

Endurance

Category: Text Stories

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SUB

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Part 1

Slipping off her bathrobe, Samantha found her hands caressing the skin of her stomach and up to her breasts. She looked hard for proof of her age, finding little but confidence in her eyes. Even she would be hard pressed to believe she had just turned 40. Years ago, when she was just starting out in the business world, she had been a striking brunette, who used her beauty and charms to get what she wanted. Now, 20 years later, she found she had everything she had set out to achieve. Her position of Vice President had been earned both through her own sweat as well as the blood of not just a few contemporaries, men and women alike, who stood in her way. The office gossip had always involved the she-bitch Samantha Bennet, someone you didn't want to lock horns with. Samantha enjoyed the reputation, and enjoyed instilling fear in her employees. The combination of her now striking beauty and steely attitude created a bubble of intimidation around her.

Now, standing naked in front of the mirror, she knew that she had been fortunate to avoid the typical signs of age someone might expect. Her breasts hadn't sagged, but were still perky and round. When dating years ago, men had assumed she had had a breast job. The 38D size, coupled with a nearly perfect shape, was easy to mistake

for fake. She let her hands run over them, cupping the flesh, holding their weight, before pinching her nipples that sprang out in response. Gasping in delight, she released them. She had always wanted someone to pierce them for her, but her reputation attracted more submissive men rather than the strong dominant she craved. Dropping her fingers down to her waist she pressed in with her hands, feeling excitement as she constricted it. She had maintained a 20-inch waist for years, which made her chest look even larger when wearing a form fitting dress. She dropped one hand to her crotch, feeling her small patch of pussy hair that she kept trimmed close. For a moment she thought she might let her hand drop further, but quickly caught herself, a wry smile reaching her lips.

Tossing her long, dark, wavy hair, she could feel it nearly touch her lower back, as it cascading off her shoulders. She reached back and began lacing it into a ponytail, making sure that she kept it as flat as possible at her head. Quickly finished, Samantha took one last look at her still tight 5'7" frame, before slipping the long cloak over her shoulders and grabbing her bag, before heading out the door.

As she pulled into the back of the club, parking in a spot under a tree, she watched as various couples and singles walked to the concealed door under the awning. Most were dressed in rubber or leather, and a few men led women on leashes. As usual, a thrill of excitement coursed through her body before she began a night of adventure. For a moment she frowned, remembering how she felt now, in comparison to the disappointment she usually felt when she went home alone in the evening. Despite her efforts, she had yet to have as much fun as she always imagined before she went in. Shrugging it off, she slipped off her cloak before diving into her bag. First, she selected a pair of 7" heels, slipping them onto her feet. Even without standing, she could already feel the strain on her calves from the extreme angle. Bending sharply at the toes, the heel forced her feet to bend at a painful angle. Reaching back into the bag, she fit cuffs snugly around her ankles, with an added strap that went from the side of the cuff, under the shoe and back to the other side of the cuff, where it locked on. A short, 4-inch piece of chain connected the two cuffs, holding her feet close. Additional leather cuffs fit around her wrists, including a 5-inch wide set placed above her elbows. Slipping off the cloak, Samantha stretched her mouth wide, and fit her custom mouth piece in. Designed by a kinky dentist friend, the rubber device was formed to fit her mouth perfectly. The mold covered her teeth

with a soft rubber padding, while wedging hard blocks at the back of her teeth, holding her mouth open to the extreme. She felt her tongue slip into its pocket, effectively coating her tongue with rubber while giving its surface a bumpy, pleasurable texture. As the piece fit in to the final position, she gagged a touch. The rubber over the top of her tongue extended down her throat a touch, helping complete the feeling of a latex-coated mouth. She pressed the rubber in more firmly, feeling her now rubber coated front teeth. She tried to close her jaw a little but quickly found the device did its job. It was exactly what she wanted, but it took a minute to get used to. As she felt it settle into place, her jaw began to ache from the extreme pressure holding her mouth wide, but she ignored the pain as she oriented the custom-formed ear plugs to the proper ear, pressing them deep into her ear canals. The noises outside were immediately reduced to a distant hum, barely audible over her own heartbeat. Once seated deeply into her ears, she twisted the end, activating the white noise generators inside. The effect was immediately disorienting. Though it had appeared all sound had been locked out before, the white noise generators suddenly and shockingly removed the small remainder, leaving Samantha totally and completely deaf. It was the first time she had worn the devices, and was shocked at their effectiveness. Snapping her fingers, she couldn't hear even the faintest vibration. Though excited about her sudden and total loss of hearing, she hesitated. Losing a sense so completely made her feel even more defenseless. But only a moment of hesitation lasted, before she continued the process. The soft putty designed to fill the remainder of her ear canal seemed overkill, but she decided not to cut any corners. She molded it into place, covering the earplugs and sealing them into place. As she finished, she thought about her single test with the white noise plugs. Shortly after buying them, Samantha had accidentally left one on. Three weeks later she had come across it, only to find that it was still working. The manufacturer had stated that a battery would last three months. She now believed them.

Two small rubber stoppers were next, the center hole through them fit with small tubes. Pressing one into each nostril, she pushed the small stoppers deep into her nose, ensuring the other end of the tubes reached past her sinuses. The opposite end of tube extended just short of the nostril end, concealing the ends. Breathing through her nose, she could suck air through the tubes only. It was difficult, and air

came in small amounts, but the purpose was more emergency than ideal. With no ability to respond, we wanted to ensure she would be able to breathe despite what was shoved in her mouth or down her throat. Selecting a rubber hood, she held it out to face her. The shiny black material had only nostril and mouth holes, with a built in gasket that fit in her mouth, rubberizing her lips in the process. She knew once she slipped this on she wouldn't turn back. With an excited breath, she pressed the mouth piece against her lips, forcing the hardened rubber to fit around her lips and into her mouth. Pulling the hood up, she stretched it over her smoothed hair, pulling the ponytail through a reinforced hole at the top. The pressure of the thick, rubber hood on her jaw only increased the ache, and the sudden darkness gave her a new thrill. She carefully positioned the soft rubber pads built into the hood over her eyes, then made sure similar pads fit over her ears. Feeling her nose, she made sure the rubber inserts that reached up her nostrils were fit in correctly, then felt around her mouth to ensure the gasket was in place. Samantha wished she could see, knowing that her entire head now appeared to be made of rubber, including inside her nostrils and her mouth. Already she had begun to sweat, beads running down her neck and onto her bare body.

Next, she felt in a large jar for the kidskin leather hood that was soaking in a salty brine water. Wringing it out, she lifted it up and carefully slipped the dampened leather over her head. As she stretched it into place, it fit snugly even before it was laced. Once again, small nostril flaps fit inside her nose, though the mouth was left unobstructed, leaving her lips alone in their rubberized glory. Again she carefully placed the hood, feeling the even thicker pads settle over her eyes and ears. She knew she was overdoing it. With both the noise canceling earplugs, the putty holding them in, and the ear and eye pads inside the rubber hood, she was already effectively deaf and sightless. The heavy padding inside the leather hood only served to further guarantee the effect. Reaching behind her head, she grasped the extra long, leather and wire laces and began to pull, cinching them tighter and tighter, using every bit of strength she could muster. Laced with thin aircraft cable wrapped in soft leather, the lacing was nearly impossible to cut with any conventional tools. The kidskin, soft and pliant from the dampness, slowly formed into a smooth, skintight surface of black leather over her head, and despite how hard she pulled, left a small gap between sides. Already she felt her head was being crushed by the

leather. The hood actually fit down over her neck, forming a loose collar. Hooks built into the base of the hood allowed her to pull the lacings snug, then bind them in position. A small metal clamp fit around the final cross over, and with the careful application of a wrench, she bent the metal together, locking the laces in place, with no chance of slippage or accidental unlacing. Finding the metal, she slipped a special tool, designed for cutting high-tension wire, around the remaining lace, then clamping down hard. It took nearly five minutes to cut the cables, but in the end, the lacing was finished, locking the outer hood on. The pressure on her skull was beginning to effect her, a small, claustrophobic panic building. Her hands shot up to the hood for a moment, feeling the seamless surface where her eyes used to be, then touching the nostril and mouth area. Samantha fought the fear, finally taking control of it, before making herself relax.

A small, cigarette lighter powered hair dryer was next, and Samantha reluctantly began drying the hood on her head. Quickly, the thin leather began to react, slowly shrinking more and more. Unable to bear the pressure, Samantha quickly shut off the dryer, but despite her quickness, the process had begun. A wail of pain escaped her open mouth, but she heard nothing. Finally, learning to live with the slowly crushing leather, she grabbed a gag from the bag and slipped it in her mouth. A long, thick cock gag, it reached far enough bag to tickle her throat, while filling her already wide mouth with its rubber base. Strapping it on, she tried to feel it with her rubber coated tongue but could only feel a shape. She felt inside the bag once again, pulling out the wide leather posture collar, before fitting it over the base of the hood and around her neck. Three buckles helped lace it on snugly, before Samantha fit locks through the rings that would hold the straps on.

Finally finished, Samantha felt for a leash, attaching it in front, before reaching for the headlight switch.

Marco stood stoically by the club door, watching his more junior bouncers check bags and admit people into the club. It was always an interesting group, and he had no problem staring at the hot chicks and bound submissives that were often led into the club. The flashing of car lights caught his attention, and he turned to see the dark sedan parked under the tree nearby.

"I'll be back," he said to his next in command, before making his way across the parking lot. As usual, he found the naked, heavily hooded woman kneeling on the ground outside the open driver's side door. Five hundred dollars sat on the seat. Marco grabbed the money, shoving it in his pocket, before moving behind the girl. With his strength, it was easy for him to force the girl's arms together behind her back, then link together the wide straps at a point nearest the elbow. Her shoulders wrenched back, pressing her large breasts out. He could almost hear a groan from the wedged open mouth. Attaching her wrists together was easy. The cuffs had a pin and socket design which, when pressed together, locked into place. Her elbow cuffs had four of these links, though he only used the bottom most pin. There seemed to be no perceptible way to separate the cuffs. The pin slid into a socket on the opposite cuff, merging the two together tightly. He knew where she hid the thin little key, more of a pin really, that slid into a seam, releasing the lock. But the look was flawless, and he enjoyed it immensely.

Grabbing the girl by the shoulder's he lifted her to her towering heels, again detecting a moan as her weight rested on her feet. For over a year now, nearly every Saturday night, he had fulfilled his end of the bargain this unknown woman had made with him. For five hundred dollars, he was to finish her arm bondage, then lead her into the club, placing her into a dungeon as a toy for any dominants who cared to use her. He was to encourage people to play with her in any way they chose, as long as, at the end of the evening, he rescued her and returned her to the car. He had no idea who the woman was, but from the looks of her body, he would have guessed she was some rich snob 25 year old, looking for a kinky thrill. She certainly had all the equipment, and dared to make herself available to any crazy in the club. Usually, around closing time, he would find her alone on her knees. He'd lead her back to her car, use the tool to unlock her arms, and leave her. By the time he finished cleaning up, her car would be gone.

Marco's rough hands ran up her body and over her breasts. "Maybe I should take a piece of this," he always thought. But of course, he never did. He moved behind her again, admiring her perfect ass. Damn her, he always thought. This time, in anger, he reached up to her upper arm straps and pushed hard to force the cuffs even closer together. A scream erupted from the girl's mouth as he forced a second, then a third pin into the corresponding slot. Before he could press hard enough to send

the fourth home, he stopped, realizing he might dislocate her shoulders, if he hadn't already. He ignored her cries, grabbing the leash that dangled from her collar, yanking her after him as he led her to the club.

Samantha was struggling to handle the pain of her arms and shoulders as she kneeled in what she assumed was one of the dungeons. She had to fight to remain focused. The perfect effect of both being blind and completely deaf was new to her and the lack of two senses so vital to life made it difficult to not simply fall over and curl into a fetal position. She stayed on her knees, however, in the perfect slave posture, knees spread, back straight. Some nights, she was left alone, and though her extreme bondage was a turn on, as was her exhibitionist nature, she was always disappointed. Now, she could sense people moving around her, and though she was excited from anticipation, she had already begun to hope for the end of the evening. Her arm bondage had created an intense ache that traveled from her hands to her shoulders. Combined with the pressure of the hoods on her head, she fought to avoid panic.

As she struggled to stay focused, she felt hands running across her smooth head. "Finally," she thought. Her mind began to assume the typical scenario; some fondling, some spanking, maybe a flogging, and maybe a forced blow job. Though she was eager to take what she could get, she still dreamt of the ultimate master to take her and truly use her. The hands continued to caress her head, then across her body, before pulling her to her feet. She moaned quietly at the pain in her toes, wondering how long she would be made to stand. She knew she could manage a few minutes, and figured she'd be bent over something shortly anyway, and thus the pressure would be relieved.

To replace what she assumed would be a pending disappointment, Samantha began fantasizing about her ultimate master. Living a life where she was the ultimate dominant at work, she craved the absolute opposite in her private life. To find a man who would use her, modify her, humiliate her, torture her; that was the dream.

Curtis ran his hands up the slave's body again, this time firmly tweaking her nipples. A slight moan escaped her throat but she remained disciplined. She was quite the beauty, he thought, admiring her thin waist and long legs, along with the heavy hood

concealing her head. Her arms had already begun to turn a shade of red from the intense position. He imagined she was close to dislocation, and a smile crossed his face at the thought. Yanking the chain in his hand, he tugged the little Asian girl at his feet closer. She was being a bit of a snivelly brat, he thought. They had met at another club that night, and she had professed her interest in being his sex slave for the night. He was more than happy to oblige the little thing. She was only five-foot tall, with pale skin and long dark hair, which framed her round face and delicate mouth. In most unusual fashion, she had somewhat large breasts, an oddity for her size and nationality. He quickly tired of her flaunting them, and began to devise a plan to punish her for her discretions.

Once he had gotten her to this club, he had ordered her to strip naked in front of a crowd, then bound her wrists behind her with a harsh rope. Stepping behind her, he chose a large, 2 1/2 inch rubber ball gag, which he pressed against her lips, letting her head rest back against his chest. The ball was easily an inch and a half too big for her, but he pressed hard, forcing it in despite her wail of pain and the tears that sprang from her eyes. He locked a snug collar around her neck, then laced another piece of rope from her wrists through a ring at the back of the collar. Grabbing a handful of hair, he pushed her to the floor, then straddled her kneeling form, pulling her supple hands up her back into an inverted prayer. She had screamed from the pain, but again Curtis ignored her, pulling her wrists up until they nearly reached her collar, before running the rope back down her back, under her arms and between her legs. Forcing her to stand again, he laced the rope around her tits, forcing them to bulge out, immediately turning purple. He grabbed a handful of hair again, yanking her head back so she faced up toward him. The added bend to her body pulled her tits up more, stretching them down while tightening the rough rope.

“That should tide you over for a little while,” he said to her, watching her scream behind the gag. “Later I’ll find a way to cause more pain, my little sex slave.” He shoved her back to her knees, letting her fall onto her face, before attaching a leash and forcing her to crawl through the amazed crowd toward the dungeon.

Now, the little Asian girl was struggling to find a way to relieve some of the pressure off her arms, breasts and neck. He could see a trail of tears cut across her cheeks. Turning to the new girl, he looked around for her master or mistress, catching the

eye of Marcos.

“Is this one with anybody,” he asked. Marcos looked up, seeing that the little rich girl had a bite for once.

“No. I brought her in. She’s looking for a Master or Mistress,” he replied.

“Is she for sale?” Marcos hadn’t thought of it that way, but the idea seemed to strike a cord.

“Maybe. Why don’t you have some fun with her in the private dungeon and we can talk later.”

“Any limits,” Curtis asked. Remembering his frustration earlier, Marcos answered.

“Nope. Whatever you want,” he replied. Curtis nodded, thanking the bouncer, before tugging the leash toward the door at the end of the public dungeon. Marcos watched him go, leading the hooded form of the girl and the little Asian into the room.

End of Part 1