

# Learning

Category: Text Stories

written by Sir Valk | March 24, 2004



## By Thndrshark

### Part 1

Ok, it was as much my fault as anybody. I had as much as asked for this, encouraging Adam to do what he wished. I just wished he didn't have so many vivid fantasies. I had no idea how long I had been down here. I was having trouble telling the passage of time. I was blindfolded, but could feel the bright spot of light splashing down on me. He had visited me twice so far, only to find some way to increase my pain. One element always remained the same; the long dildo shoved up my ass. It was soft on the outside, but hard inside, holding my body upright. The pole that ran up it was hollow, I figured out, by the stream of water that was being forced inside of now. The water was cold and I squirmed from the pressure of the icy liquid that now filled my bowels to near busting. I thought it might actually cause some damage, but suddenly it stopped. I was relieved, but the cramps began almost immediately, and I moaned behind the gag.

At first, it was the pole, with my ankles bound to my thighs and my arms bound behind me at wrist and elbow. A tight corset was laced to my waist, restricting my breathing to short pants through my nose. Add a posture collar, a huge ball gag and blindfold, and he left me. After a couple hours, I had begun to ache, my knees screaming from the harsh bend and the unrelenting stone floor. Then my shoulders

began their burn. I could keep my elbows bound together for a long time, but my shoulders always began to hurt first. I couldn't scream, and I knew it wouldn't help. Any squirm or bounce forced the dildo farther up my ass, or ground my knees into the floor. I was miserable, but I could also feel the dampness build in my pussy. After awhile, I found if I flexed my butt, I could rise up and down on the pole, essentially fucking my own ass. A wash of humiliation spread across my face and I could feel tears well up. Of all things, I hated anal sex, and though the dildo up my ass was bad enough, the fact that I desperately wanted to fuck my own ass to get off seemed beyond my abilities to cope. I felt the blindfold dampen from the tears, but despite it all, I still began to move, forcing the hard object in and out of my anus. I couldn't help myself, even when the pain began to threaten my own consciousness. My own body betrayed me, and though I wanted to die from humiliation, I moved on the dildo, feeling an orgasm rising. The pain of the procedure made me come quickly. As I finished, the water inside of me ran out and I passed out.

"Good morning, slave," he said, startling me. I had been unable to measure between waking and sleeping, each bearing their own level of torment. "How have the last 48 hours been down here," he asked, knowing I couldn't answer. I could feel him fumbling with my gag, and after a moment, the large ball was pulled from my sore jaws. Just as quickly, he replaced it with a ring gag, then affixed a rubber strap with a hose in the middle, around my head. He attached an industrial strength syringe to the end and began pushing. I soon could feel a sweet sludge running into my mouth, and down my throat. "This is a special mixture I made up, to keep you healthy. It doesn't taste so good, but you'll have to get used to it. It'll be the only thing you eat for the next six weeks." I groaned at that, knowing he had many things planned.

After feeding me, he replaced the ring gag with an inflatable gag, blowing it up until my jaws screamed. For a moment he disappeared, then I felt him tugging sharply on the laces to the corset. Despite the intense restriction, he was able to close it even more. I could imagine the sight of my waist, certainly into nearly an hourglass shape. He continued to pull, until my chest was so restricted I was afraid I wouldn't be able to inhale at all. But finally I felt him tie the laces off. As I concentrated on the simplicity of breathing, he leaned me back, helping my knees rise off the floor a bit. When he leaned me back forward, I screamed through the gag. He had placed some sort of sharp edge under my knees. I knew it wasn't actually sharp, in that it

wouldn't cut my skin, but the edge added immeasurable pain to my knees, bringing tears to my eyes. I could hear him leave, and I wailed through the gag. I thought my knee caps would split under the force, and I knew I would have to endure this until he chose to return.

Ok, so call me curious. I never thought of myself as strange, just because I liked being submissive. My parents never understood the guys I dated, but they didn't understand us much anyway. My little sister and I never got along, so she avoided me like the plague. She was four years younger than me, and was easy to ignore. I didn't want their approval, just for them all to leave me alone. I had some fun to explore, and I intended to live out my fantasies.

I had met Adam at a "vanilla" function, but we somehow had gotten off on the topic of fetish. Before long, we were dating and experimenting in bondage and submission. He was almost ten years older than me, but he was rich, handsome and kinky. I couldn't ask for much more. I knew I was a catch. At only 22 years old, I looked 16, with long, lean legs and long dark hair that reached my middle back. I had always loved tight things, probably a cue to my love for bondage, and had spent whatever money I could on latex and leather, or anything that held me snug. On the night we met, I was wearing a lace number, a tiny dress that barely covered my ass, and really stretched around my breasts. At 5'6", 108 lbs, 38-22-34, I had quite a figure, and I loved wearing things that clung to that great shape.

Being a good looking 22 year-old woman, it was hard to just come out and tell people I was kinky. You figure it would be easy! The truth is that every nut case or semi-pervert would want me as their own, and that led to dangerous things like stalking. I had to be selective whom I told. I wanted to find someone that could support me in my interests, even expand my horizons, and do it in style. I had a little experience with submission, having found the odd boyfriend who was interested. I learned I enjoyed bondage, but wanted steel and leather, not soft rope. I also learned I was a masochist; the pain not exactly enjoyable, but certainly helpful in getting me off. But all the boyfriends before Adam couldn't afford to keep it up. They would spend their life savings on equipment for me, but could never sustain it in a lifestyle. And then there was Adam: Lots of money, a geologist working as a consultant, a huge house in Bel Air and a wildly kinky attitude.

For the first couple months, we explored together, getting more and more intense with our experiences. After our third date, he found a private party to attend. We drove up in a limousine to a house that miraculously rivaled his own. I was dressed in a slinky black number, excited to show off my new man, but when we stopped, he didn't open the door. Instead he turned to me.

"It's time to up the ante," he said. Every time he said that, he had something new in mind. The last time, it was pulling a pony cart around his backyard. That was fun! This time, I wasn't sure what he meant. "Strip."

For a moment, I looked at him, but then jumped to it, pulling the dress off my shoulders. I glanced forward at the limo driver, noticing him watching from the mirror, and my face blushed in embarrassment. But Adam had a serious look and I knew I couldn't stop. Soon I was naked, even without shoes.

"Turn around and lift your hair." As I did I could feel something cold reach around my neck, then encircle it. I found myself staring back at the limo driver, my humiliation clear on my face, and his excitement on his. The metal, wide and heavy, fit perfectly, clinging to my neck as Adam did something in the back. "Lower your hair now." I did so, holding my hands on my lap, but he could tell I desperately wanted to touch. "Go ahead." My hands rose, feeling the cool metal snug around me neck. It was a good two inches wide, if not slightly more; not quite a posture collar, but more than a choker. a ring dangled from the front, but as my fingers traced the surface, they found no lock. The metal seemed seamless and perfect. A thrill ran through my body.

"Hands behind your back." I obeyed instantly, and could feel him attaching more cold steel. As the wrist cuffs locked on, he pushed them together and with a click, locked into place. I could not pull them apart. He moved to just above me elbows, fitting wider cuffs there, then again pushing them together. My bare breasts forced out as my back arched, my shoulders bent backward and my elbows joined. Another click and they locked into position. I was no longer able to move my arms. He moved to my ankles, applying two more cuffs. These were joined by a scant three inches of chain.

"I have a gift for you," he said, a smile on his face. Pulling a box from beside him, he

produced a pair of ballet shoes. I groaned inwardly. A week ago, he had brought home a pair, and insisted I try them. I slipped them on, then pranced around the room for twenty minutes, boasting I could walk in them for hours. I could tell they excited them. I didn't want to admit my toes were screaming in pain, so I didn't. Now, I regretted it. I could say nothing as he fit them on my feet. Snapping a leather leash to my collar, he nodded to the limo driver who jumped out and ran to open the door for us. Adam stepped out, then with a tug on the leash, pulled me out. As I stood in the shoes, balancing myself on their points, feeling my toes begin to cram into the end, I could feel the limo driver's eyes on me. The cool air on my body made my nipples taunt. He must have construed that as excitement.

"She's a submissive slut, if I may say so, sir," the driver commented.

"Yes, she is," Adam responded, admiring his prize.

As we stood in front of the door, I braced myself for some humiliation. I had come to believe this was another dominant/submissive party, where there would be other couples like us. I would feel the rush of embarrassment as I was greeted at the door, but once in amongst the other slaves, I would be ok. This would be the first party we had attended where I was fully naked and bound, but he always upped the ante in many stages at once.

The door finally opened, revealing a properly attired butler, who smiled at Adam, looked me up and down, then waved us in. Adam gave me a tug and I carefully stepped up the stoop into the ante room. Once inside, he dropped my leash as he took off his long coat, and I glanced around the room. Beside me, a tall mirror reflected my form, and I couldn't help but be excited by the sight. If I had any fault, I was vain. Standing in front of the mirror, I loved my own long legs, how the ballet shoes molded my already aching calves, my perfect ass and thin waist, and then my large breasts, made even more impressive by the arm bondage. My makeup was simple but perfect, and my long, dark hair cascaded down my back. I could see Adam had added a small rubber band near the top, holding it in a gathered manner so that it trailed down my back evenly. I could feel the leather leash dangling between my breasts, and swinging to subtly touch my bare pussy. I had been shaving fully since I was 14, and by now my skin was a smooth, stubble free surface.

A strong depilator had helped over the past year, and shaving was an every-other-month proposition at most.

Adam grabbed my leash, breaking my self admiration, tugging me off into the other room. I had to hurry to keep up, taking tiny, three inch steps, one quickly after the other. Focused so much on my feet, both the pain and the brisk pace, I didn't look up when the butler opened the main room. Once inside, Adam stopped to survey the crowd, and I glanced up. My knees buckled. The room was a ballroom size area filled with small tables and plush chairs. The entire room was filled with both men and women, all clearly affluent and beautiful, and all fully clothed. I understood now that I was the only visible slave in the group. I could feel my face burn with the heat of humiliation, tears streaming down my eyes, any trace of my arrogance before disappeared. I lowered my head in shame, and followed Adam into the room.

We were led to a chair near the middle. Adam took it, then tugged me to my knees beside him. He tied off the leash to the gnarled armrest end and promptly forgot me. I knew from limited experience that a slave kept her head bowed, avoiding eye contact, which was fine with me, ankles together, knees open and her back rigid and straight. The cool air tickled my bare clit and I knew despite my humiliation, I was wet. Adam enjoyed a drink, greeting friends and waving across the room. Now and then someone would approach, shaking his hand, then asking about me.

"She's a slut I found at a party. She gave herself to me as a sex slave, and it's all I can do to keep her satiated."

"Maybe you'd consider selling her?"

"Maybe," Adam said, startling me. "Feel free to examine her." The man eagerly pushed my head back, feeling my breasts, pinching my nipples hard, then running his hand down to my crotch. Two of his fingers found my pussy, sinking in deep. He pulled them out.

"You're right. Look at how wet she is," he said. He then grabbed my head and shoved it to the floor, the leash barely allowing me room to reach it. My ass stuck up in the air and, without preamble, the man shoved the same two fingers up my ass. I wanted to cry out, but was afraid to. Instead, a low moan erupted from my throat as

he pumped them in and out.

“She’s enjoying that too much,” Adam said with a chuckle, and the fingers pulled out. I rose back to my kneeling position, my face red again. “Don’t go away with those dirty fingers. She’ll clean them for you.” The man presented the fingers before me. I could smell my own ass on them, see some pussy juice as well. I opened my mouth, extending my tongue, and he shoved them inside. I sucked them clean, running my tongue up and around them, like sucking a cock, until the taste of my own pussy and anus was embedded in my mouth, and the fingers were clean. He pulled his hand away, and I let my head drop back down. I could feel tears growing again.

After a few more visits, with varied explorations, Adam was offered a cigar and joined by four other men, who pulled their soft chairs in a circle around me. Adam untied my leash, then had me crawl into the center. From his pocket, he removed a large ring gag, which he forced into my mouth. At first it didn’t fit, but he soon realized that if he wedged the top behind my front teeth, with the rest at an angle into my mouth, he could slowly force the ring forward until it locked into position behind my lower teeth as well. I thought my jaw was going to dislocate. I had never had my mouth forced so wide. I could already feel my jaw muscles beginning to cramp from the distension, but Adam tied the strap off in back and began work on my hair. He quickly formed it into a ponytail, then threaded the end between my wrists. With a hard pull, he forced my head backward until I found myself staring at the ceiling. His hands left me and I could tell my head was locked this way.

For a long time I was ignored, though I could tell eyes were on my heaving breasts. After a short time, I could sense Adam leaning in toward me. But instead of making a change, his cigar found my mouth and with a tap, he knocked off the ashes onto my tongue. Still red hot, they seared me, making me cry out, then fell against the back of my throat. Soon, other men followed suit, dropping their ashes in as well. I began to cry, both from the pain, but also from the culmination of humiliation. Never before had I been used as such an object by as many people, treated like an animal. I could feel the tears falling onto my aching shoulders, then onto the floor. I was ignored, and soon more ash fell into my mouth. In resignation, I swirled it around with my tongue and swallowed it, accepting my role.

## Part 2

I discovered that if I leaned left for awhile, then right, I could take some of the pressure of my tortured knees. For what must have been hours, I did this, holding the slightly leaning position until the one knee still on the triangle couldn't stand it. I found myself getting wet again, but in trying to recreate the same motion to fuck my ass, I found the pain in my knees unbearable. I began to cry again, not from my inability to get the dildo up my ass more, but rather from the fact that I so desperately wanted to do it, and even that was taken from me. I tried everything, but could find no escape, and after hours found myself trying to endure the torture of my knees if only for a release. The orgasm came, but only just, and I fainted from the self-inflicted torture even as I was coming. Adam took every opportunity to capitalize on my fantasies. I encouraged him, thrilled I had found someone who would not balk at the most bizarre fantasy. The thing I came to realize is that most of them were twisted fantasies that, once lived, were far too evil to endure. Unfortunately, I was forced to endure, and when done, my mind had broken to accept the new reality. After each experience, part of me wanted to ask Adam to ease up, but another part would stop me, not wanting to halt my chance to experience my dreams.

In quieter times, we would talk about our interests, sort of comparing notes.

"I've always wanted an ultimate slave girl," he said, with a gleam in his eye. "I want a girl I can take to the limit and beyond, someone I can transform into a real slave."

"Well, maybe I'm your girl," I said. I wasn't really sure I wanted to live out his fantasy. As he exposed me to more of his ideas, I found that a lot of what I had wanted were better as dreams rather than reality. Not that I didn't have fun, but I was a little afraid. "I mean, I would love to experience the life of a slave for a set period of time, see what it's like."

"I'd enjoy that," he said. "Maybe we should talk." And with that, he changed the subject. Just the look on his face made me nervous, but excited as well.

A week after my first experience as a slave at the party, Adam handed me a scrap of paper with an address on it.

"Show up at this room on Thursday at 11:00am," he ordered. I waited for further

instructions, but he offered none.

The neighborhood proved to be seedy, and despite the late morning, I was still nervous. I hadn't worn anything revealing, but even my simple dress brought a lot of attention. I was happy to find the low rent hotel and, sliding quickly past the druggie attendant, made it to the stairs and headed up.

Knocking on the door, I was relieved to see Adam, who smiled and took my hand. The hallway alone instilled fear in me. The hotel was obviously used by many a prostitute or drug dealer, and it looked it. I wanted to ask Adam what was up, but knew better.

"I need to blindfold you, first," he said as he closed the door behind me. I turned my back to him and he slipped a soft leather pad over my eyes. He took my hand and led me into another room. "Take off your clothes." I obeyed, slipping my dress down. He had insisted I stop wearing bras or panties, which was exciting to me. The cool breeze that liked to run up my dresses was exhilarating.

Standing naked, I could feel him touch me feet, slipping off my low pumps and replacing them with something else. As I set my foot down, I found the new shoe with an immense heel that practically forced me onto my toes.

"Seven inch pumps," he mentioned as he put the other one on as well. While I teetered in them, I could feel a type of ankle cuff slipping on, then a lock clicking into place. "The shoes are now locked on," he said. "Just so they don't fall off." I didn't know what to say, so I didn't, focusing on the contorted position of my feet. The ballet shoes before had been painful, but these bent my toes back harshly, making my foot flex unnaturally. I wasn't sure how long I could stand in them.

Adam took my hand again, leading me a short distance, where he placed me in a particular place, setting my feet a good three feet apart. Once again I could feel him lace a strap around my elbows, then yank them together. A second strap held my wrists and he turned to the hair. Once again, he made a ponytail, then laced it through my elbow bondage, pulling hard until I grunted at the strain, my face pointing toward the ceiling and my neck bent back severely. He carefully bent me over at the waist, until I could tell my body was horizontal to the floor. He added a

waist cincher, then a few attachments from it and from my elbow bondage. “Hold that position,” he ordered. I could hear metal against metal, as he attached some sort of apparatus around me, but nothing as yet was touching me. I began to relax a bit, letting my shoulders drop slightly, when I jerked back into position. Something sharp had poked me under my chin. I could hear Adam laugh as I froze in position, wondering what I was getting into. Finally, he removed my blindfold. He held a large mirror up so I could see my predicament. Positioned around me were a series of metal bars, all holding sharp points close to my skin. A point held two inches below my chin was what had poked me. I could see two more like it on either side of my face, pointing at my cheeks. As he moved the mirror down a bit, I could see under me, and I moaned. Rings of needle sharp points were held around my dangling breasts, dangerously close to touching my skin. A group of four rubberized cords connected from each side of my waist belt and my elbow bondage to the ceiling. I could tell they were designed to save me if I should faint, but their stretch would still force the sharp points against me. To show me the danger, Adam reached out and pinched my nipple hard. I jerked back in reaction and my tit struck the side. The points were sharp and painful. It took me a moment to find the right center position, but finally I did. I looked up at Adam.

“I hired a pimp for you,” he said. “He’ll hire you out to as many men as he can get. They all know that you will suck their cocks or let them fuck you up the ass if they want. What they don’t know is your situation. If you can’t see, I’ve positioned spikes around you so if you move more than a couple inches, they will hit you. Some aren’t too sharp, like the ones along your back, but others are, like the ones around your tits or up the inside of your legs. There’s a whole pincushion positioned below your bare clit, so don’t slump down at all either.” Adam leaned closer, making sure I understood. “You’ll be like this for almost five days. I want you to beg every man to let you swallow their cum. And you better swallow them all, because that’s all the nourishment you’ll get. And if I find out you weren’t cooperative with any customer, I’ll keep you like this for a month, but I’ll block your mouth open so you won’t have a choice.” He patted me on the head. “Be a good whore now.” And he left.

By Monday morning, I was sure I’d prefer to die. My legs were heavily cramped from such a long time standing in the horrible shoes. I could feel trickles of blood still running down my legs and breasts from my last near collapse. I had to struggle to

avoid passing out, which would have been the worst thing to do. I could only taste cum now. My entire mouth was coated with the sticky film and my stomach full of it. I was coated head to toe with cum as well, not everybody able to hold out for my mouth, or not everyone granting my request. After my first half dozen "customers" I had realized a humiliating fact. When someone fucked my pussy, it was nearly impossible to keep from pressing my clit against the pad of needle sharp points below me. I knew I had to beg them to fuck my ass, knowing my mouth wouldn't be enough. As the door opened with my seventh customer, I groaned when he came into view. His pants already off, the large man was well hung. His cock must have been close to ten inches long, and nearly two inches wide. He was standing slightly behind and to the side of me, looking on wide eyed.

"Master," I said. I called them all master. "May this slave beg you to fuck her in the ass, then come in my mouth?" Tears began rolling down my face, the humiliation of asking for an ass fuck too much. So far only one man had used my ass. I could still taste my own feces from his cock.

"Well, bitch, it seems you don't have much of a choice. I think I'll fuck you in all your holes." I groaned as he stepped in front of me, holding the massive piece of meat to my lips. "Get it all nice and wet for your pussy, slave." I opened wide and he shoved it in, forcing it deep into my mouth. I frantically licked and sucked, feeling his cock hardening as it pushed down my throat even further. After a few minutes, he pulled out, then moved to my pussy, shoving in hard. I screamed, both from the sheer size of his cock as well as the pressure of his body forcing me against the breast pins. As he sank in deep, the thickness pressed my clit out, pushing it hard against the pins. I screamed again and he began pumping, grinding my sensitive clit into the sharp points.

I struggled to stay alert and finally he pulled out. I was relieved, until I realized he meant to put his cock in my ass. I couldn't complain, so simply moaned as I felt the head touch my anus. With a strong shove that pushed my chin against the point beneath it, he forced his cock in, then began pumping in and out. My ass was on fire, and I was sure it would be ruined from tearing, but he ignored my tears and pumped hard.

After a few minutes, he pulled out and moved around to my face. I could feel my anus held wide open, as cool air touched my insides like never before. As I looked up, I could see the huge cock he held before my lips. Still glistening from my pussy juice, as well as a slight brown tint from my own ass, he pushed it toward me.

“I want to cum in your mouth, but don’t swallow until I say, you hear?”

“Yes, Master.” I opened my mouth, trying to fight back an urge to throw up. He placed the head and the first few inches on my tongue and I dutifully began to lick. The taste was horrible, far worse than the last cock that had been up my ass, but I was afraid of what Adam would do if he found out I had tried to refuse. I sucked and licked, new tears pouring down my face. I could tell he was close to coming, and I opened wide. With a burst, his load struck the back of my throat and quickly filled my mouth. I tried to keep it all in, but the volume was too much. I could feel some of it beginning to pour from my mouth, and down my chin.

“You bitch! How dare you waste my cum! î He forced his cock in deep, shoving it down my throat until I could no longer breathe. I panicked, not knowing what to do. This guy could kill me simply by letting me suffocate on his cock. I tried to appease him, licking and sucking on the part in my mouth, but I could feel consciousness fading. Just before I did, he pulled his cock from my throat and walked off. I struggled to maintain balance, wondering what my failure would bring next.

I met my pimp then, a large man with a bad temper.

“Mr. Pearce says you disobeyed him. Iíd call your Master but I’d just as soon deal with this my way.” With a sudden stroke, he landed a cane hard on my ass. I screamed in pain, but he added another and another stroke. I had no choice but to take it. Any motion to get away hurt just as bad. Even the force of the caning caused my knees to buckle, the points cutting into the skin on my legs, with my tits suffering the same. I cried openly, bawling out loud like a child as he laid stripe after strip on my ass and upper thighs. Finally, after what must have been fifty strokes, he quit.

“It will be worse if you disobey again,” and he left.

In the depths of my humiliation, I obeyed. For the next three days, I serviced a man

every fifteen minutes, with several double penetrations as well. I swallowed all the cum offered to me eagerly, not wanting to face any more punishment. For the first time ever I had reached a level of submission I didn't know existed. I was truly submissive, convinced that this was my lot in life and I would perform this duty until I died. My body became a group of holes designed to please these men only, serving no other purpose for me. By the end of my time as a slave/whore, I had been broken like never before.

### **Part 3**

I was attended to again in my dungeon. The sharp edge was removed from under my knees, making the hard stone of the floor seem almost soft. My posture collar was removed. My legs were unbound, allowing them to flex for the first time in at least four days. The muscles screamed as blood rushed back into them, and I whimpered in silence. Once again, I could tell Adam was making a pony tail and, after a few minutes of rest, he lifted my legs back up. This time, however, he pulled on my ponytail until my head was arched back again, then tied thin straps laced in my hair to my big toes. After he released me like this, I could feel something pushing against my back. Two dull spikes were cranked against my middle back, slowly forcing me to arch my back even more to reduce the pain. As I arched, he retied the straps to my toes, taking up any slack, until my body was harshly bent into a severe U shape. He fumbled with the dildo pole for a moment, to what purpose I couldn't tell, then attached something around my waist and between my legs. I could feel a small device resting against my clit, and quickly realized it was a vibrator. He then fed me again, and after re gagging me, left.

For a second I remained frozen, afraid to move against the spikes, trying to come to terms with the burning pain that had already started in my lower back. When the vibrator turned on, it made me jump, which was a painful motion. But the attention to my clit was enough to wash away all pain. I immediately began to orgasm, delirious from passion. But just as I was about to climax, the vibrator stopped. I screamed into the ceiling in frustration.

For hours the sequence repeated itself, until I was hoarse from my screams of frustration and pain. After the fifth time, my clit had become incredibly sensitive, and now the stimulation was both exciting and painful. The two began to merge, and

the pain became as much as a motivation as the stimulation. Animal passion took over and I tried to ride the dildo to bring myself to orgasm. But as I flexed up and down, ignoring the spikes grinding into my back, I realized I was no longer moving the dildo in and out of my ass. With a cry of despair, I realized that Adam had adjusted the pole to ride with me. As I fought with the emotion of this discovery, the vibrator turned on again.

After two days, I no longer cared. Despite the multitudes of times the vibrator brought me close to orgasm, I was never allowed to release, and the pain of this rivaled even the intense pain of my contorted back, or my bent neck. When Adam returned, I felt a wave of submission cover me, desperate to do anything for this, my Master.

“Slave, I’m going to pierce you now,” he said. The thought scared me, but only in a distant way. My mind seemed to understand that this is how a slave would be treated. Either way, I could show no sign either way. He neither removed my bondage nor lessened it. Instead, I felt him press a needle against my left nipple, and the force it through. My head exploded from the pain. For what seemed like hours he continued punching holes in my body. My consciousness faded in and out. I could tell he had pierced my nipples three times each, the hardware there adding to the humiliation I already wallowed in. I could just feel the presence of the metal weighing my nipples down, but my mind had trouble focusing on anything but my desire to submit. I could feel him touching my face, and soon I felt metal being pushed up my nose. Just as I figured out what he intended, the metal clamped down hard on my septum and a wave of indescribable pain coursed through my mind. I could hear myself scream behind the gag, but my own consciousness cut it off, as I passed out.

When I woke, I could feel an ebbing ache on my face. To my surprise, my gag was removed, but I was unable to move my tongue. Something was holding it extended from my mouth, and I could tell he had put several holes through it as well. My upper lip could feel the weight of a ring that now dangled from my nose. I could feel my face flush with embarrassment. In one of our many discussions about our interests, I had made it clear how I never wanted a nose ring. The thought alone was far too humiliating. Now, I had one, and another small part of myself slipped away.

I could tell there was more coming, but Adam was waiting for something. For a second, there was just silence, as I shifted again, trying to find a way to adjust to the strenuous position. Suddenly, the vibrator activated again, and I moaned out loud. My clit was engorged from the nearly constant, two day stimulation, and any contact both hurt and excited me. I could feel my blindfold growing damp again from my own tears, and despite the way my tongue was being held, I tried to beg for release. The words were gibberish, but I tried anyway, desperately willing to do anything to stop the torture. But once again, it continued, drawing me toward orgasm, but now an orgasm that bore no resemblance to a thing of pleasure. To me, the final release was an unreachable goal, and the stimulation that brought me closest the worst pain a person could bear.

I could feel my heart quickening; my breath came in rapid pants through my punished nostrils, as my body began to respond. But as I neared an orgasm, the vibrator shut off again, and I broke into sobbing tears once again, knowing I would never be allowed to rest.

“I am going to give you release now, slave,” Adam said, his breath warm against my ear. “But it will come at a cost. I am going to pierce your clit, which in time, will desensitize it, and make you unable to orgasm. If you tell me not to, I won’t pierce you, but I will leave you in this torture for another two days.” My mind reeled with the concept. I wanted nothing more than to orgasm now, to release my body from the ultimate pain. In my fogged mind, I didn’t care about tomorrow, only about now. I nodded as best as I could, agreeing to the final piercing.

I could feel Adam removing the vibrator. My body tensed for the pain, and as I felt the needle press against my nub, I began to cry again. As the needle punctured my clit, I screamed again, in a combination of pain and humiliation. The pain itself had betrayed me, sending me into an orgasm that stole consciousness from me. The final realization, as I slipped from consciousness, was that Adam had stolen even this last orgasm from me. I passed out as the needle exited the other side, and Adam slipped the ring through the hole.

Before my time in the basement, I had agreed to be a slave for six months. I’m not sure what came over me. After my stint as a forced prostitute, I thought I had gone

too far. I vaguely remember being released from my position in the hotel room, being carried to bed at home, and falling to sleep. My dreams were confused and blurry, my mind having trouble deciding what was real and what was a fantasy. Waking failed to help at first. The bedroom had been covered in lacy white drapes, and the bed itself was soft and white, plush and comfortable. As I woke and turned over for the first time, I felt a tug on my neck. Reaching up, I found a wide, seamless steel collar fit snugly on me. Seemingly made for me exactly, the collar held me more firmly than I could imagine. The only break I could find in the surface was the heavy ring dangling from the front, and the heavy chain connected to it. Following it with my hands, I found it locked to a ring mounted in the wall beyond the head of the bed. Otherwise, I was naked.

Though I was restricted to the bed by my collar, I didn't seem to care. I fell back to sleep again, and my dreams seemed to settle down.

A week later, I felt almost normal. Adam treated my bizarre experience as a whore as just another adventure, speaking of it like a fun game we had shared. I tried to do the same, but each reminder of my time in that room reminded me just how low I had fallen. Soon, even Adam got tired of talking about it, and as he let it go, I found I could, too. But soon after that time, he opened up a new subject that I wasn't sure I wanted to discuss.

"So, remember when we talked about you being my slave for a period of time?" It seemed like years ago, but had only been a couple months.

"I remember," was all I could say.

"Well, I wanted you to start thinking about that again."

"I'm not sure it's a good idea we talk about that now. Can you give me some time?" Adam nodded, letting it go. Though he had dropped it then, the next few weeks were careful engineering on his part. He didn't expose me to anything too bizarre, focusing on only the more sensitive, delicate side of our relationship. We almost felt like a normal couple, going on dates, spending quiet times together, even walking on a beach. After the first two weeks, even I was getting bored. By the fourth week, I found myself bringing up the subject of kink again.

"I know I wanted some time, but I didn't want you to stop everything," I said, teasing him.

"Ok, but I wanted to make sure you were ok."

"I'm ok." We were at home, reading by a fire, my cold feet tucked under his leg. He set his book down, stroking my leg.

"Maybe we should talk a little more about what you want."

"That's a good idea." I dove right in. "I have to admit that I like the idea of being your slave, Adam. You've certainly shown me just what submission can be. When I dream of things like this, I find myself losing control, being taken farther than I even want to. I figure if we do just what I want, then it won't be true submission. Besides, I do enjoy some humiliation. The feeling of being totally exposed, totally used, gets me so excited I can barely control myself."

"Maybe you should tell me what you don't want."

"Well, I certainly don't want to lose any limbs permanently," I laughed, knowing he wouldn't go that far, or at least I thought. "I wouldn't want to be permanently damaged, but long term bondage or restriction would be interesting."

"How about body modifications?"

"Like what?"

"Well, like waist training, breast enlargement, piercings?"

"I think that's fine. I've always wanted to experience waist training, and I can't imagine slightly larger breasts would be a problem. Piercings are one of my fantasies, so that is fine." I could see a glint in his eye again. I must have hit on a chord.

"How about pain and torture?" I shuddered at the concept, only because I feared what his mind would invent.

"I guess as long as there's no permanent damage again. I'm a bit of a masochist, as

you know, and have never really explored that. I don't think I'm way into it, but I can't really answer that without doing some of it."

"Ok. So are there things that you don't really like but wouldn't really put on the 'absolutely no' list?"

"I really hate anal penetration. I don't get anything out of it and it hurts. I would prefer, if I were your slave, that none of my friends know. I doubt you'd want to tell many of them, considering you don't really like them much. Oh, and I'm not really into any sort of golden shower stuff." Adam nodded, seeming to consider all this.

"I can live with all that. Do you want to set a time we start this?" I felt the rush of excitement and dread building in my body. I both wanted to try this and to run away as fast as possible.

"How long are we talking?"

"How about a year?" My heart skipped a beat. I hadn't been prepared for that.

"That's a long time. Can we do it for six months?" Adam frowned, and I was about to give in, until he spoke.

"Ok. Six months." It wasn't until later that I remembered he had suggested that length before, and I had planned to suggest three. The thought made me nervous.

After six weeks in the basement, life returned to almost normal, despite the fact that I was now being kept as a slave. I remained naked except for a heavy corset always laced to my body, a seamless steel collar locked snugly to my neck, and cuffs on my ankles, held together with a short four inches of chain. The collar and cuffs made me nervous. After days of examination, I couldn't find any key holes, or even much of a seam. They seemed to be quite permanent. Even the chain connecting my ankles together was welded on to the rings mounted in the side of the cuffs. I knew they weren't permanent. He had to put them on me some way, but the sense that there was no visible way to get them off increased my feelings of helplessness.

My elbows remained locked together behind my back, two metal cuffs locked on just above my elbows, which were crossed in the middle of my back, then connected

together with some sort of rivet. Once they clicked in place, I found I couldn't bend or twist them; the two cuffs seemed to be mounted firmly to each other. My wrists were pulled to opposite sides of my body, so my left wrist was on my right side, and my right wrist on my left side. Both had cuffs that were connected to the sides of my corset, holding them in place. My hands were fit into special gloves that restricted their use. Each finger fit into separate rubber sleeves, which were connected to each other along their lengths. Only the last joint of every finger was free and able to move independently, though still covered in rubber. The limited movement was made even more difficult by the fact that my left and right hands were reversed, making it hard to manage. I figured it out eventually, but it was hard.

I quickly discovered one change Adam had made during my time in the basement. For the six weeks I was there, he told me he had fed me a breast hormone laced in the food. I had agreed to some enlargement, but I had grown from a 38C to what I estimated was now a 38DD. My breasts were heavy, offsetting my balance and adding a new level of humiliation. The arm bondage pulled my shoulders back, pushing my breasts out even farther, making it impossible for me to avoid displaying them. One of our conversations, when we had first met, was our love for extreme bondage and fetish art. Many of the examples I had shown Adam were of women completely modified, with massive breasts that dwarfed their own bodies. I knew that most of this was fantasy, but I also worried that he would make every effort to make that twisted fantasy come true.

Adding to my humiliation was the wide selection of piercings he had added to my body. I remember, during that intense moment of pain and pleasure, as he had put holes in my nipples, nose and clit, but apparently after I lost consciousness, he had continued his work. My clit now had two rings, one smaller one through my actual clit, with another heavier one behind it. The result was a decorative ring that was slowly desensitizing my tender nub, with another designed to be used for heavier torment or restriction. My nipples now had three piercings, two rings and one rod, through each. A heavy ring was seated at the back of my nipple, resting in a metal pathway much like a grommet. Halfway up the nipple, a rod was set, then at the tip, a smaller ring dangled, a small bell connected to it. I hated the bells, since each movement reminded me of my piercings. Two rings dangled from my septum now. Much like my nipples, a larger, heavier ring was set in a grommet channel, with a

smaller ring set just below it. My tongue had the most piercings of any body part, so far. At the end, a thick ring had been placed, with small rods placed from there down the sides. The rods were fit snugly, squeezing my tongue tightly. At the top the rod ended in large balls that Adam enjoyed when I gave him a blow job. Two more rings were placed near the back of my tongue, on either side. They weren't effective for much except inhibiting my speech patterns. The result of all the tongue piercings made it difficult for me to talk, or be understood. After two weeks, I found myself not wanting to speak, and this control added to the humiliation that was building in me.

## **part 4**

My life began to settle into a type of routine, however bizarre it might be. I rarely if ever slept in bed with Adam now. Typically, he would lead me by a leash into the bedroom at night, unlock my wrists from my waist and reattach them together behind my back. Fairly early on, he realized that this little change allowed enough adjustment in my circulation to avoid having to unbind my elbows. Each night, he would find new ways to use me, and with little control over my own body, I was forced to submit. His favorite was adding a spreader bar between my knees, then folding me up so the short chain between my ankles would fit behind my neck. On my back like this, I was completely vulnerable. Adam would begin by cropping my bare pussy until I cried, then enter my asshole roughly. He knew the anal penetration was the worst thing to me, and he fucked me with relish, watching my face with a smile as I continued to cry. Once close to orgasm, he would pull out and crawl up near my face, ordering me to extend my tongue. With that he would come on my tongue. The twist he enjoyed the most, was ordering me not to swallow. He would unhook my legs, pull me to the floor and chain me, usually by the large nose ring, to a heavy ring set in the floor beside the bed.

"I saw how much cum was in your mouth, slave," he would say. "I expect to see it still in your mouth in the morning." He would then climb into bed and fall asleep, leaving me bound on the floor, the sticky goo of his orgasm coating my mouth.

Early on in this game, I had swallowed once, and regretted it ever since. He had returned me to the basement for a week of constant punishment. After that time, I never disobeyed him again.

By morning, he would unchain me, then take off the corset. I would be led into a bathroom, and into a glass shower stall with dual shower heads. My first response anywhere was to kneel, and would spend the first ten minutes on the floor of the shower as Adam washed himself. He would then lift me to my feet, connecting a cable from the ceiling to my nose ring, then pull the opposite end until I was on my toes, tying the end off to a mount on the wall. He would then carefully clean me, check my various piercings and soap me down. A hose connected to the water flow would be forced up my ass, and the water shifted from one of the shower heads into me. Adam would keep it in me until he could see my stomach distended, then pull the hose out and quickly replace it with a butt plug. Next the hose would go up my pussy, the sharp flow washing me out thoroughly. Sometimes he would give me the enema first, forcing me to endure the cramping in my intestines while he leisurely washed my hair or examined my piercings. Once through, though, he would lead me by the nose to the toilet, allowing me to release. He had installed a bidet, so I was then washed off again by warm water. This part became one of the few things I looked forward to each day.

He next laced me back in my corset. At the beginning of all this, I had a 22 inch waist. The third corset he had recently put on me would close to 16 inches. I knew it wasn't closed, and may never, but I figured I had to be down to 19 inches at least. He had a heavy posture collar mounted on a short bar extending from the wall in the bathroom, and this is how he held me in place as he tugged on the laces. I couldn't see anything but the wall five inches in front of my face, but I could feel him pulling harder and harder, and I could feel my waist being forced into a tiny form. From the trouble I was having with breathing, I had no doubt I was small. Finally, he reattached my wrists to the sides of the corset.

The rest of the day consisted of me waiting at his side in his office, kneeling with my legs spread wide and my head bowed. I would hold absolutely still for hours on end, knowing that if my nipple bells rang, I would receive a harsh punishment. From time to time, he would order me to crawl under the desk and pleasure him, often to multiple orgasms. I learned quickly how to use the piercings in my tongue up and down his cock to make him come quickly. I knew from my night experiences, that I shouldn't swallow his come, holding it in my mouth. For the first few weeks, I had to struggle not to gag on it. As the thick, sticky liquid cooled down, it congealed, and

the taste turned from sweet to sour. I hated swallowing it then, but the permission to do so was enough of a reward that I didn't mind it much.

Now and then, Adam would invite friends over, then order me to pleasure them. I hated this, because most of them were not fetish friends, but open minded normal friends of his. Seeing me as a slave at his feet, pierced and bound, sent them into hysterics. I was ordered to beg them, in my slurred speech, to fuck me up the ass. Some of them could tell I truly hated this from the humiliated expression I couldn't conceal, but they all tried to give me what I wanted.

I figured I had been Adam's slave for nearly four months by now. Catching sight of myself in the mirror brought tears to my eyes, as I didn't recognize myself. My breasts had grown even larger now, and though they retained the perfect shape of my originals, the size had grown immensely. Large enough now to press against each other, when I turned my back to the mirror, I could see at least a third of each breast extending away from my sides. I was secretly glad, in a twisted way, that I wore the corset. The weight of my own breasts now would have made standing a pain on my back.

My waist was so small that, combined with my breasts, I had an exaggerated hourglass shape now. I knew Adam had trouble finding any more room to lace the corset tighter, and though it wasn't closed, it couldn't be more than an inch and a half from it.

I had begun to forget what it was like to be free. After days of the same routine, of being totally controlled, and living with my body changes and piercings, I couldn't really remember what it was like without it all. In the back of my mind, I knew that my six months would come eventually, but I wondered if I would notice.

Adam announced that a special guest was coming over that night, and that I was to be on my best behavior. I was cleaned up before dinner, then led to the living room. Adam had setup a short pole in the middle of the room. He moved my wrists back behind my back, locking them in place, then had me kneel on the floor in front of the pole. My ankles were clamped to the base, as were my knees, then he had me rise up. Fumbling behind my neck, I could feel him affixing something to my collar. When he stepped back, I found I was locked between kneeling down and up on my knees.

Connecting something to the pole halfway up, I could hear him turning something. Soon, a sharp point touched my back, making me arch my back to avoid it. As I did, he cranked it more. I cried out in pain as my back touched the point, and arched even more, despite the pain it created. He soon stepped back again. I was having trouble holding the extreme arch of my back, but had no choice if I didn't want to feel the sharp spike. I couldn't turn my head at all, and couldn't shift my legs. As tears built in my eyes, I realized I would have to hold the position until released. Adam smiled, wiping away the tears, then quickly brushed my hair. Finally, he pushed a ring gag into my mouth, strapping it on. I hadn't been gagged since I was released from the basement, so I knew this was a unique night. I couldn't even imagine what he had planned.

After holding my position for what must have been an hour, I was moaning in pain and frustration. When the doorbell rang, I was almost relieved, realizing that whatever was to happen, it would happen soon. The doorway was dark, and across the room, but I was sure I could only see one person enter. Slipping a coat off, I saw a young girl, dressed in a short skirt and tight cotton top, her face hidden as she turned away from me. I couldn't help but be angry. Adam had never needed another girl, and he knew I didn't like girls that way. My anger made me forget my exposed position. I realized then that the arch to my back made me force my huge tits out, the position highlighting my tiny waist and large chest. I didn't want anyone to see me like this, much less another woman, especially one who wasn't a slave. I figured I could handle another slave girl, but not some mistress that would do things to me.

Adam took the girl's hand and led her into the room. The tears in my eyes from the growing humiliation clouded my sight, making it hard for me to see the girl. I found myself closing my eyes anyway, not wanting to see my own humiliation reflected in this stranger's face.

"And here's the surprise I told you about," Adam said to the girl.

"Wow! She looks so hot!" The girl's voice echoed through my shocked head. I couldn't believe what I was hearing. "When you told me that my sister was your slave, I didn't really believe you." As Cindy got closer, I opened my eyes to see the wide grin on her face. She leaned over me, examining my face. "Hello, Laura. Bet

you never thought you'd see me again, did you?" I closed my eyes, humiliated that my bitch of a sister was able to see my like this.

"I don't think she's happy to see you," Adam chuckled.

"I'm not surprised. She and I never got along. I guess I was always jealous of her body." I felt Cindy's fingers trace down my chest, cupping my huge tits in her hands. "I always thought she had perfect breasts, but now, these must really humiliate her."

"Feel free to examine her now, but you'll get plenty chances to do more later." I groaned at that, knowing that Adam didn't intend this to be just a short visit with my little sister. Cindy noticed this, leaning back into my face. Her thin finger slipped through my large nose ring, yanking it hard, bringing tears to my eyes.

"I guess Adam never told you, sis," she said, an evil tone to her voice. "He and I have been dating since you became his slave. I'm moving in with him, so you can be my slave, too!" I erupted in tears at this revelation, knowing that not only would I have to pleasure a woman, that I would have to endure my own sister's ideas of revenge from our childhood. As her fingers yanked and twisted my nipple rings, then my clit rings, I couldn't help but cry, feeling the tears rolling off my cheeks.

## **part 5**

My little sister and I grew up quite different. For some reason, my parents seemed to favor me early on, and I'm sure this contributed to Cindy's anger toward me. We never got along as kids, and as I grew older she resented me heavily. Just after I graduated from high school, I started dating a guy still in school. It wasn't until later I found out that Cindy had a major crush on him and blamed me for missing her chance. From that point on she hated me. I moved out shortly after, and we hadn't spoken since.

I reflected on this for the two days I had my mouth strapped to her pussy. Adam had bound me into a harsh hogtie, then with rubber blocks at the back of my teeth, wedged my mouth open wide. Placing a heavy rubber hood over my head, the only part of me that was still visible was my mouth. With a series of straps, he arranged my mouth so that it fit snugly over Cindy's clit and pussy, then locked my head into place. For two days Cindy stayed in bed, encouraging me to use my tongue on her

with the help of a long bamboo cane. I had never touched another woman's crotch, much less my sister's, so the experience was less than desirable for me. The pungent taste of her pussy made me nearly vomit, and the thought of bringing her to orgasm was out of the question. But after a series of heavy strokes from the cane, the pain drove me to move past my wishes in an effort to stop the punishment.

After a month, we fell into a very strange routine. The humiliation of being dominated by my own little sister had dropped to a dull ache that invaded my soul every waking moment. Somewhere inside of me, I remembered that my six months would be up soon, but it was hard to imagine that day coming.

Adam had given control of me over to Cindy exclusively, showing her the facilities and tools she had at her disposal and letting her decide my daily duties. Twice he had to stop her from doing serious harm to me, both from a lack of knowledge of the device as well as her desire to truly punish her big sister. Almost immediately after moving in, Cindy had shaved my head, removing any signs of hair from my body. Seeing my long hair on the floor, and hearing her describe the heavy depilatory cream she was smearing over my bald skin, made me realize just how bad things could get. It wasn't until, only days later, she had "Cindy's slave" tattooed on the back of my head that I began to sink beyond submission into despair.

Morning consisted of me tongue drying Cindy after her shower, with extra effort placed on her pussy and ass. The rest of the day had me serving as her chair or foot stool when not pleasuring her orally. Despite my hatred of her and of pleasuring a woman, I became quite adept at it, learning how to swirl my tongue over her clit to bring her to the quickest orgasm. Sometimes this ended my duties early, but other times I was encouraged to bring her back to orgasm time and time again. Much to my dismay, she discovered how great my tongue piercings felt on her ass, and soon I was frequently tonguing her sphincter for hours at a time. She kept me naked at all times, even when she and Adam were fully clothed, and always when guests were around, when I would often find myself beneath the table the entire evening, sucking cock or pussy until the early morning hours, or until Cindy found another way for everybody to torment me.

Nights were the worst. Adam had shared my distaste for anal penetration with

Cindy, and she quickly incorporated that into my late night torment. I was mounted to a metal frame that forced me to bend at the waist, a steel collar locking snugly around my neck with another that fit around my forehead and pulled back. The positioning of the frame had me nearly dangling over the bed, forcing me to watch each night as Adam and Cindy made love. I could only cry, my tears dripping down onto the bed near their feet. It had been so long since Adam and I had made love like that, and I realized that it would never happen again. Usually, just as I was feeling the most miserable, the timer on the fucking machine would start, firmly pushing the thick dildo deep into my ass. The machine would start slow, then pick up in intensity until I was being rammed with a fury, before stopping abruptly, retracting and leaving my anus gaping wide. It would restart soon enough, the random timer activating throughout the night, even after Adam and Cindy had fallen asleep in each other's arms.

I didn't even notice when I was left alone in the living room. For the past month I hadn't been left alone at all, nor had I not been with Cindy the entire time, providing some service or another. This time, when Adam walked into the room without Cindy, I felt something was up. I had long since avoided the urge to look in his eyes. Instead, out of pure instinct now, I maintained my submissive pose, back straight, head bowed, knees spread wide to show my piercings. By this time I had lived without the use of my arms for many months, and though I could feel them, they had not been free for use and thus were simply useless parts of my body, like my ear lobes. I also hadn't been allowed to speak for over four months, and had trouble even making sounds other than those screams of pain I was accustomed to emitting.

Adam had taken a seat in front of me and I could tell he was looking me over, which made me take stock of my situation. My breasts must have been a massive 38HHH, so large they pressed against each other while still occluding my legs on the sides. I could just see the rings and rods through my nipples, the tiny bells still dangling from the ends. I certainly couldn't see my waist, but I knew there was a harsh corset there, folding me into a tiny hourglass, though I had become so accustomed to the corset that I could barely imagine life without its crushing presence.

My self assessment was interrupted by Adam's voice. "I wanted to tell you your six months are up," he said. It took me a minute to realize what he was saying. "I realize

you've been through a lot and you might be looking forward to release, but I wanted to point out a few things you should consider. First, your breasts are permanently modified to their current size, which is far too large to measure, by the way. You'd have trouble finding any clothing to fit you at this point, especially considering your waist. At 17 inches, you can't really ever go without the corset since your breasts are so heavy now. It'll take some months before you can use your arms again, not because they're damaged but because they have little muscle tissue left. Also, your hair on your head may grow back, but it'll probably take a couple years." As he talked, I knew he was right. I had gone down a road that few could ever return from.

"And one last thing," he hesitated, having trouble saying it. "Cindy and I are in love... and we're getting married." I felt my stomach fall out. I had always assumed when I was released Adam and I would return to some normalcy, but I now knew this was hardly possible. "We're moving to an estate I bought in Europe . So, I have three options for you. First, you could be released, but I don't know how you would survive in your modified state, how you would work or even live. Second, I know a professional Master I can sell you to. He'll keep you as a slave permanently, probably rent you out or whatever, but you'd be his. Or... you could be our slave." The choices were too much to consider quickly, but I knew what my decision would be. I let the tears roll down my cheeks as my destiny became clear.

## **Epilogue**

The country road was easy to maneuver as I trotted up the small hill. I could feel Cindy grab the reins with one hand, which made me brace for what came next. The buggy whip whistled through the air and struck the side of my right breast, leaving a heavy welt on my already marked skin and making me cry out. But the application worked; I dug harder into the road with my toes and trotted up the hill. As we crested the rise, I could see the estate in the distance, and both the downhill incline and my haste to be put back in my stall made me trot faster.

It had been three years since that fateful decision. Almost immediately upon arrival at our new home, Cindy had insisted I become a permanent pony-girl. I had been led to a hay filled stall, my nose ring hooked to a chain dangling from a ring in the middle, and left. That was the last I saw of the house or any comfort. Shortly afterwards, a blacksmith had fit my feet with custom pointe frames, a metal toe

enclosure that fit snug to my feet, with a metal panel that rose over the bottom of my feet and to a wide ankle cuff. The metal contraption was designed to lock my feet into a ballet position with the minimum of visible device. I now had no choice but to continually walk on my toes.

A bit device had been added soon after, placed over the holes in my tongue from the removed piercings, then riveted in place. I would forever have the bit locked to my face. The result removed any ability to speak coherently, and thus I never tried again. Slowly but effectively, I was reduced to an animal.

Adam came to visit once in awhile, and often I pulled both of them on warm summer evenings. I wasn't allowed to see too much on most trips, with blinders in place and my chin forced high by a sharp point held beneath my chin, but I could tell they were happy. I often cried on those rides, my tears drying slowly in the soft breeze.

**The End**