

Choices

Category: Text Stories

written by Sir Valk | July 24, 2003



By Thndrshark

Part 1

Unlocking the door to the lower bedroom, I slid inside, trying to minimize the amount of outside light that reached into the room. I was being over cautious since the hallway was kept intentionally dim. Carefully shutting the door behind me, I could feel the soft whisper of air escaping the gasket that helped keep all outside sounds out. Once closed, the room was deathly quiet, as if there was actually a sound vacuum in the room, sucking even the slightest noise away. Instead, small speakers shared a more interesting noise to anybody inside the room. The slight clink of chains announced a minor shift by my slavegirl Trina in the middle of the room. She was unaware I was there at all. The box she was kneeling in was made of two way mirrors, with the reflective surface facing inward. With little or no light on the outside of the box, she could only see the reflection of herself in front and around her.

I approached the box and took a seat in one of the plush chairs placed there for just such a purpose. Though she had been kept in her box for almost six weeks now, I still loved spending hours staring at her. Naked and hairless below the neck, her body was a perfect form befitting a model or cheerleader; 5'6", 120 lbs, measuring a

lusty 34DD-20-34, with long, wavy red hair and soft features. Her arms were held over her head by aircraft cable connected to clamps around each of her thumbs. The cable reached up to twin pulleys, then back down behind her to her feet, where similar clamps were attached to her big toes. Balanced between the two, she rocked gently. Under her knees, the bottom of the box had a series of harsh ridges projecting up like small A's. Her sensitive knees were forced against the edges, making any motion in her body painful. Between her legs, a metal rod extended up to her crotch. Splitting six inches before her body, the rod broke into two metal dildos, one sunk deep into her pussy while another fitted into her ass. A spring mechanism pushed the pole up against her body, ensuring the dildos remained deeply entrenched inside. Keeping her legs apart, two bars extended from either side of the pole at mid thigh level. At the ends, a V of two sharp metal spikes pressed slightly against her inner thighs, prevented her from bringing her legs closer.

I admired her body, marveling at how her chest heaved in excitement from her predicament. A click broke my attention, and I realized the control unit had been activated. Her body jumped in shock, literally, as the computer controlled system flashed a series of electrical impulses to her crotch, while also attacking the wires to her nipples, clit, feet and thighs. Pads were glued to her inner thighs, the space between her anus and pussy, and the bottoms of her feet, while wires connected to her clit rings, nipple rings and the two dildos completed the array of attachments. I marveled as the series of shocks continued and though the pain was evident, I could also see her grind on the two dildos in excitement.

Soon, the pulsing stopped and she slumped in her bonds. She was a vision of beauty and torment to me. I stepped up to the glass, peering at her closely. After a moment, her eyes opened, and though she couldn't have known she was being watched, she gave a weak smile.

We met through a mutual friend, and we both discovered our interests in bondage and submission together. Trina enjoyed being experimental, and though she really had no interest in bondage before we met, once we began experimenting with it, she seemed to take to it like a fish in water. I encouraged her. Hell, I was thrilled! We all dream of a girl who actually wants to be our slavegirl, but I didn't think anybody would actually get their wish, especially me! But here she was. Once we moved in

together, I encouraged her to stop working. I was quite able to support both of us, and she really hated it anyway.

“So I get to be your live-in slavegirl,” she asked, smiling. I pulled out my check book and signed over a few thousand dollars.

“Why don’t you use this to buy yourself some proper slavegirl attire,” I said with a smile. I figured she would go out and buy some sexy lingerie. Boy was I wrong.

Nothing much happened for a week or so except that she tried hard to be my little pet when I was home. She brought me my slippers, made me dinner, kept the place clean and made sure I was fully satisfied sexually. I felt pretty sexist, but she insisted she was thrilled to be serving me. So I played along. The second week after our conversation, I came home like normal, dropping my briefcase at the door and waited for Trina to appear. My jaw dropped when she did. Though she would always show up at the door in some skimpy nighty, this time was even better. Dressed in a sexy maid’s dress, the skirt was shot and flaired out, with an array of lace filling it out underneath. Dark stockings fit up her legs, the tops clearly visible and held up by a garter belt. Her chest seemed barely contained at the top, where an opening let her breasts bulge out nicely. The dress had slightly poofy shoulders, and she had short little lace gloves on her hands. Trina had put her hair into a cute little ponytail, with a little maid’s hat on her head. Almost best of all was the wide, stiff collar on her neck.

She walked seductively up to me on what looked like six inch pumps, then with a smile dropped to her knees and unzipped my pants. I looked down as she slipped my already hard cock into her mouth, the lace glove soft against my skin. She looked up and smiled again, before giving me one of the best blow jobs ever.

It turned out that giving Tina access to a credit card worked best. She was showing less and less interest in going out of the house, and after the second week, I found that she had given all of her old clothes to charity anyway. I asked her about it.

“It makes it more fun if I don’t have a choice but to wear my slavegirl attire,” she said with a twinkle in her eye. I couldn’t agree more, but felt strange how Trina was so quickly making the change.

So, without going out, I wanted her to be able to order anything she wanted. I showed her a few fun sites, gave her a short list of some of the things I liked and let her go. We had spent some time early reading kinky stories, and though she was shocked at the intensity of the stuff I showed her, she seemed to pay close attention. In the end, I shared with her some very intense things, such as extreme rubber, sensory deprivation and fairly harsh bondage just to see what she would say. I didn't get much of a reaction, so had no idea what she thought.

After the third week of her becoming my slave, I couldn't wait to come home. Each night seemed to hold a new and amazing discovery. At first it was new gags, or sexy outfits, but as time went on it started getting better.

Usually I got home about six but every once in awhile I'd have to stay late for some meeting or another, and would get home much later. I hadn't thought about it, and since Trina had moved in I didn't think it had happened yet. But finally it did. I rolled home one night around midnight, exhausted and ready for bed. I had called to let Trina know I would be late, but the machine had picked up and I assumed she was in the shower or something. But as I rounded the corner and stepped into the living room, I realized it was something far more unusual.

Kneeling on the floor, Trina had managed to put herself in one of the more extreme situations to date. I often came home to find her cuffed in bed or something, but this was different. She was leaning over a heavy coffee table case, her wrists held high in the air, forcing her chest down onto the box. I walked closer, and could hear her crying. Behind her, a machine was pumping a fairly large dildo in and out of her, and as I got closer I realized it was fucking her ass. The more I examined her, the more amazed I was. She had found some way to pull zip ties around her wrists, holding them behind her back. Her elbows were forced together the same way, which I knew was painful. The thin zip tie was cutting into her skin harshly and her arms were fairly purple. She had used a long leather strap around the entire box to strap her knees wide, with her feet doubled up. Rope circled her big toes and was pulled taught to a tight ponytail, pulling her head back hard. Another rope was attached to the ceiling, holding her arms up in a severe strappado. Following the rope, I could see she had devised a counter weight to the rope, a heavy barbell that dropped from the top of a table when two small ice blocks under the legs of the table slanted the

top enough. If she pulled hard she could lift the weight, but in her position it must have felt like trying to lift a car. Her shoulders must have been screaming in pain.

It was lucky that the dildo machine was self lubricating. Looking closely, I could see a timer, set to go off at 5pm. Now I knew one of the reasons she was crying. Until she met me, she had never had anal sex, and even after, we had only played a little with it, mostly with thin toys and fingers. I had told her how I felt my slavegirl would learn to orgasm by anal sex, threatening to lock her in a chastity belt for a long time, with only anal sex as an option. She hated that idea, but I knew she wanted to make me happy.

The timer had gone off at 5pm, beginning an unrelenting pumping of her fairly virgin ass with a good sized dildo. It was now midnight. Seven hours. I sat down on the floor in front of her, face to face with her tear filled eyes. I had never seen her look so submissive as I did then. Her mouth was filled the biggest ball gag we owned and the tears that ran down her face coursed over her stretched cheeks.

“I called. I was gonna be late,” I said with a smile, stroking her face. She tried to smile, but the pain was too much. “I’ll shut off the dildo for you but I want to take advantage of that lovely ass of yours.” Trina groaned. I stood up, slipped off my clothes then turned off the dildo machine, pulling it away. Stepping behind her, I crouched down and pressed my hard cock against her ass. I could feel her tense. The dildo was a good size, but not as big as me. She could tell it would be a stretch and she was bracing herself for the additional pain. The lubricant from the machine made it easy for me, and I pressed myself all the way in. I could hear a scream from behind the gag. For a moment I pressed against her body, feeling myself filling her up, before pumping in and out for a moment. It felt great. Looking up and seeing her purpled arms and severely bent neck made me even more excited and I could have easily finished then, but I got an idea. I pulled out, then moved the machine back behind her, but lowered it a bit. Pushing it forward, I pushed the dildo into her pussy. With the forward stroke, she would be fucked deeply. I hit the switch and Trina cried out from the new penetration.

Straddling the machine, I pressed my cock back into her ass, feeling the dildo through the thin wall of flesh separating her two orifices. Trina was crying again,

probably from her first dual penetration experience. I began pumping in and out of her, loving the tightness of her ass and the concept of fucking this toy I now owned. Life couldn't get much better.

After that night, I thought Trina would want to slow down. Even though she was a little shaken and a lot sore for the next few days, she went right back to being my little slavegirl. I tried not to let things fester, and after a day I talked to her about it.

"Maybe we should communicate better, just in case I work late again," I offered. Trina, who I had left chained in bed by her collar, allowing her to rest for the day, sat up on her elbow as best she could.

"I don't think so, Master. I think it's more fun not knowing what I'm getting myself in to." I liked her calling me Master. That was cool.

"I know it was pretty intense for you," I said. "I just don't want you to get into something dangerous."

"I promise to be careful. I won't do anything that might hurt me bad if you don't come home to save me, ok?" I stroked her hair.

"Ok. I liked that a lot, but I want to have you around for a long time, ok?" She smiled, kissing my hand.

"Yes, Master."

Though Trina was more careful from then on, she still wanted to push the envelope. Each day it seemed something new arrived for us to try, and though she had custom ordered most of it, even I worried that one day we would go too far. She didn't seem to have that worry, and soon I just relished the thought of my ultra-submissive, masochistic slave.

I started setting about goals for her. When we had first got together, her elbows would only touch if I really forced them together, and though she never complained, I could tell it was extremely painful from the tears that rolled down her cheeks. Over a couple months, I slowly trained her shoulders to allow her arms to be bound together, and soon I would leave her all day, with a wide strap locking her elbows

tight to each other.

After we began this type of training, she no longer had the ability to wear most of her cute maid clothes. Instead, I kept her naked. It was next to impossible for me to leave each day as I looked back from the door to see Trina crawling around on the floor, her arms strap behind her, a heavy chain from her wide collar to a ring I had mounted in the floor. She only had enough range to make it from the silver dog bowls filled with water and kibble and to the cat box I made her use in the corner.

End of Part 1