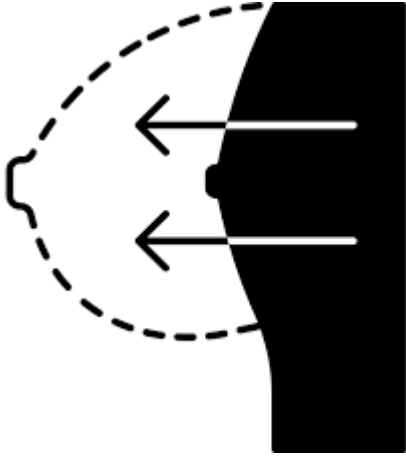


# Couple Therapy

Category: Text Stories

written by Sir Valk | January 18, 2001



## By Thndrshark

*I wrote this while on vacation in Fiji. Boy, was I inspired by all the young, nubile vacationing girls there!*

### Part 1

I found myself rushing home after work for the first time in awhile. I tried to act all nonchalant as I practically burst in the door. "How's Lisa," I asked my wife as I sauntered in. She smiled, knowing the truth.

"Uncomfortable, I'm sure," she replied as she finished the last of the dishes.

"What happened?"

"She dropped another dish. I put her in the box." I smiled at the thought. My wife was usually the softer one, though I had found that, like with most women, when they wanted to be cruel they could surpass any man's imagination.

"When did you put her in?"

"About 11:30 this morning," she said, returning her attentions to the sink. I just

whistled to myself and headed down to the dungeon. It was almost 7:00 now, which meant that Lisa had been in one of the most uncomfortable punishments for over six hours. My cock practically jumped at the thought! I was glad I would never feel the wrath of my wife.

We had been married 5 years before, having discovered a mutual love for bondage and various S&M practices. Early on, we would play with each other, with her being the sub usually to me. But we both quickly realized that we cared too much for each other to go to the lengths we both dreamed, and soon after we where married we began venturing out for others. To date I could count 9 young girls, our preference, that we had trained into slavery. It was only the last three that had been unwilling participants. Neither of us had been comfortable with the concept of kidnapping, rape, torture or true slavery, considering the punishments most governments would land upon us if we where caught. But we studied the subject as a exercise and quickly discovered how easy it could be. So many women disappeared yearly without a trace, a statistic that was kept under heavy wraps by most police agencies. There was little or no way of being caught if you where smart. We began hunting our first victim soon after. She was a young stripper in a state halfway across the country. We tried never to recruit, as we called it, from anywhere close to us. Rule number one. We found a girl with few family attachments and not many friends. Her name was Taylor. She was thin, blonde and had large breasts. The typical mid-western girl gone wrong. She took three months to completely break and we kept her around still to this day.

Our house was a rambling old mansion in the woods in Southern California, far from any prying eyes and well protected. I had a whole wing modified into a slave's training facility, including old stone and heavy iron decorations. It worked wonders for the girls and was hidden from casual guests. I made my way down to the dungeon now, careful to press the tab hidden in the wall and key in the code on the invisible keypad hidden just beneath the paint. The door slid aside quietly and quickly shut after I was through. It took my eyes a few minutes to adjust before I could pick my way through the vast room to where I could hear Lisa crying.

The box was an idea we stole from some book and took a bit of engineering to build. Built like a stubby coffin, the victim was placed inside of it, their legs doubled up and

each knee strapped wide to either side. Arms usually where bound at elbow and wrist behind, with a chain connected to the wrists leading up through a hole in the top. The head was fit through a hole at the top, where a very wide steel collar clamped on to the neck and locked the head into an upright position. At this point the slavegirl was arched backward painfully. The head could be left uncovered but I could tell she had really upset my wife. Her head was covered in a heavy steel cage that mimicked the job of the box. A crank at the top of the cage pushed sharp spikes into the face and scalp. I could see that she was wearing the spike gag as well, a large, soft ball that fit between the jaws, then pushed similar spikes into the soft tissues of the tongue and mouth. The crank for the box was at it's maximum, meaning that the spikes in the box where pressed hard against Lisa's naked form. The spikes where dense, no one separated by more than a few inches, and had the uncanny ability to cover every inch of the body. The worst part was how she supported herself. Her nose ring was pulled up hard to the ceiling by a piece of chain that fed through a pulley. The chain returned and connected to her wrists. Another, shorter chain attached from her wrists to her clit ring. My wife had pulled Lisa's arms up hard, increasing the pain in her shoulders and, in turn, pulling up hard on the nose ring. The box was lifted slightly off the floor, pivoting lightly on the bottom edge. To decrease the pain of the spikes, she was forced to lift her arms higher behind her, a difficult prospect at best, which increased the pull on her clit ring. She could only do this for a few minutes before her shoulders gave out and her arms fell back, yanking hard on her nose ring.

She was a vision of medieval torture and I could feel my cock throbbing. She caught sight of me out of the corner of her eye and tried to beg for release. I'm sure this was the worst she had ever felt, even including the hard whippings.

"Sorry, Lisa," I said, pulling on her arm/nose chain and letting it drop, eliciting new tears from her. "If I where to release you Angela would be very unhappy. I will, however, give you something to take your mind off the spikes." I moved to the back of the box and turned a new crank. A wide, self-lubricating dildo extended slowly and precisely toward her pussy. She could feel it push inside and she tried to beg for me to stop. "You don't want to cum, Lisa? How ungrateful," I cooed as I buried the six inch cock into her. I flipped a switch and the dildo began both vibrating and pumping in and out of her. I watched as she quickly had the first of several orgasms.

As her body thrashed in response, she screamed in pain from the spikes rubbing against her. It was designed to feel like her skin was being ripped off and I'm sure it was doing it's job.

Lisa was number nine of the unwilling guests we had acquired. Just six weeks ago, on some South Seas Island, we had met her on an empty beach. We had gotten good at finding the best candidates and though we were living on a sailboat, we knew she was here and traveling with a few friends. We had secretly arranged to be on that beach when she would be alone. A friendly offer of some wine knocked her out cold. She was a perfect candidate. Only 20 years old, she was practically alone on this trip. Her friends had quickly met guys and left her to her solitude, which she preferred anyway. She was a bit of a loner, of medium height and build, with brown hair, green eyes and long, firm legs. My first comment to Angela was, "She'll look great in ballet boots." My wife just grinned and nodded in agreement.

Our sailboat held the crate we would ship her back to the states in. We took her aboard, stripped her naked and injected her with a knockout drug that would last about 10 hours. I knew this wouldn't last the entire trip, but as another example of her cruelty, Angela wanted it this way so the subject would wake up in complete and utter bondage, in a crate in the dark.

It didn't take much time to remove her bikini and admire her young body. Angela played with her largish breasts then pinched the nipple. "We can pierce these twice." I grunted as I prepared to shave her bare, head to toe. Once completely hairless, we rubbed a salve - we had found it in Europe - from the neck down that prevented hair growth completely. Lisa would not grow hair on her body from the neck down for the foreseeable future. We rolled her over and tested her arm flexibility, practically cheering when her elbows could be forced together without too much strain. It was fun when the girls' arms had to be trained, but we always preferred it this way.

As I fitted her head with a leather hood, I carefully filled her mouth with a wide gag then cranked down hard on the straps under her chin and over her lips. She would be unable to utter anything more than a slight murmur regardless of how hard she screamed. The eyes were covered with a small pad that glued on to her, then

covered with a leather strap as part of the hood. Since her arms didn't need much training, we strapped them together with wide leather straps at wrist and elbow, then fit her hands into a two pouch single glove. Once they were laced down tight, she would be unable to flex her fingers out, nor touch one hand to the other. Angela was lubricating two large dildos attached to a chastity belt and she carefully forced them deep into Lisa's pussy, then her asshole. She took it slowly as she could tell this young girl had only been with a couple men, and never been fucked in the ass. The dildos would serve two purposes. A timer would turn on their vibrating about 10 hours into the trip, timed to match her waking. The effect would be to not only defeat her, but to humiliate her as well. In addition, her ass would be carefully stretched to accommodate my cock, or others as we saw fit, immediately upon arrival at our home.

Angela locked the belt in place as I retrieved the bar. Designed for us specifically, the bar had a padded four inch collar at one end and two padded three inch restraints at the other. The bar was only two feet long, but split so the restraints were two feet apart. I fit the collar around Lisa's neck, covering the lacing for the hood and making sure it was both as snug as possible but also allowed for breathing. We then forced her legs back until the pivoting cuffs could be locked around her ankles. In this position she was absolutely immobile, bent back harshly. We lifted her up together and set her down on the padded insides of her crate.

Once snugly filling the inside, we strapped her knees to the sides, spread wide, then Angela filled the spaces with packing popcorn while I fitted the nostril plugs. Small breathing hoses led to a series of hoses that had unobstructed holes on the outside of the box. The box was actually doubled layered so Lisa lay bound inside a much larger space, which we filled with some item we knew customs would never think twice about. The box was quickly filled with popcorn, obscuring any sight of Lisa and I nailed the lid on firmly. Once the outer container was filled we sealed it up and set sail for a shipping port on the other side of the island chain.

## **Part 2**

As Angela released Lisa from the box after another two hours, I was concerned about the array of harsh red pricks on her soft skin. But upon closer examination, I could see they were only surface marks or slight punctures and would fade quickly.

Lisa had experienced a number of violent orgasms that had rocked her against the spikes and yanked hard on her rings. I took a quick look while she lay exhausted on the floor. With Lisa we had perfected the perfect piercing. Rather than a simple hole punched through the soft tissue, we would pierce a type of grommet. The hole would be held open by a small channel of stainless steel through which we could place a number of rings or rods. Her nose was even more advanced. Two small plates of rounded edge steel had been measured and cut for each side of her septum. A larger hole toward the end of the septum, where a ring would normally go, was punched through the steel, it's edges bent inward. A type of hole punch cut a rather wide hole in the nose and theses steel plates where fit to it. Smaller holes matched left to right, had been cut into the plates and a small rivet gun punched a strong rivet through both sides. After four rivets, the plate was permanently affixed to the septum. The larger hole, lined with steel as well, could be fit with any device, and was strong enough to nearly support her body weight.

I grabbed Lisa's nose ring now and snapped my fingers for Taylor to clean her up. Taylor had been fully broken two years before and we had kept her as a full time slave since. She was a lovely blond with curly hair and a Midwestern look that seemed to accentuate the collar, chains and rings that adorned her now. As an obedient slave, she had followed Angela in to the dungeon and dropped to her knees. Now, she stepped up and took a hold of the leash I had chosen, snapping it to Lisa's nose ring and leading her away to the baths. Both Taylor and Lisa teetered on their ballet boots, though unlike Taylor's grace, Lisa was struggling to stay upright despite the renewed pain in her cramped toes. We had learned two things about Lisa, both when she had been locked into a stringent bondage position all night with Taylor. First, she felt humiliated most by the nose ring. It was the one thing that, when utilized, made her feel like an animal. Secondly, she felt even more abused when we had Taylor or another slave command her. It was for this reason that we made use of her nose ring as much as possible and quite often had Taylor administer her punishment. We certainly didn't want to disappoint her!

Jennifer was the youngest slave we had recruited. Only 18, she was a dark haired beauty we hoped to sell for a good price. Currently she was enduring a stringent corset training. I yanked Lisa into the room where Jennifer was hanging, pushing her to her knees. Lisa's wide eyed stare told the story. She was terrified of what she saw

before her. Jennifer had been placed into her three layer rubber suit three weeks ago. Her entire body was covered in latex, from the tips of her ballet boots to the top of her head. She had been without sight or sound for the duration. She was hanging from her wrists in the center of the room, her ankles chained together and to the floor beneath her. The winch that held her taught was tightened daily, a running joke with Angela and I was that we would end up with a much taller slave in any case! Her body was like a guitar string and the muffled whimpers that escaped from her blow up gag were evidence of its effectiveness. But the most important device was that which was strapped from just below her breasts to her hips. A heavy rubber and steel boned corset was slowly being tightened around her waist. Original measurements had Jennifer's waist at a 28. Not bad, but considering her ample 38D breasts, we knew a tiny waist would command a higher price. After the three weeks, we had managed to reduce her to a 19. Almost hourglass now, Angela was determined to get her to a 17. A special weight system was used to maintain constant tension on the steel lacings, while continually adding weight. A series of pulleys attached to a mechanical fulcrum that added about a half a pound of weight at specific intervals. We had started with 100 pounds of pressure, enough to cause her to cry, and I figured in my head the machine was placing about 400 pounds of pressure on her waist now. We were on the final corset so the gap in back represented the last 2 inches.

Lisa was frozen in fear, her eyes wide in terror that this could happen to her. We hadn't decided if she deserved corset training. She barely noticed as I attached a set of steel cuffs to her ankles, chained her ankles to rings in the floor, then removed her collar and replaced it with a posture collar attached to the cuffs by a short steel bar. Her arms, still bound at wrist and elbow, tried to struggle as I locked the collar on and began turning a crank on the pole that now ran behind her back. Slowly the pole shortened, which pulled her head back, arching her back painfully. Once I felt I had the angle I wanted, I moved to the front and adjusted the collar. Slowly her chin was pushed up until she faced the ceiling. I quickly strapped the special rubber gag on her face, making sure that it was a tight seal over her mouth. I think she started suspecting her fate now as I took a hose attached to her gag and ran it to Jennifer's catheter. We liked to keep Jennifer full at all times and she had held a full bladder for the entire day. I let the air out of the balloon and watched as her urine ran down

the semi-transparent tube and into Lisa's mouth. Tears began flowing down her face as she understood that she had no choice but to swallow. She had drunk my urine before, and thus was accustomed to the vile taste, but I think she was humiliated by drinking another slave's piss.

Finally, Jennifer was empty. I could see the relief rush across Lisa's face, to quickly be replaced by fear again. I unhooked her hose and reattached it to Jennifer's anal plug. Lisa tried to struggle but Taylor was holding her upright and the bondage was far too stiff to allow much escape. I turned the knob on the enema plug and watched as Jennifer's enema water ran down the tube as well. She was screaming as she watched the brownish liquid run toward her mouth, knowing it would soon be swirling around her tongue and in her stomach. I spent the time ignoring her, making it less than an event, while examining Jennifer's bound body. The posture collar held her neck completely rigid and the three layers of rubber hood and straps kept the blow up gag and eye pads in place. I set my hands at her new waist, amazed at the small measurement. Her youth made this a perfect time for corset training. Though it would be necessary to keep her in some form of corset for the rest of her life, her body was actually changing, reorienting itself to accommodate the constriction. In no time she would be permanently altered. Her breasts, despite their constriction beneath the rubber, really stood out in their splendor. I looked forward to having some fun with her before the sale.

I turned back to watch the last of the liquid run out of Jennifer. Lisa was crying as I watched her throat reluctantly swallow the final drops of what was most likely a horrible substance. Once I was sure she was finished, I replaced the feeding gag with two rubber wedges at the back of her teeth, holding her mouth open as wide as possible. I think she could tell it wasn't over, but I don't think she really knew. I attached a chain to either side of her collar and to the floor, removing any chance of her moving. I snapped my fingers for Taylor to stand up. I whispered in her ear and she quickly backed up to Lisa's bound form and squatted. I could really hear Lisa wail now as Taylor began pressing her ass against her mouth. It was a sight to be seen. A tall blonde slave girl with long shapely legs, rings piercing her body, teetering on ballet boots, squatting over the mouth of another slave. I couldn't quite see what was happening, but from Lisa's sounds and expression, I would guess that Taylor had relieved herself well. A mixture of piss and shit filled Lisa's mouth as

Taylor stood up again. I don't think Lisa knew what to do. But eventually, as I petted Taylor on her knees again and watched, she knew there wasn't anything she could do. Her tongue swirled the feces and urine around and I watched it slide down her throat.

### **Part 3**

Our guests were to arrive that evening and we hurried to get things set up. Lisa had known that she was to be a special guest for tonight's festivities, though she was unsure of how she would participate. Very quickly it became evident. The main dungeon space had been cleared, many chairs set up around the center of the room. Lisa was led into the middle. Angela untied her elbows then reattached two wrist cuffs that connected with a small ball joint. Her collar was replaced with a much heavier model and a cable from the ceiling was lowered behind her. As the cable was fed through a ring at the back of Lisa's collar and connected to her wrists, Taylor was ordered to attach a chain to Lisa's ballet boots and secure them to the floor. Soon, Angela was turning a crank and pulling the cable up, forcing her wrists to climb up her back. Lisa began crying in pain as her arms were inverted behind her, but Angela had made particular preparations to make sure she was flexible enough for this. As the crank turned, her wrists rose, until the last few clicks brought her wrists level with the back of the collar. A lock was placed through the collar ring and connected to the ball socket on the cuffs, locking Lisa's arms off. I could see the twinkle in my wife's eyes as she produced an additional strap, just as Lisa was coming to terms with the pain in her arms. The strap circled Lisa's elbows and was pulled tight, forcing her lower arms closer together and wrenching her shoulders impossibly back.

Pulling the ball gag from her mouth, I unhooked her nose ring and fit a smaller ring through her septum grommet. Welded to the ring was a short rod that I fed into her mouth and through the grommet an inch from the tip of her tongue. Attaching a plate to the other end, under her tongue, I fit a small wrench onto it, and began to turn. The plate had a threaded attachment that extended up, forcing Lisa's mouth open wider, using her nose as leverage. As her mouth reached its limit, I was sure the pain in her nose and jaw was excruciating. With another few cranks, I pulled out the key. Her mouth was now held open impossibly wide, while the rod captured her

tongue. Luckily we made the grommet through her septum large. I fit another ring through it, then lowered a chain from the ceiling and attached it to the new ring, removing enough slack so it could support her without saving her from standing on her toes. Taylor unlocked the chains holding her ankles down and we backed away to admire our new slave in the light. It was a remarkable sight to behold. Lisa's body had grown firm in training as we tasked her day and night. Her breasts stood proudly away from her chest as her tortured shoulders forced them out, the dual nipple rings gleaming in the light. She had separated her legs enough to gain balance and the result was a statuesque body with her ass poking out and her chin raised to the ceiling from the tug on the nose ring. If she weren't crying slightly, she would look almost proud. From the front it looked like she had no arms. Angela had bound them so far back they disappeared behind Lisa's shoulders.

We left her like this for the time being as we prepared for the party. After 2 hours, when the doorbell chimed in announcement of our first guest, Lisa had begun to whimper slightly from both her arm bondage and the pain in her toes. We ignored her, of course, and went to welcome our guests.

Mistress Madeline was first to arrive. We had the particular pleasure of an underground entrance and valet parking during events like this. So rather than having to hide anything, our guest would often arrive in full form, tugging a young slave behind them. This was no exception. Madeline was fond of animal training, often keeping her slave girls in a cat or dog outfit for as much as a year. She too had become proficient at kidnapping and had brought along two of her victims.

It was difficult to tell who they were. Covered in an impossibly tight rubber body suit, their arms had been doubled up, their wrists locked to shoulders, removing any use of the hands. The suits legs were designed short, so that only a bent arm could fit into it. Wide rubber straps clamped the arms together so they became a seamless limb. Each finger had been fed into a special glove that, when tightened, pulled each finger into a tight ball, removing any ability to flex. Then, the hand had been twisted to fit into the slave's armpit, thus removing any visible evidence that this was not an animal's limb. The suit had built in paws that helped create a brilliant illusion of a cat's feet. Legs were similarly bound, though the length of the lower leg versus the thigh required some modification. The legs were doubled then forced into a single

sleeve, but an added modification where wide straps at the end of the toes. The other end of the straps connected to the lower back, yanking the feet into an en pointe position, much like the ballet boots. An additional strap yanked the feet tightly together just around the slave's ass, then were fitted with a rubber pouch with a length of stranded rubber sticking from it. The illusion was perfect. With the little motion the girls could move their bound feet, they could simulate the swishing of a cat's tail. The custom suits fit like skin and had been bonded to their bodies at their asshole and pussy. It was interesting to examine how well the suits had been applied. The rubber was cut to the body so that a long tube fit into the anal canal, creating the illusion of an entire rubber person, while holding each hole wide. The appearance was a totally exposed sex doll, shaped into a cat. The final touch was the harsh hoods that fit snugly to both girls' heads. Tiny lenses allowed the slaves to see, though the image was considerably distorted. Madeline told us it was much like a bug, upside-down and broken into numerous small images. Thin tubes seemed to disappear where the nose would be and the mouth, though harshly gagged with an inflatable rubber ball, seemed to have a feeding gasket fit into its core. Madeline was happy to share the fact that both girls had been hooded for over 6 months now, with only the ability to breathe their own. Even the feeding tubes connected to force feeding devices once a day, with the opposite ends buried deep into the slaves' stomachs.

It was strange to watch these two slaves make their way in. I knew that both had been in training for at least nine months, giving them plenty of time to learn their roles, but it was uncanny how believable they were. If it weren't for the visible feet being pulled back and the sizable breasts both slaves had dangling beneath them, you would swear you were looking at a large cat.

Other, equally bizarre guests began to arrive, and Angela and I had trouble greeting them all. The usual group was assembling, with a few extras brought along in confidence by trusted members of the club. Doctor Mansa arrived in a flourish, towing his latest prize behind him. If only the A.M.A. knew, he would be burned at the stake. The last time we had seen Justine, she had been a demure 18 year old girl, innocent, young and freckled, just being introduced to the world of bondage and slavery by this wealthy and handsome doctor. She had agreed to let him try a few things on her, and now, after a year of experimentation, I was sure she was

regretting it. His first experiment was in hormonal breast enlargement. Justine had been a petite girl, only 5'6" and 118 lbs., with 34B breasts. For the first 3 months of her "adjustments", Mansa had locked her in a tiny steel box, forcing her to stand upright in ballet boots, with her arms bound severely behind her and large dildos on poles supporting her by way of her ass and pussy. A wide, steel posture collar kept her head immobile and a thick, leather hood blocked out all sight and sound. He had told us he actually tricked her into the box, telling her it was just a short test. His sadism shocked even us at times. For 3 months, Justine stood immobile, screaming in sheer terror into her gag, being fed through feeding tubes and her breathing fully controlled by a machine, while he fed her hormones to enhance her breast size. Upon release, her chest had grown to an amazing 40D, so large that the weight made it difficult to walk upright.

But the doctor wasn't through. In an effort to reduce her waist, he removed two ribs from her, then fit her with a ratcheting steel corset that pulled her waist into a remarkable 16 inches. The months in ballet boots made it impossible to stand flatfooted any longer, so Mansa shortened Justine's Achilles tendon permanently, removed her toe nails and fitted her feet with permanent steel ballet slippers. Designed to force the feet into a harsh point, the metal band at the bottom of the foot, extended from the toes to a wide ankle cuff that fit perfectly, then was welded onto Justine. The result was her inability to unflex her foot. And without the aid of any heel, she was forced to learn to walk on her steel covered toes.

Despite her protests, the doctor realized there was no turning back. Justine was already frantic from the major modifications her lover had performed on her. She was beginning to realize she would never return to the demure young girl she had been. Mansa had no intention of stopping, and despite her protests, had continued with his plan.

Now, watching him lead his slave in, I wondered if he could think of anything else to do to her. Her long, lean frame was extended even further by her now permanent ballet stance. Mansa had added a short four inches of chain, welded between her ankle cuffs, to prevent any large strides, as if that were possible. Her waist was impossibly tiny, and now permanently tightened by the steel corset she wore. He had told me how the corset was built with steel tension bands, thus exerting a continual

pressure on her waist despite the fact that the corset was now welded onto her waist. The corset could actually close, due to the bands, to a 4 inch waist. Though her body would never conform to that shape, Justine would forever feel the constant and painful pressure against her waist. Her huge breasts were beautiful, especially with the added banding he had put on them. Two inch wide steel bands with sharp metal spikes on the inside had been forced around the base of Justine's breasts, then riveted shut. The result was to turn her tits a constant shade of red. Not too much to be a danger, but enough to increase sensitivity and provide a unique color to her massive tits. Her arms had been forced into a similar position as Lisa's, but I could tell Justine's had been mounted in position permanently. I once asked him why he didn't just surgically remove her arms. Mansa noted with a smile that he preferred that she know she still had arms, but would never use them again.

Other more traditional guests began to arrive, and I made sure they all had a chance to examine Lisa. With the extreme nature of our friends, even their comments as they argued over her possible modifications caused new tears to flow down her cheeks. But soon everybody had been seated, and served drinks by Taylor. I watches as Angela took a deep breath and marched out in front, smiling at her friends.

"Thank you so much for coming tonight," she smiled again, then moved to walk around Lisa. "As you can see, we have a new slave with us tonight. As you know, we like to play games at our little gatherings, and this night is no exception. As you enjoy your drinks, a small box will be handed around. Each person is to fill out on a small piece of paper, a particular torture or modification that we can perform on Lisa. Then, we will draw five of these from the hat and actually do them. Remember, it has to be something we can do this evening, and my only requirement is that we don't remove any limbs!" Angela laughed with the others, but she could see Dr. Mansa almost frown in disappointment.

"So, take a few moments to come up with your worst and we'll start shortly!" Angela smiled again and turned back to Lisa, fitting her finger through Lisa's right nipple ring. "You think you've felt pain up 'till now. Wait until tonight." With a twist that brought a wail from Lisa, Angela moved away, hoping that her sadistic friends would do her proud.

## **End of Part 3**

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