

Celia's Pet Project

Category: Text Stories

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By Scott

(Found on Thndrsharks's website)

Celia was a lab rat. At least that's what she and the other scientists and technicians called themselves; the Biotronics Corporation lab rats. The name probably came from the anonymity and de-humanization that were byproducts of their uniforms and the enormous size of the Biotronics facility.

Hundreds and hundreds of Biotronics staff milled around like ants; or perhaps more like rats in a maze. Each looked much like the others, dressed in his or her unisex white lab coat and scrubs. It was almost difficult to tell the women from the men. The sterile environment was made even more Orwellian by the countless stainless steel tables brimming with the equipment and wires and tubes of science.

Ironically, in this most antiseptic and featureless environment, pieces and parts of humans themselves were being created. Different departments developed and refined artificial bits of bone, cartilage, tendon, and ligament. A battalion of scientists were trying to reproduce nearly all the internal organs, with varying degrees of success.

Celia's department was that of the largest human organ, the epidermis. Her team's goal was a strong, natural appearing, synthetic substitute for skin. The application was especially targeted towards burn and large abrasion victims, or those with degenerative skin diseases.

Celia's private life was, to put it gently, unorthodox. She was the only thirty-six year old that she knew who wasn't a mommy; Nor was she anyone's wife, lover, or even girlfriend. It was not that she was unattractive; her height was proportionate to her weight, her skin was clear, and her face could be considered pleasing. It wasn't that she was particularly antisocial, psychotic or a deliberate loner. The reason for her extended "singleness" was her unique (for a woman) sexuality. Celia was an utter pervert; so much so that she believed in her heart that there was no real chance of finding a true soul mate.

Celia's interests ran from leather to rubber to corsets and very high heels, bondage, humiliation, and above all, a deep, wide, masochistic streak. She owned all manners of fetish related pornography, piles of bondage goods, and a closet full of tight, uncomfortable, punitive fetish wear. She would spend hours and hours every evening in front of the computer. Her waist would be cruelly cinched into a leather corset, her legs sheathed in seamed nylon or latex stockings, and her feet forced into a ballet "en pointe" position in locked-on eight inch heels. Her ankles would be separated by a five inch chain, hanging between rubber lined steel cuffs. Her mouth was invariably occupied by a jaw-stretching penis gag, held in with a myriad of thin locking straps. Shoulder length latex gloves were almost always part of the nightly wardrobe, as was the merciless steel posture collar and a gem of her collection- Very rare, locking nipple clamps.

The clamps were ingenious in that they tormented the wearer, yet allowed circulation into the nipples. This feature permitted them to be locked onto the wearer/victim indefinitely. Celia had previously enjoyed playing a little game of locking the clamps in place on her tortured nipples, and then mailing the keys to herself. She would be trapped in the hellish little devices until the mail delivered the keys back to her, a day or two later. This little game continued until once when they didn't turn up when they were supposed to. The clamps hurt terribly, and there was no escaping them. They worked in conjunction with piercings in Celia's nipples,

holding the nipple stretched and clamped inside a conical shield. She could not touch any part of her nipples once the devices were in place. Removing them would have involved painful, costly, disfiguring surgery. Six agonizing, awful weeks went by before the keys showed up. The envelope was marked "insufficient postage".

Celia's evenings were always spent quickly changing into her fetish clothing, locking her bondage keys into their timed-release box, scarfing a little dinner, doing her household chores, and then going straight to the computer. There, she would cruise the web looking for stories, pictures, new devices and fetish items, and stopping off briefly at the occasional chat room. As she browsed the world's perversions, she would masturbate, bringing herself off dozens of times a night. She met lots of people online, but refused to let anyone get really close to her. She had things just the way she wanted them.

Morning would bring release from her self imposed punishments; the key box would buzz and unlock, allowing her to change back into her daytime persona. Celia had another little game she played, one that helped carry her through the boring hours of work and public responsibilities like grocery shopping, auto repairs and so on. Under her boring external clothes, she would always wear some sort of fetish apparel, often in conjunction with some discipline device(s). The rule was, it had to lock onto her; The keys would stay at home, and she would be helpless to stop the torment going on just under her lab coat or street clothes.

Corsets had long been a favorite item, and they were a daily ritual for Celia. Through years of tight lacing, usually both day and night, she had achieved a remarkable eighteen inch waist. It wasn't the incredible 15 inches that "Spook" displayed on her web page, but Celia was still quite proud of it. On a typical day, Celia would lace into a leather long-line corset, pulling it tight to the point of dizziness. Her more extreme corsets started with a low collar (locking) and carried down over the shoulders and all the way to two inches past her hip bones. There were two, small round openings in the front of the heavily boned leather sheath that Celia would have to pull and massage her D-cup breasts through. The effect was a pair of perfectly round, bright red orbs, protesting at the cruel root-cinching. Getting dressed for work always involved bringing herself to at least one climax!

Instead of conventional panties, Celia would lock her privates away behind a steel chastity belt; often with the addition of a painfully large intruder that would stretch her abused anus stretched wide around it's girth through the day. The belt's wide, impenetrable front panel effectively stopped her practice of sneaking away to the ladies room to masturbate, a habit she was trying to break, due to suffering job performance. Another daily torment was her practice of wearing a small chain that ran from one nipple ring to the other, routed up behind her neck. This chain was deliberately too short for comfort, and the result was the weight of her round breasts being supported by her nipple rings. She called it her "chain bra". She would complete her undergarments by adding a pair of shiny, white "extra control" stockings which were held up by her corset's eight garters. She loved the way they felt, squeezing her from thighs to toes like her latex ones did. The medical scrubs and lab coat covered everything. She wore (ugh) white, low-heeled medical shoes, which were comfortable and practical, but she hated them. She counted the moments until she could be back "en pointe" in her ballet toed stiletto punishment pumps. Flats were for men!

While she was at work, she had to put her sex on a back burner, where it would quietly sizzle through the day. It had taken years of practice to learn to focus exclusively on her work, ignoring all the stimulus that her body was frantically sending. The certainty of the unyielding chastity belt helped; since she had begun wearing it every day, her work productivity had increased threefold.

Celia, and the other eight members of the epidermal research division, had developed a number of amazing prototypes. They had artificial "skin" to match every color of human, and all the different textures and thicknesses to match as well. They had a 94% success rate in overcoming host rejection of the new patches of skin, and that number was improving. The most remarkable thing to come out of the computer-driven chemical vats was the "carte blanche" genetic program. This new skin was "alive" for about twenty hours after being generated, and had the unique and amazing ability to mimic the host's own genetic code. Over a period of 12 hours after application, it would actually become part of the person. Nerve endings would generate, hair follicles would form, and the edges would meld with the undamaged parts of the host skin. It was their crowning achievement.

Along the way to their present success, the “skin team” had many dead ends and produced a lot of material that didn’t work. Some artificial skin had dissolved, some had been rejected (nastily) by the host’s bodies, much of it didn’t look at all natural, and some of it even shrunk and became stiff and super tough when subjected to heat. Over the years, Celia had covertly dabbled with some of these materials. She kept aside a number of samples of one of the dead ends that had unusual properties. She had an idea in mind; what if she could create a shiny, rubber-like product that she could make into fetish apparel?

After work, sometimes on a weekend or holiday, Celia would work on her pet project. Her masterpiece was to be an all-in-one fetish costume, one that would fit her exactly; a second skin, but one you could still remove. The material she was working with was glossy, patent red, somewhat stretchy and supple. She found that by increasing the thickness of the material in key areas and applying heat, it would become stiff and unyielding. After much programming, she was ready to give her latest effort a try. She had previously had the computer scan her body, using its precise measurement lasers. She had used the CAD program to create a three-dimensional model of what she wanted the skin generation unit to create, down to exact thicknesses, material compositions and selected “cook” areas, that would be subjected to high heat to alter their makeup. The only thing the machine didn’t create was the titanium alloy insteps with their attached eight inch high heels. Celia had these made for her (at considerable expense) at a metal fabrication shop.

The “skin machine” was left to its task overnight. It would take hours to generate and shape Celia’s request before it could even begin to heat treat specific areas per the blueprint. The “add prosthetics” function of the machine’s program made it possible to include the titanium stiletto heels. To avoid discovery, Celia would come in early and collect her finished prize before anyone else arrived. Her hopes were high, but her realistic expectations of success were more limited; there had been dozens of failures attempts at this project. All the previous efforts had come out too soft, too stiff, brittle, or had torn too easily. One early failure had shrunk to half the necessary size, and had the texture of beef jerky!

Celia’s arousal had been at full throttle the entire time she had been working on the final programming for her latest attempt at the perfect fetish suit. The potential, the

mental images had her at the edge. Would this be the one? She had even shuddered with a small climax as she had activated the “generate” code. She drove home carefully, focusing on the road. She couldn’t afford to get into an accident, in her present state of bondage. She had to get home and get the chastity belt off, and get some blessed relief!

Thirty minutes later, Celia was writhing on her living room rug. The chastity belt lay nearby, as did her surgical scrubs, lab coat, support hose, and those accursed low-heeled work shoes. She squirmed into a pair of shiny red rubber ballet-toed thigh boots. They fit her very tightly from toes to crotch, and she had ensured that they wouldn’t come off by snapping on her rubber lined steel ankle cuffs, the ones with the five inch chain. Celia’s right hand was pulling cruelly at her nipples and their chain bra, while her left was frantically spanking and fingering her clean shaven pussy with it’s myriad of piercings. Her sphincter clenched convulsively around the thick plug that had stretched it through the day. Her head thrashed back and forth as her hips bucked. She screamed with the intensity of her orgasm.

As she recovered, she wished she hadn’t been in such a hurry to put on the ankle cuffs, or at least that she hadn’t hurled their keys into the time-lock box for the night. Now she was trapped in them, “en pointe” in the toe boots till morning, and she had lots to do! There were bills that had to be dropped off tonight, and... Then a bigger problem occurred to her; She needed to be back at Biotronics at five a.m. to collect her latest creation, before anyone else came in. The time-lock box that held the only keys to her restraints wouldn’t open until six A.M!

She had to pick up her creation; It would be out on the finish area’s trays where everyone would see it immediately upon their arrival. The humiliation and embarrassment wasn’t the real problem; The real problem was that she would probably lose her job over the episode! That machine cost millions of dollars, and the raw ingredients weren’t cheap either. The Biotronics Corporation would take a very dim view of what they would consider misuse of equipment and theft of materials.

The keys to the zipper that secured the leather flap over the laces of the corset she had worn all day were locked in the key box, as were the keys to her ankle cuffs. Celia thought furiously;. Her car had an automatic transmission, so there was no

clutch to depress. She could still drive, even with her ankles hobbled. She could drop the bills off after hours, through mail slots and into drop boxes. And... If she got to Biotronics early enough, she could probably make it all the way to her division and back out without being seen. She would have to try, although it meant thousands of tiny, hobbled, five inch steps while “en-pointe” in her ballet-toed thigh boots. She began to get turned on again, thinking about the danger of public display she would be risking.

Illustration 1

Good judgment faltered in the face of sexual urge, and an hour later Celia had “dressed” to go pay her bills. The chain bra had been replaced by the locking nipple clamps. They were set at “full stretch” and were horribly punitive. Their keys were safely in the box for the night. The daggering steel nipple cones pointed up and slightly outward from atop Celia’s agonizingly root-cinched orbs. The anal intruder had been removed, and she had used an enema to cleanse herself. Now an even larger plug took it’s place in her pert bottom. A thick, ribbed vibrator with new batteries had been inserted into her glistening, hairless pussy. She gasped periodically as the heads of the two oversized intruders would bump, push and vibrate against one another through the thin flesh that separated them. She could not remove them now, the chastity belt was back in place to ensure they stayed put for the night. Shoulder-length latex gloves, bright red to match the boots, and a high-necked, totally sheer red latex dress finished the ensemble. For good measure, she locked the mirror polished stainless steel posture collar around her throat and deposited it’s keys through the slot to join the others in the timed lock box.

The latex dress was stretched sheer across Celia’s tormented and bound breasts. It was very short, it’s hem stopping a full three inches above her ballet-boot tops. The steel panel that held the intruders so deeply in her was clearly visible below and through the translucent material. Each tiny step was wonderful, sexy, delicious agony as Celia tip-toed her way out to her car.

The vibrator may have been too much, she thought to herself as she had to pull to the side of the road for yet another orgasm. It’s unstoppable vibration was carried through the chastity belt and rattled her anal plug and her entire pelvic area with it’s loud hum. What should have taken one hour took three, due to the forced

orgasms and the tiny hobbled steps Celia was limited to by her ankle restraints. As she had feared, she had been seen by any number of people, all of whom had openly stared at her outlandish rubber outfit. Some had even been close enough to hear the loud buzz of the vibrator hard at work in her pussy. Her embarrassment had served to fuel her fires; She fantasized about walking through malls and into bars and restaurants in her fetish ensemble!

The vibrator had three big “D” cell batteries powering it. It ran through the night, slowing somewhat, but not enough to allow Celia any respite from it’s constant stimulation. She was on the computer for hours, coming again and again from the unrelenting hum of the big vibrator. She got an extra kick from turning on her digital camera when she was getting close to orgasm; knowing that hundreds or even thousands of strangers were watching pushed her right over the edge! She hopped from site to site for hours until exhaustion took over. She dozed fitfully, having unspeakably sadomasochistic dreams.

BZZZZZ! Four a.m.! Celia lurched awake, sweating, heart pounding. It was time to go. She had taken off the see-through rubber dress before passing out, but still wore the shoulder-length red latex gloves. They were the only part of her outfit that wasn’t locked in place, but she decided to leave them on; at four a.m. it was chilly out. She paused only long enough to urinate through the supplied slits in the chastity belt; fortunately, she had purchased the model designed for extended or even continuous wear. She threw on her lab coat over the rest of her punishment costume. The coat was knee length on her and had long sleeves, but served only to bring even more attention to what she had on underneath it.

The cursed vibrator was still running inside her, albeit much more slowly now. She wobbled to the car en-pointe, moaning softly as the thick intruders bumped and jostled for space within her. A half-hour later, she was at the immense Biotronics facility. It took her fully fifteen minutes of determined tip-toeing to complete what was normally a two minute walk from the parking lot to the building. She used her security card and gained access, praying that she wouldn’t meet up with one of the security officers.

The squeaking and rubbing of her latex-covered thighs sounded very loud to Celia as

she hobbled her way slowly through the huge building. The resulting buildup of friction in her wildly rolling pelvis was too much; she couldn't hold back yet another helpless, hip-thrusting orgasm.

The high, stainless steel posture collar made her turn her torso as she craned left and right to make sure she was alone. Finally, she was at the finished item trays of her department, and there it was! Celia picked up the somewhat supple, somewhat stiff body suit and examined it with her trained, critical eye. It looked perfect! The lustrous material shimmered and shined like nothing she had ever seen before. It caught and reflected seemingly all the lights in the building, almost causing the illusion of a glowing, inner light source. The suit's slender leggings terminated at the built-in titanium ballet-toed soles and heels. They had bonded perfectly to the dull, silver colored metal, and the bond appeared seamless.

"Identification please, Miss!" a deep, authoritative voice ordered. Celia felt faint, and suddenly her heart was trying to beat it's way out of her chest! She turned around to face her inquisitor; He was a large man, taller even than she was, perched on her toes! His head was clean shaven, and he wore a goatee; He looked like that huge wrestler on television! His uniform left no mistake that he was one of the humorless, scowling security team that constantly prowled the Biotronics facility and grounds. Celia was in deep trouble.

"I- I'm Celia Foregood, I'm a design technician, level 12, department 15! He- here's my I.D., I just came in early, to um," "Design techs and science personnel are not allowed in at this hour, Miss Foregood. Furthermore, I'm going to have to run a check on the project number of that item your holding. I suspect that it's not got a lot designation, or a project approval code." Celia was about to burst into tears, how could she have been so stupid! "Look, sir, please, um.. No, you're right, I don't have a code and I'm really sorry I'm here when I'm not supposed to be, but please, couldn't you-" "Ma'am, I believe that you are in possession more than one piece of Biotronics property; You appear to be wearing on your person more of the same type of material that you're holding." "No, please, this is mine, I just don't have the keys to take it off right now, you see-" "I'm going to have to ask you to remove your lab coat, Miss Foregood." The large guard took the new body suit from Celia's limp hands. He placed it aside. "Really, what I have on is mine, I swear! I don't have to

prove to you-" "Now, please Miss Foregood." The guard commanded, taking a step towards her. "Okay, okay, please, just don't blow this up into-" The guard took another half step forward and Celia quickly doffed the lab coat, reluctantly placing it into his outstretched hand.

She blushed hotly as he examined her fetish outfit and the cuffs on her ankles. Her root cinched breasts throbbed and her tortured nipples ached during the uncomfortable silence. "What you're wearing appears to be similar material to this other piece of Biotronics material. I'm going to have to take you into custody. Please place your hands behind your back."

Celia was shocked to see the guard pull a pair of handcuffs out of their sheath on his utility belt. "Oh god no, please, you don't have to do that, I won't, I mean I can't run, please!" Seconds later, her hands were firmly locked behind her, and the guard was marching her smartly towards the security office. He brought the new body suit along as evidence.

It took a few moments to get to the security office, due to Celia's five-inch strides. The large man walked stiffly beside her, his thick fingers completely encircling her upper arm. She wondered why he showed no reaction to her outlandish costume; all she wore was a corset, thigh high toe boots, shoulder length gloves, a chastity belt, a tall steel collar, and ankle cuffs. And his handcuffs! Her perfectly round, root cinched breasts jutted straight out before her, her nipples capped inside their hellish, conically shaped clamps. She wasn't technically naked at all, she supposed. She was much worse!

Inside the office, the guard stood her in the middle of the floor. No chair was offered, and it seemed like a bad idea to ask for one. The guard picked up the phone and started to dial, for the police, she supposed. "Sir?" she said, her voice begging, "Sir? Please, can't we come to some kind of an arrangement?" She lowered herself to her knees, awkwardly in her bondage. She knelt before him, breasts out thrust, lips parted and trembling all over. "I'll do anything! Please, let me...?" Her eyes were filled with tears, and her heart pounded in fright. She couldn't go to jail!

She was surprised to see him set the phone back down. He stepped in front of her, saying nothing, but with an eyebrow cocked. It was all the permission Celia needed.

She wriggled forward, and used her nose to open the flap to the guard's zipper. Finding the zipper's tab, she clenched it in her teeth and tugged it down. The man wore no underwear, and she was able to pull his manhood out, using gentle teeth and fervent lips. He was enormous, and swelling rapidly.

She licked and sucked on him with frantic energy. This had to be a perfect blowjob! She had to make him let her go! He was thicker even than the big penis gag that she was accustomed to, and she had to strain to keep her teeth off his cock. She took him deep into her mouth, to the point where he was hard against the back of her throat and she had to time her breathing. Sucking a cock, kneeling, bound, in a stringent discipline costume, Celia's own fires soon leapt to a roar. Within moments, she was whimpering around his throbbing cock, her pelvis gyrating and thrusting. The rubber monsters inside her moved and ground around, but just not enough! She cursed the chastity belt; She wanted this great big man inside her!

It was not to be; only he would reach orgasm, making her gulp down gobs of his hot spunk. She was left just short, mewling and rubbing her thighs together in frustration. The guard gave her a gruff, approving nod, then zipped up and picked up the phone. She listened in shock as he said "Yes sir, I have her here. Yes, the suit as well. I'll bring them right up. Thank you, Sir." He helped her to her toes again. "But I.. We.. Aren't you going to let me go?" She whimpered. For the first time, his face cracked into a partial smile. "Of course not. The boss wants to see you in his office. We've been expecting you."

She hated the guard for what he'd done; The humiliation of having been used for a free blowjob burned within her warped psyche. She was furious, embarrassed, and very, very turned on. As she was being led out through the lobby (fortunately empty at this hour) she noticed a clock, and smiled at the irony; It was six a.m., and across town a little box was opening to allow her the keys to her freedom. As it was, her next stop would probably be the city jail. Then some court appearances, and then the penitentiary for felony grand theft.

The elevator climbed fifteen floors to the penthouse offices. Celia wondered which executive she was going to be brought in front of to be formally fired. She began to cry quietly. Wobbling along on her toes, she caught the name on the door plaque;

Stanton Hanley, VP The guard at her arm held her on course to the middle of the luxurious office. The floors were black marble, the walls were in a light honey oak, and the statuary looked expensive. A small fountain bubbled in one corner.

The man behind the desk steepled his fingers as he leaned back in his chair. He somehow seemed to look down on her even though she stood and he sat. He exuded power. His suit was dark blue or black, she couldn't tell, and his dark hair was cut high and tight. The guard handed over the shimmering red suit to this man. "Thank you, Johnson. That will be all for the moment." "Sir." The guard responded. The thick, ornately carved wooden door closed behind him on its oiled hinges, and she was alone to face Mr. Stanton Hanley. Shivering in the air conditioning, Celia wished for her lab coat, or even that she had been released from the handcuffs.

He contemplated her for another long moment, then spoke. "I have been following along, watching you formulate the plans for your costume, here." He lifted it, and let it slide back through his fingers to the desk. "Quite ingenious, really. Fine workmanship, nice, simple design. The problem of course, is that you have duped the company we work for out of quite a lot of money. I have added up the totals of what we would have charged a customer for what you've made. The totals of technology development, materials, facility costs and machine running time put you well over the hundred-thousand dollar mark." Celia gasped, and then moaned aloud.

"If.. If you knew what I was doing at the beginning, why didn't you stop me?" Celia asked in a forlorn voice. "I can try to pay the company back, if you let me keep working. I can sell my condo..." "That is not an option I am prepared to offer." A small light began to break at the end of the tunnel for Celia. If this man was going to send her to jail, he wouldn't be having this meeting with her. Would he? He continued: "After I discovered your project here, I became interested in you. You became something of a hobby for me, and I pried into all of your affairs. If you had a feeling you were being watched, you were correct. There are small cameras planted throughout your home and even in your car. Celia's eyes were very wide.

"What do you want me to do?" Celia asked in a stunned voice. She was tired, shocky, and an emotional wreck. A short silence followed, then he spoke: "I want you to wear this for me." He lifted the suit slightly. "I want you to put it on, and then I want

you to be my plaything while you wear it." Her mind said "That's it? I might've done that for him anyway, without him having to scare the shit out of me! Besides, it's the weekend. A day or two of games to make this guy happy, and then this is all water under the bridge." Her mouth said "I can do that." Relief began to settle through her. She wasn't going to jail, and it sounded like she still even had a job. "Good." He said. "I trust you recognize this?" He placed Celia's time-lock key box on his desk. "I had one of the security team pick it up for me when I saw what you were wearing into the building. Oh, incidentally, they enjoy watching you on your house cameras, almost as much as I do." Celia winced and turned beet red. "I even considered turning you into an Internet site, but I was sure that you would "discover" yourself on display. Well, let's get you changed, shall we?"

An hour later, Celia had been unlocked, stripped, showered, dried, oiled, and had writhed into her creation, all under the watchful eye of Stanton Hanley. Removing the vibrator and butt plug from their recesses in front of him was humiliating to the core. The suit however, was everything she had hoped for. It was an exact fit, tighter than latex and much more sensuous. It stretched around her with a perfect, wrinkle-free finish. It covered almost every inch of her body, from finger tips to pointed toes. The titanium ballet insteps and heels were the best fit she'd ever had. Even her head was covered, with openings for the eyes, mouth, nostrils (with small tubes inserted) and a ponytail. It's crotch was left well exposed, as was an opening at her anus. Like her corset, the suit forced her breasts through too-small openings, turning them once again into obscene, taught, round melons of angry flesh. They were the size of cantaloupes, and held well away from her chest by two inch "sleeves" at the suit's breast openings. Stanton had refused to free her nipples from their terrible locked-on cones; they remained at full stretch and clamp.

The odd thing about the suit was that it tingled, all over Celia's body. It wasn't unpleasant, but she hadn't expected it. Stanton had apparently made arrangements for his absence in advance. To Celia's relief, she was to "entertain" him back at his home. To her utter consternation, he locked her high, stainless collar, a leash, ankle hobbles, chastity belt (sans plugs), and the guard's handcuffs back on her before they departed to his car! Mercifully, there was no one on the private, executive elevator at this hour.

Celia felt bizarre, exotic and even aroused as she was led, helpless and leashed by a man she didn't know at all. His car sat alone in the lot, a dark, sleek Jaguar. The handcuffs were uncomfortable behind her, even in the Jaguar's plush interior. Smiling, he looped the leash over the rear view mirror. The ride was a blur of sensations; The smell of the car's leather interior, the rumble of it's engine, the scenery flying by, and Stanton's hand caressing sensuously on her thighs, torso and breasts. Being in deep trouble wasn't too bad, so far.

Stanton's home fit exactly with her expectations; It was huge, elegant, and set well away from others, deep in it's extensive grounds. She had tried to slither down in her seat as the gate man had waved them through; Either the man didn't notice, or took no notice of her. She blushed horribly as they pulled to the house; The butler had opened her door, and Stanton had reached across, handing him her leash! The butler made no expression of surprise at Celia's appearance and strict bondage. He merely helped her to her toes, and said "This way please, Miss!" She suppressed a small chuckle as she thought "Of course "this way" Jeeves, I'm on a leash!" The butler led her through a long corridor, and out into a large foyer. There, he looped her leash over a hook on a coat tree and departed without a word.

Celia stood in the corner of the foyer, shifting her weight from toe to toe, for a number of minutes while waiting for her "host" to reappear. She was surprised and even relieved to see a maid come out of an adjoining room. The maid's outfit was classic "French" with some notable modifications. The corselet of the her bodice was cupless, leaving her large, pale breasts naked. Her nipples appeared to have been tattooed an unnatural deep red, and were held terribly stretched inside small, conical cages. The tips of her nipples bore heavy stainless rings, connected by a thin, chrome chain. The maid's widely flared and frilled skirt fell short of covering her nude, shaven sex. She jingled as she walked, due to a small bell that hung from a ring pierced through her clit. She wore the classic black, seamed fishnet stockings, and black patent heels that were a full seven inches high. Celia could see the shoes had locking ankle straps that doubled as hobbles; the maid was limited to ten inch steps.

No conversation between the two bound women took place. It couldn't, due to the tight-fitting panel gag that covered the maid's lower face. A web of thin chains ran

from the panel up, over and around the maids head, through her lush hair, to terminate at a lock at the nape of her neck. Her cheeks bulged, indicating the large size of the plug in her straining mouth. Her short, dark hair nicely revealed her neck, which, Celia noted, was encircled by a snug fitting, tall steel collar with no lock; The collar had been welded closed. The maid dusted here and there, gave Celia a broad wink and a sharp pinch on the ass, and moved to the next room. "Hard to find good help" Celia thought.

A few moments later, the butler reappeared and asked Celia to follow him. This courtesy was only lip service, due to the fact that the butler again held her leash. The shiny red catsuit continued to itch and tingle as Celia hobbled through another corridor and into a great, high ceilinged dining room. The suit also seemed to be growing steadily tighter all over, especially around her waist, chest and shoulders. She was mildly conscious of a feeling that she was standing especially straight, with her shoulders well back. Celia was delighted to see that plates of breakfast food were waiting on the long, elegant table. It seemed odd however, that there was only one chair, placed at the head of the table.

Stanton emerged from another door, his outfit had changed to a red silk robe over matching pants and slippers. He looked casual and relaxed, newspaper in hand, as he sat down in the lone chair at the head of the table. He glanced up at Celia and the butler who were both standing expectantly at attention. "Remove Miss Foregood's chastity belt, and then help her to the table please, Winston." With a dignified nod, the butler drew a familiar looking key from his pocket. A moment later, Celia was free of the tight stainless device. The cool air on her exposed snatch made her shiver.

The butler then collected a startled Celia around the waist, and deftly carried her to the table. There, he placed her kneeling on the table, about five feet opposite the master of the house. The butler efficiently arranged two heaping plates of food, and placed one before each diner. Glasses of juice were poured and placed accordingly. Celia was starving, and couldn't wait to dig in. "Um.. Help?" she asked politely, and held her hands, still cuffed behind her, out towards the butler. "Of course, Madam." Ignoring her outstretched hands, the butler produced a drinking straw, and placed it in Celia's juice glass. With that, he withdrew. Stanton glanced up from his breakfast

and newspaper. "Problem?" he asked. Celia sighed "No." She bent at the hips to begin eating without the aid of her hands.

Before her lips reached the first morsel, she heard a loud "Thwack!" A line of fire appeared across her ass cheeks, eliciting a small scream from her shocked mouth. "No what, Missy?" a female voice demanded from behind her. "No SIR!" Thwack! Oww! "No, Master! No Milord!" "Good. A quick study. I like that in a little slut." The whip-toting maid, obviously now free of her gag, appeared from behind Celia.

Celia knew where she stood, (knelt) and didn't want to incur anymore wrath. "Please Mistress, may I speak?" "You will address me by my proper title, which is slut Marie. I am the maid and estate fuck-toy. I may deny no one access to any part of my body. My position is second lowest here; You are lowest. Now, what do you wish to ask, slut Celia? "Um... May I eat?" Slut Marie cocked an eyebrow. "Of course, silly. It's getting cold!"

As "slut" Celia begin licking and slurping the eggs, bacon and hash browns off her plate, she detected Marie sliding up onto the table behind her. Celia gasped as slut Marie stroked Celia's pussy. "Slut, put your bottom up in the air as high as you can. Good, don't stop eating; now arch your back and look pretty. Stick your little pussy out for me!" Celia ate as best she could, with no hands and Marie licking her protruding mons. "Slut," Marie said, "I like all these pretty piercings you have in your pussy. I especially like these two, through your little clit and it's hood." She tugged on them playfully. "Thank you, slut Marie!" Celia gasped between bites of food. Her nipples throbbed painfully from inside their punishment cones. "Perhaps master Stanton will allow me to attach your leash there, and take you for a nice walk after breakfast. Would you like that, slut?" "Yes please, slut Marie." Celia paused for a moment, enjoying Marie's busy tongue and intruding fingers. "In fact," Celia continued in a quiet, disclosing voice, "I was fantasizing about being led on a pussy leash when I had those rings put in me." Stanton looked up from his paper, an eyebrow arched. Marie's tongue was too much; Celia couldn't stop the orgasm. Swept away with it, she moaned "Yes, please, slut Marie! Ooh, oh, oh Yesss!

It would be a number of hours, ten to be exact, before Marie finally snapped a lead onto Celia's pussy rings. The after-breakfast walk had been put off due to master

Stanton's raging hard-on. Accompanied by slut Marie, he had whipped, paddled, clamped, bound and tormented just about every inch of Celia's body. He had also enjoyed each of her openings repeatedly and at length with his long, thick cock. Finally, the three of them passed out for a well-deserved post-coitus slumber. They slept for hours, only arising when the butler announced that "Tea was served."

When she awoke, Celia immediately noticed that the suit she wore had grown noticeably tighter. It squeezed her everywhere, from finger tips to toes, even across her face. All that was bearable, not even really unpleasant. The part that gave her distress was in the corset area of the torso; from the openings around her breasts to her waist and hips, the suit had become much, much smaller and stiffer, as if it was heavily boned. She had found a full length mirror, and gasped at her waist; it looked smaller than she had ever seen it. She worried that it would have to be cut off of her, as it seemed to have lost most of its elasticity. "Well," she thought, "I'll only have to wear it for today, tomorrow and probably Sunday. I can probably take it for that long, but thank goodness I have to be released to go back to work on Monday!"

When Marie attached the leash, she elected to use Celia's much heavier and deeply pierced labia rings; her clit ring didn't offer a secure enough anchor for giving sharp little tugs on the leash. A number of hours previously, Celia had been slowly and carefully fitted into a set of "back prayer" wrist to neck cuffs. The slow and careful part had been the stretching and massaging of her arms and shoulders to accommodate the extremely strenuous position. The stainless steel wrist cuffs were two inches wide and lined with rubber; They were attached by a very short chain to the back ring on her tall, stainless steel posture collar. To make matters worse, wide, snug fitting cuffs were fit onto her upper arms, just above her elbows. These were linked close together by a small, heavy lock. The resulting posture forced Celia's breasts to thrust obscenely out and up, while her shoulders were pulled cruelly back. Celia complained that her shoulders ached horribly, and Marie provided her with aspirin, muscle relaxants, and a large penis gag.

Illustration 2

"No more complaints?" Marie asked. Celia rolled her eyes and groaned. "Good. Come along then." She gave a sharp tug on the pussy-leash. Celia squeaked, and fairly leapt to obey. Her effort was especially notable, in that her slender ankles

were still securely locked into the hobbles connected by the five inch chain. The ballet-toe high heels built into Celia's fetish suit weren't too much obstacle after all the practice she'd had "en pointe" lately. Still, her feet and legs ached from the continued strain, and she was grateful for the pain killers.

The two fantastically clad women moved slowly down the path, although they took many tiny, rapid steps. Slut Marie, the French bondage maid, was still secured in her ten-inch hobbles and seven inch heels, so she was not much better off than Celia. About a quarter mile into their walk through the estate grounds, Marie said "I must admit, slut, (wink) that you're taking all this very well." Celia "Mmmphed" and gave a little shrug. "I mean, I can't believe how calm you are. When master Stanton told me that he'd changed the formula on your skin suit to make it grow permanently onto you, I-" Marie was interrupted as Celia's garbled scream fought it's way past the huge penis gag that was locked into her mouth. Wide-eyed, Celia inhaled and screamed again and again. She fought crazily against the stout bonds on her wrists, arms, throat and ankles. Marie clutched the leash tightly as the apoplectic Celia yanked at it.. "Oh my god," Marie cried out with a shocked look, "you didn't know yet, did you?!"

Epilogue:

It took Celia several months to adjust to the permanence of the bright red fetish suit she wore. Actually, she no longer "wore" it, it had become her own skin. If she suffered a scuff, a cut or a whip mark, it repaired itself to it's original shiny state in a few days. Her nerve endings had grown all the way in after three weeks, and she became aware that she was actually quite naked but for her chains. She wore the "back prayer" and hobbles continuously since they had been locked onto her during her first day at the estate. This wasn't to keep her as a prisoner; she had been told that she was welcome to leave. Instead, she remained in the demanding bondage as a condition of being allowed to stay. Her hands, arms and shoulders were kept in working condition by nightly application of electronic muscle stimulus pads. Oddly, her fingernails and nail beds appeared in the new skin, but her toes and their nails were gone forever inside the shiny ballet toes. No hair except for the "pony plume" at the top of her head came through the new skin. The tough, new epidermis maintained it's brilliant, polished appearance everywhere on her body.

Celia's permanent new outfit caused quite a stir among the numerous guests that would attend Stanton's lavish fetish parties. Stanton finally bowed to the flood of requests for copies and variations of the suit, and a quiet new department of the Biotronics corporation was born. Stanton acquiesced to Celia's only demand; As the suit's designer, she insisted that all future "permaskin" fetish suits incorporate a stout corset, ballet-toe heels, and that like Celia, the wearer's nipples must be locked into the same permanent clamps that she wore.

They are selling an amazing amount of these suits, and there's a wonderful short story to go with every one. Perhaps someone who has read this story will relay a tale of a different girl, and her adventure of wearing another permaskin suit?

The End