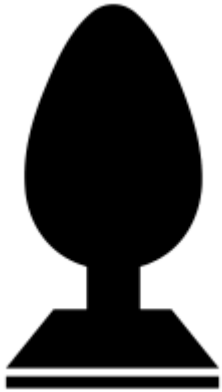


Amber In a Box

Category: Text Stories

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By MrBondskin

Part 1: The Arrival

The box was finally pried open. All the partygoers leaned forward with their martini and brandy glasses in hand. A slight muffle was heard through all of the Styrofoam blocks. The well-dressed man to whom this crate was addressed rummaged through the crate and the Styrofoam like a kid rifling through a giant Cracker Jacks box. The guests peered in for a closer look. The gasps were audible as his blue-blooded friends and colleagues focused on the form beyond the foam.

It was a beautiful girl, no more than 18, arranged perfectly in the center of the cube that had been her cell for two shipping days. The gasps were not so much for the fact that the contents were human, but rather reflecting the manner of her packaging. The teenager's mouth was wide open, but filled with a metal dildo which was mounted to the inside wall of the crate. A set of rubber guards, not unlike a mouthpiece worn by athletes, capped both sets of teeth. A large metal ring descended from her nose, pierced right at the septum. The ring dangled low enough to rest against the thick shaft of the metal dildo. Unseen was a tiny breathing tube that ran through the middle of the dildo. One open end of the tubing reached for outside air through a tiny hole in the crate itself; and the other open end of course was held firmly inside the teenager's mouth.

Further defoaming revealed more of the girl's svelte physique, and the remainder of her body's strict bondage. She wore no clothes, if you do not count the obvious accessories needed to restrain her limbs. On her left breast, a white Post-It note was literally pinned on her with a two-inch long needle. The note simply read in red letters: Slave's name upon delivery, Amber. The man removed the pin rather quickly, eliciting a wimpish moan from the girl. Only her tight blindfold prevented everyone from seeing the new tears forming in her eyes.

"Quickly Charles, do pass the note around," a voice said coming from the couch. It was a man much older than the upholstery he was seated on, holding a brandy elegantly in his palm. With his free hand, he flicked with his pointy mustache and pleaded with his associate, "And for God's sake, Charles, get out of the way. We all want to get a good look at her."

Charles removed the pin from the terse note and passed it to the tenders fingers of his fiancée, Miss Leonia. Then he took two steps back to allow others to see inside. His head tilted like some curious dog, trying to both fix his view and figure out her various predicaments.

Slave Amber's arms were bent at the elbow behind her back, and both of her limbs fit snugly into a fully laced black armbinder. The ring at the end of the binder was pulled straight back to the wooden wall facing her ass. An eyebolt had been secured into the crate and the armbinder ring was padlocked to the metal ring of the bolt. Amber's back was drawn up into an awkward arch as her knees were forced up under her body. A leather strap was tied at the bend in her knees and that strap had two small chain links that travelled north to connect with the slave's collar ring. Her unpadded collar was made of an unforgiving plated iron. Around her neck their were obvious signs that the box's movements could be felt painfully inside the crate itself.

A larger dildo emerged from its position on the opposite side of the crate. Much of the metal dildo could be seen, but even more of it was plunged inside the girl's pussy. Even after days of shipping time, the self-charging batteries could be heard humming inside the dildo. Charles looked closer. The dildo was vibrating just enough to keep her moist, but not nearly enough to induce an orgasm. Taped along the shaft of the vaginal dildo was a thin clear plastic tube. It ran from within her

urethra, along the dildo, then stapled carefully to the bottom inside of the crate, and finally ran up to the metal dildo, where the tube was again taped until it ran into Amber's mouth. What the onlookers could not see was the amount of piss that the girl had rotated from her own body, from pussy to mouth, over and again in the last 48 hours.

Charles could see there something sitting firmly and widely in her anus. A raised half inch of a plastic black dildo reared its shiny head. In truth, it was more a plug filling up her asshole. The butt-plug was shaped like a huge acorn with tapered ends. Extending from the exterior of the butt-plug was a small black tube leading to an oval pump. Though most in his crowd might not be able to interpret the genius of this device, Charles knew that the plug must enter the asshole as one size, and then, with a few pumps, the plug doubled in girth once inside the pitiable victim. This plug also prevented the slave from shitting on herself in her travel box, try as she might.

Charles turned to his small audience. He reached into his pocket and pulled out the envelope that held a set of keys that had been sent overnight to him separately. He jingled them for effect and got the attention of all.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, the dessert has finally arrived."

Part 2: The Bath

After an hour of carefully extracting Amber from her small prison cell, her situation had not improved drastically. She was hanging upside down in one of many of the mansion's "playrooms." Her head was looking at hardwood floor about 4 feet away. The slave's arms were still in the binder and now the ring was drawn up to the wooden beams near the ceiling.

Everything else that held her in the box so securely had been removed, save for the iron collar and the monstrous butt-plug. Amber could feel the rumble in her belly and intestines from the absolute need to relieve herself there. Her eyes were wide with fear as Charles handed out different whip to his party mates. She was whipped furiously by men and woman alike. It did not take long to discover that while she was trained not to speak, Amber did have a voice for screaming. The whip came crashing down on every part of her naked body no less than 1000 times. She bucked

and squirmed and wiggled with each whiplash like some slinky worm baited off a fisherman's hook.

Charles lowered her exhausted body carefully down to the hardwood. His maids came over and offered her a cup of water. She instinctively swallowed what was trickled to her lips. Then she instantly spit it out when she tasted that it was vinegar. Amber was covered in welts and tiny bruises. Her body was covered in a coat of sweat, and she couldn't even lift her legs to move. The trip had been long for this slave, so Charles ordered his maids to run her a bath and personally clean every last inch of her.

Once in the warm water, Amber regained a little of her own strength. She was surprised by the kindness of the maids as they lowered her into the roman tub. It was large enough for three women, so the maids removed their short skirts, frilly black and white tops, and high heels and slipped into the pool of water as well. As Amber's eyes focused on the maids getting each other wet, she realized that she was looking at a set of identical twins. They had matching dark Betty Page hairstyles and each had identical deep dark brown eyes to highlight their light brown Asian complexions.

Tai and Kai had smallish breasts but their perky nipples were accented by gleaming silver on their nipples. Tai had both of her nipples pierced with small silver rings, while Kai had her dark nipples pierced with silver bars that ran horizontally. The contrasts were made in their clit rings as well. Tai had a bright ring piercing her clit, and Kai had the silver bar. This was evidently the method Charles used to tell the two apart. Amber had only known the pain in her nasal septum piercing. So far, her primary master had made no other piercing demands. But she was aware that when she was gifted out to a fellow master, the permission to pierce Amber was made implicit just by her arrival.

The lovely maids made their way to Amber's pain-wrecked body and slowly, sensually applied their soapy sponges to her skin. When one maid was running the sponge, the other was generally kissing or licking the newly arrived slave. That's when Amber noticed the feel of something across her tongue. Tai had her tongue pierced with a small ring that just extended over the edge of her tongue. And of

course, this meant that Kai had her lively tongue pierced with a bar instead.

It was not difficult to momentarily forget her own pains, although Amber's plugged ass was still rumbling. Rumbling loud enough for the Asian twins to hear. Amber pleaded with the twins to let her remove the plug. Tai and Kai looked at each other. They had been slaves for only six months, and clearly they knew something of the agony she was experiencing. Amber was so grateful. She kissed them both quickly before trying to raise her body up out of the tub. When her fatigue was so obvious, the twins assisted her, steadying her as Amber reached around to decompress the device in her ass. Amber's arms were useless. They had been tied together in that box for so long, she could still hardly feel them, let alone move them at will.

"Please, I need your help. I need you to help me pull it out."

With only a little hesitation, Kai reached back for the oval ball and found the small red release valve. She let the air out very slowly, and even so, Amber was trying to stifle new tears with the reduction of pressure in her rectum. Any movement period around her asshole was causing great discomfort.

Abruptly, Kai's wrist was grabbed and a fist full of her black hair was pulled harshly back. It was Charles. He had come to check on the cleaning of his new plaything. In seconds, Tai had dropped her position holding up Amber and she dashed out onto the marble floor. Cold and wet she dropped to her knees, bent her head down looking to the floor, with her hands firmly clasped behind her back. Tai arched her back and exaggerated the thrust of her petite breasts. Amber slid back into the water and just laid there, not knowing what to expect from this new surrogate master. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw a slippery wet Kai assume the same submissive position as her twin sister.

"I am so disappointed in you. All of you."

Charles reached for Amber and lifted her by the ring on her collar, hoisting her perfectly rounded ass above the water. He readjusted the pressure valve and squeezed the pump several times. Amber's screams could be heard by all the drunken boozers and debutantes downstairs.

“I didn’t give anyone permission to remove this, or even loosen it.”

Then he turned his full attention to his submissive, and recently disobedient Asian slaves. “You are so eager to disregard the established rules. Since you two are so willing to help relieve this new slave, I’m going to let you both enjoy the fruits of your labor.”

Part 3: The Show

The guests had pulled up about 25 fold-out leather director’s chairs and they circled the young Amber as she hung from the ceiling. The slave’s wrists had been cuffed and connected to the chainlink, and most of her body’s weight was supported by her dainty wrists. The only other support came from the leather restraints around her ankles. Each ankle was pulled wide apart in opposite directions, exposing her sex for everyone to see. The monstrous buttplug remained in her sore asshole, pumped even larger so that it would not slip even the slightest inch with her legs spread to far apart.

Below Amber, not a two feet away from edge of her toes, lie the two disobedient slaves, Tai and Kai. Master Charles had each girl wrapped up in strict Shibari style rope bondage. Flat on their back, their wrists were stretched down to their knees, and their ankles had been drawn back painfully to the level of their elbows. They were lying with one ear touching, their legs running in opposing directions, so that Tai’s right cheek touched Kai’s right cheek. The breasts had been roped off and squeezed fiercely by the constrictive ropes. Tai and Kai could just roll down their eyes to see that their little breasts were already turning a shade of light purple. The individual necks were chained down to the floor. Charles had returned their collars and padlocked the D-rings to eyebolts that ran everywhere along the floor of this playroom.

Directly above their faces, Amber’s plugged ass squirmed and shook. The pressure in her bowels was growing worse with every second. For some 2 hours, Charles let the crowd take this scene in. To make things a little more interesting, Charles told his friends to piss on the Asian twins whenever they walked by to freshen their drinks or pick up more finger food. The older men with older bladders made much use of Tai and Kai. Aiming piss right into their dark brown eyes, or shooting their

voluminous piss directly into one of the girl's mouths. Tai knew that she had better try to give the appearance that she liked this behavior; she knew from past experience that the Master would then "go easy on them". Tai and Kai could just turn their faces toward one another, so Tai would try to engage her sister with piss-shared kisses, but poor Kai could not disguise her disgust for the piss, and she feared what she knew was ultimately coming next. Tai in the meantime, would lick on the yellowed cheeks of her sister, and try to slurp up any piss that flowed freely down Kai's cheekbone.

Charles handed his fiancée, the lovely Leonia, a small black box with a dial on the face of it. Charles was preparing the thin electrical cords which sprung from the box. He spliced the free ends and then approached his borrowed slave. After wiping sweat from her nipples and breasts, Charles took the copper ends of one wire and wrapped them tightly around her left nipple. He repeated this wrapping with her right nipple. Checking for a loose wire, he tugged hard on the thin wires, prompting loud moans and numerous pleas from the hanging Amber. Her fingers had gone numb some time ago, and she was losing the feeling in her arms next. Everyone in the room could hear the rumbling in her ass.

Charles had his party come to attention again. He explained a little bit of the boring science behind what his wife was holding, but once the demonstration commenced, no one had a difficult time figuring out that Amber's tits were being shocked by Charles beautiful fiancée. When the electrical juice first hit Amber, her body appeared to jump to attention. The setting was on Low, but the effect was still evident. All of her tight stomach muscles contracted showing off her tremendous abdominal tone. The long lean muscles in her legs were revealed and the veins in her neck popped up alertly.

Noting the jarring of her teeth, Charles waved for Leonia to rest the box for a moment. A few seconds later, Charles was back with a thick rubber ring gag for the slave's mouth. He had to step up on a chair to reach Amber's face. Her head was tilted and looked almost lifeless. The jaws of her mouth opened just enough to slide the ring gag inside. Charles wrapped the leather around to the back of her head and looped the gag on tightly.

Leonia returned to her role as torturer. She rolled the dial to the setting which said Medium. Amber's bladder instantly gave way, sending a wild rollicking stream of piss down to the Asian faces below. Amber bucked in her bonds, her toes curled and her fingers were stretched out until they appeared to want free of her hand.

Everyone watching knew they were witnessing something unique. Finally, Leonia twisted the setting to the last reading, High. Within seconds, Amber's wrists and ankles were scraping fiercely against their restraints. Amber's tongue was doing somersaults in the circle of her ring gag. Copious drool was running like a stream down her gag, over her chin, and falling to her chest. One of the copper wires broke free from its shaky hold, but Amber's body continued to convulse.

And then everyone heard a loud pop, much like a cork freeing itself of a champagne bottle. Amber's buttplug exploded from her body and shot straight to the hardwood floor, just missing Tai's helpless body. With the explosion came the release of everything the plug had previously, and for more than 48 hours, held at bay. No one seated could even make out the tears each sister was shedding out of humiliation and disgust. Finally, the second set of wires dislodged from Amber's nipples. The sweat-soaked slave stopped moving immediately, her head falling forward to rest closer to her chest.

Part 4: The Afterhours

Breakfast was laid out beautifully on the table for Charles and his wife. The maids usually did such a wonderful job, and this morning was exceptional. Charles knew their efforts must have been doubled as a result of last evening's punishment.

As for the twin slaves, they were given their five minutes to eat also in the kitchen. Their matching bowls were sitting on the black and white checkered floor in the corner. Tai and Kai were in the customary hands and knees position, with their tongues pressed deep into their dishes trying to devour quickly every last morsel of the awful-tasting high-protein mush that was their meal.

The sisters also wore their mandated morning maid outfits. Each girl was clothed in black latex leggings, shiny opera gloves, 7-inch heels, a micro-mini black latex skirt, with the neckline of the blouse cut away. Their breasts were completely exposed,

and their pierced nipples stood straight up as the floor was usually cold to the touch. Rubber collars were wrapped snug around their thin necks, with a single O-ring dangling toward the floor. The Betty Page haircuts were highlighted by a frilly black and white lacy French maid's tiara.

In a distant room of the mansion, those guests that wanted to stay over the night continued the party. In fact, most of them had not slept at all during the night and into the morning. It was an immaculate, gothic themed room with an enormously tall and elaborate 4-post bed. With her collar chained to one of the posts, Amber was the perfect all-night fuck toy for the excited and energized guests. About ten men had used her body and every orifice over the last 8 hours. She had been forced to swallow countless loads of cum, her incredibly sore ass had been pummelled almost as frequently as her hairless pussy. And more times than she cared to remember, her exhausted figure had been squished into a sandwich by two to three men. Her mind tried to find thoughts to carry her away especially when she had a cock gagging her mouth, a second cock penetrating her pussy, and finally a third cock pushing its way rather easily now past her anal ring and deep into her asshole.

Amber woke some hours later in a new confinement. Warm water was hitting her face, and she struggled to see what was going on. She was in a brightly lit room, where everything appeared to be made of a shiny silver metal. Two bright fluorescent lamps lit the entire room. It reminded her of a clinic. The water finally stopped. She saw the smiling face of Master Charles enter her view. She lifted her chin and rose to speak, but a black rubber ballgag in her mouth reduced the sound to nonsense.

"You are in my little medical office, dear. I know you've been to the Ob-Gyn before, so you'll recognize the stirrups holding your legs up and cold table under your naked body. In a few hours though, I don't know if you will recognize yourself."

Charles walked over to a metal table and he returned with a mobile cart topped off with a hundred and one menacing surgeon's instruments. Amber began to renew her struggles, only to find that leather restraints held her ankles and wrists down to the medical chair. Charles continued to reorganize the sterile metal tools.

"When your Master and I made the arrangements, as you know, there was a sizable

sum of cash and a plain contract involved. I remember the phrase, something about, 'No permanent damage' being included somewhere. But after all, what is the definition of 'damage' anyway? I don't remember that one being clearly spelled out. You know what I was thinking? One person's damage is another person's art. I mean, if an egg is cracked, sure it's damaged, but now, the egg has the chance to become something else. A chance to be modified, if you will. I know, it's a crude analogy, Amber, but I'm kind of pressed for time."

Amber felt a prick at her arm, and she realized it was an injection. Charles waved, almost playfully, as her drowsy eyelids flickered up and down.

"Sweet dreams."

Part 5: The Homecoming

Finally, Master John pried the 6 foot-tall crate open. As the wooden wall came crashing down with a thunderous roar, thousands of tiny S-shaped styrafoam pieces poured out. John was immediately at a loss for words. Amber, his freshly trained slave had been returned from her weekend at Charles mansion. And it was obvious that Charles had decided to make a few alterations on his slave.

Amber was standing up in the box, screaming at top of her lungs, but the complex gag held most of the sounds in check. Amber's eyes were filled with tears. She had actually been crying off and on since she had awakened inside the box. A harness gag was wrapped around her head, and the top ring of the gag was padlocked to a D-ring fixed onto the top of the crate. An oversized red ballgag was the centerpiece. And in the center of the gag, Charles had drilled a hole for her breathing tube, which ran its way to the outside of the crate, at least allowing her to breathe.

On her left cheek, the surrogate master had tattooed a small but very noticeable red heart. Within the walls of the outline, the word SLAVE was etched in calligraphy. Her ears had six additional rings on the semi-hard cartilage. Amber's nose ring had been replaced by a more complex piercing. On either side of the septum, a metal plate was situated. The metal plates had two hollow circles which allowed for two rings to pierce through her septum and hold the plates in place. The plates had been formed and then welded, creating a permanent piercing. The inner ring was thinner

and smaller, while the outer ring was thicker and nearly touched Amber's top lip.

Around Amber's neck, Charles had tattooed intricate Eastern Oriental designs and symbols. They covered almost her entire neck. And what wasn't touched by the permanent ink was covered by the unpadded iron collar. Charles had also made serious modifications of the slave's breast size. For most of her life after puberty, Amber's breast size was a modest 36B. After the implant surgery and subsequent 24 hours of saline injections, her chest at this moment could be measured at 40DD. Charles knew of course that much of the swelling would go down, but he wanted to impress John when she was delivered first out of the box.

One of the reasons that Amber was screaming into her gag was the unnatural and agonizing pain of the skin covering her breasts. She felt like she was going to pop. Complicating that pain was the incredible throbbing in her nipples. Her nipples had been pierced a total of three times each. The deepest piercing was a bar that really went through the areola more than the nipple. The second piercing was an ordinary ring, about one inch in diameter, and the third piercing was a bar that almost struck the very tip of her nipple. The two bars were connected, and the rods between them were effectively stretching her nipples from her breasts.

Amber's arms were hidden behind her back, held together by the same armbinder that Master John had delivered her with. When John pulled her free of the box entirely, and removed the binder, he would see the brightly-colored Dragon tattoo that started at Amber's right elbow, up her arm, over her shoulder, down her spine, and rounding out over her right asscheek. When Charles was completing this artwork, he hoped he would get the chance to borrow Amber again in the future. His dream, among other fantasies with Amber, was to extend the Dragon tattoo all the way down to her little toe.

Amber was standing up in the crate, but not of her own free will. Her ass was actually sitting on a metal dildo, held up by a 48-inch tall metal pole bolted into the bottom of the crate. She could feel that she was impaled on something, but her augmented breasts would prevent her from seeing just what. The huge 8-inch dildo had tiny dull spikes around its surface, so whenever the package moved, the dildo caused excruciating pain for the girl inside. Even though her feet had been fitted

with ballet boots, which forced Amber to stand on her toes, her asshole could get little relief from the constant presence of the metal invader. The ballet boots were made of a shiny black latex material and they laced in the back, all the way up to where her thighs met her pussy lips.

The teenager knew she was hurting all over, and her body was telling her brain that the pussy held the most painful of all modifications. The hood of her clit had been pierced with a small ring and that ring was connected to the O-ring of her iron collar. Little slack was in that particular chain link, so whenever she lifted her head up slightly, her hood hurt like hell. The clit itself had been pierced not once but twice with metal bars. And along her swollen pussy lips, a series of 6 metals bars effectively sealed her pussy shut. When she was finally reopened, Master John would discover that her inner labia had been pierced closed by a series of 6 tiny rings.

John reached in and removed the Post-it pinned onto her left breast.

“Hope you like the changes. Thanks again, Charles.

P.S.— Is Amber free next weekend?”

John looked up from the note, looked at Amber from head to toe, and smiled.

*** * * The End * * ***