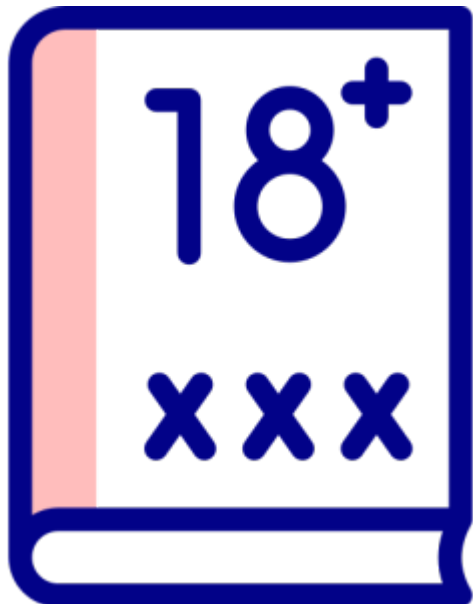


Diane

Category: Text Stories

written by Sir Valk | June 30, 2000



Synopsis: Slave training story, all nonconsensual and strong stuff. Twelve days' training make her a completely docile slave girl: "I will follow your every order".

by SD

This story may be freely distributed, so long as the following warning remains attached.

WARNING: This story is not to some tastes. Actually, it's not to most tastes. It involves bondage, golden showers, humiliation, kidnapping, murder, rape, scat, slavery, terror, and torture, all of them nonconsensual. There's also doubtless some grammatical errors; for those, my apologies.

This is not by any means a normal bondage story, it does not represent the practices of the BDSM community, where consent is required and the safety of all players a key concern. People into B&D will find bondage here, but not the safe and loving sort they crave; people into D&S will find no power exchanges, nor any loving submission or concern; people into S&M are the ones most likely to enjoy this story, but it is not an S&M story, in which people with complementary needs,

to give and to receive pain, come together to consensually satisfy their needs. This is a story about sadism w/o masochism, and as such is an evil story, as much a horror story as it is an erotic story. Please do not read it unless the most extreme examples of human evil interest you.

SD

Part 1 by SD

1. THE CAPTURE

The pain in Diane's shoulders and arms was becoming intense, almost enough to distract her from the terror she felt. How long had it been - a couple hours at least - since she walked through the door of her mother's house to pick up her kids on her way home from work. She was scarcely in the door when she was knocked down, quickly struck in the kidney and in the solar plexus, and had a rubber ball with a belt through it forced into her mouth by one man while another pinned her arms. She was quickly handcuffed and shackled. Her elbows were then tied together and a rope stretched from her elbows to her ankles, leaving her in a very tight hogtie. Diane was a helpless captive before she knew what was happening.

Shortly after she was taken, she observed her mother and her three sons, each gagged, blindfolded, and securely bound, taken out of the house. After that she just lay on the floor, observed by her two captors, who said nothing to her as they rolled her about to study her. At 37, Diane retained an admirable body. She was 5'6" and 128 pounds, small-boned and slender. Her breasts were not large, but on her small frame seemed quite ample. Her ass was small if a little flat. Her tapered legs were lovely, and by raising her modest skirt above her hips her captors confirmed that they did indeed go all the way up. The blue-grey eyes under the short blonde hair were usually cool and her gaze direct, but today both were frantic. After completing their visual and tactile examination of the captive, the two men settled in and waited silently, ignoring the repeated frantic grunts that escaped from the helpless woman. As she waited Diane's legs were getting sore, her shoulders screamed, and she

would have felt the bruises and lacerations of her wrists caused by her futile testing of the handcuffs had she not lost feeling below her tightly bound elbows. As the time passed, slowly, interminably, her fear grew. Where had they taken the boys, she thought. Why did they take them? What were they going to do to her? Why were they waiting? Her husband Tom had to have come home by now, but he hadn't called or come for the children yet. Where was he, had they captured him too, or worse?

The phone rang, astonishingly loud in the silence of the room. One of the men picked it up, placed the receiver to his ear, and said nothing. After a few seconds he dropped the receiver to the floor and said "They arrived. Let's go". The other left the house while the man who had taken the call removed the rope that connected Diane's elbows to her ankles. This rope was then tied around Diane's neck. Her black high heels, which had come off as she was rolled about, were replaced, and her arms were yanked upwards pulling her painfully to her feet. She wobbled for a moment and her escort raised her leash above her head and pulled it taut, preventing her from falling, or breathing. As she steadied herself some slack was added to the rope and she desperately sucked as much air as should could through her nose. "Go out the back", she was ordered. The leg-irons were joined by a six inch chain and allowed only small, awkward steps, which slowed the passage considerably and barely allowed her to tenuously step down the back steps. The house was isolated, and from the back there was little chance of anyone seeing Diane as she was lead, hobbling, towards a blue van, forced into the back, and driven away.

It was a long ride. One of the men held Diane on his lap. She could feel his erection stiffening as he casually explored her body, but as her protests were met with a tightening of her leash she learned to be still. There was no effort made to stop her from looking out the smoked window of the van to see where she was being taken. At last it turned off the main road on to a road prominently marked "PRIVATE, NO TRESPASSING", which curved through a thick stand of trees before emerging in a clearing invisible from the public road. About one hundred yards into the clearing was an sturdy wire fence with a high steel gate across the road. Another such gate stood up thirty feet of fenced-in road beyond the first gate. The van stopped in front of a camera by the first gate, which opened to admit the van and closed behind it before the second gate opened, allowing the van to travel four hundred yards to a

walled enclosure. When it stopped before this gate an eyeless leather hood was placed on Diane's head and tightly laced before the van proceeded. Shortly thereafter it stopped, and Diane was shoved from the van and pulled forwards by the leash while a cane behind her alternately prodded her between the shoulders and swatted her across the ass, neither of which helped Diane maintain her balance as she tried vainly to baby step fast enough to satisfy her escorts, her only breaks coming as she was stopped so doors could be opened then locked behind her, and when she precariously felt her way down a series of stairways, until at last she arrived at her dungeon.

2. THE DUNGEON

Diane was deeply tired, but almost too frightened to notice. It was nearly four AM, more than nine hours since her abduction and six hours since she was delivered to this cage. The cage was tall and narrow, with just room enough for her to stand. The short, sharp spikes on the bars discouraged leaning against them, so all her weight had been on her feet the whole time. The leash fastened to the roof of the cage so that it was taut about her neck made it inadvisable to remove her shoes, and her feet hurt, as had her hands since the release of the elbow cinch had sent blood back into her lower arms. She was still handcuffed and shackled, but the hood and gag had been removed before she was locked in the cage. Her pleas to know what was happening to her and what had happened to her loved ones were ignored, and after locking her in her captors left without acknowledging her existence.

She could just barely turn around in her cage, and all that she saw made it seem that she was in a nightmare from which she couldn't awake. The cage stood near the center of a large room, positioned so it's occupant had a clear view of all the instruments, an array of devices for restraint, torture, rape, plus some whose functions Diane couldn't imagine and didn't want to know. All the metal and leather in the room was clean and shining, but there were abundant blood stains on the wooden tables and crosses, the stone floors and wall, and the lengths of rope placed on hooks for easy access. Not that she needed the stains to know what manner of events happened here, for the most fearful object in the room, in a corner that she hadn't seen when she first looked around but now found herself unable to look away from, lay on a low bench. What had once been a woman lay on her back on the

bench, her wrists cuffed behind her so they pushed into her kidneys. Below the neck, there was no part of her body that was not bruised, burned, or cut, but her untouched face was the most dreadful sight, with its bulging eyes and tongue and purple color. Leather cords had been tied around the bench at the point of her neck, and had constricted until they buried themselves in her throat.

The shearing sound of metal on metal alerted her to the opening of a door. Though there were several closed doors leading out of the room, the one she had come in was, she suspected, the only way out, as like most of the doors she had passed through it was doubled. The door leading out was a solid door, and ten feet into the room were bars and a locked cell door. Between the two doors stood three men and a woman. Two of the men were muscular brutes like the ones who had abducted her. The woman was about 5'4" but stood much taller in her spike heeled boots, thirtyish, with wavy red hair halfway down her back and an athletic physique well displayed by a snug leather bodysuit. The man they followed was a short, thin, balding man of middle years. As the outer door clanged shut, he pressed a sequence of keys on a remote control device he carried and the inner door slid open to admit the group, then slid shut and locked behind them. The group approached Diane with the older man in the lead, the woman just behind him to his right, and the thugs trailing them both.

"Where are my children?", Diane implored as they reached her. The leader silently glanced at the redhead, who slipped a tubular object from a special pocket on her right pants leg, stepped up to the cage, and shoved it through the bars, pressing it against Diane's side, then looked into her eyes and quietly said "Never speak unless ordered to, or in answer to a direct question", and pressed a button.

"AAHHHH" screamed Diane as electric current surged into her and threw her against the bars of the cage. As she was still wearing her jacket from work, the spikes rent her clothes but didn't pierce her skin. While Diane stood gasping and trembling, she smiled and said, "That was on low, dear", and stepped back.

"I trust that faux pas won't be repeated again, Mrs. Scott. Protocol is observed carefully here, and breaches are punished severely. A slave can never plead ignorance as an excuse - or anything else, as no excuses are ever permitted.

However, I will now let you know some of the rules - only some, as we like to leave room for the occasional surprise. I will do so not in an effort to save you pain, but only to keep you from getting too badly damaged before we get a chance to devise an appropriate program for you”.

“You do not need to know who we are, beyond that I am ‘Master’; several women, easily identified by their mode of dress, are ‘Mistress’, and everyone else is ‘Sir’, ‘Madam’, or ‘Slave’. Beyond that, no names are used, and you will never hear yours again after I finish speaking. You are not to speak unless you are ordered to speak, or are asked a direct question which cannot be answered with head movements. We do allow some latitude for you to audibilize while under torture. The standing rule - which anyone but a slave can change for any particular session at their discretion - is that inarticulate ejaculations are permitted at lower levels of pain and coherent speech allowed when in extreme pain. The degree of pain you are suffering is a judgement for the inflictor of the pain and there is no appeal. All judgements here are final, and no excuse, including the impossibility of complying with an order, is ever accepted. Failure is always punished, severely. Do not expect any justice or fairness, there is none here, and do not hope for any compassion or mercy, for a slave will receive none. You are here for my pleasure and that of my guests, and when we are not using you, access to you is a fringe benefit of my employees. The uses to which you will be put will vary but they will often involve pain and degradation, more than you can imagine now. There is no interest in your pleasure - well, that’s not really true. Sometimes you will be required to fake orgasms, but if we should ever observe you experiencing any pleasure we will put a stop to it. Should you survive the training phase and we decide to keep you, your clitoris will be removed to minimize the chance that you will ever feel any sexual pleasure again. The key rule is that you will immediately and completely obey every order you receive, no matter what. You may wonder why you should obey orders that will cause you unimaginable agony. The reason is twofold: first, because you will eventually do whatever we want you to, and the punishments for hesitation, refusal or resistance will be added to the original program; second, because no matter how terrible something seems there will always be something worse. We deliberately seek to make your existence confusing, to deprive you of any ability to predict our treatment of you, and therefore to deprive you of any shred of control over your life,

but there is this one unwavering absolute in your existence: obedience will always be preferable to resistance.

You will die in this place. When you do, your corpse will be abused and then destroyed, so no one outside our group will ever know what became of you. Though it may interest you to know that we have priests among our number, you will receive no sacraments in the balance of your life, and dying with unconfessed sins your soul will, of course, go to Hell, which may be the only place harder to leave than our establishment. However, you will not need to abandon all hope when you enter Hell, as you will by then have realized that your situation is completely hopeless. There have been many men and women brought here over a period of many years and no one has ever left, except as part of bricks made partly from a mixture of acidic solutions and an alkali powder. Escape is quite impossible, as the fragment of our security that you were permitted to see should show you; there is much more you did not see, and for you there is no way out of this secular hell. We maintain a low profile, keep - by whatever means necessary - great secrecy, and have acquired the protection of local law enforcement authorities, so the chance of rescue is infinitesimal; should there ever be a chance of a search all the captives will be killed and their bodies destroyed before anyone can reach the dungeons. Release is of course quite unthinkable, as it could not be risked even if we wished to, and we have never wished to. Some have sought to obtain their freedom or reduce their suffering by seducing us, or by inducing compassion for themselves. This has never succeeded. You will not be able to move anyone to help you. In all of our eyes you ceased to be a human being when you were captured, and therefore you have no rights or dignity, and no worth beyond the pleasure you give us. In essence, Diane Scott died a few hours ago, and what stands before me now is no more than an organic toy. For what's it's worth, we do not blame you or hate you, and your presence here is merely your misfortune, not the penalty of some judgement upon you. The only judgement made was that a very pretty, intelligent, healthy, and wholesome woman, sexually compliant but with virtually no sex drive - yes, we do know a lot about you - with a good Catholic upbringing, high morals, a solid fifteen year marriage, and three children that she adores, would be well suited to the varieties of pleasure featured here."

"What about my -AAARRGHH !"

“That was medium.”

“Your children and your mother have been secured at another location. She will be permitted to care for them, and they will all be quite comfortable so long as you perform. Unlike you they have no idea where they are and have not seen and will never see any faces. They can be released with no danger to us, and they will be when you finish your training, if you have not, by your failures, killed them by then. Some women can never be turned into good slaves. We have uses for such women, as you can see”, said the Master, gesturing towards the bench. “She was quite entertaining while she lasted, which was only a few weeks. A slave may survive for several years - or may die for our amusement at any time - but victims never last long. The great majority of the people brought here prove useful only as victims and must be replaced in a short time. During training we will establish whether you will make a good slave. We would prefer not to have to haphazardly damage by punishment a body on which we wish to conduct controlled programs of torture. This is where you children will be useful. Each act of resistance will bring death to one of them. Any time you do not perform up to expectations one of them will be severely punished “.

“Please, no”, Diane sobbed. “I’ll do AARRGHHH ! - IEEEE - OOOO - PLEASE STOP - OOHHHH !”

“I think, Mistress, that her sides aren’t responsive enough any longer. Please apply some current to her right breast”.

“AAAAAAAAAAOooooooooo-“

“She’s passed out”.

“Gentlemen, take her out of there before she strangles”.

“Her pain tolerance isn’t much”.

“Or it may be that her breasts are very sensitive. In any event, I’m sure you can improve that, Mistress. Men, prop her up against that post and tie her to it. Mistress, wake her”.

As the mistress pressed a tube of smelling salts to Diane's nose, Diane came gasping and coughing to consciousness. The mistress shook Diane's head and asked "Do you know where you are?" Diane started to speak but the mistress placed a finger across Diane's lips. "Just move your head", she commanded. "You know where you are?" Diane nodded. "Will you speak again without orders?" Diane shook her head. "She's ready, Master".

"You'll do' WHAT, Diane? It should have been obvious that you can't bargain with us. You'll do whatever we want when we want, and you have nothing, absolutely nothing, to say about it. We control you completely, and you can control nothing, therefore you can offer nothing. That should be obvious. For a woman reported to be quite bright, you aren't learning very well", the master said. "Presumably that reflects concern for your mother and children overwhelming your sense. If you continue to feel such concern for them, they should come through their captivity unharmed. When we have completed an assessment of you, any of them that survive will be dumped alive at a safe location and help summoned. This will be true regardless of what the decision about you might be. Even if we decide to execute you at that time, the surviving hostages will be freed. However, should you commit a violation sufficient to provoke your execution - which, I should mention, doesn't need be a very significant violation - before the assessment is finished, then all the hostages will be killed. You also should also know that should you commit suicide or suffer a self-inflicted injury that mars your looks or diminishes your ability to perform your duties to such a degree that we feel it's not worthwhile to keep you alive, the hostages will be killed. The assessment usually takes between two and six weeks. During it your obedience, your responsiveness to and capacity for withstanding pain, and your ability to give pleasure, will be trained and tested. You will also be degraded and humiliated, partly to break your spirit but primarily so that when we are done with you there will be very few things that anyone can imagine to do to, or ask of, you that you will find too revolting to handle. But we have some imaginative people coming through here, and there will always be someone coming up with something to sicken even the most hardened slaves.

"You may now be wondering if you can trust me. Since you're a smart woman, the answer is obvious: you can make no other choice. If I am lying, your loved ones will be killed no matter what. If I'm telling the truth, then they have a chance at life. We

all must choose what it is we believe. You must choose to believe me, and behave accordingly.”

“Sir,” the master said to one of the men, “call the hostage location and get her mother. Do be sure to use a scrambled signal and to alter voices on this end”. A few moments later he had the connection. “You will not speak, Diane, not a sound”, the master ordered.

“Mrs. Ridenour, please say hello to your daughter”.

“DIANE! ARE YOU THERE, DIANE? WHAT’S HAPPENING? THEY TOOK THE BOYS AND ME AND -“

“That should be sufficient to convince you they are alive and we have them. From now on, you will simply have to have faith that they continue to survive.”

What happened to Tom?, Diane wondered. She longed to ask if he were alright, but was too afraid of the electric prod to dare.

“You’ve had a rather trying day, Mrs. Scott, so we’ll put you to bed after we finish the last element of your orientation. Gentlemen, take off all the restraints. I believe we can trust her to restrain herself”. The ropes around Diane’s legs and chest pinning her to the post were removed, then her wrists and ankles were unchained. “Please walk to those doors to your left, Mrs. Scott. Sir, please open them and turn on the equipment.” Diane stepped into a room filled with audiovisual equipment. “Your first duty as a slave will be to remove, yourself, and before the video camera, the items that you wore as a free person. I offer you the option of immediate execution - we’ll find some exquisitely painful death for you - under the terms previously discussed. No? I didn’t think so. There’s a mark on the floor where you should stand. The camera is on. Go to your mark, and remove everything, now”.

Diane gingerly stepped into a brightly lit spot between several video cameras. The bright lights trained on her cut off the rest of the room to her, and for a moment she stood, trembling despite the heat, trying to rub some feeling back into her numb hands. Then she heard a voice say “get the hostage location back on the line”. “NO!”, Diane screamed, and whipped off her badly torn jacket and threw it to the

floor. She immediately unbuckled the wide black leather belt and let it drop, and then, slowly, as she tried to repress a sob, she pulled her snug yellow top over her head and dropped it. As she unzipped her black skirt, the sob began to break through her defenses and her high cheekbones gleamed from the bright lights reflecting off her flowing tears. As her skirt slid to the floor the tears began sliding off her face and her upper lip trembled, and when Diane pushed her slip down the sob was rising in her throat. "Step out of your clothes and push them away" came from somewhere beyond the lights, and as she did so the sob came full throated and she turned from the camera and brought her hands towards her face. "YOU WILL STAND UP STRAIGHT, KEEP YOUR HANDS AT YOUR SIDES, AND FACE THE CAMERA, NOW", came as a roar from the darkness, and Diane faced the camera as the cumulative terror and frustration and sudden sense of shame and despair overwhelmed her, causing seismic sobs to surge from her diaphragm and through her throat while a sea of tears poured from her eyes and the impassive camera recorded it all. For several minutes she struggled to suppress the racking sobs, but made no further attempt to hide them from the camera or those people beyond the light who watched in silent rapture, drinking in the intoxicant of Diane Scott's despair.

When at last she had regained control, a woman's voice, it's practiced tone of boredom belying its owner's excitement, said "No one told you to stop". Diane reached behind her back and undid her bra and slipped it off; her creamy white breasts, which had fed three children through her prominent nipples, sagged somewhat but were still a rousing sight. A somewhat raspy "Continue" was heard, and Diane stepped out of her high heels and pulled her pantyhose down her slim hips and firm buns and off her slender legs and stood naked and lovely in the cruel bright light which silently confirmed that she was a natural blonde. "You aren't done yet" the master said. Diane looked quizzically in the direction of the sound and he prompted "your jewelry". She calmly removed the blue plastic ornaments from her pierced ears and dropped her watch to the ground but her face began to twist as she saw her last pieces. "Get the rings, Mistress", she heard, and a basket on a pole appeared before Diane, allowing the mistress to stay out of camera range. "Give them up, now", she ordered, and Diane began to cry softly as she twisted her wedding and engagement rings off her finger and dropped them in the basket and

watched them withdrawn from her sight.

The master allowed the camera to record a little longer, capturing the sad, soft tears that would complement her earlier violent sobbing, then said "Video off. Mistress, give her a cloth. Slave, clean up your face. OK, sir, let's get some photos. You, sir, gather up her clothes and burn them, all but the shoes. Slave, put your shoes back on. OK, now let's get the standard shots: eyes forward, eyes down, hands clasped behind her head, both profiles, looking back over her shoulder, sitting, kneeling, on all fours from all angles, and laying down with widely spread legs. You see, slave, we'll keep these photos and your quite moving videotape here in our archives, which is in a room near the tanks which store the acid we use to destroy bodies. If a search is ever imminent, we'll put you slaves in the archive and flood it with acid - spread your legs wider, you've got no dignity to preserve - which will obliterate all the evidence of any individual persons having been here. What a tragic loss that will be - the pictures, of course, not your organic pleasure devices. In addition to the archives, the shots we're taking now will be copied on 48 hour film - the picture disappears in 48 hours, just in case someone is so careless as to not burn it - and delivered by overnight courier to some special friends so they'll know we have a fresh new toy to play with; I expect you'll be meeting some of them soon. Finished? Good. OK, slave - you've probably noticed that you lost your name when you lost your clothes; don't you ever dare utter it, even when you think you're alone - give your shoes to the gentleman for destruction - we have lots of pretty footwear for you - and follow me."

Diane meekly followed the Master and one guard to another room off the main dungeon. As she did, she tried to cover as much of her nudity as she could with her hands, prompting an order that she clasp her hands behind her head and not move them again until she was ordered to do so. In the room she found the mistress waiting with white-hot torch. Her rings were in a metal tray. "We could hardly fail to notice how much they meant to you. Now watch carefully. Go ahead, Mistress". With that, the mistress looked gleefully at Diane, then applied the torch to Diane's wedding and engagement rings, completely melting then boiling the gold very quickly, and then slowly heating the diamond until at last it crumbled to dust.

Part 2 by SD

3. Slave Training: Day One

Diane was awakened by a pounding on the bars of her cage. It scarcely seemed she had slept at all. When her visitors had finished with her they'd forced her to her knees and made her crawl into a small cage and place her face on the floor. Steel rods were then inserted through the small holes in the cage and locked into place just above her neck and ankles, behind her knees, and below her waist, pinning her into a most uncomfortable position. As tired as she was, the combination of her distress and her discomfort prevented her from sleeping. The intermittent periods of weeping didn't help. It had taken many hours - which had seemed an eternity to Diane - before she succumbed to exhaustion. Now the pounding of a metal club against the cage, which in addition to being very loud sent shock waves reverberating through the rods pinning her in place, dragged her back to consciousness. The rods were removed by two new thugs and the door opened. "Out, slave" commanded a statuesque blond woman in her forties. Diane tried, but was too stiff to move. "Move it, bitch" came the command, emphasized by the sting of a riding crop on Diane's ass. Diane still could not move, and the mistress told her attendants to pull the slave out, "but DO NOT drag her". The cage was reoriented so the opening was on the top rather than the side and Diane was seized and extracted by the legs. The attendants stood her before the mistress but Diane's legs buckled and they had to hold her by the arms. The mistress grasped Diane below the chin, raising her head, and shouted. "YOU WORTHLESS LITTLE CUNT, IS THIS WHAT YOU CALL OBEDIENCE? IF YOU'D RESPONDED THIS WAY TO A COMMAND FROM ONE OF THE MASTER'S GUESTS THEY'D HAVE DROPPED ONE OF YOUR CHILDREN ALIVE INTO A TANK OF HUNGRY MAGGOTS BY NOW. I DON'T KNOW WHAT ANYONE WOULD WANT A SCRAWNY BAG OF BONES LIKE YOU TO DO, BUT WHEN THEY TELL YOU, YOU MOVE AND MOVE FAST ! I'VE GOT THE UNLIKELY TASK OF TRAINING YOU TO DO WHAT YOU'RE TOLD TO WHEN YOU'RE TOLD TO, AND YOU ARE NOT GOING TO HUMILIATE ME WITH BEHAVIOR LIKE THIS". The mistress turned sharply and walked towards an adjacent room, ordering the men "to bring sleeping ugly". When they got to the

room, Diane was strapped to one end of a seesaw like apparatus and dunked in a tank of very cold water. The shock of the cold water and the terror of not being able to breath brought Diane fully awake. She wasn't under very far, but her desperate efforts to raise her head above the water were unsuccessful and she watched in growing panic as the mistress stood impassively observing her futile struggles. With a wave of her hand, the board was elevated so that Diane's head cleared the water. As Diane gasped for breath, the mistress observed, "You seem a bit more spry now", then had her dunked again, so quickly that Diane sucked in water instead of air, and when she was brought up again Diane had to cough up water before she could breath again. "It'll take more than cold water to clean the crud off you", the mistress said, and the board was rotated so that Diane was over a tank of very hot soapy water. This tank was much deeper, so that she was covered up to her ankles and her head was three feet under. The soapy water was too opaque to see through, so the mistress had to judge by the frantic squirming of Diane's bare feet when her distress required that she be brought up. Again Diane was coughing and gasping, when the mistress said "we can't have all that soap in your hair" and positioned a large hose over her head which poured clear water over it. By the time the soap was out of her hair Diane was almost unconscious again for lack of oxygen. "Sleeping again bitch?", asked the mistress as she dumped a bucket of salt water on Diane's feet then drove her cattle prod into the soft flesh in the arch of Diane's left foot, bringing her screaming to full consciousness. Diane was then suspended in a shoulder harness while a high pressure hose cleared the soap from the rest of her body. "Now you're clean on the outside" the Mistress said, "so let's attend to your insides" as Diane was put on a table, her feet strapped into stirrups and a belt with side cuffs for her wrists fastened across her waist, and nozzles were inserted into her vagina and rectum. Soon warm water flooded those cavities. The vaginal hose was soon removed, the mistress standing on a chair to press the sole of her boot against Diane's lower gut to help expel the fluid, but the fluid kept running into Diane's rectum, painfully distending it. At last the mistress clamped off the nozzle, she detached the hose, leaving the nozzle in the slave's anus. As the attendants were unstrapping Diane, the mistress told her, "this is a cleansing room, so we can't have your rectum emptying out in here. We'll take you to an appropriate place for that. You be very certain not to let anything slip out of your ass before we get there, or you'll have to lick up whatever comes out - after I finish punishing you. Follow me". With that the

mistress began leisurely to exit the room, Diane waddling painfully behind her. The mistress followed a circuitous route through the dungeon, stopping to check the lubrication of the rack and the temperature of the oven that held the hot coals, studiously selecting a number of pincers, pokers, and branding irons and conspicuously placing them to be heated. Diane followed, straining desperately to hold her anus shut. She knew that at best the mistress understood how much she hurt and wanted it to continue and that any pleas to hurry would only result in punishment, and that at worst the mistress wanted Diane to burst so as to provide a pretext for punishment, so there was nothing to do but endure as long as possible.

At last they reached the lavatory. The mistress made Diane wait while the mistress checked herself in the mirror, carefully adjusting her hair and brushing her leather outfit. "Black picks up every spec of dust, doesn't it? But what am I asking you for? The opinion of a slave is worthless. I suppose we can empty you now. You squat over this toilet and spread your cheeks and I'll pull your plug - oh what's this we still have soap in your hair? We can't have that. You'll just have to hold it a bit longer. Kneel down in front of the toilet. Now put your head in the toilet. DO IT ! Face in the water, slave. OBEY! What's your youngest's name again; Michael isn't it?" Diane submerged her head in the bowl, which was unusually wide and deep. "That's better", the mistress said and flushed the toilet, sending a flood of high pressure water swirling around Diane's head which went on and on until Diane thought her lungs would burst and involuntarily began to pull up only to have the mistress' boot land on her neck and push her under. Soon Diane panicked and lost control of her anal muscles and evacuated her rectum before the world went to black.

Diane awoke and gagged from the foul taste and odor, but couldn't do more than lift her head out the muck because she was hogtied. Wide padded leather cuffs had been placed snugly on her wrists and ankles and then the ropes tightly applied. She was laying in her own waste, her face on a particularly large pile - Diane hadn't emptied her bowels in a long time. If not for the soap diluting the odor she'd have gagged, and she was having trouble with the gag reflex as it was. "So you've returned to us. You filthy, worthless, little cunt. Is that what you call discipline? You've failed to obey an order and gone and messed up our nice clean lavatory that I was kind enough to let you use. I emphasize OUR lavatory. This is for staff, slaves just shit in their cages and clean it up whenever we get around to releasing them -

assuming we do before the maggots get in the waste and work their way to the meat - but this place is for your betters and now you've gone and made a mess of it. I should gut you like the filthy pig you are right now, but since you're new and the master sees some potential in you - I don't, but he's the master - I'm going to permit you to continue to waste the air you breath in to maintain your useless existence". At this the mistress seized Diane's hair and forced her face into the shit, pulling it from side to side and up and down, smearing both sides of her face and getting crap in her mouth and nose. Now Diane was gagging, and the mistress screamed "DON'T YOU THROW UP YOU WASTE OF WOMANFLESH OR YOU'RE DEAD NOW AND I'LL GUT YOUR MOTHER TONIGHT AND BUTCHER YOUR CHILDREN TOMORROW !". With considerable effort Diane restrained the urge to vomit and spit out enough shit to breath, but the waves of nausea were flowing over her and she wasn't sure she could hold them at bay for very long. But she had no choice, as the mistress was cleaning her leather again and ignoring Diane. As sick as Diane felt, holding her head up out of the shit was too great an effort to be maintained, so she tried to move her shoulders and hips enough to advance her enough that she could rest her head without laying it in the foul muck. The effort barely had any effect on her position, but soon the mistress was standing over Diane. "Slave," she asked quietly, "did I order you to move?". Diane apprehensively shook her head for no. "Do you think I went to the trouble of hogtying you and placing you there if I wanted you someplace other than where I put you?" The blonde head shook again. "So this was a violation of your orders, wasn't it?". Diane stared in wide eyed terror. "Well it was. Willfully acting to thwart the plans of your superiors - and everybody is superior to you - is an act of resistance" - Diane violently shook her head - "oh, yes, it most certainly is, and you have been told the penalty for resistance". The tears were flowing from Diane's blue eyes now, and as she looked up she repeated mouthed the word "please". The mistress smiled slightly. "You don't deserve any leniency, but since you've displayed your first sign of self-discipline by remaining silent now, I'm going to show you mercy and not sanction a child". Diane's head dropped to the floor and she softly wept with relief. "This rarely happens, and you must NEVER count on it happening. I've already been sickeningly generous with you, so DON'T make this mistake again - or any others. Of course you must be punished for your act of petty treason. If you do not obey completely during your punishment it will be a second act of treason against your master. Ummm, you do have very pretty feet".

She pulled from the belt of her bodysuit a crop consisting of a dark wooden handle attached to a thin 18 inch length of tempered steel sheathed in black leather, knelt beside Diane and pulled Diane's head up by the hair and held the crop in front of her face. "For the first dozen strokes, I want no noise out of you". The mistress rose and slowly stepped in front of Diane, then slowly stepped to Diane's raised feet, her spiked heels ominously loud on the tile floor. Diane turned her head to watch in apprehension. The mistress checked Diane's ankle ropes and ran her fingers over the slave's bare feet. "We're going to 'try a woman's soles now'. Face forward, slave, and keep it there". She slowly ran the crop across the bound feet a few times. "OK, slave, understand that you are now at zero tolerance for error. This is a second chance, more than we usually give and far more than you deserve. There will be no more mercy, no more second chances. You do, or someone you love dies. You are to keep face front and remain perfectly still. You are to remain silent for the first dozen strokes. You are at no time to say anything that can be interpreted as a request for the mercy that you have no right to receive". For several minutes the mistress neither moved nor spoke and an oppressive silence was heavy in the room, crushing down on Diane, as she fought to restrain the unrelenting impulses to look back, to test her restraints, just to squirm a little and release some of the terrible tension that was building inside her as she waited for the punishment.

She heard the swish, and felt the burning pain in the soft arches of her feet before she was able to interpret the sound. Despite her determination to obey, the only reason she didn't move was because the hogtie was so tight. She was somehow able to resist the urge to scream. Seconds passed, running into minutes, without another blow or any sound behind her. Now that she knows what's coming, the Mistress thought, let her wait for it. Sweat was dripping down Diane's forehead and stinging her eyes, but she dare not move. She closed her eyes and tried not to cry, fearful that she might make a sound if she did so. Her lips were trembling and she was glad she was face front so the mistress couldn't see that motion. The fear and tension and the dread certainty that she couldn't possibly endure eleven more of those strokes without screaming, the mounting urge to scream before another blow was struck, were causing every muscle in Diane's body to tense and making it hard to breath. She prayed that the hammering of her heart which seemed so loud to her wouldn't be counted as her making a sound. Every fiber of her being was ready to snap.

Swish - OHH, I MUST BE STILL PLEASE GOD LET ME BE STILL Swish - OHH IT HURTS Swish - THE BURNING ! SHE MUST BE CUTTING MY FEET APART - MUST BE QUIET Swish - I CAN'T DO THIS, I CAN'T HOLD OUT IF SHE HITS ME AGAIN, I'M GOING TO MOVE

In fact Diane was already moving, as the mistress knew she must, but very little, much less than one usually would in response to such pain, and less than the mistress had expected from a trainee.

Swish - AHFFF - I'M GOING TO SCREAM, I MUST NOT SCREAM Swish - JESUS HELP ME JESUS

Then nothing. The mistress viewed with satisfaction the ugly welts across Diane's feet. She gently stroked one with a long fingernail (fake, of course; she broke a lot of nails breaking the hearts and wills - and sometimes the minds - of the men and women in bondage here), making it twitch. This slave would have to be trained not to react when the stimuli changed, but that could wait. It remained to be seen if she could pass this test. The mistress stepped to Diane's other side so the angle of attack would vary, and waited.

IS IT OVER? THAT CAN'T HAVE BEEN TWELVE. HOW MANY WAS THAT? DAMN I CAN'T REMEMBER HOW MANY THERE'VE BEEN. IT CAN'T BE OVER, I MUST BE STILL. I MUST BE STILL. I MUST BE STILL.

Swish - OOH ! OH, IT HURTS SO BAD. MY BABIES, I MUST SAVE MY BABIES Swish - THE PAIN! MAGGOTS, THEY SAID THEY'D FEED THEM TO MAGGOTS Swish - PAIN! PAIN! I LOVE YOU MICHAEL OH, MY FEET ! Swish - I CAN'T TAKE IT - I CAN'T TAKE IT - I CAN'T TAKE IT Swish - PAIN ! MICHAEL/ROSS/JOHN IT HURTS! MICHAEL/ROSS/JOHN Swish - JESUS, MARY HELP ME BE STRONG, I MUST BE STRONG Swish - GOD PLEASE LET ME PASS OUT - WILL SHE KNOW IF I PRETEND TO PASS OUT - IS IT A VIOLATION TO PRETEND TO PASS OUT I MUST NOT COMMIT A VIOLATION Swish - AAAEEE ! IT HURTS SO BAD ! HOW CAN ANYTHING HURT SO BAD ! HAVE THERE BEEN TWELVE? THERE MUST HAVE BEEN TWELVE Swish - OH DAMN, IT HURTS SO MUCH WHEN CAN I SCREAM, WILL SHE TELL ME WHEN I CAN SCREAM? Swish - FUCK! JESUS! GOD! CAN I SCREAM YET - I MUST SCREAM - I CAN'T TAKE ANOTHER Swish -

I'M GOING TO SCREAM - I'M GOING TO SCREAM ! IT MUST HAVE BEEN MORE THAN TWELVE ! PLEASE TELL ME I CAN SCREAM Swish - PAIN PAIN PAIN IT BURNS THE PAIN I CAN'T BEAR ANOTHER I'M GOING TO SCREAM WHAT IF IT HASN'T BEEN TWELVE IT MUST HAVE BEEN TWELVE Swish - BURNING PAIN PAIN TWELVE MAGGOTS MICHAEL PAIN Swish - PAINPAINPAINITBURNSPAINBURNING-PAINMAGGOTSPAINMIKEROSSJOHNPAIN Swish - "OWWWAAAGHHOHHH !" OH SWEET JESUS PLEASE LET THERE HAVE BEEN TWELVE - I BEG YOU GOD LET THERE HAVE BEEN TWELVE.

The mistress squatted before Diane, grabbed Diane under the chin and lifted up her red, contorted face. She looked into Diane's teary eyes, her own eyes diamond hard and laser bright, her face rigid, and in a cold voice said, "I told you to take twelve in silence. You knew what the penalty was. I warned you there would be no tolerance for another mistake." The mistress smiled slightly. "You got past twelve before you screamed. Not bad for a novice." Tears of joy and relief now mingled with the tears of pain. The mistress lowered Diane's face and watched her cry. After a long moment she stroked Diane's hair a few times, and left the room. On the way out she grasped Diane's legs and moved her enough that her face lay on clean tile.

A few minutes later the mistress returned. She prodded Diane in the ribs with the pointed toe of her boot. "Wake up, slave. You must be the laziest slave in the world, you're always asleep. C'mon, show me your face". Diane raised her face, and the mistress stuck her toe under Diane's chin to raise it higher. "Ahh, that's what I like to see, bright-eyed and scared shitless. Though that's not quite true in your case, is it? You weren't too scared to shit all over my nice clean lavatory, were you? The punishment you got was for trying to move without orders, we haven't addressed the issue of this mess yet. Well, a) you're going to be punished for making the mess, and b) you're going to clean it up. Punishment first". Diane's ankles were untied. "What nice bruises on your soles. They must hurt terribly. They'll hurt a lot more tomorrow. I think tomorrow we'll train you to walk in high heels. Not those 3" inch fakes you strutted around in when you were still a person, some REAL high heels". The mistress spread Diane's legs, then took an adjustable spreader bar and locked it about her ankles. "Stand up". Diane tried to stand. She got to her knees easily enough, but the rigid spreader and her battered feet made rising any further a

problem and Diane fell on her ass. The mistress stung the thong of a riding crop against her thigh and said "UP !". Diane tried again and failed again and this time the thong made a rapid circuit between Diane's large sensitive nipples, stinging each repeatedly. "ON YOUR FEET !". She managed, by rolling on her hip then pushing hard with her bruised feet, to get some momentum and staggered to her feet, grimacing from the pain. She swayed unsteadily. "If you fall you won't fall alone". This remark diminished her attention to the pain in her feet markedly and she stabilized. "Now walk over to the bidet. We're going to clean you up before we proceed". By raising one foot and throwing her hip as far forward as possible, then repeating the action with the other foot, Diane managed to walk, urged along by the stinging of her back with the crop, each hard footfall sending pain shooting through her legs. "Squat, and don't move until I tell you to". Diane squatted over the bidet, and the mistress adjusted several knobs, then stepped on the pedal and sent a stream of water against Diane's buttocks, which the mistress adjusted to hit her anus. The cleansing stream, though hard, felt good initially, but soon the rising temperature was apparent. "Keep your ass perfectly still and don't make any noise. Just act like you always did when you fucked your husband". The stream was now very hot and Diane's ass was steaming. She closed her eyes and clenched her teeth and endured and hoped it would end soon. "That's right slave, just like you fucked". After a few moments the stream was cut off. "Now turn around. I DIDN'T SAY TO STAND UP !". Diane rotated herself with a crablike motion. "Line up that filthy face with the nozzle". The stream was restarted and Diane suppressed a cry as the nearly scalding water struck her face. "Move your head so we can clean all that crud off. In other words, now we DON'T want you to act like you did with your husband". Diane quickly got her face and hair clean and the stream was cut off before it became scalding. "First, let's be sure you don't have another accident. This butt plug should do the job. Lean forwards. Now guess what, slave? This is going to hurt" she said as she roughly forced the plug into Diane's anus. It did. "Now that we've cleaned you up, you can clean up your mess. Drop to you knees." When Diane fell forward, landing on her knees on the hard floor, the mistress removed the bar, then shoved her in the direction of her accident, stinging her buttocks as she walked on her knees to the pile. "Now clean up your mess". Diane looked up, confused. "CLEAN IT UP ! WHICH OF THOSE WORDS CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND?". Diane raised her hands, still bound behind her, as far towards the mistress as she could. "I'm not

going to untie you; you don't need your hands". Diane remained motionless, obviously confused. The mistress grabbed Diane's hair and pulled her face near the pile and shouted "EAT SHIT, YOU STUPID BITCH !". Diane stared at her in horror. "It came out of you, so where else would we put it? NOW EAT SHIT OR SOMEONE DIES !". Diane lowered her trembling lips to the pile, stopping just above it, and her whole body began to shake. "ZERO TOLERANCE! REMEMBER SLAVE, ZERO TOLERANCE ". Diane took a small bite and started to gag. "We don't have all day, slave, speed it up". She forced herself to swallow, and took another bite, and forced it down. She gagged again, and convulsed, and her swallowed shit promptly came back up. "Keep it in your mouth. Scurry over to the john - why'd you name a child after a shithole, what kind of rotten mother were you anyway - and spit it out". Diane cleaned up the rest of the mess in this fashion, taking bites, later licks, of the mess until she was sick, then rushing on her knees to the toilet to throw up. Finally it was done. "You're going to have to develop more tolerance for the taste of shit. Some of the quests will want you for a toilet slave". Diane gave her a look of obvious incomprehension. "You certainly did have a dull life, didn't you? Maybe that's why the master decided to take your freedom away, you weren't using it, were you? A toilet slave is someone who serves as their master's toilet, eating his or her shit and drinking their piss. If one of the guests has a nice long turd halfway in your mouth and you run off for the porcelain toilet and make him or her drop a load on the ground, they will be humiliated. That must not happen. Being humiliated is your job. If you don't do it, you know what will happen".

"Since you need training in this area, and it's been a long time since my morning coffee, I'll let you serve me", the mistress said as she removed her belt, then her boots, and her leather pants. "You're already on your knees, so just lean back a little. Be glad I'm tall, if you get some little Oriental woman with constipation you'll think you're back is going to break from the strain. Open you mouth - wider - WIDER - you don't dare let any reach the floor. Now keep your mouth open as I piss". Soon a stream of warm golden fluid was flowing into Diane's mouth. She began shaking. "Hold your position, slave". When Diane's mouth was full the mistress stopped peeing and ordered her to swallow, which she did - then went scurrying for the toilet to throw up again. " 'What we have here'", the mistress said, " 'is a failure to communicate'. Didn't I just tell you that is NOT acceptable behavior for a human

toilet? I hope none of the master's friends who go for that sort of thing will be coming soon, or there'll be hell to pay. Worse, there'll be the master to pay. Well, since you obviously aren't up to this yet, let's go by stages. Bend backwards over the toilet. That's good. Now HOLD YOUR POSITION. This is called a golden shower". The golden flow resumed over Diane's golden hair and face. "At least you can do that".

Diane spent the rest of the day and all that night on her knees, her hands and feet bound and her butt plugged, inside a sealed box three feet high and two feet long and wide. Her face and hair were not washed, and several men urinated and defecated on her so the odors of human waste would suffuse the hot, still air in the box and acclimate her to the smells. She became nauseous repeatedly, but with her stomach long emptied could do nothing but drive home. By the time she came out her tolerance was improved, and she managed to swallow several a few small feces and several mouthfuls of urine before she threw up. Still, much work remained to be done, so they put her back in the box and dumped a few more buckets of human waste on her.

Part 3 by SD

4. Slave Training: Day Three

Diane lay on her belly on a hard bench. The bench was about 4' high and 6' long, with perpendicular bars about 2' long at each end, from which hung padded leather cuffs. Her wrists and ankles had been locked into these cuffs. She was naked but for the pair of high heeled pumps her trainer had painfully forced onto her sore, swollen feet. "Today, slave", her trainer said, "we are going to work on something that should be perfectly normal to any natural woman, and that's taking a dick in your various holes. The male staff has, of course, better things to do than spend all their time screwing your skinny ass, so we're going use some substitutes". She opened a box so Diane could see a variety of dildos. "Even you have probably heard of a dildo, though it doesn't appear you've ever seen one. Time to get better acquainted". She pulled out an 8" dildo and passed it back and forth under Diane's nose. "Open your mouth". Diane hesitated. "Believe me, you want this in your mouth BEFORE it goes

anyplace else". Diane opened her mouth. "Wider. That's better. Now we just slide him in. Raise your head a little. Just slide him in and out, a little further in each time. Don't gag, just relax and let him in; hell, he isn't near as bad as some of the real one's you'll have to suck. Relax, relax, just relax your throat and we'll slide him down there. He won't stay there long enough to choke you. You're not helping yourself with all this gagging and resistance, just relax and let him in. Look, cunt, two things are certain, one, you ain't goin nowhere, and two, our friend here is going down your throat. OK, that's better just let him in, better, there he goes. Good, you've got him all the way in. Let's just leave him in there for a while. My, slave, what big eyes you have. I not going to let you die today. I'm just waiting for the right shade of purple to bring him out. No, that's not right. Better. Better. THAT'S the shade". The dildo was extracted. "Now that we've got you all flushed and breathing hard, we'll put him in where you're used to him going". The mistress started pushing the dildo into Diane's dry, tight vagina. "You'd be better off if you could get in the spirit of the thing, but it's no skin off my pussy". The somewhat moistened dildo made slow progress into Diane, with the mistress shoving hard, each shove causing Diane to jerk her arms and legs and twist her head; as it went in, she went from gasps to grunts to cries and finally to screams. Once it was all the way in, the mistress began twisting and churning it as Diane screamed. The mistress then pulled it out and shoved it back in repeatedly while Diane cried. "If you think that hurt, dear, just wait", said the trainer, as she plunged it into Diane's virgin asshole, "AHHHH - PLEASE", Diane shouted. "PLEASE WHAT, SLAVE? PLEASE STICK IT IN YOUR LITTLE BOY'S ASSHOLE INSTEAD?" With that, Diane confined herself to inarticulate groans and screams as the faux phallus made its way into her and then was cruelly manipulated.

At last it was done. "That wasn't so bad, was it? It was, huh? Well, you'd better get used to it, cause what's a cunt like you for except for cocks to slip into? They're going to be in your mouth and pussy and asshole plenty once we put you in service, and that's going to be soon, so get used to it. Loosen up, stop acting like you've got something to protect. Taking in a penis is what your pussy's made for; as for your anus, well, it's going in anyway, and resistance just makes it hurt more. Now let's resume the training". With that she extracted a bigger dildo, and they repeated the process, with Diane screaming just as much. After each plastic prick had made the

circuit of her orifices, the trainer upgraded to a larger dildo. On the third dildo's circuit Diane passed out while it was in her ass. On the fourth, she passed out when was in her vagina. The fifth she passed out at the sight of; revived, she licked it all over to lubricate it, since it was too big to fit in her mouth. By greasing Diane's vagina and pushing hard and continuously, except when she twice stopped to revive Diane after she had passed out, the mistress finally got the monster in. "Now look at that, slave, you got all that in you and you didn't bust. So you don't need to be afraid of any of the pricks you're likely to find between anyone's legs. What you should be afraid of is that someone will try to stick something this huge in your ass. Why do you look so scared, slave? You don't think I'd try to put cockzilla here into a novice, especially one with such a little ass? You look relieved. Stupid bitch, never think anyone is going to give a damn about what's going to happen to you. Of course I'm going to put this in your ass. Then I'm going to rotate and twist and churn this sucker inside you till you're sure you're going to die, but you won't. The main difference between training and service is that you won't die during training". The trainer began liberally lubricating both the phallus and Diane, then started the arduous process of getting it into Diane. It was a brutal affair; local paralyzing agents had to be administered to Diane's arms and legs lest her struggles break her bones, while stimulants were injected to keep her conscious throughout the agony. By the time it was over the woman was completely bathed in sweat, utterly exhausted, sore all over, and sick from her ordeal. Diane wasn't doing very well either.

When the mistress had rested sufficiently, she poured cold water on Diane, then used smelling salts, then gave her another shot, and repeated steps one and two and at last awakened her. The mistress then put a belt around Diane's waist, then fit a couple of slightly bigger than life size dildos into the strap that went between her legs, inserted the dildos into her ass and cunt, and cinched the strap good and tight, added a dildo gag for a sense of completion, tied her hands to her neck, and then made Diane walk. The high heels, which despite the great effort it had taken to squeeze them onto Diane's bruised and swollen feet, had flown off during her struggles, were located at some distance from the bench and forced back on. Unfortunately, it proved impossible for her to walk in them, so she had to walk barefoot, which was itself excruciating. Diane limped about the dungeon for the rest

of the day, as the mistress explained the uses and effects of all the instruments in the dungeon to the increasingly agitated prisoner. This allowed them to observe her for bleeding and to let the drugs clear her system before she was laid down. At last, quite some time after Diane's peaches and cream complexion had turned quite pale - whether from fear, pain, or fatigue was unclear - the belt and gag were removed, and she was placed in a cage to sleep. The cage was 18 inches high, 2 feet wide, and 68 inches long, with padded bars, so that as Diane tossed in her troubled sleep she would bang into the bars, waking her but not damaging her. Eventually she would learn to lay still, reducing the chance she might disturb the rest of whoever she had finished servicing.

5. Slave Training: Day Four

"You look like shit, slave. Rough day yesterday, huh? It looks like those feet are pretty badly swollen. We've got to get some high heels training in soon, so let's keep you off your feet today. Sit down against this post". The mistress chained her by the neck to the post and left the room briefly, returning with a set of gloves and kneepads and a leash. "Some people like doggie drills. Since you're on all fours anyway we'll do them today. We don't want you scraping up your hands and knees in training, so put on the gloves and pads, and I'll apply the leash. So what kind of dog are you? Since you're a natural blonde - by the way, the only reason we've left your little pubic bush is to make that fact obvious; usually we get rid of them, some by shaving, some with wax, I personally would like to trim it off and make you eat it - anyway, since you're a blonde, you'll be a golden retriever. OK, fetch this" - she threw the whip across the room - "go on you dog, fetch". Diane crawled over to the whip. " DID YOU EVER SEE A DOG PICK UP A STICK WITH IT'S PAW? YOU'RE A BITCH, BITCH, PICK IT UP IN YOUR MOUTH ! There's a good bitch. When you say that to a dog it normally waves it's tail. WELL WHAT ARE WAITING FOR? SHAKE YOUR TAIL. GET THAT LITTLE BUTT MOVING ! Better. Now walkies, slave. Crawl at my heel and follow my movements. You make a fair dog; you make a better dog than you do a woman. Crawling like this, gravity becomes your friend and makes your tits seem almost adequate. Of course, I always have thought you were a dog, you skinny little bitch. But a lot of people like that look. Now sit up and beg. Pant",

she said, slapping Diane's face, "pant, you're a dog, remember? When you're a bitch or a mare - we'll get to pony training when your feet recover - you do everything possible to imitate the animal you're supposed to be. That's better. Bark. That's not a bark" - Diane's face got slapped again - "Bark. Better. You beg OK. Remember, being able to beg well is very important, even more important when you're a slave bitch than a dog, some people really love to hear really pitiful begging. It may save your life, but NEVER beg until you are invited to. Now roll over. Again. Now bow. Bow. You keep your ass up, legs apart, stretch your arms out on the floor in front of you as far as they will go, rest the side of your head on your arms and look up with nice wide eyes and a little pant. Oh, shit, call the humane society, gas this bitch ! You're supposed to look appealing. Sit up and do it again. Better. That's the same basic position you'll take if they want to fuck you as a dog, so don't forget it. Now submit. You roll over on your back with your arms and legs up and your throat exposed. Dogs do it as a sign of submission. The other dog never tears open the exposed throat, but don't count on whoever's putting you through your paces to have the morals of a dog. You might get your throat cut, but it's still worth a try when you make whoever you're serving mad, sometimes it will get them laughing and they're spare you. In any event, it's the only undirected plea for mercy that won't get you in more trouble than you were already, so remember it".

"Now what is it dogs are always doing? They're always licking, and when you're a dog you'll be licking plenty. Let's see if you can reach your own pussy - c'mon, bend - stretch - further. Umm, too bad, being able to lick your pussy would be a popular trick. You'd better be pretty good at licking whatever's in the crotch of the person whose working you". She sat down and lowered her pants. "Lick me, bitch". Diane crawled over to the chair and put her mouth to the trainer's crotch, only to be struck across the shoulders with a crop. "You're a dog, DOG, remember. A dog sniffs everything first. Crawl back over there, and crawl up to me with your tail wagging, panting, and with eyes that are happy or sad but NOT downcast and ashamed - unless I say you've been a bad dog, of course. You're serving your mistress; for either a dog or a slave, that's not something that you should be ashamed of. When your top want's you to act ashamed he or she will make that obvious; if they don't, act like serving them is what you live for, which of course, it is. OK, here doggie". Diane scurried over, her ass wiggling and her tits swaying, her eyes up and large,

panting attractively, and started sniffing around the trainer's crotch, poking her nose into it before she started licking. "Good bitch", the trainer, said, shifting in her seat, "get that tongue in there. Ohh, nice doggie", she said as Diane inserted her tongue inside the vagina, "find the prize - a little higher - that's good - THAT'S GOOD - right there - faster tongue action - use the tip, the tip - all around it, all around - good, that's good - good doggie - oh, we won't have to water you today, will we? - good dog - goood dog - GOOD DOG ! - OHHH - OHHHHH - OHHHHHHAAAAHHH - OOOOOOOOOOOO ! - OOOOO - OOO - OH - good doggie. Very nice, slave. You can stop now. I'd like to keep you working on this all day, but we've got a lot to do". The trainer slid her pants back on. "Now, you've seen a dog hump a leg. So hump mine". Diane straddled the mistress' extended leg and began rubbing against her calf. "Get further down on it, and rub harder. Keep your hands on my thigh. If the top is wearing leather or rubber, lick the top's thigh. What am I wearing, dummy? That's better. Rub harder. Toss in an occasional bark and howl. Wiggle your ass more as you rub. Raise the pitch of your barks - more like yelps - and your howls, and pant more. You usually won't want to do this very long, since your top won't want a numb leg, so get to your climax quickly, but not abruptly". Diane was pressed hard against her calf, shaking from side to side and shoving her pussy up and down against the booted leg. Her pussy was very sore from the previous day, and Diane was doing more howling than barking, as that was coming naturally, but her trainer didn't seem to mind. The pain was making it pretty natural for Diane to sweat and contort her flushed face as if aroused. As the trainer observed her flushed sweaty face with her hair bouncing above and her breasts rippling below, she said "For training purposes, we'll run a little overtime on this exercise". Damn, Diane thought. "Yip, Yip". It hurts so much it's all I can do to sit up straight and she wants me to rub it on leather all day. "Awhooo, Awhoo". But she didn't have to go on much longer, as shortly the mistress stopped her, opened her pants again, and pushed the blonde head inside them. Soon she demonstrated the proper way to howl.

Part 4 by SD

Slave Training - Day Five

Diane was on her knees, haunch down, naked but not bound. Her behavior yesterday had inspired her trainer's trust. The facts that Diane's feet still hurt so much that she found it very difficult to stand, and that she was surrounded by eight strong men, perhaps contributed to this trust. The trainer now addressed her: "The Association will be meeting soon. This is an informal name for the master's friends, associates, and "special employees". The name is informal and there's no bylines or charter, but there's nothing casual about the group. Every member is selected carefully, as we must rely upon each other for our survival. They must be discrete, disciplined people who can maintain the secrecy of the group, and who enjoy the exercise of absolute power over you slaves. One thing they share with you - anyone brought into this world who doesn't work out will never get a chance to tell the outside world about us. Anybody who displays any weakness in regard to you slaves becomes suspect, so don't expect anyone to have any sympathy for your plight. You'll find there's quite a variety of tastes among the members of the Association". She smiled, pleased with herself. "You'll ALSO find that they like a lot of different things. Some of them are wet and raunchy types who would rather fuck you than whip you. No accounting for taste. In any event, the styles of pleasure you may be encountering will probably shock a prim little lady like you, who probably thought making love with the lights on required abstinence. Some of the Association will enjoy shocking you, so it's OK to LOOK appalled, like you couldn't possibly do such a thing, when you get a bizarre order. But it's quite deadly to not be able to obey any order, so you can't be squeamish about cocks or cum. You're about to be exposed to both in abundance. You are not to attempt to avoid or remove either. Gentlemen, start your engines...

Actually, all the engines had been revving for some time. Diane was holding up quite well to the training, aside from her feet. She'd actually managed to hold down some food yesterday (she'd only lost six pounds in the six days of her captivity) and had only awakened screaming twice last night. The sight of the lovely blonde on her knees, naked, had got them all hard as soon as they saw her. Now their dicks were popping out and waving about Diane, prodding, slapping, and rubbing against her pretty blonde head. For someone who had only seen one adult's penis in her life it was a surreal experience, more like a weird Freudian dream than something that could possibly be happening, which helped her to detach from it and not react. The

reality of the scene became undeniable when the cum started shooting. She was hit by a great gob of cum in her left eye and reflexively reached up and brushed it off. Almost as quickly the mistress pushed through the men schooling about the kneeling slave and struck her across the lower back with a length of rubber hose filled with sand and sealed at both ends. The pain caused Diane to cry out and raise up on her knees, hands grasping her kidneys, which exposed her ribs and the mistress scored a clean hit in the ribs, knocking the breath out of Diane as it doubled her over. Diane was bent over, one hand on her ribs, another on the floor, gasping for air and trying hard not to throw up. "You DO NOT try to evade or remove any cum, no matter where it lands ! Now sit up and we'll try this again". Diane pulled herself up with difficulty and the men started again. She was still gasping for breath, which gave several of the men a prime target, and gobs of cum began hitting her mouth, much of it getting inside. Diane didn't dare spit it out, and didn't know if it was permitted to swallow, so she let it sit in her mouth and hoped it would drain out. The eruption of semen being a somewhat difficult event to control, many of the shots were missing her mouth and hitting her nose - some going in - cheeks, eyes, and soon her face was covered with cum. The men who couldn't get in front of her took what targets were available and fired into her ears or stroked their cocks in her hair, making sure that when they came they shot their load into her hair. At last the guns were empty, and the mistress told them to "go do some R&R - rest and reload - then hurry back".

Diane was trembling as shame and anger and fear and revulsion competed for her attention. She wanted to cry or to throw up or to hit someone. Most of all she wanted to find a sink or a shower or even a toilet and get this scum off her, but she didn't move. Her one action, once the barrage had stopped, was to open her mouth wider to allow more of the jizz to drain out, but plenty remained. "This is why we don't salt any of your food, slave. We figure you'll get all you need this way. You can swallow if you want. I recommended you do, it tastes like shit - well really it doesn't, as you well know, but it tastes pretty bad - but it's better than keeping it in your mouth, and you must never, ever, spit it out. Unless you're told to carry the it in your mouth to another slave - one game the Association plays is filling a slave's mouth with cum and having a group of slaves pass it from mouth to mouth until someone freaks and then torturing to death whoever freaks - anyway, unless you're told to

hold it, go ahead and swallow. I said swallow, slave". Diane swallowed. "Not so terrible, eh? It won't hurt you, it's good protein. Unless they have a disease, of course. That's the one thing that might spare you this kind of treatment, the fact that the membership has to be concerned about disease. Of course, it might mean that they'd be more inclined to torture than sex. In any event, you just sit there till it all dries. Don't try to wipe it off or shake it off. After it dries we'll clean you up. The smell can be removed pretty easily, or at least the smell that anyone else can detect. However, you're going to smell cum on your face and in your hair for a long time, no matter what you do. Odds are, even if they decide to keep you as a slave, you'll smell it for the rest of your life".

By the time the cum had dried thoroughly and Diane had been cleaned up, the men where rested and eager for another session with the pretty prisoner. Four of them were delighted when Diane was ordered to hand job them to maximum erections, then dismayed when the mistress instructed her in applying penis and testicle restraints that would prevent them from either ejaculating or going flaccid. "Sorry guys, we need some of you for the long haul", the mistress said, laughing. "Now we're going to see to it that you don't freak when you get used in nonstandard ways. Since I know how you love come, we're going to start with technique that one I for one have never been able to figure out, but that some people like. Lay on your back on this mattress. You, you ready to come? Well, feel her up a little. You ready Now straddle her just below her chest and lay your cock in her cleavage. Slave, grab your tits and squeeze them, get the cock in between them. Now roll them around so the cock is getting rubbed between them. Faster - Harder - More movement - c'mon bitch no one cares if it hurts you, you've got a guest to serve and that cock'd better blow or you'll be in a world of shit - and that's not a figurative expression here, girl - roll those tits, I think we're getting somewhere, raise your head slave, and open your mouth - point it at the cock - open wide and keep it open -oh, we have a gusher. Damn, it got her on the chin ! Oh, well, push it in her mouth, stud. Keep your mouth open, slave. Swallow. Now lick off his fingers. Now sit up and lick his cock clean".

As the day went on, Diane fucked on her back and on her belly, laying on the man, sitting on the man, squatting on the man, sitting facing the man, standing up with him, him standing and her with legs wrapped around him, with her legs on his shoulders, with her shoulders on the floor and him standing over her, on all fours

face down and on all fours face up (a position she had trouble maintaining until the trainer put hot pokers on the floor under her). The Kama Sutra was exceeded while the day was still young. She took it in each of her holes, in all of her holes, and in each combination of any two holes. She took multiple dicks in the same hole. She alternately licked the dick and pussy of a copulating couple (the mistress found it too hard to remain a spectator) while taking it in the ass and cunt. She took dicks while licking pussy, while getting her pussy licked, while jerking off a dick with each hand. As the purpose was to instruct her in the seemingly infinite variety of positions, the men not clamped off had to withdraw before coming, and had to wait to get back in, so as to prevent their release, and the other guys were unable to obtain release, so the fucking went on interminably and quite brutally for all involved. At last the men could go on no longer. All eight men lay sweaty and exhausted about the floor of the dungeon. Diane was allowed to slump against the wall. She was bathed in sweat, her whole body was sore, she was exhausted to her depths. Her ass and groin were terribly sore and swollen, her breasts, which every tiring man seemed to regard as rejuvenating charms, had been rubbed and squeezed and twisted and slapped and bitten and were bruised and sore and swollen. The mistress knelt in front of Diane, bound her wrists in front of her, tied her ankles together, pulled her knees up, tied her wrists and ankles together, then slid a rod below her knees and above her elbows and hung the rod between two poles. "I'm going to go get these poor guys some Gatorade, and I can't take a chance that you might take advantage of my absence and their exhaustion to attack them. You just hang loose till I get back". Before leaving she grabbed Diane's ankles and gave them a hard push, causing Diane to spin twice around the rod, showering her perspiration all around her, before she came dangling to rest.

When she got back Diane was asleep. Diane was revived to make certain she saw her partners holding wet rags to their heads and swallowing cold drinks. They had kept her on a very strict fluids regimen the whole time of her captivity, and she had perspired terribly today. She watched her trainer and the others swallowing beaded glasses of cold juice and soda and beer. No one paid her any attention. The group began to wander about the dungeon, discussing the instruments and how they'd used them in the past. One of the men passed close by her with a large glass nearly full of ice-water. Her thirst was maddening; she could bear it no longer. "Please, sir"

she whispered, "may I please have just a little drink?" He looked at her with delight. "Oh, madam, little miss roll-me-over-and-do-it-again is asking for a little water". Diane was already sick, but now she felt much sicker. "I suppose we should give her some then", came the answer.

Which was done. First, though, a thick rag was shoved in Diane's mouth and tied in place to assure that none of the water went there. "You do need some water, slave, you're a mess. First, let's pour some liquid soap on you. Would some of you guys mind rubbing that all over her?" A number of volunteers were found. "That's good. Now get a hose. A hose was hooked up and a powerful stream of water was directed all over her, knocking her about on the rod. "Want to see something fun, guys?" "Of course". "Good. Turn the nozzle on the hose to stop the flow. Now a few of you hold the hose and aim it at her backs of her legs. I'll turn the pressure up. Now, open it up". The stream of water struck Diane's legs and drove her around the rod one way, then hit her in the back and sent her the other. She swung back and forth for a few moments. "Ain't this fun, fellows? Now, when you hit her legs, move the stream off her till her shoulders come up, then hit her shoulders and you can keep her spinning. Isn't that a sight. Oops, missed the shoulders, she stopped, got to get her going again. One, two, three, four, five, six - ah, missed again. Six rotations is pretty good; it's hard to control the hose well enough. You want to see her keep spinning?" A unanimous "YES !" "Great. Everyone grab a cane. Form two lines in front of her, The guy on the left will hit her feet -" "You sure that's a good idea?" "SHUT UP, WIMP - hits her feet then goes to the end of the line. The guy on the right hits her shoulders when they come up, then when her feet reappear the next one up on the left hits them, and we just keep going and she keeps spinning". "WE? What are you doing while we do all the work? "If one of you misses I shove your cane up your ass and out your throat, that's what I do !"

Whether because they were all practiced with canes or because none of them were certain she was joking, the plan worked very well, and Diane spun over and over, her world a complete dizzy blur with regular stabs of pain in her shoulders, terrible bolts of agony in her feet and steady, growing burning pain on her arms and legs. She was unconscious for the last ten or twelve rotations, a fact difficult to recognize and very disappointing when it was finally noticed. The assemblage was still sore, but they were horny again. They took the slave off the rod and slapped her awake.

The rod was elevated a bit, then Diane was laid across it face down and her wrists tied to her ankles. Her feet were too badly hurt for her to stand even if she had possessed the strength to stand, so she hung over the rod. The gag was removed. "Slave, slave, wake up slave. You were bold enough to make a request of one of these men. We all know what you really want, so just go ahead and ask for it. You have permission to speak. We all know what you want, ask for it. ASK FOR IT BITCH ! I'LL BET YOUR MOTHER KNOWS WHAT YOU WANT, SHOULD I GET HER HERE SO SHE CAN TELL US?" "No...." "So what do you want?" "I want... them to... make love...." "MAKE LOVE ! NOBODY LOVES YOU, YOU SILLY WHORE ! NOBODY WILL EVER LOVE YOU ! YOU KNOW WHAT THEY WANT, YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOOD FOR ! ASK FOR IT !" "I want them to fuck me", Diane said in a near whisper. "ASK FOR IT NICELY, AND SPEAK UP SO THEY CAN HEAR YOU !" "I want them to fuck me, please". "OK, guys, form a line, the one she asked for water first. Ask him, slave". "Please fuck me". The trainer struck her hard across the buttocks with a cane. "Ask again, slave. Show some respect to someone who's worth more than you". "Please fuck me, sir". The mistress nodded, and the first man seized Diane's breasts and thrust into her vagina, which in the period since the last penetration had gotten much more swollen and stiff and sore. Diane had no strength left to scream, but moaned throughout the difficult penetration, not a moan of passion but an incoherent droning sound that one might have heard in an asylum. "Who wants to hear that shit? Gag the bitch", one of the men said. "NO !" the trainer said. "She has to ask you to fuck her. You wouldn't want anyone to say you raped her, would you?"

When the first was done, the trainer prodded Diane hard in the ribs with the cane. "What do you have to say, slave?" In a weak, ragged voice, Diane said "Fuck me please, sir". "Go to it, lover. Remember, guys, if you use both holes use the pussy first, we don't want our little toy to get sick and break down". There wasn't much need for the direction. Diane wasn't moving much and her vocals, the continual moan only interrupted when the mistress prodded her into saying again, "Fuck me please, sir" in a steadily weakening voice, were unresponsive and anything but sexy. To make it somewhat interesting a few of the guys held her by her slender thighs and moved her around on their cocks, but she was too far gone to be much fun, and they were all still sore. After the eighth man had taken her, no one lined up again. "No one wants seconds? You guys are wimps, get out of here". Which they did with

alacrity.

“Well, slave, just us girls again. Here’s something else you need to be ready for”. The mistress shoved two fingers into Diane’s raw pussy, then her hand to the knuckles. Diane was too tired and too hurt to be very responsive, so the mistress had to twist her fist a few times to make new pain register on Diane’s face. “You felt that, eh? How about THIS”, she said as she pushed her arm deep inside Diane and grabbed and twisted her vaginal wall. “AAAEUUUGH - ” “Oh, shit, slave, you can’t pass out know, I’ve gotta fist your rectum”. Mistress got a bucket of cold water and raising it up below Diane’s hanging head immersed her head, Diane awoke gagging as the water rushed into her nose and her open mouth. As she was shaking her head from side to side and trying to spit the water out, the mistress said, “You’re so exasperating, slave, first you ask for water, then when someone brings it, you don’t want it any more. It’s like dealing with a little baby. Though most parents don’t do this to a willful child”, she said as she shoved her fist up Diane’s ass. “Yuck”, she said, studying her hand, “You’re such a messy slave”.

After cleaning herself up, the mistress came back to where Diane was still hanging over the rod. “Now, before you go to bed, you contrary cunt, let’s clear something up. Are you still thirsty Slave, wake up slave, are you still thirsty, would you like a drink?” “Y.. Yes...please...drink” “OK”. She untied Diane and tossed her over her shoulder, then carried her to the lavatory. “You made such a nice dog. I think that’s your vocation, slave. One thing dogs do, especially dumb ones, is drink from the toilet. So you want a drink, then drink”. She laid Diane’s head and arms across the toilet bowl and left her legs on the floor. Diane didn’t move. “One minute, slave, then I lock you in your cage until tomorrow. If you want to drink, this is your last chance”.

Diane slowly, painfully lowered a hand to the water and brought it to her mouth. Before it arrived her trainer kicked her hand away from her mouth. “Doggie style. Lap it up”. She lowered her head into the bowl, put her lips to the water, and started weakly sucking on the water. She scarcely had any in her mouth when the mistress dragged her away from the bowl, quickly squeezing her cheeks and shaking her head to shake free what little water was in her mouth, then carrying Diane to her cage. “P..Pl.lease....” she whispered as she was locked in. “Please? Please? You want me to please you? Slave, you exist to please, not to be pleased. You please ME, I

don't please you. And what would please me now is to piss on your face". Which she did before leaving Diane caged for the night.

Part 5 by SD

7. Slave Training: Day Six

"You're quite a disappointment, slave", the mistress told Diane. Diane was laying strapped to a low bench, the same one on which she had seen a tortured corpse when she was brought to the dungeon. "You're such a weak, cowardly, little wuss, you can't even stand on your own two feet". The aforesaid feet were horribly discolored and swollen to several sizes above their normal size. "If you can't even do that, you aren't worth much to us. I'm sure you remember this bench", she said as she squatted by Diane's head. She took a fluid filled jar from under the bench and took some leather cords from the jar. As she dragged the wet cords across Diane's face, she said "I'm sure you remember these, too. Oh, they're not the same one's you saw on the other girl, we don't use the same strips twice that way. These are nice new strips of raw leather which we've kept good and moist, so that when we tie them about someone" she said as she wrapped them about Diane's neck, "they constrict to the maximum possible amount. They're so wet" - she tied them in place - "that it takes them a long time to dry out and begin to constrict, and then they oh so slowly close on you. We use nice thin strips for cutting; they'll cut a man's joystick right off. Wider strips like these constrict the flow of blood, or air. If they should happen to be placed on, oh, say, a woman's neck" - she ran her fingers over Diane's neck above the taut cords - "and left on, well, she turns so many nice colors, and her tongue sticks out - I do so like that part - and her eyes pop out of her head, and then... well, I see you remember what comes next. Training accidents do happen, you know. And when they do, we regard it as suicide by the trainee, who obviously didn't try hard enough to survive. Do you remember what that means in your case?" Diane quickly nodded. "Good. I do so like that look of abject terror, I've missed it the last couple days. So nice to see you can still be so frightened. One's never so alive as when one is truly afraid, and when you can't be scared anymore you're just an empty shell. So nice to see you're still with us, slave. I hope it stays that way a little longer.

That depends on you". With that she rose and strode out of the dungeon, timing the remote controlled opening of both sets of doors so smoothly that she didn't need to break stride. This required, of course, a slow stride, and if it happened to involve a considerable rotation of her hips, so much the better.

It was hard to judge the passage of time in the dungeon. There were no windows so far underground and the lighting only changed when they wanted to hurt one's eyes or burn one's skin. There were a few hourglasses and other timers used to heighten a slave's anticipation of some dread occurrence, but none of these were in use. Diane had no way of telling how long it was before she felt the first constriction about her throat, though it would have been difficult to be certain which feeling was real, she had sensed or imagined the constriction so many times before it became unmistakable. After that the tightening was slow but inexorable. As it began to interrupt her breathing Diane had the repeated urge to cough but the first cough hurt so much she suppressed the impulse. She reflexively struggled against the straps though she knew that she wouldn't be able to move them even a fraction of an inch. Time seemed to have changed so that it simultaneously appeared that the cords had gone from taut to strangling in no time at all, and that an eternity of suffering was experienced while that happened. As predicted Diane's tongue pushed out of her mouth, and the skin of her face seemed to be stretched tight.

The mistress appeared above her unexpectedly. In her distress Diane could hear little besides the pounding of her own blood. The mistress was nude but for a leather corset and a belt for her toys and tools. She straddled Diane's head and lowered herself to Diane's mouth and said "Lick me, slave". Diane tried but could barely move her swollen tongue. The mistress spread her own labia and ordered "Lick my clit. One good lick. C'mon, slave, one good lick and you can breathe again. One good lick and you survive. That's it, go for it girl. That wasn't a good lick. One good lick and you live. One good one and THEY live. Good, move that fat tongue, good slave. Was that so hard?". The mistress stepped off her, and clipped the cords with a powerful pair of shears. Diane was lightheaded and blood rushed to her head and she sucked air through her sore throat as fast as she possibly could. The mistress sat fingering herself as she waited for Diane to return to relative normality. When she had, her trainer said, "So you see, slave, you can do what you need to. That cord is just as much around your neck now as it was a few minutes ago. If you don't

perform, it will crush the life out of you. We're going to complete all aspects of your training, and you WILL do what you have for that to be accomplished".

"Since you aren't good for much today, we'll have a couple graduates of our program - I'll have them show you where their clits used to be - come here and help you with your hygiene. Few people like leg and underarm hair, but if a slave is in chains for a week or so, there's not much she can do about it. They'll bring some tweezers and electrolysis kits and get rid of that hair for you. They should finish today; they've learned to work pretty fast getting all the body-hair off men, and they totally ignore your discomfort. Neither you nor they will be gagged, but the microphones in here can pick up a mouse fart, so anything you say will be recorded and we'll check this time period to see if one word passes between you - yes, slave, it's always running, we've recorded your prayers - they haven't done any good, now have they? How presumptuous of you to think that God cares that you're here suffering? Did you think he didn't already know, and would send an angel to harrow the space above you and pull you out of here as soon as you informed him? Don't you know pride is a sin? Ah, where was I, oh yes, don't speak to them. We will punish both you and them if a single word is exchanged". She turned to leave, then turned back, "Some day I must play back the things you say at night when you're asleep. The surveillance tapes always found your bedroom a most quiet place, so this talking in your sleep is a new habit. You say such sweet, touching things; we play the tapes and just sit around and laugh till we have to find a slave to piss on".

8. Slave Training: Day Seven

Diane was kneeling on a bed with her hands clasped behind her head. She was, of course, completely naked, and the body hair that had grown since her capture was missing. The mistress examined her, smacked her sore left armpit with a riding crop, and said, "Since you're still a piece of crippled wetware, slave, we'll have to keep working on parts of your training that you don't have to stand up for. So tell me, how does your pussy feel today?" "I'm very sore", Diane said, and a crop struck her breast. "Do be polite, slave". "I'm very sore, mistress". "We all have troubles, don't we? Right now, you're mine. A slave can't not be in the mood; if someone wants you,

you'd better perform and do it well. So even though you hurt all over, you're going to make love - and yes, YOU will make love to the people you serve, if that is what they like, but they will not make love to you. You owe them respect and regard, and they owe you nothing".

"I thought you might find it interesting to have some contact with another trainee", the mistress said as she pushed a button on the remote. "As always, no names, and neither of you speak except on orders". The doors had opened, and another leather clad woman, entered leading a young man on a leash. His wrists were chained in front of him, the chains attached to another chain tight around his waist, his legs had heavy braces on them attached by a 12" chain. He was carrying with difficulty a heavy iron ball, attached to the tip of his penis by a chain so short that holding the ball in front of him was yanking his penis upwards quite painfully. He was 19, muscularly slender, with moderately long light brown hair. His well toned body was showing numerous stripes from a recent whipping, but he was otherwise unharmed, and hoping he could rest the ball on something soon so he could stay that way. Until yesterday, when he offered a ride to a sexy little redhead a few years older than him, one he had never seen before, but whose car had broken down next to his in a massive student parking lot, his name had been Clay. "See how nice we are to you, slave? You never had a college boy, not even when you were in college. How virtuous of you to save yourself so you could end up here ! He just arrived, and is almost as good as new; those welts and the soreness from that iron clamp around his head - the one that matters - probably aren't hurting him as much as you're hurting, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve - as will he. Thank you, mistress, would you please fasten the leash to the bed? Thank you, I'll take him now."

"My, you are a pretty one, aren't you? Gay, by any chance?" Diane's trainer asked. He shook his head no. "I see your training has begun. Good. Let me give you a piece of information: though there's a fair number of women in the Association, most are lesbian or bi. There's a couple who might use you, but those cute buns of yours and that nice mouth are going to be primarily servicing men" - he looked a little sick - "so this would be a REAL good time to uncover any latent homosexuality ! But that can wait a bit ! We've got a woman for you to fuck ! She's not much, but she's the best you'll get in a while - though come to think of it there's a couple guys in the association who look better in a dress than she does - AND THEY CAN WALK IN

HIGH HEELS”, she shouted, and struck Diane a few times with the crop. When she was done, she handed Diane a set of keys and said, “Make yourself useful and take the chains off him, except the neck chain. You can move now, fool.” Diane took the ring of keys and began searching for the keys to open the handcuff. After she tried on and it didn’t work, he gave a little whimper and hefted the ball a bit. The mistress laughed, then said, “I think that was a violation, lover, but since I do love to hear a man whimper, I won’t punish you for it. However, the ball comes off last, and if you bend or squat or do anything to get that ball closer to the ground, I’ll chain you down and let a vulture eat your balls”. Diane tried somewhat more hurriedly to find the correct keys. This was complicated by the fact that on these restraints the keyholes were all nearly the same size, regardless of the size of the restraint, and every lock had it’s own key. After she got one handcuff open, she spent a frantic minute trying to unlock the other one with the same key before she realized this. By the time everything else was off and she started on the cock lock, he could barely hold the ball. But she got it off in time, and he dropped to his knees and put the ball on the ground. He clasped Diane’s hands and looked gratefully at her face. She smiled shyly. “Enough making eyes at each other, get on with it, slaves. Hmm, this might get confusing, so I’ll call you Cunt and Prick. Think you can figure out who’s who? On the bed !”.

Diane remained kneeling on the bed and Clay knelt facing her, still holding her hand. “Now you two are going to fuck good and hard, and I don’t care what hurts or how much. Now go to your corners” – she laughingly directed them to opposite corners of the bed with an ominous cattle prod she had drawn and activated- “I want a good dirty fuck ! Cunt, Prick, you both know the rules, there are no holds barred but you WILL separate on my command. There is no limit on the number of take downs allowed ! At my command come out fucking ! FUCK !”

They crawled slowly towards each other, stopping with their faces a few inches apart, both obviously embarrassed. “Oh, yeah, like you’re both so modest ! Cunt, you fucked eight men in every known position a couple days ago, and Prick, you were hot to fuck a total stranger yesterday, so here’s a stranger, FUCK HER !”. Diane reached up and put her hand’s on either side of Clay’s face, then softly kissed him on the mouth. She pulled back a little, her hands still on his face, looked him in the eye and nodded. She slipped a hand behind his head and laid down on the bed pulling him

down also, and they started gently kissing. After a moment she moved from his mouth to his face and neck. She worked her lips to his ear and thought to whisper that it was OK, they had no choice, but she saw the mistress intent watching and thought better of it. Instead she moved away slightly, sliding away from him, and quite slowly and obviously spread her legs as she cupped her breasts and pushed them towards him. He took them and kissed them and pushed her down and kissed her, harder this time, and they kept their lips glued together as she raised her hips and he started to push into her. She gasped in pain as her tender vagina was entered and he broke from their kiss and looked worriedly in her eyes but she nodded "yes" again and he continued to push as she ground her hips onto him, repressing further gasps despite the pain, gently kissing his face to assure him it was OK and he started humping hard, aware of her pain and hoping to end it as soon as he could and in a couple minutes he started grunting and his face was taut and he was close to coming... and then he screamed and pulled into a fetal position as he passed out. The mistress had shoved the point of the electric prod into his anus. "Well, that was sweet but boring, and you don't use a slave for sweet but boring", she said as Diane held Clay's head to her breast looking at him sadly before turning a calm but angry gaze on the mistress. "So you didn't like that, Cunt? You're going to see and do a lot of things you don't like. Later in your training we'll have you torture victims, sometimes under our direction, sometimes using your imagination. Or maybe they'll play a game with you at the gathering, one where two slaves are selected and each writes out a torture program for the other, then whoever has written the cruelest program gets to inflict it. But that's for another day. For now, let's get the boy out of here and bring on a man to give you a good screwing". She pushed a few buttons and several men came into the dungeon. Three of them dragged Clay out. One of them stayed behind.

"So, mistress, how's your pupil doing?", the remaining man asked as he undressed. "She's a bit of a problem, never seems to want to get out of bed". "We should all have such problems with our women", he said as he stretched out on the bed. "Kiss my dick, slave, first on the head, then up and down the shaft". Diane knelt at his hip and did as he ordered, it taking quite a few kisses to cover his long cock. "Now run your tongue around the head, then run the tip of your tongue along its length. When you get to the bottom lick my balls. Keep licking till I change your orders. So

mistress, how's the gathering shaping up?" "Looks like a pretty full contingent, the new meat seems to have provoked some interest. Even this one has a lot of people interested in playing with her. You think she's pretty?" "Well, I like them with a little more meat on them, but a lot of guys like 'em thin". This conversation went on at some length as Diane steadily licked his balls. "Oh, slave, my feet are a little sore, so lick my feet for a while". The conversation then went on as Diane moved to lick his feet, the two participants seemingly oblivious to a naked woman licking a man's feet. Finally, he said, in a bored voice, "I guess we may as well get on with this", as he opened his legs. "Get between my legs and suck my cock". Diane knelt between his legs and lowered her mouth to his cock. Before it got there a buggy whip cracked across Diane's back, making her jerk her head in pain, as the mistress said, "Do a good job, slave". "Now don't do that while she's got me in her mouth!" "You're getting soft, stud". "Yeah, the prospect of getting my DICK bit off tends to do that!" He didn't stay soft for long as the blonde head bounced up and down on his shaft. It was too long to fit in her mouth, and the mistress said "Take him all in, Cunt - or should I call you Deep Throat now?" Getting that long shaft down her throat while kneeling over him proved difficult, but the whip kept cracking across Diane's buttocks and back while the man kept repeating "Don't you bite me, bitch", so at last Diane stood up on the bed, which allowed her to get her mouth and neck aligned, and after suppressing the urge to gag and bending her legs a bit, to push her lips all the way to the bottom of his cock. It also exposed her thighs to the whip, and the repeated strokes across them weren't making it any easier to maintain this position. "Suck slave, suck hard", her trainer kept repeating as she lashed Diane. The pain and frustration were intense and Diane wanted to cry, but knew it would make the situation even worse; I'll cry later, she thought, and Diane squeezed her lips tightly about the base of his penis and sucked as well as she could with a cock deep down her throat. "Passable, cunt. We'll work on this some more later", the mistress said. "OK, slave", the man commanded, "come off my cock - don't you bite me, bitch! - and mount up". Diane managed to glance up at him inquisitively while she was pulling off his long shaft. "Mount up. Sit on my cock. You're the slave, you're going to do the work". Diane straddled him, took his thick cock gingerly in her hands and positioned the head, and had started to slowly lower her raw pussy over the stiff shaft when the mistress began cracking the whip across her back. "We don't have all day to wait for you, cunt". Diane started thrusting harder and faster but the whip

kept falling across her bare back and between the pain in her inflamed vagina and burning pain in her back, Diane started to scream. Finally she was bucking wildly on her mount, her hair flying and her breasts bouncing. "That's more like it, we've even got that skinny ass of yours jiggling now. Keep it up", the mistress commanded. Diane was certainly trying, but the man was just laying there enjoying the action of her breasts and showed no sign that he would come any time soon. This went on and on, Diane pulling up and thrusting down as fast as she could on his thick, stiff shaft, pushing it in as far as it would go, then pulling up again, while he laid there as if nothing was happening. The mistress was whipping her again. "Dammit cunt, your one purpose is to make a man come and you can't even do that ! What good are you to anyone !" Diane leaned forward a bit to run her hands over him as she kept riding, her sweat dripping onto his stomach. The whip was cracking across her buttocks. "Yo, watch where you aim that thing !" "Shut up, stud! Faster, slave, faster! Masters are busy people, they can't wait on you". Diane couldn't go any faster; she tried slowing down, and rotating her hips in a small circle over her partner. The whip kept falling, as the mistress screamed "Faster !", but since she wasn't able to go fast enough to satisfy the whip wielder and wasn't getting any closer to her goal that way she kept up her rotation, then started moving her hips in a sort of a figure eight. At last the grinding of her hips penetrated her heretofore indifferent mount's composure and he started moaning, then screaming, then the two of them were screaming, one from pleasure and one from pain but the sound was the same and he could stand it no more and erupted inside her in a series of violent spasms, then he was still, and Diane fell back, catching herself on her extended arms, and sat there leaning backwards, eyes closed, flushed and sweaty and gasping for air, barely holding herself up, with him limp inside her. Then the whip cracked across her breasts.

"Not bad", said the trainer, "but not good enough. Do it again".

Part 6 by SD

9. Slave Training: Day Eight

"So you can stand barefoot today. What good is that, we need you in heels and you

keep falling down. Well, if you need to stay off your feet longer, we'll accommodate you". Diane was standing naked with her wrists fastened together before her in padded leather cuffs. The mistress hooked a chain to the ring between the cuffs, then threw a switch and raised Diane's hands above her head. "Now are you sure your feet still hurt?" "Yes, mistress". Another moment and Diane was on tiptoes. "Now, you want to admit to faking this problem?" "No, mistress. Please just LOOK at my feet, they're still so swollen". "Have it your way", the mistress smirked. Diane was lifted off her feet and hung by her wrists. The mistress took her by the hips and turned her about, admiring the extensive network of stripes across Diane's back and buttocks and the smaller but still quite painful looking pattern on her chest. "It looks like you've had a fair introduction to the buggy whip. It's one of many whips that will be used on you. Most of the whips used, like most of the canes and crops and floggers and straps, will redden your skin or leave welts, but usually will not cut your skin. The knouts and bullwhips and some cats will cut you. Unfortunately, I can't demonstrate the feeling of having your flesh flayed by the whip, since they want you displayed at the gathering. If you don't impress the Association, I may just get the pleasure of whipping you into little pieces, which I would REALLY enjoy. For now I'll have to satisfy myself by introducing you to less bloody toys". "The buggy whip you know. The horse whip is pretty similar" "OW !" "Don't you agree? Of course you need a better sample to make a fair comparison". "UHH AH AAH OOW AOOW EHH EEYY AHGG EE OOOW IIII IIIIEEYY !" "Pretty similar, eh?" "huh-huh-Yes, mistress, very similar". "Even on the breasts?" "IEEEE - yes mistress, yes !" "Well, then, we don't need to work more on that one. We'll go to some of the cats. Not the cutting ones, not today, but there's a few that won't break your skin that you'll just love". Nine strips of leather flew to a collision with Diane's belly, and she shouted and jerked her legs up. Then they came slashing up from below and caught the back of Diane's raised legs. This went on for ten more strokes, with Diane's body involuntarily moving to defend the last part struck, exposing a new target in the process. Diane was spinning and jumping in her bonds as she screamed and cried. "You dance on air very nicely. But I need you dancing on the ground and you're going to wish you were ! Let's try another cat, this one, the knots leave such nice bruises". The whip searched out the few stretches of unmarked white skin that were still available. In her agony, Diane's discipline broke down and she tried to evade the whip, swinging herself about in a fruitless effort. The mistress was laughing as she

used Diane's own momentum to make the whip crash even harder into her soft flesh. "Oh, bitch, haven't you learned yet that it always hurts more when you resist ! What am I going to do with you ! I'm going to whip you some more, that's what I'm going to do !", the mistress shouted through her laughter, as the whip kept finding the vulnerable skin of the screaming, sobbing woman dangling from the chain, until at last, mercifully, Diane hung with her head back, mouth open, unconscious.

Diane awoke face down on the hard floor of the dungeon. She'd been unhooked from the chain, and a hobble placed on her ankles. Damn, she thought, my chest hurts, and forced herself over on her back. That hurt worse. She tried laying on her side, that hurt. Her feet still hurt, and she wasn't sure she could stand up anyway; the thought on falling on her burning buns was quite scary. One of the least damaged parts was her legs between the ankles and knees, so she knelt, but her thighs and butt were too sore to rest on her haunch, so she had to raise up on her knees. Her weight on her bare knees on the hard floor also hurt, but it was the least painful position she could find. Even without the added effect of her weight pressing them, the stripes crisscrossing her abdomen and buttocks and thighs hurt terribly. All her muscles ached, her feet throbbed, her anus and vagina were unbelievably sore. I can't endure any more of this, she thought, there must be a way out of this nightmare. She looked down at her wrists. The leather restraints had some heavy metal buckles on them. If I could get a shot at the bitch, I could bash her head, Diane thought, even if she is bigger and stronger than me, and for a moment the pain receded as Diane had a reverie of the mistress on the floor with Diane pounding her skull into mush. Then, she thought, get the keys to the restraints and the remote. The remote will open the doors to the dungeon. How many codes can there be, she thought excitedly. But what if the wrong codes trigger an alarm? If I do get out of this room, how do I get out of the estate? I don't know the way out, and there were all those doors on the way in. Even if I get out, who will believe my story? By the time I can convince anybody that this can possibly be happening they'll have removed the evidence and surely have killed mom and the boys. "Oh, damn, DAAMN", she said through trembling lips as the tears welled up. "How can this be happening to me ! - uhhh - Why me ! -sfff - What do I do to deserve this -ahggh". What could anyone ever do to deserve this, she thought, I wish they'd killed me in Mom's house, I want to be dead, but now I don't dare die, I can't even die, she

thought, as the racking sobs overcame her and she fell over hard onto her burning buttocks. "Oh, fuck..."

When the mistress returned Diane had recovered her position and her composure. "I'd thought I'd show you some of the whips we won't be using on you before the meeting", the mistress said. "These are bullwhips. Here's my favorite: 25 feet of leather plus a 3 foot thong on the end. It takes plenty of space to swing it in, but I could cut your tits off with this. The other one isn't quite as deadly, but it could carve you up pretty good. And this cat o'nine tails with steel hooks in the tails will rip you to shreds; I especially love what it does to a woman's breasts or a man's balls. One more demonstration". The mistress hooked Diane's ankle restraints to the hanging chain and had her pulled off the floor, then slipped a collar around Diane's neck and attached her wrist restraints to the collar. "Now our demo", the mistress said. Diane looked at the deadly whips on the floor and then looked up in terror at the mistress. "Oh, I won't butcher you today, slave, though I admit I'm looking forward to the day when they realize you're not worth the pittance we spend to feed you and put you to some good use, like having your skin flayed or being tied to a bondage wheel and getting your major bones broken. Medieval executioners used iron clubs and delivered forty blows; all but the last broke bone, the last was over the heart and killed the subject. They thought it was skillful to have the victim live to the fortieth blow. HAH ! Here, slave, no one ever dies before sixty". She grabbed Diane's head and ran her hands through Diane's hair. "Oh, I'd have so much fun cracking your delicate little bones, slave. But that's for another day. Right now I'm going to spin you with the bullwhip; pity your hair isn't longer, long hair flying from a spinning slave's head is such a nice effect".

The mistress took the bullwhip without the thong and moved to about twenty feet from Diane. "How do you like inverted suspension, slave? Sort of feels like your world's turned upside down, eh?", she said as she warmed up, cracking the whip close by Diane's suspended form, making Diane jerk from the sound alone. She stepped a few feet closer, and wrapped the whip around Diane's waist; it hurt but didn't break the skin. Then the mistress pulled hard on the whip and yanked it out of its tight embrace of Diane's midsection, causing Diane to spin clockwise three times fast, then as her momentum abated to spin counter clockwise until she was back to the original position, but she didn't stay there, for even as the chain was unwinding,

the whip was in the air again, embracing Diane just below the breasts then setting her spinning again. The third time was the worst, the sharp leather encircling Diane's breasts so tightly that she thought they would split before Diane's world was set to whirling again. The whip caught her around the hips and bit into her buttocks, the bite even worse as it pulled away, then encircled her about the ribs and dug in so well that Diane was sure her ribs would crack before it released them. After the fifth time the mistress put away the whip. It was a long time before Diane was sure she'd stopped spinning.

"I think I'll leave you like this, slave", the mistress said. It'll keep those feet off the ground - and elevated - and it will help you see things from a new perspective. For example, 'why you' becomes 'why not you'. Diane looked at her in surprise. "What, slave, you got so emotional that you forgot about the microphones? Do you imagine that a slave ever has a moments privacy? Well, you don't have any privacy and you never will. You're monitored continually, so we know about your pitiful little crying jag. So, 'why you', 'what have you done to deserve' this? Why not you? Are you special? Should some less wonderful person than you be here now? What did you ever do that you shouldn't be here? Don't delude yourself that you have any value to the world, it's doing just fine without you and will continue to do so. The fact you're not out there doing the petty little things you used to do hasn't effected anyone. NOBODY CARES that you're gone, you stupid bitch, it doesn't matter in the least. YOU didn't matter out there. Well, HERE you matter; look at all the people and equipment and the facilities assembled just to use and abuse you. There's a group of people who will be gathering from all over the world, some of them very important people, people who DO matter, who are coming here in part to check you out and play with you. That's a lot more significant than supervising some paper pushers and raising a trio of brats. You're a lot more special now that we've got your tush and tits and twat in here than you ever were out there. Oh, you'd have lived longer if you hadn't been brought here, but, hey, did you think you were gonna live forever? Now you don't have to worry living out your boring life and getting old, you're going to live fast, die young, and leave - well, you won't leave any kind of corpse, and when we destroy your body it won't be pretty, but it's the first part that matters".

The mistress gathered the whips to be returned to their hooks, then turned to Diane and said, "I hope our little talk makes you feel better, slave".

Part 7 by SD

10. Slave Training: Sitting it out

“You really should be getting your training in how to move in high heels – real high heels, not those 3” jokes you used to wear before your lifestyle change”, Mistress Electra told Diane, her irritation very obvious. “Slaves never wear anything under 5”. But if you insist on dogging it because your feet are a little sore, well, there are lots of things a slave needs to become acquainted with for which you don’t need to stand”.

Diane was presently becoming very well acquainted with a variety of punishment chair. It was metal, and it’s seat, back, and arms were densely studded with steel spikes which were sharp enough to be extremely uncomfortable but not sharp enough to puncture the skin. Straps were stretched tightly across Diane’s wrists, calves, thighs, waist, and around her arms and abdomen just below the breasts, holding her firmly in the chair and pressing the spikes into her naked body. Her hands were forced between two metal plates which were pressed together so she couldn’t lift a finger. Usually the subject’s bare feet would be resting on either the sharpest spikes or an electrified metal plate, but today a tub of ice had been substituted, which was more therapeutic but only slightly less uncomfortable. “Cold, slave? I guess keeping your feet in that bucket of ice does make you uncomfortable. I know just how to warm you up”. With that the trainer shoveled coals from a brazier kept constantly stoked into a tray and slid the tray under the seat of the chair. Diane reflexively tried to bolt but the straps held her firmly in place and her squirming against the spikes only increased her pain. She quickly realized that remaining still was the best option she had and restrained the overpowering urge to try to escape the heat.

“Very good restraint, slave”, the trainer said as she removed the tray of coals. “And I do so appreciate restraint. But we still need some way to compensate for the ice so that, on average, you’ll have a comfortable body temperature”. With that she raised a headrest and locked it into place, then grabbed Diane’s hair and pulled the blonde head back against the headrest so she could fasten a wide padded collar around

Diane's neck. She then dropped a leather harness over Diane's face, forced a plug into Diane's mouth, and began turning several screws, tightening the harness so that the slave's head was held securely in place. The trainer would periodically stop turning the screws to slap Diane's face; when Diane's head didn't move in response to the blow she knew the head was securely in place. Clamps were then attached to Diane's eyelids, preventing her eyes from closing. Attached to the clamps were thin plastic tubes from which a saline solution dripped onto Diane's eyeballs at automated intervals. "I'm so glad you realized that as painful as it was to be still it would hurt more to move, and very pleased that you had the discipline to hold still. It seems that at last you've begun to see the light", the trainer said as she rolled a new piece of equipment behind the chair. A semicircle of five lights was lowered into place directly in front of Diane, and then the world became a sea of blinding white light as the bright, hot lamps were activated. Diane tried to turn her head and close her eyes, but neither the harness nor the clamps had any give in them and there was no escape from the burning light. "This should keep your head very nearly as hot as your feet are cold. Of course, it may not help your vision much, but a slave doesn't need her eyes for much; if you should be blinded it will save us the trouble of blindfolding you." With that the mistress left the room, or so it seemed to Diane from the receding click of her spiked heels; though the punishment chair faced the doors, Diane could see nothing but a wall of white light. The light had hurt from the first and the pain got steadily worse. Though Diane had been reasonably confident that they weren't going to let her burn (today), she had no confidence that they wouldn't blind her, the fear making the pain unbearable, and found herself madly struggling with her bonds despite the knowledge that it was futile and would only increase her pain.

How long this went on was impossible to say, the world of light and pain she now occupied was one where time and space seemed to be suspended, one empty of everything but Diane and endless agony. With the flood of bright light and her own sweat pouring into her eyes she had no way of knowing if her eyes were damaged, but it seemed incredible that anything could hurt so much without suffering damage. Had the mouthpiece allowed any sound to pass her lips, she would have been screaming.

She must have passed out, for the next thing she was aware of was an acrid stench

from some object pressed against her nose. Though she was still staring into the lights and could see nothing, she guessed correctly that someone was holding a vial to her nose to revive her. "Seen enough?", her trainer inquired as she removed the harness and clamps. "I hope you're not afraid of the dark", she said as she fit a black leather hood over Diane's glistening head. Diane's eyes still ached even in the complete darkness of the hood. She was already drenched in perspiration and it was even hotter inside the hood, hotter and closer and the tight hood kept all her perspiration in and Diane soon found it hard to breath and the pain in her eyes and the pain from the metal spikes pressing into her were forgotten in a desperate effort to draw breaths, each of which was shorter than the previous, her mouth wide as she sucked for air, the walls of the hood filling her mouth and her perspiration clogging her nostrils until she joined the darkness.

She was awakened by a bucket of cold water to the face. While she gasped for air the mistress easily shoved the plug back in her mouth reapplied the harness. She knew what the settings were to hold Diane's head motionless, but slapped Diane a couple times anyway. "I just can't seem to keep you awake, slave", the trainer said. "I'll have to try harder to keep from boring you. Since it seems I'm not a sufficiently electrifying instructor to keep your attention, I'll need some assistance." She glanced at Diane's flushed face. "You know, I think purple's a good color for you", she said, and seized Diane's nose and held it closed. Had Diane not been immobilized her panic would have caused her to resist despite the dire consequences, but as she couldn't move all the trainer observed was her blue (though currently somewhat reddened) eyes bulging and her face darkening. "That's not quite the shade", the trainer said, laughing, as she continued to hold Diane's nose shut, "but we're getting there". She took a clamp and placed in on Diane's nose as she went for a camera, tossing a comment over her shoulder as she went: "Don't go away". She returned with the camera and took several shots of the asphyxiating slave, removing the clamp just before Diane would have passed out and continuing to photograph the many shades of her face as she slowly returned to her normal pale coloration, the process protracted by the gag which the mistress elected to leave in place.

When Diane had nearly returned to normal, the mistress resumed her previous subject. "Since you find the training so boring that you keep falling asleep on me, I'll

have to put a charge into the lesson”, she said as she took a remote and pressed a switch, sending a painful electric shock through the metal plates within which Diane’s hands were pressed, keeping the switch pressed down as gurgling sounds escaped from Diane’s throat while she squirmed in the punishment chair, one small bit of mercy being the way she began to sweat all over, slightly, but just slightly, lubricating. the spikes across which Diane’s soft flesh was squirming. “Wasn’t that thrilling?”, the mistress inquired, when at last she released the switch. Diane was dazed and barely heard her. “Oh, my, I still don’t have your attention. We need something more entertaining for you. That’s the problem with slaves today, such short attention spans”. Diane was coming around while the mistress attached two long flexible arms to the back of the chair and bent the arms so their ends were just in front of Diane’s nipples. “Anybody home?”, the mistress said as she tapped Diane’s face. “I don’t want you to sleep through this”. She pressed on the end of one of the arms, causing it to open wider, then put it over Diane’s left nipple and released her grip, causing it to close with surprising force on the slave’s nipple. The process was repeated with the right nipple. The mistress waited a bit, letting Diane feel the pain of the tight clamps on her sensitive nipples before moving to the next lesson. “You may think the clamps above and below your nips hurt, but the twin electrodes on either side of them should make you forget all about the pressure. With a configuration like this, the current runs back and forth between the electrodes and over the nipple between them, so there’s little chance of you dying, much less than there would be if I just taped a wire to your tit. As for how much it’s going to hurt, well, I don’t think words can describe it, it’s something you’ve got to experience for yourself. And you will”, she said as she should pressed another button, sending a charge through the arms that made Diane’s breasts bounce and made her whole body tremble in the rigid bonds as she tried to scream through the gag. Now the salty fluid causing Diane’s body to glisten was creating a better conductor and causing more pain than it was alleviating. Though Diane had never moved, it definitely seemed that she slumped back into the chair when the current was switched off. “Wasn’t that fun? I certainly enjoyed it. But I’d like to get your opinion. Since the whole session is being taped I don’t need to get a recorder, we’ll just remove this gag and record your candid impressions”, the trainer said as she removed the gag. “There you go. Are you awake, slave? Don’t tell even that bored you ! We’ll have to turn the current up a notch”. “Please...no...

please...AAARRGHH...EEEEIII...OOWWWW...AAAAA....”

By carefully modulating the current to the level of Diane’s agonized howls, Electra was able to keep the dungeon echoing with her screams for many minutes. Copies of the tape became one of the association’s best selling items.

11. A Dance Lesson

It took considerable effort to awaken Diane after the start of her recording career, but they finally brought her around. She woke to find herself suspended upright in a leather harness shaped like an inverted “A” that passed over her shoulders, at which there were hooks used to suspend her, had a vertical strap just below her breasts so she wouldn’t slip out the sides, and came to the point of the “A” in front and back at waist level, with a very narrow strap running between the points on which the weight of Diane’s slender form rested. Her wrists were fastened to her thighs, and her legs were held apart by chains running from rings in the floor to cuffs on her ankles. There was some slack in the chains, but not quite enough for her to close her legs, which would have allowed her to reach the floor with the tips of her toes. She was allowed to discover for herself the futility of her efforts to reduce the pressure on her pussy.

“Slave, I’ve got a schedule to meet, and you’re going to take a dance lesson today no matter what shape your extremities are in. So what if you can’t stand? We’ll have you dancing on air”. With that the trainer smeared some glue on the insides of Diane’s thighs, on her ribs on each side, on her labia, and her shoulder blades. “We don’t want to burn you again, not today anyway”. Diane had been sufficiently distracted by the crotch strap not to have noticed that the greasy salve over her nipples covered electrical burns; she shuddered at the thought of what uses would be made of her tender tits in days to come. The mistress then placed wires on the glue spots and secured them in place with tape. “In case you thought your tits had been used plenty today and would get a break now, you’re right, they have been, but the only way they’ll get a break is if they split under the pressure”, the mistress smirked at the helpless captive as she extracted two long thin needles. Diane stared at the needles in utter terror, but she knew that to ask for either mercy or

information would bring additional punishment, and besides, no mercy would be given and she would learn the purpose of the needles only too soon. The trainer was please with Diane's restraint and nearly ecstatic over her obvious horror. When a Bunsen burner was lit and the needles heated over it Diane was visibly trembling and even paler than usual. The mistress stood, adjusted the chains holding Diane's legs to pull her legs taut, then stood before Diane holding the hot needles in gloved hands.

"Don't worry, slave, I won't keep you in suspense - about the needles - much longer. They're going through your tits. And you know what? You're not going to scream; you're not going to speak; you're not going to make a sound. Do you understand? This is an order. NOT A SINGLE SOUND COMES OUT OF THAT MOUTH". The trainer squeezed Diane's left breast in her left hand and pulled it forwards, then began slowly inserting the needle through the breast near it's base. Diane's head jerk back, her teeth gritted, eyes closed, her face twisted in pain, but she didn't make any sound. As the needle made its slow progress through the breast Diane jerked in the harness, which made the pain worse while she beat her head in the air and clenched her fists till her hands discolored as the sweat poured down her contorted and discolored face. At last the point exited the other side. "That's one, slave. Very excellent self-control. Do you think you can do it again?" No, I don't, Diane thought. But I'll have to. "For what it's worth, the betting was 2-1 against your holding out this long, 5-1 against you enduring the second. Some people are going to be very mad at you if you don't scream before the second goes through, people who are going to have a lot of chances to make you suffer. Just thought you'd like to know". Diane's right breast was squeezed, and the second needle was inserted into it and pushed through. As she had kept her eyes, mouth, hands, and everything else she could clench tightly clenched the whole time, she gave little external sign when it penetrated, except perhaps her face twisted even more, though it was already so barely recognizable that it was hard to tell. As the needle made it's way through the tears began to force their way under her tightly closed eyelids and mingle with the sweat rolling through the bizarre crevices of her barely human visage. "Oh, slave, you're in a lot of trouble", the mistress said as the needle exited Diane's breast. "Some people just lost a lot of money, and you can be sure they'll take it out of your hide some day. But it is your hide that's in jeopardy, no one else's - for now". With

this Diane's face loosened slightly and the tears began to pour out. "What the hell, go ahead and cry, I guess you've earned a good cry". Diane didn't need to be told twice, as the fear and pain and relief combined and she broke into uncontrollable sobs.

The mistress let Diane cry herself out and loved every second of it. At last when the sobs abated, she got back to the task at hand. "You know, of course, that we haven't even begun the lesson yet", the mistress said as she attached wires to the end of the needles through Diane's breasts. She took a rag and cleaned up Diane's face a little. "Since you did such a good job so far, it would be a shame if you said something you shouldn't before the session ends, so let's gag you good. Open wide". For once Diane didn't mind having a too-large rubber ball pushed into her mouth. "Now for the dance lesson", the mistress said as she began flicking switches on a console. "Each of these wires it attached to a different spot. As I push a key current will surge to that spot, and I assure you it will hurt - a lot. But why tell you when I can show you", she said as she pushed a button and Diane's right shoulder jerked. "See?" She then proceeded to play a number on the console, and Diane danced to the silent music, her body jerking and spasming in response to each keystroke. The trainer made certain that the piece made frequent use of all the available keys so the shocks hit Diane's shoulders, thighs, ribs, crotch, and most frequently her breasts, the current passing through the needle in each breasts and making the whole breast jump. Diane had thought she had no tears left, but as the dance went on that was disproved, and her tears ran freely as her body bounced to the beat, till the mistress decided, a bit belatedly, that the slave had had enough. Tomorrow every part of her body would be so incredibly stiff and sore as to make training impossible. All they would be able to do with her would be to place her in a barrel of warm salt water and shock her for a while, then place her in a pool of human waste.

12. Punishment becomes Electra

The rack creaked another notch tighter, stretching the woman as far as she would stretch before something snapped or tore. At a signal from the master, the redhead, mistress Sadie, began laying into the victim with a short thick whip. She worked without haste, occasionally cracking the whip near the blindfolded woman's head just to see her flinch, savoring the way her subject repeatedly and vainly tested

restraints no human being could break. She covered her subject's back and buttocks and thighs with wide bright welts and Sadie herself was becoming as hot as those welts seemed as her victim grimaced, biting back the screams, her blonde head beating on the headrest, which was padded but still not soft and was now lubricated with the tears and drool of the subject, whose strength and pride at last failed her and she screamed: "MERCY MASTER, PLEASE, I'M SO SORRY, I WON'T FAIL YOU AGAIN!". At this he raised a hand and Sadie reluctantly halted her assault. "Remove her blindfold, and then you can leave us now", he said. "Are you sure, Master?", Sadie asked, the disappointment as obvious in her voice as was the frustration in her face, and as was her lust was on her burning bosom and the rigid nipples bare above her leather corset. "Yes, I'm sure. You can take one of the victims and finish up on them; Miss Knapp, perhaps". "But, sir, she's pretty far gone, couldn't I take a fresher one?" "Don't be greedy, Sadie. If Knapp's so far gone it won't matter what you do with her, will it?". "No, sir", Sadie said, her face brightening. She turned sharply and strode rapidly out of the room. The master repressed a smile as he heard her break into a trot as she reached the hall and headed for her next victim.

"I'm very glad, Electra, that none of our captives see these scenes. We demand such discipline and obedience from them and display so little ourselves". Mistress Electra lifted her weary head from the slick headrest and smiled weakly. "But Master, that's the joy of taking slaves, you can submit them to disciplines no one would ever consent to". "True. But YOU, mistress, had better start adhering to some discipline. The next gathering of the association, at which I planned to show Mrs. Scott, is fast approaching, and I find that she is too badly damaged to train today, which is not so terrible, but I also learn that she not been trained to dance in 6" heels, and her feet are so badly battered she can barely stand and we have no idea when we will be able to train her in high heels. And why is this? Because you indulged your foot fetish. WHY? If you needed to punish her an audio line of her kids crying would have been sufficient. That's why we're feeding the little brats". "I'm sorry, Master, I've never liked hurting the children". "A silly weakness, mistress, but one we've accommodated. As you know very well, there are edited tapes of the brats screaming when they heard their mother was dead, with overlaid voices and some ominous metallic sounds, that would convince her they were being torn apart. We go to the trouble to make these tapes to accommodate you soft mistresses, and you don't use

them. That excuse won't work". The master pushed a button and the rack tightened a notch. "Try another". "AHH - She needed to develop her pain tolerance - OWW". "True, she did, and you've done quite well with her in that regard. But there's lots of ways you could have done that; if you'd beat her flat little ass till it swelled it might have been an improvement. And even if that explained one bastinado session, it doesn't explain a second when her feet were already damaged. Lasting damage is an acceptable result of play, but not of training". He tapped the button again. "ARRGH AHH AHH - yes Master, I'm sorry, she - AHHH - has such pretty feet, I wanted to play with them - OH - I'm sorry Master". He tapped another button three times and the rack loosened. "We must be honest here, Mistress. Our association is based on honesty, on a recognition that the world is split into predators and prey, and that what makes humans unique among animals is that we can choose which we will be, and we have chosen to be predators. We seize the weak and solitary when and where we wish, we cooperatively stalk the strong, we lure the social from their herds and pull them down. We do whatever our minds can conceive of doing, unrestrained by the rules others would impose upon us. This freedom, this power, and the joy it brings, all derives from one thing - a willingness to look honestly at the world and recognize the truth. For this association dishonesty is the only sin". "Yes, master, I'm very sorry, forgive me please", Mistress Electra begged. The master thought a moment, then smiled warmly at her. "No", he said. He pushed a switch and the rack's engine revved up and the wheels began to turn at full power. "OH GOD NO MASTER, PLEASE NO - AAHHH - OOHH - EEEEEIIYY", Mistress Electra screamed as all her ligaments stretched and tore and the tall woman started to grow, "AAAAAAA - ". As her joints broke, Electra passed out, so she was spared the awareness of having her arms ripped from her shoulders. How disappointing, the master thought; she never was tough enough. The world was full of people who wanted to work full time training slaves and torturing victims, but it was still so hard to find good help.

Mistress Electra awoke the next day to find herself on a hook that passed through her left side and came up thru her right; her shoulders had been cauterized, her arms hung in a dungeon to terrify a new acquisition. She had made previous mistakes, so when the staff saw the hook hanging in the soundproof, glass walled room off the staff lounge no one was surprised. The staff played with her for a

couple days; she kicked some, so they broke her legs. She became lethargic and boring, so they ignored her. In a few days some visiting guests had a bet concerning how long it would take a hungry rat to strip the skin from someone's face. Some of the Association's physician members were able to recommend a combination of drugs that would bring the still living Electra briefly to full consciousness. The bet was settled and cheerfully paid. Mistress Electra did not survive the test.

Part 8 by SD

13. Slave Training - Day Twelve: In a world of shit

Between the three children and many puppies she had raised, Diane had thought herself inured to shit. Her first day in the dungeon had disabused her of that notion, but the assaults on her sense of smell since then had convinced her that no smell could sicken her again. But her training had again shown her the limits of her imagination, and Diane was now deathly ill. She'd already lost what little she had in her stomach, but the waves of nausea kept coming, and it took all her will to keep from passing out. If she passed out she would drown, and as tempting as the prospect was, the consequences were unacceptable. So she fought back the darkness and kept her face up and prayed that the ordeal would end soon.

Diane was floating spread-eagled face down in a four foot deep, 14' by 10' pool. The cords attached to her wrist cuffs were too slack to hold her up, and were attached to rings in the side of the pool, while the cords holding her ankles were attached to the sides of posts alongside the pool, inclining her upper body into the viscous mixture of warm water, urine, shit, and whatever other noxious waste product could be liquified and dumped into the pool, in which Diane had been kept for a period that the guards outside the poolroom had measured in hours while Diane had lost track of the eons. To keep from drowning she had to keep her head up and keep her arm cords pulled taut, and the continuous exertion would have been a terrible strain under the best of circumstances. Her arms and shoulders and neck hurt and she hadn't the strength to hold out another minute; she hadn't had for more than two hours.

The doors opened, and Mistress Sadie, entered, a clear plastic mask attached to a small tank of scented oxygen covering her nose and mouth. She was leading a blonde girl of about ten by alternately tugging at the leash around her slender neck and slashing at the child's pale body with a thin cane, adding to the set of bright stripes crisscrossing her flesh, the visible marks on the bare flesh not covered by the girl's modest swimsuit attesting to an extensive pattern concealed beneath the light fabric. The little girl's hands were chained in front of her, a chain running from her wrists to the heavy leg-irons about her ankles that she could move only with great effort. She was crying and screaming as she brought into the room, at which point her screams were replaced by gagging and coughing as the overwhelming stench assaulted her. Mistress Sadie laid into the girl's slim body, "You wanted to see the pool, didn't you?", she shouted at the gasping, gagging, green-faced girl, "Here it is, don't you want to go swimming any more?" "NO ! Please let me go, I want to go home !" the girl cried. "And people in Hell or dungeon number 3 want ice-water, but they don't get it", Sadie replied, as the thin wood of the cane cut into the girl's skinny ass, "Keep moving". When they reached the edge of the pool, Sadie asked, "So you don't want to stay here? After all the trouble I went through to sneak you into our private swim club? That's your choice, of course, but you owe me something for my trouble. Look where those ropes lead. It's hard to tell, but there's an old lady out there enjoying the pool. She's hogged the pool long enough, we want to get her out of there, but I don't want to get all wet, but you're in a bathing suit so you can jump in there and unhook her..." "no! (gasp, cough) I won't get in that..." At which Mistress Sadie grabbed her ankle chain and jerked it, sending the girl headfirst into the pool. After awhile most of the girl's head - the muck line was at her mouth - reappeared, her long blonde hair now looking quite different as she gasped and spit and shook her head to try to get the filth of her face. "It looks like you are in the pool, dear. Now do what I say and unhook the bitch or I'll add some more sewage to the pool and drown you, you little shit", Sadie said. The girl had already tried to start a backstroke and get her head clear of the muck but discovered that the chains wouldn't permit it. She wanted to throw up, but since she had to tilt her head upwards for her mouth to clear the muck, she was afraid of choking on her hurl. She began making her way to Diane, whose coating of shit was so complete the ropes were necessary to find her, and undid Diane's wrists with difficulty, since she could just barely raise her own hands high enough to reach Diane's. This deprived Diane

of a way to hold herself up, and since she was too tired to paddle to keep her head above water she had to float with her face in the shit until the girl could release her ankles. When she was free she stood up and tried to wipe the filth from her face but since it covered her hands as well little was accomplished. Giving up, she picked up the girl to get her head up and carried her to the side of the pool. There was no ladder and to get out one had to grab rings a few feet from the edge of the pool to haul oneself out. Diane started to push the girl up but Sadie shoved a pole against the child and said "Slave, you should know that children need to learn to do things for themselves. Put her down and let her get herself out". Diane looked Sadie and the girl and the rings outside the pool, too far away for the child to reach, and back at Sadie. "The little one's not even 4' tall", she said. Diane stared at her for a moment, then lowered the child, who started screaming and crying and tried to grab hold of Diane as Diane pulled herself with the last of her strength out of the pool, but Sadie pushed her off with the pole. Diane lay exhausted by the side of the pool as the little girl screamed, "Don't leave me please don't leave me".

Sadie waited for a moment, then said "Alright slave, enough lollygagging, get on your feet. NOW !", punctuating her order with a sharp stroke of the cane across Diane's buttocks. "If you make me get my nice clean cane dirty beating your shitty ass slave I'm going to be very mad". Diane managed with difficulty to make it to her feet and stood shakily before Sadie. "God, you're a mess", Sadie said. "Here", she said as she draped a set of handcuffs across the end of the cane and extended it towards Diane, "put these on, I don't want to touch you till we get you cleaned up". Diane took the handcuffs and locked her own wrists behind her. "Good", Sadie said, "now let's go clean you up. You've got a date with a firehose. Start walking", she said, gesturing with the cane towards the door. As Diane staggered towards the exit, Sadie urged her on with cane strokes that cut across Diane's back while the girl's pleading cries "please help me, please don't leave me, please" cut into her heart.

Supplementary

I'm not quite sure where this segment will fit into the completed version of "Diane", if it's ever finished.

Part ? Session report

From: Sadie

To: The Master

Subject: Session report, Slave: Diane Scott

The session began with Mrs. Scott naked, save for her 5" white spike heels. Her wrists were tied together behind her back, but before being tied together her arms were bent so that her hands pointed up, not down, and her hands were pushed high up her back. From her wrists ran a cord tied to a chain looped over her neck, which had strong, sharp clips at each end, and these clips were attached to the subject's nipples. Subject displayed indecision as to which pain was worse, keeping her hands high, or the pull on her nipples when she let them slip.

There was also a very strong double sided clamp on one of her pussy lips. The other side of that clamp held a large and quite angry rat by it's tail. As the rat would bite anything it could reach, Mrs. Scott was forced to stand with her legs widely separated to assure that the the struggling rat's teeth didn't swing close enough to her pretty legs to take a bite out of them, but the choker chain around her neck, fastened to a cord hanging from the ceiling, prevented her from spreading them too far, so she was compelled to hold very still to avoid imparting any momentum to the rat. After she stood in this position for a couple hours, her buttocks were caned until she couldn't help moving, and her twisting caused the rat to swing back and forth enough that he could and did bite the subject, said bites causing her to suddenly spread her legs further apart, which in turn caused the choker to close around her throat, making her close her legs to relieve the pressure so she could breath again. Of course, this enabled the rat to bite her again. She went through this cycle several times before she was finally able to force herself to hold still when the rat bite her, her stillness permitting the rat's momentum to abate, and we returned to the pre-caning situation (but with rat bites on her legs, bruises on her throat, and blood on her white shoes).

To increase the fun, we rolled in a small cart on which Diane's best friend, whose recent abduction she was unaware of, was tied, and also brought in two blocks of

ice. Diane's shoes were removed, and she was stood on the ice, then the cart was slid beneath her, between her legs, such that Diane's friend, Christine (a petite red-hair about forty; photo and statistics attached in Appendix A) had her face just below the rat's head. Christine's hair had been pulled to both sides and tied to the cart so as to prevent her from moving her head. Were Diane to have pushed away the ice, or slump from the pain and fatigue of her latest ordeal, the rat would have had immediate access to Christine's face. But even as she endured the pain of standing with her bare feet on the ice, it was plain to both subjects that the melting of the ice would eventually lower Mrs. Scott until the rat reached Christine's face - which, thanks to a video camera and strategically placed monitors (plus an order forbidding her to close her eyes), Diane could see, so she could not fail to see the terror in Christine's wide brown eyes. A scarf pulled tightly in Christine's mouth prevented her from speaking clearly while offering no protection for her soft lips, but the sounds passing over the gag weren't so garbled as to conceal her fear, or disguise her pleas.

Diane had been similarly gagged to this point, when her gag was removed so she could beg, which she did quite nicely, weeping and pleading and trying to bargain with offers of all that she'll do if we'd just move Christine. But since, as she knows well, she'll do whatever we want her to do, no matter what she may want, she had nothing to bargain with, and the ice melted and the rat, only more agitated by all the screams, slashed at Christine's face until one set of screams ceased, and we rolled away the cart. Christine survived, and as luck would have it she still has one eye, so we'll tend to her so that in a day or so we can show her what remains of her face; then she won't mind a bit part in our next snuff film quite so much (damage to her face precludes any larger role). She was taken to the infirmary for treatment.

Video and audiotape of this session turned out well. Both subjects' responses to pain and fear were excellent. Product of this session should be quite popular. Still shots from the video enclosed in Appendix B.

Diane, after being forced to look at Christine's ravaged face, was undone and her wounds treated, then handcuffed and returned to her tigress cage, the three cubic foot cage in which she sits, sort of, alone in a totally dark room until we decide it's time for her to suffer again.

Well, most days and nights she's alone in her tiny, dark cage. Tonight, she has a companion.

END

Author: SD (no email)