to him and then she started to make sexual advances. “Can we just watch television?” He said. “I think I might be coming down with something and I don't want to give it to you.” The image faded. Sophia moved back a ways and was looking at him like a teacher who had found fault with her student.

“Tell me what you saw.” He was expecting that question, but he really did not want to answer it.

“I lied to Julia.” He started. She just stared at him. “I was selfish, stupid, even insufferable. When I see these films I hate the me in them. I don't know why I never noticed it at the time.” He was trying to say what she wanted, but at least in part he believed it. The images had been shocking. If he saw someone else acting that way he would have thought them a complete asshole. He was the asshole in these scenarios.

“Some progress.” She said. “It is because you have only focused on yourself and everyone else is meaningless to you. It will be necessary for you to completely lose the sense of self. Self will no longer even be a consideration in your thoughts. You will live,

act, and think only for the benefit of others. And, of course, we will tell you who those others are.”

“Yes Mistress.” He responded. He suddenly realized that in his conversation with her he had forgotten to use the honorific. She smiled at him as she saw his face react.

“Tell me what has just occurred to you.”

He lowered his head. “It is my duty to address you with the respect that you deserve and the title of your position. I have not been doing that.”

“And how does that make you feel?”

He thought about that for a minute. It was strange. Usually he was afraid of punishment, but that is not what he was feeling. “I am sorry that I may have disappointed you Mistress. I am ashamed of what you showed me and I want to try to earn your approval. How can I do that when I make such fundamental mistakes?”

“We do have a lot of work to do, but I am encouraged by today. Your errors of the past are merely to be learned from. What do you think is appropriate punishment for the errors of today?”

“At least two points as it may please Mistress.” He said.

“A good response, two it shall be. That will be enough for today.”

Chapter 26

Harry knew he was in the feeding room when Rachael had him lie on his stomach on the floor and he felt the horrible staple push down and locked over his testicles. As usual she was not gentle and it hurt. He really wished he had Wendy back. He had really fucked that one up.

His ankles were pulled up into a very tight hogtie. As usual, only then did she remove his hood. He was alone in the room. It was the first time that that had happened. But it did not last for long. He really wanted to be back in Wendy's control. He could only hope that the assignment to Rachael was not permanent.

Slaves were always positioned on the floor facing away from the door toward a blank wall. When he heard the door open he tried to look back over his shoulder to see what was happening. It looked like something was being wheeled into the room. At first he could not really tell what was happening. He knew he did not dare try to change his position. With the stupid staple holding him down he had almost no movement. Under Wendy slaves were anchored to the floor in the feeding room only by a single line and it would have been possible to rotate on that anchor point – not without some effort – but that would potentially put one outside the lines on the white rectangle. But, even if that were possible, it would certainly not be worth it just to have another perspective on things.

It was two female slaves wheeling a low cart with someone on the cart. Once they got next to the rectangle two over to the right from Harry they tipped the cart and dumped their cargo unceremoniously on the ground. It was a male. He was bound in rope except for his head covering; which was leather. It seemed to consist of straps running under his chin, around and over his head. The front had a leather mussel that surrounded his mouth area from below his chin all the way to his nose where it curved slightly too

each side. Two straps from the mussel ran up either side of his nose and joined together at a ring with three straps, one that then went over to top of his head and two others that went around his head right over where his eyes would be. Blonde hair cut fairly short stuck out in shocks between the bands encasing the head. Harry could not see the eyes because there was a blindfold below the head harness covering both eyes. It looked as if it had padding underneath and was pulled tightly into place over his eye sockets by the harness. It appeared to be very effective for removing sight and muffling sound. Harry had been hooded a number of times, not just his half hood, that was now almost a part of him, but full hoods that covered his entire head, but he had not worn anything quite like this. It looked very restrictive and he thought that he would prefer a hood to this device.

The newcomer was tied with rope. His arms were bent up behind his back with his wrists crossed and tied above his elbows. His elbows were wrapped with rope that ran around his body holding them down. His hands fluttered behind his back, but no finger could reach any knot, and could only touch some of the ropes.

His feet and knees were tied and then pulled up to the lines at his elbows. He was obviously not happy about his condition and twisted and pulled against the ropes. There were angry but indistinguishable sounds issuing from beneath the mussel. Harry was surprised at how little he could hear or make out. He did not think the mussel alone should be so effective. There must be more. The two slaves pushed their struggling bundle into position in one of the rectangles and then clipped a line from the rope holding his ankles to his elbows and connected it to the floor. Can't forget the security line thought Harry. When they did this Harry observed something he had not seen before about this line. After both clips were put in place the slack in the line could be pulled out by pulling the end of the line through the clip at the ground. They didn't take out much, just a couple of inches, but the result was that the security line was now applying downward pressure on the hogtie line.

Harry watched as the two slaves double checked all the lines and knots. Only when they were satisfied that everything was in order did they start to unbuckle the head harness. As they started to do this the struggling eased and stopped. “You think they are letting you go.” Harry chuckled to himself. Given the method of arrival, the rope bondage, and the high degree of struggling Harry was pretty sure this was new meat. “If you only knew what was in store for you.” He thought.

After the head harness was removed Harry could see why so little noise was coming from this new captive. His mouth was stuffed with a large red ball gag that was buckled behind his head. They removed the gag and the blindfold.

“Let me out of this. You can’t do . . .” He said as soon as the ball gag was removed then he looked at his tormentors, saw that it was two women both adorned in collars and chains and stopped in mid sentence. He continued to stare, even twisting his body to follow them as they then turned and left the room. As the door closed and clicked shut he frantically looked around the room. As he did he renewed his struggles to free an arm, a foot, a wrist, anything from the ropes. Harry remembered that feeling of fear and panic. He didn’t feel that way anymore. He accepted his bonds. There was a level of security in being completely tied and left to the care of someone else. Of course there was punishment, but that was only if rules had been broken – except, of course, for Julia who handed out punishment outside the rules. But if you followed the rules then you were not punished and he was also sure there was reward. He had been told there was reward. He just had not earned any yet. But that would come.

His thoughts were interrupted. “What the fuck is this place and where are we?” It was the new arrival. He had stopped most of his struggling, although he never seemed to be without some movement. He had his head turned toward Harry. Harry looked back at him for a moment. Then the newcomer swiveled his head

from side to side and began to yell: "Help. Help me. Someone help me."

"Cut that out." Said Harry. "There is no one who can hear you that is the slightest bit inclined to help you and you do not want to attract the attention of any of the others. I suspect these walls are soundproof, but I would think we should not try to find out. You can be given punishment for violating rules you don't even know exists."

"Punishment? Rules? What the fuck is this?" Harry could see a wash of fear cross the face. "I thought this was all a stupid prank by my girlfriend. I have been thinking of ways to get even for the last how many hours . . . they have had me jostling around in the back of that van, or whatever it was. I thought I was going to be dropped off naked in some remote location and made to find my way back."

"You only wish." Harry thought but did not say. Then he did respond: "There is no way back from here. The short story is that you have been captured and sold as a slave. This is a slave training facility. You will be auctioned off and trained to be a good slave for whatever function your new Mistress or Master decides to buy you."

"Ok, so you are part of the joke too. Very good, very funny, now someone get the hell in here and untie me." The last sentence was at a very loud volume. "Mindy, wherever you are watching from, this is enough. You have taken this joke too far. End it now."

"I suggest you mellow out a little. They are going to have a field day with you. How did they get you here anyway?"

"It was my girlfriend Mindy. We have been together over three months now." Harry smiled in recognition to himself; three months seemed to be the grooming period. "She is so cute and so

sexy. I love to take her out because heads always follow her. It's real cool. She can be a bit high maintenance, which can be a bit of a drag because I don't make much and she always has plenty of money. I think it's daddy's although I never met him. It pissed her off when I would not go places she wanted to go because I could not afford it and I did not want her to pay. It is one thing for her to buy her fancy apartment, her brand new BMW and her fancy clothes, but I'm not having my chick pay the bill at the restaurant or club. So that meant we didn't go to the fancy places she liked to go. But, hell, I let her go once a week with her girlfriends, so long as there no other guys involved. That of course gave me a night to howl." If Harry and this guy met in a bar they would probably get along great. The new guy looked around the room and pulled again at his ropes.

"So how did she get you like this?" Harry brought him back to his story.

"She was also getting a bit bossy in bed. I don't mind a girl taking charge of sex once in a while, but the guy is the conductor of that orchestra. Give them a few solos to perform, but they need to follow your lead. To make my point I borrowed a set of handcuffs from a friend. The next time we were in bed I handcuffed her and did not let her go until we were finished. I have to say, it was pretty erotic. She protested a bit afterwards when I told her I had really enjoyed it. Finally she told me that she would let me handcuff her as long as she could tie me up the next time we made love. I didn't see any harm in that. The very next day, last night actually was the night. We went out clubbing and dancing and had a very good time. We didn't get to her place until early morning and I probably should not have driven, my judgment was a bit flawed. I started to make advances on her when she reminded me that I had agreed to let her tie me up. I really did not want to interrupt the flow. I told her I had left the handcuffs at home. She said that was ok, she had some rope. I figured great. There was nothing she could do with rope that I wouldn't be able to get out of. She really sucked me in on that one."

“They do a lot of that.” Harry responded.

“I expected some short little length of rope but instead she appears with several coils of sailing line all coiled and wrapped in a ship shape fashion. We were both in our underwear at this point. She said: ‘Those are going to have to go, but we can do that in a minute.’ It was her bossy commanding attitude starting to come through. So I figured a plan to show her. I was going to let her tie me with her rope. Then I was going to escape and tie her up. That would show her who was boss.”

“She picked up one coil of the rope, flipped a loop off over the top, this was what was holding it coiled, and then she dropped the coils to the floor. I remember thinking that it looked like she knew what she was doing. I tried to remember if we had ever discussed sailing before. I had done a little sailing and what I saw her doing reminded me of how you deal with a rope (or line as they are called) on a sail boat. Maybe this was going to be more of a challenge. But, I really didn’t think so. She was not that strong. I am strong and very flexible. I had seen people tied up in the movies and on TV before. That was not going to hold me.”

“She evened the ends of the rope and found its middle. Then she made a loop by turning the middle back over the rope and put it over my head and down around my arms and body at the elbows. She took the two rope ends and moving the opposite direction from the loop, which she had placed in the middle of my back, she circled my body and arms two more times. This meant that there were six lines of rope around me. It was not very tight, so I didn’t worry about it. In fact I remember thinking this might be really easy. She brought the ends of the rope back through the initial loop in the back so that it would not travel around my body and loosen and then she tied it off. The two rope ends from the knot were then taken up over my shoulders, one on each side of my neck. Once in front she crossed them to the other side of my body and in turn wrapped each one around the rope lines between my elbow and body. Only after she had wrapped both of them, and moved my arms back toward my

back did she pull the lines to tighten up the cinch she had just made above each elbow. Then she brought the ends together in front of me and tied them off. My arms were held to my sides, but not too tightly. I thought I could probably wiggle an arm free and in any event if I bent an arm up in front I could reach the knot and untie it. I tested the feel a little, it was not quite as easy as I thought, I had a twinge of doubt, which I should have listened to, but it passed.

Before I could think much about it she took a new length of rope, found the center but instead of making a loop she wrapped it about three times around my right wrist. She knows I am right handed. She ended by using the looped end to tie a square knot at my wrist. The result was again six lines around my wrist, but a knot with a big loop. All I had to do was untie the knot and my wrist would be free. I was happy to see her make such a silly mistake. I relaxed a little. Once she was done I would untie that knot, free my right hand and then untie my elbows in front. It would then be time to show her some rope use.”

“She took the rope from my right hand, pulling my arm behind me and brought it over the ropes circling my body in back and pulled my right arm up until the wrist was above the body tie.” Harry examined the rope work on the speaker to confirm the description he was hearing. “With her other hand she took my left hand and folded it up behind from the other side. She placed my wrists together and then wrapped coils around both of them. After two or three wraps she took each line and running them in opposite directions between my wrists two to three times each created a cinch. Then she pulled up hard, cinching the ropes at my wrists. That was pretty aggressive I thought. I was going to complain, but didn’t. She tied a knot and then she ran both lines over my shoulders and down to the ropes circling my body in front. Then she pulled my wrists upward. The ropes around my wrists had not felt very tight, but now were suddenly very tight.”

“I remembered the knot at my wrist. I wanted to feel for it to see how accessible it would be but decided against it. I did not want

her to know my plan. Then she fed the ends of the rope through that loop and tied the lines off again. I was sitting on the edge of the bed watching what she was doing in the mirror on her chest of drawers so I knew she was making my task of escape a little more difficult. She took the two rope ends and ran them in opposite directions under my arms and up around the back of my neck, then down the other side under the other arm and back to my hands. When she had both lines at my hands she ran them up under the ropes she had just put behind my neck, and back to my hands where she fed both of them through the loop at the knot on my right hand that was supposed to be my salvation. It was then back over the rope at my neck where she pulled down very hard and tied it off.” Harry examined the tie as he listened to the description. There was no way this fellow was escaping that. Once she had his arms tied he was history. He was fucked, but not in the way he wanted.

“I could see in the mirror that the situation had gotten a little more serious than I expected. I figured I better do something before it got any worse. But then she pushed me down on my back. She untied knot at my chest which led to the lines from my elbows and then proceeded to pull each of them much tighter before she re-tied them. At this point she was sitting across my upper legs and groin. I should have enjoyed the feeling of her there, but I started to struggle. ‘That is enough of that. I don’t want to play this anymore. Let me go!’ I said.”

“She laughed, she actually fucking laughed. ‘Too late for that.’ She said with a huge grin on her face. ‘I’ll bet you thought I couldn’t tie you. I even bet you thought you could get loose. What was your plan then, to tie me? Well, not a chance.’”

“I was lying on my back on the bed. She grabbed my shorts and ripped them down off of my legs leaving me naked. I tried to work my wrists out of the wraps. That was not happening. I tried to get my fingers on the loop that was a part of the knot on my wrist, but it was now incorporated into the line that went up my back and over the ropes at my neck. I looked down at myself. I was tied with

two ropes and the end knots for both of them were on my chest and stomach. They might as well have been in New York. I could not get anywhere near either knot. I did not think I was getting loose, so I figured I might as well be a sport about it and lay back and enjoy it. Who knows, maybe she had something good in mind. Although I did not like being out of control like that.”

“She started to pay some attention to various parts of my body and I was starting to enjoy it when she suddenly stopped. ‘We have to do something about those feet, don’t we?’ She got up and came back with another rope. “

“I don’t think you need any more rope. You have my hands and arms tied.’ I said. She just smiled, found the center cinch of the new rope and started to wrap it around my legs. Not at my ankles, but just below my knees. I guess I should have resisted more, but I was still trying to make the best of things.” Harry knew all too well how that one worked. He was feeling a kinship with his helpless comrade. Trapped by sex, it was their Achilles heel. It had been the potential for sex with Janie that had gotten him. At least his had been a challenge; this fellow had just given himself up to his girlfriend. He wondered what he would have done if Julia had pulled the same game on him. They had done the handcuff bit. She had talked about tying him up. He had not liked the idea. So maybe Janie was plan B. Whether Plan A, B or Z, both had seemed to work. Both he and his new companion were lying on the floor naked, tied, completely helpless and at the mercy – which there was very little – of his Mistress.

The fellow continued with his story. “I decided I was not having fun anymore. This was not the way I liked things. I needed to exert control. ‘Ok, that is enough I said. This is starting to not be fun anymore.’ She had just finished tying off the knots after cinching my legs together below the knees. They were really tight and I could hardly move my legs. Her grin turned into a laugh. It made me angry and I started to twist and pull at my arms and hands.”

“Like I said before, it is way too late for that now. And what makes you think I care about whether you are having fun now. If you recall you agreed to do this for my fun.’ She had gotten up and taken something out of a drawer. It was a big red ball that had a short belt through it. ‘I have heard enough complaints. Open up.’ I was aghast. She was not putting that thing in my mouth.”

“No way. This game needs to stop now and you need to let me go.’ Again the laugh and then she twisted my nipple with her fingers. I started to scream, but as I opened my mouth to let out the yell she stuffed in the ball gag. She put her weight forward on to it, and it popped into place behind my teeth. I could maybe have pushed it out with my tongue, but she quickly buckled the belt behind my neck. I shook my head as hard as I could. I tried to turn on my side and rub it against the covers of the bed to loosen it. Nothing worked. It was not coming out.”

“That is much better. Just a few more things and you will be ready for my girlfriends.’ I was shocked. What had she said? Girlfriends. It was one thing to be under her control for an evening and let her control the sex, even if she was going too far with the ropes and bondage gear, but I was not going to be a spectacle for her friends. I knew most of them did not like me anyway. I could just imagine what they would say. It would be everywhere. I would not be able to hold my head up in public again. And, those bitches were forever taking pictures of everything with their phones. The thought of pictures of me tied and gagged all over the Internet was terrifying. I needed to get loose and I needed to do it right then. While the horror of this was going through my mind, she had flipped me onto my stomach, sat on my legs and tied my ankles again cinching them tightly. With my knees tied together and my hands and arms secured behind my back there was really nothing I could do to keep her from doing it. I had never been so helpless in my life. I was really getting worried.”

“But there was still more to come. She surprised me by pulling up on my legs. I looked in the mirror and saw that she had taken a

line from my feet through the ropes at my back and she was in the process of pulling my feet up with that rope. That was the last straw. I was not going to cooperate anymore; I stiffened my legs against it and tried to pull them back down. She instead moved around to position her body against my shins that were now pulled up at a 90 degree angle and then used the weight of her body to push my legs forward toward my butt while she tightened the line. I remember wondering if she had done this before. Maybe this bondage thing was her game. I knew one thing, it was not going to be mine and when we finished this date it was definitely over. When she was satisfied that I could not move she tied the line off at the front of my feet. With my arms in the middle of my back this knot was a long way away.”

“Much better. ‘ She said. Then I heard her pick up the phone and make a call. ‘The package is ready.’ Is all she said. Oh my god, she had called her friends. And it seemed that they knew about it before hand. And, what was this “Package” bullshit. I was not a package.”

“I knew I was in serious trouble, but still did not realize how bad. She returned to me. Again there was something in her hand. I really didn’t care anymore. I just wanted to get this done and get out. It was a blindfold and she put it over my head. Know I would not even know what they were doing. If they were taking pictures. I tried to image how I would look in pictures. At least with the blindfold my features were a little more obscured. Maybe no one would recognize me and I could always say that it wasn’t me. I heard something jangly and I could tell she was fastening something over my head and face. I tried to shake my head back and forth a couple of times, but all she did was laugh whenever I did that. It was too humiliating so I finally stopped and let her finish. When she had tightened up all the straps the thing she had put on my head was very tight. The ball gag was further covered with something that both pushed it deep in my mouth and pulled up on my chin forcing my teeth into it and sealing my mouth around it – tightly. Unless you put your ear down in front of me you would not be able to hear me.

And even then you would not be able to understand a word I said. The blindfold was also pushed tightly into each eye socket. No light at all got in, I could see nothing.”

“You just relax and enjoy yourself. They should be here in an hour or so. I am going to go in the other room and have a drink.’ I was shocked. This was supposed to be sex. This was not supposed to be tie me up and abandon me until your friends can come and gawk. I was furious. This relationship was over, but there was going to have to be a payback of some kind for this degrading experience. I didn’t know what just yet, but there was going to be something. I heard her turn off the light and close the door. That is when I really fought. My arms were held tightly to my sides and then bent back behind me, and because the elbow cinches finished by going forward to my stomach any effort to move my arms back to try to get some movement in my wrists just tightened the elbow cinches. I could not move my arms forward to get slack because my wrists were tied between my shoulder blades. I could not move my hands up and down because they were secured to the ropes that encircled by body and at my neck. Although I could twist my hands about in their wraps I could not get any slack to free them. I searched around for any loose rope with my fingers. Everything I could touch was as tight as a guitar string.”

“I twisted my body back and forth to try to work my legs against one another to see if I could free an ankle. They were held tightly together. I tried to pull my feet down, but they were also held up behind me. I tried pulling my hands down toward my feet and reaching my fingers for the knot at my ankles. My fingers could not even touch my feet. I was a long way from the knot. There was not a single knot of any kind anywhere near my hands. I don’t think I could have been any more helpless. And, her friends were coming. They would laugh at me. They would make fun of me. I felt my skin redden with shame. What was I going to do? After a time I lay quiet and tried to think of what options I had.”

“There had to be some way to make Mindy realize she had gone too far. There had to be some way to get her to let me go. But how when I couldn’t utter an intelligible sound? Until she removed the gag and head harness there was nothing I could do to express myself. And she wasn’t even in the room. She had left me alone. I tried to get off the bed to see if I could wiggle to the door to get her attention. Something jerked and stopped me. She had attached a line from a ring in the collar at my neck, part of the head harness, to the headboard of the bed. I could not even move around as I was. Hopefully she was going to just let me stew and then come in and let me go. She certainly would know how embarrassed I was thinking her friends were coming. The more I thought about it the more I was sure she would never actually do that.”

“I don’t know if it was an hour or less, or more. I could not see the clock. The first time I have been able to see anything is when they put me here and removed the head gear a few minutes ago. Eventually I did hear other voices. She had in fact had her friends come over. I was absolutely mortified. I could hear them in the other room enjoying themselves. They had even put on some music. Finally I heard the door open and knew that they were in the room. Mindy has a very large bedroom so I could not sense where anyone was, but I felt like there were at least three if not four women in the room from the giggles and soft talking. They were obviously having a very good time at my expense. I had been tricked, tied, embarrassed, and not even gotten any sex out of it. I tried to talk to Mindy. Tell her and her bitch girl friends to stop this. I struggled to get loose. They seemed to think that was hysterical. I was even patted a couple of times on the flank and did get some attention paid to a nipple for a bit, but just as I started to react to it whoever was doing it stopped. I yelled in frustration and threw myself at the ropes. There was a roar of laughter. I wanted to kill them. When she finally let me go there was going to be absolute hell to pay. I don’t beat up women, but I was seriously considering an exception to that rule. How long did she think she could keep this up?”

“I tried to figure out what on earth was going to happen next, but I have to tell you that I am even more stunned now. At some point I was lifted by several of them and lowered into what can only be a case lined with padding. As if I weren’t secure enough they strapped me in and then shut the top. I had been angry but not really afraid. When they put me in the box I started to be afraid. Now they could take me anywhere they wanted. It also indicated it might be a while before they let me go. I was miserable.”

“I wasn’t removed from the case until just a few minutes ago when they put me on something and wheeled me in here. I know they put me in a vehicle and took me somewhere, but I have no real idea how long it was or how far they went. It seemed like they were driving for hours. And now this.”

“As I told you before.” Said Harry. “You have been sold as a slave. Your Mindy is either one of the Mistresses in this place, in which case you may see her again, but you won’t like it much, or she is just a procurer. You can count on the fact that you were picked out before she ever started dating you. That everything they did was designed to figure out how to take you, and how to make you disappear off the face of the earth with no one caring to look for you. They are very smart and their security unbeatable. They are also very strict, and it is not worth it to disobey. Believe me, I know.” Terry (that was his name although he had not introduced himself to Harry.) looked at the red welts on Harry’s buttocks and thighs.

“No. Mindy wouldn’t do this to me. We really are a couple. It is just a gag of some kind. Unless some of her friends tricked her and then she will be wondering what happened to me.”

“Believe what you want, but you will see. The only gags around here are the ones that will be in your mouth.”

“How did you get those marks on your ass?” He asked without taking his eyes off Harry.

“I was caned. You will be too. They give you points for mistakes you make or anything you do or say that lacks respect to the Mistresses. Those points translate into cane strokes before bed at night. You want to try to comply. The cane hurts. It hurts a lot. I can't think of anything I have been caned for that was worth the pain. You will quickly learn to do anything they ask to avoid the cane.”

“What is with those chains?”

“You will be placed in chains, if not later tonight then first thing in the morning. The chains and belts are diabolical. They allow them to completely control you at all times. After you receive your chains they are virtually never removed and everything you do will be in chains. They will even pierce you.” Harry lifted his upper body so Terry could see his pierced and ringed nipple. Terry's eyes opened widely.

“No way man. No way am I having my tits pierced. And what is that thing around it. How does that hold in place? It looks like it should just fall off.”

“It has pins that attach into the skin. I don't know how far they go, but there are a lot of them. I tried to pull one off once. That really hurt and did me no good at all. You will be pierced. They own you and they will do with you as they see fit. You will do what they want, whatever it is, no matter what, and with enthusiasm. The alternative, as you will quickly learn, is just unthinkable. “

“We have to get out of here. Can you get over to me and untie me? You should be able to reach the knots.”

“We are not allowed to leave the rectangle.” Harry found himself saying the same words he had received when he had been in Terry's spot asking for help. “Besides, we are anchored in place. Just try to come over here.” Terry tried to turn on his side and realized that he was held in place to the floor.

“Damn It.” Terry struggled, pulling one way and then the other. The simple little line held tight and did not loosen. He tried to push his fingers down to find the imprisoning line. He found the ring that encircled the rope from his legs to his elbows. He tried to manipulate it. Figure out how they got it on there and more importantly, how to get it off. It would move up and down a little on the rope, but it would not open or come off. What Terry did not know is that it was designed like a climbing snap link, but one that locked into place when set and tension was applied to the line from his end. Before it could be opened the clip at the floor needed to be un-tensioned and released. Inside the line was a small sensor wire that took instructions from the lower clip. That is why the rope or upper clip is always fastened first. Then the lower clip was attached to the floor loop. The line is then pulled through the floor link moving only in one direction, tighter. But this action also causes both links to lock closed. To release them it was necessary to depress a button next to the slip portion of the floor link, but to simultaneously activate a small switch that was on the bottom of the clip where it was attached to the floor. The buttons were not too far apart, but far enough apart to be almost impossible to manipulate with only one hand. A person confined in the chains would never be able to manipulate it.

“You can’t get loose. You and I are not the first slaves brought through this place. They have had many before us and they are very good at what they do. Their security is perfect. They don’t make mistakes. And when you think they have made a mistake they have not. They are just messing with your head. The sooner you accept it the better off you will be.” It was interesting that it had only been a matter of days since Harry had advocated planning a revolution. This guy would certainly be at the top of the list of potential recruits. But he was tired of the frustration. He was tired of the disappointment. He was tired of having his hope raised and then crushed. He was tired of the punishment. He understood that he was ready to be a good slave.

Terry was not taking the advice. Nor was he recognizing the hopelessness of his situation. He continued to fight and twist and pull. He even earned a couple of points for demanding he be released when the overseer returned. Harry had decided to keep his distance.

Chapter 27

Harry was in the challenge ring again. He was happy that Julia had given him another chance. He wanted to do a good job. He did not want her to be disappointed with him again.

He looked across to the other corner. There was only one opponent, and she was a girl. A very young looking girl. It was the girl he had talked to in the cleaning room. She had said she was good at this. He guessed they would find out how good. He doubted that she had been put up against a male opponent. The odds should be strongly in his favor for this match. That was good. He needed a win. His record to date was not very good, in fact, it was horrid, but most of that had been against Mistresses who all had had something of an advantage.

Harry and the girl moved to the center of the ring and faced off against each other. Each of them had a rope line in their hand. Harry knew he needed to go after her arms first. He needed to use his size and weight. He knew she would be fast, but he would be ready for that.

She took a step to the side, he followed her movement and then she came in right at him. She ducked low, but he was able to get an arm around her body. As he did he heard a sound like clicking and felt something tighten around his scrotum above his testicles. He was momentarily distracted by this action and looked down to see what she had done. She used that moment to move through him around his side and then he felt her kick the back of his knee.

It worked. He was off his feet, down to his knees on the canvas and she was out of his grasp, but he quickly jumped back up to his feet. She had fastened a zip tie just above his testicles. She must have had it closed in a loop so she could quickly slip it over his balls and pull it tight. It had had another zip tie fed through it and a loop of rope that was in the second tie. The result was that she had

just attached a line to his testicles. As he was recovering and getting to his feet she had moved to a corner and quickly secured the line. He wasn't going to be able to get the rope off his balls, zip ties only went one direction, but there was nothing to keep him from going to the corner and releasing the tie. As he started in that direction he noticed that there was a second rope. It was slipping down the line already attached to his balls and she was moving around the side of him with the rest of that line. She had fastened another rope around the line that she had just secured. Before he got to the corner where the first line was tied she was past him and pulled to put pressure in the other direction. He stopped and grabbed for this new line but that made him turn toward her and took him away from the corner where she had fastened the first line. She in turn had made it past him to the opposite corner. He saw her fasten the new line through something at that corner and start to pull. He missed the loop on the new line as it slipped all the way to his balls, so he grabbed the new rope. He tried to pull backwards, but it appeared that it was fed through one of those one way cleats. It appeared that such a cleat was set in each corner. It would have helped if he had known about that feature. He stepped toward her as he pulled on the new rope to try to loosen the new cinch, but there was not enough slack in the original line and before he got to where she was the original line jerked his balls. He let go of the new rope with one hand and then felt a good part of the slack pulled up. Fuck! That was not what he had intended.

She was good, very good, and fast. He was in the middle of the ring. A line from his balls extended in each direction to opposite corners where they were anchored. He had some movement, the ropes were not tight, but he could not get to either corner. The overall slack between the two lines was enough to keep him in the middle of the ring. He held his balls and quickly examined the zip tie and the two ropes extending away in opposite directions. He heard laughter from the audience. He flushed with embarrassment and anger. These matches were in the nude and he realized that that did provide some advantage to the female opponents because they did not have as vulnerable external equipment. But he still had his size

and strength. He would just have to make sure that when he got his hands on her the next time not to let her slip free. From his earlier experiences with the Mistresses he assumed that she would try to get a lasso on him that she could then pull a part of him out to a third corner. He still had a rope in his hands, but realized that he would not be able to get to any of the locations where the other ropes waited for use. He would have to use the one he had and try to get one from her when she tried to use it.

She was moving around him just out of reach. He carefully followed her moves, being careful to keep from getting his legs tangled into either of the lines that extended from his balls. He knew he needed to keep her in front of him. She fainted toward him a couple of times and he maneuvered in response. He had to be very careful, a couple of times he moved too far and felt the tension jerk at his balls from one line or the other. He could not suppress a gasp and that brought a laugh from the audience. He blushed in response. This girl had managed to tether him by his balls in front of his Mistress and the other women. She would have to pay for that.

She kept moving around. Finally she moved right up one of the lines. He jumped back a little and felt the line pull up tight on his balls. As he grabbed for her she side stepped and swept a leg across his feet from behind. With no ability to go backward any further it knocked him off his feet. He hit the canvas on his back parallel to the line of the two restraining ropes. She twisted her body as she dropped onto him. She was on his legs, low, near his feet. This put her ankles in reach and he grabbed one and slipped his rope over it. Then with his other hand he grabbed the other ankle. He twisted to his side using his arms to hold her legs together and began to wrap rope around her ankles. She was working on his ankles as he worked on hers. That seemed a fair trade to him. He managed to get her ankles wrapped and tied off a knot. He knew if it was going to hold at all he needed to cinch the ankles. In the meanwhile, his ankles had been wrapped and he felt them tighten as she cinched and tied her work. Damn she was fast, but he could make this trade. He got a couple of cinches in place and tied off a

knot. He would release his ankles as soon as he had her tied. He was going to pull her toward him, then tie her arms.

She kicked and pulled her legs free of his grasp rolling off of him, but he maintained a hold on the rope line to her ankle tie. All he had to do now was reel her in. As he maneuvered his body to get some leverage he realized that she had not just tied his ankles, she had strapped them to one of the lines that connected to his balls. He could move them together up and down the line, but he could not get them to either side. Meanwhile she was rolling her body so that she was behind his back. To try to get leverage he turned to his side and started to pull in the line he had to her ankles. As he did this he felt her slip a rope loop over his neck and wrap it around the line running across the canvas parallel to his upper body. He was held down to the canvas now, but he still had her ankles, and was able to pull them down next to his chest. He had about six feet of line from her ankles, but he did not have another rope to tie her with. He needed to get access to one of the ropes she had used on him, either his neck or feet. He tried to sit up and realized that would not work. He drew up his feet and tried to reach down with one hand to untie them. He could not see or feel the knot and was having trouble holding her with only one arm so he stopped his efforts to free his ankles. He would have to remove the rope from neck and use that one. He pulled her tied feet up to his chest and attempted to roll his body forward onto them. He thought if he could use the combination of his body and one hand to hold her in place he could use the other hand to free his neck. His face was against the front of her thighs. They were soft and he knew that her sex was only a short distance above him. He remembered his match against the twins. When he finished tying her he would be able to use her. He smiled at the thought.

Both of them held that position for a while. He held on to her for dear life. He knew if he lost his hold she would be able to untie her feet and he would be in real trouble. Holding her legs in his left arm he flattened his body to free his right arm and reached up to his neck looking for the knots. She seemed to go limp below him.

Maybe she realized that in spite of her good initial work he now had control and she was about to be tied and then used. He thought he found a knot and started to try to work on it. He wished he could use his other hand but he did not dare release his hold on her legs. But he had the line to her ankles; if she broke the hold he would be able to just reel her in again. He had the knot in his right hand, but he needed the other hand. He decided that he could use it quickly to get the knot then pull her back. He let go of her legs and brought his left hand up to assist. Her move was instantaneous. She rolled to the side, but did not attempt to move away from him. Instead she rolled back onto his back. She had crossed her ankles in the tie placing them across the middle of his back with her legs extending down on either side of him. He was on his stomach and she was seated on his back like she was riding a horse. He almost had the knot so he continued working on it with both hands. He tried to buck her off, but he had no leverage in his legs she rode him with little difficulty. She leaned forward onto his back. He felt her breasts and nipple rings against his shoulders. Her hands were up on his.

He felt something circle his wrists. What was that? She was pulling on something and his wrists tightened to the line above his head. Too late he realized that she had connected another line into the neck tie with loops ready to pull up over his hands. He had untied the knot he was working on, but there was no slack in the rope holding his neck to the line. There must be some more knots. No wonder she was not worried about him untying that knot. She rolled back onto his buttocks fed the line from his hands between his legs and over the line extending from his ball to his feet. She pulled hard and it hurt. She tied it off, but didn't waste any time untying her feet. She rolled to the ropes grabbed another rope and was back on his back in a matter of seconds. She used this new rope to circle his elbows pulling them up and above his head. Only when she had the elbows secure did she roll away and release her feet. She was now completely free and he was tied across the middle of the ring.

"I told you I was very good at this." She whispered in his ear. He had to agree with that assessment. Then she took another rope

and added wraps and a cinch to his wrists, now held well above his head. She stood up, went to each of the anchors at the corners and tightened the lines taking out the slack he had previously enjoyed. Then she wrapped and cinched his knees making sure that they were attached to the anchor line. She walked to the box at her corner and returned with a head harness and a large rubber plug gag. "Can't have you complaining now, can we?" She said as she stuffed the large gag into his mouth and buckled it very tightly behind his head. He would now endure his latest humiliation in silence. She then proceeded to buckle the head harness into place. It was certainly not necessary. She really did like this. She would make a good house slave. The harness included eye pads. As soon as it was fastened tightly all vision was gone. As she worked she occasionally patted him on the shoulder. The action was not affectionate, it was just degrading.

She had apparently stood up and held up her arms as the victor because there were cheers and applause from the audience. He really did not want to hear from Julia about his. This time it was completely one on one with a girl of slight body and here he was, once again beaten and helpless. He just wanted her to finish with him and leave him with his humiliation. He assumed from before that he would be left tied in his humiliation until morning.

She was back at his side. She rolled him onto his back. He would not be able to use his mouth because she had completely plugged it so he assumed she was going to mount him and take her pleasure. She leaned forward and spoke again. "I am entitled to have my pleasure with you, but I reserve using my body for those who are a real challenge." What do you mean he thought, I got your ankles tied? If I had had access to another rope you would be the one tied on the mat now, not me. He knew he would have certainly taken his pleasure, even here in public in front of the Mistresses. "You will provide me pleasure in another way." She said as she fastened something to his penis. It fit over the length of his, at this point flaccid, penis, and seemed to have something running the length below it. "This is called the vibrating gates of hell." She said

as she turned it on and it started to vibrate the entire length of his penis. She giggled, slapped him on the butt and walked away.

The vibrating was intense. He felt himself hardening, and then he realized that the device was a series of rings, each smaller than the one before. As he hardened his penis was forced forward into the smaller rings. That hurt and caused him to soften again, the vibrating stopped, but after only a short time it started again. The process cycled over and over again. He rolled and twisted to try to get away from the vibration, but the damn thing was firmly attached and there was no place to find any relief. He tried to scream, but the gag drowned it out and very little sound came out. He tried to pull up his legs and knees to get to a fetal position, but he was held flat. All he could do was roll from side to side, so that is what he did. He heard laughter in the audience. Why did he keep finding the sadists? He hoped that this was a temporary amusement. In any event there was nothing he could do about it. There were cheers and applause again. He was sure she was taking credit for her work. He had really liked her when he had talked to her in the cleaning room. He would have loved to have gotten to know her and under other circumstances would have like to have a relationship with her. But, she belonged with this crew. She was certainly correct when she said that she belonged here. He wondered if he did. He wondered if he would adjust to this place. He better do so pretty soon, because he was clearly not persevering.

He felt the sharp poke of a stiletto heel pressed into his breast. "I wonder if there is anyone you can beat? Fortunately I did not bet very much on you – this time. If the patrons did not enjoy seeing you humiliated so much I would have to find something else for you to do. I am not sure you deserve the pleasure of the device she used on you, but I am told it becomes a lot less pleasurable over time. Let's see how you are doing in a few hours."

Pleasurable, she thought this was pleasurable? He though, this was agony. A couple of hours? He wanted to beg her to take it off, to turn it off, but he was gagged and she would not have paid

any attention even if he could speak. All he could do was lie there and endure. He groaned and twisted. She laughed and he heard her heels click away.

He could hear the sounds of the patrons of the club talking, drinking and enjoying themselves, but he could not concentrate on it. It was almost impossible to think about anything but the damn vibrator attached to his penis. He could not help reacting to it, but as he did, his tumescence caused his penis to push forward into the smaller rings which then hurt. This was completely fucked up. It was clear that he would not be able to relax, but he was never going to be able to reach climax.

He could hear the sounds of the evening wrapping up. It was getting toward that time. He heard someone in the ring with him. He felt a bare foot on his shoulder. Then he felt hands checking the knots. It was Wendy. "I guess you can only tie a female when you can surprise her." She said. He was glad that his mouth was gagged so he couldn't be expected to respond. "She did a pretty good job, but I am not sure you couldn't get out of this in time. And it is clearly not tight enough." He was thrilled that it was Wendy and not Rachael, but he did not think this was going to be good.

She went first to his knees. He felt her loosen the knot and then pull the cinch tighter and re-tie it. She then moved to his ankles. She untied them. He wondered what she was going to do, then she rewrapped them cinched the new wraps and again pulled it very tight. He could tell that his ankles were no longer attached to the anchor rope. She took the ends of the tie from his ankles to his knees and tied it off. She was making sure that the knots would be out of reach. "I am going to release your hands. You will leave them where they are until I tell you and then you will put them behind your back, palm to palm. Do you understand that, if you do nod your head?" He nodded. He did not know what she was going to do, but he was not going to oppose it. He would probably have consented to any of the women here, but the fact that it was Wendy made it even more important. He needed her to see he respected her.

She untied his elbows first, then his wrists. His arms were free. He started to move them sideways when he felt someone on each side grab an arm. "I told you not to move until I told you to." The two individuals holding his arms pushed them roughly behind his back. He did not offer resistance. As they held up his arms with his hands pushed together Wendy went to work wrapping his wrists. She tightened the wrap, tied a knot and cinched the wrap. "That isn't quite tight enough, is it?" He remembered pulling the cinch on her wrists tight when it was not necessary. She put her knee on his lower arms and pulled the cinch very tight. Then she tied it off. Next she went to work on his elbows. They were wrapped and pulled tightly. He had never had his elbows pulled that closely together before. The two helpers had released his arms. It was no longer necessary for them to hold them. Wendy connected a line from his hands to the cinch at his knees. She looped it over his wrist cinch, back through the knees and back to the hands. Then she knelt over him put a knee on his hands to hold them down and pulled and worked the line until his hands were pulled down into his buttocks. She tied off the line at his knees. Then she attached a line to the cinch at his ankles and ran it over the cinch at his elbows. As she stood behind and pulled her two helpers lifter his ankles and pushed them as far as they could toward his elbows. His body was actually arched. She wasn't done. She tied a smaller line around his great toes, tying them together and actually cinching the tie. She tied this new line down to his wrists. "Let's see how you enjoy this." She said. "Unfortunately it will be less than 12 hours. Twelve hours may seem a long time to be tightly tied and tormented. Twenty four would be more appropriate – Harry cringed knowing she had endured that period. But this will just have to do. We will have to make up more later. And, by the way, I have decided not to trade you to Rachael." He was very relieved to hear that. "But, Rachel has convinced me to employ her feeding technique for you. You will learn something and I am sure the other slaves watching you will be much more compliant. Have a good night."

She had only just tied him and already his back, shoulders and thighs were hurting. He found if he turned on his side it was not as painful. It was going to be very hard to get any sleep this night. The sounds of straightening and cleaning of the club lasted for a short time, the slaves performed their tasks and paid him no mind at all. Finally, he had the sense of the last of the crew leaving and turning out the lights, although the lights had been out for him for a long time. He had not thought he could have escaped the earlier tie. There was no question of getting out of this. He could barely wiggle his fingers. Harry knew he would still be here when they came for him in the morning.

He thought about what he had done to Wendy. He thought about her enduring the horrible tie he had put her in for an entire 24 hours. He had not intended that, but it was what happened, and it was his fault. He deserved this. He deserved this and more.

He only hoped that Wendy would be satisfied with his punishment. He was stuck here. He was going to be a slave, and, although she was a slave too, she was a superior slave and he wanted her to realize he respected her.

Chapter 28

Harry found he was adjusting to the routine. It was beginning to feel normal. He hated being caned before sleep. He thought he would adjust to it, but he could not. It hurt. Prior to this he had never experienced pain like that, and now he had to go through it every night. He kept hoping he would at least escape once in a while, but it seemed that there were always points and always at least two or three stokes. Two or three strokes is not bad – well, in principle it is not, but in reality it is still terrible. Every night when he was strapped to the sleeping platform (another thing he could not get used to) his bottom would burn and he would wish he could reach down and comfort the sore flesh. On the days of more severe punishment, Harry had several days of a dozen or more stripes, his bottom raged with fire. On those occasions he had broken down into crying and pleading. He knew it would not help, and it did not, but the pain was so terrible he could not help himself.

He had adjusted to eating while laying hogtied on his stomach with his testicles bolted to the floor by the awful metal staple – Wendy had, as she said she would, adopted that method of restraint during feeding. For days he could not drop his face into the feeding bowl without feeling completely humiliated. This was the way an animal ate. Now it was beginning to feel normal. He speculated that even if his hands were free he would not be inclined to utilize them to eat. It was his role in life now to eat like a dog.

After a time Harry felt Wendy had forgiven him for what he had done to her. She, after all, was also a slave and she was clearly no stranger to punishment. For the first few days after his abortive escape attempt, the force of her application of the caned had seemed much more severe (still not as bad as Rachael) but after a few days it seemed to be back to normal. Still terrible, still painful, still the most painful experience of his life, but never-the-less, better. He had learned that as a slave experiencing pain was an important

part of his life. He should expect that even after he was deemed fully trained and sold, the nightly application of discipline – usually in the form of several or more strokes of the cane – would be a regular part of his life. Discipline would remind him of his place and station. It would keep him alert to his role and position in life. It was actually a good thing for him because it would help him be a better slave and that way he would more easily avoid punishment.

Most of the training sessions were conducted by the virtual trainers. Harry actually enjoyed most of those sessions. All of the trainers were magnificent strong gorgeous women. At first Harry had wondered if they were fashioned on real people. Now he didn't think those things. They were real. There was not a doubt in his mind that they were real people and he would do whatever any of them wanted.

Harry had provided service in the club. He has spent another night strapped in the special stool. He did not like that. He did not mind using his mouth to service the mistresses, but he hated being hooded the entire night and not being able to see any of them. He had learned that the hood always seemed to prolong time. Unfortunately, it was a common accoutrement for slaves in this place. He spent almost as much time hooded as not.

A variation of the stool was a small cart. Harry found this device particularly demeaning. He was made to kneel on the bottom board of the cart. After his legs were strapped down he was folded back onto his legs and strapped down with a strap across his shoulders. His arms were bound behind his back. Wires were clipped to his nipple rings and the mesh around his balls. A brace at his chin held his head up and forward. A strap at the back of his head and neck kept him from turning his head.

A cover was placed over the cart. When in place his bare bottom stuck out the back and his head out the front. Caster style wheels allowed it to be easily moved about. The cart was low enough to slip under the tables, and Harry's head could be pulled up between a mistress' legs. Buttons on the top of the box, near his

head allowed a mistress the ability to “motivate” his actions. The blue button sent charges to his nipples, the red to his balls and penis. Because he wore a half hood, he could not see, but when he felt the warmth of thighs on the sides of his head and could smell what lay between he opened his mouth, reached out his tongue, and did his best to please. He was so tightly strapped that he could not move his head forward or back, so he was completely dependent upon the mistress to apply the amount of pressure she desired. Sometimes it was a lot, even to the point of making it hard for him to breathe. Other times the distance made him have to strain his tongue to reach. This could be very unfair because if he did not reach, if he did not please, he could expect the buttons to be pushed, and even held down until his performance improved. Somehow it always did.

The other end of the box was just as demeaning and problematic. With his bottom exposed it could be easily spanked or even switched. A small supple switch stood in a holder next to his bottom. Any mistress who so desired could pick it up and give a quick swipe across his bottom. There was almost never any warning. It did not hurt as much as the cane, but it hurt a lot. If he was not being used to pleasure one of the woman he would kneel in anticipation. As he worried about when he was going to be switched his buttocks would involuntarily clench and unclench. He knew this would actually attract the attention he did not want, but he could not seem to prevent it from happening.

Sometimes he would know it was coming. He remembered Julia on one occasion bringing someone over just to switch his bottom. He remembered her telling her companion. “I plan on giving that bottom a good caning myself tonight, I would really like it reddened up a little first.” She laughed, another woman joined in the laugh, and moments later the little switch found his bottom. Most times it was only a switch or two, this time the invitee laid four good strokes on each cheek. Harry took the first two without complaint but then found himself struggling to move his bottom – impossible – and begging for mercy – there was none to be had.

As promised, that night Julia had herself administered a caning. She had decided he needed twelve strokes. That was on top of his regular discipline which, on this occasion, was four strokes delivered by Wendy before Julia.

Harry knew it would be a very bad evening, and it was. With Julia watching Wendy's strokes were unsurpassed by anything she had done before. Harry was already in tears and howling even before Julia picked up the cane. Harry remembered feeling terror. He could not take this. It was going to be too much. He needed to get away, but he was strapped down helplessly.

From the first stroke he knew he could not take twelve of these. He could not take any more of these.

"Please Mistress! Please, no more. I will be a very good slave."

THRAACK - - - AAGGHAAA

"You know better than telling your Mistress what to do. That stupid comment just cost you two more. That means we still have a dozen to go. Are you going to be a good slave?"

CRAACCKK - - - - OOOAAHHGGG

"Yes Mistress. This slave will be a very good slave."

THHRACKK - - - - AAAGGOOOAAA

"Now, be a good slave and ask Mistress for a dozen very hard strokes."

CRRACCKK - - - - OOOAAAGG

Harry's mind raced. She had already given him five strokes – five very hard strokes – and she was telling him to ask for a dozen. She had only added two strokes, so that should be fourteen less the five. He should only have nine left. But if he asked for nine he knew he would receive more. If he asked for a dozen, she would probably give him a dozen more. What should he do? He was fucked either way.

CRACCK - - - AAAOOGGHH

“Well slave, are you just disobedient? Now, ask your Mistress for FOURTEEN very hard stokes.”

CRAACK - - - OOHHGGAAA

This was so unfair, but he had no choice. She could just keep caning him and there was not a thing he could do to make her stop. “Please Mistress, this slave begs his kind Mistress to give him fourteen very hard strokes of her loving cane.” This was fucked up beyond words. There was no way his bottom could take another fourteen strokes. Certainly she knew that. He had done what she had wanted. He had surrendered. He had completely demeaned himself to her and asked her to cane him. Certainly she would now show mercy on him.

“I don't know slave, that bottom is already looking pretty red.” He breathed a sigh relief. She was going to save him. “But, since you ask so nicely, and seem so sincere, I will grant your request.”

THRAACK - - - - FFUUUUGGGGAAAHHH

No, no, this could not be happening. It was not supposed to go down like this. But there was nothing he could do about it. The caning continued, the she did not ease up the stokes. He was sure by the time she finished that his bottom was nothing more than raw meat.

After Julia left Wendy rubbed a soothing balm onto his bottom. “You must have made her very angry.” Wendy said as she worked on him. “That is as hard a caning as I have seen given around here. I am glad it is your bottom and not mine.”

“I just don’t know how to make her happy.” Harry sobbed. He so wanted Julie to be happy with him. “She wants me to wrestle at the club, but I keep getting beaten. It is not like I am trying to lose, I just can’t seem to win. It is humiliating.”

“Maybe you can satisfy her in other ways.” Harry was shocked that Wendy was being encouraging. Was the beating he had just taken that sever? Maybe. Harry would love to satisfy her in other ways. He had become pretty good with his mouth. Well, there wasn’t much of a choice in that matter when there was electricity to motivate your actions. He wondered if Julia had used him in this way. He realized that he had no idea if she had been one. He did not know who any of them were. He recognized the smell of some, so he knew that some were repeat customers, but he would not know them from looking at them.

How else could he please Julia?

Chapter 29

When Wendy collected Harry she gave him a warm smile. Harry knew something was different. When he was hooded and led away she whispered in his ear. "This is your chance, don't blow it . . . so to speak." Then she laughed at her pun.

Harry had been brought to a fancy bed chamber. There was a large bed against the wall with very puffy and comfortable looking white duvet. Mistress Julia was half sitting half lying against the head of the bed on a stack of large pillows.

In addition to Harry another slave supervisor brought another young slave into the room. After both of their chains were loosened Wendy and the other slave supervisor left. It was just two slaves and Mistress Julia. There was a time when Harry would have seen this as his big opportunity. Two slaves with only loose chains against only one Mistress. Alone in her bed chamber. But that was a different Harry. This Harry was first of all too intimidated to try anything foolish, but more importantly, this Harry desperately needed to find a way to impress his Mistress. He still had dark purple lines on his bottom from the severe caning she had given him. What was really strange is that he did not resent Julia having given him those marks. Instead, he was embarrassed because they testified to the other slaves that he had not been pleasing and had been punished.

Both Harry and the other slave stood at the present position they had learned. Their feet were shoulder distance apart and their hands palm out just behind each hip. The head was slightly down with eyes cast on the floor directly in front. Harry knew this position well from his training. He could stand at this position for hours – he had stood at this position for hours. Until and unless his Mistress told him to move he would stay like this.

Julia was doing something on an electronic device. It looked like a pad. She was not paying any attention to her two slaves standing motionless. Harry could catch a little of her activity, but he dare not look up to see. She was not looking at them, but if he looked at her and she looked up and saw him. He did not want to think about it. Was this a test? No, he had been trained and she assumed he would perform as trained. If he did not. If he broke position or did anything else wrong there would be hell to pay. He was not going to give any reason to punish.

Harry did not get a good chance to look at the other slave. He was probably early to mid-20s and clearly in fit shape.

“Boy!” Harry jumped at Julia’s expression. He glanced up. She was pointing at the other slave.

“Yes Mistress.” His voice quivered.

“In.” She said. She had lifted the covers on the side of the bed and pointed to the side which had bars like a cage. There was an opening through which the slave crawled before Julia closed the cage door. It clanged shut with a sound of finality that made Harry jump. Julia dropped the covers back and the cage below the bed and its enclosed victim disappeared.

To Harry’s surprise, Julia tapped on the middle of the bed and the slave’s head appeared. There was an access hole to the cage below the bed. The bedding was even made to accommodate it. Julia ran her hands through the hair of the slave. The motion was sensual and tender. Then she fastened a very wide collar around the slave’s neck. He would not be able to withdraw into the cage. She completed her preparation of the slave by pulling a half hood over his head. Harry hated those things. Apparently he better get used to them.

Julia looked at Harry. His heart thumped. He thought he was going to throw up. She pointed to a spot at the side of the bed.

“Kneel here.”

Harry rushed over and dropped to his knees. “Yes Mistress.” He looked down at the edge of the bed so he would not make eye contact.

Julia turned away from Harry and spread her legs around the head that protruded through the mattress. Harry was only a few feet away. Was he supposed to watch? No, she had not said to do that.

Harry could see the movement as the head moved up and down. He could hear the sounds of the lips and tongue working the soft delicate flesh of his Mistress. He could hear Julia starting to moan. Whatever the slave was doing she was enjoying it. Harry felt jealous. Why was he being left out? He wanted to please his Mistress. This was supposed to be his chance to do that. Instead he was kneeling next to the bed only feet from the action.

The sounds kept on. Julia’s moans were getting louder and the slurping sounds testified to the presence of her moister in addition to that supplied by his mouth. Harry could not help himself. His penis was growing. Harry tried to relax his mind. Would Mistress punish him if he stood erect? With his eyes cast down he could see it growing.

It seemed like the oral servicing went on for a long time. Finally Julia moved back away from the slave. She patted him on the head, removed the half hood, unfastened the collar, and even gave him a kiss on the forehead. Harry was jealous beyond words. But, he was so stiff he was afraid he might actually cum. He hopped she did not touch him, that might be enough.

Julia opened the gate on the bed cage. The slave crawled out. Julia signaled for Harry to crawl in. He liked that. It was his chance. It was a little frightening to hear the cage door clang shut. He could hear a latch seating. He knew he was locked in. But so

what. He was locked in this place and in chains. It was not like he could go anywhere any way. The security was insane.

When the covers dropped the inside of the cage was very dark. There was only the small amount of light coming through the hole. To Harry's surprise the inside of the cage was larger than it looked from the outside. The side of the bed had only been about two feet above the floor, but the cage floor was another foot down. In the cage the occupant had about three feet of head space. Not a lot, but enough to move around in.

Harry moved to the light and pushed his head up through the hole. Julia was right there. He dared a quick look up at her. She smiled and patted the top of his head. It is the way you might pat a dog, but to Harry it felt wonderful. He looked up at her again. She was gorgeous. He wanted, no he needed, to make her happy. She slipped the half hood over his head. She was right next to him. She was touching him. Her musk was overwhelming. He remembered her smell from before he was a slave. It was so much stronger now. Maybe it was just because he was not able to see. Harry had wondered before if Julia had been one of the mistresses he had serviced in the club. Now, taking in her aroma, he was sure she was not. He would have remembered that.

He was really getting hard now. He felt the collar close and fasten around his neck. There was a dip at the chin that held his head up. He could smell Julia, but he was not sure where she was.

When Harry had pushed his head up through the hole he had assumed a kneeling position in the cage. Out of training he had put his hands behind him. But now, he was completely hidden under the bed. Mistress could not see what he might do. He felt his hand moving from behind. His right hand was looking for his penis. Just before his fingers touched his balls erupted in fire. He gasped in pain.

Julie laughed. “There will be NO touching of that nasty little penis of yours.” How in the fuck has she done that? How did she know what he had done?

She laughed again. Maybe she could see the shocked look on his face, at least the part of his face still exposed. “There is a sensor in your cuffs. If a wrist cuff gets within eight inches of your cock cuff it will activate. Each time it activates it moves the shock level up one. You should be very careful to keep those dirty hands away from your useless little appendage. I would just cut it off, but there are some mistresses that want their slaves intact.” Harry was encouraged by that. Could he be bought by someone who wanted him to fuck her all the time? That might not be so bad.

Again she laughed. “Don’t get your hopes up. The ones that want to keep that equipment there just want it so they can torment it. Just think of being massaged and manipulated to the edge of orgasm but never being allowed to cum. After hours it is painful. After days it is mind altering. After weeks it is life changing. I think you might enjoy that.” Harry was stunned. That was not even thinkable. Harry needed to make her happy with him. He needed to make her very very happy with him.

Where was she? Why had she not started to use him? He shifted his body around in the cage, being very careful to keep his hands well away from his penis. He did not want another shock – especially if it was going to be more severe, the last one had hurt a lot.

But there was nothing. He could not see her. He could not hear her. He could still smell her, but that could be just the bed. Was she still on the bed?

“Open your mouth slave.” She was by his side. Harry opened his mouth. She slipped something in. It was silky and did not have much volume. “Those are my panties slave. I want you to hold them

in your mouth until I return. You are to kneel and not move a muscle until I come back. I have set a counter to detect your movements.”

Harry could say nothing with the panties in his mouth. What was going on? He shifted his weight. There was a clicking sound behind his head. “Tch, tch, tch. One already. If it is over 15 when I return you are coming out of there and going straight to punishment. Is that clear?”

Harry carefully nodded his head up and down.

He heard her get off the bed. He heard the door open and then close. Harry wondered if she had taken the other slave or if he was still here. He held his breathe and listened. He heard nothing. That did not mean the slave was not here, but it certainly leaned in that direction. This was so fucking unfair. Why did she hate him so much? Harry felt himself starting to cry. He concentrated on getting that under control. He had to keep perfectly still, and crying led to movement. He did not want another caning. He wanted to show her his oral skills instead. He needed this chance. That meant he was going to have to be very good. Very good indeed.

Everything was quiet. Nothing seemed to move. Harry held his position. He wanted to be a good slave. He wanted to show Mistress he could be a good slave. But, how could he do that when he is not even given a chance?

“CLICK” – Fuck – he must have shifted his weight. This was bad, this was very bad. His back was beginning to hurt. He was sure his right leg was cramping. How long had it been? It was impossible to tell. How long would she leave him like this? Would he be able to hold out? Somehow he had to put his discomfort out of his mind. He was a slave. His comfort was not important. He was meant to suffer for his Mistress. If she wanted him to kneel here, then he would kneel here. It didn’t matter if it hurt. If she did not want him to move, then he would not move. He would be a statue.

“CLICK” – What the fuck? How had that happened? Were his muscles beginning to spasm? FUCK! That was just not fair. He had not noticed any movement. He thought he was being perfectly still. How could that have happened? The inside of the half hood was wet and clinging to his face. It might look like he had been crying, but he had not. He had gotten that under control, but he had been sweating. He could feel lines of moisture running down his chest, and his arms, and his thighs. His hands had not moved from their position on his buttocks. It was wet where the back of his hands touched his buttocks. He dare not move. He almost did not dare to breathe.

How long has it been? It seemed like forever. The hood always distorted time. He could not tell. When would she come back for him? It mattered not. He was a slave. She was the Mistress. She would come when it pleased her and he would be ready for her. He would obey her. He really was a good slave, even if he kept slipping. How many times had it clicked? He had not kept count, now he did not know. Had it been more than 15. Oh, god, please don't make it be more than 15.

He did not want to be caned. But, he knew that was going to happen anyway. He was under no illusion that there would not be a stroke of the cane for every click he had heard. What he was most afraid of was being rejected by his Mistress. She had said if the count was over 15 he would be taken right to be caned. That would mean that he would have no opportunity to please his Mistress. He had had lots of training in the last . . . What was it now? A week – no, it was clearly more than a week – two weeks? Maybe, that seemed right. Well, he had had a lot of training on how to use his mouth to pleasure a mistress.

He had always considered himself to be a very good lover. Women had seemed to appreciate his attentions. He had learned that what he thought was acceptable, even good, was not. The very first day, with his body locked in the stool, his hooded head pulled in between the legs of one woman after another, he had used his

tongue rather tentatively. When he learned that the recipients of his ministrations had the ability to push a button and bring him great pain he had changed his mind set. At first he thought they were just being cruel, but as the motivation to act moved his tongue to desperate actions he heard and felt the reaction of the women. He had never heard or felt a woman react to his mouth like that before.

On later occasions – there had now been a number of them – he worked his mouth with more enthusiasm. The principle motivation was still to avoid the pain that could, and would, be administered to him if his conduct was less than perfect. And, he would not wait for the pain. He would dive his head forward reaching with his tongue for the tender flesh between the legs. It was frustrating, because he would tend to become excited himself, but was never granted any relief.

Many of his customers held his head and guided it where they wanted attention. Some even whispered instructions. He used these to improve later. He had learned, for example, that he could go right for the clitoris and very quickly bring a woman to climax. He learned that rather than being desired, this conduct was considered lazy, even disrespectful. Women, as it turns out, like things to slowly build. One recipient of his rapid race to climax not only shocked him until he thought he was going to pass out, but called over another slave who was instructed to stand behind him with a switch and whip his bottom every time the Mistress raised her finger. As this was occurring, Harry was to focus all his attention on bringing her back to excitement. He was required to use his tongue only on her outer lips for a long time. If he licked anywhere else, he was whipped. Then he was allowed to move his tongue to her inner lips. Finally he was allowed to dart his tongue at her clitoris until she had him struck with the whip then he had to use his mouth to reach inside her and work the inside of her lips. When he was stroked again he was allowed back to her clitoris. This went on until he had received an agonizing two dozen strokes. It was not the cane, only a switch, but it still hurt, and he could feel that his bottom was well striped. Finally she let him lock his lips around her fully extended clitoris and work it to

climax. Only when she had him whipped again did he disengage, but went back to working his tongue between her lips. When placed in service position, his tongue was never to stop.

Harry had felt completely humiliated when she patted him on the head and told him he had done an acceptable job, but he better be more careful in the future. He was. From that point forward he had always started slow. Always started on the outside then worked in and finally up. That seemed to work. He was still shocked but never whipped again while performing. And several women had told him he did a good job. It was always accompanied with a demeaning pat on his head like he was a dog or something. But Harry had learned to not just accept, but appreciate that. "Thank you Mistress." He would always respond.

Was that the door? Harry was pulled back from his thoughts. CLICK! FUCK, he must have moved when he heard the sound. Yes, it was the door. Was Julia back? Was he still under 15? Please, please let it be under 15. If that last fucking click had put him over he would die.

"Well slave, have you been enjoying yourself?" He had not been enjoying himself. He had been miserable, but he also still had her panties in his mouth, so he was saved from the obligatory "Yes Mistress."

She ran her hand up his chest and flicked the ring on his right nipple. CLICK. A shiver ran through his entire body. Those fucking rings had made his nipples so very sensitive. She giggled. "That was not too fair of me was it? But, then, I don't have to be fair. Let's see how you did." Fuck, thought Harry, those last two should not count. If he was over because of them, that really was not fair.

"Well, it looks like you are ok. Just barely, 14, I mean you really like to live dangerously. And, by the way, you will get a cane stroke for each of those." Harry heard something clicked, it was not the click of the counter, something else. "You can move now." It was

almost funny. He was kneeling in chains, in a small cage with his head stuck up through the middle of a bed and strapped in place. He could move, but not very much. Never-the-less, the movement was very welcome. He shifted his weight for the first time in – how long? His back hurt, his legs were cramping, his arms and shoulders hurt. He moved his arms around pushing his hands out in front of himself as far as his chains would allow. He was very careful to keep his hands away from between his legs. He was pretty sure that she had not disabled that feature and he did not want a shock because his hands had come too close to his penis. Besides, any tumescence he had had before was long gone. He rolled his shoulders and twisted his neck around.

She laughed. “Poor slave. We will just have to give that neck, and tongue, some exercise.” He felt the panties pulled from his mouth. Harry could not help rolling his jaw. His mouth had been full of not just the panties but his own collection of saliva. When the panties pulled out, and before he could swallow, moisture ran down both sides of his face. Involuntarily he started to raise a hand to wipe it away, only to realize that even if his chains gave sufficient length, his head was on one side of the mattress and his body on the other. From the perspective of his Mistress he was nothing more than a disembodied head. One she was about to take advantage of.

Harry felt her legs move around his head. Her musk grew as she pushed herself up against his face. He felt the warm flesh of her thighs against the sides of his face. He knew that her sex lay just in front of him.

Harry had very little forward and back movement. He could tip his head up and down and from side to side, but that was about all. He raised his chin and pushed his tongue forward. She was there. Using his tongue he started to poke around to try to orient himself to the prize. He found one of her beauty lips, then the other. He located the top and the bottom of the small wet canyon. She had not yet taken any action to guide him. He knew it was time to go to work.

His tongue moved to the bottom of the valley. It extended within and lapped upwards. She was only slightly wet, but he picked up the moisture on his tongue. Then he moved to the outside lips. Darting and flicking with his tongue he worked up one side. Then he returned to the bottom and repeated the process with the other lip. Her hand was on the back of his head. There was only gentle pressure. He repeated this action, moving up one side, then down again, then up and down the other side.

He felt her shudder. His tongue went again to the bottom of the valley between her lips. It worked in and out, then he worked it up the inside first on one side and then the other. Each time when he got to the top and felt the nub of her clitoris he flicked and poked it with his tongue, but only quickly.

When she started to shudder more noticeably and moaned, he brought his lips up around her clitoris. He sucked slightly, then he backed off and flicked and teased with his tongue. He kept this up for about a minute and then returned to the inside lips of her love nest. He pushed his tongue well up inside of her, first to one side, then the other, then in the middle. Then he returned to her clitoris once more. He could tell that it was not engorged.

She shuddered and jerked and held his head in place with both hands. He wrapped his lips around her love bud and gently sucked. She pushed herself forward into him. He could not have moved off of her clitoris now even if he wanted to.

Her moans became mild shrieking sounds. Her body spasmed against his face. He could not get air, but he dare not try to break loose. Instead he continued his action. Luckily she loosened her grip just enough to let him gasp a lung full of air. His mouth was filled with her secretions – more than secretions, she had flooded. He could tell she had experienced a very good orgasm. Harry smiled to himself.

This was so different than the way he had made love to her back when they were dating. Back before he became a slave. This had been about her pleasure. He had been devoted to her pleasure. There had been no thought to his pleasure, and he was to be denied. Even so, he felt very happy. He wondered briefly what would have happened if he could have made love to her like this while he was still free. Would he be a slave now? It didn't matter. There was no going back. He was a slave, and he had now been trained in the art of pleasing a woman.

Julia lay back on the bed. Harry could still feel her thighs on either side of his head, but the treasure between them was just out of reach. He knew because he reached out his tongue to see if she was still there. He could sense and smell that she was very close, inches, but inches might as well be miles under the circumstances. If she wanted more she would let him know. She would take it, and he would willingly give it. But until then, it was his job to kneel and wait. He had no other role. He had no other mission in life. He was just there to please his Mistress and he would wait until that time.

After a very long time Julia moved. She shifted up against him. Harry felt the wetness of her against his mouth. Nothing had been said. Nothing needed to be said. He went to work once more.

Harry did not slag in any way in his efforts. He worked her sex as if he were just beginning the process. He showed no signs of tiring, even though his jaw hurt and his tongue was getting sore. He felt happy in his efforts. His Mistress had returned to him for a second pleasure and he was happy to meet her needs, and after the first round he felt confidence that he could succeed.

Three times they repeated this action. Finally, Mistress removed Harry's collar, opened the area around his neck and pushed him down into the cage. She sealed the top above him. Harry listened for a long time but finally decided she had gone to sleep. He curled up in the dark cage and tried to sleep.

As Harry reflected on the pleasure he had felt from satisfying his Mistress he was drawn back into his situation. He was naked, locked in chains, and held in a cage below the bed of a woman who had essentially had him kidnapped. Before the end of his evening he would be strapped down and caned. Caned! The pain would be more than he would be able to endure, but there would be nothing he could do to prevent it. He would endure only because there was no choice.

He did not want to be a slave. He had enjoyed pleasing Mistress – no, Julia – he was not going to accept this slave business. He would get away from here. He would be a better man. He would certainly treat women differently, and he thought he would be a much better lover. But he wanted that as a man, not as a slave.

And, eventually Slave Wendy came to retrieve him. That night he was caned. He had begged and cried. He still could not take a caning without crying, he wondered if anyone really could. It hurt too much.

Finally, he was secured to his sleeping bench and locked in his behavior modification helmet. They were trying to get him to accept this. Accept being a slave. He had to fight back. But how?

Chapter 30

The next several days were back to the regular routine, cleaning, feeding, exercise, education, and occasional work details. Harry did as he was directed and conditioned. He did not see Julia or Janie during those days, and had not had duty in the club, until now.

Wendy had collected Harry led him into a room near the club.

“You have the honor of being part of the center piece design for tonight’s dinner.” He was told. He didn’t know what that meant, but he was convinced he would do his best to please.

He saw two other slaves, both females, already in the room. One was leaning against one of the walls. Her legs were spread, held apart by a bar that cuffed to each of her ankles. Her hands were behind her back. He could not see how they were secured, but he knew they were. The other slave was squatting on a table in the room. She was encased in black latex, almost completely covered in the latex. Her head was covered except for her eyes. Her upper body was encased, all except her breasts; they were ample, protruding from the black latex. The openings thru which they extended were obviously smaller than the normal circumference of the base of her breasts. The effect was that her breasts were pushed forward even further than caused by the metal bands at their base. Her arms appeared to be held behind her.

The lower part, he assumed it was in two parts even though he could not see a seam, held both legs folded back so that her lower leg was pressed against her thigh. There was what looked like a tent of latex between her legs.

His attention was taken off the others as his chains were removed and he was told to fold his arms across his back and hold

each elbow in the other hand. He complied. Two slaves were behind him with a jacket type article made of latex. It had no sleeves, but the back had a large pocket that fit over his folded arms as it was pulled up and around his shoulders. Even before it was tightened into place he could tell that he would not be able to move his arms and hands at all until it was taken off. It was then pulled around his upper body and fastened in the front. The neck had a belt build into it that buckled in front as did the waist. It completely covered his upper body with the exception of his breasts where there were holes. It was tight enough that they actually pushed out. That made him very uncomfortable. They certainly did not look like female breasts, but they were larger than normal as a result of the constriction and pressure.

He was laid on his back on the table and a latex tube was pulled up both of his legs until it fit from his ankles to his upper thighs. A series of belts across the top allowed it to be tightened into place. His legs were held tightly together. He tried to bend his knees and realized that it also was reinforced along both legs with something inflexible. His legs were held perfectly straight. Before the leg device was closed a small cord was tied around his scrotum just above his testicles. This was used to pull up both his testicles and penis as they fastened the leg binder into place.

Something was slipped over his penis. It looked like two rings separated by about an inch long small spring. It did not cause him any pain. They placed a small frame across his upper body. It made contact with him at his waist then elevated at a slight angle. Then two of them lifted the slave who had been left against the wall. She was placed face down on top of him and his penis was fed into her vagina. Harry was starting to like this event.

Her spreader bar was positioned under his encased feet and attached to his leg binder with a link at the center. Her body was strapped to the frame above him. It held her weight off of his body and positioned her mouth at the exposed left nipple of the girl in latex. Then they took the line from around his testicles, pulled it up,

and attached it to her hands, which he could now see were tied with her wrists crossed at the middle of her back. If she pulled up on her hands it pulled on his testicles. A line was then taken from her hands up to near the back of her neck where it separated, was brought over her shoulders and attached to each of her nipple rings. They tightened the line until she pulled up her hands to take the pressure off of her nipples. That put pressure instead on his testicles. Just lovely he thought. As her arms tired she would lower her hands, that would pull on her nipples and then she would jerk her hands up pulling at this balls.

“The device I put over your penis will activate a pump when you pump. You will need that pretty soon.” He had no idea what she was talking about. He had been lying with his head on the tent of latex at the crotch of the first girl. Two slaves than lifted up the latex and pulled it forward over his head. The table had a hole where his head was. It had been covered by the latex flap, but now his head started to drop down. That changed when a slave went under the table and started to zip the latex down the back of his head. This latex device fit tightly to his head and pulled his mouth right up and into the vagina of the girl in the latex. He could feel that she was ringed someplace down there. His nose was pushed between her buttocks. Under the latex she was naked. He tried to turn his head to one side or the other. He could not. He tried to pull his mouth back from her sex, but that was not possible either.

He felt clips attached to each of his nipples and a line from them pulled up and attached to something. What he could not see was that it was the right nipple ring of the girl in latex.

“You three slaves will be moved into the banquet room in five minutes. When you are in place you will be activated. It is your job. She patted him on the flank to make sure that the ring in her vagina is kept moving. If it stops an electrical charge will pulse through your anal dildo into this other fine slave connecting to her anal dildo. She patted the other slave on the buttocks. You, my dear, must keep the ring on the nipple moving. If it stops the effect will be the same.”

“Something else. You are probably noticing that it is getting hot and stuffy with your head in her sex.” He was noticing just that. “Some, but very little, air can get in from her waist and your neck; unfortunately, not enough for you to breathe. Remember that pump I told you about. It pumps air to you. Not a lot, so you will have to work at it. You will have to keep pumping if you want to breathe.” He arched his hips and pushed his penis into the sex of the girl on top of him. He felt a slight puff of air. It was going to take a lot of work to have enough air.

The table was picked up and moved into another room. He could hear the sound of people moving around, talking, and the clink of glasses. He could see nothing, but as soon as the table was placed down he felt a shock surge through him. His tongue went to work inside the latex girl. He assumed that the same action had started at her nipple because the pain stopped. He also realized that he needed air so he started to move his penis inside the girl on top of him. This was obviously the action they were looking for.

The ring in the girl in latex was in her clitoris. The result of his tongue flicking and moving the ring was to keep it almost perfectly centered on her clitoris. That combined with the attention to her nipple started to have an effect. She started to squirm on top of him, but the latex device held his head pressed firmly into her sex. If she moved his head moved with her. And his tongue did not stop. His face was soaked with a combination of both of their sweat and her juices. It was not a pleasant feeling, but he had no choice and he was not going to stop what he was doing. The more liquid that accumulated in the hood, the more air he needed, so the harder he pumped into the girl above him. She was now starting to groan. He was actually having an easier time of it than normal. His face was in such an uncomfortable position and his need to keep up the pace was so great that he was not that excited.

He only hoped that the performance was meeting with the expectations of Mistress. He was sure they were a strange site. He

would have liked to see it.

Harry had no sense of time. It seemed like he was kept at this task for a very long time. When he got tired and stopped pumping into the girl on top he was deprived of air. That was a very good motivator. At first she was enjoying it a lot, after she had cum several times – not so much. Harry could feel her trying to shift. Even worse, Harry had NOT been allowed to cum. Every time he got close an electrical surge hit him. It was enough to stop his climax, but not enough to make him completely deflate. Clearly they wanted to keep him hard enough to keep going. He was also shocked if he stopped working the ring in the girl wrapped around his head. He kept the ring moving, but this was having an effect on the girl. She was twisting and moaning, and he could tell when she came because his face was coated with her juices.

The taste was strong, but Harry was finding it enjoyable. He had now become so used to servicing women he felt a sense of accomplishment and pleasure whenever he brought one to climax. Some did so quietly, some were vocal and animated, but they all spurted. Some a little, some a lot, but they all spurted and he knew when they came.

Harry was very disappointed that the evening ended without him being allowed to climax, but he had become conditioned to the fact that it was his job to pleasure women and his own satisfaction was not only not important, it was usually not allowed. Even when the women were other slaves, it was his job to satisfy them and to do so without his own climax.

He did not know how many times the two slave girls had climaxed, but it was a lot, and they were both exhausted when the center piece was broken down and the slaves removed. Harry was very tired. But he felt good. He knew he had done a good job and one of the mistresses had patted his head and called him “good boy”. This made him feel good. He slept well that night.

Chapter 31

The schedule was becoming predictable. Sleeping would normally be alone on his bench. He would sometimes be visited by Anya who would provide training. This occurred less frequently. He took this as a sign that his training was progressing. He was always happy to see Anya, she was sexy and beautiful. He had learned the enjoyment of sexual contact without regard for his own pleasure. It was so much greater to be able to bring pleasure to another. He may be only a slave, but he was in control of that aspect of his being. She had told him she would make him a perfect Taoist, and he believed that she had. In the last several weeks he had made no mistakes. He had not had to be cooled through the external controls exercised by the devices of the Mistresses. It was not fear as it had been in the early days. It was a combination of his confidence in his ability to control his own body and the sense of accomplishment he felt when he did so. There were of course the occasional nights when he had not pleased Anya. Those had not been pleasant. It usually involved her leaving him in the hands of her cat creatures for the remainder of the night. If questions over his ability to control his body were ever raised it happened during these events. He was still unable to keep control when they appeared. He was afraid of them. He was very afraid of them and he knew that they would always win. And they did always win. But even the fear of these creatures did not serve as his major motivating force with Anya. She was a Mistress and he would please her as such. And pleasing her pleased him.

Anya only came to him on the nights he was in his cell. That was not always the case. If he had lost a match in the ring then he would sleep where he was defeated. He was not sure what happened to winners as he had not yet been on that side of the column. He recognized that a number of the Mistresses enjoyed watching him beaten. He was like the evil villain in the wrestling matches, except these matches were not fixed. He actually tried to

win. They did take measures to make sure that was not going to be the case. Usually they would turn two girls loose on him. Even with his strength, two to one was always difficult to overcome, especially when at least one of the opponents was experienced, trained and very agile. He wondered if these girls had been selected for their athleticism. In any event, they were formidable opponents. Harry no longer took for granted that a male would be superior. He had now been tied by too many females. At first, it was humiliating; after all, he was the man. But not anymore, now it was something he actually expected.

He would like to win at least one match, but how was he going to do that? Miranda had seemed frustrated with him. He watched the matches she showed him during training. She had even put him through agility training where he faced an opponent in this visor and was required to react to her moves and attempts to rope him. He had found this helpful. He knew he was strong, but he had never really been agile. He had wrestled in High School, but his approach had been built on brute force. He was learning that this was a game of finesse. Finesse was not his strong point. What was really frustrating is that he could see in the videos what the right moves were. He could detect and repeat the strengths and weaknesses of the opponents and when the match would turn to the advantage of one or another. Why could he not apply that in the ring? Miranda didn't seem to understand either. Every loss was followed by a critique session. He always spotted his mistake. He had done such a good job of satisfying other Training Mistresses. Increasingly he wanted to do so for Miranda. He wanted to bring her a win. Not for him, but for her. He felt her pain in every loss he experienced. He did not know how many other contestants she coached. It would be unthinkable if he were the only one. She was a good coach. She gave him all the right ques. Why was he unable to use them and bring her a win? If there was a single frustration in his current existence it was his inability to bring Miranda a win.

And there was always the memory of his most embarrassing match. If he had learned anything during his time here it was not to

take women for granted. They could be, in fact they seemed in his case to always be, formidable opponents. Often he was pitted against situations that made up for his strength, like fighting the twins, but on this occasion his opponent was one small girl. She could not have been past mid 20's in age. She was no more than 5'2" in height and did not appear to be particularly strong. She had black hair that hung straight to just past her shoulders and he was picturing how it would look extending below the neck of the hood. This was going to be a win in his column.

When they squared off in the ring she did not even pick up a coil of rope. He thought that strange. Maybe she was just going to give in and hope for mercy. Didn't she know there was never mercy in the ring? He could tell she had some training because she moved very fluidly around the ring. That might keep her alive for a while, but once he got a hand on her she would no longer be able to use her agility. They had only gone around the ring a couple of times when he made his first move. But as he moved forward she had moved to his right, taken his right arm and used his motion and her leverage to actually flip him over. His feet left the canvas and he landed on his shoulders on the mat. There was a round of applause and cheers from the audience.

He knew the mat was a vulnerable place to be so he jumped to his feet and quickly re-found her. He didn't hesitate, he lunged forward, but once again she was gone, she applied pressure to his upper body and with her legs swept his feet out from under him. He hit the mat on his back, hard. He saw stars and gasped from the blow to his back. This time he got up much slower, but he got up.

He now knew that she was well trained in martial arts and would use his momentum against him. He would have to move more slowly and deliberately. It might slow things down, but he was tired of being thrown to the canvas. And the audience was enjoying it altogether too much. The best way to recover his dignity was to defeat this little vixen. He tried to corner her, but she ducked under his outstretched arm, came up next to his body and delivered a knee

to his solar plexus. His breath was gone and he gasped. At that moment she swept his legs backward and he fell to the canvas face first. He was still gasping for breath when he felt her land on his back with both knees. He gasped again, part in surprise, part as a result of the further removal of air from his lungs. Before he could recover his breath he felt the all too familiar hood slip over his head and he heard the sound of the chain clip shut as it was pulled tight around his neck. Almost in the same motion she had somehow gathered his arms and pulled them behind him. Something about having to fight for air he later thought. Quickly, very quickly she crossed his wrists and wrapped them vertically and then horizontally with ropes. Then, even though her tie had ropes at 90 degree angles to each other she cinched the entire affair. By this time he had caught his breath and began attempting to resist her actions. His hands, crossed as they were, were held in the middle of his back. He twisted his wrists, but they were tight. He felt her naked breasts on his back as she leaned forward and fed the double line from the wrist tie under his left arm, over the shoulder, around the back of his neck, over the right shoulder and back under the arm to his wrists. She ran it through the cinch then up over the portion of the rope she had just put across the back of his neck and then pulled. To get leverage she put her knee in his back as she pulled. It pulled his hands well up onto his back. Then she knotted it off at his neck.

He knew it was just clean-up from there. He could no longer do anything to influence what was happening. She crossed his ankles and tied them in a similar fashion to his hands. Then after running a line around the cinch at his ankles took it over the line above his hands and extending to his neck and back down to his ankles. He knew what was next, she was going to work out the slack and tie it off. He, to his embarrassment had been in this position too many times. That is in fact what happened. Like any match, she could not just leave it at that, although it was well over. She had to add ropes around his arms and body to remove any remaining movement, and provided anchors to opposite ring posts. Finally she stood and accepted the acclaim of the crowd. He lay in desperation and shame. If he could not beat this tiny thing could he

beat anyone? The only time he had won was not a contest. It was when he surprised Wendy. And he had the element of surprise and she was further hampered by her chains. He was not so sure he could beat anyone. He wondered why they kept having him in the ring. He knew it would be another long night sleeping on the canvas.

Sometimes his hogtied form was placed on a small cart and the hood temporarily removed. Then he was moved around the room, pushed under tables where he could provide service to one or more mistress. So long as there were mistresses that desired his service, and so long as they found him pleasurable, he was left unhooded. Unfortunately, they would eventually tire of him. The hood would be replaced and a whip or cane administered to his backside and/or feet for any complaint or defalcation. Then he would be returned to the middle of the ring to spend his night. He was proud that the mistresses found fault with his performance less and less often. He felt terrible when his performance did not fully please. It was not just the application of the cane or whip - when three mistresses had had him punished after his performance, even though eight seemed pleased he was so despondent that he cried for a long time.

Very occasionally he would be called to Mistress Julia's bed chamber. This was the ultimate reward. He had never been told if he belonged to her, but it was always Julia. He could not believe that once he had taken her for granted. He could not believe that once he had lied to her and gone out with others. Sophia had shown him his deplorable actions. He respected Sophia, but he hated his sessions with her. Thankfully they were infrequent. That was good because they were just so painful. At first he had watched himself in the videos and looked for things he could change. Over time he knew that he had changed. Now when he was sent to training with Sophia he did not recognize the person in the videos. Some of the most painful sessions had involved his actions after being brought here. He really had been an ass. He was not only determined to escape, but he felt he was dominant over the Mistresses. Now he knew better. He knew down to the fiber of his being that his role was

to satisfy his Mistress in every way he could. Just thinking of satisfying and pleasing his Mistress brought him a sense of well being and joy. He knew this was a training facility. He knew that he may be shipped away at any time to become the possession of some other Mistress anywhere in the world. The only pain that caused him was the thought of not being able to provide service or pleasure to Julia. But, if she willed it, if it made her happy, if she commanded him to do so he would be the best slave his new Mistress ever could have.

Morning almost always called for exercise and then clean-up. Exercise was with Mia and usually ended with nourishment. He remembered how he had so feared Mia during his first several encounters. Now he relished the chance to be with her. I was thrilled when he could run, and ecstatic when she would join him in part of the trip. She was strong, she was commanding, she accepted nothing but his best and then a little more. He had participated in many sports, and she was as good a coach as he had ever had. He actually felt in the peak of condition. And then to be allowed to feed with her. Could there ever be a competing pleasure? He did not think it possible. Of late he had done well with Mia. He didn't have to think about pleasing her any more. He knew that he was going to please her. He knew that there was nothing else that mattered more when he was with her.

Various things could occur during the day. This included working around the facility. He had spent time cleaning the club and other areas. He had worked in the kitchen a couple of times, but he was not very good at it and was pretty sure he would not be returned there. He had loaded supplies on a few occasions. That had actually allowed him to go outside, but only a few feet from the access door. There was nothing really to see there.

The day ended with feeding. He had at first been upset that Wendy decided that he alone of her charges would be subjected to the feeding rituals enforced by Rachael. He alone would have to arch his back to keep the electricity from surging through his body.

He alone would have to feed during a fifteen minute period through a ring gag and devour the entire plate before him. It was really not possible. There was always at least one cube, usually two that remained when the electricity came back on, but he had learned how to fight through the pain and finish the job. Wendy had never caned his feet. He did not know if she would if he had not completed his task, but thankfully, there was never the opportunity. He also understood why he continued to be subjected to this treatment. It was not a punishment; it was a part of his discipline training. He accepted that and he welcomed that. He had actually come to enjoy the looks on the faces of his feeding room companions when they looked over at his situation. It did remove his ability to question them, talk to them, and bond, but they were just slaves. He found that he really didn't care about their stories anymore. The fact that he could be an inspiration to them made him happy. He remembered when Wendy had laid out a ring gag next to the plate of a picky eater, and told her that if everything was not gone by the time she returned she would join him in the next feeding. She looked at Harry. She watched him suck cubes through the ring gag and watched him keep his back arched to avoid the shock. By the time Wendy was back she had eaten everything that had been laid before her and licked the bowl until it shined.

Chapter 32

It was to be another match. It was to be a big one. Miranda had told him he would need to be at his best. Miranda had told him this would be a very important match. There would be six contestants in the ring. He would have to be very cunning. He thought about this. One of the principles in non-team mass matches was to take out the most formidable opponent first. He hoped that there would be at least one other man so that he could deflect attention from himself. He knew that if he was the only male he was likely to be the center of attention. He had had trouble even with single females. How would he cope with five of them? Not well, he suspected. Before his capture, Harry would have never doubted his ability to take on almost any number of females. Now, his confidence was gone. He saw females as superior to him in all respects. Even female slaves were somehow a notch higher than he was. He might be larger and stronger, but he had never won a match. In the end, every female opponent had found a way to beat and subdue him. Today would be just one more exercise in humiliation.

He was taken to the ring. There would be six contestants, and he was the only male. What could he do? He thought quickly and picked out one of the smaller females. She looked to be easy prey compared to the other girls. She did not look confident. He could use that. He slipped over next to her.

“Let’s be partners. We will take out the others one by one so that only you and I are left. I will protect you and your will protect me. If you agree, and we subdue the others, then I will let you tie my hands any way you want before we have to fight each other. That is your best chance to win.”

She looked skeptical, but agreed to the plan.

The match started and the six of them faced off in the ring. Harry was facing and circling with the most formidable looking opponent when he heard his new partner call out for help. He looked over and saw that two girls had grabbed her by her arms. Well, a deal was a deal.

He moved to where the struggle was occurring, grabbed one of his new partner's tormentors, and pulled her off the small girl. He attempted to twist her to the ground but suddenly found he was being attacked by the other two girls. At this point, he was holding one girl in front of him. His partner was in the grasp of the remaining girl who had attacked her and was down on the canvas.

Harry had a girl on each of his arms. One of these was the large powerful looking female. He released his hold on the girl in front of him to get to the two holding him, but as he did, his legs were kicked out from under him and he thumped to the canvas face first. He hit hard.

Harry and his partner were both on the canvas. He was being held there by two girls while his partner was being pinned by a single protagonist. That left one girl completely free. He had not seen where she had gone, but suddenly she appeared at the side of the girl subduing his partner. She had gone to the box for hoods. She quickly and efficiently slipped a hood over the head of the young girl being held on the ground. She got up holding a hood out in full view, smiling at him as she approached.

"Time for the lights to go out." She said. The other two girls were holding his arms so that he could not get them up to his head. He twisted his body and tried to move his head about, but the hood slipped over and everything went dark. He could not help the little blonde who had agreed to be his partner, and from what he had seen she could not help him. He had three of them on him and he was now hooded. Still, he was strong and the girls were having a difficult time getting his hands behind him. As they struggled, the girl who had hooded him went to work on his legs. He could not see

where she was or what she was doing. This made it very difficult to stop her. She got a loop over his knees and managed to pull them together. Then she tied and cinched them. His ankles were next, and very easy to tie once the knees were tied. It was not long after that until they managed to get his arms behind him and tightly tie both his wrists and then his elbows. Depending on what had happened to his partner he was either the first or second out to the contest.

After he was hogtied he was left in the center of the ring. He could not see what was going on but he knew it was quite the struggle. His body was used as a barrier from time to time and he felt combatants being pushed over him. Then he felt the body of another thrown against him. It was soft and he was sure it was one of the female contestants. She was wiggling about and that caused her naked flesh to rub against his. He would like to have seen who it was. Assuming that his partner had been tied a long time ago this left three to fight it out.

He never knew who the winner was. He did know that there were other tied bodies in the ring. He had thought they might be able to help each other. In fact he had tried to feel around for knots when there were bodies in contact with him. He found one once and untied it, but then the person he was untying was pulled away, he assumed the knot was retied. In the end, the five losers were tied in the middle of the ring. But they would not help each other. His head was placed between the thighs of a slave who had been tied with her legs spread. His neck was tied to each of her ankles (pulled up in a hogtie at her bottom) and a line from the top of his hood pulled tight to her belt. He could feel her thighs on either side of him through the hood, but he did not know which contestant it was. A line was then attached to his testicles, a favorite anchor point, and run to one of the ring posts. He was not sure how the girl he was tied to was anchored, but he was sure that she was, as were the other three. He could hear sounds so he knew they were close, but his hands were unable to reach any of the others sharing his plight. He was tightly tied and unable to move at all.

This is the way they spent the night. Once again, he had been a loser. He could only hope that his partner had been fully subdued first so that he was at least not the first to be tied. Miranda would not be impressed. He would probably be punished.

Chapter 33

He had been summoned to Mistress Janie's office. He had never been there before. He was not sure what to expect. For the most part he had been delegated to Mistress Julia. He had not seen much of Mistress Janie. He hoped that she was pleased with him. He hoped that whatever it was she wanted him to do that he would be worthy of the task. When he entered she commanded him to kneel and he assumed the position without hesitation or question. He was very good at the positions.

"Do you remember the night you arrived here?"

"Yes Mistress, I was arrogant and you helped me find my true role."

"Yes, that is true, but do you recall the auction?"

"To some degree Mistress. I know I was inspected. I know that you told me I had been sold, but I don't know any more than that."

"Well, you were sold that night, and your Mistress has been looking in on your training these last eight weeks." Had it really been that long? "She has been anxious to have your training finished. I have determined that you are ready."

"Yes Mistress." He could think of nothing else to say. He had begun to assume that Julia was his Mistress. Who was this person, what was going to happen now?

"You will be fully secured for transport, but that is not because I don't trust your training, it is just procedure. When you get to your new Mistress you bring with you all that we are here. If you don't live

up to expectations you will be a discredit to me, Julia and all of your trainers. Do I need to be worried about that?”

“No Mistress, I will make you proud.”

“I certainly hope so. I will get regular reports. They had better be good.”

“Yes Mistress.” He meant it, he really did mean it.

Two slave girls entered the room and lead him out to another room. A chain was fastened around his neck and pulled up toward the ceiling until he had to stand on his toes to keep from strangling. They removed his leg chains and ankle cuffs. His legs were pulled together and tightened into a sheath that ran from his thighs to his ankles. His waist belt and all of its accoutrements were removed. The belt had been on him from his first days. The line to his neck was loosened and he was placed on his stomach. His wrist cuffs and collar were removed. His arms were pulled behind him and strapped and laced into an arm binder. A leather collar replaced the metal collar he had also worn almost since the day he arrived. Harry's stomach fluttered. It was not from the bondage. He had become accustomed to being in bondage. He was in bondage most of the time. This was change. He had become comfortable in the control of this place. He should be happy that he was leaving a place where he was punished and abused, but he was not. He did not want to leave.

He was placed in a new full hood that included a mouth-filling gag. Laid out on a table he could move almost no part of his body.

“Just relax.” The overseer said. “They will come to collect you soon. From what I understand you have a pretty long trip ahead of you.”

Harry could not relax. Where was he going? What was his new Mistress going to be like? How could he please her? Would he

be an embarrassment? He did not think so. He thought he would do a good job. He was determined to do so. Julia was counting on him. He would not let her down.