

Celebrity Status

Category: Text Stories

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By Thndrshark

Marcus knew his dark mansion was foreboding That's one of the reasons he had bought it when his first successes made it possible. The land it was set on was one of the largest parcels available in the Santa Monica Mountains, bordered by state land off limits to hikers. Planes couldn't even fly overhead for fear of dreaded updrafts from nearby cliffs. The result was one of the most secluded residences in Southern California. Most felt it wasn't out of order. Marcus, in years past, had quickly become one of the most successful grunge rockers in the world. With that came the largest fan group of any contemporary, and thus the need for security and privacy. None would have imagined that he and his girlfriend had chosen to make it an unusual home for some of their more avid fans.

Nicky and Marcus had met three years ago, just as he had begun to rise in success. She had been only 19 to his 28, but her beauty alone drew his attention. Her 5' 10" frame was topped by long, dark hair that fell down her back. Dark green eyes and a round face made her attractive to men; 38D breasts and mile long legs made her hot. Marcus could hardly hold himself back. After several dates, it was Nicky that opened the door to bondage and S&m. She encouraged Marcus to tie her up that first time, and soon she had convinced him to use her more frequently in bizarre and severe ways, even to the point of packing her in a crate and shipping her to their

European tour date. Despite both their love of the scene, quickly they both tired of the games they played. Marcus learned that caring for someone made it difficult to truly abuse Nicky. He wanted to, and she wanted him to, but soon they both realized it wouldn't work. It only took a short time before they both realized that there were other ways to have fun.

They had been in a big city touring. Instead of the typical hotel room, Marcus had arranged a house in the country to rent. The privacy was greater and the accommodations far more comfortable. The other band members chose to stay in town, and knew that he and Nicky wanted to be alone. So nobody minded. They were certain nobody but their tour manager knew the location of the secluded house. But on that last night, as they headed home after a Thursday night date, they found a surprise. Nicky noticed first that the bedroom door was closed. Both were concerned at first, since they had left their bondage toys in an open bag inside. She motioned for Marcus and together they slowly opened the door to look inside. Perched in the center of the bed was a young girl. Wearing only a small cotton G-string, she was kneeling, her knees spread and head bowed. A white satin scarf was covering her eyes. Both watched for a moment, wondering what to do. Neither had ever been faced with something like this, and though it was obvious what the girl wanted, neither knew where to start. Nicky glanced to the side table, noticing a video camera connected to their TV, and a simple note on top saying "play me." They both walked in and Nicky hit play.

The video was mostly point of view, and narrated to the voice of what they assumed was the girl. At first it was obvious she was looking around the room and, to their surprise, looking through their toy bag. After a moment, the girl set the camera on the dresser and pointed it at the side of the bed, then stepped back. She seemed to be fairly young, maybe only 16 years old. She was a beautiful girl, about 5' 7", a thin 110lbs, with long legs, a thin waist and long blonde hair. She smiled at the camera and began taking her clothes off. After a moment, she slipped off her bra and panties, and posed. Marcus could see Nicky subconsciously licking her lips. He knew she was enjoying the view of both the girl's ample 36D breasts, as well as her hairless pussy. The video abruptly cut off and both turned to look at their new playmate.

That first night revealed a lot about their relationship and the world they had available at their fingertips. They had immediately gagged the girl, noticing she had used their handcuffs, locking her wrists behind her back without knowing where the key was. Even if she wanted to escape before they returned, she would have to do so nearly naked and cuffed. This girl had wanted Marcus to take her. Nicky left the room as Marcus went to her and removed the blindfold. He lifted her chin.

"You know who I am?" the girl nodded vigorously, her eyes gleaming as her apparent dream was coming true. "I want you to tell me some things about yourself or I'll unlock you and send you home, ok?" Again, a nod. "Be honest with me and we can have some fun, lie to me and I can tell, and this whole thing will end before it gets started, and I'll have you arrested for breaking and entering." The girl's eyes grew wide and she shook her head in fear. "Do you're parents know where you are?" A no. "Do they expect you back tonight?" Another no. Marcus glanced down to her jeans, then began looking for some form of identification. He found none. Something in his mind clicked, and he decided to press it home. "Did you run away from home?" A nod. Hmmm. "Is anybody looking for you?" No. "How about friends, wouldn't they be looking for you?" A big no. "Are you even from this town?" Another no. "So nobody knows you are here?" Another no. "Ok, more importantly, are you 18?" Hesitation, then a nod. "You're lying. I'm sending you home." As he moved to unlock her, she whined, then shook her head no. "Ok. One more lie and I send you to the cops. Are you 16?" A nod. "That's what I thought. Ok, now I need to know what you are here for. Are you hoping we will fall in love?" A no. Good. "Do you want to just have sex?" Another no. "But you do want to do things for me? Sexually?" A nod. Marcus smiled. This was going to be fun.

It had been just over 2 months since that girl had appeared on their bed. The first night had been fun, as Marcus had used her as their slave. The biggest surprise was her aversion to women. Apparently she never thought that Marcus might have a girlfriend, nor was she thrilled that he made her service Nicky as well. He could tell it was disgusting to her, which made it even more fun. That first night began easy, but with the apparent fact that the girl had no family nor any person looking for her, it was an easy decision to keep her. To get her home, Nicky borrowed a large equipment case from the roadies then, with the addition of straps and extra latex, wrapped the girl into a tight ball and wedged her inside. Despite the large gag, the

girl was panicked at the thought of being shipped home like this. Nicky simply kissed her on the forehead.

"You're in for quite a ride, little girl," Nicky cooed. "And I don't mean the trip home..." The girl's cries slowly muffled as she fit the thick foam over her form, then Nicky fit the heavy metal top on. With the addition of some locks, there was no way to know what was inside.

Once home, she became their canvas, the first girl they could experiment with. She quickly learned that she was in for more than she ever bargained for. For those first weeks, as he and Nicky decided what they wanted to do with their first slave, Marcus had constructed a large dungeon in the basement of his house. Finally complete, the girl was given an injection to knock her out, then brought into the hidden chamber. Waking up, spread eagle, suspended by her wrists, she felt disoriented. The previous year had been both a dream come true and an unexpected nightmare. She had been so excited that her idol Marcus had decided to keep her as his slave, she had hoped it would turn into something more traditional, as if slavery could be anything like that. But her forced servitude to Nicky, his girlfriend, and the shocking forms of bondage and torture she had experienced was more than she thought possible. It had taken four days to get home in her crate. Before then, the longest she had ever been in bondage had been two hours, and that was in soft rope and handcuffs. After her journey home in the back of the semi-trailer, she had never been in such pain, nor as scared. But instead being released into freedom, she had been injected with some drug, knocking her out, and woke in heavy chains, locked to a ring set in a stone floor of a windowless cell. On her knees, her ankles spread wide and a heavy collar locked around her neck, then attached to the floor, her arms spread wide and chained, she was unable to resist any advances. For a week she remained there, forced to endure the humiliation of repeated penetrations that both Nicky and Marcus could offer. Twice a day she would be given a huge enema, then fed a mixture of gruel that tasted like dirt. She never imagined that the great Marcus would treat her like an animal, and abuse her so horribly. But, as the days went on, with no relief in her position or status, she feared that her hopes for a classic and romantic life as a celebrity's sex slave, had turned into a nightmare.

Now, as she woke, she could feel cool air on strange parts of her body. As the drug

wore off, she could tell she was in a new room. Her arms and legs had begun to ache from the harsh spread she had been bound in, and as her eyes focused, she could see a large mirror placed across the room. Despite the huge gag, she wailed through it as she could see that they had removed her long hair, shaving her head bald. Her face looked alien without eyebrows as well. After a moment, she was able to focus on something else new. A dull ache seemed to ebb from several parts of her body, and despite the humiliation of her now hairless body, she focused on the gleaming points now on her. A shiny ring now adorned her clit, with matching rings in her nipples and septum. As she dangled in the dungeon, she knew she was going to regret her seemingly harmless idea to surprise Marcus.

Now, 2 years later, the girl most certainly regretted her decision. As Marcus waited quietly in his living room for the visiting journalist, he absentmindedly reached out to find her on her knees beside him. He remembered back to those early days, working with Nicky to find what they could do to this helpless girl. In the process of discussing the shaving, Nicky had discovered a European treatment that would permanently prevent hair growth. Thus, the shaving became permanent. Of course she made sure she told the girl everything they would do to her, if anything to see the humiliation and pain cross her face. It only took a month or so before the girl was convinced she would never have body hair again. Even her eyelashes were removed, leaving her a look of a mannequin. She learned just how permanent the piercings were from Nicky, but also from the lack of seams in the rings, their ends soldered together permanently. They liked to do things to her as she slept, drugging her without her knowledge, then allowing her to wake from what she assumed was a single night, to discover her new modification. Within that first month, the girl woke to find the gag in her mouth gone for the first time. She worked her jaw, enjoying the freedom, then, as she went to lick her lips, found she couldn't move her tongue. Marcus had added thick, small rings to the tip and down the side of her tongue, then used a small dental drill and enamel glue to lock the rings to her teeth. A series of five rings down each side connected to the base of her teeth, welded into position, while the tip of her tongue was similarly welded to her front teeth. Nicky again took pleasure in explaining that this was just the start, and she would never speak again. It was at that point that Marcus realized something.

"You know, Nicky? We don't know her name?" They both laughed at the realization.

She hadn't been ungagged since that first night nearly a month ago, and neither had thought to ask her name at that time. Those simple facts seemed to humiliate and break the girl's spirit far more than anything else.

Over the years, they had added other modifications, slowly reducing the girl's ability to interact with the world. Every night they cuffed her arms behind her back, then attached a ceiling chain to them. With the aid of a crank, they lifted her wrists higher and higher, allowing her own weight to force them up her back. In the evening, as they left her alone, she would be perched on her tip toes, moaning in pain as her shoulders began their nightly ache. By morning, she would be standing flat footed as she had adjusted to the strain. By the second week, Marcus had devised a mechanical device that would automatically maintain tension. Now, the mornings found her still on her toes, crying in pain from a night of torture, but her wrists much further up her back. By the end of the third week, her wrists were at shoulder blade level and her elbows were touching. Just to be cruel, Nicky insisted on keeping her in training for another five days, enjoying the sight of her on toes throughout the night. When they were ready for her next step, her arms could maintain a reverse prayer indefinitely. The girl cried the entire time Marcus and Nicky added their latest modification. Her arms, accustomed to being bound together so her elbows touched, were unstrapped to free her wrists only, and the girl could feel Nicky wrapping her hands into tight balls with electrical tape. Soon, she was unable to move her fingers at all. Tight rubber covers were stretched over the fists until the tape was covered with seamless latex. The ball-like gloves reached halfway up her forearms, where the snug rubber was sealed with cement. It would be nearly impossible to remove them without danger of cutting the girl's wrists. They took a moment to show the girl her hands, making her realize how useless they had become. "No more hands, I'm afraid," Marcus chuckled. Nicky loved seeing the stream of tears on the girl's cheeks, but was eager to continue. He quickly attached the custom cuffs that fit her wrists perfectly. The ends met seamlessly and Marcus slipped the steel pin down a small hole traversing the width of the connection point. The rod was screwed into the base, ensuring the cuffs were connected tightly. With the help of a wrench, he gripped the end of the pin extending beyond the hole. Twisting it hard, the metal snapped just below the edge. "That'll never come off now," Marcus murmured, making sure the girl heard. As he repeated the action with

the other cuff, Nicky unstrapped her elbows and Marcus removed the girl's leather collar, then applying a wide metal collar to match her new wrist cuffs. As he screwed the pin in place, he made sure it was tight, then broke it off as well. The cuffs were joined by a ring with two pivot mounts on either side, and he now pulled up to a loop at the back of the collar, slowly inverting the girl's wrists until they climbed up her back. The rings slipped into a mount and locked into place. With a slight wiggle of her new stumps, the girl could tell her useless hands were now mounted just behind her neck. As she thought about this, Nicky attached two more cuffs to her arms, just above the elbow then, with Marcus' help, they forced her elbows back together until the two cuffs met. A final click told them that the pin on one side had slipped into the mounting hole on the other side, holding her lower arms together. Once again, they held up a mirror to show the girl her new bondage.

"I hope you like this. We spent a lot of time training you to withstand this bondage," Nicky whispered in the girl's ear. She stood behind her, caressing her exposed breasts and showing her how her arms were practically invisible. "Everything is riveted in place, I'm afraid. No more hands, no more arms... ever." The girl began crying again.

As time passed, they had added other modifications. A dentist had sanded down her teeth, then capped all of them with soft rubber teeth mounts. Regular saline injections from the first day of her arrival had slowly, and painfully, increased her breast size from the nice 36D they already were, to a massive 40FF. Combined with harsh waist training, reducing her down to a tiny 15 inches, the two combined made her body look distorted, but somehow exciting to Nicky. The girl no longer could live without a corset, however, and soon they had a steel spring waist cincher made for her. To increase her discomfort, the rubber-coated stainless steel was created to close to 10 inches, an impossible size. But the constant tension would provide a life long crushing pressure on the girl's waist. Marcus looked down now to admire the girl's feet. Long ago she had been trained to wear ballet shoes, forcing her to learn to walk on her toes only, until removing the shoes became far more uncomfortable than leaving them on. Soon, custom work had created a smooth rubber shoe that, with the aid of steel bands that locked around each toe, would be permanently mounted on her feet. The added bonus, for Nicky and Marcus that is, was the lack of a heel. The point of the shoe forced the toes into a painful pinch, and no support

behind the shoe forced the girl to rest all her weight on her tortured toes. Despite the horrible modifications she had already experienced, the girl cried freely as they placed the new shoes on her. She knew the finality of the pins slipping into the mounting holes meant that the shoes would never leave her feet again.

Marcus again thought about the girl beside her, sitting mute and motionless at his side. He remembered fondly the time a year ago when they made their final modifications to this first slave. They had strapped her into a metal chair, ensuring she was motionless, her arms and legs held wide and her head pulled back, forcing her to face up. A large mirror was mounted over her and, as they prepared for her, the girl could only stare up at her own reflection. She could just barely remember what she had looked like back when she had naively and innocently decided she wanted to be Marcus' slave. She had been actually only 15 at the time, but developed for her age. She had hoped her long blonde hair, large breasts and good looks would attract her idol into taking her in his possession. But now, as she looked over the strange creature she knew to be herself, tears began to form as puddles in her eyes. She hated the large nose ring that dangled over her top lip, as well as the rings through her top and bottom lips, circling them like a spiral binding. But the shocking difference most evident was the difference between the size of her new breasts and her waist. The harsh leather and rubber corset that had been mounted on her body now crushed her waist to a tiny 17 inches. The constant and incredible pressure the spring steel built into it exerted on her waist was a constant reminder of her permanent submission. As the days and months went on, she found her breath coming harder, and soon she learned to live with the short pants available as her lungs were crushed along with her ribs and waist by the mechanism. Just above the end of the corset she could see the massive mounds of flesh that were her breasts. Before, even at 15, she had been proud that her breasts offset her 24 inch waist nicely. She certainly could attract men with ease. Now, she felt more humiliated than proud. The bulbous shapes actually weighed her down so much, that she was somehow thankful for the harsh corset; without it, she would be unable to support the considerable weight of her chest. Mounted in her nipples she could see the thick and quite permanent piercings. A large ring was hung just at the base, with a rod placed through the middle of the nipple. Though she could see past these as something even her goth friends would sport, it was the final ring dangling from the

tip of her nipples that made her feel more humiliated. Months ago, she had awoken to find this newest addition, and the wail she made at their discovery echoed through the dungeon. Later, Nicky had explained what she found. A long, 5 inch rod with a small plate and ring mounted to the end, had been pressed through the tip of her nipple, down through the breast and deep into the mound. With a twist at the tip, a series of sharp barbs were released down the length of the rod and, as Marcus had pressed the rod in hard then pulled back out, the barbs sunk deep into her own flesh. The result was a steel rod now permanently mounted through her breasts, capped off with a ring dangling from the very tip of her nipple. The rod would never be removed, nor could it, except with extensive and destructive surgery on each breast. The mountings had proven very effective. Often, Nicky would hang as much as five pound weights from the tips, pulling her breasts into torpedo shapes. She found that the rods didn't even budge under this incredible stress.

She continued to stare at her bizarre body, brushing over the lack of hair across her body, the heavy clit ring, her ballet shoed feet and the appearance of no arms. She tried to wiggle her fingers behind her neck, hoping to find some motion. Not surprised, she could not move them at all. For weeks she had cried at the permanent loss of her arms and hands. She was placed in a room with a mirror for a wall, another idea Nicky had to increase the girl's humiliation. Despite her aversion to the modification, the girl could not help but look. She had long since cried herself out at the loss of her beautiful hair. Now, the bald, doll look was something she knew she would see for the rest of her life.

Finally, Nicky stepped in front of the girl and showed her some new items. First, a liquid.

"We decided that it's time to do some final changes to you," she cooed. "This is a wax like liquid. We pour it into your ears and it seeps all the way in, then hardens. It's designed to make you absolutely deaf. Oh, and it's permanent." New tears swelled in the girl's eyes and she struggled, testing her bonds, wishing she could end this nightmare. Nicky could see her trying to struggle, but her already modified body was far too helpless to make a difference. Instead, she settled down, unable to fight her horrible fate. Next, Nicky lifted a latex hood in front of her. She made particular note that the hood lacked eye holes. The girl wailed despite her tongue

bondage, knowing she would now lose her sight as well. Nicky didn't say anything further, realizing that the girl was aware what was to come. Marcus wheeled in a TV, placing it in front of the girl and hitting play as Nicky went to work, first on her ears. Marcus touched the girl's hairless head.

"We thought you might want a final image of what you use to be, because you will not only never be this innocent again, but you will never see or hear anything else either." The snow went away, replaced by the image of the girl in their bedroom that first night. Quietly, the girl watched herself, with long blonde hair and her innocence, as she undressed before the camera so long ago. Her body quaked with sobs as she saw the person she once was. Her body quaked in fear and dread, knowing that the last remnants of that kid was about to be taken away. She moaned and cried, wishing she would wake up, to find that she had only been dreaming, to return to her life as a child. Instead, she watched in utter horror as Nicky approached with a syringe, enjoying the moment as she approached.

"Did you ever imagine that you would become this animal you are now?" Nicky wanted to rub it in, make the girl suffer for her own fantasies. "You were such a nice young lady. Now look at you. You've been reduced to a thing for us to use, a group of holes and a body to make scream. And now, we're going to remove your hearing and sight permanently, dropping you into a world of silence and darkness for the rest of your life." Her body tense with a passion to make this end, she barely reacted as Nicky injected the liquid into her ears, letting it seep down deep. She moaned and a stream of tears began down her cheeks as the second ear was injected, and her hearing disappeared forever. She could only stare now, until Marcus pressed two thin rubber pads covered with glue, over her eyes, forcing them shut.

Marcus spread an organic bonding glue over the inner surface of the rubber, and then the hood was stretched easily over the hairless head of the girl, smoothing it carefully to remove any folds or creases before the glue could set. It was sealed shut behind her, forming a seamless skin over her face. The image left was a nearly featureless head, with only an open mouth and nostril holes. The rubber slipped into the nose as well, coating the inside of them halfway back. Marcus slipped in long breathing tubes, carefully pressing the long rubber tubing up and through, making sure they entered her lungs deep down her throat, then used

rubber fitted mounts to lock them in place at the back of her nostrils. Added tubes extended them out of the nostrils, providing continued breathing through her nose.

Together, the two began slipping a wide, long tube into the girl's mouth, pushing it until the girl involuntarily swallowed, allowing the tube to enter her stomach. The wide rubber fitting at the end mounted at the back of her mouth, locking into place like a gasket. After a moment, they watched the girl realize she could only breathe through her newly tubed nose, and that she had no control over what went into her stomach. Holding her mouth open wide, Nicky pushed a plug in, blocking off the stomach tube. As a final adjustment, Marcus reached in again and, with a solvent, removed the mounting points that her tongue piercings were connected to. For the first time in nearly two years the girl was able to move her tongue. What she soon found, however, was that the tube now mounted down her throat also prevented her vocal cords from working. Now, she would not only not be able to speak, but her ability to make any sound had been removed.

Releasing the girl from the chair, they helped her stand and Marcus led her over to side of the large room. With Nicky holding her upright, Marcus had to strain to stretch thick rubber bands over her breasts, seating them at their base, then releasing the band. The girl went rigid as she felt the thick rubber constrict the base of her breasts, forcing her mounds out even farther. After applying the second band, they watched for a few minutes, making sure that though the breasts would redden and swell with the tension, they would still maintain circulation. The result would increase the sensitivity through her breasts, without causing danger. To test, Nicky took a pin and sunk it into the girl's left breast. Though no sound came out, nor could they see tears any longer, they could tell that the girl's breasts were incredibly sensitive by the way her body went rigid in pain.

Helping her into a large, shower like enclosure, Marcus lifted the girl up onto bracket-like cones. The ballet shoe tips clicked into place as the mounting held them in place. Nicky began attaching a series of rubber straps connected from the sides of the enclosure to her various piercings. Above and behind the girl, another strap stretched out toward her head. With extra effort, Marcus managed to clip the ring at the end to her nose ring. The result pulled the girl's head back and up severely. Straps from either side stretched her breasts out, and a final strap reached out and

connected to her clit ring. Soon, she was held rigid between them in the middle of the clear walls. The straps needed to be pulled tight to hold her in place, and each piercing seemed to be under heavy tension. They knew the girl would be in incredible pain, but from the outside, they could see no evidence. Nicky slipped a dildo like device into the girl's pussy, stretching it wide and causing the girl to shudder. The dildo was actually hollow, with small mesh strips forming three lines that extended down the length. The end of the nearly twelve inch shape ended in a cap. A flange at the protruding end connected to her clit ring, holding it in place. A second dildo, nearly as large, slipped with some effort, up her ass. As this shape began to press past her anus, the girl twisted in defiance, but each motion yanked hard on a piercing, adding to the pain in her anus, and Nicky continued pressing it in. As it seated in place, her sphincter grasped an inset ring at the end, holding it in place.

Finally, Nicky forced her mouth wide open and pressed two wide rubber blocks between her back teeth, forcing her mouth open wide and holding it in place. Attaching her breathing tubes to tubes extending from the top of the booth, Nicky stepped out of the room and closed the door behind her.

With a push of a button on a control console, Marcus activated a series of nozzles on the inside of the room. A dark mist of liquid spread out across the girl's body, coating her with a fine layer of black. The nozzles shut off, and a light fan helped dry the material. After ten minutes, the nozzles turned on again. Marcus took Nicky's hand and led her away.

"Let's get something to eat," he said as he drew her away from the site of the tortured soul in the chamber.

After four hours of processing, the machine shut down, leaving the girl standing motionless in the room. The strain in her legs and feet was intense, but she had no choice but to endure. With every slight shift she made, she felt the pain of a piercing being tugged on. If she could, she would have cried out, but instead was forced to stand mute and deaf. She could tell something new had been done to her, as her body tingled from some new application. She ran her tongue over her modified teeth, feeling a strange texture in her mouth. For what she was sure was days, she

simply stood, wondering what was happening around her, and what had been done to her. She knew in her heart she no longer should care, but she found that she did. The images of that video from her first night seemed imprinted on her now useless eyes. From such an innocent dream as a young girl, she had now been changed into an almost inhuman form, with her only use that of further torture and service. She strained to hear something, anything, but instead only heard the echo of her own thoughts. She wanted to cry, to moan, to do anything to fight this intense constriction, but found no release. Instead, she found herself slipping into the ultimate form of humiliation and submission, despite the spirit that still lived within her.

Without sight or sound for a year, Marcus began wondering what went on in the girl's mind. He reached down again, running his hand over the shiny, smooth surface of her head. After the six coats of liquid rubber and the subsequent twenty-hour drying, they had returned to find their slave a vision of rubber. Gone was any evidence of skin, replaced by a smooth, seamless and gleaming latex coating. Nicky had carefully removed the girl's mouth wedges, then carefully pulled out the two dildos. Now, even her mouth, pussy and ass were coated in rubber. Marcus had found that the smooth coating felt much nicer on his cock, and Nicky pointed out that the coating removed any pleasure from his penetrations. They both wished they could tell this to the girl, adding to her humiliation, but would have to enjoy that fact herself, and let it be something the girl figured out herself. As planned, her rings and cuffs had not taken to the latex, their material designed to reject the bonding. Now her nose, nipple and clit rings all gleamed in sharp contrast to her black, shiny skin.

They had continued with her breast treatment, enlarging them even more, and finding that the latex stretched nicely along with them. They kept her busy, as they always had, enjoying her mouth on their bodies, or her other holes. She was fairly useless for chores, but she made an excellent tool to scare new slaves. As the security camera showed the reporter's car approaching the gate, Marcus used the remote to open it, hoping to avoid anyone seeing her arrive. She had always been an annoyance, this Tish Campbell. From day one she acted friendly, but he knew she just wanted to find a way to tear him down. An ex-model, she was still looking for her big break, and unfortunately had stirred up the pot too much in her search.

Marcus and Nicky knew that they had to conceal their unique hobby from her eyes above all else.

Nicky entered the room, having seen the monitor in the kitchen.

“Let me take her now,” she said, gesturing to their slave. Marcus nodded and moved to the door as Nicky pulled the girl to her feet and led her off to her holding box.

Tish admired the house as she winded her way up the long road. She knew she should be excited about being the first and only press person to ever make it into Marcus’ home, but she refused to allow herself the pleasure. She knew there was something questionable about Marcus, something she could splash across the front page of her magazine and gain instant stardom in her own right. She had been studying him as best she could for some time now, and despite the rumors of devil worship, cross dressing and worse, none could be backed up. The one thing she was sure of was that Marcus liked women. Only a week ago, she had gotten an interesting lead that claimed he was into S&M. Not too far off for a grunge rocker, but still unfounded. Maybe she would have to drop some hints and see if he bit. Well, she would do what she could to get into his confidence, then trash him. That was her job, she felt, as she pulled to a stop.

“It’s good to see you, Tish,” Marcus said as he motioned for her to come in. He thought briefly about checking out the grounds, to see if anybody saw her enter, but laughed at himself for the melodramatics. He knew there was no one within miles. He closed the door and watched her from the back as she snooped around. He had to admit she was a lovely sight. He preferred younger girls, but even at 30, Tish was a looker. “Can I take your coat?” She looked back at him and smiled, shrugging it off into his hands, then continuing forward. The light was just right to reveal the ghostly shape of her nice figure through her thin dress. Long legs, long, red hair, soft skin; Marcus had to fight to remember who he was drooling over. He led her to the living room and offered her a seat and a drink. As they finally sat across from each other, wine glasses in hand, Tish found she didn’t know where to start.

“I only have a few minutes, so go right ahead,” Marcus urged.

“Thanks for having me over. I’m fascinated by how well you managed to keep your

personal life out of the public eye.”

“Nicky and I have always been private people. We like to have our time alone together.”

“You know there have been rumors going around that associate you with a lot of odd practices.”

Marcus laughed.

“Like what?”

“Well, how about that your actually gay?”

“I’m not gay. Not even close. I like women way too much, Tish!” Marcus let his gaze linger a bit longer than usual, hoping she caught it.

“But you’re telling me you’re just a normal guy, then,” she was still fishing, but she leaned forward a bit, showing off her cleavage. Even if he weren’t working on a plan, Marcus would be hard pressed not to look.

“I have my hobbies,” he said, coyly. “I may enjoy my women in particular ways.”

“That sounds intriguing, Marcus,” she was outright flirting now. “Are you more of a dominant personality?” Marcus smiled, glad she had gotten to the point quicker than he could have hoped.

“Very,” he replied, staring deeply into her eyes. “It’s the only way to fly.” He could see Tish perk up internally. He decided to pick up the point. “Do you enjoy any games?” Tish was sure she had him, but knew she had to push the point home if she was going to get inside.

“I happen to enjoy games. The heavier the better.” She feared she had gone to far, but was tired of playing the game. Let’s get to the point, she thought.

“So, you’re kinky?” Marcus seemed to have read her mind. She stammered for a second, but couldn’t back down now.

"I'm pretty kinky, yes," she said, cautiously. "I never would have imagined. Well, I would love to play with you sometime, if you're interested. Then maybe we could get to know each other better." "I'd like that a lot," Tish said. She had him. But she had to have more proof. The story was forming in her mind. 'I was a slave to Marcus' or something like that. If she could get him to actually do something with her, maybe leave some mark, she would have enough evidence to get a major story out of it! "How about now?" Tish smiled and nodded, and Marcus stood, taking her hand, their glasses and leading her out of the room.

The bedroom seemed far too normal for what she expected. She was worried suddenly that he would use a scarf on her or something equally lame. That would make a horrible story! She needed him to get a little rough with her. He sat her on the end of the bed, then pulled up a chair next to her, offering her wine glass.

"You know what you're asking for," Marcus asked. "Yes, I do. I want you to dominate me." The words felt alien. She took a quick sip of wine to calm herself.

"Tell me you're serious about this."

"I'm very serious."

"I like to role play a lot, master/slave stuff."

"Are you up for that?" Tish smiled.

"I want to be your slave, Master," she said. "I want you to punish me. I'll do anything to please you. I want to be whipped and spanked, or anything you can think of!" She watched him, hoping he would respond. He simply smiled. She took another long drag off her wine, finishing it. It only took a moment for the drug to take effect. She quickly slumped to the floor, unconscious.

As Marcus walked through the house, he tugged on Tish's leash. The reporter, now six weeks as his newest slave, gave a feeble tug back, but knew she would have to obey or face increasingly horrible torments. As it was, she could feel her face burn red again from her embarrassment. Now, forced onto her hands and knees as she tried to keep up with her new master, she cursed her beauty, or what was left of it.

The leash tugged hard again on her new nose ring, the thick steel now permanently mounted in her septum. The huge ring gag in her mouth allowed her feeble moans to escape, but provided a mouth unable to refuse any cock. To add to the humiliation, she found she could not help drooling. The three piercings in her tongue didn't help, nor did the bell that hung from the center ring, pulling her tongue out of her mouth, preventing her from uttering any real words. She had been formed into a pet from day one, left on her hands and knees through the clever removal of her ability to stand or sit normally. Her long, curly hair had been braided into a tight, single strand, along with a leather strap, which now connected to the waist cincher locked onto her waist, pulling her head back harshly. Her already small waist had been reduced to 15 inches, making it difficult to breathe. Her hands now formed a tight ball at the end of her arms, useless for anything but supporting her weight, while her ankles had been strapped to her thighs, then an added, wide leather strap forced her toes into a painful arch, with the opposite end also connected to her corset. A spreader bar connected to mid-thigh straps, holding her legs wide, and kept her now permanently hairless crotch available for use. Her large breasts had received special consideration, and their torture helped keep her on her hands and knees. Steel bands had been riveted around the base of her breasts, locked into position and prevented from slipping with the help of a series of sharp spikes on their insides, that now sank deep into her flesh. A metal rod connected the two, its length forcing her breasts wide apart from the base. A single, thick rod had been pierced through the base of her nipples. Balls on either side of the nipples held the rod in place. Since it too was used to push her breasts apart, her tits now pointed nearly sideways, a painful and humiliating addition to Tish's bondage. Small chains from her thigh straps connected to rings at the ends of her nipple rod, preventing her from standing upright. A final humiliation was the bell that now dangled from her new clit ring, jingling as she was forced to walk behind Marcus.

The morning she had awoken in her strange new bondage, she found Marcus staring down at her. She was a ball of pain, unsure of what part of her sudden transformation hurt worse.

"I hope this fulfills your dreams, Tish," Marcus said with a laugh. "You'll stay as my pet for a few years, then I might make you into something else." He laughed as he tugged on her then new nose ring, making her learn to heel at his feet. Her anger

was clear on her face, but she could do nothing to resist.

Nicky had argued with Marcus about how to handle Tish. She had gone to great pains to arrange a buyer overseas, and when Marcus had announced he wanted to keep her, she had to break the deal. The buyer was understandably angry, but Marcus was set in his mind. For three weeks Nicky had expressed her anger at the rebuke. Waking one morning, Nicky found herself chained in the stone cell. Again, a wide collar locked her face to the dirty floor, while chains held her arms and ankles wide. The result forced her ass into the air. As Marcus entered, trailing Tish at his feet, Nicky screamed.

“What the fuck do you think you’re doing, Marcus,” she yelled, dust clouds swirling from her breath.

“You were right, Nicky. Those buyers are tough customers. So I’ve decided to send you to them instead.” Nicky froze in shock, then fought hard to break free.

“You can’t do this, Marcus,” her words were now pleading. “I thought we were a couple!”

“I think it’s time for a new girlfriend,” he said. As she began to cry, Marcus smiled and turned away, leading Tish from the room. Besides, he thought as the thick door clanged shut behind him, he could have a lot of fun training slaves for these buyers. The sounds of Nicky’s crying began to fade as he started to climb the stairs up.

The End

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