

Janet Bound

Category: Text Stories

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by SooprBRANE

Part 1dil

Janet could not believe her luck. She had bagged the “big one”! This woman had been coming into Janet’s high scale strip club for over 2 weeks now, throwing around hundred dollar bills like they were ones. Janet, of course, had made a consistent effort to be the first one at her table whenever she came in. Her perfect body had been an obvious source of pleasure for her and she had doled out at least six thousand dollars in the last week alone. The best part about it was she never asked for anything beyond her normal table dances. Janet actually found lesbians to be very repulsive, but she was more than willing to play the part for large sums of cash. Some of the other girls had made efforts to catch her eye, but if Janet had been unpopular before she had started showing up, her very overt attentions to her made the other dancers positively hate Janet now. The fact that a few of the very attractive women who danced with Janet were also lesbian, yet could make no headway with this lone rich woman only made them angrier. When she had asked if Janet had the next couple of days off, Janet knew she had hit the gold mine. She overpaid for a private booth dance, and Janet thought that was all she was going to do. But when Janet got back to the room, the woman had just wanted to talk to her. She asked her

questions about where she was from and if she had a boyfriend. Janet had explained that she, like half of LA, was an actor and that she had no boyfriend per se in town. She had been in Southern California for only a few months, after all. The woman asked if she wanted to be with her for the weekends as an “escort”. Janet acted coy for a moment, until the woman explained that she would give her twenty five thousand dollars for every day she would spend with her. Her only answer then was, “When do you want me?”, a bit greedily. The woman handed her a wad of hundred dollar bills. “That’s five thousand dollars... a sign of good faith. I need only one promise... you cannot tell anyone else here about this. If you do then we will never have another time together again. Understand? That means not another dime for you. I still want to be able to come in here, even if you are not here; I would still like to be able to come to this place and not get swarmed on by some money hungry strippers.” “That is absolutely no problem. When do you want me to meet you?”, she said again. “I am staying at the Carlton Ritz in downtown. I need you to dress as conservatively as you can. I would prefer that you wear sunglasses and maybe a hat. Is that okay if you meet me there?”

More dollar signs flashed in Janet’s head. The Carlton Ritz!! The most exclusive hotel in the city... and this woman was staying there for an extended time!

“Do you have a wig... black or blonde hair?”, she asked.

“Yes, I have a long black wig. Would you like me to wear it?”, she said, now willing to do anything to get this woman.

“Please... make yourself as unsexy as possible... and unrecognizable, please... it is just my paranoias. People in my business world do not know I am a lesbian and I would prefer it to remain that way.” The woman handed her a key card for a hotel. “Here, this is the key to the room, it is on the top floor and you will need to use it in the elevator to get to that level. Please do not say anything to anyone and try not to let anyone see you. I will be watching and if you are noticed too much I will ask you to leave without any further compensation. Understand?” Janet was too dazzled by the potential money to do anything but nod her head affirmatively. “When do you want me there?”, she asked.

“As soon as you can get off work and go change. I need an escort to an intimate

party with some of my friends that share my sexual orientation. I will have to brief you on a couple of things before hand, so the sooner the better. Okay?"

"Well, it's 2:00 now", Janet began. "I can leave immediately, go home, change into the dowdiest outfit I have and be there by 4 or so. Is that okay?" The woman gave a slight smile. "Perfect. The party starts at about 7:00. I am going to get you an outfit for this evening. I have tape measure, could I take some measurements?" Janet nodded her head rapidly. "Of course... you have paid enough for that," she said with a giggle. The woman had a cloth measuring tape in her purse and began measuring Janet's perfect body: 35 inch hips, 21 inch waist, 38 inch bust. She measured her arms and legs - even her feet for shoes. Strangely, she also measured the diameter of her head, and the size of her hands and neck. "What does this dyke expect me to wear?", Janet thought. But any trepidation evaporated when the woman explained:

"Believe it or not we have tiaras and chokers we are expected to wear. This is a costume ball and you will look great on my arm." Janet was getting excited about this - a party she was getting paid an outrageous sum to attend! The woman got up to leave. "Don't forget, not a word to anyone. I swear, if I find out you started talking about your good fortune then you go home with what you have and nothing else. You'd also better not attract any attention coming into my hotel. I guarantee I will be watching you as you come in." Janet said, "You may see me, but you will not be able to recognize me at all. I promise." The woman then turned and walked rapidly out of the room.

Janet gathered together the money and hotel key, went back to her dressing room and got her street clothes on rapidly. She found the boss of the place, explained that she was not feeling well and was leaving early. He glared at her, but said nothing about it. Janet was well known for leaving early before her days off. As Janet was leaving, she was surprised to see the woman buying more table dances from other women. She did not even make eye contact with Janet as she left.

By 4:00 Janet was unrecognizable to anyone that knew her before. She was wearing a too-large conservative gray business suit. A medium-length black wig with gray flecks in it covered her lustrous red hair. She had even padded out the suit to make her appear heavier and older. Instead of a 22-year-old perfectly-bodied stripper, she

looked like a sunglasses-wearing, boring 38-year-old librarian.

The woman saw her enter the hotel room and was very impressed. She had not recognized her at all, except the woman noticed that Janet fumbled in the elevator with the key card, being unfamiliar with how it worked. The woman had to resist running to the elevator to follow her up. She had her! All the time and money was finally coming to a result. The woman's hands shook as she opened the door to her \$5,000 dollar a night suite. Standing in the room was the object of her lust. She was still wearing her outfit, and even close up, the woman was impressed - she still would not have recognized her.

"Nice job so far. Who did you talk to about me?"

"Not a soul, I promise," Janet said rapidly. It was true. She had gone straight home, changed and come here.

The woman stared at her long and hard, and finally seemed to relax.

"My name is Hillary," she said, extending her hand. Janet shook her hand briefly.

"Okay Janet, please go get rid of all those clothes and meet me in the front room. I want to put some things on you." Janet left without saying a word, stripped rapidly, removed her wig and sunglasses and returned to the front room, completely naked. Hillary was in the room with an open cedar chest. She looked up as Janet walked into the room. Janet could see the lust overcome Hillary as she saw Janet's amazing form stride into the room. Hillary pulled out an odd, ornate metal choker out of the cedar box.

"Come here and turn around. All the girls at tonight's event will be wearing chokers."

Janet did not think the choker was even remotely attractive. It looked like a medical device more than any sort of jewelry. But she obediently came over, turned around and lifted her hair. Hillary's hands were trembling noticeably as she pulled the choker around Janet's slender neck. It was all metal, with small jewels that extended from the choker to spots on her neck. With a little bit of struggling, Hillary was able to click the lock closed at the base of Janet's neck.

“This is a little tight, Hillary,” Janet said with more than a hint of irritation in her voice.

Hillary chuckled with obvious delight. “Janet, once that choker locked on your neck, your comfort just left your control.”

Janet turned around with confusion. Hillary’s voice had become hard and mocking.

“What are you talking about?”, Janet said to Hillary. Hillary was a good 3 inches taller than Janet, but Janet still felt she could take the mousy girl if push came to shove.

Suddenly a bolt of pain shot through Janet’s throat. She felt like her whole body was on fire. She dropped to her knees, unable to control her own body as electricity coursed through it from the choker. She was on her knees when the current stopped. Drool ran from her mouth and tears covered her face. She gasped for breath and looked up at Hillary looming over her. She had a small remote control in her hand, finger poised over a button.

“Janet. You are no longer a free woman. I have studied you for a month. I have always wanted a girl to play with. I wanted a girl that did not want to play with me, however. I have the money to buy any sort of submissive gay woman. But to get a haughty, straight bitch as a plaything... I have wanted that for years. You are the one for me.” Janet tried to claw at the choker around her neck. It was impossible to remove with her strength. She could not damage it or affect it in any way.

“You bitch, you cannot get away with this,” Janet hissed at Hillary.

“Oh, can’t I? No one knows you are here. No one saw you come into this room. I have another surprise for you, too.” Hillary reached up and pulled off a wig of mousy brown locks. Underneath was closely cropped blonde hair. Hillary removed a prosthetic nose and the glasses she had always had on. “You see? No one at the club has seen the real me before, either. The car I drove was bought from a friend of mine at a chop shop. I have no connection at all to your work or to you.” Janet was getting very worried now. Some twisted lesbian was going to keep her against her will? Janet tried to leap at Hillary. Before she got there, the choker sprang to life

again, this time tightening up with brutal efficiency. Janet could not breathe at all! She dropped back to the ground clawing helplessly at the choker as it closed millimeter by millimeter. Janet could see the world closing in on her. Just as she thought she was going to die the choker loosed to its former still-snug dimensions.

Janet was on her hands and knees, gasping for breath. Hillary put a knee in the small of Janet's back and forced her to the floor. She looped the control device for the choker around her own neck for easy access, then put her mouth close to Janet's ear.

"You are mine, bitch. I am going to bind you in the most brutal and stringent ways imaginable. I am going to use your body as a toy. And you can do nothing to stop me. I am never going to release you or let up on you. I want you to realize that in about 5 minutes you are never going to be free again. Now put those hands behind your back please." "Fuck you, dyke", was Janet's rather foolish reply. Hillary simply reached to the choker remote control and gave Janet a 3-second shock. Janet bucked and moaned in horrible agony. "Hands behind your back please, Janet", Hillary said patiently. Janet actually paused for a second then reluctantly put her hands behind her. She felt a leather belt being looped around her upper arms and tightened roughly. Her elbows were now touching behind her back. Janet yelped out in pain as the belt was buckled there. "You fucking cunt", Janet said between gritted teeth. "Temper now, Janet," Hillary said. Hillary put a small rubber ball in Janet's right palm. "Do me a favor and squeeze this ball tightly please," Hillary said. Janet complied with this seemingly innocent request. Janet felt something being forced over her right hand with the ball in it. "Have you ever done any bondage, Janet?", Hillary asked. "No, Bitch, I don't do this sick stuff," Janet replied. "Well, then I'd better explain what I am putting on you. They are called 'thumb-less mittens'. They are made of calf skin leather and their name explains what they are. When I put your hands in these, your fingers are forced into tight fists that you cannot open. You would be surprised how helpless this makes you. Without your fingers you cannot work anything. These lock on with a key I have." The mittens were incredibly tight over her hand and the ball. Once placed on she could not move her fingers even slightly. The ball in her palm prevented her from closing her hands at all. Janet moaned softly with fear in spite of herself. She heard a lock click as the mitten was sealed on. A second rubber ball was placed into Janet's left hand and her fingers

pushed around it. Another tight mitten was slipped and locked on. Her hands were bound in leather and rubber. Hillary was having a tough time keeping steady she was so excited by the sight. "Janet, as much as I love talking with you, I just cant risk the neighbors hearing us.

I assume that even a bondage neophyte like yourself knows what a gag is?"

End of Part 1

Part 2

"Look, I promise I won't make any noise if you don't hurt me," Janet pleaded. Hillary did not seem to hear the helpless girl underneath her. She reached into the chest again and removed a red rubber ball, at least as big as a tennis ball, from the chest. It had several straps and buckles attached to it. "This is called a head harness ball gag sweetie.", Hilary explained. "It is designed to keep the ball tightly wedged into your mouth. Once something like this goes on, the only sounds you will be able to make are little mews and grunts. It is much more effective than a normal one strap ball gag, because there is no chance of you being able to slip it off without unlocking it. The straps will cover your face holding the ball in and your jaw locked around it. It is very uncomfortable and very effective." "Please Hillary. I swear not to make a sound unless you say so. I cannot handle that in my mouth. Please, I'll choke." Hillary put her knee into Janet's back, and grabbed her red hair, pulling Janet's head straight back. Janet's mouth opened involuntarily as her neck was jerked roughly back. Once her mouth opened, Hillary expertly began to shove the ball in Janet's unwilling mouth. After a few seconds of struggling the ball forced Janet's jaw to extend wide enough to accept its form. Janet groaned and tried to pull her head away, but Hillary had a nice wad of Janet's lustrous mane wrapped in her hand. Rapidly Hillary pulled the main strap of the gag around Janet's head, under her hair and buckled and locked it as tightly as possible at the base of her skull. More straps ran from the ball, over Janet's head and bucked at the top of her skull. Another strap ran under her chin and attached to the main strap around her mouth. When all these straps were tightened and locked, Janet could not move her jaw at all. Her mouth

distended horribly by the ball wedged in her mouth. Janet tried to scream around the gag. Of course nothing came out but a pathetic mew.

“Isn’t that better Janet, now I can talk without any interruptions from you.”

Drool was already forming at the corners of Janet’s mouth were the gag let a tiny bit out. Hillary got off Janet and let her struggle a bit with her already strict bondage. Janet got up to her knees, her bound hands flailing helplessly at the elbows, unable to reach up to the oppressive gag. “Just so you know Janet, if you try to get to your feet I’m just going to shock you until you drop back down. So don’t even try,” Hillary said mockingly. Janet sat on her knees and struggled helplessly with the strap holding her elbows. Hillary got back to the chest and pulled out a long, tapered black piece of fitted leather. Janet immediately did not like the looks of it. There were straps and buckles up and down the device. “Janet, this is my favorite method of binding a person. It is called a ‘single sleeved armbinder’. You can see it is pretty simple. It is a shaped piece of leather that fits over your arms.” Hillary held the armbinder up with one hand while she used her other to point out the various details of the bondage device to the wide eyes of a terrified Janet. “Here at the bottom is where your hands will go. With those hand mittens already on you it won’t make much difference having another layer of leather wrapping them up. The width of the sheath makes it so your arms from fingertip to elbow are going to be pinned tightly together, so enjoy flapping those arms around while you can. There are straps that wrap around your arms about every six inches. Again, they are not necessary, but they just serve to make sure you are more helpless. The binder goes all the way up to your shoulders. I have been in one and they are completely impossible to escape from even if loosely applied. Of course I am going to strap you into this one as tightly as I physically can.”

Janet moaned and tried to get up to run, but Hillary was on her and forced her to her stomach again. Janet felt as the leather sheath was easily slid up her still bound arms. She fought as best as she could but once it was pulled up to her shoulders, Janet knew that Hillary was correct. There was no way she could escape this thing. Then it started to get really bad for Janet. There were laces that ran the entire length of the armbinder. Slowly and deliberately, Hilary began to tighten them. It took at least fifteen minutes for Hillary to get from the tips of the fingers to the top

of the shoulders. By the time she was finished, the leather stretched around Janet's arms like a thin leather skin. There was absolutely no slack anywhere along the entire length of the binder. Janet groaned and cried on the floor underneath Hillary as the binder fused her arms tighter and tighter. Her massive tits were pressed into the ground underneath both her weight and Hillary on her back.

Hillary was finally satisfied that there was no more slack left in the laces and knotted the top off at the space between her arms at the shoulders. She even added a few drops of super glue to the knot to prevent any chance of it coming loose. A flap with a zipper covered up the lacing all the way down her arms. Once this zipped up there was a lock at the top to keep it from going back down. Hillary then wrapped all the straps around the outside of the binder - one at the wrists, one 6 inches higher at mid-forearm, one at the elbows, and one at the biceps. Each of these straps were pulled brutally tight and had a small stainless steel lock on them. Finally two thicker straps ran from the top of the binder, over each of Janet's shoulders, crossed between Janet's massive, firm tits and then buckled and locked to the other side of the binder right beneath Janet's armpits. Hillary then grabbed Janet's hair and forced her onto her knees. Janet tried to look over her shoulder to see if there was any way to loosen this impossibly tight device. Her shoulder muscles screamed in agony over being placed in this stringent position. Janet could only grunt and drool in protest to her captor.

"Well, lets get started on those great legs of yours, shall we?" Hillary continued her mocking of Janet. She once again grabbed Janet's hair and pulled her face straight down to the ground. She dragged her forward until her body laid flat with her legs out behind her. She sat on Janet's ass and reached into the cedar chest. She pulled out what appeared to be a shaped leather stocking. It was obviously designed to fit over a woman's leg.

"Look here Janet, this device is of my own creation. I love the look of a woman in leather stockings, but I also love to see a woman's foot forced to a point. These leather socks do both. They lace on to you all the way to the top of your thigh. They look incredible too. The best part is the foot. On the sole of your feet is the softest thinnest leather. But over the top is a perfectly shaped inflexible piece of metal. It forces your foot to an overextended point. Once I lace your feet into these it is going

to be very uncomfortable for you. Now if you look along where your calf and back of your thigh is going to be..." Janet strained her aching head around to see the device Hillary was showing off. "You can see all these leather laces. I am going to sew your calf to your thigh, your ankle to your butt. Then thick leather straps will be tightened around your thighs and ankles for a final binding." Hillary reached down and grabbed Janet's shapely left ankle. Janet knew that if she were ever going to fight she would have to do it now. If her legs were going to be treated anything like her arms had been, then she would soon not be moving at all. She tried to pull her leg away, keeping it out of Hillary's expert hands. Hillary, however, did not feel like playing this game. She simply reached up to the control disk around her neck and very lightly touched the choking control on Janet's collar. Janet felt the device tighten very slightly, but that was enough. Already a bit oxygen deprived by having to get all her air through her nose, Janet was being choked to death very quickly. Spots started to form in front of her eyes. Even then, she could hear Hillary's stern voice. "Now lift your left leg straight up your back please, or you will soon black out. It is not a pleasant experience." Janet's oxygen starved brain complied immediately, and she felt the choker let back up. She coughed and sputtered around the gag, unable to restore her air supply as rapidly as her body demanded, because of the huge gag corking her stretched mouth. Hillary was completely unmindful of Janet's sufferings as she began to pull the legging over her shapely left foot. The bottom of the stocking was just like a boot, and Hillary had to pull and push to get Janet's foot to push into the unnatural shape the leather and steel demanded. Janet's complete surrender at this point did make it easier however, and within a few seconds her toes were pointed straight out inside the clever device. With a little effort, Hillary was then able to pull the rest of the stocking up and over Janet's long leg. From about the mid-calf on up to the very tops of her thigh, there was lacing to tighten the leather to perfectly fit any woman. Of course Hillary had chosen a size already very snug for Janet's leg, so tightening the leather was a slightly difficult task. It was a task that Hillary relished, though. Just like her arms, Hillary took her sweet time pulling each lace as tight as it could physically go, before moving to the next one up. Also like the armbinder, there was a final flap that zipped over these laces to prevent any hands being able to loosen them. When Hillary was done, Janet's leg was covered with a super tight leather skin from the very top of her thigh to the tip of her perfectly pointed toe. Hillary let go of the left leg and very patiently extended

her hand for the right. Janet immediately complied with this unspoken request. Within a few minutes her right leg was encased precisely the same way her left one had been.

Hillary finally got off Janet's ass at this point to enjoy a look at the almost completely helpless girl. "Tell you what Janet, I'm going to go to the bathroom, and change. If you can get loose, I'll let you go. Have fun." Janet laid there for a few seconds, unable to believe what was happening to her. She struggled for a few seconds, testing the armbinder to see if there was a miraculous rip in the seams or she suddenly developed the strength of a hundred women like her. After several seconds of straining and pulling, all she had managed to do was cover her naked body with a sheen of sweat from the exertion. She rolled onto her back at this point and stopped struggling for a moment, exhausted from this simple act. She began to cry in frustration, fear and embarrassment at this point; screaming as loud as she could into the hateful gag, head arching back and lifting her back off the floor. All the while her shoulders strained with every bit of might she had, panic lending more strength than she thought possible to her trapped limbs. This had no effect on the leather enveloping her so successfully. Her mind raced frantically for a solution to this impossible situation. Maybe she could find a kitchen in this place, with a knife or sharp edge she could use to cut this crap off her. How could she even hold a knife to cut toughened leather? She screamed and cried into her gag, but knew that it was so effective that no one could hear her more than 10 or 15 feet away. She was in a penthouse suite in a high-class hotel. There was no way her pitiful mews could be heard by anyone.

Then it hit her - a phone!! If she could get to a phone she could knock it off and get the "O" pushed. Even if she could not talk she could make enough noise to alert the operator that there was something not right in Suite 2213. She rolled back onto her stomach, (not easy with her arms useless to her) and brought her leather-clad legs underneath her. The super-tight leather made bending her legs almost impossible, but her fear-induced panic gave her strength. It was at this point that the insidiousness of Hillary's bindings became clear. Her feet were useless to her in their present position. She could not stand up at all! There was no way to walk with her feet stretched and pointed in the painful position they were in. She tried a half dozen times to get her legs underneath her, but it was simply impossible. If she was

going to get to the phone she was going to have to inch along with her half useless legs. The phone was at least 40 feet away on a coffee table. Inch by painful inch, Janet worked her way across the room, knowing that Hillary could return at any moment to continue her sick binding of her form. Amazingly, she made it to the phone table with no sign of her attacker returning. Another seemingly impossible problem asserted itself here. The phone was in the center of the table, unreachable by her reduced height. She actually tried to lift herself up enough to knock the phone off a couple of times, before deciding that she could knock over the whole table with a lot less effort. She knew she would have to work fast once the phone hit the ground, because that large a crash would surely bring Hillary back to stop her. She got her shoulder under the table, and flipped it over with a large crash. The phone flew off and thankfully landed only a couple of feet away from her. Janet quickly jabbed her nose a couple of times at the "O" symbol, until she was sure she had hit it enough to make the call. She moved her head over to the receiver laying on the ground and began to make as much grunting and moaning noises as the gag would allow. As she feared, she could hear Hillary coming up behind her, but she continued to make as much noise as she could into the receiver. Hillary finally reached her and very casually picked up the receiver.

"Hello," she said with a lot of mocking in her voice. "Is anyone there?" She put the receiver next to Janet's ear; there was no noise coming from it at all.

"There must be something wrong with the phone, honey, because I don't hear anything," she said condescendingly. Hillary looked around for a moment, and found the phone's unattached cord laying on the floor.

"Janet, let this be a lesson to you. I do not make mistakes; I am keeping you forever and to do that I have to think of everything. Of course the simplest way of making sure you are helpless is to add a LOT more bondage to your body. I know how much you enjoy the thought of that that. Janet's only response was a muffled mew of pleading and surrender.

End of Part 2

Part 3

Hillary had changed to a full-length black Lycra catsuit. It was obvious that she wore nothing underneath, as the snugness of the bodysuit left little to the imagination. She also wore some extremely high-heeled leather boots, the product of some fetish stores' catalog. The only part of Hillary exposed was her face, but she seemed as "X" rated as any person Janet had ever seen. She had a very adequate body. Nice tits, pretty good legs. However, compared to the woman she had bound in front of her she was an ugly duckling. Hillary had a 36-inch chest, but only a "C" cup. Janet had a 36-inch chest also, but she had a DD cup. Most of her chest was actually breast, while with Hillary and her more normal dimensions it was as much rib cage as anything else. Hillary was a full two inches taller than Janet's 5'7", but Janet's legs were almost three inches longer than Hillary's. Janet's waist was 2 inches smaller, her hips a couple of inches narrower; her lips fuller, her eyes green instead of the normal brown of Hillary. It all added up to a perfect looking woman. And Hillary felt no envy or need to be like her. All she felt was lust, and power. She owned this woman now, this perfectly-bodied thing. In the dating world Hillary would never have gotten anything from someone like Janet. But here and now, and forever she could take anything she wanted, do what she wanted. What she wanted now was to take away all hope and movement from Janet, to bind her as tightly and strictly as possible. She dragged Janet back over to the cedar chest, reveling in the moans of fear and resistance coming from Janet's rubber filled mouth.

"Let's finish those legs up, shall we Janet?" She brought Janet up onto her knees again, her legs curled up so her butt was sitting on her feet. All the way up and down the leggings there were leather lacings. Beginning at the top of the outside of her left thigh, she laced together with her ankle. Slowly, tightly she looped from her ankle and thigh down to her knee, fusing her leg together under her butt. She then did the same thing along the inside of her leg, going up and down the bound limb time and again to make sure there was absolutely no slack at all in the lacings. By the time she was done Janet's left leg was completely immobile, strapped under her ass. Finally a very wide, very stiff leather belt was pulled around the bound leg, covering almost half of her thigh and calf. It was just another redundant addition to

an already inescapable bondage, another layer of leather to wrap Janet into.

With the same deliberate pace, Hillary did the exact same thing to Janet's right leg fusing it from ankle to thigh in a leather prison. Then the wide belt to complete the binding, and from the waist down Janet was immobilized. Hillary got up to look at her handiwork. Janet was sitting on leather encased legs, her shoulders straining against the binder completely enfolding her arms. Her face crisscrossed by straps holding in a huge rubber ball in her mouth. Her massive chest forced to thrust out because of the posture her bound arms forced her to take. She was twisted her magnificent body left and right to try and get some sort of relief from her bondage.

"Well Janet, now it is going to get harder. As you might have noticed, I like the idea of you being helpless. Right now you have way too much movement available to you. We can take care of that pretty easy." Janet was terrified. What else could this bitch do to her? She tried to plead for some sort of relief, groaning and squirming in displeasure. Hillary was ignoring her, rummaging around in the hated cedar chest. She pulled out yet another leather device, this one about two feet long and shaped like an hourglass. Of course it had seemingly dozens of leather straps and metal buckles hanging from it.

"Janet, this is a corset. Of course it is unlike any corset you might have tried on before. It is all leather, but boned with steel. It is 22 inches wide when placed on, but when you twist this little knob," Hillary kindly showed Janet a small dial type knob, "then I can force your waist to as small as 16 inches. Of course it is not comfortable and breathing becomes a bit more labored, but wow does it look good. I don't think I can get you below 20 inches without you not being able to breathe, but we can sure see can't we?" Janet violently shook her head no, and the veins in her head and neck stood out as she strained to get away. Hillary simply went around behind her, lifted her bound arms away from her back, and easily slipped the corset around her waist. It looked soft and pliable, but it was in actuality extremely stiff because it was so heavily boned with steel ribs. It was still loosely laced together, and Janet felt like she could not breathe already. Hillary rapidly pulled the laces completely together, so it fit Janet's 22-inch waist perfectly. Janet's breathing was slightly labored now as she strained to stay upright to keep pressure off her diaphragm. Hillary stepped back around in front of Janet and put her hand on the

small dial there. She very slowly began turning it clockwise. It had a gauge on it showing how small it was getting. 22 inches, 21 and a half, 21 inches, 20 and a half, 20. Janet was desperate now, straining for breath. Hillary finally stopped her torturous turning of the knob. She sighed a bit heavily and looked at Janet with disappointment.

“Nineteen and a half inches is all I dare do. That is pretty lame.” Hillary had a sadistic smirk on her face as she said this. “Of course you have the next ten years or so to work on making your figure a little better.” Janet could only moan, looking down at her body as she did it. A thin stream of drool dripped from her mouth and landed on her right tit. She groaned again, unable to control even the simplest thing about herself anymore. Her breathing was now a constant labored pant, between the ball gag and the incredibly strict corset. While Janet stared at her own bound body, Hillary had pulled two massive dildos from the chest.

“I would guess a slut like you knows all about these.” Hillary said, brandishing the larger of the two plugs. “This one is for your overused cunt, it is only 8’, but you see how it is heavily ribbed?” Janet did nothing but groan some more.

“It is that way so that if it goes in it cannot come out even if it is not strapped in, unless it is pulled out by hand. Of course I am going to strap it in because I like the fact it just violates you even more.” A leather strap ran from the front of her crotch, attached to the corset. Hillary fit the larger dildo into a bayonet mount onto this strap. She pushed Janet onto her back, so she was lying on her arms. Her feet were underneath her ass, with them in their point position she could not get any leverage to try and get up. Hillary easily pushed Janet’s legs apart and lubed up the dildo. Janet was sobbing into the gag, staring at the ceiling, unable to fight what was happening. She felt as the tip of the invader pressed against her pussy, pushing the folds of her sex back behind Hillary’s pressure. Hillary sadistically did not take her time with this, ramming the full 8 inches of the device into Janet’s unwilling body. Janet screamed into her gag in pain and humiliation, but it emerged from the gag as a soft moan.

Holding onto the dildo strap, Hillary easily flipped Janet onto her stomach. She lubed up the smaller (5 and a half inch) dildo up and bayonet mounted it onto the same

strap. She pushed Janet's legs apart again, and rapidly rammed it into Janet's virgin ass. As Janet squirmed and screamed under her, Hillary quickly pulled the end of the dildo strap through a buckle attached to the back of the corset. A click of a lock and the invaders were sealed into Janet's body for as long as Hillary chose to keep them there. A very short strap ran from the center of the dildo strap, and Hillary looped this through an "O" ring at the very bottom of the arm binder. Hillary pulled this strap as tightly as she could, pulling Janet's body a little farther back as she did so. Now every twitch of her upper body drove the plugs deeper into Janet's poor body. Hillary was no longer taking her time as the lust and excitement of the situation made her more eager to make Janet suffer. Six-inch wide straps ran from the corset that Hillary pulled around Janet's arms. These straps crisscrossed each other, pulling Janet's arms so tight against Janet's body that she could not move any part of her arm even an inch. With just a little effort, Hillary got Janet back up onto her knees and heels. Snot ran from Janet's nose, with a lot of drool working its way past the strict gag. Janet's face was wet with tears and sweat.

Hillary was back in front of Janet now, staring at Janet's amazing chest. She got on her own knees and began kneading the soft, pliant chest. She brought her mouth to Janet's nipples sucking and biting lightly at them. "The reason I finally picked you Janet was these tits. I am big fan of breast bondage, and girls with fake tits are no good for that." She pulled another ominous looking device out of the chest.

"This is another of my inventions." She said. "It is a breast bondage device for the well endowed, which you are by leagues my dear." The device was mostly metal with leather straps. It was shaped like a metal number eight with several thin metal arcs attached to it.

"I'll just put this on, and you can tell exactly what it does to you." Each side of the circles that made up the "8" of the device opened up like handcuffs, with teeth in grooves to allow them to be tightened. Hillary leaned Janet forward so her tits were hanging down. She then took one of the open ends of a circle and closed it around her the very base of her right breast. She ratcheted the circle more and more closed, as she did so the circle forced Janet's tit to protrude out unnaturally. The skin around her tit was getting moor and more stretched as the circle got tighter and tighter. Janet thought for sure that either her tit would explode, or get cut off by the

pressure. Hillary finally stooped with her right breast, but quickly took the other end of the device and performed the same torture on her poor right mammary. Thin straps were attached to the sides of the circles that ran under Janet's arms to the corset behind Janet's back making the device into a perverse bra. Janet stared with helpless dismay at her perfect breasts, thin blue veins plainly visible on the huge white orbs.

"Now comes the really cool thing I came up with" Hillary explained. On each circle were 6 thin arcs of metal, Hillary took the top one on Janet's left breast and connected it to a slot on the other side of the circle. The arc was much smaller than Janet's distended tits, so the metal dug deep into the soft flesh of the breast. Hillary pulled the second wire across Janet's tit. It was even more difficult to attach because it was farther down on the tit, so there was less room. It cut across her breast as it clicked closed. Hillary rapidly closed the other four arcs over Janet's tortured tit. Her boob looked like fine white clay that had been forced into an area much too small for it. Her flesh strained out between the areas of the metal cage covering her chest. Hillary rapidly snapped the metal web over the other tit, completing the breast bondage.

End of Part 3

Part 4

"Wow, that looks incredible Janet," Hillary exclaimed. "Don't worry, although I am sure it is very uncomfortable in those things, they will not do any permanent damage. Those tits of yours just need one other thing." Hillary had two green tubes in her hand. On one end was a small clamp; on the other was a spring with a hook on it.

"These are nipple clamps, dearie, just to keep you aware of your tits." Hillary had a huge grin on her face. "This end with the clamp goes over your nipple. It works better on an erect one though. I'll show you." Hillary pressed and kneaded the right tit, forcing Janet's nipple to squish out between two "bars" of the bra cage containing it. Then she brought her mouth down over the nipple and gently sucked

and bit at it. Very rapidly, against Janet's will of course, the nipple came to full attention.

"Is it cold in here or something?" Hillary teased. Hillary brought one of the clamps up to the tit. All the while Janet strained her body to pull away from the mouth of the device. The clamp fit over the nipple and actually used suction to adhere on. There was also an alligator clip that bit into the nipple, holding it securely on. Once again the same torment was done to the other breast and presently two tubes were hanging from Janet's tormented breasts. At the other end of each tube Hillary attached a four-ounce weight to the hook there. The pull of the weights dug the teeth of the clip deeper into the sensitive skin of the nipple. Hillary tapped both weights so they swung from side to side. Janet groaned in agony as the springs the weights were attached to transmitted the movements ten-fold back to her mounds. Every time Janet breathed in, the springs jiggled slightly sending waves of pain through her.

"Well, Janet we are almost done." Hillary said. "But we do have, what I think anyway, is the toughest thing of all." One more time she reached into the hated cedar chest. She removed a mannequin head. It was completely covered with leather.

"Janet, this is a leather discipline helmet. It is going to cover your face like a second skin. It is hot and uncomfortable. There are small holes with tubes for you to breathe through your nose. Otherwise there are no other openings in this thing. I have tried it on, and I can tell you it is scary. I had to take it off after just a few minutes. You are going to be in this thing for at LEAST seven hours. I honestly can't imagine being sealed off from the world like that, without a way out, for so long, but it is about to happen to you. If you were not claustrophobic before, you definitely are going to be after this thing is wrapped over your face." Janet was horrified. The hood was black with straps and metal rings all over it. There was no way she could allow that thing over her face. She strained and struggled to move away, shaking her head violently.

"Part of the appeal of a discipline helmet is the sensory deprivation it creates. This one can take away sight. The gag in your mouth is the only thing you can taste. You

will only be able to smell leather inside the hood once you are laced and locked in. You already have lost the ability to touch with your hands and body wrapped in leather. The toughest thing to take away from someone is the sense of hearing. Even the best earplugs don't cut out all sound. So, the only options to truly remove hearing are either headphones from like a radio, with white noise turned up very loud, or the option that I am about to do to you." She pulled what looked like two tubes of toothpaste out of the chest. "This is a specially created silicone, rubber sealant. It is almost pure liquid when it comes out of this tube, but once it combines with each other, it immediately turns to a solid form. The great thing about this compound is that it expands when it hardens. It will cut off all noise. It cannot be removed once it is put into your ears, unless I apply a special solvent to it. I admit this is highly dangerous to do to someone, because the sealant actually seeps so deep into your ear that it covers the ears inner workings. If the solvent cannot reach all of the glue in your ear, then you could potentially be permanently deaf. I am willing to take that risk though. After all, I did not take you because of your great hearing."

Janet could do nothing as Hillary calmly squirted the contents of each tube into her right ear. Janet could feel the liquid seep deep into her skull, insinuating itself deep into her ear canal. As Hillary had said the junk hardened within a few seconds. Hillary applied a ton of the stuff to Janet's ear, completely filling the canal, then covering the outside of the ear. Janet cried and begged as Hillary moved to the other side of her head. The last sounds she heard were her own sobs of terror as the sealant entered her ear. It was incredible as all sound was completely removed. She could no longer hear Hillary's taunts, she could no longer hear her own racked sobs, she could not hear even her own breathing or beating of her heart. This was not like earplugs or headphones, she was completely deaf to the world - her ears no longer functioned at all!

Janet was stunned and horrified, completely overwhelmed by the brutality of Hillary's abuse of her body. How could another woman do this to her? If this had been some psycho guy she would have believed it, but this was a woman! How could she be so brutal, so uncaring? Hillary unlatched the choker that had so long ago started the bondage on Janet and removed it. There was not much of a chance of Janet making an escape attempt now. Hilary then tightly wrapped Janet's beautiful,

slightly curly red hair into a tight ponytail. She then pulled the leather mask off of the mannequin's fake head and brought it over the all too real, tear-streaked face of the brutally bound girl. The mask was all one piece, which had laces that ran all the way from the top of the skull to the base of neck. Hillary loosened all the laces and brought the hood over Janet's shaking, sobbing face. She was screaming into the ball in her mouth, begging incomprehensibly to not do this to her. Her whole body shook and strained against her inescapable bonds as the terror of being encased in that leather hell gave her amazing strength. It was hopeless though; the bonds that held her so well could have withstood the frantic struggles of 50 women of Janet's strength. There was nothing she could do as the leather was pulled over her head. Janet was plunged into darkness as the formed leather settled over her face. Hillary began to lace the hood at the top of Janet's skull. She pulled and laced as the leather stretched to accommodate the prisoner inside. Soft pads fit over Janet's panicked eyes. Thick leather padding fit over the ball filling Janet's distended mouth. As the leather hood tightened, the pad over her mouth actually forced the ball farther into her jaws. Tighter and tighter the hood laced, closing off all air, all light, and all hope of escape. Hillary pulled the red ponytail between some of the lacing and finished tightening it up all the way down to the base of her neck. A zipped flap covered the lacing and this was closed in with a small stainless steel lock. Janet was sealed in a leather prison with no hope of escape. Inside her dark hot world, Janet was almost in shock, unable to comprehend what had happened to her. Hillary was busy pulling various straps around the hood with Janet's head in it. A two and a half-inch strap wrapped around where her eyes were. It was pulled as tight as Hillary could do it and locked behind Janet's head. A second strap of equal size was pulled around her horribly gagged mouth, tightened brutally and locked behind her skull with a buckle and padlock. A final very wide strap ran under her chin, over her filled, leather-covered cheeks up to the top of her head. When this final strap was pulled as tight as could be, Janet's mouth was locked even more closed around the ball that had become part of her aching mouth. So at this point, 4 separate tempered metal locks, a stainless steel zipper, three stiffened leather straps, high tensile strength leather laces and finally the fitted eighth inch leather horror of the helmet itself. It was overwhelming the amount of redundancies involved just to keep Janet helpless.

Hillary ran two narrow straps from small "O" rings that were sewn into the toes of

the arch-inducing leather leggings. Each thin strap ran to a third "O" ring that was attached to the middle of the single sleeve at about elbow level. Each of these straps was pulled to guitar string tightness and locked. Her feet would not arch anymore, but Hillary liked the way it looked, with still more straps containing Janet's gorgeous body. One last strap to go, Hillary thought. She ran a belt-width strap from a buckle at the top of her skull and looped it into the same "O" ring at her elbow that held her arched feet. With delicious slowness Hillary began shortening the strap, inch by inch. The strap was not going to give, Janet's arms could not move, so the only thing that could adjust to the tightening strap was Janet's bound head. Her neck arched farther and farther back as Hillary pulled the strap tighter and tighter. By the time Hillary locked this final torturous bit of bondage off, Janet's sightless eyes were facing the ceiling. Janet could not twitch a muscle now; her body was immobilized by expertly applied leather bondage. Hillary looked at the clock on the wall.

"Damn... I am going to be late," she said to no one. "Looks like you are going to have to stay here little girl until I get back." She looked at the helpless form in front of her - the stretched body, the caged tits, the bound arms; the sightless, helpless face. It was too much; she began touching herself through the thin Lycra covering her pussy.

"I guess I can be a couple of minutes late, after all I worked very hard to get you." She got to her knees in front of Janet and pleased herself, while feeling up Janet's bound body. Hillary came almost instantly with the most intense pleasure of her entire life. She only masturbated for about ten minutes, but in that time she had six orgasms. She could have gone on for a lot longer, but she was able to find the strength of will to finally get up and get ready for her party.

Janet was unaware of what was happening outside her tiny prison. She could feel Hillary occasionally feel her up, but besides that there was nothing. Hillary decided to give Janet a little bit of outside stimulation while she was going to be gone. She went over to the wall closest to Janet's bound form, and uncoiled an extension cord that was lying there attached to the wall. Without ceremony she plugged it into a hidden outlet attached to the belt that held the dildos in Janet's ass and cunt. The dildos came to violent life and began to thrash around Janet's tortured insides. Hillary was glad to know that Janet would be violated for as long as she would be

gone. Janet groaned in renewed humiliation and degradation. Hillary went into the bedroom, rapidly got ready and came out dressed in a stylish black cocktail dress. Janet had not been able to move an inch in the fifteen minutes Hillary had been gone. Hillary walked over to her captive, lovingly cupped her wrapped face in her hands, and kissed the leather over her gagged mouth. Janet rewarded her with a heavily gagged plaintive wail, a muffled mew of terror and desperation. Hillary went to the door, turned out the lights and shut the door. She made sure to throw the “do not disturb” sign on the door.

Janet sat in darkness she did not even know could exist in fear and hopelessness. The next few hours were a continual cycle of Janet thinking about how she had to get out of this! Frenzied panicked struggling would then ensue. Lack of oxygen from the super tight corset and being only able to breathe through narrow nose passages would quickly wear her body down. She would often almost pass out from the exertions, forced to sit still and try to get air into her compressed lungs. She would sit quietly for a few minutes, and think about what was happening to her, but the claustrophobia and fear would drive her to strain and struggle against the implacable bonds holding her.

Janet could not see, hear, move or speak. She was as helpless as any person had ever been. Outside was one of the busiest cities on Earth. Fifty feet away there were maids and housemen and guests of the hotel. None of them had any idea that a perfectly bodied woman was in horribly strict bondage in an impossibly expensive luxury suite. The worst part about it to Janet was how she had helped to make sure that no one could ever know she was here. She had told no one at work she had anything to do with that bitch Hillary. She had come into this room in complete disguise. Christ, she had even taken a bus here! She was the blind, deaf and dumb prisoner of a sick bondage freak and there was no hope of escape. The minutes turned to hours as Janet continued her desperate attempts to get even the slightest slack, the tiniest bit of relief from the constant strain of the leather holding her. It was a hopeless fight.

End of Part 4

Part 5

Janet sat on her heels, bound tighter than she knew possible. The darkness and claustrophobia of the leather helmet laced around her head was overwhelming. The arch the bonds put on her body was causing cramping in her neck, legs and arms. She could not get a millimeter of slack in her bondage to give any relief to her screaming muscles. Her mind felt like it was going to shut down, her defeat was so total and overwhelming. No sound could enter her silicone filled ears or escape her rubber filled mouth. She could only feel the leather, rubber and metal holding her so tight, no other tactile input was available. Her breathing was constricted, first by the too-small air holes in the cursed hood enveloping her head, and then also by the corset that wrapped around her diaphragm. What breath she could get expanded her thrust out chest to press into the cruel breast bondage of the metal web encasing each of her perfect globes. Janet simply cried into her leather cocoon enveloping her head. What did that sick bitch want of her? She had to get free before she returned! Again and again she would struggle and pull with every fiber of her being. Again and again her cruel bonds easily held her pathetic attempts. Minutes turned to hours as Janet screamed and cried in frustration in her impenetrable hood.

Hillary returned from her party at almost 4:00 am. She casually opened the door to her suite and stepped in rapidly, making sure that the "Do not disturb" sign stayed on the door. Sitting, dead center, of her hotel room was Janet. Her perfect body in the exact same position that Hilary had so cruelly forced it into over 9 hours earlier. The only thing that had changed about her captive was she was covered in a thin sheen of sweat now from hours of useless exertion. Janet was completely unaware that her torturer had returned. She just continued sitting there, moaning into her gag. Hillary was getting tired, she had been up for over 24 hours, but she knew that she had to let Janet get something to drink, and go to the bathroom, before she could get some sleep herself. She walked over and roughly grabbed one of Janet's bound tits, kneading the flesh that spilled over the webbing of steel that mashed it. Janet actually screamed in fright, with a new sensory input actually given to her mind after so many hours. Of course her "scream" was no more than another useless grunt. Her struggles, which had reduced themselves to the occasional squirm or

twist, renewed itself with a vengeance. The grunts and moans of desperation coming from her leather clad face would have elicited pity and a desire to help the gorgeous captive in almost any other person. In Hillary they just elicited a lustful desire to force even more bondage on the girl. Instead, Hillary loosened the strap holding Janet's head back, forcing her wrapped eyes to stare sightlessly at the ceiling. Janet let out more groans, this time of relief. With some difficulty Hillary dragged Janet's very helpless form into the large bathroom in the suite. With practiced ease she loosened all the straps holding her legs under her ass. The long leather "boots" stayed on her legs, her feet still held in an unnatural point by the stiffening metal in them. Still working rapidly, Hillary removed the crotch strap and dildos that were crammed up her. With a bit of work, Hillary got Janet up onto the toilet and sat her there for a while. After a few seconds, Janet got the idea, and overcame her natural resistance to public urination to relieve her full bladder.

While this was going on, Hillary had grabbed a large enema bag she kept under the sink. She filled it with lukewarm water from the sink, giving Janet a few moments to finish her business as much as she could naturally. Hillary pulled Janet off the toilet, onto her stomach, and expertly kicked her legs apart. The full enema bag had a long flexible tube that ran from the bottom of it. It had a formed stiff end on it. Hillary rammed the lubed device into Janet's ass. Janet squirmed about some, but her rear entry had already been so stretched out by the massive vibrators that had been forced into her for so long, she hardly noticed this smaller intruder. Hillary stood over Janet's prone form, holding the very full enema bag up high, and released the spigot. Water rushed down into Janet's bowels. She twisted and squirmed in frenzy, but the water kept filling her nether regions up. Hillary squeezed the last of the water into Janet; she simply lay on the floor like a beached fish, sobbing into her mask and gag. Hillary kept her on her stomach, letting the water sit and wash out her bowels. Janet felt her stomach would explode. She had gotten somewhat used to the incredibly strict corset over the hours. Now with what seemed like a gallon of water in her belly the swelling had no place to go. Hillary let her lay there for quite a while, letting the water completely clean her out. She finally dragged Janet back onto the toilet and pulled the enema tube out. The water flushed out of Janet in a rush. Hillary spent a minute or two cleaning Janet up then dragged her back out of the bathroom.

She took Janet back to the exact same spot in the living room where she had spent the last day. She rapidly re-installed the two giant vibrators into her ass and cunt. She then laced her long legs back up underneath her ass. She even re-connected her stretched toes to her arms behind her back. After all her bonds were re-applied to her legs, Hillary began to loosen and remove the hood over Janet's head. With all the buckles, belts and laces this was no quick process, but after an eternity she pulled the leather horror off Janet's trembling head. Janet blinked and tried to focus her vision. Even though the room was lit very softly lit, it was like staring into the sun for Janet's eyes. Hillary left the room for the kitchen for a couple of minutes, letting Janet look frantically around the room for anything she could use for escape. The way her body was bound still made it impossible for her to move more than a couple of inches. Hillary returned a few minutes later with a large glass of a thick looking liquid in one hand and another glass of water in the other. She put the glasses down on the floor and stood in front of Janet and put her finger to her lips to let her know to be quiet. She then reached behind Janet's head and unbuckled the harness gag. Hillary pulled the ball from behind Janet's teeth; it made an audible pop as it came free. Drool and spit ran from the ball like a faucet and Janet retched uncontrollably as her gag reflex kicked in. She gasped and coughed for a few moments while Hillary waited patiently. Janet could still not hear a thing, due to the silicone sealant that filled her ears, but she tried to talk to Hillary.

"Please... let my arms go. I won't try and get away." She squirmed her body around to try and show Hillary her bound arms. Hillary simply reached down and grabbed the ball gag again.

"No, no... Please. I'm sorry. I won't say another word. I swear. Please, I can't take that thing anymore." Hillary simply put her finger to her lips again and gestured with the harness gag. Janet got the message and shut up. She brought the thicker liquid up to Janet's lips, and gestured for her to drink. Janet hesitated for a moment, but she knew that Hillary wanted her alive, so she drank hungrily. It actually tasted extremely good and she drank it all down easily. Hillary had mixed a shake of high protein, multi vitamins and other super nutrients. Hillary had read up on what a human being needs to survive, and had put plenty of it in the drink. She then gave Janet the water and forced her to drink it all. She got the glasses and the ball gag and walked behind Janet. She strained around to see what Hillary was up to. She

was stroking Janet's neck softly. Suddenly she grabbed Janet's tight ponytail and jerked her head roughly back. Janet let out a squeal as her mouth jerked open. Hillary pushed the huge ball from the gag back into Janet's still aching mouth. She tried to cry out, to beg her not to do this, but the gag was as effective as it had ever been and reduced her pleading to a helpless groan. Hillary once again pulled the various straps around her face, once again buckling them as tightly as her strength would allow. Janet began to cry heavily, racking sobs were running through her body.

Hillary grabbed the same discipline helmet that had been on her before and brought it up to her terrified face. Janet's whole body shook with terror as she desperately tried to move away from the impending leather device. It slid over her head and was laced up in a few minutes. Sobs could still be barely heard from her as the strap leading from the top of her head was once again attached with a guitar string tightness to the "O" ring at her back. Hillary was taking no time to enjoy re-binding Janet, being near passing out from exhaustion. Even in her near stupor she found her self getting turned on again at what must be going on inside of Janet at that moment. A few moments of near freedom, only to be put right back into the exact same bondage. So helpless to stop anything that Hillary wanted to do to her; total frustration and domination. It was perfect. Hillary really liked that she was not changing any aspect of Janet's bondage, except to possibly make it even tighter. Janet would know what total hopelessness was. Hillary checked all the bonds one last time, pulling a buckle or two a notch tighter here and there. She went around to Janet's front, and turned the dial that controlled the width of the corset enclosing her. She was able to get a full inch more out of Janet's body! The last thing she did was plug back in the vibrators and set them on medium high, and stumbled off to bed. She was asleep the second her head hit the pillow.

Janet was not so lucky, her body screamed for it to be able to move. She was getting hysterical, but there was nothing she could do. She passed out at least 6 times from hyperventilating and each time she woke up in the exact same position with absolutely no hope of escape. In less than 24 hours Janet's mind was already breaking. Hillary woke up 11 hours later completely refreshed. She leisurely went to the bathroom, got herself a drink of water, then went to check on her captive. Of course she was sitting in the exact same spot in the exact same position.

It was time for a change, Hillary thought. She stood there a few inches in front of Janet wondering what she wanted to do with her. Then it hit her. Rope. She wanted to bind this nimble little thing in mile after mile of rope.

End of Part 5

Part 6

Twenty minutes later, Janet was once again released from her hood, cleaned out with yet another enema and allowed to relieve herself. Hillary busied herself with removing the leather leggings and the foot bondage. She then released the metal cage holding her perfect breasts in their distended agony. The corset came next, Janet gasping in relief as the terrible mechanism was finally released. The only bonds remaining from the terrible last 24 hours were the gag, armbinder and the silicone filling her ears. Hillary went into the cedar chest that held a seemingly endless array of bondage equipment and pulled out a large syringe of some sort of liquid. She forced Janet onto her side and squeezed a large amount of the liquid into her right ear. The silicone almost immediately dissolved into an easily removed sludge. Almost immediately Janet could hear out of that ear again. Hillary cleaned out Janet's other ear giving her back all the sounds that had been completely lost to her.

"Can you hear me, Janet?" Hillary asked. Janet nodded her head, relieved that the deafness was not permanent, as she had become afraid it might have been.

"I decided that I enjoy telling you what I am going to do to you, and you need to hear to have that happen." Hillary said with a smile. "I am going to change your bondage for the next twenty four hours. I am a bit tired of all this leather. I think a good old-fashioned bit of tying you up with white rope would be a nice change. You like that idea?" Janet shook her head negatively as emphatically as she could. Hillary just laughed and grabbed a large, wrapped package of white, cotton rope. It was about a quarter inch thick and very pliable. She flipped Janet onto her stomach and pulled her ankles together. With expert precision she began wrapping the rope tightly around her ankles, binding them tightly together from her ankles to mid-calf. She

cinched the rope tightly; there was no chance of kicking her legs free. There was still about 8 feet of rope left over, but Hillary let it stay that way. She had plans for the extra length. Hillary rapidly wrapped other lengths of cord just below her knees. And then another wrapping just above her knees. Her legs were fused together with about thirty feet of rope. Hillary dragged Janet over to the piano in the corner of the living room. She flipped Janet onto her stomach and began the lengthy task of removing the armbinder that had held her immobile for over a day.

“Okay Janet, I am going to take this thing off you. I swear if you resist me even a little I will put that leather helmet back on you and bind you so tightly you will not be able to twitch a muscle. You cannot escape, but if you try, you will regret it. Do you understand?”

Janet nodded her head and grunted an affirmative. Anything to give her arms some movement. The armbinder was finally loosened and pulled off her. Her hands were still wrapped in the thumb-less leather mittens, fingers wrapped around the rubber balls she was forced to grasp. Her arms felt like jelly, having been in the same position for so long. Janet was still on her belly as Hillary took her wrists and pulled them over her head. She rapidly wrapped the wrists together binding them tightly. She then ran a length of rope from her wrists to the leg of the piano, pulling her arms tightly over her head and keeping them there.

“What a good girl you are Janet, you are actually learning.” Hillary mocked. I’m afraid it’s about to get bad again, though. Like I told you before, those tits of yours look so good bound in some way. I am going to wrap about a mile of rope around them. It is going to hurt quite a bit, but it will look so terrific. I think it will be worth it, don’t you?” Janet only groaned in helplessness, she knew that there was nothing she could say or do to stop what was about to happen. Hillary forced Janet to bring her legs up so that Janet lifted her chest off the ground. Hillary took another length of rope and made a quick slipknot out of one end. She dropped the lasso opening over Janet’s perfect right tit and pulled the knot tight; her breast swelled out like a filling balloon. She ran the end of the cord under her left tit and brought it around her back and left it there. She took another length of the cotton rope, made another slipknot loop and bound her left tit in the same way. She brought the rope end under her swollen right tit and up around to her back. Hillary then tightly knotted the two

ends from each tit together. Each breath Janet took in just seemed to tighten the ropes. Hillary was just starting though, like she said it was going to get a lot worse. Taking another long length of rope, Hillary began to wrap it around Janet's tits in an impossibly tight figure eight shape. Going from the base of one breast, over the top and around the entire other breast, then back over the top of the first one. Hillary repeated this at least 10 times, keeping the ropes as tight as she possibly could. She finally seemed happy with the wrapping. Janet just stayed in the same position - the fight had gone out of her. Besides, this new breast bondage did not cause as much discomfort as the steel monstrosity she had been forced to wear for all those hours. Hillary got some very thin cord out of the box she had to hold all this bondage gear. It was the kind of cord kids use to fly kites. It was very thin and very strong. Perfect for binding giant tits like Janet's. Hillary cut off a fifteen-foot piece of the string and began to work on the right breast. She tied one end off and ran it diagonally across her artificially erect nipple and ran it under one of the ropes binding the base in the figure eight. Hillary attacked the tit with great relish, going from one side to the other with the thin cord. Each pass dug into the distended breast, each pass forced the flesh into more and more of an unnatural shape. Soon the mammary was covered like a spider web, back and forth more times than Janet could count. Only small bits of flesh could be seen straining around the string. Hillary ran nine or ten of the strings around Janet's back to be tied off to the original slipknot rope that was knotted in the middle of Janet's back. Again every time Janet took a breath, the ropes and thin cords tightened very slightly. Hillary, with great relish, bound the left globe up in exactly the same fashion as the right one. All through this, Janet continued to not even bother to struggle, she was still too exhausted from the hours she had spent in the hood and single sleeve. She was beginning to recover her strength though, and the pain of the breast webbing was beginning to make Janet squirm. Finally Hillary was satisfied that the massive globes were bound well enough. She forced Janet back flat down on her stomach, her arms bound above her head to the piano leg, her legs stretched out, bound by miles of rope. Janet tried to cry out through the rubber ball filling her aching mouth out as her weight was pressed onto her bound boobs. The harness gag was still as effective as ever, her cries of agony reduced to pitiful mews.

"Okay Janet, your big chance is coming up, I am going to untie your hands. Not for

long, I'll admit, but if you are going to make a break for it, this is going to be your only chance for the next eighteen hours or so. Of course, the harder you fight the worse it is going to be. Your hands are still going to be in those leather mittens, so you will not be able to untie your legs. You won't be able to get that gag out. I want you to remember that no matter how hard you fight, you can never get free. I am going to finish binding you in a horribly uncomfortable way, and there is nothing you can do to stop me. However, again, if you fight me it will be worse, if that is possible. So, here we go." Hillary reached up and quickly untied her wrists, and pulled them behind her back. Janet tried to fight a little, but her position allowed for no leverage. Hillary pulled Janet's left arm behind her back, so that her bound left hand was touching her waist on the left side. Her arm making an "L" shape from her shoulder to her hand. She brought her right arm down so it was in the exact same position. She then wrapped some rope around her left wrist and tied it to her right elbow, then tying her right wrist to the other elbow. Her arms were now held in a double arm bar behind her back.

"Jesus fucking Christ Janet, you hardly fought at all! You realize that this is the rest of your life here. What do you have to lose? I am obviously not going to kill you, yet you meekly allow me to take away your freedom, to bind your body like a cow to be branded. Now it is too late. I want you to think about how close you were to freedom. All it would take is a lucky shot, you flail around with those bound hands, and they are like fists. Too late now, time for some more rope." Janet just groaned softly into her gag in defeat. She still did not fight. Hillary began wrapping cotton cord around and around her bound arms, mummifying them from wrist to wrist together. It was tight and expertly done; there was no give at all. Hillary then ran some cords from the arms to the ropes leading from her breasts that had been tied off in the middle of her back. Because her arms could not move downward, this additional binding did not cause too much more tension in the breast ropes, but still, every twitch of her arms would be transmitted to her aching tits.

"Okay Janet, you have heard of a "hog-tie" haven't you? A regular hogtie would be tying your wrists to your ankles. We are already well beyond such mundane bondage. I am going to put you into a modified hog-tie. Of course the modifications are just to make it stricter. Here, let me demonstrate." She grabbed the end of the rope that was binding Janet's ankles together. She pulled her legs up so her toes

were pointing towards her head, and looped the cord from the ankle underneath all the ropes coming around her body that bound her breasts. Slowly but surely Hillary pulled her legs up higher and higher. Her ankles actually were touching her akimbo arms! Janet could not believe the pressure being exerted; she could feel the slipknots around her bound tits being pulled tighter and tighter. The webbing over the globes also began to constrict even more. Hillary was able to bring Janet's feet all the way up so her ankles were snug against her forearms, her body bowed unnaturally. Hillary looped the rope back and forth between her ankles and back ropes, until she finally knotted it off.

"Wow Janet, I am impressed, I had no idea you could be so flexible. Of course all that rope sure does help to let you stretch." Janet tested her bonds, twitching her legs. It was horrible; her legs' every movement was transmitted straight to her tits, through the cords and string bound to them. Hillary had a short length of the kite string that she used to tie Janet's big toes together. She then pulled the string up and around the ropes at her back. This forced her feet into a point, her toes pointing straight at her head. Hillary got up and flipped Janet onto her side, eliciting more delicious moans of discomfort from the bound form.

"I think we need to change that gag. It is pretty mundane for such a great bondage. Besides you are making way too much noise." Janet knew that she was making pitifully little noise behind her gag, but she could not protest too much. Hillary rummaged around the box and pulled out another evil looking assemblage of straps and rubber. Janet knew with certainty that she would soon be wearing that thing in her mouth and on her face. She also knew it would be strict and effective. Janet was still on her side, so Hillary could easily reach the buckles holding the harness ball gag in Janet's mouth to loosen it. Hillary was not even bothering to warn Janet about making noise when she removed the gag. Both Janet and Hillary knew that if Janet started to scream the ball would be rammed back in before anyone would hear her. With a little effort Hillary popped the two and three quarter inch red ball from behind her teeth. The webbing of the harness was pulled away, and the last of the bonds from the last twenty-four hours, except for the thumbless mittens still on her hands, was pulled away. Hillary immediately began putting the new gag into place. It was a harness variety, just like the old one. The only difference was the gag itself. Instead of a formed rubber ball filling her mouth a soft flaccid piece of rubber was

forced in her. The multiple straps were pulled around her head in a now familiar pattern - one wide strap around her mouth, straps running from it around her face, over her head and under her chin.

"Some more of your bondage education coming up now Janet," Hillary helpfully began explaining. "I know you are wondering what is in your mouth. Well it is a rubber bladder, and the gag is called a pump gag. I am going to attach this bulb pump to the bladder. Watch what happens when I squeeze the bulb." Hillary had attached a rubber tube with a bulb pump to the front of Janet's mouth. She held it right in front of her wide, terrified eyes.

"Pweeth don' do dis," Janet was able to croak out around the unfilled bladder. "Whad do you wan' from me?" She pleaded, unable to articulate around the rubber. Hillary gave the pump a hard squeeze. The bladder jumped to life in Janet's mouth.

"Nooooooo!" Janet screamed. Her cries started out fairly loudly, but as the air hissed into the bladder it was getting larger and larger. Another squeeze and more air hissed in. Janet's tongue was forced down, her jaws began to spread apart and her cheeks began to fill with rubber. Again and again Hillary squeezed, making the bladder grow more and more. Janet's mouth was biting into the straps holding it closed. Her jaws were unable to open any further, but still the rubber grew in the cavity. She could feel it touching the back of her throat; her cheeks were distending out. This gag was far more effective than the simple ball she had been wearing for the last day. Hillary finally seemed satisfied that Janet could not take anymore without dislocating her jaw. She pulled all the buckles holding the straps around her face.

"Now, my little bitch, that is a gag isn't it?" Hillary gloated. Janet could not even groan with any effectiveness. This thing filled her mouth completely.

"Okay Janet, almost done. Let's get that head a little more immobilized, then I can let you struggle and squirm for the next day or so. Sound like fun?" Janet just lay there. What else could she do? Hillary got one more piece of white rope, and tied it to a metal "O" ring that was attached to a strap from the gag right between her wide blue eyes. She roughly pulled the rope straight down, forcing Janet's chin to rest on her collarbone. She wrapped the rope under the middle of the figure eight rope web

that was strapping her breasts together. She pulled the rope as tight as she could, immobilizing her head before tying off the rope. Now every movement of her head created even more tension on her poor abused tits. Hillary took one final rope and ran it through another "O" ring at the very top of her head. She then pulled it brutally taut and tied it to the roadblock of rope in the middle of her back. If Janet tried to move her head forward it tightened the rope leading from the base of her tits. If she tried to move back it pulled at the ropes directly at her tits. She was now forced to stare at her own abused breasts unable to move her head even a centimeter.

"Well Janet, I guess that is enough for now. I am going down to the café and have some coffee. You can spend some time getting used to this little arrangement." Hillary went and changed for a leisurely repast. Janet was lying in the middle of the floor, on her side. Her legs were cramping horribly, but any attempt to get some relief only pulled everything tighter. Her tits felt like they were on fire; she could see they were a dark purple underneath all that rope enveloping them. Tears dribbled from her eyes, her breathing was ragged and forced through her nose. She heard Hillary say goodbye and the door close. Once again she was left totally alone. In spite of the sheer hopelessness of it she still twitched and struggled in a desperate attempt to get something loose. There was nothing but a slowly constricting web of rope that Janet could feel. Once again she was placed in horrible inescapable bondage.

End of Part 6

Part 7

Janet lay there and twitched, staring at her gradually darkening tits as her every movement tightened the nooses around them. She was desperate to get free, her limbs and body cried out for some sort of relief. She had been bound too long in unnatural positions and her body seemed to be one big cramp. The pump gag in her mouth was horrible. It felt like a balloon had been crammed in there. She moaned in desperation, maybe someone would hear her in the hall. Her arms twitched and

strained against the endless coils that held them. Her legs were twitching involuntarily against the incredible tension that the cords put them under. She had to get loose, her body could not take it any more. She groaned and strained and struggled. All she did was pull the cords around her webbed tits tighter and tighter. Not one cord loosened, no matter how hard she struggled. She lay there exhausted and helpless for at least an hour. She heard the door open and Hillary came over to face her. Janet could only see Hilary's stylish shoes as she stood over her.

"I have got great news, Janet" Hilary said excitedly. "My friend Cliff just called. I let him know I had a permanent guest. He wants to meet you very badly. I don't think you will like him very much, as he is into very strict bondage, instead of this weak stuff I've been putting you in." Janet didn't even bother groaning in dismay. She was just an object now and she knew it.

"Well, I don't want good old Cliff to have to come all the way downtown here to meet you, so it is time for us to go home. You are going to be so excited to find out how you get to travel there." Hillary went over to one of the very spacious closets the beautiful suite had in it. She drug out a very large black trunk on wheels. It measured three and a half feet wide, four and a half feet long by three feet deep. It had a lot of locks and straps around it and looked very evil. "Believe it or not, Janet, you are going to fit in there." Janet weakly pulled at the ropes holding her in her hog-tie. She was deathly afraid of coffins and other enclosed spaces, and now she was being threatened with that horror.

"First thing we are going to do is I am going to get rid of this nagging need I have. Do you want to help?" Hillary was smiling down on Janet. Janet made no sound. "I thought you would want to help. You are so generous in that way. I am too turned on by all this to work real effectively. I only need a couple of minutes and we can move on. Ready?" Hillary had some sort of small device in her hand. It looked like a plastic or rubber ring with a few small straps and buckles attached to it. "Janet, in keeping with my tradition of explaining these interesting devises I bind you with, this is a "Ring Gag". It is an extremely simple device. This plastic ring is completely unbreakable. It will fit behind your teeth, and these straps will hold it in. Your poor mouth will then be held open with easy access to the goodies inside. It is extremely uncomfortable I have to admit, but we really don't care about that do we? Look at it

this way, at least you will be able to finally make some noise.”

Janet attempted to make some noise anyway, but her rubber filled mouth only emitted some soft grunts of fear and negation. Hillary untied all the ropes holding Janet’s head to her bound tits. She turned a valve on the gag and the bladder crammed in Janet’s mouth quickly deflated. Janet retched and coughed as Hillary unstrapped the harness holding in her mouth. Without any hesitation she forced the ring gag behind her teeth. It clicked into place, jamming Janet’s mouth wide open. Hillary pulled the various straps around Janet’s helpless head, locking the ring in her mouth.

“Ahhhhh...ghaaaaa” Janet tried to express her displeasure about this new device. Hillary pulled Janet’s head back again, binding it from the gag straps back to the ropes that wrapped her torso. Hillary rolled Janet onto her stomach, she was laying in the same strict hog-tie, her toes pointing to her skull; her head pulled back as far as her neck would allow; her arms wrapped in hammer locks behind her back, all her weight on her bound, nearly cocooned tits. Drool ran from her distended mouth, her lips could not keep it in. She could not even create enough leverage to roll over off her tortured breasts. Hillary rapidly stripped off her own clothes, getting naked in a matter of moments. Her more muscular, less chesty body an interesting counterpart to her captive. She attached a bridle arrangement to the ring gag so that two thin leather straps ran from each corner of her mouth. She laid down right in front of Janet, her legs on either side of Janet’s fearful face. Using the straps from the gag Hillary slowly pulled her pussy and Janet’s helpless mouth closer and closer together. Her nose nestled into Hillary’s fragrant, dripping bush.

“Tongue out and moving or I start pulling those ropes around your tits a little tighter,” Hillary threatened. Janet wanted no part of that, her breasts already felt like they were about to be cut off with the tension on them. Reluctantly she pushed her tongue out beyond the plastic ring keeping her jaws open. Hillary’s whole body shook with pleasure, as Janet’s reluctant tongue touched her clit. Hillary pulled at the straps from Janet’s head, pulling her body hard into Janet’s mouth. “MORE, GODDAMN IT!” Hillary screamed, jerking as hard as she could on the straps. Janet could do nothing else but run her tongue up and down in Hillary’s pussy. Hillary could not believe what she was feeling. Her whole body was on fire, she had never

experienced anything like this. Just having this goddess in humiliating and perfect bondage was enough to keep her in a state of constant arousal. Now to have her actually eating her out, against her will, while tied like this... She felt her whole body explode in a firework display of pleasure. It seemed to last an hour, yet it was still over much too soon. Her body shook and trembled with a pleasure she had never experienced before. This made all the planning, and risk more than worth it. The best part was, she could have this any time her desires needed it. The bitch was totally hers.

Janet herself was close to losing consciousness due to the lack of air she was receiving. Hillary had become so engrossed in her own pleasure that she had lost track of what she was doing to Janet. Her face was pulled deep into Hillary's cunt, her mouth and nose covered in the sweat and juice of Hillary's pleasure. Hillary's thighs kept flexing and choking poor Janet also, again making breathing difficult. She was groaning and pleading into Hillary's crotch to get some air, but of course this only helped Hillary to get more excited.

Finally the waves of pleasure began to subside for Hillary, moving from a tsunami, to soft ripples of pleasure that just flowed through her. She relaxed her grip on the straps holding poor Janet's head into her crotch, just enough so Janet could finally get some air into her starved lungs. Hillary lay there for a minute, just trying to regain her composure. She had never experienced anything like the pleasure she had just received. Her limbs felt like jelly, her body felt like a wet towel. After a while she rolled away from the helpless Janet, and with a great deal of effort, got back onto her feet.

"Wow, babe, that was incredible. We are going to be doing that a LOT!" Hillary exclaimed. But for now we have things to do, places to be and people to meet. Time for us to pack." Hillary pulled a pump gag out from the old cedar chest where all the bonds came out of. It was designed to fit, with a bayonet mount, into the ring gag already so tightly fit into Janet's mouth. Hillary snapped it in and pumped up the bladder to jaw wrenching fullness.

"Okay, now that, that is done, let me tell you about the transportation for the day." Hilary said with a smile. She brought over the trunk to where poor Janet laid

drooling on the expensive carpeting. She rapped the sides with her fist. "The entire trunk is made of titanium, not very cheap I might add. There is a quarter inch outer panel, and then there is a space for the air tanks, then another quarter inch panel. That does not leave a lot of room for you my dear, but I promise we can make you fit. There are sound bafflers lined all the way around this thing, I don't want you to cause a fuss while we are moving you."

With some effort Hillary tilted the heavy crate over so that the bound and helpless Janet could look. Inside it were a lot of straps and buckles and hoses, with formed rubber where the captive would be held. Janet moaned in fear, as she knew she was going to be crammed in that tiny space. Hillary produced a knife from somewhere, and began to cut away the miles of rope that held Janet in her hog-tie. Within a few moments all the ropes fell away from Janet's aching body, except those holding her arms behind her back. Hillary then pulled out seemingly a dozen leather straps, in every conceivable size. Janet's aching legs could not even fight back as once again Hillary strapped her ankles and thighs together with separate locking leather straps. She groaned helplessly behind the rubber bladder filling her mouth as Hillary expertly tightened the straps as far as they physically could. Her legs were once again bound uncomfortably and tightly. Her poor leg muscles flexed and strained uncontrollably, trying desperately to stretch out. Her legs had been wrapped and tied in unnatural positions for nearly twenty-four hours. Janet felt tears come to her eyes as the frustration and fear began to overwhelm her again. She moaned desperately into the gag, trying to express her pleading to the seemingly emotionless Hillary. Hillary responded to this pathetic display by flipping Janet onto her stomach. She began to cut the ropes holding her aching arms so effectively away. Before the last of the ropes fell away, Hillary leaned forward to Janet's ear.

"Go ahead and struggle, Janet, I love overpowering you. It turns me on more than you can ever imagine."

Janet hated this woman more than she knew possible. She bucked and twisted her body, but it was useless. She felt the last of the ropes being cut away from her arm. Of course her hands were still bound in the leather wrapping from so long ago, but she still tried to bring her arms underneath her to try and raise her body up. Her arms felt like jelly though, too many hours bound in positions they weren't meant to

be in. With a disheartening ease, Hillary pulled Janet's left arm back behind her back. Janet grunted and pulled desperately, but she was too weak; she could not resist for long. After some fumbling around Hillary pulled Janet's other arm behind her. She could feel a leather strap being tightened around her elbows, once again pulling them together. Janet's whole body seemed to go dead at this point, her arms were tied again and she could do nothing about it.

Hillary then pulled out the same armbinder that had been on Janet from before. With practiced ease she slipped it up and over Janet's strapped elbows. The lacing was once again pulled brutally tight over her arms, the various straps and buckles tightened and locked around the leather now encasing her. Hillary attached a strap to the end of her bound hands, on this strap were the same two dildos that had been crammed in her when she had first been bound. Hillary forced Janet's bound legs apart, using her own legs and leverage. Again, with demoralizing ease the too-huge probes were forced into Janet's unwilling orifices. Hillary pulled the strap up tight and attached it to another belt she wrapped around Janet's waist. Several more straps ran from various parts of the armbinder all around her poor body. In a few moments her entire torso was tightly bound. Hillary got off Janet and pulled her up until she was sitting on her bound legs. She groaned and twisted, pulling hopelessly at the leather. Hillary got on her knees in front of her, rubbing her perfect breasts with unconcealed lust.

"You know how incredible you look when tied like this?" She asked. "These magnificent tits jutting out, your body covered with sweat as you struggle." She leaned across and gave Janet's tear stained cheek a little kiss, right below one of the straps holding in the gag. Hillary got a little thrill as she could feel the bladder filling Janet's mouth straining against her distended cheek.

"So helpless, and so beautiful. Well let's pack you into the box, I am curious to see how well you fit."

Janet moaned helplessly, straining against her bonds. Hillary brought the crate over so it was right next to Janet. She looked fearfully inside the dark box. Hilary then put the box on its side, so that the opening was facing Janet. She then dropped Janet onto her side, so her legs were in front of the maw of the crate. She slid Janet across

so that her lower body worked its way into the trunk. This took a while, as Janet was not very helpful in this and Hilary was working alone, but eventually she got Janet's legs to fit into rubber formed slots that were built into the bottom of the device. Two rubber straps fit over her thighs holding her legs immobile. Hillary then used the Janet's own body to lift the whole arrangement back upright, except now Janet was sitting in it. Her feet were in individual slots of rubber underneath her ass. Her knees were separated by about six inches, completely immobile now. The rubber that the interior of the trunk was made of was very soft, so it literally molded itself to her legs. With deliberate gentleness, Hillary lowered Janet backwards into the trunk, so that she was laying on her back, with her legs still folded up, and her feet trapped under her ass. Straps were pulled around her upper leg, waist and chest, fusing her into the box. Her head fit into some sort of formed rubber half shell. The straps that held her body down was all made of rubber, and after Hillary had stretched them across her body and locked them they slowly contracted, tightening constantly.

"Almost done, sweetie," Hilary said. "We just have to hook up a few things and we can close this lid and call up the bellman to carry you down." She began to loosen the straps of Janet's gag, finally letting the air out of the horrible bladder filling her mouth. She did not remove the gag entirely yet.

"Janet, the hood built into this thing is very different from the one I had on you before. It is made entirely of rubber, and is completely airtight. The bladder in your mouth is going to be completely down your throat. There will be white noise filling your ears, cutting you off from everything. There are two very small tubes that fit up your nose and they are connected to the various compressed air tanks that are built into the side of your case. I have never tried this thing before, even in my depravity I could not get my guts up enough to try and put myself in this thing. So you are a bit of a guinea pig - I hope you can let me know how it was in a couple of hours."

"What I want you to know, is that you have about three hours of air in these tanks. It breathes for you, so you can't hyperventilate or anything. I just want you to know that if anything happens, like I get stopped by a cop or if I should get in some sort of accident, I am not going to say a word about you. If someone tries to cut you out of this they will disconnect the power to your air. Even the best cutters on Earth

cannot split this thing open fast enough to prevent you from suffocating if they try and bust you out. I just wanted you to know that there is no hope of getting out of this unless I let you out.”

Hilary then removed the rest of the gag from Janet, and in a fluid motion pulled the front of the mask over Janet’s face. Hilary made some adjustments, forcing the nose tubes up Janet’s nose and getting yet another uninflated bladder into her unwilling mouth. The mask clicked shut with horrible finality and Janet’s world went dark yet again. The mask was impossibly tight, and immediately loud static filled her ears. The bladder in her mouth inflated to jaw breaking proportions in less than three seconds, the gag extending all the way to the back of her throat. She was choking and suffocating all in a matter of moments. Her body bucked and struggled as she panicked over the lack of oxygen. The tubes in her nose began to feed air to her. This did not ease her fear and panic, but it kept her alive. Hilary rapidly applied still more straps to Janet’s body, fusing her completely to the box. The mask Janet wore made her face look like a futuristic bug, with big sightless eyes and tubes coming out of it. The only parts of Janet not covered with some sort of rubber strapping were her magnificent breasts jutting up. Hilary longingly stroked them for a minute, reveling in their firmness and softness all in one delicious package. She attached some power to the dildos inside of Janet. “For a little spice,” she said under her breath, made sure the air was running correctly, and closed the lid down. The top of the lid formed over Janet’s body as completely as the bottom did. The lid shut with an audible hiss and seals and locks automatically spun closed. Hilary pulled the leather straps that surrounded the box tightly together. They were strictly for show, but she loved the idea of show.

She finished with the straps, went over to the floor where she had dropped her cloths off and quickly put them back on. She then went over to the phone and called down to the hotel bellman, letting him know that there was some very valuable artwork she needed moving down to her van. She was nice enough to tell them that it would take at least two strong men to get it moving.

Inside her box, Janet screamed hopelessly into the endless rubber and steel containing her.

End of Part 7

Part 8

Inside the steel tomb that held her, Janet was completely panicked. She strained as hard as her helpless body could, her mind shutting down in fear and hopelessness. Her body screamed for release, but no matter what she did, she could not get even the slightest bit loose. Whatever part of her brain that could still think realized she was being lifted and moved. She redoubled her efforts, screaming fruitlessly into the inflated rubber mass that was crammed in her stretched mouth. She struggled to create some sort of indication she was in there. Rubber straps were compressing every inch of her incredible body. She was completely unaware that mere inches from her, two men from the hotel were working to carry her and her prison down to the elevator and into an expensive late model Sports Utility Vehicle. The movers conversely also had absolutely no idea that a beautiful woman was being held in the most stringent bondage imaginable underneath their hands. All her struggling and sobbing made absolutely no impact on the outside world.

So complete and tight were her bonds that Janet could not even tell she was being driven out of town, away from any persons that might even know of Janet, that might ask questions about her. Every second she was being taken farther and farther away from even that miraculous hope of rescue. She knew none of this, she only knew she was trapped in a tiny steel box, unable to move, hear, see or speak. Even her breathing was not her own, as the crate that held her also forced fresh air into her nostrils. As she was spirited mile-after-mile away, all she could do was sob helplessly into the skin tight rubber mask. Even her tears were denied release, the rubber mask was so tight. While Janet cried in total helplessness, Hillary finally arrived at her large country estate. Past private gates and a long driveway. Past the chance of police interference or an automobile accident. Into a huge garage, where standing beside his 'oh, so nice' BMW stood Clifford Black, M.D., Hillary's one-time lover and now total confidante in kidnapping and keeping women for sheer bondage pleasure against their will. Cliff was very good at bondage, perhaps even more cruel than Hillary herself. What made Cliff so invaluable was the fact that he was not only a

medical doctor, but a gynecologist to boot. Given that Hillary was planning on incredibly long-term bondage for poor Janet, having someone that could take care of all the captive girls' physiological needs would prove invaluable. Hillary knew of at least three young women that the good doctor had kidnapped himself for long periods of time and because of that knowledge she was completely confident in including Cliff in on her great secret.

Cliff helped move Janet out of the car, and with a lot of effort down some stairs in to the basement. As one would expect there was a regular basement with a game room and laundry area. Hillary inserted a key into a hidden lock and turned it. Part of the floor in the laundry room lifted up to reveal a ramp to the sub level where Hillary planned on Janet spending the rest of her life. Down the ramp the evil duo went, with their helpless cargo. After twenty seconds the ramp automatically closed again. The lights also went on automatically, showing an amazingly huge expanse. The house above had over 6,000 square feet of living area. The sub basement was an additional 3,000 square feet, with full kitchen, bedrooms and bathrooms. Janet would never know any of these facts about the dungeon that would hold her, though.

Dr. Black hooked Janet's box up to several tubes and plugs in a corner. These kept the life support in the prison going without the need for batteries. Now, however, mixed in to the oxygen that was being fed to Janet was an incredibly powerful anesthetic that Black had worked on over the years. It gave the minimum of side effects with the maximum of efficiency. Within moments inside her box, Janet was forced into a welcome unconsciousness. With practiced ease, Hillary opened the case.

Black looked down at the completely unrecognizable figure of the now-former stripper. Her breasts, however, were magnificent that was sure, even to someone that literally saw thousands of different sets a year. With Hillary's help they were able to remove all the bonds that held Janet, right down to the bondage mittens that had been wrapping her hands for two days.

The next hours were spent making complete molds of Janet's body, down to the nearest millimeter; pouring plaster and latex on her unmindful form over and over, in every conceivable position. Her mouth was measured to see exactly how big the

largest items could be used to gag her without choking her. Molds were made of every inch of her. Now customized bondage equipment could be made out of any materials, and they would fit perfectly. Of course a large part of this basement dungeon was devoted to the creation of leather and rubber and steel creations to hold the female form in helplessness. Tens of thousands of dollars of raw latex and unformed leather were stored down there. Hillary had no intention of letting any of it go to waste.

“Well, what do you want to do with her?” Cliff asked. “I want to break her mind now. I want to encase her for a long term bondage experiment. I also want to try out the automatic feeders and internal body cleaners I spent so much money getting made,” Hillary replied.

“I was going to talk with you about that,” Cliff said. “See, I found a girl. She is perfect, with a body that has to be close to as good as your little prize here.” Hillary almost immediately got excited at the prospect of adding a second girl to her new collection. “What do you mean?”

“That convention I went to in San Diego; I found a very young woman, no more than eighteen, I think. I have been doing my research on her, and at this very moment she is unattached and even though she would be missed pretty quickly, if we move now, we can snatch her and be several hundred miles away. I would not even bring her up, except she has a body that would rival any I have ever seen. She works as a fitness model for a local health club, and takes a few classes at a community college. Since you brought up the idea of trying long term encasement for your little prize there, I thought maybe we could take a road trip for a few days and leave her here. No better way to test the new gadgets unless we trust them, eh?”

Hillary thought about it for a minute. “Do you think we should get someone else so soon after grabbing her?” “Why not? There is absolutely no connection between these two girls except they have big tits and would be missing. San Diego is over six hours away from here. Besides, the idea of this bitch of yours bound in some sort of sensory deprivation bondage for days on end with no one even close by to save her, really turns me on. Plus I think you would love this woman. She is innocent and naïve. Perfect for your twisted little fantasies,” Cliff said with a leer.

“Well, I was hoping to do a rubber cocoon, but if we are going to need to leave soon, I think the rawhide leather suit would be a better choice.” “Hillary, even you could not be that cruel.” Cliff was amazed. “Why not? It can only be used once, as you well know, and if I am here I am not going to have the patience to wait for it to cure correctly. If I bind her in it and have to leave right after, well... it can dry and contract correctly.”

“Well, she belongs to you. And I have to admit the idea of coming back here and seeing that body encased in that thin leather after it has a few days to shrink around her... That is worth any risk.” “Then it’s settled. Do your “Doctor” thing and clean her out and attach the tubes. I will go get the suit ready. I want her to wake up before we put the hood on, though. I want to be able to tell her what is going to be happening to her.” “You really are a twisted woman, Hillary. It’s why we get along. Okay, sounds like a plan to me.”

Hillary went into the “Leather Room”, a large room filled with every conceivable variety of leather made and designed to bind a person. Dozens of belts and pads and helmets, arm and leg sheaths. The prize of the collection at this moment was a neck to toe body suit made of the greenest, freshest leather. Not very thick, but incredibly strong. It was kept in a plastic case filled with warm briny water. Hillary knew that she had to keep this suit wet or it would shrink. She picked out a matching leather helmet that had lacings along the neck to seal itself with the suit. She also grabbed a thin calfskin armbinder. The helmet and armbinder were already cured and would not shrink, unlike the insidious suit.

Cliff had busied himself giving the prone form of the captive the most cleansing and complete enemas medical science could provide. Her body was quickly cleaned of any solid and liquid wastes it possibly had in it. He inserted catheters and a urethra tube in her, and even ran tubes into her nostrils, all the way down into her lungs, to allow for unimpeded breathing no matter what.

Hillary came back with the suit and helmet just as Cliff was finished with all the medical procedures. He had put her copper hair into a tight pony tail, and had even applied Nair to the rest of her body to remove any hair. She was clean and ready.

The suit was a single piece and Hillary opened it up wide on the ground. The

armbinder went on first, though. It was a little different than the one she had been wearing before, as this one was very soft all the way down to where the hands started. From the wrists on the leather was stiffened to an unbreakable point. Cliff laced the binder on Janet's arms. Her hands were forced into a tight, immobile point. With practiced ease he laced the leather up to her shoulders. Straps ran from her arms over her shoulders, crossed between her massive tits and buckled under her arms. He made sure there was absolutely no restriction on any of her circulation. She was going to be in that sheath for a long time, after all.

Hillary lubed up the obligatory dildos for Janet's cunt and ass. Again these were a little different as they had holes in them to allow the catheters already inside her to be undisturbed by their insertion. These were simply dildos and not vibrators. They were simply inserted to fill up every orifice. Janet was flipped onto her stomach, and lay on the open leather body sheath. It was split all the way down the back, from the toes to the very top. Hillary patiently looped rawhide laces into grommets sewn all the way up the suit. It was very time consuming, as the lacing was extremely close together. Feet together, the sheath was fitted over her long legs, inch after inch fusing them tightly together, the brown leather fitting over her perfect legs like a second skin. The lacing worked its way up her back, over her brutally bound arms. Slowly but surely the laces were pulled and stretched. Cliff mostly watched, only helping out by adding his strength to make sure the lacings had absolutely no slack in them. Finally after much hard work, Janet was trapped in a tightly laced, unbreakable prison. The only openings in the entire device were two small openings for the catheters, and the opening where her lovely head popped out. Otherwise she was sealed in almost airtight. From the base of her lovely neck down to the tips of her perfect toes, she was just a feminine shaped piece of leather.

"Do you want me to wake her now? After all, imagine her waking up already sheathed, gagged and hooded. Pretty sexy huh?" Cliff asked.

"No, this time I want her to know exactly what is going to happen. I like gagging her and hooding her while she is aware of it. She is a great struggler, even though I don't give her much chance of doing it," said Hillary. Shrugging his shoulders, he proceeded to inject Janet's neck with a fast acting antidote to the powerful narcotic in her system. It only took a few moments for Janet's green eyes to flutter open. She

looked around the room in fear, she struggled for a moment with her implacable bonds. Even with her limited experience with the bondage world (After all she had never been tied up before 48 hours before) she knew that this sheath was not going to be something she was going to be getting out of without a lot of help.

“Where am I? What is this thing on me?” Janet demanded. She was struggling with the nose tubes that ran up her nose, feeling like she had to cough. “Welcome back to the world of the living, Janet,” Hillary said with mock enthusiasm. “This is your home. Pretty much for as long as you live, actually. I hope you like the colors.”

“As for the leather outfit you are wearing. It is a one of a kind. It is more special than the newest Versace or Calvin Klein. Feel how damp it is? Well, as it dries out it is going to get smaller and smaller. All the time also getting much stiffer. In the next three or four days you are going to become a stiff leather statue, incapable of any sort of movement.”

“God please no, Hillary.” Janet felt the tears coming to her eyes. “I can barely breath in this thing now. You are going to kill me. You don’t want that, you said so. If this thing gets any tighter, I’m dead.” Cliff spoke up at this; Janet had not even noticed the big man in the background, so focused on her dilemma was she. “Actually young lady, I have done some measurements; there is a pretty good chance that your body will be able to take this. It is just estimation of course, but I’m pretty sure you will still be breathing when this thing finishes drying. I’m also pretty sure it is not going to be easy to do so.”

“Where are my manners?” Hillary exclaimed. “Janet, this is Cliff, he’s your new doctor. He will cure what ails you.”

Janet turned her head to appraise the man. Tears were welling up in her eyes as the hope of a new person swelled in her. “Oh god, please help me,” she cried out. “Stop her, I will do anything you want. Fucking stop her. She is trying to kill me.” Cliff just laughed, and with his chuckle Janet’s faint hope faded quickly. “I’m afraid you are talking to the wrong person, little girl. I can’t imagine you offering me anything more that I want than what you are doing right now,” Cliff said.

Janet struggled on the floor, trying desperately to gains some relief from this terrible

ordeal. She felt like the suit was already crushing the life out of her. If what they said was true, it was going to get smaller. She knew it would kill her. "Please stop, Hillary. Don't you want me to lick you out again? I could do better, I promise. You could let me go, I could use my hands. I am great with my hands. I swear I won't try and get away." Janet was terrified of what was going to happen.

"Well, actually Janet I have some bad news for you. I have to take a little trip. I have this urge to collect some more trophies." Hillary was leaning over Janet's tear-stained face. "I really can't bring you along though, so you are going to have to stay at the house by yourself." "You can't leave me like this!" exclaimed Janet. "I'll starve. Can't you just lock me in a room or something? I won't try and escape."

"I'm not going to leave you like this, Janet. After all, you can still see and talk and hear. You can even move a little. We can't have that."

"You sick bitch, you fucking sick bitch. You are going to fucking kill me like that? Why?" "Janet, Janet, Janet, why don't you have more faith in me? The reason those nose tubes are shoved into you like that is because your mouth is going to be completely filled with rubber, more so than any of the other gags I have used on you. In the very center of the rubber gag there will be yet another tube, and it will go down your throat, straight to your stomach. The tube will be hooked up to an automated feeding system, which the good doctor and I have designed. It will not only keep you alive but it is about the healthiest thing you are ever going to have in your system."

"Swallow a tube?" Janet was confused. "Why do you have to do this to me?" "Well, it's the best way, Janet. Don't forget when you feel it go in to just swallow it. It will be a little uncomfortable, but a slut like you has to be used to swallowing tubes in her mouth."

"Fuck you, cunt. I will get you for this, I swear it." "Yeah Janet, I am real worried about that. After you have been strung up like a leather side of beef for four or five days, you are not going to be capable of anything. Cliff here thinks your mind will pretty much be gone by the time we get back." "Sorry, Janet," said Cliff. "I have no idea how that many days in total sensory deprivation will affect your mind, but people that have done far less have never recovered."

The full enormity of what Hillary had been saying crashed into Janet. Five days? She was going to be in this horrible leather cocoon for five days? With no one even about to check on her, or perhaps take pity on her, and let her go for a few moments. "Please God no, please please." Janet was sobbing now, fear and defeat and humiliation overwhelmed her.

"Janet, I know you remember the ear cement that I used on you yesterday. I'm afraid that I prefer that in these situations to the white noise. Even white noise is some sort of interaction. I prefer you totally without any sound at all." Without a word, Cliff grabbed Janet's auburn ponytail and held her head on the ground. Hillary advanced with a large fat syringe, which had two unmixed liquids in it. Janet knew what was coming next. Hillary was going to inject that stuff in her ears and within moments it would harden and expand. She had first hand experience with how effective it was - it did not just deaden sounds, it made her totally deaf. Janet tried to shake her head and squirm away, but Cliff had a good hold of her. Hillary shot a huge mixed glob deep into her right ear and it slid completely into her skull. The compound dried within seconds; her right ear was made deaf once again. Cliff forced her head over again and the last thing she heard was a malicious, "Bye Bye, Janet," from Hillary. The warm goo filled her ear and once again her world was completely silent.

End of Part 8

Part 9

The fact that she could not hear anything did not stop her from making a lot of noise, though. She screamed and cried, continuously begging for mercy and release. She was becoming hysterical, and when Hillary brought the hood over for Janet to see that did not help. She shook her head in negation, and pleading. "God no, I can't take it. Please, not another hood. You have no idea what it is like!"

The hood had a much longer neck than the other ones Janet had already worn. It had lacings all around the bottom of the neck so it could fuse seamlessly with the body suit. It also laced all the way up the back of the skull to allow it to be made as tight as possible. It was a brutal and hot hood, not something anyone would want on them

for any length of time. It had an elongated pump gag built into it, and a very thin reinforced tube ran through the middle of the gag. When it was pumped up, the hole would not help with breathing at all, since the gag was so huge it jammed deep into the back of the throat. The small hole in the gag's sole function was to allow a feeding tube to be fed straight into the stomach.

Hillary turned the hood almost inside out. Janet could see that the entire inside of the hood was lined with rubber. Hillary attached a squeeze bulb to the outside of the gag and gave it a couple of quick squeezes, to give the gag a bit more of a solid form. Again Cliff held Janet's trembling head still while Hillary brought the gag and attached hood up to Janet's mouth. Janet moaned through clenched teeth; there was no way she was opening her mouth to let that thing in. Using the ponytail of hair, Cliff slowly pulled Janet's head back as far as it could go. He then used his other hand to grab her jaw and pull her mouth open. Hillary took the opportunity to jam the partially inflated sphere into her mouth. Janet groaned with defeat as the squishy mass settled deep in her mouth. While Hillary adjusted the short tubes that were in Janet's nostrils so they popped through the rubber lined holes in the hood, Cliff grabbed the sides of the hood and pulled it around Janet's tear filled face. The last thing Janet saw was Hillary's sadistic leer.

The breathing tubes were very narrow, but they were performing their function. They were made of extremely tough plastic and would not compress under even the most extreme pressure. This was a good thing for Janet, because as of that moment they were the only method of keeping enough air in her to stay alive. Cliff pulled the helmet completely around Janet's head and began the painstaking lacing of the seal. Hillary slowly began filling the gag in Janet's mouth with more and more air. She watched as the small pressure gauge built into the pump went up and up. All the space in Janet's mouth was soon filled; her screams turning to whimpers, then groans, and finally pitiful soft sounds that came strictly from her chest. Her mouth was so completely filled that no air could get from her voice box to her mouth to project any sound at all.

"Don't dislocate her jaw, Hillary," Cliff admonished. "That is a lot of pressure." He could see the needle on the gauge was alarmingly high. Hillary gave the bulb a final sadistic squeeze and disconnected the bulb from the gag.

Inside her closing hood prison, Janet felt the gag work its way a little bit down her throat. She felt like she was swallowing a rubber watermelon. She could not even retch or cough. Her jaws were stretched beyond any normal distension. The helmet was actually stretching around her face. The rubber interior was making a perfect seal on her skin. Cliff had very strong hands, and he took particular relish in making sure the helmets lacings were as tight as he could make them. The leather was forming a perfect image of Janet's face. Janet was simply struggling to breathe, unable to adapt to the nose tubes and the brutal gag. While Cliff laced the back of the helmet up, Hillary began to lace the hood to the body suit, to complete Janet's mummification. The hood overlapped the suit so there was plenty of material to work with. She wanted to make sure that the suit did not in any way circle the neck; once the suit began to contract it could choke her to death. Racing each other, Cliff and Hillary finished lacing Janet in her horror. The colors of the hood and the suit matched perfectly. Flaps covered up all the lacings that the two devices had, so Janet was a seamless leather mummy. Janet tracked helplessly moving her head back and forth, trying to see or breath easier, anything to change the way things were. The hood was so tight you could make out the sockets of Janet's eyes, her cheeks puffed out from the gag, you could almost see her jaw muscles working to try and expel the gag.

Cliff had grabbed the specialized feeding tube and had brought it over. "Okay Hil', grab her head and hold it straight back. She is going to buck a lot, so hold her tight." Hillary used a small "O" ring at the very top of the hood to gain purchase on her and jerked Janet's head straight back; she was blindly facing the ceiling. Hillary wrapped herself around Janet as best she could, pulling her legs around her and holding her torso with her free hand. Cliff simply stood over the two of them and began to thread the tube into the tiny feeding hole. "I hope she remembers to swallow, or this could get very uncomfortable for her." He said.

Janet was unaware of what was happening, until she felt the tube touch the back of her throat. The gag extended so far into her mouth that it was beyond the point where her gag reflex cut in. Still, she resisted mightily, twisting and jerking in Hillary's grasp. She reflexively began to swallow the tube, unable to stop its advance. It snaked down with a constant pressure from Cliff. There was a tiny bracket along the tube that locked into the front of the hole of the gag with a twist of

his wrist. Now no amount of retching or twisting could get the tube out of her. Hillary released her grip on Janet and let her drop to the ground. Janet flopped around like a beached fish. She looked like a brown featureless worm, blindly thrashing about. Her captors just watched for a long while, enjoying the sight of total helplessness in a beautiful woman. Janet was in a frenzy of panic, but the thin breathing tubes made it impossible for her to maintain the level of activity she was attempting. She slowly eased off, working her way back down to an occasional spasm of movement. Her breathing came in a narrow whistle through the tubes, as she lay on her back. Inside her incredible prison she prayed to die. She could not stand the darkness, the loneliness and the pressure anymore. She screamed with all her might into the gag, in frustration. Her body actually arched off the ground, so great was the force she was putting into it. By the time this earsplitting cry of agony got past the gag and leather covering her mouth, Cliff and Hillary heard a soft pathetic groan. She finally collapsed totally, her last reserves spent.

“Could you pick her up Cliff? I have a room set up for just such a purpose.” Cliff obliged, leaning over and easily scooping Janet up in his arms. He followed Hillary to a far room. It was completely empty except for three huge fans surrounding the center of the room and a large winch in the middle of the ceiling. The entire room was incredibly brightly lit.

“Put her right in the middle, Cliff. I’m gonna suspend her by that winch.” Cliff laid her down, Janet rolled on her side with a practically inaudible groan. Hillary found a hidden ring that was fused to the floor. At the tips of her toes was a small metal ring that was sewn into the suit. Hillary attached a 6-inch chain from the floor to Janet’s wrapped toes.

“Cliff, on the wall by the door you will see a control panel for the winch, hit the green button to give me some slack.” Cliff did as he was told and snaking out of the far away ceiling came another length of quarter inch chain with an easy opening clasp at the end of it. The chain was attached to the very top of Janet’s wrapped skull.

“Okay Cliff, hit the red button now until I tell you to stop.” Again Cliff complied. And the chain began to move back up into the ceiling. The motor of the winch made no

sound of strain as it began to lift her from the ground. Janet groaned in confusion; she could not see or hear anything that was happening to her. She could only feel something pulling her upright by her head. In a few seconds she was upright, but the winch continued, lifting her. Her feet started leaving the ground. Janet jerked spastically as she was lifted off the ground. The short chain holding her feet would not allow her to get more than a couple of inches off the ground. Her feet began to point straight downward; her body was being stretched more and more. Just when it seemed like Janet would rip in half, Hillary told Cliff to stop.

Janet was in the middle of the room. Her outstretched toes mere inches away from the ground. Her whole body was like a guitar string, in a perfect line from top to bottom. She tried to twitch, to move, to do anything. Janet was helpless. Hillary was once again transfixed at the sight before her: an amazing leather statue bound between floor and ceiling, suspended like a feminine leather fly in some depraved spider's web. Cliff busied himself connecting the catheters and the feeding tube to their mates that came from the ceiling and floor. The feeding tube was run by a sophisticated computer and kept a slow, steady stream of nutrient rich soup moving into her stomach. The catheters just made sure that any waste was sucked away instantly. Janet had no control over her bowels and bladder anyway, as any waste that came along passed through her instantly. Cliff ran an admiring hand over the taut belly and breasts of the trapped girl, admiring how the leather was just like a second skin.

"Nice job, Hillary. What are the fans for anyway?" "Well, the lights in the room are here to dry that leather suit out, and the fans are going to blow at high speed to keep her cool. They will help get rid of any moisture also. When we close the door I will turn them on and the curing of that suit can begin." They stopped at the door one last time to look at the poor woman, twitching in silent anguish in the air. The fans began to turn and they closed the door on Janet.

"Well, lets go pack you some things, and plan out our trip," said Hillary. "There is absolutely no rush though, Okay?" "Damn you are such a sadist Hil," Said Cliff with an admiring smirk. "It's why we never worked. Sadists need someone to use." "That leather is going to be so stiff when we get back. It will be like she is encased in rock. I cannot wait to see that." Hillary was ecstatic. "You are right Hillary, you have no

patience.”

Within the hour Hillary and Cliff had left the house leaving Janet twenty feet below a huge house in a room that no one knew about. Inside her prison Janet continued to squirm in silent agony. Even after an hour the leather was beginning to dry, and Janet could feel the effects. Her breathing was labored, her body felt like a vice was slowly, inexorably being tightened on her. She was more alone and helpless than any person in history. Once again her every sense was taken from her and her very ability to move was denied. All her pleading and begging had amounted to nothing. Thus began five days of hell for Janet.

End of Part 9

Part 10

Janet’s perfect body was suspended in mid air. She had been bound in her stiffened leather cocoon for 83 hours now. Her real struggles had long ceased by this time, as her entire focus was just to breath. The hardened leather suit was like rock now, crushing her body from every angle. The fans that had been set up to dry the suit still hummed around her, keeping her body cool enough so the heat build up in the leather suit would not kill her. The room itself had slowly reduced in temperature until it was about 45 degrees in the room. Even in her impossibly tight, and claustrophobic hell, Janet could feel the chill all around her. If someone had been in the room, and had turned off the fans, they would have heard the straining of thin breathing, as Janet struggled to get air into her crushed lungs. The thin tubes that carried the air in her nostrils whistled each time as she did the only thing she was capable of now, which was to breath. Almost every inhalation was followed by groans from deep inside the leather cocoon. Of course Janet could hear none of this, because of the compound that filled her ears, making her deaf to the world. She could not see anything, but the endless black of the inside of the hood that so completely enclosed her head. The only thing she could feel was endless leather covering every millimeter of her compressed body. The only thing she could taste was the huge rubber mass that stretched her jaws farther than she would have

thought possible. The only thing she could even smell was the plastic of the thin tubes that were allowing her to wheeze in her pathetic amounts of air. Every sense had been completely taken away from her; she was bound and gagged completely. She hung suspended, like a shapely fly, in a stiff leather cocoon. Janet could do nothing but cry, and breath, and slowly lose her mind.

Eventually the door to Janet's private hell opened, and in walked her sadistic tormentors. Janet was unaware of this, as she was unaware of anything by this point. Hillary came in first, followed by Cliff. He was dragging a very evil looking metal trunk, with many locks and bands around it. Hillary was practically jumping up and down when she saw what nearly five days of curing had done to Janet's cocoon. She rushed into the cold room like a kid on Christmas, squealing with pleasure as she moved quickly over to the motionless form that was Janet. She was rubbing her hands up and down the incredibly taut torso of the poor girl.

Oh yeah," she said. "This is amazing, the leather is stiffer than I thought it would be, I bet she could not flex her body at all, even if she wasn't strung up like that."

"Is she still alive?" Cliff asked with amazement. "I don't believe it."

Hillary put her fingers under the tubing coming from Janet's nose, and felt the slight breeze of her tortured breathing. She flashed an impish grin at Cliff and said, "You have no faith Cliffy, she is just fine." Hillary gestured towards the metal box and asked. "Do you think our new big titted girl is awake yet?"

Cliff nodded his head in the affirmative. "Yeah I think I felt her trying to struggle when I was pulling the box out of the van."

Hillary felt a familiar pang of lust course through her, as the thought of that poor young girl waking up so stringently bound as she was in a box like that filled her head.

Inside the box, Lisa Sullivan struggled against the bonds that Hillary had put on her. She had no idea what had happened to her. She had come home from school, gotten a drink of juice from her fridge. She felt incredibly tired and had laid down for a quick nap. She had woken up in this incredibly awkward position, finding she could

not move at all, in total darkness. She was on her back, with her legs bent at the knee and folded under her so her heels were against her ass. She could feel straps around her thighs, keeping them fused to the ankles. There was something huge shoved up her ass, twisting inside her body, and something even larger jammed in her pussy, and it too moved like a thing alive. Her arms were fused together behind her back, completely wrapped, in what felt like, soft leather. Her hands could not move at all, as they had been wrapped individually into tight fists. Desperately she struggled as she tried to lift her body off her bound arms, and legs, but there were other straps leading from all over her form that kept her tightly pressing on her arms and feet trapped under her. More troubling than the horrible arch her body was bound in was the fact she could not see, or hear anything, there was something rubbery stretched around her face with incredible tightness. It felt like it covered her entire head with equal vigor, blocking out all sound and light, keeping her in horrible darkness. Her mouth was filled with a rubber mass that stretched her jaws as far as possible. She moaned into the gag, but she could not even hear her own pathetic groans of discomfort, however she could not hear any of this since her ears were completely filled with a putty like compound that blocked out all sound. She tried again to shake her head, to somehow dislodge the items keeping her deaf, but like the rest of her body, her skull was strapped down from many different angles, and she could not move it even a millimeter. This did not stop her from trying though, as she tried to twist and turn her delicious body free from her leather and rubber prison. Someone had to hear her, and release her from this incredibly strict and cruel bondage.

Outside the box that was Lisa's prison, Cliff could actually feel the metal trunk move with her desperate struggles. He was silently impressed with her strength, as he had helped to strap her unconscious form into the tiny case. He knew that she was bound so that no movement was really possible, and yet she was still able to let her presence known to him, with her struggles.

"So now that, your new chesty bitch is awake in her box." Cliff told Hillary. "You want to play with her yet?"

Hillary thought for a second, half of her wanting to keep the new girl in the box for a while longer, to let her struggle in bondage that she had no idea how she got into.

The idea of the fear and panic that must be going through that poor girl made her weak in the knees. As delightful as that prospect was a better idea came to her.

“I think I want her to see Janet here, before we bring her down. Let her know what is in store for her later.” She finally said.

Cliff nodded his head, and began the laborious process of unlocking all the straps and seals that held the trunk closed. He finally turned one last key and lifted the heavy lid up, to expose the lovely body inside. Lisa was a small girl, almost tiny. A couple inches over five feet tall, she had pale skin and seemed delicate all over. Everything about her was small except her tits. Huge firm things that had not been affected by gravity or age at all. Of course the fact that Lisa was barely 18 years old made her amazing tits a little more believable. Lisa had spent her high school years as part of the “grunge” type crowd, simply because it allowed her to wear huge, loose fitting clothes, that hid her amazing figure. She was secretly ashamed of her overt sexual form, and was looking forward to the day when she could get breast reduction surgery, so that she could be less self aware of the stares every time she wore anything even remotely snug. It was her breasts that had caused her to be locked like some old clothes into a metal trunk. Cliff had been in Los Angeles, and had spotted Lisa in a mall, wearing dowdy clothes and trying to hide her chest with folded arms. She had gone to the mall, to try and shop, ironically enough, for bras. Her amazing dimensions made finding such a simple item of clothing an endless chore. She had come to the mall because a new foundation store had opened there, and it had the promise of specializing in “Hard to find sizes”. Cliff noticed her delicate elflike features, and started following her around, mostly out of habit, but also with an eye to see what she had to offer a twisted bondage lover like himself. He busied himself, looking like a nervous husband shopping for his wife. He walked right behind the pixie like girl, and glanced at the bra she was looking at. She did not even notice him, as he glanced over to look at the tag dangling from the undergarment. He almost collapsed when he saw “34 DD” listed there. He knew at that moment he would have to have her. He watched as she made her purchases, and discreetly followed her as she left. His own car was on the opposite side of the mall from hers, once he had her license plate number; he had all the information he needed. He spent a few weeks learning all about her. That she rented a cheap apartment, while she went to college. That she was a loner, who was obsessed on

her studies. That she lived miles away from her family, and she was just starting to make friends. She was perfect, like a gift from the gods. Unattached, timid, and for the first time out on her own. The thing he most feared when he took a woman was instant discovery of the victim being missing. The more time that passed, the less likely that any slight clue he might have inadvertently left would be discovered. He had been taking trips to the city and studying Lisa for about a month, when he had told Hillary about her. He had long since made a duplicate of the door key, and had even experimented with going in her apartment when she was either at work or at school. She only spent about 7 hours a day at home, she was so busy, and so he had her schedule down pat. When he brought Hillary, they had snuck in her apartment, drugged all the drinks in her refrigerator, and waited for her to come back. They had actually left a small camera in her kitchen; concealed in the cabinet right near the fridge, so they saw when she took out the cranberry juice she liked, and had a big glass of it. The drugged liquid would only take a few minutes to completely knock her out. They went into the apartment, stripped and tied Lisa into a small ball, with hood and inflatable gag, and crammed her into a stiffened sports bag. She was small enough that she fit right in. They replaced all the liquids they had drugged with ones that were untainted, removed the camera, and quickly took their new prize into the parking lot; put her into the van they had parked there, and quickly sped away. Hillary had done most of the binding into the transport case, reveling in getting to bend her lovely body into the unnatural shape it was forced to endure now. He ran his hand over her exposed torso, reveling in how tight her skin was, with her body bent back the way it was. Lisa felt the strange, rough hand running over her body, stopping to dwell on her mammoth, exposed breasts. She moaned and struggled to stop this unwanted attention, to let whoever was touching her know that she wanted out of whatever was holding her. She tried screaming, and could not even hear the pathetic muffled mew through the inflatable gag and strict rubber helmet that wrapped over her face. The sound only served to excite Cliff even more, as he kneaded and groped her breasts harder. Lisa was sobbing desperately in her impossible prison, still trying to get some relief from the constriction placed upon her. Cliff could hardly believe how erotic the poor girl looked, just a torso straining and hopelessly struggling. He honestly regretted that he was about to let her go, he wanted to keep her like this forever. With a wistful sigh, he began to unstrap her head from the various straps that were holding her down. It took almost ten minutes,

but Cliff finally unlocked the last strap that held her down into the case. He lifted her tiny body out of the case, easily picking up her one hundred pounds. She was still in skintight arm binder; the inflatable gag still crammed her mouth painfully full. Her legs were still strapped ankle to thigh by wide pliable leather belts. Worst of all the heavy rubber mask still covered her face in brutally snug fashion. Cliff placed her on the carpeted floor, facing Janet's still quivering form suspended in her own leather cocoon. Lisa felt herself placed on the floor, resting on her heels. Despite her still strict bondage, she was mostly relieved to not be on her back anymore. The hands that had moved her moved away, and she sat there quietly for a moment, waiting for the release of her bonds to continue. She began to panic again, when no one seemed to be removing anything at all. She tried pulling her arms up, to try and rip the rubber off her face herself. The violent struggle only pulled on a strap that ran from a belt around her waist, over her bellybutton, down between her legs, and then attached to the tip of the arm binder. All her struggling did was drag the dildos in her cunt and ass deeper in her. She moaned with impotent anger, as she realized that she was still completely helpless and her body was still being violated so callously. She was twisting her lovely pale body in delicious ways, as she pulled desperately at the arm binder. Her head shook back and forth, trying to get the skintight helmet off her face. Cliff and Hillary looked on with lustful attention as they watched the big titted woman strain so helplessly. Every twist only enhanced her total inability to escape, as she strained with all her might to release herself from her bondage. Soft mews and grunts accompanied each movement of her body.

Finally Cliff couldn't take it anymore,

"What do you want to do now, Hil?" He asked.

Hillary looked at her new captive, struggling for all she was worth to gain some relief.

"Well I thought we would show her Janet, here, and feed and water them both, but I think we should let little Ms. Big Tits there work off some energy for a night, besides, I want Janet to have another evening in that leather cocoon of hers. That thing cost a lot of money, and when we finally get her out of it, the only way to do it is to cut her out of the suit." Hillary was running her hand up and down Janet's rock

hard encasement. "I think that this is a work of art, and we should keep it around for one more night."

Cliff was kneading Lisa's huge breasts, reveling in her sobs of confusion that made their way out of the huge gag and rubber helmet.

"What do you want to do with the new bitch then?" He asked.

"I think we should just leave her in here, this room is freezing, so it should be pretty uncomfortable for her. Plus I like the idea of what she is feeling under that helmet. She has no idea where she is, or what is happening to her. All I want to do is add a few additions to those amazing tits, then lets go get some dinner, and watch some videos of Janet struggling. I have her first six hours of her in that thing on tape, and I can't wait to see it. That sound good to you?"

"Sounds great, lets make sure that the new little girl here is well bound though." Cliff replied.

"My thought exactly, you stay here and play with the toys, I'm gonna go grab some extra bindings for Tit Girl." Hillary said as she rushed out of the room.

Cliff spent the few minutes Hillary was gone, playing with Lisa, roughly crushing her tits in his large hands, tightening the straps on her bondage, wherever he could find any slack or even when he couldn't. Lisa could only moan, and try to twist away from this unknown tormenter. She could still not see or hear anything at all. All she knew was the terror of the violations she was undergoing, and the incredible strict bondage she knew she had no chance to escape from.

Unknown to Lisa, her primary captor, Hillary, had returned to the room. She had brought a chest on wheels into the room, which included a high-powered portable winch, and several lengths of metal cable.

"You sure you don't want to let her out of the helmet for a minute? Give her some water, and let her go to the bathroom?" Cliff asked, concerned that Hillary might be going too far.

"Cliff, I am doubtful that little miss monster tits here will ever be awake without a

helmet on her head for the rest of her life. I am planning on some permanent bondage for that girl, and she is a perfect guinea pig for some of my ideas. I'll let you know about them, after we finish stringing her up like the prize little pig she is. A night without a bathroom and a drink are not going to kill her, after all."

Cliff just smiled and nodded his head, even though not quite as sadistic as Hillary; he knew her imagination was unmatched when it came to tying a person up. He would follow her as far as she wanted to go, because they both shared the ability to forget that the art they created in bondage were real women. It was why both of the favored so much bondage and so effective gags. Glancing up at poor Janet, wrapped in that constrictive and now concrete hard leather only confirmed that feeling. Janet was no longer a human being, but a toy to be used however they wanted. She could do nothing to stop them from doing anything that they wanted. Now her every breath, her every movement, her every breath and thought was possible only because her new masters allowed it. The thought of Janet losing her mind in her silent constricting bondage hell was already exciting Cliff more than anything else he had ever considered. And he knew that it was all because of Hillary, and her incredible sadism. Without another word he got to work on the additional bondage for the hapless and helpless Lisa.

A few minutes later, Lisa found herself in an even more uncomfortable situation. Her legs were still bound ankle to thigh, but now a short metal spreader bar separated them. The bar was connected to her legs just above the knees, so she could neither pull her legs farther apart, not pull them closer together. She was now only touching the ground on her knees. The spreader bar was bolted, in the middle, securely into the floor, preventing her from moving her legs up at all. Two high tensile strength metal cables ran from her shoulders. Up to the ceiling to the winch, Cliff had hooked up there. A final cable ran from the top of the helmet, to the same winch. Hillary had loved the struggling that Lisa had put up when the winches had slowly put her into this position. The desperate groans of helplessness as she was stretched to the ceiling had been amazingly erotic.

Hillary produced two long nipple suction clamps, and using the vacuum they created attached them to Lisa's helpless breasts. More moans of frustration and pain came from Lisa's gagged mouth, as the clams sealed to her creamy, soft flesh. Hillary

added a few ounces of weights to each clamp, to make the tension on each breast even worse.

Inside her hood, Lisa was getting more and more panicked, it was dawning on her that whoever had kidnapped her had no intention of letting her out of this bizarre bondage. Her arms ached, having been fused into the same position for hours. Her knees were already starting to throb, with all her weight being forced upon them. She knew that it was hopeless to struggle, but she did so anyway, thrashing in her web of metal cables, leather straps and tight rubber bindings. She screamed into her gag, unable to hear her own pathetic mews, but praying that whoever was holding her would hear her and take pity on her. Someone had to let her go, she could not take this anymore, she was surely going to go insane. She thrashed and struggled for several minutes, rage and fear fueling her efforts. Finally the reality that she was completely alone, helpless and with no chance of being saved came crashing down on her. She collapsed into her bonds, her delicate body racked with the sobs of her uncontrollable crying. Her massive breasts swaying gently back and forth, slightly out of shape because of the weights hanging from the nipples. Her mind was all questions, confusion and hopelessness, which only added to her panic and crying.

Hillary and Cliff watched as Lisa's struggles subsided and her crying went from hysterical to occasional muffled sobs.

"Come on Cliff, let's leave our girls for the night. We can go watch the videos, and maybe if you are good, we can do something about that frustration I'm sure you are feeling." Hillary said. "Tomorrow I will tell you about my plans for these two bitches. I think you will approve."

Cliff stared for a second longer at Lisa, and numbly nodded his head. Anything Hillary wanted she would have, she had given him his every fantasy in a way that he never thought possible. The evil duo left the chilly dark room to the poor helpless beautiful women. Trapped in strict, unbreakable bondage, with no hope of rescue.

To be continued...hopefully in a timely manner.