

Part-Time

Category: Text Stories

written by Sir Valk | November 22, 2001



By Thndrshark

As many of you may know, I never quite finished this story. I honestly couldn't decide which way to go. I have since come up with a great twist, but now time has become an issue. You will notice that this part ends abruptly. I still don't know if that was how I intended or I'm just missing part of the story!

Part 1

Corey wanted to be an actress more than anything. Only 22, she had left her small town home and ventured out to the big city right after high school. She had always been told she would be a great actress. She certainly had the looks: 5'6" tall and 115 lbs with blonde hair, hazel eyes and an athletic figure. She certainly had no trouble filling the local theater when she was performing. But more than her looks, she knew she could act, if only she could catch a break.

Her first month in Los Angeles quickly showed her how difficult it would be to achieve that goal. As she walked out of her fifth agency after an even more abrupt turndown, she knew she would have to spend some time and a lot of money to establish a legitimate name in the business. She sat in her car and looked at the flyer from a headshot studio; \$1,000 for good pictures. She sat back and thought about the acting classes at UCLA. Corey needed money, and a lot of it.

As she pulled into her driveway and got out, she ran into her neighbor. Cindy was about the same age, young, brunette and beautiful. She had an exotic, sultry look, with dark eyes that Corey sometimes envied. She never seemed to need money and drove an expensive car to prove it. Corey smiled as they met at the walkway.

“Hi, Cindy,” Corey said. “Can I ask you a question?” Cindy beckoned her neighbor into her downstairs apartment.

“Sure, Corey. Been looking for new headshots,” she asked as she set the groceries down on the counter.

“Yeah, just another thing in the long list of expenses.” She hesitated for a second. “I need money,” Corey said, desperation filling her eyes. “I don’t mean to be forward, but you always seem to have plenty of money. How do you do it?”

Cindy smiled and hesitated. Obviously the answer was something deeply private. But she only needed to look into her neighbor’s eyes to see that this girl needed help.

“I’m afraid I might shock you with the answer, Corey.” She took a seat beside her on the couch, trying to judge just how much to tell her. After a moment, she resolved to be honest. “I’ve been working for an escort agency. They pay well if you are willing to ‘cooperate’, if you know what I mean.” Obviously, Corey didn’t know.

“Look, Cindy. I’m pretty desperate here. I came out to L.A. with some savings but I’ve pretty much burned through it. If I don’t get some type of job soon I won’t make rent, much less have money to pursue my acting. On top of that, I need to spend about \$10,000 for acting classes and headshots.” Cindy could see the desperation in Corey’s eyes.

“Ok, I’ll let you in on this. But you cannot tell anybody, even if it upsets you,” Cindy looked hard into her friend’s eyes. “Can I trust you?”

“Yes, I promise.” Cindy stood up and retrieved an L.A. Xpress magazine, a local listing of adult services, from the coffee table. She flipped to the back page, to a large ad for an escort agency. It advertised young ladies for companionship. “This is the agency I do work with. It’s usually part-time and I can choose when to work. I make anywhere from \$150 to \$300 a date, which can last for three hours.”

“That doesn’t sound like much,” Corey murmured as she examined the ad. At that rate, she knew, she’d be old before she had enough money for everything she needed.

“Well, it’s a start,” again Cindy tried to judge the level her friend was willing to go to.

“That base rate is the least involved date possible.”

“How can I earn more?”

“Corey, I’m not sure you’re ready for anything else. It can get pretty rough out there.”

Corey looked her friend in the eye with a stern set.

“I need to make money. I’ve had sex before, if that’s what it takes.” Cindy smiled and patted her hand.

“Ok, I’ll set up an interview.”

Corey smoothed her dress as she waited outside the door. Her first assignment had been a house somewhere in the Palisades. She re-examined the short silk dress she had chosen for the night. Her breasts stood out nicely against the smooth material, her semi-hard nipples poking nicely forward. She knew she looked strikingly beautiful, with her blonde hair hanging seductively to the middle of her bare back.

It took only a few moments before the door was opened, revealing a handsome man.

He beckoned her in with a wave. Handsome, about 35, he had the good looks and gentle smile of a wonderful first client. After a few pleasantries, she was led toward the living room.

Corey allowed him to slip the thin straps off her shoulders, letting the dress drop from her body. Only her garter belt, hose and a lacy G-string remained. Her firm, round breasts offset her thin waist. The client beckoned her to kneel in front of him and she immediately unzipped his fly, pulling out his hard penis. She began licking carefully as his hands rested on the back of her head.

By the fifth client, Corey was getting impatient. She was making money, but to date only \$1000 sat in the bank. The school year was approaching and the agencies would only wait so long before moving on to the next young beauty. She sat down with Cindy during lunch and expressed her concern.

"It's not fast enough, Cindy. Can I make any more money at this?" Cindy was afraid to provide more, knowing her friend was being motivated by money only, but the pleading look in Corey's eyes softened her resolve.

"Well, the only way you can is by providing certain fetishes. The more extreme you are willing to go for, the more it pays."

"Like what are we talking about? Dressing up in some leather and spanking old men?"

Corey laughed at the thought.

"That's cheap. I'm talking about getting tied up and letting men spank and whip you.

It can get pretty rough, but it pays very well."

"How much?"

"Well, at the lowest level, where you simply get spanked, you make \$300 a session."

Corey seemed disappointed. "Of course, if you're willing to go much farther, you can make up to \$5,000 a session, or more." Corey's eyes lit up at the mention of that much money.

"Ok, say I wanted to get \$5,000. What would I have to do?"

"Well, first it usually is an all night thing. You would usually report to a house or private dungeon and stay there until late morning."

"Big deal. But what would I have to do?" Corey was almost too eager, but Cindy knew if she didn't tell her, she would go to management and never get the real story. The owner of the escort agency was always looking for girls who were willing to go to this level; most were too afraid to even ask.

“Have you ever been tied up before?”

“Sure. I had a boyfriend who would tie me to the bed for sex. It wasn’t a big deal.”

Cindy laughed.

“No, Corey. This isn’t playing with a boyfriend. These guys are going to be really rough with you.”

“I can take it.” Cindy wasn’t so sure. She decided she needed to try and shock Corey back to reality.

“Can you take being covered in thick latex from head to toe, a rubber ball stuffed into your mouth and your arms bound behind you so tight that your elbows touch?” She could see that this wasn’t what Corey expected. “These guys will suspend you by the wrists then whip you until your body is covered with welts. Sure, they can’t actually damage you permanently, but some tortures can be hidden. I had one friend who went for this stuff. She was forced, one evening, to balance herself on a large dildo shoved up her ass while she had her breasts whipped with a leather tarse. That’s the kind of thing to expect, and worse.” Corey was silent as she tried to make sense of this bizarre scene. Cindy was almost angry. She knew that this 22-year old could hardly make decisions like this for herself. She had seen it happen to others and she didn’t want her friend to fall through the same hole. But Corey’s face re-hardened.

“I’m willing to try it. At least I can do it a few times then quit when I have enough money.” Cindy could only shake her head.

“It’s not that easy, Corey.”

For the first time with a client, Corey was scared. Her first night as a sex slave had started simple enough. She had shown up at a large mansion as instructed, and after a brief wait, she was escorted inside by a young and beautiful girl dressed in a tight maid’s outfit. She was led into a side room where she was asked to take off her clothes. As she slipped her dress to the floor, Corey examined the girl beside her. She appeared to be barely 19 herself, a brunette, with a beautiful figure and long, lean legs. Her calves were enhanced by the six inch pumps she wore on her feet.

Corey was intrigued by the thin latex dress the girl wore. Stretched across her chest and just over her butt, the material seemed to be a thin extension of her skin.

Once undressed, the maid slipped behind Corey and pulled her arms behind her back. For a moment she could only feel some fumbling behind her, leaving her to sense the slight breeze on her naked body. She was still growing accustomed to a bare pussy.

Cindy had told her it was a prerequisite to the "slave escort" trade but she found it to be a turn on, and now willingly kept herself perfectly smooth.

She could feel a cool leather strap circle her elbows and they were slowly drawn together. She gasped at the last few inches, her shoulders pulled back harshly and her breasts pushed forward, but the maid did not stop until her elbows were firmly strapped together. A similar strap held her wrists together as well. Next, a thick leather collar was placed around her neck and locked into position. She wanted to complain it was too tight, but she had been warned not to speak without permission.

She could feel the maid's hand on top of her head, encouraging her to tilt her chin up.

A large, red rubber ball was pressed against her teeth and forced between them. The ball was far too large to fit between her jaw, but the maid persisted until the rubber flexed just enough to fit inside. Corey could feel the ball pressing against the top of her mouth and forcing her tongue against the bottom. She nearly choked on the rubber as her eyes teared up from the incredible strain on her jaws.

While she adjusted to the pain, the maid turned her blonde hair into a ponytail. Once finished, Corey could feel something dangling from the end of her hair as it tickled her naked ass. But as she tried to look, struggling to lower her head despite the wide collar, she was pushed back onto a short stool. The maid examined her feet and chose a set of shoes from the closet. Corey tried to complain as she caught sight of the ballet boots, knowing she had little chance of walking in them. But no sound escaped her throat and the maid lifted one, then the other foot and strapped on the torturous shoes. A short six-inch chain connected to rings on each boot, holding her pointed feet close together. A leash connected to her collar and the maid pulled her

up. As Corey's weight rested on her toes, she could feel her toes being crushed by the pointed end of the thick rubber boots.

She tried to fight, determined to sit back down, but the maid forcefully pulled Corey forward on her toes and led her out of the room.

By the time they made their way to the living room, tears of pain streamed down Corey's face. Each step crushed her toes further and her shoulders had begun a slow ache. She stumbled, but found little help from the chain locked between her shoes. The maid caught her, holding her back up straight, before spanking her left ass cheek hard. As the pain ebbed and new tears flowed, Corey struggled to obey.

For a moment, during the painful walk, she had caught sight of herself in a large mirror in the hall. She was impressed by the sight, her pussy dampening as she stared at the captured Amazon in the mirror. She was impressive with the toe shoes, her long legs looking practically sculpted. Her arm bondage pushed her already impressive breasts out further. She could now see a thin leather strap laced into her ponytail, dangling just between her ass cheeks, but she had no time to figure out its purpose.

Finally they entered the main room, where a group of well dressed men were waiting. She was led to the center of the room where a chain hung from the ceiling. A small clamp was connected to the end of the chain, which the maid slipped into Corey's nostrils, clamping it onto her septum. The last few turns drew a scream of pain from the young model, but the gag muffled the sound. The maid pressed a small button on the wall, drawing up the slack until Corey's head faced up. She had little choice but to stand there, her feet shrieking in pain from their torture, her septum quickly joining in. New tears poured down her cheeks.

"Gentleman, this is Corey," the oldest of the men spoke from behind her. "You will notice her virgin skin. She has never felt the sting of a whip. Tonight we will indoctrinate her." Corey shivered in fear at his voice, struggling to see the men around her. She could suddenly feel hands across her body as they began caressing her skin. Fingers pinched her hard nipples while others pressed into her pussy and ass. She gasped at this intrusion, but could do little to complain. After some time, the hands left. The nose chain was released and she was led toward a new room.

The dungeon was dark and foreboding. Its stone walls covered with implements of torture. She was led to the middle of the room where her arms were unbound and attached to two chains hanging from the ceiling. The slack was slowly removed from them until her arms were pulled taut and apart over her head. Chains connected to her toe shoes began pulling her feet apart, the chain holding them together removed, until she was hanging from her wrists. She was now stretched wide in the room, unable to see more than a few feet in front of her. She felt exposed and defenseless for the first time.

Her body spread wide, with no ability to protect herself, she could feel sweat begin to drip down her body. Her smooth crotch felt most exposed, her legs spread wide, making her pussy vulnerable to any attention.

She could see a man, just in the shadows, taking position in front of her. The sounds of another man could be heard behind her. Suddenly, two whips lashed out and struck her chest and back simultaneously. Corey jerked in pain from the blow. She looked down to see a wide red welt stretching from her left breast across to her right side. Already the welt began to ache, making Corey whimper behind her ball gag. Without warning, another blow placed a new welt across her right breast. The pain burned into her soul and new tears burst from her eyes. She tried to struggle away, but the chains held fast. Her voice screamed in pain, but the huge gag stopped all sounds. As more and more strokes fell across her body she knew that this was not the worst. She would be in this house all night.

“After the whipping, I was strapped to a low, long pad. My arms were tied behind me again and my legs were spread wide.” Corey continued as she tried to find a comfortable position to sit. Her ass was a series of red welts. But Cindy had asked so she was going to hear. “They tied me to this thing so I was sort of on my knees but bent over too. That strap in my hair was connected to my elbow strap and pulled back so my face was held forward. I think I must have swallowed a gallon of cum that way, not to mention how many times I was fucked in the ass and pussy.”

“It must have been horrible,” Cindy cried, trying to comfort her neighbor. “I told you these guys would be rough.”

“Well, I really had no idea. I guess I won’t be wearing a bikini for a few weeks!” She

laughed for the first time and Cindy joined in.

“So you’ve gotten this out of your system, I hope,” Cindy asked.

“I don’t know, Cindy,” Corey appeared thoughtful, “It was terrifying and painful, but I made \$3,000 that night. That’s hard to beat, no pun intended.”

“You’ve got to be kidding! It was pure torture and you might go back for more?”

“I figure I can stand it a couple more times. By then I’ll have enough money to get back on my feet.”

“You’re crazy.”

“No, just sore.”

The owner called Corey into his office for the first time. They had only spoken briefly after she was hired, and once before she went to the dungeon house for the first time. Since then she had been sent on some easy jobs. One guy had put her into a hog-tie and watched an Outer Limits marathon all night. Another had put her in a discipline hood, complete with ear plugs and gag. Corey’s arms were bound behind her. A spreader bar was strapped between her knees and her ankles were tied together. A strap from the top of the hood was pulled to tie to her ankles. She was bent backwards harshly but she had no choice, since the only connection she had with the outer world was the two breathing tubes stuck up her nose. The guy then spent the night whipping her pussy.

Though the discipline hood was scary, Corey quickly became aroused by both the bondage and the pussy whipping. She knew she was changing, starting to enjoy the scene, but she was still driven by money. She knocked on the door and entered the office.

“You wanted to see me, sir?”

“Yes, Corey. Please come in,” he gestured to a seat and closed the door behind her.

“I’ve been impressed with your interest in the S&M scene. All your clients have expressed extreme pleasure with you.”

“Thank you, sir,” Corey blushed.

“No, it’s you I must thank. But I have a proposition for you.”

“Yes?”

“Do you remember the first house you went to for an S&M client?” Corey shuddered at the memory.

“Yes, I do.”

“Well, that client has requested you again, but under a set of particular circumstances.”

“I’m not sure I would care to see that client again, Mr. Stanley.” Corey was afraid of him and his friends, though she couldn’t explain the stirring she felt in her pussy.

“Well, let me tell you what he has in mind. First of all, let me tell you how much he is willing to pay you.”

“I’m sorry, but I don’t think I’m interested.”

“He will pay you \$200,000.” Corey sat in shock. What could possibly be the point of paying her so much money? She knew immediately she would consider almost anything for that sum. The money would take her far beyond her immediate needs. She would be able to pursue real acting without the distraction of a regular job. It was more money than she could possibly imagine. But quickly she remembered the night of torture and forced sex. Her trepidation returned.

“What does he want for that money,” she asked cautiously. Mr. Stanley cleared his throat.

“Well, apparently this client was rather enamored with you. He wants to hire you for a two-month period. During this time you will be his personal slave. You must understand that the only restriction he will have will be not to cause any permanent markings on you. Beyond that, he will insist on no limits. You will have no safe-word and must obey him completely or bear his chosen punishment. You will be available to him sexually, and to pleasure any other person, man or woman, he sees fit.”

Corey was speechless. Though she was immediately afraid, she knew she would never get another chance of seeing that kind of money again. She could still feel that lash marks on her breasts, though the outer marks had long since faded.

"I'm not sure. That's a long time, and one night with that man was terrifying enough." Mr. Stanley looked away, almost dismissing her.

"If you're not interested, that's fine. Thank you for your time." He busied himself with papers on his desk as if she wasn't there any longer. Corey sat there, considering the proposal. The money filled her mind, as did the possibilities it would create. It was only eight weeks, she thought to herself. Maybe it'll just be more whipping and sex. She could handle that. And then... all that money. Soon, her eyes rose to meet Mr. Stanley's.

"Ok, I'll take the job." She barely noticed Mr. Stanley's grin as he looked up to her. Corey was beginning to forget what it was like to be without pain. She sat quietly, as she was trained, at the feet of her master while he read his book. The carpet was soft on her knees, a sharp contrast to the cool, hard stone floor of her small cell in the dungeon. For now, though, she was on her knees in the living room, her head bowed as she quietly thought of the past few weeks. She sat as trained, her knees spread wide, her back straight as possible.

Her arms had been bound nearly continually from the moment of her arrival, once her Master discovered her flexibility. Most recently, he discovered her wrists could be forced up beyond the small of her back until the steel cuffs around them could be bolted to the back of her steel collar. It hurt, but she knew she could handle it, at least for a short time. The pain was even more excruciating when a steel band was placed around her elbows and they were pulled together as well. Her shoulders were pulled back hard and her arms were now in a reverse prayer, rigid rivets holding them in place, rather than the more flexible, and less permanent, leather straps. Her master preferred this since it provided access to her back for the whips.

With her head bowed, she could just see the thick ring that had been pierced through her clit, though her nipple piercings were much more visible. A thick steel ring had been placed behind her nipple, with a second piercing placed through the middle of her nipple and filled with a steel rod. She could feel the ring in her septum

as well as the rubber coated metal plates on either side of her septum, providing a firm hold for the ring. Her master had nearly hung her from this ring a number of times. Her tongue had been pierced as well, but rather than a ring, he had placed a grommet in her tongue. This provided more flexibility when he was feeling particularly creative. She had spent nearly an entire night with her tongue grommet connected to another slave girl's clit ring, forced to bring her to orgasm over and over.

She could still feel the custom ballet shoes on her feet. Unlike the first set she had worn, these had been custom made of rubber. Straps held them on like permanent fixtures. The toes were much sharper as well, forcing her toes into the point with vicious precision. She had worn these since the first day and knew she would wear them to the last. She found a slight element of accomplishment that she had learned to walk in the shoes, though they were still painful with each step.

She could still see various markings on her body from the weeks of punishment. There were the marks on her breasts from the caning he had given them a few days ago. Her shaved pussy was still red from the heavy strapping he had applied that morning. She wore a latex G string that was a V in the front, connecting just past her clit ring, holding in two blowup dildoes. Both had been expanded to three times their size, with the ass dildo stretching her wider than ever before.

Corey had grown accustomed to the life of a slave. Though she took to the lifestyle, obeying without question, accepting punishment and performing any task despite how unpleasant, she knew she could still improve. This morning alone, when she was ordered to clean her Master's cock after he had used her anally, she hesitated for the briefest second. But it was enough.

He had still forced her to clean him, then grabbed her nipple ring, yanking hard and pulling her into a punishment room. She found herself leaned back on a pad, her legs pulled wide, leaving her pussy exposed. Even as Corey begged her apologies, her Master had selected a thick strap and commenced punishing her bare pussy. A full 30 minutes of hard whipping, as Corey bucked against her bonds, crying and wailing from the pain, and finally he stopped.

Without warning, then, her Master had forced his cock back into her ass, pumping

her for a few minutes, then pulled out. Unstrapping her from the bench, he stood in front of her.

“Clean my cock,” he ordered. Corey, still whimpering, crawled to her Master and immediately sucked his cock without question.

It was harder and harder to remember, but Corey thought she had been a slave for about three weeks now. That left another six. Her eyes teared up at the thought. Already she was losing touch with the real world out there, and her past life. With every moment of her life now about service to her Master, she was quickly forgetting everything else. She thought back to the past weeks of pain, modification and bondage. It had all melded together in her mind, separated by long nights locked in a windowless stone cell, a heavy chain connected to her collar holding her close to the floor. The cell was only three feet square anyway, preventing her from sitting up fully anyway, much less stretching out. The door was heavy and steel, with no opening, which meant she was plunged in absolute blackness each night. All she was left with was her own thoughts, the pain from the day’s punishments, and the overwhelming feeling that she had made a terrible mistake.

Part 2

Corey struggled to maintain her balance as the party goers pushed past her in the crowded room. She was having trouble seeing them coming and they held little concern for her. The party had been raging for hours now and Corey, the designated waitress, had stumbled around on her painful toe shoes, providing a variety of refreshments.

Her arms still bound behind her, wrists forced high up on her back, she could not use them for balance. The head harness was tightly strapped onto her, a long leather lace extending from the ring at the top of her head, down her back and between her ass cheeks. The other end connected to her clit ring. If she did not keep her chin up high, forcing her to look at the ceiling, she would pull painfully on the piercing.

Unfortunately, another small strap connected from her clit ring, up to the tray that was suspended at belly button level. The small rods pierced through the middle of her nipples had been connected to a short chain that supported the backside of the

tray just below her large breasts. Another chain connected to the front edge of the tray and stretched up to her nose ring. With the shuffle of weight shifting on and off her tray, it was difficult to keep it level. She could only rely on the feeling of balance, since she was unable to look down far enough to make sure. Instead, she reacted, alternately pulling on her sensitive clit or her pierced nipples, while feeling the strain on her nose ring.

If she didn't keep moving the sting of a buggy whip on her tender ass reminded her, while causing her to teeter on her toes. The short chain keeping her ankles close made it difficult to recover from an unplanned stumble.

It had been a month since she had signed on to her two-month contract with her Master. She had trouble remembering that she would receive \$200,000 for the stint as slave girl. The memory seemed clouded by the series of tortures and humiliations Corey faced daily. When she first came to California to study acting and try her hand at Hollywood, she never imagined she would be able to walk in ballet shoes or take a large dildo up her ass. Instead, she had been forced to service men and women alike, learning skills she never thought possible in bringing a person to orgasm.

The pain of punishment had been excruciating. Corey had never imagined she would be treated so much like an animal. The ring in her nose alone had reminded her daily how much she had become an object, a tool for pleasure, but not her own.

Lost in thought, Corey could not sense the slave-girl who was crawling across her path. The Master, whipping his slave as he drove her across the room, was focused on the subject of his punishment. As Corey stumbled across the slave, she launched the drinks from the tray onto the master and several other dominants close by. As she fell, unable to stop herself, she knew that she had just made a horrible mistake. As the tray struck the floor and folded up against her body, the yank on her clit chain brought a scream from her throat before she fainted.

Corey awoke in darkness. A blindfold covered her eyes but she could hear some familiar sounds around her. For a moment she assumed she was still on the floor at the party, but as she tried to shift her position, she realized she had been bound in a much different way. Suddenly, the blindfold was taken off and she squinted in the bright light. Quickly she recognized a bathroom. Beside her, a man's urinal was

installed in the wall. She couldn't move her head, but she could feel how she was bound. Her arms, still forced high up her back, had been clamped to the wall behind her, keeping her near the floor. She could feel two new dildos forced inside her and, as she tried to shift her lower body, realized that they were fixed to the floor and she was spiked onto them. Her knees were strapped wide open, her ankles were strapped to her upper thighs. Well, at least she wasn't on her toes. Her head had been strapped back again, the new head harness bending her neck harshly back. Something strange filled her mouth and she could feel something down her throat as well. As she tried to breathe, she quickly realized she could only breathe through her nose. Before she could truly understand her predicament, she saw her Master enter the room.

"I see you're awake now." He was angry, far angrier than she had ever seen. A shiver of true fear ran down her back. "You really made a mistake. Do you know how embarrassing it was to apologize to all my guests? You should be better trained than that." He leaned over in front of her and grabbed her left nipple rod, twisting it harshly. Corey's eyes watered as a gurgle escaped her throat. "Well, I won't take any chances with you now. For the next four weeks you will be my toilet slave." Corey panicked. She was in a bathroom, tied in a position beside a man's urinal. Did this mean...

"I hope you enjoy surviving on urine and shit, because that's what your purpose in life will be for the next month. This is a bathroom in a friend's dungeon. They have parties here every night and quite a lot through the day. You should have plenty of customers. I'll see you in a month."

Corey tried to struggle, to escape this horrible twist. She had been ok with the humiliation, the pain and torture, the body piercings and the sexual servitude. She had never imagined she would be forced to be an actual toilet. Corey didn't even know that such a thing could happen. The thought of being used for people's waste was revolting to her.

She was scared to death and, in her panic, released her bladder. A catheter inserted in her had been designed to pump her own urine into the large clear basin that had been positioned over her face. A large funnel led from the basin into her mouth. As

the tube deposited her own urine into her mouth, another tube locked into her throat prevented her from doing anything other than swallowing. Rubber wedges had been forced between her teeth, holding her mouth wide open. The result was her mouth as a reservoir for anything deposited into the basin above her, including her own excretions. As her own urine filled her mouth and she was forced to swallow it, tears began flowing from her eyes. Three days had passed and Corey had been unable to move an inch. A servant arrived almost hourly to wrench her bonds tighter. She knew now that not just straps bound her body, but steel bands riveted to the wall and floor. She would never be able to move again until the steel rivets were cut away. She had lost count of the number of men and women who had defecated or urinated into her basin. At first she had to fight the incredible urge to vomit as she felt her mouth filling with warm shit. She tried to scream before the partygoers relieved themselves, hoping to gain some sympathy. Instead they often smiled at the whimper that escaped her throat, and then tried even harder to fill the basin, forcing her to take more than the typical mouthful. Corey had even lost the ability to cry. She knew now that she had fallen to the lowest level possible. Not even treated as an animal, now she was just a receptacle for a series of strangers.

It was a vicious cycle. Often, after a big party night, the waste of the guests would distend her stomach. She had consumed everything from plain urine to diarrhea. In the middle of the night, after the last guest had urinated, she would urinate or defecate herself, feeling her own waste products pumped back up into the basin and into her mouth. It was at these times she felt she wanted to die. But she could not do anything except swallow her own feces again.

For seven long days she had been used as a toilet at the club. She was surprised when someone started cutting away the rivets to release her, hoping that her Master had actually forgiven her. Once released, she thought the worst was over. She quickly discovered her Master was still very angry. She was blindfolded once again, unlocked from the wall and transported to another location. It was an hour before she was chained on a cold, dirt floor. Her blindfold was removed as someone plugged her nose with stoppers. Long hoses were cut through the center of the stoppers so that she could breathe. The other end of the hoses extended away from her body, up into the darkness above her.

Rubber wedges once again held her mouth wide open, though her throat was blocked, preventing her from breathing through her mouth. She could swallow once again, but only breathe with some difficulty through the long hoses in her nose. The steel collar was still locked around her throat with short chains from both sides that kept Corey on her knees. Her arms were still bound behind her back, rivets holding her wrists to the back of her collar. As the hands left her once again, she tried to cry out but the throat gag only allowed a gurgle. Darkness quickly surrounded her.

After a few hours, Corey could hear the roar of a crowd in the distance. Light streamed in from overhead suddenly and, as she looked up to see the source, a thin stream of urine poured down on her head. It was then she realized she had been chained in the bottom of a portable toilet. She could now hear the soccer game outside and she realized it would be a long weekend.

By the end of the first week she had been buried up to her breasts in feces and urine. She knew she would soon be submerged in shit, unable to prevent it from entering her mouth. Already, despite the tubes in her nose, she could barely stand the smell around her. Her hair was covered with brown waste, her head draped with a piece of used toilet paper. All she could do was stay on her knees and endure with the knowledge that she might stay here for weeks.

The stadium had apparently closed in early evening. The sounds of the crowd receded and she was left in darkness. The waste now covered her to her neck. Corey was defeated. She truly felt worthless as she kneeled in the bottom of the toilet. She knew in several hours she would be completely covered in other people's feces, and she will have lost all identity as an individual. She had lost track of time, realizing it didn't matter any longer. She was a toilet slave now, finding in her mind the acceptance of her new position. Nothing else mattered now. As far as she knew she might be left her for life, but she accepted that, since she wasn't worth anything more than to consume real people's waste for all eternity.

Corey had been cleaned thoroughly by the other slaves, her body scrubbed hard to ensure she would not be offensive to any guests or the Master. She did not fight, nor object at all. Corey had reached the depths of humiliation. Just hours ago, after spending her second week in the same portable toilet, she had been buried beneath

human feces. Only the breathing tubes that remained unblocked allowed her to breath. Her mouth, held open wide by the rubber wedges and her throat blocked open, was quickly filled as well. Corey had been forced to swallow a lot of the shit around her. By the time her Master's slaves had pulled her out, she had truly become a toilet slave.

Now, as she kneeled at her Master's feet again, she kept her head bowed. She was sure she would have to prove her dedication as a toilet slave soon. She was not disappointed. One of the slave girls, a young girl of seemingly only 16 years old, was stretched across a hobby horse as a guest fucked her up the ass. The girl, obviously not enjoying the penetration, was trying to scream, but another man kept her mouth filled with his huge cock. Finally, the first man came deep into the slave's ass and pulled out. Moving to her mouth, he replaced the second man, who moved to come in her ass as well, while the slave-girl cleaned off both their cocks. Corey's Master pulled her up and made her kneel behind the young slave.

"Suck the cum out of her ass, slave." Corey found her planting her mouth firmly on the girl's asshole and began sucking the man's cum out. Her lack of hesitation wasn't surprising to her. She was honored to be allowed to clean this slave's ass out. She knew she was lower than the girl in stature, lower than them all.

Her Master whispered quietly in the young slave's ear and, as Corey penetrated the girls asshole with her tongue, she could feel a piece of feces being forced out. Corey sucked harder, pulling the soft lump from the girl and swallowing it. Her Master smiled. Corey's two months where nearly up, though she was unaware of the time. She had spent the past three weeks on a steady diet of shit and urine, never allowed to consume anything else. Even the lowliest slave was allowed to use her as a toilet, pissing in her mouth as she drank without hesitation. During the day, with her arms still bound up high on her back, she was responsible for cleaning the floors and toilets in the bathroom with her tongue. She licked the stains out of the bowls, cleaning the inside and outside until spotless, swallowing any debris she might find. At times, the guests would avoid flushing the toilets. Corey knew when she found one like this, that she was to eat and drink any contents. The few times guests or slaves where allowed to use a real toilet, Corey was kept close to act as toilet paper.

On her last day, Corey was led into the living room where she saw two people. The owner of the escort company and Cindy sat on the couch. Both looked surprised as they recognized Corey. The innocent young girl from the Midwest was gone. Instead, they saw a blonde girl, walking in ballet shoes, with harsh rings pierced through her clit, nose and twice through her nipples. As she turned to kneel at her Master's feet, they could see the brutal method her arms had been forced up her back, then riveted to the back of her steel collar. Cindy could not believe her friend was in this body of a slave.

As Corey fell to her knees with practiced ease and her chain leash was locked to a ring in the floor, her Master addressed her for the first time in a month.

"Corey, you have been an amazing slave the past two months."

"Thank you, master."

"You have earned your \$200,000. But I have a better offer. If you chose to stay for a complete year, I will pay you one million dollars. In truth, I will pay half to a trust fund now, with the other half held in escrow until the final date of your servitude."

Corey was having trouble hearing her master. She was his toilet slave and couldn't understand the discussion of money. "I don't understand, Master. Have I displeased you?"

"No, Corey. You were everything I could dream of. But I want to keep you for a year." She still didn't get it so Cindy tried to explain.

"Corey? It's me, Cindy. He wants to keep you as a slave. But you don't have to do it. We will take you away for a few days to recover anyway, so you can make your decision later." A slave girl appeared to help Corey out of the room. She looked back in confusion, unsure of what was happening.

Two days had passed for Corey. At home again, she found it strangely surreal to be without her body in some sort of bondage. Her various piercings had been removed, but all had been replaced with small bars or plugs, keeping them open in case Corey should decide to return.

She had the use of her arms for the first time in two months, though she found it strange. She often wasn't sure how she should use them, like they had recently been grafted on her body. Her feet had also not adapted. The long term wear of ballet shoes made standing flatfooted impossible. She found herself wearing her five inch heels day and night, while asking Cindy to buy her even higher heels.

She was not comfortable. Something had changed in her, making her normal life of modeling and acting seem less important, distantly unfamiliar. Even though she had plenty of money in the bank her priorities seemed to have changed now that she had enough money to do anything she wanted. Rather than looking into buying headshots, she found herself surfing the internet for kinky clothes. Nights were the most difficult until Cindy purchased her own butt plug. As she inserted it for the first time, she felt a familiar thrill from the pain. It was the best night of sleep she had since she returned. Cindy tried to be of help, but could only provide a distraction from Corey's thoughts. Though she refused to discuss her experience, she knew that she had been used and tortured mercilessly. Despite her fear of what had been done to her, she knew she would still consider the offer her "Master" had made.

Part 3

Cindy carefully balanced the box of donuts on one hand as she punched the doorbell to Corey's apartment. It had been four weeks since Corey had returned from her traumatic job and Cindy hoped that the effects of her two-month stint as a slave had finally faded. She rang the bell a second time, glancing at her watch.

It was 9:30 in the morning; she was sure Corey would be up. Finally, she knocked on the door.

"Corey? Are you home," Cindy called. As she spoke, her knocks dislodged the door, which swung open on its own. The door had been open the whole time.

Confused and somewhat concerned, she cautiously pushed open the door.

Corey's apartment was in disarray.

"Oh, my God," was all Cindy could say as she backed out of the ransacked apartment.

Cindy impatiently waited in Mr. Stanley's office. After finding what she felt were signs that her friend Corey had been abducted, Cindy had turned to the most likely conclusion; her former client, the one who had hired her as a slave for two months, had come to take her back. She was terrified of the police, so turned to her boss instead. She sat uncomfortably in the hard wood chair, subconsciously pulling on her skirt to cover more of her legs. After years working as an escort, she had grown accustomed to wearing sexy clothing, but she also knew that Mr. Stanley was a lecher. She had spent the past two years in his employ, but all that time pointedly avoiding any personal contact.

As she considered this, she suddenly felt exposed. Her t-shirt felt too tight, highlighting her 34D breasts too much, while her skirt fit snug around her contrasting 23-inch waist. Those two features, along with her long dark hair and legs were what had kept her in business so long, but she now dreaded Stanley's unspoken advances. Despite this, she felt relief when Mr. Stanley returned to his office, if only to get help for her endangered friend.

"My assistant says you have something private to discuss," he said as he sat down across from Cindy. Immediately his eyes dropped to her breasts. She tried to ignore it.

"I'm worried about Corey," she said, trying to approach the topic calmly. Her voice quivered regardless. "I found her apartment open this morning, and it looked like someone had torn it apart."

"Sounds like a matter for the police," Mr. Stanley said, turning his attention to his desk and the work upon it. "I'm not sure how I can help."

"Did that client, the one who offered her a million dollars to be his slave for a year, could he have..." She found herself unable to say the rest. Mr. Stanley stopped at that, his attention returning to Cindy as he pulled off his glasses.

"Funny you should mention that," he said. "The client pulled the offer yesterday morning." Cindy was surprised, trying to understand what that meant.

"Do you think he could have taken Corey?"

"I suppose it's possible," he responded. "But we have no proof of that. We're just jumping to conclusions." Cindy didn't agree. She was sure that was what happened. Though she had never seen it in person, thankfully, she had heard rumors from other girls of agencies that often facilitated abductions. Though she didn't suspect Stanley yet, she knew that a rich and influential client such as the one that had paid for Corey before might do just such a thing. In that moment, she realized what she had to do.

"I need to get into his house," She said with determination. Stanley looked at her, a skeptical expression on his face. She ignored it. "You know him, right?"

Can you do it?"

"Maybe," he said. "I'm not sure how, though. I doubt I could get you on a guest list, and security is very tight."

"How about as a slave?" Stanley eyes flashed to her, surprised at her suggestion. For years he had offered her lucrative jobs with men and women looking for a submissive brunette like her, but she had always turned him down.

"When he canceled the offer, he cancelled his overall request for submissive women. Maybe that means he has Corey, but it also means he's not looking for any new candidates."

"Look, Mr. Stanley, I'm sure he has her, and it's against her will. If I can get in there, maybe I can find her and get her back."

"The only thing I can think of is offering him something unique, something he can't usually get."

"Like what," Cindy asked. Stanley took a sip of his drink sitting on the table before leaning closer. His look was dead serious.

"Other than just submissive girls, he used to have a premium offer for a pain slut, a girl who would willingly endure a variety of tortures." Cindy's face was frozen, both with terror and indecision. "If I offer him you, and you play the part well, he might go for that." Cindy looked away for a moment before answering.

She had little choice if she wanted to rescue her friend. She had never been a fan of any pain, much less the type of sexual torture she knew this buyer had in mind. She tried to rationalize it, telling herself she'd have an escape plan. Besides, she thought, people like this always talk big, but often a spanking is as far as they're willing to go. With that in mind, and ignoring the voice deep down that told her this would be different, she looked up to Stanley.

"Ok, let's do it."

Cindy whimpered quietly behind the huge ball gag forced between her teeth. Though she wanted desperately to cry out, to plead for mercy, some thread of her being still clung to the idea that she was playing the role of the perfect masochist. Instead, she fought the urge as she had so many times before, trying to calm her own fears as she swung quietly in the early evening air.

She had become quite accustomed to her new role over the days since she had joined the household, if being constantly in pain was anything you could grow accustomed to. Each day, sometime early in the morning, after she was extracted from the multi-layer body bag she was kept in at night, Cindy was led naked from the basement dungeons on the end of a leash, her arms still bound with elbows touching behind her as they had been when Stanley had packed her. The ache in her shoulders continued, but the coming predicament would quickly overwhelm the petty pain of her arms. Just as her arms had remained bound and thus useless, her jaw had grown accustomed to massive distention. A huge ball gag remained jammed between her jaws, the strap pulled so tight that no amount of force by her tongue would dislodge it.

Positioned standing in the center of the room, a man she was certain was not her new owner took a thin leather strap and wound it slowly and tightly around the base of each breast. Halfway through the process, even as Cindy found herself moaning from the intense constriction, he would slip the strap through metal rings positioned on the outside and inside of each breast, clearly to provide a connection point for the overhead chains that she would soon dangle from.

Once the strap had been wound, the chains would be lowered enough to attach to the four rings, then pulled toward the ceiling again. She would grunt as the bulk of

her weight began to rest on her already tortured breasts, her toes reaching for the floor in a futile effort to relieve some of the pressure. Her long brunette hair, placed in a tight ponytail with a strap included in the intricate style, was unceremoniously pulled down to a ring set in the floor beneath her. Her toes were quickly pulled away from the floor as her breasts were used as a pivot and her head as a lever. The strap was shortened until her body was pulled level to the floor. The strain on her neck was intense, and as she found herself staring at the back wall of the room, she could only moan from the pain building in both her neck and scalp. Thin rope was then looped around her big toes, which were then folded beneath her, the toe ropes connected to the strap pulling her head to the floor, joining it mid way between. Pulled tight, the strain forced her neck back further while her back was arched painfully, a pain that would grow in intensity throughout the day.

Ropes attached to her knees and to poles on either side of her pulled her legs wide to expose her crotch. A variety of adjustments were made on the first morning to place her body at chest level to the man who bound her. At first she assumed she was to be used sexually, but she soon found that she wasn't to fill that role. As she was left for the first time, she quickly found herself alone. She had assumed, like in any sexual game, she would be positioned for the entertainment of an audience, or at least her new master. But instead, she was alone, unwatched, untouched. The slight stirring of the air in the large room was the only thing keeping her company. As Cindy's breasts began to scream out from the torture of carrying her entire body weight, she found herself crying openly at the thought, realizing she was simply required to suffer.

On the second day of her role as decoration, she had been visited by another man after she was suspended, who in a brutal and efficient method pierced her body. The session left rings at the base of her nipples, with rods near the tip, two clit rings, one inside the other, and a thick nose ring. Once his work was done, he left her alone once again. Cindy cried for what felt like hours, until she had no more tears. She had never wanted any type of modifications to her body, but now she not only had dual nipple piercings, she also felt the weight of the thick septum ring. Her clit rings, though painful, were a distant ache that she could barely feel amongst the other torment she was enduring. It was then she began to realize, at least in part, what it meant to be a pain slave.

It wasn't until the third day that she received her first visitor. She jumped in surprise as a man's hands caressed her exposed body. She found herself repeating only one word behind the gag, and this in almost a whisper through her own weakened voice.

"Please.... Please....," she said, the word distorted by her distended jaw. The hands touched her breasts, and even the lightest caress felt uncomfortable, as she knew they had turned red and sensitive from their constriction. But the hands disappeared, replaced suddenly by an explosion of pain on her inner thighs. She bucked from the stroke of what she saw later was a harsh bamboo cane, but soon found there was no escape. A wail of fear erupted from her throat as another, and another stroke fell on her exposed thighs.

Cindy lost count after the thirtieth stroke to her thighs, her mind a fog of pain and semi consciousness. Her thighs felt like they were on fire, the series of welts growing by the second, as was the intense pain that emanated from each one. It wasn't until the first stroke from the same cane fell on her already tortured breasts that she knew she had signed up for more than she could handle.

Eight days earlier, Mr. Stanley had called Cindy at her apartment to tell her that everything had been arranged.

"I had to tell him that you desperately wanted to find someone who would enjoy torturing you," he said. "I told him you didn't want any money, and that you had no time limits." Cindy was shocked at the suggestion.

"Are you saying that he thinks I'm giving myself to him forever?" Cindy's voice cracked at the thought.

"I'm afraid so."

"How do I get out when I find Corey," she asked, panic filling her voice.

"I'll figure something out," he said. "I'll give you four weeks then come and get you. Can you stand that long?" Cindy wasn't sure she could stand four minutes, but she knew she had to do this to get her friend back.

“I’ll be fine. Just don’t forget me, ok?”

Rather than getting an address, she was asked to return to Mr. Stanley’s office two days later, but this time in the evening after his assistant had left for home. She found Stanley in his office, a pile of strange material on his coffee table. He noticed her as she entered, then followed her gaze.

“We need to be convincing,” he said, stepping around his desk to face her. “If we don’t do something extreme to deliver you, he’s not going to believe you’re a true pain slut.” Cindy glanced through the array of rubber and leather before setting her resolve.

“Ok. Let’s do it.”

As Mr. Stanley started to arrange the gear Cindy began to get a little nervous. She had been hired by clients in the past to do almost everything sexual, but being exposed to Mr. Stanley was different. He was her boss, and a lecher, a combination that made her strive to avoid being in a compromising position around him.

“Take your clothes off,” he said casually. Cindy hesitated for a moment before she realized she had no choice. As her panties dropped to the floor, leaving her naked, she felt self-conscious as Stanley looked over her body with salivating eyes. Cindy, angry at his response, put her hands on her hips and threw back her hair.

“Take a good look, Stanley,” she said defiantly. He ignored her attitude, instead taking her offer, examining her thin, athletic body and long legs, before dragging his eyes over her large breasts and to the equipment he had laid out. Stanley approached her, then carefully attached a series of adhesive pads to her body. Two small pads went over her nipples, with six additional pads around each of her breasts themselves, on her stomach, pressed over her clit, the small space between her pussy and anus, on her inner thighs and finally the soles of her feet. He seemed to take his time, which only made Cindy angrier, but her anger distracted her from asking the purpose of all the pads. Wires extending from each gave little clue to their purpose. Once finished, he handed her a rubber cat suit.

“Put this on,” he said. Cindy looked at the small outfit, wondering how it would

stretch to fit her body, but began pulling it on her. As she reached her crotch, Stanley stopped her, handing her two metal dildos. "If we want to be convincing, we need to do it right. Put these in." Cindy turned red. She looked at the cool steel, realizing she would need lube. She was far from turned on by her predicament. Not seeing any, and not wanting to ask Stanley, she resorted to sticking the dildo into her mouth, sucking and licking it to get it wet, before pressing it into her pussy. She felt a flush of embarrassment as she found herself sucking the butt plug next, realizing she would soon be pushing it into her own ass. She gasped as the metal slid with some effort inside of her as well, making her gasp as they both filled her completely. She ignored their intrusion and began pulling up the suit.

Stanley made sure the wires were fed from her body out the back of the suit, including wires that now extended to the two dildos inside of her. Despite the earlier impossibility of fitting, Cindy soon found the suit stretched fully over her body. There were even concessions for her large breasts, which made the suit look even better on her, judging from Stanley's reaction.

"It's tight," she said. "It feels like a second skin." Stanley just smiled, helping her zip up the suit. He handed her a rubber hood next, and as it fit smooth over her face he zipped it up in back.

"I know this guy," Stanley said as he pulled Cindy's arms behind her and slipped a leather strap around her elbows. As he pulled it tight, forcing her elbows together, he could hear Cindy gasp. "He's not going to buy that you've given yourself to him unless we send you over in style." He then laid her down on the floor, spreading a thick leather body bag beside her. A series of straps were laced around her legs, locking ankles, knees and thighs tightly together. "Those are all shock pads on your body, and the dildos also administer shocks. When I'm done I'll put all of them on a random pattern to shock your nipples, clit, pussy, ass, thighs, stomach and feet." Cindy peered out from the latex hood with fear in her eyes.

"Is it going to hurt?" Stanley rolled her into the thick body bag, then began stretching and lacing the suit over her. It was intentionally too small, designed so that once it was properly laced on, the wearer would be completely unable to move.

"I'll be honest, it's going to hurt a lot. But remember you'll probably have to endure

far worse things over the next few weeks. Consider this a warm-up.”

Cindy wasn't so sure, but tried to stay true to her plan, despite the harsh constriction she was feeling. Already her shoulders had started to ache and the leather suit was removing any ability she would have to move. A feature she had failed to notice as she had been put into it involved her feet. Rather than being allowed to stick up, her toes were pushed into a point parallel to her body. As the laces became tighter and tighter, her feet were forced into a harsh en pointe position. As Stanley tightened a strap over her feet, he forced them to even curl back a little. Quickly Cindy's legs began to cramp, the pain building in her lower leg muscles making her want to scream. She bit her lip instead, fighting back tears, as Stanley continued the process of strapping her into immobility.

The suit reached up to her neck, but Stanley stopped before lacing that part. He selected a leather hood first. Designed to work with the body bag, the hood extended down her neck and over her shoulders. The thick leather over her neck and body was built with rigid boning, much like a corset, intended to remove any chance of head motion. The hood itself was thick, with added padding over her ears and eyes. An inner pad the size of a softball was designed to gag her, though she couldn't see how it would fit. Only grommets were left for her nostrils, allowing the small favor of breathing. Before positioning the hood, Stanley peered under it.

“The plan is to deliver you to him tomorrow morning, so you should only be in this suit for about 12 hours,” Cindy didn't see how that length of time could seem so trivial to Stanley, but she had little chance to argue. As he began stuffing her mouth with the gag, she could hear his final words. “Good luck.”

Once the gag was in, it was a simple task of lacing the hood on, then completing the body bag. It took another two hours to make it as tight as possible. What was left made Stanley feel even more horny. Cindy was reduced to a solid leather form, a smooth surface from head to toe. He took the wires from the pads and dildos, and attached them to a small box that would clip on to the suit. With a flick of a switch he knew the random shocks had begun.

For a moment he watched, but could see no motion. He flipped off the lights and left Cindy for the night.

Inside the suit, Cindy was desperately struggling for release. The first shocks, a combination to her nipples and ass, made her scream into the harsh leather padding now stuffing her mouth beyond capacity. These were no soft electrical impulses; every shock was like fire burning her, the effect coursing through her body for seconds after the actual shock had occurred.

The first shock to her clit almost made her faint, followed by a long shock to her pussy, then to the soles of her feet. She bucked in response, the eye pads already dampened by tears. But despite her attempts to move, she knew she was being held rigid, and no escape on her own would be possible.

It was then that her claustrophobia began to set in. She hated tight spaces, and even panicked in total darkness. She hadn't even thought about all that as Mr. Stanley had laced her in the hood, but now she began to wail for escape. Her arms, already numb from the pain of their harsh bondage, were useless, as was the rest of her body. She was desperate for release, but found not the least of slack in her bondage. Her wails turned to sobs as he was forced to endure, and the first three minutes passed in silence in the office.

It was this way, two days later that Cindy was delivered to her new Master.

Stanley had discovered a latent love for bondage himself the next day as he sat and stared at Cindy's still immobile body. She was the perfect mummified beauty, and a new found cruelty was borne inside of him. It was only the evening of the second day, a full 48 hours after he had placed the beautiful young girl in bondage, that he gave in and delivered her to her new Mater.

For Cindy it could have been a lifetime. By the time she was placed in her new Master's dungeon, she was certain she had been in her mummified form for weeks. Her mind had almost accepted her new fate, that as an immobile object of torture. As the laces were finally cut and the bag peeled away from her latex covered body, she sobbed in relief.

Exhausted and terrified, she could do little to resist as she was suspended for her first day in the living room. She never set eyes on the man she both despised and feared, nor was she given the opportunity to ask. Her life became a routine; each

night she was placed back in the extreme body bag Mr. Stanley had delivered her in, complete with shock pads. The only additions were a feeding tube fed down into her stomach, a catheter and a new metal butt plug that incorporated an enema attachment. She found herself enduring nearly constant pain, so much so that even during the nights, when she was sure she had been forgotten and left for not hours but months, she felt some form of sleep wash over her.

But soon morning came, and with that she was suspended again. After only six days she felt like she was ready to break, as she struggled to hang on to a thread of her sanity, and her plan to rescue her friend.

On what she determined was the eighth day, the routine was broken. Removed from her body bag, two rubber clad slaves carried her weakened form into a shower and cleaned her thoroughly. Though she had never seen outfits like these, she felt a kindred spirit with the obviously tortured slaves. Their bodies covered in full black rubber from head to toe, she had difficulty understanding how they could see, much less breathe. They seemed to be a nearly rigid form, with what appeared to be harsh corsets under their rubber outfits holding both of their waists to tiny proportions. Inflation bulbs dangled from between their legs, as did a catheter tube, connected to piss bags strapped to their thighs. Another tube, this from what was most likely a butt plug, traced up their backs to amber bags of some fluid strapped between their shoulder blades. She realized that both girls suffered a constant enema, with release only allowed by their master.

Despite her fatigue, she found she enjoyed the washing, completely forgetting that she was completely unshackled and able to break free. She was dried, her body powdered and hair gently brushed, Cindy moaned with pleasure as the slave carefully untangled the remnants of the ponytail. Of all things, she was most proud of her long hair, which now reached down to the middle of her back, a natural wave giving it a bouncy, shiny look.

The attention almost made her forget her predicament. It wasn't until another slave began attaching metal cuffs to her wrists and ankles, that she realized she had missed a chance. She quickly became aware of her surroundings and her role at this house. Suddenly, she could feel the weight of the humiliating nose ring as it rested

against her upper lip, its weight dragging on her septum. She looked down but could only see her breasts and the new piercings through her nipples there. She was confused that they no longer ached, but she was grateful that one constant pain had disappeared. Suddenly she became aware of something else. She hadn't noticed the new piercings in her tongue until now. Running it around her mouth, she could feel a number of rods piercing down either side of her tongue, the holes filled with tight rods, their ends steel balls that gripped her tongue top and bottom. At the end, she felt metal hitting teeth, and knew a ring now dangled from the tip. She wasn't given the opportunity to examine her own clit, but she could feel a general numbness between her legs that verified the reality of her other body modifications.

Her arms, weakened by days with elbows touching, could do little to resist as new cuffs were put around her wrists, then pushed together. A tall steel collar soon circled her neck as well. The rubber clad slaves helped her to her feet and suddenly, in surprise, she found she could not stand flat footed. She found herself raising up on her toes instantly, as if wearing extreme heels, the pain far too great to do otherwise. Ignoring her, one of the slaves attached a leash and lead her away. Cindy stumbled behind her, trying desperately to walk on her pained feet.

The living room she had become so accustomed to suffering in was no longer empty. She was pushed to her knees in front of a large chair where a man sat watching her. Afraid to look, she kept her eyes lowered, unaware she was taking the perfect slave posture. After a moment, a strong hand leaned in and lifted her chin.

"Hello, Cindy," the man said. Glancing up, Cindy was surprised to see a handsome, rugged man in his mid 40's, someone she would find attractive in any other situation. She quickly remembered that this was probably the sadist that had captured Corey and still held her against her will. She quickly remembered her role, determined to stay in character and fulfill her goal of rescuing her friend.

"I know your secret, Cindy." She tried to hide her panic and shock. Does he know this is all a ruse? She didn't know how to respond, so she simply lowered her eyes once more. "I know you crave pain."

"Yes, Master," she whispered with hidden relief, her voice, now with a strange lisp, cracked from a raw throat.

“Stanley tells me you’re the most intense masochist he’s ever met. Is this true?”

“Yes, Master.” Cindy wasn’t sure what else to say. The statement was the furthest thing from the truth and she had no experience with this role she was playing.

“Well, I hope you’re telling the truth, or at the very least you learn to enjoy pain. At this point it doesn’t really matter, does it? He’s told me you gave yourself to me to be my pain slut, and that’s what I intend to make you. So let’s just hope you know what you’re getting yourself in to.” Standing, he grasped her nose ring, using it to haul Cindy to her feet. She cried out both from the strain on her septum but from forgetting her feet. She quickly rose up on her toes, dancing to maintain balance. Her Master began to examine her body, twisting her nipple rods until tears formed in her eyes. “Do you like that,” he asked with a smile. Cindy brought her damp eyes to his.

“Yes, Master,” she said carefully. He twisted it harder. “More, Master!” she struggled to say despite the pain.

“Down on your knees,” he demanded. Cindy hesitated for a moment, but as she felt him grasp her other nipple rod, she realized she must be convincing at this time most of all. She let her knees go limp, now dangling from her own nipple piercings as he held her body up by them. Slowly, he lowered her to the floor, then released the rods. Tears she could not control streamed down her cheeks, but she managed to look back up to her Master as he took his seat once more, smiling slightly.

“I suppose it’s time we start,” he said, motioning to either side. Two sets of strong hands grabbed her shoulders, lifting her up and dragging her backwards. All she could do is watch her new Master smile.

Cindy strained against the chains that held her rigid. Three times now in the past two weeks she had felt the most intense form of restriction she could imagine, only to discover a new level. Her body was being held in an extreme spread eagle, her arms and legs pulled wide apart to metal poles mounted in the floor. A small plate, minimally padded, pushed into the small of her back. This was the only thing holding her body aloft. The chains that were attached to her ankles and wrists served to pull her tightly against that plate until she was not only spread, but her body pushed up

and exposed.

When she had been placed on the plate by her Master's two assistants, her arms had been released from behind her back. Chains were quickly connected then four strong men took up each corner, slipping the chain ends through rings at the top of the poles, then down to a hook set at their base. On cue, all four pulled as hard as they could, which was considerable, until they could latch the chain link through the hook. Cindy was already moaning from the strain on her limbs as her head dangled back. She began to scream in pain as one assistant began cranking the plate at the small of her back higher. Soon her arms and legs were pulled downward to the floor as her body was pushed up. Like a guitar string she was pulled absolutely taut, every joint in her body aching immediately.

Another pole was connected to the back support, then extended at a 45 degree angle up to the back of her head. Two rigid steel loops were attached to the end of the pole, and as Cindy's head was lifted slightly, the padded ends of the loops created a mesh around her ears. Twisting a wheel on the pole behind her, the two steel bands clamped down on her head, pushing firmly to maintain a good grasp, immobilizing her head effectively. Cindy was confused by the device, strangely designed to hold her head firmly in place but with minimal contact. The mesh ends even allowed perfect hearing.

After she was locked in position, her Master walked up to her, absently caressing her body. Cindy tried to look at him but her head was locked in a position holding her facing backward. Though it wasn't uncomfortable, the combination of the ultimate exposure of her body and her inability to even look at herself made her feel even more vulnerable. It felt like she was pushing her naked body outward, inviting his touch, though she would shrivel into a ball if she could. Despite her quiet whining his hand brushed over her breasts, lightly touching her nipple rings, then down to her stomach. His voice reached her ears softly, just as his fingers caressed her skin.

"It's so wonderful finally having a pain slut I can do with as I please. I hope you've enjoyed your stay so far. I plan to make both our fantasies for your ultimate torture and humiliation come true." He paused, as if waiting for an answer. Cindy wasn't

sure what she should say, nor if she even wanted to respond. The dangerous game she was playing had taken a turn she wasn't sure how to interpret. She had yet to see a single sign of Corey, nor was she sure how she would escape the nearly constant bondage her new Master had kept her in. Now, bound as she was, she felt the most humiliated. She would have preferred to cry out, beg for release, but she found some logic remained in her mind.

"Thank you, Master," was all she could muster in response. It seemed to please him as his hand, which had paused, moved again.

"I've made a few modifications to your body, some of which you are aware of." His fingers twisted the rod through the middle of her left nipple. Cindy cried out in pain. "But there are a few you probably don't know about." He moved down her body, toward her crotch. She could feel his hand move down between her legs, but where she expected him to twist one of her clit rings, she felt a strange blankness, as if her stomach continued too far down. "I always wanted the perfect pain slut to not only endure the worst tortures I could devise, but I also wanted to remove her, and now I guess your, ability to feel pleasure. You probably can tell there's something different down here. While you slept one night, my surgeon severed your clitoris, removing it completely. He then removed your inner labial lips before grafting together your outer labia. Now, from stomach to vaginal opening you are a smooth surface." Cindy was without reaction. She knew something had changed, but she couldn't imagine something so drastic. How could it be possible? Such cruelty seemed a thing of stories, not of a reality, and she was sure he was trying to scare her.

It wasn't until her new Master held up a mirror for her that she began to cry. The reflection over her face now reflected another mirror being held over her crotch. For a moment Cindy wasn't sure what she was seeing, but quickly she realized this man was telling the truth. Like a mannequin, her crotch was smooth down to a small hole she imagined was her vagina. She could no longer see any evidence of vaginal lips, nor of the twin rings that had pierced her clit. Tears began to roll down her face even though she hadn't truly comprehended what had been done to her.

"We left your vagina if only because there are a lot of nerve endings we can use for more pain, but we removed your clit completely. Oh, and we also sterilized you. I

never wanted my torture slave to bear children anyhow, and it helps with sanitary issues." Slowly, the concept sank in. The smooth crotch she was seeing was her own, and if someone would so horribly modify her body, she knew deep down that she would never bear children either. A whimper escaped her lips.

"The final change we made, at least so far, was implanting a bunch of these." He held up a tiny cube, as small as a nail head. "These are low voltage electrical distributors, or shockers as I call them. We implanted about 200 of these all around your body. For example, when we removed your clit we put one of these at the nerve endings there. So though you'll never enjoy clitoral stimulation again, you will feel clitoral pain. And I promise you that's a horrible sort of pain." He moved back up her body.

"There are a number of these in your breasts, deep inside, around the nipple, on the sides. I have some even implanted under each toe and fingernail, the bottoms of your feet and in your tongue. Oh, and I put one on your cervix, lining your vaginal wall, around your sphincter and up your anal channel. They're all permanent, and can be activated all at once or one at a time, in groups or in series wherever you are in this house. Let' me show you." He reached for a remote control device as Cindy tried to grasp what he was saying. She had missed half of it while she tried to process the latest shock. Now, she looked through tear filled eyes to see him grasping a large remote control device. Selecting a code, he hit enter. Immediately, Cindy's body went rigid with pain as a series of shocks rippled from her clit, into her vagina then her ass, then returning to her clit. It felt like someone had held a flaming torch against her skin. The pain was intense and Cindy screamed with all her breath, her arms yanking hard on the chains that held her, her fists clenched, fingernails biting into her palms. The pain in her crotch subsided, replaced by another that traced around the base of each breast. The feeling was like a knife cutting through her skin, deep into her flesh, as if her breasts were being cut off. Unable to see her body, she swore she was being disfigured further. Again she screamed wildly, her voice echoing through the room, a constant wave of sound as she repeated each time she found breath. As her breasts ached, a slash of fire cut across her back, then another, as if she were being whipped by a particularly harsh single tail whip. She swore her skin was being ripped by some instrument, though the electronics left no visible mark. Suddenly she felt a sharp pain under her

toenails, like pins being shoved into the soft tissue.

“Stop! Please, make it stop,” she bellowed in between screams, her voice already raspy from abuse. The virtual pins began to heat up; until she was sure the soft bed of her toenails had been lit on fire. She felt consciousness slipping away as the final shocks attacked the nerve endings where her clit used to be, before stopping abruptly. She gasped, tears pouring from her eyes as she wailed for mercy. “Stop! Please.... Please, stop. I can’t take anymore, please...” she cried openly, her words continuing but now only an incoherent babble. Her Master stroked her tear-dampened hair.

“Sure you can, Cindy. This is just the start. I’m going to keep you in this type of pain for the rest of your life, which I’ll also ensure is a very long time. I know you might have second thoughts now, but I know you wanted this kind of torture, so I intend to keep my word.” He glanced down to the setting on the remote.

“That’s the lightest setting, at 5%. When I activate it normally I’ll set it to 50% and let it randomize the amount.” Cindy tried to grasp what her Master was saying, her mind terrified of experiencing more pain like what she had just felt.

“No....no...” was all she could mumble, her throat already raw and raspy from nearly constant screams. Her Master touched her face, gently wiping tears away.

“I bet you’re wondering how I did all this in 8 days, aren’t you. Well, I have a little secret. Each night when we put you away, we drugged you. Sometimes we kept you out for a week, sometimes longer.” He watched Cindy’s eyes as she grasped this new revelation. He smiled at her, knowing what she wanted to ask. “You’ve been with me for six months already, Cindy,” he said.

“What are you saying,” she mumbled. Still reeling from the pain, she had trouble focusing on his words, unwilling to accept this horrible concept. Six months? What happened to Stanley? What had she done?! Her Master stood back up, motioning for an assistant.

Ok, it’s time to do some maintenance.” He motioned for a helper, who set down equipment above her head. Cindy couldn’t see him, and frankly couldn’t care less. If

what her Master was saying was true, all of it, then she was far beyond the short time she had planned to be there. She was in danger of losing all control of her life, if she hadn't already. A sudden tug at her dangling hair brought her attention back. A buzzing sound soon filled her ears and she felt cool metal against her head. Something felt strange on her scalp, as if a cool breeze had suddenly picked up. The metal touch continued, and suddenly she realized her Master was shaving her head!

"What are you doing," she asked, frantic. Her Master was no longer in view, and the person above her seemed oblivious to her questions, continuing with his task of removing hair from her head. She began to cry, realizing the years of careful growth was now gone, the long, beautiful hair she cherished so much was probably lying on the floor beneath her. She tried to move, to stop the process, but she found she was unable to move, and her words had no effect. As the clipper continued, she began to weep. "Don't! Please don't do anymore!" Finally, as she felt what had to be the last of her long, dark hair falling to the ground, her new Master appeared again.

"We had all your hair below your waist removed permanently while you were under, but this I wanted you to experience first hand. I want to find ways for ultimate humiliation as well as pain." The assistant began to spread shaving cream over her stubbled scalp, while another began to do the same with her eyebrows. Cindy wailed again, trying to fight her bonds. Tears fell down her cheeks as she realized she wouldn't be able to resist. She never imagined being bald, and knew it would take years to grow her hair back fully. As the razor began to clean her scalp, another took off her eyebrows cleanly.

"I know how much you cherish your hair, Cindy. Any woman would if they had such long beautiful hair like yours." The assistant finished shaving her, wiping her head clean with a towel. The cool air of the room felt bizarre on her bald head, and now her tears poured down unhindered. Another towel wiped her forehead off, and she knew she no longer had eyebrows. Her mind raced at the thought of what she must look like.

"Now, we'll make it permanent," he said. He took a small bottle from an assistant, holding it so Cindy could see it. "When we put this on, it'll feel hot at first. That's just the chemical killing all your hair follicles. After about 10 minutes on you'll never

grow hair back again." As he poured a generous quantity of the chemical into his assistant's gloved hands, the words sank in to Cindy. Her voice grew slowly, but she had finally reached her limit.

"No! Wait! It's too much! Please, stop!!!" Her words rose to a peak as she began to beg. "I don't want this! Please, wait." She desperately wanted to stop before the assistant's hands touched her head. She had seen evidence of his terrible ideas now and wanted to end this nightmare. If she didn't do it now, she would lose something more important to her than Corey's freedom.

"We can't stop, Cindy. This is what we both want." He nodded to the assistant, who moved behind her. She struggled frantically to move, to escape, but her bonds held her firm. Screaming, she had to stop him.

"Wait! No!!! I don't want to be your pain slut! I just did this to try and rescue Corey! Please let me go! I hate this! I'm not a masochist at all!!!!" Her words came in rapid succession now. She could now see her Master's face, a look of concern across it. He motioned for the assistant to stop, his chemical-coated hands just inches from Cindy's scalp. He leaned in to her face, and as he did, the look of concern left his face. His whisper froze Cindy in terror.

"I know." With a motion, the assistant's hands touched her head and began to spread the chemical as Cindy's screams echoed through the room.

The dark room held a single light that highlighted the female shape in the center. Completely hairless, the girl was on her knees, held up slightly by two dildos mounted beneath her, and plunged deep into her vagina and ass. Though the vagina dildo was motionless, the large shape disappearing past her sphincter pumped in and out of her slowly. Her ankles and just below her knees were locked to the floor by wide metal bands riveted into the concrete, while metal cuffs around her wrists were pulled by chains, holding her arms in a downward V and away from her body. Her hands were hidden in tight rubber balls that kept her fingers tight and useless.

A wide steel collar around her neck held her chin up, while a heavy chain connected to the back of the collar disappeared up and behind her, helping hold her body in

position. A metal band connected to each side of the collar, tracing up her head to another band around her forehead. Two handles on either side of her head connected to the band there.

A shuffling sound joined the silence in the room as a man entered. For a moment he just watched the helpless form in the light, enjoying the view of the pierced and tortured girl. Finally, he unzipped his pants and his hard cock jumped out. Stepping up to straddle her face, the girl suddenly bolted upright, screaming out loud in pain. Eagerly she found his cock and began sucking it, frantically trying to bring him to orgasm. The man teased her, pulling away enough to make the girl press against the chain at the back of her collar, before grabbing the handles mounted on her head to fuck her mouth mercilessly. Cindy could do nothing but try and pleasure the man as she felt his cock press into her throat.

Cindy wasn't sure if it had been a week or months since she had been broken. As the hot chemical had attacked her scalp, removing forever her ability to grow back her beautiful hair, she had screamed a final scream before dropping to silence. Her eyes stared forward; now empty, only closing as another assistant began plucking out her eyelashes one by one.

That night, put away once more in her rubber suit and body bag, she noted faintly the lack of electrodes attached to her body. She also noted the thick coat of chemical that was spread across her entire body once more, and as the burn began, she knew they were ensuring she would no longer grow hair ever again on her body. The catheter was positioned and the feeding tube disappeared down her unresisting throat before she was plunged into darkness and silence once again. To her, only moments passed as the feeling of fire across her skin made her squirm, when suddenly her back erupted in a rapid series of harsh strokes across her back. Cindy she screamed her first silent scream as the shockers began a continual and merciless attack on her body.

The loss of time bore no evidence until she found herself awake, and her tongue traced over her strangely numb gums. Where her teeth had once been, she found soft rubber-like nubs that simulated the look of teeth, but could no longer bite. She realized then that she had been held unconscious for another length of time, and

during that her teeth had been filed and capped. She found herself further humiliated by this newest modification.

Days later, she was installed in the small room off the main hall and left. A carefully placed mirror forced her to view her own modified form. Though she wanted to look away, to ignore the creature in front of her, she found she couldn't. As new tears coursed down her naked body, she tried to imagine what her hair had looked like. Now forever bald she looked like a molded form rather than a woman. She could just see the dark shape of artificial eyebrows drawn above her eyes and her lips appeared to be full and red, as if coated with fresh lipstick. Though she couldn't see them close enough, she knew these two additions only served to humiliate her more.

Shortly after her hair had been removed, and the last of her eyelashes had been plucked from her eyes, her Master had invited a new assistant to approach.

"Now that you're hairless permanently, I'll admit I don't really like a woman without eyebrows, so we'll take care of that." He leaned over Cindy's face, and brought a pen up. Carefully, he lightly drew the shape of eyebrows back on Cindy's face, then motioned to his assistant. A strange sound filled the room and the assistant pressed a needle to her. Cindy screamed in surprise and pain as the tool began to carefully tattoo her. Her Master watched as he worked on some design, wiping away blood from time to time, until the shape was filled. Moving to the other eye, he continued, ignoring Cindy's tears as she endured the repeated penetration of the needle.

Finally, he wiped the last of the blood away and her Master returned, holding up a mirror so she could see the work. In dark ink, the eyebrows she now had were words, carefully tattooed tightly together so from the distance the work implied the correct shape, but close was a different story. Though reversed in the mirror, she could see permanently tattooed on her face were the words, "pain slut," "torture me," "whore," "fuck toy" and the like. Cindy, still holding on to some shred of humanity, felt more of it slipping away as she realized how permanent the tattoos would be. Even if she could escape, she would be humiliated at all times with the horrible words now comprising her eyebrows.

As more tears streamed from her eyes, her Master moved the mirror away, and motioned for the assistant again. With a syringe, the assistant began carefully

injecting her lips, and slowly Cindy lost feeling in her face. Clearly the syringe held anesthesia, and as it took effect, she could no longer move her lips or jaw. She could do nothing as the assistant leaned over her again with the tattoo machine once more. As he began, she knew her lips would soon carry similar markings.

After 30 minutes, during which Cindy could only be thankful for the anesthesia removing the pain of the tattooing, her Master held forward the mirror. She looked soundlessly at the familiar words tattooed in red, now joined with words like “fuck hole,” “toilet,” and “piss slut”, creating the look of lipstick from the distance, but humiliation up close.

Now, Cindy looked on silently at the tattoos and wept quietly. In addition to her tattooed lips, they had been injected with collagen to create an inflated, doll-like appearance. More than ever she looked like a tortured sex doll. Her breasts, still with the seamless rings she had been pierced with near her first days, had healed from her days of suspension, but even though they looked firm and perfect, she had learned to hate her own breasts for the pain they could bring her. For days after their implanting, the sub dermal shocking had focused on her breasts and nipples, often tied to basic actions such as peeing or speaking. After extensive training in which her breasts would be mercilessly shocked when she spoke or even moaned, she found herself afraid of acting without permission. The training was close to complete, and Cindy found her very personality modified against her will by the pain her Master could bring.

It was only hours later, as she endured the slow and methodical anal fucking, that she realized the purpose of her new existence. Her first customer had entered the room and unceremoniously stepped up to straddle her body. Immediately the shockers in her body began to fire off and Cindy nearly fainted from the pain. She ignored the hard cock pressing to her face, but the man grasped the handles mounted to her head and forced her mouth on his shaft.

The shocks slowly built in intensity, burning through her pussy and ass, across her back and even through her tongue. Even with no interest in sucking the cock, her large, soft lips and soft rubber teeth soon brought the man to orgasm, shooting his load down her throat. He stepped away from her and suddenly the shocks stopped.

Panting from the pain, she ran her tongue around her mouth, tasting the come still there, and her mind began to put it together.

As the next man entered moments later, she felt the horrible shocks once again as he pushed his cock into her mouth. Moaning in pain, she tried to comply as the man simply grappled the handles and fucked her mouth hard. He pulled out enough to come on her tongue, then stepped off. As expected, the shocks stopped and Cindy moaned softly, swallowing the sticky fluid.

She had been left in the room for weeks, she was sure, her only contact the men who entered the room to use her. She soon found that she would be provided no food during her stay, that the come down her throat would be the only thing she would be provided to stay alive. What she figured was twice a day, a rubber coated slave-girl would enter to force her to drink water, keeping her hydrated, before leaving her again. Days passed, filled with hours of her staring at the humiliated creature she knew was her own body. She began to see a pattern, guessing the evenings must be upon her when the string of men increased, then decreased at night and in the mornings. She slowly and irrevocably began to accept her role in life, that of torture and male pleasure, forgetting that she had been a person capable of anything else.

Cindy had lost track of the weeks or months she had been kept in the room. She had been there so long she had forgotten there was anything else, beginning to accept her life now as a pain slut and come depository. With a constant temperature and no change of light, her mind easily lost any frame of reference, and soon she just assumed she had been there forever, and would stay that way for as long.

Another man entered the room, and obediently Cindy leaned her head back and opened her fat lips, extending her pierced tongue to welcome the cock. Her eyes closed, she jumped at the familiar shocks that coursed through her body as the man stepped on the pressure plates around her. She cried out quietly as she always did, never learning to become accustomed to the pain that was now a part of her life. She felt the cock slide over the multiple piercings to rest in her mouth, and she carefully began sucking it. She soon felt hands caressing her head, rubbing over the smooth surface, before grabbing the handles. Suddenly, a voice penetrated her submission. Obediently she didn't stop pleasuring the man, but somewhere in her brain she knew

she recognized it.

“Hello, Cindy,” he said from above. It took a moment before her eyes looked up. Standing over her was Stanley, smiling down as Cindy, like a machine, continued running her pierced tongue over his cock as he fucked her mouth. “It’s been a long time, hasn’t it? I dreamed of fucking your mouth like this when you used to work for me.” He slowed down his pumping, thrusting lightly in and out of her mouth. The shocks slowly increased in intensity, and Cindy knew she needed to make him orgasm soon or the pain would become far worse. Already, she could feel the shocks against the nerve endings of her former clit and she wanted to scream, but more than half of her obediently continued sucking. But the remaining part of her brain began to remember, realizing Stanley was there finally. She vaguely remembered he was supposed to rescue her, to take her away from her. But the concept seemed so alien she could only remember it as a dream.

“You look amazing, Cindy,” he said, stopping the pumping and caressing her bald head again. “I can’t believe your hair is gone, and forever, too! You look like a freak!” He stood with his hands on his hips, letting his hard cock rest on her tongue. He could see how the shockers were increasing their intensity, and how Cindy was trying desperately to make him come to stop the torture. Despite his desire to continue his horrible teasing, his examination of his former client was making him hot, and quickly he came, thrusting his cock down her throat. Finally, he pulled out but didn’t move, as another man entered the room.

Cindy was near to losing consciousness, screams now erupting from her throat as her entire body became a mass of pain. She tried to see through tear filled eyes as Stanley was joined by her Master.

“Did she recognize you,” her Master asked as Stanley zipped up.

“I’m not sure,” he responded. For a moment they both enjoyed watching Cindy struggle against the pain. So far this was the most she had been forced to endure, and Stanley showed no sign of moving.

“Cindy? Can you hear me,” her Master asked. Obediently she struggled to peel open her eyes, and a croaked whisper escaped her lips in between raw screams.

“Yes, Master.”

“Do you remember your old employer, Mr. Stanley?” She looked up to Stanley again, then nodded.

“Yes, Master.” Her Master moved into the shadow near the door and pulled a leash. A woman crawled forward led by a thick nose ring. For a moment, Cindy tried to focus on her. Her Master motioned to the girl to move closer. Cindy could see a girl coated in rubber, her arms invisible as if they had been removed and a waist constricted to what appears to be 16 inches. The girl’s breasts were so large that she had trouble sitting up straight, the rubber coated nipples pierced with heavy rings. The rubber ended at her neck, under a wide rubber posture collar. Cindy finally recognized the girl.

“Corey,” she whispered. New tears poured down her face, both from the intense pain as well as relief at seeing a friend. “I came to rescue you.” Corey looked up to her Master, pushing her cheek against her Master’s leg. It was clear to Cindy that Corey wasn’t interested.

“Has she pleased you, Master,” she asked. He stroked her hair, smiling at his slave.

“Very much so, Corey. You did a wonderful job delivering me the perfect torture slave.” Corey smiled, sitting back on her legs as Cindy stared in surprise. Her Master saw her face, then looked to Stanley. “She doesn’t get it, does she?” Stanley laughed, then crouched down to face Cindy’s tortured face.

“Corey gave herself to your Master willingly, but helped lure you in as well. You see, he really wanted a beautiful but unwilling victim to make into his pain slut, someone he could do anything to, including heavy humiliation.” Grabbing Cindy’s nose ring, he yanked her face down to his. “He paid me \$2 million for you and \$1 million for Corey.” Stanley laughed. Cindy, immersed in ultimate pain, couldn’t accept the words. Despite her immersion in slavery and humiliation, she couldn’t believe this had all been a scam, a way to trap her into her new life as a pain slut. But her eyes couldn’t lie as she saw Corey at her Master’s feet.

“I think it’s time to give Corey her reward now, too,” her Master said. “Let me help

cut to the chase.” With that he pulled out Cindy’s remote and punched a button. Set to 100%, the shock against her clit nerves brought a lung wrenching scream to Cindy’s lips followed by unconsciousness as she slumped in her bonds.

Epilogue

Cindy slowly woke from her most recent nightmare to find herself laying down. Her eyes flicked open and though her sight was slightly blurry she found she could see. A shape above her was unrecognizable at first, and her attention turned to her body. Quickly she realized she was immobile. The more consciousness returned, the more she discovered. An ache in her torso was accompanied by pain in her calves. She tried to sit up, to move in order to explore her predicament, but found she could not move even a millimeter. She could only tell she was laying on her back, her legs slightly spread and her arms at her sides but separated from her body slightly. Despite her efforts she could not do much more than wonder what was happening now.

After a short time, a familiar face loomed over her.

“It looks like Cindy’s finally awake,” he said to someone. He reached down to touch something above her, a tube that seemed to end inches above her face, but with no clear purpose. Her Master disappeared, then two assistants lifted a large mirror over Cindy. Her Master quickly returned.

“I thought you might like to see yourself, Cindy,” he said with a smile. Cindy’s eyes clicked to the mirror, but despite the image she could tell was her body, she still couldn’t understand what was going on. Her body was naked except for a corset-like device around her waist, clamping her down to tiny proportions.

The corset extended from below her breasts, reaching over her hips on either side. She now understood the pain in her waist. She still couldn’t understand why she was motionless. No visible bonds held her in position. It was then she realized what had happened.

Her body was had been positioned in a coffin like box, then cast in a clear resin. Tubes extended out of her body, clearly catheter, vaginal tube and anal tube, disappearing out of the box near her feet. The tube above her actually extended into

her mouth, and she could tell her mouth was being held open wide. Two smaller tubes extended out of her nostrils as well. Thin goggles covered her eyes, allowing her to see.

“I guess you can see what has been done, but let me slide the final component into place.” Above her, the shape pivoted until part of it straddled her face. She now realized what was happening. Above her, Corey had been locked into position again as a human toilet, her rubberized body welded to a steel frame and her face facing up. A bowl was attached to her face so that any waste would be deposited into her mouth. Beneath her, both a catheter and enema tube joined, then fed into Cindy’s mouth.

“When Corey rejoined me, her wish was to become a permanent toilet. When she helped deliver you to me as well, I told her I’d make her dream come true.

Now, with you, I thought I’d make you a part of the system.” He leaned down to point out the tubes from Corey to Cindy. “As Corey is used, she’ll process the waste and in turn feed it to you. We’ve placed a feeding tube down your throat so you may find you can’t speak, but it’ll also prevent you from choking yourself. The beauty of the system is that the waste from Corey will be deposited directly in your mouth, forcing you to taste it all before you swallow it.” Cindy found her goggles filling with tears at the thought.

“You’re cast in a form of clear plastic that will hold you absolutely motionless. We’ve put hearing aids in your ears that we can turn on and off, but we’ll keep them on mostly so you can hear people in the bathroom, and anticipate your feeding.”

Her Master stepped out of the pit he had been standing and Cindy quickly realized she was under the floor, as was Corey. The bowl connected to Corey’s face was at the correct position for a toilet bowl, which put her body under the floor as well.

Assistants checked Corey’s body once more, ensuring she was held firmly. Her Master stepped over the bowl to look through the clear glass to his slave’s face. He lifted a microphone to his lips.

“You’re all set, Corey. The cuffs are all welded on and your friend is beneath you,

ready to consume your waste as well. I hope you enjoy being a permanent toilet.” Corey’s eyes blinked once and he knew she was happy. He nodded to an assistant who pulled a tight rubber half hood over her eyes, blocking out her sight forever. He leaned over to Cindy again.

“I’m not sure how long you’ll be down there, Cindy. Maybe a year, maybe permanently. But don’t worry, there’ll be plenty to keep you busy.” With a click of a switch Cindy felt the familiar shocks coursing through her body at random intervals. He motioned to an assistant who pushed a thick stone block over Cindy’s box, blocking out all light, leaving her to focus on continual pain and the pending nourishment from Corey’s bowels.

Blackness. Pain. Cindy experienced nothing else. The faint sounds of a room above her meant very little as her focus remained on the torture her body was experiencing on a continual basis. She quickly forgot she had a body that used to move, instead only feeling a wide array of nerve endings designed to cause her constant pain.

Liquid poured onto her tongue and she tasted the first taste of her friend’s urine. Sometime later, she tasted solid waste as well. Her life quickly became a passion to taste the waste on her tongue, if only as a distraction from the pain her body couldn’t escape.

The End