

A Slave's Story

Category: Text Stories

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SUB

By H. Dean

Synopsis: A girl willingly becomes the slave to a sadist only to find that it is not without consequence. Soon she is entrapped in a world of pain from which she cannot escape.

I began this story some time ago. I have never been satisfied with it, having difficulty with some of the imagery and, especially, the ending. There is a strong likelihood of a sequel, as I believe the story needs a better ending. Hopefully, I will manage that within the next year of my lifetime.

I met her at a party. Marissa was her name. She approached me and struck up a conversation. Before the party ended, we exchanged numbers. I didn't call her and, quite frankly, I did not expect her to call me. She did.

Shortly, into our first conversation she had managed to invite herself over to my place for drinks and dinner at 7PM. I found it amusing that she would be so forceful as she was, considering the fact that we hardly knew each other.

Before we said goodbye, I told her that if she was running late that she had best call me, or risk my absence upon her arrival. I do hate tardiness - it's rude. And, one

thing I do not tolerate is rudeness.

She was prompt. At precisely 7PM my doorbell rang. I greeted her, cheerfully, to see that she had brought two bottles of wine and a picnic basket, which, I assumed, was filled with dinner items.

After making small talk for an hour, I excused myself from the room to relieve myself. When I returned to the room she had rearranged some of the furniture and had spread a red and white-checkered blanket on the floor.

During the excellent dinner we got to know each other. She revealed to me that she was, largely, unattached, being new to the Chicago area. Of her family, she said little, only that she had left home when she was 16 and now, at 25, had had no contact with them, since.

After dinner, she and I retired to my bedroom where I discovered that she had similar sexual interests to mine. She spent the night tied to my bed while I fucked her. Two weeks later, we agreed to become exclusive to each other.

Several months into our relationship, she told me that simple bondage and rough sex was not satisfying her, as it used to. And then, she told me that she envisioned a far more extreme relationship. That was music to my ears.

Shortly after her revelation to me, we began a trip down a darker path - a path, which she, initially, enjoyed. Looking at her now, I am certain that she no longer feels that way.

Six weeks after her revelation, she quit her job and moved in to my estate in the distant suburbs of Chicago, to be my full time slave. She slipped into her role of slave with the ease of an eager child.

My first gift to her was her collar. She accepted it gleefully, slipping it around her neck and locking it into place. The collar was made of stainless steel, lined with neoprene, and had a sort of tongue that slipped into a slot at its other end, which was slightly thicker to allow for a locking mechanism and a slot for the key to fit into.

Once her collar was in place I gifted her with a set of matching cuffs for her ankles and wrists. As I had measured her carefully, the cuffs and collar were a perfect fit.

Before I go on, allow me to describe my bed. The frame is made of heavy oak timbers. Each corner of the bed consists of a thick oak post, about two feet around. Each post stands seven feet tall and they are braced against each other with similar posts of, roughly half the thickness.

Imbedded into each vertical and horizontal post, are 4 heavy "eye-hooks". Each of these hooks is approximately 3 inches in diameter and is capable of holding, at least 300lbs. The sides of my bed frame are treated to similar decorations.

I have no bedsprings on my bed. Instead, I have two mattresses stacked one on top of the other. This makes my mattress top rise slightly higher than the average bed. In fact, it is the perfect height for one as tall as I.

That night, I bent her over the foot of my bed and bound her tightly. Then, I fucked her holes until I was exhausted. Once I had my fill of her, I took to my bed, leaving her as she was bound, for the night.

The next morning I woke her with a rough slap on her ass followed by an equally rough ass fucking. Then, I left her as she was and had my breakfast.

Over the next few weeks we would re-enact this scene, and others like it, many times. However, I had other pleasures envisioned in our lives. So, I set my jaw and made plans to realize those pleasures, no matter how difficult it would be for her.

The first thing that I did was to take her to a friend who ran a hair removal "clinic" and had her body hair removed via electrolysis. This was a slow, slightly painful process and took several trips. Nevertheless, her body hair was eventually removed. Soon afterwards I began, in earnest, to turn her into the object that I wanted her to be.

The first thing that I did to her was to bind her arms behind her back. And, since I had intentions of making her as useful for sex as I could, I settled on binding each wrist to their opposing forearm. To do this I attached a neoprene-lined cuff around each forearm and bound her opposing wrist's cuff to it. Then, I attached similar cuffs

to her upper arms. These cuffs had a thin metal bar that connected the two, together and held them in place.

Now, her forearms were slightly higher than her waist, parallel to the ground, when standing. One of the nice side effects of this binding was that her posture was nearly perfect.

For the next few weeks I let her get accustomed to her binding. I, also, tested out my theory that this would make for the best binding for a multitude of sexual positions. I was correct in my assumption of her usefulness for sex, bound as she was.

In fact, the only drawback to this binding was that she could not wash herself or take care of her feminine hygiene. Such things were left to me. I, as a good owner, took care of all such duties for her.

Amazingly, she never complained about the binding. In fact, her only complaint was that I only fucked her in the ass or the mouth. Her lamentations were quickly put to rest after a sound beating.

Soon, after she became more accustomed to her arm binding I decided to treat her to a new facet of her slavery. She listened intently, as I told her that she should no longer consider herself a person, or even an animal, but an object. And, I explained, as an object, she had no rights - not even those that might be given to an animal. That was the first night that she ate kibble from her dish, on the floor.

Some might think this cruel, but I made certain that her diet was sound. I bought the best dog food for her and, occasionally, treated her to some snacks from the table, after I ate. She was very good in eating anything that I gave her. After dinner, she was expected to suck my cock for her desert.

About 3 months after her arm binding I noticed that her arms were becoming atrophied. I pointed this out to her one day after her desert. She was saddened to hear that it didn't matter, since they would never be used again. I must say, she was rather upset to hear this news and voiced it rather eloquently.

It was the next day, I believe, that she told me that she wanted out of our relationship. She expressed to me her doubts as to wanting so complete a life of

slavery and that she never had any intentions of losing the use of her arms or any other part of her body for forever.

When she had completed her monologue I brought her into my bedroom. Then, I withdrew some rope from beneath my bed and bound her breasts, tightly. Her ankles I bound together and then, loosely to the bottom of my beds footboard.

She spent the next few hours hanging, by her breasts, from the top crossbeam, at the foot of my bed. Before her release, from her terrible pain, I made her promise never to disappoint me again. Then, I pushed her down, across my bed and fucked her ass and mouth. And, though she was, obviously disgusted, she did not hesitate to suck my cock after it had been in her ass. In fact, she didn't even hesitate to lick the sweat from my ass and armpits when commanded. Clearly, my torture had changed her whole outlook.

Not too long after her breast torture, I decided to pierce her nipples and clit. She was none too happy with this. Still, she took it stoically. I graced her with three gold plated rings.

To the rings on her nipples I attached a short golden chain that connecting the two together. To her clit ring I attached a small nametag that read, simply, "Slave for Life". She cried, when I showed it to her. I'm not certain why.

Soon, after her piercing, I routinely led her on a leash, attached to her clit ring, into my spacious back yard. Often, I made her swim in the pool until she was exhausted. I will tell you that she became quite adept at swimming, with no arms, in a relatively short time.

Other times, I would have her run, on her toes, around my pool, until sweat poured from her body, whereupon I would fuck her ass until I was ready to cum. Much to her displeasure, I always came in her mouth.

Watching her prance around my pool on her toes gave me inspiration. After much toil, I constructed two short stainless steel bars, armed with two, short spikes, that fit under her heels and then back up to the cuffs around her ankles. The bar, then, screwed onto the cuff at her ankles. The resulting effect was that she could not bring

her heels to the ground without tremendous pain. She did not appreciate this, but suffered it, well.

She became quite used to walking on her toes, rather quickly. And, it had a rather pleasing effect, shaping her calves quite nicely, over time. I will say that the only problem with her walking like this was that she began developing calluses on her feet. However, always diligent, I took the time to care for her feet and I would spend many a night rubbing them with pumice stone and treating her to wax dips, thus keeping her feet in soft form. This was one of the few things that she seemed to enjoy these days, often falling asleep during my care.

After about a year into our life as master/slave I decided that she needed a more appropriate place to sleep. Slaves, after all, do not sleep with their master. It was at this time that I revealed to her a device that I knew she would hate - her new bed.

I had had this "bed" for some time. I kept it stored in my garage for many years, never having any use for it. Really, I only bought it as a novelty, never believing that I would get a chance to use it. Times do change.

The "bed" is a wooden totem, of sorts. It was carved, by hand and had depictions of many strange faces upon its center pole. Bored into the totem are several holes, angled upwards, at distances of about 4 inches apart. The base is wide and heavy and has four eyehooks around it, on all four sides. And, the top of it has a small padded recess cut into it, about the size of a human head, with large "D" rings on either side set into the wood.

After bringing it into my bedroom and securing it with bolts, to the floor, I brought her into my room and displayed it for her. She was aghast when I told her its purpose. And, truth be told, it is a rather intimidating piece of furniture if one is told that they are to be using it as their nightly bed.

It was when I told her to stand in front of it that she began to fuss. Still, she did as told, fearing my dissatisfaction. Then, I told her to turn around and face away from the totem, which she did.

As I approached her, she began crying and begging me not to make her sleep this

way. Then, she fell to her knees and began kissing my feet and begging me to let her go. Of course, I didn't, or she would not be here with us, today.

At any rate, I stood her up and pushed her to the totem. As she stood against it I measured the hole that would best fit her height. Then, I had her step away after which I slipped a large phallus into the hole and secured it with a bolt on the other side.

After securing the phallus I placed a wooden block at the totem's base and told her to stand on it facing me. She climbed up on the block and turned to face me, the phallus poking her round posterior.

Once in position she began begging me to relent. She argued that the phallus was too large and that she could not take it. Still, she did as she was told when commanded to slide herself onto the phallus. Of course, I did take the time to remind her of the pain that I could cause her.

As soon as the phallus was inside her ass I strapped her head back into the top recess of the totem and gagged her with a large ball gag. Then, I kneeled down at her feet and lifted her left foot up and back, off of the block and secured it to the totem. Then, I lifted her other foot from the block and placed it similarly, locking it to the totem, as well.

The groan that she emitted as she sank down, further, on the phallus filled me with lust and I was tempted to take her down and fuck her. Despite my urges, I left her there for the night.

The morning light awoke me. I opened my eyes to see her bound to the totem. For quite awhile, I lay in my bed, admiring her torture, thinking at how wonderful this torture must have been for her.

She collapsed into my arms as soon as I pulled her from her "bed". Then, I laid her on my bed and enjoyed the site of her tortured ass. No longer was it a small puckering hole, now it was open and stretched. Filled with lust, I fell upon her, fucking her ass with hard, bludgeoning thrusts. And, when, at last, I was ready to climax, I pulled her head to my cock and pushed it into her mouth, exploding.

Automatically, she swallowed.

The next several months were not terribly different from the months previous, except for the fact that she was mounted on the totem nightly. And, though it was clear that she detested being mounted on it, she rarely protested.

At our second-year anniversary I decided that it was time to take things another step forward. So, after removing her from her nightly torture on the totem I introduced her to a new idea that I had brewing in my head.

As I told her my plans, she began to weep. Then, she pleaded against my plans. She even attempted to resist me as I bound her into place. It was of no use, of course. And she soon found herself suffering as I had promised she would.

The party was a success. I had invited over a four of my closest friends for dinner and drinks. We had a marvelous time talking over old times and telling jokes. They admired my home, which they had not seen since its purchase. And then, after our dinner they enjoyed the slave that I displayed to them.

When she saw them she seemed a bit hopeful. I imagine that she thought that one of them would rescue her from the position that she was now in. Unfortunately, for her, my friends were all of similar bent as myself. So, instead of release she found herself the subject of much admiration.

When they saw her, she was bound on her knees, bent backwards over the toilet in the guest bathroom. Her head was held back with a harness that severely limited any movement. Her ankles had been pulled back as far as I could get them and chained around the back of the toilet. Underneath, and between her slightly spread legs, was a small basin. Her mouth was filled with a mouthpiece from some old scuba equipment that I had, long since, stopped using and held in with a leather strap. The air hose that fit into the mouthpiece led to a basin that rested in a small plant stand beside and slightly in front of her. The final piece to her bondage was a clothespin that I used to pinch her nose closed. She looked marvelously miserable.

She screamed from behind the mouthpiece as the first trickles of piss flowed from my cock and into the basin to trickle into her mouth. And, though she had resisted

swallowing, at first, she found that if she wanted to breathe, she had to swallow. Soon, she found herself in the unpleasant position of swallowing, not just my piss, but the piss of the four friends that I had brought to my home, as well.

She suffered well. Everybody said so.

After my company left I went to the bathroom to check on her. Apparently, we were not the only ones who found the need to release our bladders, as the basin between her legs was filled with her own urine.

Staring down at her I told her how pleased I was that she had behaved so well. To reward her, I told her, I was going to pour her own urine into the basin for her to drink. She moaned slightly as I began pouring her urine into the basin.

Once she had finished drinking the urine I removed her from her position and allowed her to use the toilet. Then, I took her into my shower and cleaned her up. Finally, after I allowed her to suck my cock, I mounted her on her totem for the night.

The next morning after I removed her from the mounting I decided that it was time that I had a talk with her, to tell her of my future intentions. Also, I wanted to satisfy my sadistic interests. I knew that she had not enjoyed her slavery for some time. However, my sadistic side wanted to know just how much she disliked it. And, I wanted to know what she thought of my future plans. I do enjoy mental torture.

So, I sat her down on my couch and asked her how she enjoyed being my slave. She was incredulous that I would even ask. Then, she recanted how she had not used her arms in over a year and how she had eaten dog food every day for her meals. She recanted, too, her terrible few hours, hanging from her breasts. She went into detail at the terrible way that I mounted her on the totem, every night and how she felt constant pain when mounted. Finishing with her use as a toilet, which she proclaimed as inhumane.

Then, I told her that I planned to sell her to one of my friends who intended on shipping her to Mexico to use her for donkey shows. At this she became frantic, begging me not to sell her and promising me everything that I already had. Oh, but I

enjoyed her begging and her frantic asking of forgiveness for the things that she had just said.

While she begged I produced the key that would unlock her arms from her bondage. Then, I told her that I was going to release her arms. And, if she could unlock her cuffs and dress herself that I would let her go. If she could not, I told her, I would assume that she wished to be a slave for life and would ensure that she never saw freedom again. And with those words, I released her arms and sat the key on the table before her.

She struggled; trying to straighten out her arms, but could not. She moved close to the table and picked up the key, fumbling to get it in her grasp. Finally, after she had the key in her fingers she bent over to unlock her ankles from their cuffs.

After a few minutes of struggling, she began crying as she discovered that she could not unlock the cuffs. Her arms, having been held in position for so long, would not straighten out enough to allow her to maneuver the key into the slot that would release the cuffs from her ankles. More, her fingers had little dexterity and she found herself repeatedly picking the key from where she had dropped it. Finally, she slumped to the floor and sobbed, her hopes of freedom broken.

Shortly, after I had allotted her time to come to grips with her future I made her stand. Then, slowly, I began to re-bind her arms as they had been bound for so long. She sobbed as I told her that she would never use her arms again. Surprisingly, she did not protest or struggle, sobbing in sad acceptance. That night, I modified her body a little further.

It took several weeks for her mouth to heal, properly. However, as I was diligent with her care, I made certain to medicate her wounds appropriately so that they healed as quickly as possible and with no infection. Now, she had three golden rings through her upper and lower lips.

Further modification included I removing the cuffs from her ankles and installing large golden rings around each Achilles tendon. I was pleased, that despite the removal of the bar from under her heel, she still walked on her toes. Apparently, she was so used to doing so that she did so automatically. She looked quite dramatic.

The night that I declared her wounds healed I attached a ten-inch chain between the rings at her heels. Now, hobbled as she was, she found that walking was more difficult than it had ever been. I reveled in her misery. Still, I wasn't satisfied.

Later that day, I decided it was time to make use of her sandy blonde hair. In short order, I had her hair braided and laced with a long leather strap that ended in a snap-back connector. Once her hair was braided, I pulled it over and then under her forearms, pulling her head back and locking the connector to a ring at the back of her collar.

When I stepped back to look at my handiwork I was gifted with an unexpected surprise. With her head pulled back so dramatically, her mouth was forced to stay open. Though she did have the ability to close her mouth, it was very difficult.

One unfortunate aspect of her new binding was that I could not mount her on the totem without removing her from this new bondage. With that in mind I decided to create a new torture for her to suffer through the nights.

For the next two nights, as I toiled in my workshop, she slept hanging from my bed by her large breasts. Maybe she didn't sleep, I don't really know. I, also, locked the rings on her lips together, so her screams and begging were, mostly, muffled.

In the evening, after I had finished my construct, I introduced her to her new bed. I do believe that there was some relief when I told her that she would no longer suffer nights on the totem. However, there was a clear sense of sadness when I told her that her new misery would be as permanent as her new head binding.

The device that I created was a simple one. It consisted of a wide baseboard with a post at its front. Attached to the post was a large plastic ball, shaped much like a trailer hitch ball. This ball fit in her mouth and served to support her upper body while waiting on her knees to be locked in. At the opposing end sits a square post that hinges onto the baseboard and has a larger ball attached to it. When brought up the ball becomes seated inside of her ass. To lock her in place I have a board with two dowels in its end. The dowels fit into holes that are situated behind the hinged post, locking it into position.

After locking her down for the night I slid a triangular box underneath her body. The box served in two capacities. The first purpose was to prevent her from slumping down too far. The second purpose was pain. Should she slump down far enough her torso would rest upon a corner of the triangular box, pushing the sharp edge into her skin.

Over the next few months I enjoyed her pain as she stumbled here and there at my command. From time to time I would take advantage of her open mouth, flicking cigar ashes into her mouth as she kneeled beside me while I watched the television. Sometimes I would humiliate her by taking her outside and using her as my urinal.

Unfortunately, there is only so much joy that I can get out of body modifications and torture. Over the next year I tired of the daily tortures.

Being a man of sexual nature I find that most body modifications are not, truly fit for sex. And, while I am sadistic, there is a limit to my sadism. Frankly, though I had intended to do so, I could never find it within myself to completely modify her.

Finally, and this is the reason that I am selling her to you. The work of maintaining her as she is has grown too cumbersome for its rewards. I believe that my next slave will be treated less harshly and with fewer modifications. And, though I have thought about easing her suffering, I do believe that there is no going back for her.

Do with her as you will with her. I know that she will be treated as well as a slave can be treated. I realize that I will probably never see her again and that you will further her journey. I do hope that you will let me know how she fares, from time to time. I do care for her, after all.

Nearly two years after he had sold her to the slaver a package was delivered to his door. It contained a videocassette that was labeled "Latex Doll". After removing the wrapping he ambled into his living room and slid the cassette into his VCR. After sitting on the couch he pointed his remote and began the show. What he saw, both shocked, and excited him.

Were it not for the fact that he knew it was her, he would not have recognized the

“girl” facing him, at all. Then, as the camera pulled in close to her head, the cameraman began his narration.

“It took us awhile to decide the best job for your former slave. After much deliberation we decided that it would make an excellent rubber doll,” began the voice. “So, after permanently removing it’s hair, teeth, fingernails and toe nails, we got to work.”

“As you can see, it has been completely covered with black latex. Its mouth has been fitted with a ring gag so that it may provide its operator with oral gratification if he, or she, wishes. And, other than breathing holes for its nose, there are no other openings to its latex mask.”

The camera panned down as the narration continued. “ I have augmented its breasts, as you can see. The implants have made its, already large breasts, considerably larger. These are slightly smaller than a regulation basketball. Rather a pleasing, don’t you think?”

He was amazed at the size of her latex covered breasts. They were freakishly large and yet, somehow, he found that he was aroused by this modification.

The narration continued. “I had its nipples pierced again, as you can see. Frankly, I liked the look of the gold rings that you had installed on this model, so I stayed with your design. I rather like how they stand out against the black latex.”

Then, the camera panned down to her crotch. “ Since I like my dolls to be sleek, in design, I removed its clitoris. This makes the pubic mound much more pleasing, aesthetically, when covered in latex- no lumps. Also, the latex extends around its labia. This serves to complete the look of a doll, while giving the full feeling of a living being when you make use of it’s hole.”

“What you did with its legs was quite stunning.” The narrator began, as the camera panned down her legs. “I’ll tell you that this is the one model that does not require any special shoes to keep its toes pointed. So, unlike other models I did not fit it with special shoes - I simply covered its feet in latex. As you can see” the camera panned around to her heels, “I did add another piercing to its leg, just over yours. Again, the

shiny gold is quite a contrast against the black.”

Now, the camera panned up her leg and focused on her ass. A darkly clad man moved into frame and spread her ass as the narration began again. “You can see that the latex goes right up to the hole.” He began, “We want our models to look as much like dolls as we can. I think we do a pretty good job of it, frankly.”

“Also,” he continued, as the camera panned up to her back “we kept this models arms bound the way that you had. The only difference is that we used only latex to hold them together. Frankly, after so long a time of not being used, the arms of this model are quite useless.” He finished.

Then, the camera panned back around to the front of her so that he could see her whole body. Then she was guided to a large black platform that had a post in the middle of it. Once she was standing in the middle, the post was raised and slipped into her ass.

“We just mounted it on a doll display stand. The way I designed the stand the doll can stay on it for hours without threat of injury. It’s rather ingenious, if I do say so myself.” Said the voice.

“I know that you cared for this model. So, I will give you the first opportunity to buy it. Of course, maintaining a doll isn’t the easiest of tasks. Even though this latex is breathable, you still have to remove it, clean the unit and then redress it. You’ll see, if you buy it - we’ll give you a complete care booklet on its maintenance.”

“By the way, we do provide you with four latex suits, so you wont have to suffer through suit maintenance immediately after cleaning the model. Besides that we have this models size requirements in our data base and can always replace any damaged suits.”

“Oh, one other thing. If you choose to purchase it back I will throw in a doll display stand.”

“We’ll be in contact, soon, to see if you wish to purchase it back.”

The tape ended.

Mounted on a display stand was the doll that he had just purchased. He sat in his den, smoking a cigar and admiring it. He thought it a strange irony that a woman should be turned into a latex fuck doll.

“Welcome back,” he said to the doll. Sadistically he added “You are now and forever a doll. You will never know the freedoms that you once had. You are now and forever a plastic toy with no life or identity. You are officially a thing.”

The doll gave no notice. It had been converted thoroughly and had little sense of self. It had no wants or ambitions. Its thoughts were only for contact, longing to be touched and used even as it was repulsed from such. It did not know why. It only knew its place. Marissa no longer remained.