

Charlotte

Category: Text Stories

written by Sir Valk | July 15, 2002



By Thndrshark

For the first time in her life, Charlotte felt like she had found what was missing. For years she and her friends had commiserated about lost loves or the lack of success in Manhattan. Charlotte had made particular noise about the issue. Of the four ladies, she was hoping to marry first. But she was also known as the prude of the group, embarrassed to talk about even a simple blow job. She had always felt that the perfect relationship didn't require anything special, except mutual love and compatibility.

It wasn't that she had trouble meeting men. Her trim 5'6" frame and long dark hair offset her bright face. She knew that she was attractive and though she didn't usually wear formfitting outfits, she did take advantage of what she had with the most stylish and cut clothing. She was proportional for her size, her 34C breasts offset her 22 inch waist and 32 inch hips. She was pleased with her looks but still couldn't see why she couldn't find the right man.

Marcus seemed to be the perfect answer. He was a wealthy real estate developer living on the upper east side. His house, a double brownstone, was impressive from the outside, and cavernous on the inside. After the first two dates, Charlotte was certain that he would meet most if not all of her criteria, and that of her friends. Yet, despite the seeming perfection, there still seemed to be something lacking. It wasn't

until the third date, the first time they made love, that she discovered something new.

In the lengthy conversations they would have over dinner, Marcus had made mention of his controlling instincts. They would laugh it off, proclaiming him a true Leo, but the subject would come up again. Charlotte could tell there was more to it than she could see. It wasn't until they made it to his bedroom for the first time that she discovered what that meant.

The room was massive, as were many of the rooms in his home. It was difficult to see past the iron canopy bed anyway, and no lights illuminated the room beyond. As she suspected, Marcus was sensual, standing her by the bed and carefully removing her clothes, kissing and touching her. A thrill ran through her spine and a smile across her face as she felt her nipples perk up to the attention. Once naked, Marcus turned her toward the bed and leaned in.

"Do you trust me," he asked in a soft yet firm tone. Charlotte felt a chill course through her, but she knew it was excitement.

"Yes," she whispered back. In answer, his strong hands gently pulled her arms behind her until her elbows met. The arm position was unusual to Charlotte. She could feel her breasts being pushed out from her body and her back arch. Her yoga and years of dance as a young girl made her quite flexible, but she had never experienced this. She wanted to protest as she felt a wide leather strap lace around her elbows and carefully bind them together. Any past boyfriend who even suggested tying her up would have been greeted with a slap and a quick departure. But Marcus' touch seemed to calm her and she found the restriction somehow exciting. So caught up in her thoughts she almost missed her wrists being bound together in a similar fashion, locking her arms behind her back, useless.

For a moment his touch disappeared, but when it returned, she felt his hand pull her chin up, then press a wide leather collar around her neck. Moving her hair, Marcus buckled it on; snug yet not uncomfortable, and Charlotte could hear the telltale sound of a small padlock clicking into place. Her face was flush with embarrassment and excitement. Turning her, Marcus kissed her deep, then lifted her onto the silk sheets. Reaching to the head of the bed, Marcus pulled a heavy length of chain up,

locking it to the front of Charlotte's collar. The chain, only 3 feet long, allowed her some movement but not too much. Charlotte felt detached from the experience, the unusual feeling of leather around her neck, holding her snug, and the loss of her arms behind her felt strange. For a moment, she panicked, thinking that Marcus might be some type of crazy, taking advantage of her, abusing her then who knows what. But despite the frightening thought, she could feel a tingle between her legs as she imagined these things.

Rolling over turned out to be more difficult than she imagined without the use of her arms but she could feel Marcus towering over her at the side of the bed. She lay on her back, watching him examine her like an object, and a stir moved through her heart. For a moment she realized she should be mad, embarrassed, but the more she watched him watch her, and the more she felt how exposed and vulnerable she was, the more excited she became. Finally, Marcus undressed and joined her, making love to Charlotte with more energy and enthusiasm than she would have imagined. With strong hands and decisive moves, Marcus took advantage of her, and Charlotte enjoyed it, imagining she was a captive maiden and this was her master. Well, she thought, maybe there's more truth to that than fantasy.

After a long session of love making, Marcus finally rested, pulling Charlotte's head to his chest. She had no choice, but enjoyed the sound of his heart as he held her helpless body. She could feel the flush of excitement leaving her face finally. She had never orgasmed so much in a single night. The combination of the helplessness with the passion Marcus showed her created a feeling Charlotte had never experienced before. After a few moments, Marcus rose and she assumed it was to untie her. Instead, he returned quickly with two items. First, she was shocked when he pushed a huge red rubber ball into her mouth, wrenching her jaw wide. She tried to complain but the ball stifled any sound quickly. Despite the passion, she felt this was too much. As he laced the strap tightly, forcing the ball in deeper, she began to panic again, fearing that she had allowed herself to be totally at this man's mercy. Then, a blindfold covered her eyes, small padded circles forcing them shut and blocking out all light. As his hands left her, Charlotte moaned and struggled, feeling the harsh bondage of her arms, the heavy chain holding her to the bed and the gag keeping her mute. She tried to scream in complaint, twisting and fighting the bonds, but she also noticed that her pussy was damp again. It couldn't be, she said to

herself as she continued to struggle. But despite the unchosen helplessness, Charlotte found herself calming and, without much warning, drifted off to sleep.

The next day was a confusion of emotions. She had awoken free of the bondage, Marcus having untied her while she slept, but she still could remember the feeling of the bonds. He could sense her troubled mind, but left her to the thoughts as they kissed. Rather than pushing him away, Charlotte found herself clinging to him even tighter, his strength somehow helping comfort her.

She wandered through the day, unable to resolve the conflict in her head. She knew that the bondage was wrong and dirty. She would never have consented to it if she knew what he had intended. Yet as she thought about it, she found herself with a slight smile and a thrill she hadn't felt before. When Marcus called late in the day and asked Charlotte to dinner at his place, she quietly accepted. Despite her fear, she knew there was something that Marcus had that she needed. As she set the phone back in the cradle, she secretly hoped that her own discovered passions could remain in check.

Unlike a typical dinner after an uncomfortable experience, Marcus was quick to bring up the events of the night before. As they sat in his exquisite dining room, he broke the awkward silence quickly.

"I want to talk about last night," he said, his strong gaze piercing her. Charlotte tried to swallow the salad gracefully.

"Ok," she said, the fear in her eyes clear.

"Well, it wasn't what I expected," a blush. "But it was very exciting." Charlotte had to admit it. Even thinking about it now was making her excited. She was shocked at her quick response, struggling to control these new feelings.

"Charlotte, I think we could have a lot of fun together. I think you would enjoy even more of the same." His pause spoke volumes as he leaned in to her, taking her hand in his. "I think you would make a wonderful submissive." Charlotte wasn't sure what that meant.

"What would happen?"

"I would continue exposing you to different forms of bondage, ways to control you." Charlotte's heart was racing. She was more excited than ever, but her mind wanted to run from the room and never look back.

"And what is your goal?" Marcus paused, taking her hand even stronger.

"To make you my slave." Charlotte didn't know what to say. This wasn't anything like she had dreamt of all those years. She had always wanted family and stability. Instead, this man she could love was offering her enslavement. It couldn't possibly be real.

"Is this real," she asked. "I mean, what would happen in the end?"

"That's a long way away, Charlotte. I'm suggesting we explore a side of you that you seem to enjoy, despite what your head says. I'm suggesting we play some roles and see what happens."

"Will it hurt?"

"I'll be honest, depending on how far we go, there are times it might hurt."

"Like when?"

"If you disobey me, I will punish you. Some bondage can be painful as well." Charlotte's body was betraying her, her pussy wet with excitement. She wanted to put her hand there and pleasure herself but she didn't want to reveal the effects of Marcus' words on her body. "If we go far enough, there are ways I would like to modify your body that would be painful, but would enhance your experience."

"Are there rules?"

"The only rule is that you must obey me at all times from this moment forward. If you do not, I will punish you. There are no safe words or ways to stop the training. We can set a time limit and after that time, see how you are feeling, but until then, I am in control. Do you understand?"

Charlotte nodded. She didn't know what to think. Her mind went to her friends and how they would react. In typical fashion, Samantha would say go for it, Carrie would

worry and Miranda would want to know more. The unfortunate part was that she was usually the sensible one of the group. Now, with her own senses encouraging her to do it, she had no one to go to for logic. She found herself looking into Marcus' eyes and nodding.

"Alright," was all she said.

For the first two weeks, life for Charlotte remained fairly normal on the outside, though her love life with Marcus became increasingly unusual. At first, he introduced her carefully to the art of submission, teaching her how to kneel at his feet, spread her knees and avoid eye contact when they were alone at home. To her it was a game, something that sent a thrill through her each time she was with him. Marcus also insisted on nudity at home for her, except for a snug and wide leather collar locked to her neck, as well as cuffs on wrists and ankles. Charlotte found her shyness would not be tolerated and she quickly became accustomed to her new attire, for fear of the strap he liked to use on her. She had not enjoyed her "corrections", as Marcus liked to call them. With each mistake she made, she would receive five lashes from his 2-inch wide leather tarse. Despite the intense pain, she knew she deserved the punishment in their game of slavery. She also knew that after each stroke, her heart raced with excitement and her pussy grew more and more damp. She slowly began to crave his harsh treatment, despite her fear of where her passions might lead.

After only a few days, she found that Marcus would no longer allow her to sleep in bed with him. Instead, she was chained by her collar to the floor at the foot of the bed. Even though humiliation coursed through her body the first time he forced her to the floor and locked her in place, she also found her body tingling with exhilaration.

Almost continually, Marcus kept her arms locked behind her back, wrist and elbows touching, as he had bound her that first night. Though the location remained the same, he found ways to increase her discomfort each night. Larger ball gags soon made way for inflatable gags that wrenched her mouth so wide she thought her jaw would dislocate. Eventually, harsh harnesses were used to pull her head back severely, as a strap connected the top ring to her elbow bondage. Soon, her ankles

were pulled up to meet her elbows as well, bending her body into a tight U, then a strap connected her ankles to her head, increasing the severity ten fold. The first Saturday night after agreeing to submit to Marcus, Charlotte found herself being prepared for something different. Her arms still bound behind her harshly, Marcus removed her collar. Fitting a leather waist cincher, he began to lace it tightly. Charlotte began gasping as her waist was cruelly constricted beyond anything she had ever experienced. Soon, Marcus tied off the lacing and held up a small mirror for her. Her already small waist had been reduced to almost 18 inches, she guessed. Though the look was somehow erotic, she found herself nearly panting from the pressure.

“Spread your legs,” Marcus commanded. She did as she was ordered, still horrible aware of the hairless nature of her crotch. On her second night with Marcus, he had insisted she apply a special balm to all her skin beneath her neck.

“This will permanently remove all hair from your body, Charlotte,” he had said. “This will be the first of many permanent changes you must accept to be my slave.” Charlotte hesitated only briefly before applying the cream. She felt a tingle, then simply wiped her skin clean. As the final evidence of hair on her pussy was removed, Charlotte felt more exposed than ever. And the thought of being hairless like a child for the rest of her life brought new meaning to submission.

As she remembered the experience, she felt Marcus attach something to the back of her waist cincher. She nearly jumped as she felt a long metal dildo slip into her pussy. Seemingly endless in length, it filled her fully. Soon, another began pressing against her anus and she bit her lip as the second metal penetrator slid deep into her ass. A wide strap was pulled up between her legs, then attached to the front of her corset, holding both dildos in firmly. Marcus ordered her to lay down on a black, rubber object, and he began strapping her tightly into a heavy rubber body bag. The latex stretched tight up her already bound body until it cocooned her in a thick, pliable material. Soon, wide leather straps circled her body as well, removing any ability to flex. At one point, she could feel him working at her feet, then slowly, a pressure forced her toes into an en pointe position. As Marcus locked a strap in position, cramping had already begun in her calves, the unusual position of her feet making her muscles rebel. Charlotte began to panic as claustrophobia set in, her

controlled and restricted body fighting against the harsh bondage. As he finished with her body, Marcus turned to her head, stretching a tight latex hood over it. The compression of the strange material increased her sense of helplessness, as tears began to streak down her cheek, then across her rubber covered skin. The mouthless hood pressed the massive ball gag even further back into her mouth. As the ball attempted to stretch her mouth wider, the tight rubber pressed back. Charlotte moaned in helpless frustration. Assuming he was done, Charlotte's eyes grew wide as Marcus reached for another object. Holding the new piece of rubber in a ball, he pushed out two tubes that began to slip up into her nostrils. Halfway up their length, rubber stops began to slip into her nose, blocking off the nostril. Soon, Charlotte could feel the strange sensation of the tubes slipping toward her throat, making her choke. But the stoppers fit snugly, deep in her nostrils, stopping the intrusion. She found it quite easy to breath, despite the unusual device.

"Can you breath," asked Marcus. Charlotte nodded, and Marcus went back to work. Releasing the ball of latex, he began stretching a much smaller, heavy rubber hood over her head. As she saw the purpose of the additional hood, Charlotte tried to struggle, panic setting in. She had forgotten to tell Marcus how claustrophobic she could get. She tried to make a sound, but the combination of huge gag, rubber hood, and the addition of the second layer made sound nearly impossible. Soon, despite the fear growing in her heart, it was too late. The rubber hood stretched beneath her chin, then was forced up and over her face. She watched through tear filled eyes as rubber stretched over her, removing all sight. With some additional struggling, Marcus soon had the hood fit snugly over the first hood. Sealing the ends, he then fit a wide posture collar around her neck, hiding the base of both hoods and creating a nearly perfect form in bondage.

Marcus stood back, enjoying the sight of his new slave in complete and utter bondage for the first time. He reached into his pocket and took a small remote control device, clicking the on switch. Charlotte, already lost in her own nightmare of immobility, pain and fear, jumped as both dildos in her came to life. With a combination of vibration and motion, they assaulted her orifices mercilessly. She moaned behind her gag, unable to fight the onslaught. Her ass began to burn, unaccustomed to any intrusion, much less the combination of pulsing and writhing. Almost without warning, she found herself climbing to orgasm, as she bit down hard

on the gag. The scream of her climax sounded like a distant cry to Marcus, who got into bed with a smile.

Charlotte was certain she had been forgotten, locked away in total bondage. She had not slept much at all, not only due to the restriction, but also from the series of massive orgasms she had experienced. Considering the pain and fear she was still experiencing from her bondage, she was surprised that she could become so aroused. Instead, she felt panicked, on the verge of hysteria, as she desperately tried to move any part of her body. But the leather straps and rubber held her firmly. Instead, she could only focus on the onslaught between her legs, as another wave of passion began to overtake her.

Marcus was certainly well connected, and Charlotte found herself attending some of the most extravagant parties, enjoying drinks with statesmen, celebrities and the idle rich. For the first party she was provided an elegant long gown that both clung to her shape while also flowing off her shoulders. She had never worn anything so wonderful and beamed as she entered the party on Marcus' arm. After a few hours, he had taken her to a curtained off portion of the house and began kissing her passionately. Charlotte melted in his arms, feeling a passion for a man like no other in her past. But instead of continuing, Marcus pulled away after a few moments, and held out an unusual object to her. It took a moment to register, but finally Charlotte could see it was a pair of transparent latex panties with inflatable dildos for both her pussy and ass. With a single questioning look, she could see that Marcus would not entertain an argument. Instead, she lifted her dress and slipped off her panties.

"Wait," Marcus said, then unfastened her dress at the waist, allowing it to unwrap from her. Charlotte glanced around, noticing for the first time that they were not in much privacy. The area was simply a corner where the curtains covering the walls had overlapped. Anyone could stumble upon them at anytime. As her hands went up to cover her naked breasts, Marcus slapped them to her side.

"That will cost you," he whispered curtly. Charlotte lowered her arms, a red flush covering her face. She slipped off her lacy panties and dropped them on the floor, then took the rubber invaders. For a moment Charlotte stared at the device, wondering what she had gotten herself into. She was so typically a proper girl,

always the moral center of herself and her friends. But she was now standing naked at a party, her boyfriend forcing her to humiliate herself further. She wanted to run away, to stop this game and never see Marcus again. Fear enveloped her and she stood frozen. Suddenly, Marcus' firm grip took her wrist and pulled her attention to his eyes.

"Do it now, Charlotte," was all he said, his face a solid sheet of intimidation. She began to slip them on. "Suck on them first, for lubrication." Charlotte slipped them back off and ran her tongue tentatively up the shaft. She had never been a fan of blow jobs and to date, Marcus had not requested that of her either. She enjoyed more traditional sex and, despite the fact that she was usually in some form of bondage now, her love life with Marcus remained fairly normal. Now, as her tongue lubricated the two rubber dildos, she felt further humiliated.

After a few moments, they seemed wet enough and Charlotte slipped the panties up her legs. The dildo for her pussy was easiest. Despite her fear, she found herself somewhat damp and, with the addition of her saliva, she slipped it in easily. It was large, though, and filled her up fully. She held it in as she took hold of the other dildo.

"Hurry up," Marcus whispered sternly. Charlotte pressed the tip against her sphincter, feeling the resistance. Pushing, she could feel the pain immediately, and backed off again. Marcus could see her hesitation and, slapping her hands away, took the dildo and shoved it unceremoniously into her. Charlotte bit her lip and suppressed a scream of pain as her ass was truly violated. It seemed huge and unending as he pushed it further in. Tears streamed down her face. Once again, she had reached a depth of humiliation she thought she would never see. As Marcus stood her up straight and pulled the panty up around her hips, she could feel the two inflation bulbs dangling between her thighs. He quickly grabbed them with both hands and began to pump. Immediately Charlotte could feel the rubber phalluses growing inside of her. He continued to pump until she was moaning in pain, her sphincter stretching despite the tapered nature of the dildo. Finally, Marcus lifted her dress to her.

"Let's go, slave," he smiled. Charlotte slowly slipped her dress back on, adjusting it

back to normal. She knew she would look quite normal, but she could feel the pain and fullness inside her, a reminder of her status in the room. She was now fully aware that she was the only slave girl at the party.

Time for Charlotte seemed to blur by. Her life with Marcus continued, her training as his slave a continual part of their time together. During the day, she tried to focus on her work at the gallery, or spend time with her friends, but she always drifted off to her life at night. Now, all the conversations she took part in, no matter how raunchy they got, never seemed to affect her. She knew that her experiences to date would make even Samantha's pale in comparison.

After the fifth week, on a quiet Friday, Charlotte got a curious call from Marcus in her office.

"I made an appointment for you with my doctor," he said. "It's during your lunch hour so it shouldn't be a problem."

"Sure," she answered, shivering just from the sound of her lover's voice.

"Make sure you do as you're told, Charlotte," Marcus warned. "I don't want to hear he had a problem with you."

"I promise," she said. She jotted down the address and noted how long it would take to get there, then went back to work without any further thought.

The doctor's office was quite typical, though the waiting room was unusually empty and the receptionist seemed far more bimbo-like than usual. After only a moment, she was led into a typical examination room. Within seconds a nurse joined her in the room.

"You'll have to disrobe completely, Charlotte," she said casually. Charlotte had no idea what type of doctor this man was, but she assumed Marcus wanted her to be fully checked out. Must be a physical, she thought as she dropped the thin sundress on the chain and unhooked her lacy bra. Marcus had begun insisting that Charlotte dress more provocatively, and though this was a far cry from her usual conservative fair, she knew he wanted her to go further. The sundress was thin and showed her bra and panty set through it if you looked close enough, and the bra she wore more

cupped her breasts then covered them. The thin material only barely concealed her nipples. The panty was a French cut thong that slipped up against her crotch tightly, unlike the loose underwear she used to wear.

Once naked, the nurse unceremoniously opened the door and ordered, "follow me." Charlotte was embarrassed, but remembered Marcus' words. She attempted to cover herself as they made their way down the hall.

The new room she was let in to was much larger, and covered in white tile. Dangling from the center of the room seemed to be a chain. Charlotte's heart jumped as she realized this would be no normal examination. The nurse grabbed her wrist and pulled her under the chain, then clamped two steel cuffs around her thumbs. A motor began to turn and Charlotte's arms were raised. Stopping the winch, the nurse attached cuffs to Charlotte's ankles and lower thighs, then fit two bars between them. With a crank, the nurse spread her legs wide, until she felt like she was doing the splits. Again, the winch turned and she found herself on her toes, spread wide and exposed. The nurse examined her, making sure she was properly situated, then left her alone in the room. The thumb cuffs not only began to hurt, but Charlotte quickly found them much more humiliating than cuffs. With cuffs, she could always grab the chain for support, but the thumb cuffs prevented this, further adding to her vulnerability.

After hanging in the chill room for fifteen minutes, the door opened and a doctor entered with Marcus. Charlotte's eyes dropped reflexively, not wanting to make eye contact with her master, but her humiliation grew inside. She had only been exposed like this to Marcus. Now, with strangers seeing her as a slave, she could feel a warm glow fill her cheeks, despite the cool air across her body.

"You have a fine specimen here, Marcus," the doctor commented as they approached. His soft hands reached out and felt her thighs and ass. "So, what did you want to do today?" Marcus didn't even try to make eye contact, and instead spoke about Charlotte like she was cattle.

"I want a ring through both nipples, one through her clit and let's start with a grommet through her tongue, centered, an inch from the tip." Charlotte was shocked at the thought. She had never even considered piercing anything, and now

they were talking about it so casually. She desperately wanted to scream, to stop this game, but she knew she couldn't. They had agreed on six months and she knew it had only been just over one. Tears began to well up in her eyes as she thought of having metal mounted in her nipples and clit, not to mention the pain. She quickly forgot the pain in her thumbs in exchange for the humiliation of her master's wishes.

Marcus' hands laced into Charlotte's hair and yanked her head back hard. A groan escaped her throat but she was ignored, as were the stream of tears running down her cheeks. "Let's do the grommet through her septum as well," he said. The doctor snapped his fingers and the nurse returned with a selection of gags. The doctor chose a large ring gag and had the nurse force it into Charlotte's mouth, then strap it behind her head. The ring fit behind her front teeth and wrenched her mouth open wide, but as the strap tightened, the ring pulled back farther, forcing her jaw to the limit. Now, the pain in her jaw distracted her from her thumbs. She could feel the nurse doing something with her hair and, after a few moments, she could tell it had been laced into a ponytail. Without warning, her head was yanked back hard as the strap the nurse had laced into her hair was pulled down to a ring in the floor. Charlotte moaned in pain. Staring at the ceiling, she could almost see the back wall. She was certain her neck would snap if pulled any farther, but the nurse gave the strap an added tug, then locked it off.

Charlotte didn't think she could feel anymore vulnerable, but now, with her head pulled back harshly, along with her mouth held so wide by the unusual gag, she felt her body was completely exposed. She could feel the streams of tears running off her face, and the moaning that seemed to well up from her throat. She wanted to get away, but she realized she had no control.

"I'd like to consider full hair removal at a future date," Marcus mentioned offhanded.

"No problem. Eyebrows and lashes as well?"

"Of course. Total hair removal. How about teeth removal? Is that viable now?"

"Yes, we just replace them with rubber inserts to hold the shape of the jaw, but it forms a low, flat surface where the teeth were, at gum level. You might also consider mounted breathing tubes through the nose into the lungs, and a feeding tube

mounted at the back of the throat.”

“Is that permanent?”

“Very. The nose tubes have fittings that you can attach to. They are hidden inside the nostrils. The feeding tube blocks the throat completely, removing any speech as well. You have to have the nose tubes if you opt for the feeding tube, of course!” Marcus laughed. Charlotte couldn’t imagine being treated like this, like an animal! Remove her teeth?! She knew it must be a way to shock her. The tubes sounded impossible as well! Despite the seriousness of her submission, she still felt deep down that it was a game, something not intended for reality. How could these things be done to a person? How could anybody do them? She knew that Marcus must be trying to scare her. But she jerked in shock at his next comment.

“Go ahead and do the breathing tubes. I’m taking a long vacation soon and want to leave her in total sensory deprivation.”

“That’s fine. You know, of course, they are permanent?”

“As long as the fittings are mounted up her nostrils, I don’t have a problem with that.” Charlotte wailed through her gag. The weight of her situation began to settle in and Charlotte knew she would never be the same.

The elevator ride back to street level left Charlotte alone in her thoughts for the first time. She felt totally exposed in her sundress. She had not been allowed to wear her panties or bra, for fear of disturbing her new piercings. Instead, she could feel every breeze under her short skirt. Her clit and nipples still ached from the piercings and, as she stared into the mirror reflection of the elevator door, she could just make out the rings in her bare breasts. The fabric seemed to help conceal her crotch, though she couldn’t be certain in the dim light of the elevator. If she looked closely, she could see the one-inch ring through her clit. Her face was still numb from the piercings there, the weird feeling of metal mounted in her tongue much more immediate than the metal hole punched through her septum. She carefully pushed up her nose, trying to see the grommet affixed there. The metal had been coated with black rubber, which helped it disappear inside her nostrils. Thanks for small favors, she thought. She tried to see the ends of the tubes mounted in her nose but

knew they were too far inside. She could feel them, though. Her nose was sore up the bridge, and she could feel a tickling in her head and down her throat. It felt like some large obstruction was trapped in her sinuses, but she had no difficulty breathing. As a matter of fact, it was easier than ever to breath. But that discovery was tempered by the fact that she had been permanently modified to allow for more cruel punishment in training, in her life as a young slavegirl. She knew this was perhaps the most degrading and horrible thing that had been done to her, but she had trouble feeling bad. Out of sight, out of mind, she figured, though the weight of such a permanent fixture in her head was not lost on her. For a brief moment, Charlotte began to consider what else he might have done to her, if this type of modification was considered "beginning stages". But she put it out of her head quickly, not wanting to consider something she couldn't even imagine. She felt for the septum grommet again, finding the quarter inch hole she now had through it. Marcus had been kind enough not to fit a ring through it, but warned that at any time he might require her to wear one to work. Charlotte nodded respectfully, hoping that day would never come.

The walk to the office proved to be uneventful, though Charlotte was convinced that everyone on the street knew her new secret. She tried not to hold her dress close to her body to fend off the effects of the wind for fear of pressing the cloth too close and making her rings visible. Once back in her office, she quickly closed the door and rushed to her chair, exhausted not from the walk but from the emotional fear of being in public. As she relaxed in her seat, slouched in her high back leather chair, she could feel the breeze from her open window reaching under her thin dress and tickling her crotch. For the first time, Charlotte was intrigued by her modifications. Slowly pulling her dress up, she ran her hand up her leg, noticing how odd it was not to feel stubble, or even the peach fuzz so common. Her fingers were in direct contact with her very skin and, as she slid them up to her pussy, she jerked in surprise at the increased sensitivity. Though the ring through her clit was still sore, she couldn't help playing with it. She had seen art pictures of clit piercings before, and other than finding them repulsing, she remembered how small and thin the ring had been. As she lifted hers up, she could see it was much thicker than that, and much larger in diameter. Despite the aching, she found the movement somehow arousing as well, stirring something inside her body she didn't know was there.

Charlotte lifted her dress farther, exposing her nipples and the new metal that adorned them. A flash of humiliation crossed her face again as she saw the rods that had been added at the last minute to compliment the rings. For some reason, the thick rings at the base of her nipples seemed somehow acceptable. Now, with a thick rod running through the middle of her nipples as well, she felt even more controlled. She quickly found she could turn the ring through her nipple and, after some examination, found an ingenious grommet design to her piercing. A sheath of mesh like metal filled the hole, holding it open and allowing the ring to float freely. As she flicked it, she could hear the metal-upon-metal tinkling sound it made. Even that added to her embarrassment. Turning the ring completely through, she could find no seam or method of opening the ring. The thoughts of how permanent the rings were settled deeper into her stomach.

Her thoughts caused her to miss the telltale ruckus created by her friend Samantha as she burst past Charlotte's receptionist and into her office. It was all Charlotte could do to pull down her dress and collect herself before her flamboyant friend stood over her.

"I thought we were going shopping," Samantha asked. Charlotte smiled sheepishly, wondering what her friend had seen. As usual, Samantha had the knowing look of a woman who's been around, her half smile always suggesting she sees more in everybody than most. The problem was, it was always about sex. Charlotte couldn't do much about what her friend had or had not seen, so she sat forward in her desk and tried to act normal.

"I'm sorry, Samantha. I've been so swamped. Can we do it tomorrow?" Her friend smiled, understanding, then sank to a chair to talk.

"You've been awful busy the past month. Between your work and your new boyfriend we never see you!" Charlotte was shocked! She hadn't told anybody she was seeing Marcus. Samantha let her stew for a second, then cut in before she could say anything. "Come on, honey. It's obvious. That glow in your cheeks, the fact that you aren't wearing a bra. You've got sex written all over you!" Charlotte tried to cover her surprise, wondering what else her friend had seen.

"Stop it! I didn't want to jinx it," she said. "Please don't tell Miranda or Carrie. I

want to make sure it lasts before I make a big deal.” Charlotte tried to remember her old self, and how she always spoke of love and relationship. As the words spilled from her mouth, she found herself thinking of submission and bondage, and the new jewelry now mounted to her body. Samantha took a moment, then nodded.

“Of course. Your secret is safe with me,” she said, then leaning in, “So? Is he hot? Do you have a picture?” Charlotte couldn’t resist. She was falling in love and she was proud of her handsome man - or master, as she secretly thought. She reached into her desk and pulled out a small picture she had taken from his desk. Charlotte whistled, no doubt thinking nasty thoughts, then handed it back.

“Nice. Does he have a brother?” Charlotte laughed with Samantha, but for different reasons. Despite her friend’s promiscuity, she had a feeling that Samantha would be no match for Marcus.

“No, no brother.”

“Too bad. Well, I have to run then.” Samantha stood up quickly, moving around the desk for a hug. Charlotte moved instinctively, then caught herself, but realized that she couldn’t avoid the hug. As the two girls embraced, she could feel her hard nipples and the steel mounted in them pressing against Samantha’s chest. But as they parted, Samantha made no comment, and Charlotte, alone again, collapsed in her chair.

That weekend passed without Marcus commenting at all about the piercings. At first she figured he had to wait until they fully healed, but she soon found he would not hesitate to use them, at least in minimal fashion, right away. As she sat on her knees beside him at the dinner table that Sunday night, it was all she could do not to stare at them as she kept her head bowed in the proper fashion. Her face was still streaked with tears from the torture she had experienced over the weekend, all in the name of training. Now, though still in pain, the quiet moment seemed like a vacation. A slight motion of her head made the bell attached to her nose ring jingle slightly. The bells still hanging from her nipples and clit joined in the chorus, though she fought to remain motionless. She had been warned about making noise with her bells, and after the last two days, she was truly fearful of the consequences Marcus’ punishment might bring.

Immediately upon her return home that Friday, Marcus had fitted a large ring through her new nose grommet, allowing it to dangle over her top lip. Charlotte began to cry as she felt him affix the seamless ring into place. The addition of this single piece of jewelry proved to be the most humiliating. As the metal touched her face, she imagined she had become simply an animal, a cow or worse. Attaching short pieces of chain to her nipple and clit rings, he had fit small bells to their ends. Now, as Charlotte was helped to her feet, she rang with each step. Charlotte dropped her head in shame as Marcus linked a chain leash to her nose ring and, with a tug, pulled her into the adjoining room.

Charlotte followed dutifully, but found herself glancing to the side to see her reflection in a hall mirror. She found a familiar girl, but being led in a most humiliating fashion by a new nose ring. The gleam of the metal seemed to tease her, as did the jingle of the bells. Her still tender nipple rings ached as the weight of the bells tugged on them, as did her clit.

Reaching the other room, Marcus pushed a large ball gag into her mouth, strapping it on behind her. This she had grown accustomed, though the device sometimes changed. Some days it would be a blow up gag, or a spreader, or even a long dildo. As she stood waiting for the rest of her bondage, she watched him pull new boxes from the floor. Rather than the typical leather cuffs, he unboxed a new set of stainless steel cuffs. As she stood before him, naked, she watched as he fit the wide metal collar around her neck. Unlike her 2 inch collar before, this one measured 4 1/2 inches wide. On Charlotte's small frame it acted much like a posture collar, holding her head in an upright position. She could feel the thin layer of rubber padding Marcus had mounted on the inside of the metal, softening it slightly. As he closed it, she could tell it was fit perfectly for her, almost too perfectly. Pressing the ends together on the side, rather than the back, she could feel the padding compress against her throat, pressing firmly, until the ends met. Marcus slipped a thin pin into the seam, then used a small wrench to screw it firmly in place. Once finished, Charlotte could see no seams. The collar was one complete band, fit snugly to her neck, marred only by the heavy ring that dangled from the front. Unlike the other collars, which felt snug but somehow temporary, the feel of this steel on her neck made her feel even more controlled. As she considered this feeling, Marcus removed four wide bands from the box and moved behind her. She kept her head bowed as

best she could, but could feel him attaching snug cuffs just below her elbows. As expected, they fit perfectly. She could feel him pulling her elbows together, as was so common with her bondage, but she could tell this one would be different. Once he pushed her elbows together, and the new cuffs touched, she heard a click. His hands released but her elbows stayed in contact. Marcus then fit the second set of cuffs around her upper arms, halfway between her shoulder and elbow. After some further fumbling, he reached around her for a small tool and moved back behind her. She could feel him working, then a clicking sound and, to her surprise, her elbows were pulled even closer together. Another moment of fumbling, then more clicking. With a shock, Charlotte realized he was slowly pulling her upper arms closer and closer together. After 6 weeks of elbows touching through the night, she had grown accustomed to the bondage. Now, as he wrenched her upper arms even farther back, a more severe ache began in her shoulders. Sensing her fear, Marcus turned her so her back faced a wall mirror, then repositioned another mirror so she could watch. Small cables had been fed in x fashion from an upper arm cuff, down to the opposite elbow cuff, then back to the other upper arm cuff, and so forth. The result was a type of winch system that, as Marcus turned the center fitting, pulled the cable tighter, thus reducing the amount of space between her upper arms. As he pulled it close, she watched her shoulders pull back farther until her muscles banded from the stress. She moaned in pain, hoping he would stop. Instead, Marcus continued until her arms met at least 3 inches above her elbows. The pain was unbearable and tears coursed down her cheeks. Despite her pain, Marcus continued, folding her upper arms as close as her joints would allow before dislocating. Charlotte could barely stand from the pain as Marcus fit her hands in padded rubber gloves, laced her fingers into a ball, her thumb buried under them, then fit another latex covering over her hands. Not only could she not move her hands, she couldn't feel her fingers touch each other. Cuffs attached to her wrists and joined with a similar click, held her useless lower arms together.

Marcus pulled Charlotte over to the padded seat, and pushed her back on it. Though her shoulders still screamed, she was beginning to work through the pain. She knew she would gain no relief from Marcus unless her circulation became a problem, and the past weeks had proven she had excellent circulation. Pulling a new box from under the seat, Marcus unpacked two rubber objects and a selection of small steel

hoops. Lifting her bare feet up, he began to fit the hoops around each toe, like small, wide cuffs. After some experimentation, he fit each toe with a cuff that fit snugly, then began to slip the strange rubber devices over her feet. She couldn't believe these were considered shoes! Marcus' voice cut through the thick silence that had surrounded them.

"I know how much you like shoes, so I had these made special for you." His smile was anything but warm. "They're called ballet shoes," he said as he pushed them onto her feet. Like a sharp V, the shoe was designed to force Charlotte up on the very end of her toes. She now could see the purpose for the small metal bands. If anything, they would prevent her toes from breaking under the severe stress of being walked upon. But surely Marcus didn't intend for her to walk like this, Charlotte thought. Even the 10 inch needle thin spike of a heel couldn't support her weight with her foot forced into a severe en pointe. As she pondered this new torment, Marcus slipped the shoe into place. The hard rubber exterior was padded slightly inside, but as her toes pushed into the end of the shoe, she could tell the padding wouldn't stop the pain of her feet being crushed into the point. Once in position, Marcus fit the rubber straps through loops and began to tighten them down. He alternated with the back strap, which extended around her heel and back to the shoe. The result of pulling on this strap was to force her foot even deeper into the shoe, until her toes began to bend and shape into an arrow. After struggling for ten minutes, Marcus seemed satisfied. Charlotte was sure she would never be able to walk in these torturous devices. Her calf had already begun to cramp from the extended position of her foot. After another ten minutes, the other shoe was in place. Marcus attached similar, seamless cuffs to her ankles, joined by a short four inches of chain, then stood in front of her. His smile didn't warm her heart.

"Stand up," he ordered. Charlotte looked up at him, pleading for mercy, but Marcus would not wait. Grabbing her nose ring with his finger, he yanked her upright with amazing strength, until her entire weight rested on her toes. She cried out in pain, but Marcus held her, moving behind her to let her see into the mirror. The pencil thin heels were her only support as she tried to balance her weight between toe and heel. Through tears, Charlotte saw an unfamiliar woman. Gone was the timid and innocent Charlotte of a month and a half ago; the button nose and youthful expression. Standing in front of her she saw a naked woman, adorned with a ring

through her bare clit, and more through her nipples and nose. She was statuesque, her feet forced en point by harsh rubber ballet shoes, her long, dark hair cascading around a wide, steel collar around her neck, falling upon her breasts. She appeared to have no arms, but her shoulders gave away the stress they were under. Despite the fear she felt of being controlled as effectively as she was, she found herself aroused as well. She watched Marcus smile as he too enjoyed the sight, then attach a leash to her nose ring and pull her out of the room. Charlotte took careful steps, both due to the short chain between her ankles as well as the dark pain growing in her feet.

That night, after Marcus made love to her, he pulled her back on her aching toes, walking her to the end of the bed. Charlotte began lowering to the floor, expecting to be chained once again on the hardwood. Instead, Marcus reached above her and, with a sharp pull, lowered a chain from the ceiling. Charlotte could only watch as he clipped the end to her nose ring, then moved to the wall and, with the aid of an electric winch hidden somewhere nearby, raised the chain. He lifted it enough to help support her, preventing her from falling over, but not enough to provide any relief to her toes. Charlotte couldn't imagine standing like this all night. Already, she was having trouble maintaining balance, and despite the metal grommet that strengthened her septum, she felt searing pain through her nose when her balance slipped and she pulled on the chain. Charlotte tried to beg, but the large ball gag in her mouth stifled any sound. Marcus simply admired her for a moment, then crouched down at her feet. She could feel him fumbling with her shoes and, after a moment, he stood and showed her two thin metal rods. With a smile, he watched her for a moment. As her balance on her toes began to slip, she instinctively rocked back to her heels. But now she found nothing. Charlotte began to cry as she realized he had unscrewed her heels, leaving her only her toes for support. She stumbled and fought to remain vertical, knowing the pain in her nose would provide ample encouragement. Each step brought about a ring from the bells still dangling from her piercings. There seemed to be no way to avoid making sound as she struggled to stand on her tortured toes.

"I'm going to sleep now. I want you to stand here quietly and not move. If you wake me with the bells, I'll find something worse to punish you with." With that, Marcus climbed into bed and shut off the light, as Charlotte began a long night of pain.

As Sunday morning came, Charlotte was exhausted. Without the ability to rest, she had been forced to endure constant pain as her toes slowly formed to fit the sharp point of her new shoes. Her face was stained with tears, but she had long since cried herself out. Her calves had begun burning early in the night, both from the pain of being extended by the horrible shoes, but also by the rigid stance she had been forced to maintain to avoid any sound of her bells. Once during the night, after what seemed like hours of struggle, she had accidentally nodded off, slumping to the end of the chain connected to her nose ring. The sudden pain in her nose jerked her awake as she went rigid again. The bells connected to her clit and nipple rings sounded out loudly, and a moan erupted from Charlotte's throat as she saw Marcus rise in anger.

"One simple order, and you couldn't obey," he said. He slipped out of bed and moved behind her. For a moment, Charlotte lost track of him, until a whistling sound gave her a seconds warning. A cane fell down hard against the back of her thigh. Charlotte screamed behind her gag, tears springing from her eyes as Marcus began a harsh caning. Endless strokes landed on her ass, thighs and calves, until they burned with white-hot pain. It was all Charlotte could do to stay conscious. She danced on her toes, the pain from them now outmatched by the harsh welts that rose across her legs. Finally, Marcus finished, dropping the cane in front of her as he climbed back into bed. He didn't need to warn her again. Charlotte endured the pain in her toes to avoid any further torture. Only the soft sounds of her whimpering disturbed the silence in the bedroom.

Now, hours later, the cramping felt like nails being driven through her legs. She was desperate to escape this newest torment, but could only wait and pray that Marcus would wake soon and release her. But as the sun rose and her master awoke, he seemed pleased to see her still standing, as if she had an option. Rising, he grabbed his robe and slipped it on, reaching out to caress her body. She cried out as his fingers traced lines over the welts now lacing her ass and legs. Then, as Charlotte awaited release, he left the room. A moan erupted from her throat and echoed down the hall after him.

By midday, Charlotte thought she would soon faint from the combination of pains, as well as the lack of sleep. She bordered on hysterics, but with no way of releasing her

panic, she could feel her will breaking. Soon, she knew, she would be forever changed into a willing slave, just as she new Marcus hoped for. He reappeared then, smiling and nibbling on a pear. She moaned as his hands gasped her nipple rods and twisted, the bell connected to the ring behind it sounding out merrily as he let go.

“I bet you’re hungry,” he said. “And you probably have to go the bathroom.” Charlotte tried to nod, but found it difficult and painful. He took another bite from his pear and disappeared again.

Charlotte watched as the grey sludge slowly oozed from the bag overhead into her feeding tube. She was happy that she didn’t have to taste it, but humiliated by her lack of participation in any bodily functions. Upon his return, Marcus had carefully slipped a large butt plug up Charlotte’s ass, then inflated it to hold it in place. What she couldn’t see were the two large enema bags that soon began filling her up with warm liquid. As she squinted her eyes with embarrassment, and soon pain, she sensed Marcus in front of her. A sharp pain told her he was fitting her with a catheter. Soon, she could feel her bladder emptying despite her resistance. Finally, Marcus had removed her gag, and clipped a small chain to the grommet in her tongue, then pulled hard until her tongue was forced far from her mouth. The chain reached down to her crotch. As he released the chain, Charlotte instinctively pulled her tongue back in, only to find it connected to her clit ring. The pain was excruciating, and she was forced to hold her tongue out far. With a nonchalant attitude, Marcus slowly began feeding a large plastic tube into Charlotte’s mouth. As it reached the back of her throat, she began to choke.

“Swallow,” Marcus ordered. “And keep swallowing.” The tube was pushed further and further down her throat, until she could tell it had reached her stomach. Hanging a bag above her head, he attached the tube to the bottom of it, then released the valve.

Now, the bag nearly empty, Charlotte felt humiliated. She had hoped with her need to eat and go to the bathroom, that she might be allowed even a moment of relief. She realized that Marcus had found a way to remove even those basic forms of humanity. A new fear rose in her heart as she began to understand how little of her old self she would be allowed to keep. She had imagined being a slave more a

romantic idea that she learned from movies. Now, as she found she no longer controlled her own life, she knew that being Marcus' slave would be far different than she could imagine.

Charlotte struggled to maintain her balance as she fought to keep up with the rapid pace of the machine. After her feeding, Marcus had decided she needed exercise, and attached her to the large treadmill he had adapted for her. A series of chains connected her piercings to the ramp, while rubberized straps stretched from the ceiling to her collar and arm cuffs. She felt him fumble with her hair, lacing it into a ponytail, then pull her head back harshly. As he released her head, she found that her hair had been tied off, forcing her to bend her neck back harshly and stare at the ceiling. A large ball gag was stuffed into her mouth. She could see the rubber straps connected over her head, and the springy quality of the material as she tried to flex her knees. They held her in the middle of the track, still balancing precariously on her toes. New tears had erupted from her as she realized what she was required to do. The chains connected to each of her rings would ensure she kept in the center, and did not slump. The rubber straps would prevent her from falling, without providing much relief from her tortured feet. As he reached to the panel and activated a session, Charlotte whimpered.

"I think four hours should be a good start," he said, keying in the time. As he hit the start button, the track began to roll, and Charlotte stumbled forward. Quickly she could tell the combination of her arms in bondage, the position of her head and the ballet shoes would make walking difficult and painful. Despite this, within minutes, she found a pace that matched the machine, and once again she focused on the pain of her feet. She cried openly, tears rolling off her cheeks and down her breasts, onto the tread like a soft rain. But even Marcus ignored them, choosing to enjoy her exercise for a moment before settling into a chair with a book. A layer of sweat soon joined the tears on her body.

Ten minutes into her exercise, the treadmill suddenly began to speed up, and the ramp inclined, creating the feeling that Charlotte was running up a hill. She cried out behind the gag and fought to keep up. A sharp tug on her clit ring told her she was falling behind. Her feet screamed in pain as she began to run, but soon she was keeping up. Her breath came raggedly through her nose, but the addition of her

breathing tubes allowed her plenty of breath despite her struggle.

As she ran in her toe shoes, each step brought a new scream from her throat. Her toes seemed to have jammed into a needle point now. She was certain they had broken from the force of her body on them. Sweat poured down her body and into her eyes, puddling in her sockets as she tried to shrug the liquid off. She was certain she would faint soon, and began to brace herself for the inevitable. The pain had now coursed through her body, numbing her to most of her tortures. But just as she was certain she would no longer be able to move, the treadmill slowed and leveled out, returning to a walk. The change was heaven to Charlotte as she caught her breath and tried to enjoy the lessened pressure on her feet. Compared to the running, she felt she could go on like this forever. But as she relaxed, she sensed a change and just as quickly, the treadmill sped up even faster, increasing the angle as she wailed and tried to keep up, new tears filling her eyes.

She shuddered, bringing about a slight tinkling of her bells, as she thought back to the treadmill earlier that day. Her feet still ached from the pain, and her mind felt battered and broken. She nearly jumped out of skin when Marcus slid his chair out to address her.

“You’ve done very well this weekend, Charlotte,” he said, taking her chin and lifting it. The bell hanging from her nose ring ran out, then rested against her lips. She felt odd meeting his eyes. “But tomorrow you have to go to work.” Work. That seemed like something so alien to her. Charlotte could barely remember her job, her friends or any world outside the pain and humiliation of this house, as if last week was not only 3 days ago, but rather years distant.

“I want to offer you something else, first,” he said. “I want you to think about joining me permanently, become my fulltime slavegirl.” Charlotte had trouble imagining anything else. But as his words rang through her mind, she thought back to the intense pain and torture he had shown himself capable of. She knew that this was most likely only the tip of the iceberg. What more would he do to me if I stayed? But would I be able to live without him? The questions coursed through her mind.

“Don’t decide now. You will have the week. We won’t see each other during this time. By Friday, if you chose to give yourself to me, you can quit your job. But that

night, you will become my property forever, or until I tire of you." He hesitated, as if he felt obligated to mention the next, despite his displeasure. "If you chose to leave, you will never see me again. I will provide the necessary means to have your rings and modifications removed. But I will never contact you again." Her eyes widened at the thought, bringing a smile to Marcus' lips. But he released her chin and let her head drop.

As the cuffs came off Monday morning, she felt strangely more naked than ever before. Her arms, having been immobilized since Friday, were weak and useless for a short time. Marcus allowed her to sit on the bed as he removed the bells attached to her rings. The weight gone, Charlotte found herself checking to see if the rings still existed. As her ballet shoes were removed and her toes release from their extended torture, she cried out in pain. Worse yet, as she tried to stand, she found it excruciating to place her foot on the ground.

"I don't think you can stand without very high heels any longer, Charlotte," Marcus said, helping her back to the bed. He pulled a box from the closet and returned. The shoes in the box were simple pumps, but with a heel Charlotte didn't think possible. Slipping them on and standing, she felt like she might tip over. The seven inch heels pushed her foot nearly vertical, forcing her toes to bend the opposite way. She knew the sight of a woman walking in such towering heels would bring stares, but she couldn't stand anything less. Even the slight bend was uncomfortable, and she cringed when she found herself longing for the ballet points.

As she stood, Marcus replaced the ring in her tongue with a stud, allowing her to hide it easier, then turned to her nose. Charlotte felt him remove the heavy ring seated in the grommet, but was surprised as he began to fit a smaller ring in its place. Once finished, he led her to the mirror. The new ring clung tightly to the outside of her septum. It was easy to miss if you didn't look closely, or Charlotte avoided tilting her head back.

"This will be a reminder for the week," Marcus said, lifting her chin. "I want you to think hard about what you want, and what I can offer. Friday afternoon, we can speak again, and you can tell me your decision. If you chose to remain free, I will arrange the doctor to remove your piercings and such, but you will never see me

again. If you chose to come to me, we can begin our adventure together that night. But know that if you chose me, you will become a true slave, with no rights or freedom except that which I allow, and I promise that I will not allow any." They kissed and Charlotte quietly left, Marcus' last words ringing in her ears.

The week took on an almost surreal quality for Charlotte. Though she didn't see Marcus at all, sleeping in her own bed at home, everything seemed to be out of place. She spent the first night trying to reorganize her bed, until she realized the reason she was so uncomfortable was that she hadn't slept in a bed for weeks. The world around her was normal, as far as she could tell, but she herself had changed. She found herself spending time in the bathroom, her dress dropped around her knees as she examined the piercings that still adorned her nipples and clit. Her body seemed to still tingle with every touch, the lack of hair across her body adding to the sensitivity. By Wednesday, she was certain she would never see Marcus again. The world was shiny and new to her, and despite the loss of a good man, she knew she could never become a slave. She convinced herself that she endured the bizarre life he had shown her only to win his heart. But after she considered it, it was her heart that he hadn't won.

By Friday she was certain, and determined to move on. As she showered that morning, her mind wandered off again, to thoughts of her horrible bondage, the feeling of a snug collar and tight steel. She still couldn't believe she had endured all that. It had been pure torture and humiliation, something she never wanted to experience again. Breaking from her thoughts, she found her right hand pressed deep into her pussy, her thumb rolling her clit ring back and forth, while her left hand was squeezing and pulling her nipple rings. She threw her head back in ecstasy, her eyes closed as she orgasmed.

Returning to reality, she found herself troubled by her own pleasure. How had she had an orgasm while thinking of the horrible things Marcus had done to her? How had she been so turned on? She tried to dismiss it, but the feeling was too strong. But with new resolve, she rushed through her morning routine determined to tell Marcus to go to hell, and take his doctor with him! She grabbed her purse and left abruptly, slamming the door behind her.

The phone settled back in the cradle and Charlotte found herself crying. What had she done? The afternoon call came as no surprise, but she had been startled just the same. His voice caused a curious chill to run down her spine.

“Have you had a good week, Charlotte,” he asked.

“Yes... Marcus,” he she said, unsure if she should call him Master. He ignored it and she relaxed.

“Have you made up your mind?” Charlotte could feel her own fingers gripping the phone; she was certain her knuckles were white from the pressure. She had prepared her speech for the last four hours, unable to work at all. But now, the words jammed in her throat like a river full of logs, none of them escaping despite her frantic desire to spew them forward.

“Take your time,” he said quietly. Charlotte tried to concentrate on the horrible images she could remember, the thoughts that made her want to run far from him. As if she were leaving her own body in death, she could see herself bound at the foot of his bed, hooded in rubber, strapped tight and immobile while he slept comfortably. She could see her all night torture in those horrible ballet shoes, balancing on the tips of her toes against the tension of her own piercings. She tried to imagine herself in chains for the rest of her life, controlled by this man. But as the images filled her thoughts, she once again found her nipples hardening and her hand dropping to her permanently hairless clit. The feel of the harsh metal ring cutting through her skin between her legs made her gasp audibly, but Marcus remained silent. And, like the memories of her time with her Master, she seemed to be looking down at her own desk, hearing the words spill from her own mouth.

“What time do you want me to arrive, Master?”

It had started simply. Arriving in the early evening, she entered her new home with just a cursory glance at the outside world that she was leaving behind. Seeing Marcus again brought a feeling of love and devotion to Charlotte she never thought she had. She knew now that not only did she want to be his slave, but that this man was the love of her life. She wanted desperately to be with him, to be his mate, to father his children, and to grow old with him. The act of being his slave seemed less

important, and less significant than any of that. He led her to the dining room, where they sat and toasted her decision. With a sip of her wine, she looked up inquiringly at Marcus, who smiled back, then watched her slump unconscious.

The following days were a drowsy, blurry series to Charlotte. Kept sedated throughout, she had trouble grasping what was happening to her. Glimpses of images or sounds wandered through her mind in no particular order, bridged by periods of incoherent existence. At one point, the sedative seemed to wear off, and she was able to focus briefly on her surroundings. She found herself naked, on her knees and bent across a metal bar at her waist. As her eyes rose to look around, she found herself staring at a most unusual person in front of her. Bound in a harsh position, the creature seemed to be both hairless as well as heavily pierced and chained. It took only moments for Charlotte to realize that she was peering into a mirror. Tears began to fall and a whaling erupted from her throat. She could see that Marcus had fulfilled his promise, and had removed the remaining hair from her body. Her long, beautiful hair was gone, replaced to a hairless skull. She could see through her tears that he had removed her eyebrows and eyelashes as well, converting her into a featureless animal. She cried openly, sounds of desperation and despair echoing through the room. She shook with sobs as she realized the fate she had given herself to, the life she would now live. Considering her past experience, she was certain the hair removal was permanent. She knew she would never grow it back. After what seemed like hours, she stopped crying, as much from a lack of more tears as a sense of resignation. She began to examine her situation, only to find more despair. Her small nose ring had been replaced by a heavy ring that tugged on her septum, dangling below her upper lip. A second septum ring now dangled down in front of her larger ring, fitting inside it's neighbor. Her mouth itself was heavily distended by a large gag with a tube fed down the middle, and she sensed it disappeared down her throat. New piercings had been placed through her lips, with some ten rings through each, designed to closely ring the top and bottom in shiny metal. She found she could not feel her arms, nor could she tell where they were, assuming then that they had been bound behind her in the usual fashion. She tried to look around, but she seemed to be held firm, the limit of the nose chain alone preventing her from seeing too much. She could feel things, many of which she could not define. She could feel her chest, which was very sore, though she

could not see her breasts at all.

A soft click caught her attention, and quickly she found the source. Her exposed ass had been fitted with a large plug, through which an enema tube ran. Liquid raced down the tube now and began to fill her bowel. The process seemed to go on forever, until Charlotte began to moan loudly from the pain. She could tell her stomach was distended, her bowels beginning to cramp from the pressure. But the invasion continued. Charlotte was close to passing out from the pain when another click shut off the flow. She groaned in relief, waiting for the release, but found there was none. The intense pain continued for what seemed like an hour, as tears poured down Charlotte's face, until finally, the liquid was drained. She gasped as she was emptied, enjoying the feeling until, only moments after the release, she could hear the click again and more liquid raced into her body. The tears began this time, long before the cramping, as Charlotte realized the pain she was soon to endure.

Charlotte awoke on her knees, her head held up by a length of chain from her collar to a metal post beside her. She slowly shook the disorientation from her mind, casting aside what she was certain was dream versus reality. After a few minutes, she looked around, finding herself in a mirrored room, empty except herself. Shifting her weight, she tried to use her arms, but quickly found they were not only immobile, but strangely distant. She had assumed they were bound behind her at wrist and elbow, as before, a position that rendered them as useless as she could imagine. But now, she could not feel her own hands on her lower back. Glancing up at her own reflection, she was startled again by the strange creature that kneeled alone in the room. She began to cry again, as the weight of reality crashed back down. For a moment she had trouble focusing on anything else, until finally she realized she could see her arms in a reflection. Twisting slightly, she gasped when she saw how her arms had been folded. Her wrists were forced high up her back, with what appeared to be heavy metal cuffs locking them, via a very short piece of chain, to the back of her wide, steel collar. Her elbows, in turn, had been wrenched together with another metal band, creating the look of a reverse prayer. Her hands, however, were not in praying condition. The ends of her arms now ended in strange stubs. As she wiggled her fingers, she found that she could not move them at all. She struggled to feel something, to find out if she still had fingers. With some concentration, she could sense that her fingers were clenched around a rubber ball,

each fitted in a groove and thus held motionless. She could see the familiar rubber ends fitted over her fists, preventing any out flexing. She was both shocked and amazed her arms would bend this way, and wondered just how long she could stand that bondage.

Examining her body, she sat up straight to look at her breasts. She was surprised to see that they had seemingly grown from the 34C she had, to what could easily have been a 36DD now. The size change was shocking to her, knowing that large breasts like that would look strange on her small frame. But as her eyes gazed to her nipples, the harsh rings through their bases and rods through the middles reminded her that she would never again be looked upon as normal, regardless of her breast size. Chains connected to her rings dangled down to the floor, connected to rings on the base of the post, increasing her humiliation as she felt them tug against her new breasts. Between her legs, she could see her clit ring shining. Strangely, that one item remaining unchanged gave her a sense of familiarity.

She was startled by the sound of a panel sliding aside, to reveal Marcus in the doorway. He stared at her for a moment, smiling at his prize, then approached her.

“It’s good to see you awake, slave,” he said as he walked around her, running his hand across her bald scalp. “I’m sure you hate the changes I’ve made to you, but remember that you agreed to be my slave, and it’s my prerogative to do what I please.” Stopping in front of her, he crouched down and grasped the chain dangling from her nose ring, yanking it hard to lift her eyes to his. “I promise you it will be a living nightmare for you.” Charlotte’s fear was replaced by anger as his words sank in. She glared at him and began to speak, to tell him what she thought of him. But as she opened her mouth, no sound escaped. She tried again and again, but discovered she no longer could speak. Marcus watched her struggle, forming at most gurgling sounds as she opened and closed her mouth.

“I see you’ve discovered one of your modifications,” he said, laughing. “We’ve fitted your throat with a permanent feeding tube. At the back of your mouth there is a rubber ring, just behind your palatine tonsil, the top of your throat. We fed a rubberized tube into your stomach. The tube was expanded donut shaped rings that prevent it from coming out. Now, the only way you can breath is through your nose.

If you recall, we tubed them early on. Now, with those tubes and your feeding tube in place, no air actually passes by your vocal cords.” He lifted her chin forcefully. “No more talking. And in the coming months I have more medications I want to do, but I’ll surprise you.” He let her chin go, then began unlocking her nipple and collar chains from the pole. As he did, he made small talk. “I hope you like your breasts. I’ve been feeding your hormones since you rejoined me and it’s had a remarkable effect.” Charlotte began to wonder just how long it had been. Marcus seemed to see the questioning look on her face. “In case you’re wondering, it’s been almost two and a half months since you came back. I’ve kept you in sedation for most of it, to allow for the modifications to heal as well as to make sure things like your arms grow accustomed to their new positions.” He stood and yanked up hard on her chains. Charlotte leapt to her feet as quickly as she could, her limbs shaky and unstable after such a long time unused. As she stood on her feet, she felt a stabbing pain, and looked down to find ballet shoes back on her feet. She stumbled forward as he pulled her along by her nose ring, tears falling across her cheeks as she tried to keep up.

In another room, Marcus lifted Charlotte up and placed her inside a long, black box, much like a coffin. She tried to struggle, but with no arms she had difficulty squirming, much less breaking free. The wide box seemed to be laced with attachments and Marcus began to make use of them. Examining her position, she found that her shoulders, middle back, upper butt and calves rested on small supports. Marcus quickly fitted metal banding around her legs at these points, holding them tightly in position. Next, he attached cables to either side of her collar, then with the aid of a tool, tightened them until the cables were at maximum tension, and Charlotte’s head was held firmly in position. Reaching to a side table, Marcus lifted a metal contraption into the box, sliding it around her waist and attaching a myriad of fastenings. Soon after he started on it, Charlotte could tell she was being fitted with an unusual corset. But Marcus made no effort to explain and soon she began to feel the crushing feeling as her waist was reduced two sizes.

Unable to lift her head, Charlotte could no longer tell what Marcus was doing. Soon enough, however, she could feel, something strange being fitted inside of her ass. As he turned a small attached tool, she could feel her anus begin to stretch wide, until she was crying from the pain. Marcus went a bit further, then stopped and removed the tool. A hose with a donut end was slipped easily into her wide open ass where it

wedged into position deep inside of her, followed by a hollow device that fit her now stretched canal perfectly. Next, he performed the same procedure on her vagina, leaving it gaping wide. He slid another hollow object inside of her, ensuring that it made contact with the inside of her vagina walls, before moving on. A stinging sensation told her he had just fit a catheter in her as well. A final band of rubber coated metal connected to the back of her corset, slid between her legs and, with some effort, connected to the front. She assumed it would hold the stretching devices in place, but a series of somewhat sharp spikes on the inside of the band now pressed not only against her pussy lips, but also against her entire crotch. She could tell he was working on her clit ring and she gasped as it pulled painfully away. As Marcus stood, the pain remained, and she realized he had somehow fitted her ring through the band and locked it in its distended position. She now could feel more spikes pressing against her stretched clit.

Strange chills ran through her body as she felt the cool room air reaching areas never before touched. She could only imagine how her ass and pussy must look like, held wide open as if a very large, invisible dildo was forced inside both openings. She felt a rush of shame cross her face, realizing just how exposed she was now. With her humiliation, she barely noticed as Marcus, whistling while he worked, moved about her body, attaching a series of wires to her nipple rods and clit ring. Reaching her face, he pushed a large ring behind her teeth, forcing her mouth open wide. As she pushed her tongue out to try and expel the ring gag, Marcus caught her ringed tongue and pulled it from her mouth, attaching a wire to it. Quickly, he slipped a tube into her mouth and, with a click, attached it to her feeding tube. Tubes connected into her nostril tubes and soon Charlotte found she no longer controlled her own breathing. She could hear a respirator nearby as it fed her breath. As he continued to work, Charlotte could feel him attaching more things to her. He fit small devices deep in her ears, which muffled her hearing until he flipped a switch outside the box, restoring it fully. She felt a prick in the side of her thigh as he seemed to fit her with an I.V. Finally, he stepped back to admire his prize.

“There. Done. I suppose you want to know what all this is about?” He watched her glare back at him, then smiled and continued. “First, I need to let you know I’ve met someone else. Well, not that it matters. You are just a slave anyway.” Charlotte’s eyes filled with tears as she realized what he was saying. Despite her situation, she

had still harbored love for this man. But now he was telling her that he was with another woman!

“Oh, you didn’t actually think we would make a couple, did you?” Marcus laughed at her, holding his stomach from his convulsions. “You’re just a thing to me now, slave. You have no identity, no purpose other than as a canvas for my ideas for slavery and torture. I found someone who isn’t so submissive, like you. Someone who I can enjoy life with, even have a family with. But don’t worry, we might still breed you, but it won’t be anything pleasant for you.” Marcus reached out and stroked her bald head again. “Let me tell you about this box. You see, one of my companies deals in experimental molding and gaskets devices. Boring stuff, I know, but they happened upon this stuff.” He held up a small canister of milky yellow liquid. “It’s a kind of sludgy liquid when warm, but once it reaches room temperature, it hardens into a solid substance, like cement, but lighter. That box you’re in will soon be filled with this stuff, and after just a few minutes, it will turn into rock around you. Believe me, you won’t be able to move an inch! You’ve noticed, though, how I’ve fit your body with some devices. The ring gag in your mouth and the spreaders holding your pussy and ass open, will allow the substances to fill those holes as well. It will be like a cement gag and two cement dildos inside of you. Of course the tubes and stoppers will prevent it from getting too far, while giving the machine the ability to administer enemas and such.

“I also put electrodes around your body. Again, this machine here will provide shocks randomly to keep you entertained. Of course there’s an I.V. for nourishment, as well as to continue your breast treatment. That should be interesting. As they grow, they won’t have any place to grow, which will be very painful.” Marcus turned as a door in the distance closed. “My new fiancée is here, so be nice. And I told her you were all into all this, and couldn’t wait to have her torture you as well, so don’t tell her otherwise.” His feigned seriousness faded as he stood, smiling at his own joke. He turned to the machine and flipped a switch. Charlotte could sense liquid beginning to fill the box below her. As it did, Marcus reached under her and removed the supporting blocks at her butt, back and shoulders. The cables holding her collar in place provided support for her upper body, while attachments to her corset device held her body in place. She felt like she was floating in air.

“Oh, I forgot to mention that the corset device will slowly tighten itself. It’s setup to warm the liquid around it enough to take up the slack, so even if you could move under the corset, the stuff will hold you tight.” She could feel the substance touching her ass, and soon it was moving inside her anus. She tried to struggle, but was barely able to move at all. New tears rolled down her cheeks as she realized she would be stuck in here for as long as Marcus wanted her. As the liquid reached her pussy, a cold chill ran through her. Footsteps broke her panic as she looked to the woman who had taken Marcus from her. For a second, as they hugged, Charlotte couldn’t see a face. But as the woman looked down at her, Charlotte nearly fainted.

“Well, well, Charlotte,” Samantha said, her arm circling Marcus’ waist. “I didn’t believe Marcus when he said you were into torture and slavery, but I guess I can see it’s true!” Charlotte wept again as her best friend kissed Marcus, then turned to watch the liquid rise.

“So, honey, did you make the arrangements for the second flight?”

“All set, my dear,” he said, kissing Samantha on the neck then smiling down at Charlotte. “I guess another two weeks won’t make much of a difference to her,” he said.

“But that’s nearly two months away. Are you sure?”

“No problem,” he said. “And if something fails down here, it’s not like she won’t be happy. She practically begged me to leave her this way even longer. I thought I was being nice.” The both laughed as Charlotte cried, unable to see them both clearly through her own tears. As an after thought, Marcus reached to the table and turned to place two small clear domes over each of Charlotte’s eyes. A glue stuck them to her skin, holding them in place. Soon, the liquid reached her mouth, filling her cheeks, then her nostrils, before covering her eyes.

Marcus let the box fill completely, allowing the liquid to reach the edge, a good six inches higher than Charlotte’s face. Marcus took a small microphone from the machine and spoke into it.

“The ear bugs are the only way you can hear now, slave. The liquid will fill up your

ear canals as well, cutting off any sounds. Don't struggle or the liquid will solidify in an uncomfortable position, and I'm not going to empty it again." He set down the microphone, flipping the switch off, and inadvertently plunging Charlotte into absolute silence. Through the eye cups and the hazy yellow substance, she could just see Samantha and Marcus smiling down at her. Already, she could feel the stuff hardening around her. In another few minutes, she knew she would be entombed.

Samantha heard the car pull up outside as she stuffed her curling iron back into her bag. Marcus was still on the phone, finishing some business before heading out on their extended holiday. Samantha wanted one last look, and slipped down into the basement one last time.

Charlotte was certain she was in hell. As a wave of electricity traced through her body once more, she desperately wanted to cry out, to find a release for the pain she was in, but there was none. The liquid had hardened quickly, locking her into a tomb of absolute immobility. She could only move her eyelids, and she had trouble sensing that motion since the machine kept the room in darkness. There seemed to be no pattern to its torment, rotating from harsh shocks to her clit, nipples or tongue, to massive enemas that were held inside of her for what seemed like hours. The hollow sheaths inside both her pussy and ass provided shocks as well, but these were thankfully used sparingly. The first time she felt them she was certain her reaction would break the substance that held her, but she passed out before she could. She realized she was no longer in control of anything. The machine was her life. It breathed for her, fed her, carried her waste away, and punished her as well. More than ever, she felt like she was no longer human.

After what she was certain had been days, the door to her cage opened and Samantha flipped on the light. The glare hurt her eyes, but Charlotte was thrilled to see her friend. Maybe she had come to rescue her. But as she approached, Samantha seemed more interested in the bizarre condition of her former friend. Looking over the machine, she found the microphone switch and flipped it on.

"I wanted to say goodbye before we leave," she said. "I still can't believe you want this for yourself, Charlotte. You always seemed so prudish, actually. Marcus showed me the list you had made for him, of all the things you wanted him to do to you.

Forced breast enlargement, waist training to 16 inches... I didn't even know what I.Q. adjustment was!" She looked back to the machine. "He says that when we get back, the machine will have conditioned you not only to be the perfect submissive for both of us, but you will also have your i.q. reduced. I guess it's through breath control, the use of heat and cold, and stuff like that. I don't know. But to modify your mind so you are permanently compliant is just strange. But who am I to talk." Samantha peered down through the milky mass. "Just tell me that you want this and I'll never ask again. Marcus said you will fight and complain at first because it makes it more arousing for you, but just between us girls, you really want to be a slave like this? Blink once for yes and twice for no." Charlotte squinted to see through the substance, trying to see clearly.

Charlotte blinked, then blinked again, careful not to give the wrong signal. This was her chance! If she could let Samantha know it was all a mistake, she would be sure to save her. Again, she blinked, but through the six inches of unclear solid, she had trouble telling what Samantha could see.

That was a blink, Samantha thought as she looked closer. But was it one or two? There. Another one, and was that another? After a good five minutes, Samantha was sure she had seen just one blink. "I guess you really do want to be a slave. Ok, it's your choice! And I promise to fill my end of the bargain. I always dreamed of having a servant, but to have my own slave is even better!" Turning away, Samantha set the microphone back down and flipped the switch off. She could see the setting was on low. Samantha thought back to the list of intense and horrible things Charlotte wanted done to her. I guess she's serious, she thought. Reaching out, she spun the dial up to medium high, then sauntered out of the room, flicking the light off as she went.

Inside her tomb, Charlotte, could only act out a constant scream as the machine attacked her body with the harshest series of shocks yet. As it ended, she gasped for air, but found the breathing tubes had shut off. She panicked, struggling to find oxygen but with no other connection than those tubes, she soon passed out. As it detected her loss of consciousness, the air resumed. In her tortured dreams, Charlotte tried to kill herself, only to find she had no way to move. She wailed into the night.

The End