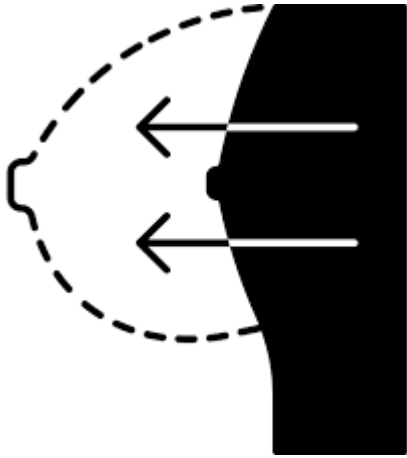


Carol's Tale

Category: Text Stories

written by Sir Valk | August 6, 2002



By Thndrshark

I could never finish this story. I couldn't decide what to do next. If anything, there were too many possibilities, rather than too few. I put an "end of part one" at the bottom, assuming I'll finish it one day. Maybe somebody can inspire me with a good idea?

Carol was excited that the time had come for her to change schools. As she sat in her last class, she could almost feel the tension in the air, created solely by her own anticipation. The entire class was buzzing with the excitement of graduation that day. She watched as her fellow classmates giggled and chatted about the new adventure of high school next year. Carol was almost sad that she wouldn't have the chance to go with them. She knew her parents had planned for her to go to a very private school in the country, not far from home but well away from where her current classmates would be going. She found herself admiring the young girls around her, their slim bodies and budding chests just beginning to attract attention. She had been a loner over the past two years of her schooling, not only due to her quiet nature, but also due to her physical differences. Though she appeared to be a typical 14 year old, the two years had shown dramatic and disturbing development of her own body. Her breasts had grown dramatically over that short period. From a

quite normal 34A size, her breasts now measured close to a 38D. On her smallish frame her chest was both impressive and very humiliating for the young girl. Her parents did little to help her hide her virtues. Instead, they took every opportunity to dress her in tight blouses. Carol wasn't like a typical 14 year old. She knew she differed in one basic and distinct area from the innocent young girls around her. She knew she was being raised by her parents as a sex slave.

She had grown accustomed to the daily pain and humiliation she had been forced to face over the past two years since entering this bizarre world. Now, as she squirmed slightly on her small desk seat, feeling the blow up dildos pressed deep inside her pussy and ass, she was almost afraid of what would come next. Her nipples, permanently hard from the years of forced extension training, pushed against the tight cotton blouse of her school uniform. As her large breasts heaved with her breath, she could feel the tinge of sharp pain from the pull of the chain connecting her mid-nipple rod piercings, through the channel on the front of her corset to her clit ring. After these many months, her waist had been reduced to a slight 18 inches, held at bay by the steel boned leather corset that tried to hide beneath her blouse. The contrast between her waist and chest was startling. Unlike her fellow classmates, whose chests had just begun to grow, Carol would now forever carry these huge tits as a sign of her submission. With her already small frame she looked grossly disproportioned in the mirror. Though her mind wandered, she knew she must pay attention despite the fact that she would never attend this class again. The instructor, an insider in this already strict private school, would report any inappropriate actions to her father, who would not hesitate to punish her in ways her friends in class could not possibly imagine, except in their worst nightmares. As the final bell neared, Carol could not help but feel a sense of loss as this chapter in her life came to a close.

As the bell broke her thought process, she slid out of the small desk and stood on her seven inch heels. Another element that both humiliated and excited her, the towering heels pushed her weight onto her toes, forcing her feet nearly in line with her straining calves. Her school girl knee socks seemed to shape to the attractive form, provoking more than the usual gaze as she moved down the hall, largely from the male (and some female) instructors at the school. Her plaid skirt, the typical uniform for all students, seemed even shorter than on her classmates. Unless she

bent over nobody could see the strip a leather that slid between her legs to hold the plugs inside her, or the two inflation bulbs that dangled between her thighs. Once in awhile she could catch a jingling sound of the small locks that held her chastity belt in place. She had grown accustomed to the changing stimulation the vibrator positioned over her clit provided. A tribute to battery life, she could always count on the vibration lasting for the entire day until she returned to her home. Designed to vibrate off and on through the day, the device kept her on the edge of orgasm constantly. The rosy glow on her face, often misconstrued as the glow of youth, was in fact her flustered expression from the input to her youthful clit. As she walked down the hall to her next class, the chains yanking on her nipples and clit, the vibrator working on her, the heels forcing her on her toes, she tried to savor the moment. She knew she would never see these halls again.

Carol had been officially adopted by the Henderson's two years before. The fact that she was no typical adopted child became quickly evident. Though her new parents treated her in every way like a young girl of their own, their actions were quite different. She arrived late in the day and her first few hours were spent bathing and dressing. Though she expected a certain amount of babying by her new mother and father, she was surprised at how quickly she became immersed in her new life. Her mother shaved all her hair below her neck and her father applied an ointment that would prevent any hair from re-growing. Now, absolutely clean between the legs, she felt even younger. She was led to her new bedroom, complete with pink wallpaper and small stuffed animals, and told to sit at the edge of her bed. Her parents, eager to prepare her for the night's sleep, quickly began applying her new nightly outfit. First, her feet were fitted in to custom ballet boots that wedged her toes deep into a point end. A strap pulled taught behind her heel to hold her foot firmly in place, eliciting tears from young Carol's eyes. Second, a chastity belt was slipped around her waist and she was told to stand on her newly tortured toes, bending over onto the bed. She could feel a rubbery object pushed against her young pussy as her mother pushed a dildo deep into her. It was large and the piece of rubber filled her completely. While she was learning to accept this intrusion, a new pressure began at her asshole. She gasped as a seemingly equally large plug was forced up her ass until she could almost feel the two dildos touching inside. The

strap connected to the waist belt quickly fed between her legs and she was told to stand upright. Designed to hold in the two dildos, the strap was pulled very taut, forcing the rubber objects even deeper into Carol. As she stood there, feeling full, she sensed something dangling between her legs. Looking down, she could see twin inflation bulbs hanging from her crotch. Before she could wonder of their purpose, her arms were lifted over her head and her father began lacing a heavily boned rubber corset around her waist. Extending from just below her breasts and over her hips, she could tell the device was designed to truly train her waist. As the laces became tighter, Carol gasped, trying to breathe. Her already thin waist, a scant 21 inches, had quickly been reduced to 19. She could tell the corset was not closed and knew that it would be before long. She was allowed to lower her arms and her father pulled her arms behind her back, efficiently strapped them tightly together at wrist and elbow. She had always been flexible, able to contort into many unusual positions, so her elbows touched quite easily. She knew that she would become quite accustomed to this form of bondage.

By now her tortured toes began screaming in agony but she was not given the option of sitting down. A wide posture collar, seemingly designed for her, fit snugly around her neck, forcing her chin up high and back. She could hear the heavy padlocks clicking into place. Quickly, Carol began feeling the helplessness of her situation. Her youthful body, still moldable, seemed to take to the hard bondage being applied. She caught sight of her self in a small mirror as she felt her mother's hands gather her long blonde hair together. She could see how her childlike arms had been pulled back severely, pushing out her youthful breasts from her body. The corset around her waist tapered her body nicely, if not painfully. She could just see the two inflation bulbs hanging from her hairless pussy, her small pussy lips forced out by the leather strap pulled tight through her crotch.

Her mother laced her hair into a small braid and she could feel her slip it through her elbow bondage. A sudden tug yanked her head back until she was staring at the ceiling. She tried to pull back but she found her head locked neatly in position. Finally, her mouth was gently pulled open and a large dildo gag was pushed between her jaws. She was amazed at not only the width of it but also of the length. She could feel the rubber shape push her teeth wider and wider until her mouth was forced open to its maximum. The dildo slipped even deeper into her mouth, tickling

her gag reflex. But she would gain no relief as she felt a series of heavy leather straps tighten around her entire head, holding the gag in place. Her body was carefully laid on the soft bed, a stuffed pillow carefully set against her bare chest. She could only stare at the headboard as she felt her father attach a heavy chain from each post to the large rings on the sides of her posture collar. The padlocks held them in place. She could not move from her uncomfortable position. She could only lay still, concentrating on the pain that grew from head to toe. She knew she would need to learn to sleep this way since she would most likely experience this bondage each night. She silently whimpered behind her gag as she could hear her mother start a bedtime story beside her. She tried to scream as she felt her father squeeze the bulbs between her legs, inflating the already huge dildos. Tears flowed down her face as her parents turned out the light and watched their baby from the half open bedroom door.

Carol had a single goal when she graduated from high school and began seeking out her new life in the world. For years she had been haunted by fantasies of submission and body modification to the point that she ceased to be frightened by them. Instead, she began craving a realistic outlet to her fantasy. She had been both blessed and cursed by a youthful appearance, so much so that she looked 12 years old when she was 18. She was naturally thin, standing only 5' 6", but with smallish breasts and a baby face. Though she had trouble getting dates from her classmates throughout school, she did receive a number of interesting and bizarre offers from her friends' fathers. Even when making an effort to look older, she simply managed to look like a well dressed grade schooler. But despite her youthful look, she was very beautiful. She had used the internet to discover the underground need for young female slaves, especially ones who harbored as severe and bizarre fantasies as Carol did. She enjoyed sending photos of herself to her internet acquaintances, slowly letting them suggest more extreme forms of self bondage. She used her self-timer to snap pictures, then sent them along. She loved hearing others ideas of how to bind and humiliate herself. She would collect her pictures into a small album then admiring them in the evenings. The images of a seemingly heavily bound sixth grader even turned herself on. More often than not, she was denounced as a fake. Little did they know the truth. It only took a few weeks before she had an address to

report to. Dressed in a simple sundress she arrived at her destination never to be free again.

The Henderson's wanted desperately to own a young girl of 12 or 13 and raise her as their sex slave. Though many offers were made, the young couple couldn't see risking the danger in kidnapping. Instead, they hoped to find an older girl who could pass as much younger. Then they saw Carol. Led out onto the stage a mere day after she arrived at the auction house, she was completely naked, her arms bound severely behind her back at wrist and elbow, a wide collar hugging her neck. With her bare pussy, small breasts and childlike face she impossibly young. After a bid of nearly \$15,000, Carol was sold. As she was shuffled off the stage to be crated up for shipment, she caught a glimpse of her new owners. The Henderson's eyes gleamed with pride as if they were watching their daughter in the school play.

The rules were explained quickly and briefly to Carol. She was now 12 years old and would have all her legal documents created to reflect that. Her body would be modified significantly to reflect the desires of her new owners, who would hence forth be referred to as mother and father. As simple as that and Carol no longer was herself, but a new, younger girl who would experience the pain and humiliation of slavery like no other before her.

Carol's breast training began almost immediately. Each morning she was awoken at 6 am, and dragged from bed to a special room. There she was placed on the floor, her knees strapped wide beneath her. A bar would be placed behind her, at her lower back, and her hair strap released. The strap was reconnected to a ring in the floor and her body was pulled back hard. Her father would stroke her cheek for a few moments until she calmed down then, with the aid of a large syringe, proceed to inject saline into both breasts. Carol's screams, masked by the huge gag still forced down her throat, made her father smile as he watched her breasts balloon to enormous sizes. He knew the saline would mostly be absorbed into her system yet each day her breasts would increase ever so slightly. In the first few days after her adoption, Carol was efficiently pierced, with a heavy ring behind each nipple and a steel rod through the middle of each nipple. She was also permanently pierced through her clit and her tongue. A piercing grommet, a hole cut through but held open with a steel sheath, was punched through her septum. She was told this was to

avoid too much attention at her school, but allow for a ring through her nose after school. Either way, Carol felt fully humiliated by her new and quite permanent piercings.

Though school was quite interesting for Carol a second time around, she realized she would never be outgoing or talkative now. She felt humbled by the training she was experiencing, wondering if the girls around her knew that she was a slave. Her tongue ring seemed to gleam in the light and thus she tried not to speak at all. In addition, she knew her nipple rings and rods were visible through her thin cotton blouse. She wasn't allowed to wear a bra yet, since 14 year old girls didn't need them. Her first shirt had been tailored to her chest prior to her breast enlargement and, though she had only gone from a 34A to a 34C after three months, she could already feel her nipples pressed against the tight blouse. Now, though she did have a new blouse tailored, it was designed to be suggestive at a 36D. With her 38D size now, her breasts almost hung out of the shirt. To accentuate her chest further, she wore a snug plaid skirt that fit her corseted waist tightly. She had not spent a single moment without a corset since her arrival, minus the few moments it took her to clean up each morning after her saline injections. She had been reduced to an 17 inch waist by the heavy steel boning of her most recent corset. She could only imagine how her breasts after 3 years of enlargement would look with such a tiny waist. She had heard a conversation between her father and the corset maker a short while previous as they discussed her waist training. She heard words such as permanent and steel corset, as well as welding. She knew she would always have a forcibly reduced waist despite how large she got in the chest. Sometimes she would take a moment to look at her self in the mirror in the bathroom, marveling at how she could hardly recognize herself. She had been fully modified to look like someone else and, as she watched her chest grow and her waist shrink, she knew that the transformation was not complete.

After school always proved interesting, and painful, for Carol. Upon returning home, she was required to completely disrobe, leaving her in her corset, dancing on her toes to avoid a flat footed stance. After so much time in high heels or ballet boots, she could no longer lay her foot down on the floor, her tendons having already permanently modified. Leaving her blow up dildos in, her collar was locked on and her ballet boots put back on. Often, her parents would have guests over upon her

arrival and, despite the humiliation Carol felt, she would still be required to disrobe and experience the application of her bondage. As she stood there with these strangers watching this seemingly young girl being forced to submit, she hated her slavery the most. The small chains that connected her rings seemed to make her even more vulnerable. Sometimes the guests would fondle her body, tugging on her piercings or chains, or pressing the blowup dildos deeper into her. The final humiliation would be her father locking a large ring into her septum piercing, then attaching a chain leash and leading her off on her toes.

Attached to her bedroom, Carol was provided with a study room. The walls, painted with small bunny rabbits and pigs, had a calming effect the first time she had been brought there. Now, after years of experiencing the study room, she no longer had such romantic thoughts. Despite her training as a slave, she was still required to achieve good marks in class. The few times she failed to score a requisite A in her studies, she had been severely punished. Most recently, during a period of time when she was being trained in anal sex, she had been particularly distracted. Each day, she carried a large enema with her to school, only allowed to let it go after lunch. It was nearly impossible for her to pay attention at school without tears welling up in her eyes from the pain in her intestines. Her teacher, an insider into Carol's torment, called that Friday to report to her parents that she had done poorly on an exam. Her mother was so upset that Carol was immediately placed into her most stringent bondage yet. Upon arriving home, she knew that something bad was to happen when, while disrobing her, Carol's corset was removed as well. Her confusion and fear was only slightly overshadowed by the strange sensation of not wearing the compressing device. She examined her shadow on the floor, noting how dramatic the shape was. Her already large chest was offset by her amazing waist, shrunk to what she thought was an impossible 17 inches. She had little time to study herself as her father attached her nose ring and yanked her down the hall. She noticed she was not wearing the ballet boots, forcing her to tip toe behind her father.

She was led directly into the feared dungeon, a stone walled room hidden beneath the house. Her mother and father wasted no time in pushing her to dress in a clear rubber body suit. The latex seemed to be made for a large doll, or perhaps an 8 year old. Instead, Carol was told to force it over her body, then assisted by her strong

father, until the clear rubber hugged every curve of her body. She could feel her bare pussy molded into a form built into the suit, pressing a rubber lining into her pussy. Her asshole as well was now lined with rubber, but both holes were still available for penetration. It felt like the latex was poured for her body. Even her largish breasts were coated perfectly. Immediately her mother pushed another full body suit toward her. This a thick black rubber, seemed even smaller than the first. It wasn't until she had forced it up to her neck that she noticed that the hands had a unique addition. Her fingers could be folded back on themselves so that her hands became useless. It didn't take long before Carol's theory was proved correct. Quickly, her fingers were tied back until she could no longer use them. Her father finished pulling the rubber over her shoulders, leaving the heavy hood to dangle in front of her. A chair was placed behind her and she was forced back, then quickly strapped down. She watched as her mother placed a unique set of shoes on her feet. A steel plate was fit over the base of her foot, with a small metal piece cupping her toes. An ankle cuff locked in place, effectively holding Carol's foot in a ballet stance. There was no heel, however. She could feel her father above her and then the sudden sound of something buzzing. Before she realized it, she could feel her father shaving her head. Tears welled up in her eyes as she felt her long blonde hair fall to the floor around her. It only took a moment before her head, shaved and clean, was completely bald. The only hair left on her body was that comprising her eye brows and lashes.

Her nose ring was abruptly removed and a thin hood was stretched over her face. Like her body, the hood seemed to seal to her skin, leaving holes for her eyes, mouth and nostrils only. Her father pressed a long tube to her mouth and she opened her mouth out of reflex, then suddenly realized she was being forced to swallow a feeding tube. Carol choked a bit, but her gag reflex had been trained well. She could do nothing but swallow it into her stomach. Soon, she could feel the gag connected to the end of the tube shove its way into her mouth, filling her cheeks. The gag effectively removed any ability to use her mouth for breathing. She would be forced to survive only on what her parents chose to feed down the tube. Straps held the gag in place, the hard leather cutting into the sides of her face. Two additional tubes were then fed up her nose and she could feel them being threaded into her lungs. For a moment she could not breath at all and she began to panic. But quickly the

tubes fed down into her and locked into place inside her nostrils. She quickly realized that she was in store for something new. She had never had a feeding tube and breathing tubes inserted in her like this. She felt her father reach in front and pull the black rubber hood over her face. It stretched tight as well, but only left holes for her eyes, the tubes in her mouth and nostrils fed through the appropriate holes. Carol could feel strategically placed ear plugs slip deep into her ears, blocking out all sound.

The two layers of rubber across her body felt like it was crushing her. She knew she was about to be horribly punished, though she couldn't imagine how. She caught sight of herself in a mirror across the room, marveling at how her curvaceous body now seemed to be made of thick, black rubber. She was forced to stand, balancing on her new toe shoes, while her father began pulling her final hood into place. Carol could only see it briefly, but her heart stopped cold at the sight. The seamless heavy rubber and leather hood had built in steel bands that circled the head, then locked with rivets. She knew she was about to experience something horrible. As her sight was blocked out, she realized she had no senses left. The only thing she could feel was her labored breathing through her tubes. She could feel her wrists being bound together behind her, then lifted high up her back. A wide steel collar was fitted around her neck, removing any ability to move, and her wrists were forced up until they met the back of the collar. Carol could do nothing but whimper to herself as the strain on her shoulders increased. Once locked into position, she could feel another band circle her elbows, pulling them together in the small of her back. She tried to cry in pain, but no sound escaped. The familiar feeling of a new corset was no surprise to Carol. She could feel her parents attach the new device around her already modified waist. But she quickly realized it was no ordinary corset. She could feel the ratchets turn slowly, compressing her body. Steel boning was forcing her waist to new proportions. She was certain, as she struggled to find breath from her new constriction, that her waist was now crushed to at least 15 inches.

She could feel her parents attached various tubes to her privates, things she was sure would not only provide release, but also discomfort. Finally, bands were attached around her legs, immobilizing them, and she could feel herself lifted off the ground. She felt the vibration of metal against floor and she knew where her fate lay. She had been shown the floor cage, a 15 foot circular tube set in concrete

beneath the dungeon floor, when she had first arrived. She remembered it as the one thing she hoped she never experienced. Now, bound and helpless, she was about to live her worst fear. The floor cage was designed for sensory deprivation punishment. Her parents carefully lowered her into the stone coffin, making sure she was centered, then poured quick setting plaster around her. Carol could feel the added pressure of the substance rising around her, pressing even harder against her already compressed body. She panicked, struggling to scream or escape, but her efforts resulted in a minor trembled and no sound. Soon, she could feel her head immersed in the liquid. It only took moments for it to begin to set, and within an hour, Carol was entombed in her new home.

Carol was unsure how long she had been in complete isolation. She was certain it had been months. Somehow she had been forgotten here, trapped in her tomb. The only thing she could sense was her breath as it climbed up and down the hose connected to the room above. She couldn't even be sure she was being fed, the tube in her stomach giving her no indication either way. The first sound she heard in her earphones made her jump, at least mentally, and the sound of her mother's voice was a relief. She was told she would be punished for two weeks, during which time she would be given her lessons through her only connection with the world, her ears. Already Carol was eager to please, and though her parents could not hear her, they could tell from the EKG and heart monitor that their young daughter was ready.

Lessons not only consisted of her regular school work, but nights often included surprise tapes, whispered voices encouraging her to be a slave, to obey her parents and to give her body fully. By the end of the two weeks, Carol would be sufficiently brainwashed to remain a slave for life.

Carol could feel the excitement over her first day at the new school throughout the house. She wasn't sure whether to be excited, or afraid of what would come next. Over the summer, her breast size had increased from the 38D to a 44 DD, while her waist had been reduced to 15 inches. The center of gravity to her body had been dramatically changed, and she struggled to maintain her balance constantly. The

permanent addition of the ballet shoes did not help. During the three months she had spent out of school, she had been forced to wear the cruel shoes continually. She had not only grown accustomed to having her arms bound behind her at wrist and elbow, but had also been trained to have her wrists forced high up her back, the wrist cuffs attached directly to her collar.

She woke that morning, in her customary folded and chained position on her bed, knowing that she was about to enter a dramatic chapter in her life. As she was prepared for the new school, she wondered what it would be like. She knew the school she was going to was very exclusive, but she had no idea what it would be like. Her grade school had largely been a normal private school, with the exception of a few select teachers and the principal who knew what Carol really was. She knew that her parents wanted to send her to a proper school, whatever that meant, and she imagined attending a private school where her breasts and strange body would stand out even more than they had at grade school.

The car door opened at the end of a long driveway. Carol squinted in the morning light, trying to make something out of the foreboding exterior of the distant mansion. As her mother stepped out of the car, she attached a short leash to her nose ring and began to pull. Carol began to panic. She hadn't thought twice as she was dressed for her first day, until she realized that the skimpy outfit she now wore would not be covered by anything else. Her mother had to yank hard on her leash to pull her from the car. Carol was shocked that her arms had not been unbound, the large nose ring had not been removed nor had her ballet shoes been taken off. Instead, she was forced to rise from the car as she was, exposed to this new world as an out right slave. She felt naked in her small rubber outfit. A tight half top left her stomach area uncovered and barely managed to support her massive breasts. As if that mattered, as the latex was practically transparent. She felt as if she wore nothing on top. She could feel her nipple rings forced down against her skin, and the rods through her nipples fighting against the rubber. Her short skirt was the same, an ultra mini skirt that hugged her upper thighs. She might as well have been wearing cellophane, though the rubber provided a constriction unavailable in a single sheet of plastic wrap. Clearly visible through her skirt was a rubber G-string. Two straps of rubber descended from her waist, meeting just below her clit, leaving her piercing exposed. Held into place by the G-string were her two familiar pump up

dildos, though the inflation bulbs no longer hid beneath her plaid skirt from grade school. The two balls hung clearly out from under her rubber skirt to mid thigh. Even her corset gave little cover. Made also of transparent rubber, only the steel shafts that held her waist in its 15 inch form blocked out anything.

Carol could feel a growing sense of humiliation as she was led away from the safety of the car, up the long driveway to her new school. Tears welled up in her eyes as she pictured the shocked faces of the school administrators, as this tortured young girl joined the ranks of their school. She had no choice but to follow her mother up the long path and toward her fate.

The school hallways seemed quite typical, and Carol felt even more humiliated by her appearance. They came upon the principal's office and entered the anteroom. The secretary looked up briefly, her marmish glasses pushed low on her nose, only acknowledging her mother long enough to get her name. Seconds later, a voice from the intercom asked Carol's mom to enter, leaving Carol in the waiting room alone. She knew better than to sit down without permission, and instead stood in the center of the room, feeling the leash from her nose ring dangle between her breasts. The silence of the room was broken by a click. Carol knew that her shoes had tightened another notch and she dreaded the pain that would follow. The custom ballet boots had been fitted on her feet shortly after she had finished grade school. The form fitting rubber provided just enough support to her feet without making it easy to walk. The tips, sharp and pointed, forced her toes into a harsh wedge, the pain increasing with each step. After three months, she knew her feet had been irreparably modified. She could feel her toes changing shape, learning to deal with the painful position. The shoes had been designed to never come off, except with great force. The rubber had been permanently riveted on her feet from the start. Her father had made sure the shoes were extremely tight, but had attached the compression device none the less. The ratchet strap at the back of her heel was designed to absorb any slack provided as her feet pushed further into the extreme point of the shoe. The ratchet only worked one way, however. Each time a click took up some slack, Carol knew her feet would be further changed.

The waiting room made Carol feel even more humiliated. The normal walls, frumpy secretary and seemingly un-slave like surrounds made her conscious of the skimpy

and exposing outfit she wore. She was almost glad when her mother came out and led her by her nose leash into the principal's office.

Unlike the outer room, the inner room was a more lavish example of dark woods, with evidence of education all around. Books seemed to cover the wall like a library, pressing their knowledge down on any bystanders. Carol's eyes found the principal standing before her. An impressive six foot two in her six inch heels, the woman exuded control. She smiled at Carol, running her hand across her massive breasts, then using both hands to encircle her tiny waist. Her mother and she exchanged a few pleasantries, then they both sat and began working on the proper forms to admit Carol. She was neither acknowledged further, nor offered a seat. Instead, just prior to sitting, her mother had attached her nose ring leash to a dangling chain that Carol had failed to notice. With a harsh pull, Carol's head was forced up high and the free end of the leash was attached to Carol's tongue ring. She could not move her position without causing great pain to either piercing.

The meeting took a half hour and when finished, her leash was released. Her mother, tears in her eyes, gave her a peck on the cheek and a pat on the head, then left in a hurry.

End of Part 1