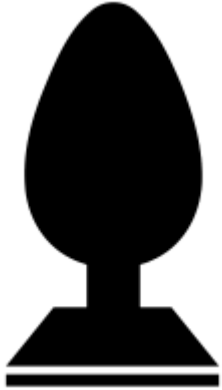


Relatively Restrained

Category: Text Stories

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By GeeTwo

Part 1

Marcie Ansell looked down at the feebly-struggling body of the girl lying at her feet and gave a mocking laugh, “What’s the matter, Debs? Aren’t you enjoying our little game yet? Can’t think why not, I’m having a great time.”

On the cold stone floor of the cellar, Debbie Corrigan writhed and tugged vainly at the four sets of steel handcuffs that bound her naked body; their tight, uncompromising grip on her wrists and elbows pinning her arms into a pained column behind her back. Her legs were clamped together at knees and ankles and bent up into a hogtie so severe that her heels were pressed against her neat, rounded buttocks.

For the fiftieth time, she tried to protest against her terrible discomfort and beg her cousin to take pity on her and let her go, but for the fiftieth time, the huge ball-gag crammed into her mouth and stretching her lips into an aching circle, reduced her desperate pleas to garbled nonsense and succeeded only in bringing another cruel laugh from her captor.

She had no idea why Marcie was being so cruel to her and had never dreamed that

the “game” her dark-haired cousin had persuaded her to take part in would be so painful and humiliating. On the death of her widowed father, Debbie had become quite wealthy and used a small part of the money to hire a firm of investigators to see if they could track down any relatives of her family. After a long and exhaustive search, they had found only one very distant second-cousin ... Marcie ... and Debbie had immediately invited her to come and stay in the large, very private house she had inherited from her father and share in the comfortable life her money could provide for them both. Marcie had accepted at once and to Debbie’s pleasure, she and her long-lost relative had instantly become friends.

Or so she had always thought ...

For almost a year, things had been wonderful, Debbie reveling in the companionship that her shyness had never let her experience before as she fell under the spell of her far more confident and outgoing cousin, while Marcie quickly assumed the role of leader and introduced Debbie to a world of shopping and dining and clothes that she would never have dared to experience without the brunette to encourage her. It never occurred to Debbie that her cousin might be harboring resentment for the fact that she had no money of her own and was reliant on Debbie for the clothes she wore and the food she ate and even the roof over her head...or that the brunette might be planning to change all that ...

As always, Marcie was the one who came up with the new idea and although Debbie wasn’t sure that she liked the thought of being blindfolded and tied up and couldn’t really see what the attraction might be, she was so used to fitting-in with all of her cousin’s plans that it didn’t take too much to get her to agree, even against her better judgement. The cold grasp of steel handcuffs on her wrists came as a shock, but with her arms locked behind her back and a thick scarf blinding her, she was in no position to argue and despite her protests and demands to be freed, it was child’s play for Marcie to force her down onto her belly and fasten a second pair of cuffs around her ankles. She did her best to fight and resist, but soon found out that pitting her soft flesh against steel only resulted in pain and total failure to escape.

Helpless as she already was, Debbie then discovered that Marcie was not content with the level of bondage she had imposed on her and added two more sets of cuffs,

one above her knees and the other at her elbows. The pressure on her arms and shoulders was enormous, her muscles and joints burning with relentless strain until she begged and pleaded for her cousin to have mercy on her. Until Marcie forced her jaws apart and rammed a massive ball of hard plastic into her mouth and buckled the straps painfully tight behind her neck. Debbie was horrified and angry...too angry to be frightened...until she was pulled to her feet and with Marcie's strong fingers holding her left arm and still blindfolded, she felt a thin, cold blade touch her spine and heard the "snip, snip, snip" of a pair of scissors as her blouse and bra were cut from her body.

Squealing in shame and misery, she couldn't prevent her ripped clothes from being taken from her and as her firm breasts were exposed, she gasped in disbelief and jerked away from the grip on her arm, appalled that she was half-naked in front of Marcie. Thrown off-balance and unable to save herself, she screamed and fell to her right, the breath whooshing from her lungs as her stomach met the padded arm of the couch and she folded over, her breasts and face squashed into the soft leather cushions.

As she fought for breath, all resistance knocked out of her, Marcie chuckled, "Silly cow. Serves you right. Now, keep still," and before Debbie could recover, the scissors sliced through her designer jeans and the flimsy panties beneath, stripping her utterly and totally naked. Debbie's face flushed a vivid crimson as she was pulled upright, but her terror of falling a second time was even greater than her humiliation and when Marcie took hold of her clamped-together elbows and pushed, she was forced to shuffle forward with tiny, 3-inch steps. She had no idea where Marcie was taking her, or why...until, as her cousin chuckled again.

"It'll be a bit easier when I fit you with your permanent chains." she gulped in growing fear, wondering just what she was in for.

And just how "permanent" those chains were going to be?

Enormous relief flooded through her body and brain as Marcie brought her to a halt and unlocked the cuffs at her ankles, but even greater fear came rushing back as, instead of being released, she was guided down a long flight of stone steps. Then, she knew where she was heading and as she visualized the very large, windowless

cellars that stretched under the house, her mind reeled at the thought of being held prisoner in their gloomy depths. As a child, she had explored them often and could not help remembering how thick and solid the walls and roof were and how not a sound of the activities going on in the house above her could be heard once the thick, heavy doors were shut. It was unlikely that even a full-throated scream would penetrate those walls and as she began to realize quite how easily Marcie could keep her captive, Debbie shivered to a strange mixture of fear and undeniable curiosity as she tried to imagine how it would feel to be locked down in the cellar, knowing that Marcie was the only person who knew where she was and that she was a prisoner. She felt herself blush as a tingle of embarrassing excitement warmed her groin.

Marcie was very attractive and although they had never discussed it, Debbie had picked up a couple of hints in unguarded moments that the brunette was no stranger to sex and had far more experience than Debbie. Not that that would be hard, because Debbie's father had kept her well sheltered and she had only ever had sex twice, with the same boy, at college. It had been quite nice, but certainly not earth-shattering and she had wondered what all the fuss was about. But what if Marcie preferred women?

Her thoughts were scattered abruptly and she squealed as Marcie forced her into the first cellar and down onto her belly and the cold stone floor met her naked breasts. Face-down, she was no match for the brunette and as her ankles were doubled-up behind her and then re-cuffed with the linking chain passed through between her wrist cuffs, she winced and gasped as her spine was forced into the deep, stressed curve of a severe hogtie. She could barely wriggle and as her body ached and protested at the ruthlessness of her bondage, Marcie pulled the blindfold from her eyes and laughed cruelly as Debbie gazed pleadingly up at her.

"Comfortable, are you? No? Well, tough. I've got things to do, so you can stay there until I'm ready."

Debbie whimpered, but it was no use and as Marcie strolled away, her helpless captive was left to endure the merciless torment of her bondage, her gag-muffled screams and sobs heard only by the uncaring stone walls of her prison.

Part 2

Marcie Ansell had been poor all her life and had come to hate always being short of money and unable to afford the luxuries that luckier, richer people looked upon as essential to their pampered lifestyles. In time, the envy that she felt turned to bitterness and spite towards those who had all the things that she longed for and knew she could never have and as the years passed with no prospect of her desires being fulfilled, she nursed her grievances in the hope that some day, somehow, she would finally get the opportunity for revenge. And then, completely out of the blue, an investigator turned up on her doorstep and told her that she was related to a wealthy young woman called Debbie Corrigan who wanted her only living relative to come and share her life. It was Marcie's chance to finally achieve her ambition and she jumped at it. But it didn't turn out to be quite as satisfying as she had hoped ...

The house was expensive and beautiful, she had gorgeous clothes and a fast car, superb food and wines ... but it wasn't enough. The house, the clothes, the car, the money, they were not hers, but belonged to Debbie and although nothing was ever said or even hinted at, Marcie was infuriatingly conscious that she was, quite literally, the poor relation and dependent on Debbie for the provision of all the things she wanted for herself in her own right.

At first and aided by Debbie's unfailing good nature and generosity, she was able to suppress her jealousy, but as the months passed, Marcie slowly became more and more obsessed by what she came to see as the unfair accident of birth which had given Debbie all the advantages that money could supply, while fate had given her only poverty and unending struggle. Until, in Marcie's eyes, her sweet, kind cousin became the mocking symbol of everything she had always hated and resented about her own life and her fondness for the pretty blonde changed to an overwhelming desire to destroy her happy and quite unthinking assumption that nothing would ever alter her money-cushioned existence of ease and luxury.

With painstaking care to ensure that Debbie had no inkling of what was to come, Marcie gathered every scrap of information she could unearth about her cousin's finances and habits and routines, until she probably knew more about Debbie than the blonde did herself. And then Marcie set her plans in motion, using the Internet to find the information she would need, trawling for suppliers of highly-specialized

equipment and providing them with the details of Debbie's vital statistics and measurements until both they and Marcie were absolutely confident of perfection. Only then did Marcie place her orders, her lips curved into a predatory smile as she used Debbie's own money to pay for the devices that would deliver the unsuspecting blonde into her clutches and permit her no escape from the vengeful torment that was soon to descend upon her.

It all took time and a great deal of money, but Marcie was patient and after all, the money was not hers, but eventually everything was ready and it only remained for Marcie to lay the trap and persuade her cousin to take the fatal step ...

It was almost too easy, Debbie's trusting and unsuspecting nature giving her no warning that she was being led like an innocent lamb to the slaughter as she allowed Marcie's persuasive words to overcome her initial doubts about taking part in the brunette's new "game." The sight and sound of the handcuffs snapping closed around Debbie's wrists sent a deep thrill of triumph and elation fizzing through Marcie's body and mind, for she knew in that instant, that her plan was going to work and that she would soon have the money and status and power that she craved.

All she had to do was break Debbie's will and resistance ... and she knew exactly how she was going to do it ...

After two hours in her hogtie, Debbie was in pain and black despair, her spine and shoulders and legs aching unmercifully, her jaws racked with cramp and her brain filled with terrified misery as she tried to make sense of what had happened to her. Had Marcie gone mad? She surely couldn't really think that Debbie was enjoying this and if it turned out that she was just playing some stupid "game" there was going to be Hell to pay when she finally let Debbie go. And of course, she would have to, wouldn't she?

It wasn't as if she could keep Debbie a prisoner for ever, because that was plainly ridiculous in the 21st century. Wasn't it ... ?

Marcie strode across the stone floor carrying a long, ominously heavy box in her hands, her face set in an expression of harsh determination as she approached her helpless cousin. Setting the box down, she rolled Debbie onto her right side and

sneered into her gagged and tear-stained face.

“Right, bitch, time to fit you with your new chains and turn you into my permanent bondage-slave. Starting with your collar.”

Debbie had no idea what she was talking about, but as the brunette opened the box and pulled out a massive, oddly-shaped circlet of gleaming black metal, Debbie gave a high-pitched wail of sheer terror and wrenched wildly at her bound limbs.

“Keep still!” Marcie shouted, but as Debbie ignored her and continued to struggle, the brunette’s face darkened with rage, “So, you’re going to fight me, are you? I’ll soon teach you to obey, you stupid cow.”

Debbie’s eyes bulged in disbelief as her cousin reached into the box and pulled out a long, thin leather whip and as the shocked blonde stared upwards, Marcie raised her arm and sent the whip whistling down. The sharp “crack” of leather meeting flesh was followed by Debbie’s muffled shrieks of anguished pain as searing heat exploded through her body where the whip painted line after line of furiously burning red fire across the soft flesh of her belly and thighs and buttocks.

“I told you,” Crack, “To keep still,” Crack, “Bitch,” Crack, “But if you want to fight me,” Crack, “That’s fine with me,” Crack, “I’m quite happy,” Crack, “To whip you,” Crack, “For as long,” Crack, “As it takes,” Crack, “For you to get the message,” Crack, “That I’m in charge now,” Crack, “And you,” Crack, “Are just a humble,” Crack, “Little,” Crack, “Slave,” Crack, “Who had better,” Crack, “Learn to obey,” Crack, “Her new Mistress,” Crack, “Got it, slave?” Crack. Crack. Crack.

Panting slightly and flushed with excitement, Marcie lowered her whip and smiled cruelly down at her squealing, sobbing victim, relishing the stark terror in her eyes and the vivid crimson stripes that adorned her pale flesh.

“I really enjoyed that, slut,” she hissed venomously, “And I’m going to enjoy it just as much every time you try to disobey me. So, unless you liked it as much as I did, you’d better do exactly what I say, when I say. Now, stop your whining and keep still.”

Debbie stared up at the girl standing over her and felt her blood run cold as she

understood that Marcie meant every awful, terrifying word. If she tried to resist or even protest, she would get even more of the dreadful burning pain that filled every corner of her body with stinging agony. Marcie really was mad ... but Marcie held the whip and Debbie knew that the brunette was only waiting for the smallest excuse to use it. Fighting back her screams and tears, Debbie forced herself to ignore the pain of her whipped flesh and hold herself perfectly still, her eyes filling with a terrible foreboding as Marcie chuckled with pleasure.

“Very good, Debs. Perhaps you’re not as stupid as I thought. I always knew you were a weak, spineless little slut and that’s why you’re going to be my slave.”

Debbie knew then, that Marcie wasn’t playing any sort of game. She really intended to enslave Debbie permanently and there wasn’t a thing the whipped blonde could do to stop her ...

The collar was tight and heavy, its cold steel shaped to fit snugly around Debbie’s slim throat and then rising to cup her chin and jaw-bones almost as high as her ears and fastening with several locking-pins behind her neck. As Marcie tightened each lock with a special octagonal wrench, Debbie heard a series of snapping sounds and felt the collar grip her throat like a vice, forcing her head and neck into an exaggeratedly upright posture that prevented her from looking downward or turning her head to either side. And when Marcie informed her that the sounds she had heard were the locking-pins snapping off to ensure that the collar could never be removed, Debbie knew with appalled certainty that she would never again be free of the unmistakable symbol of her captivity. Marcie nodded in approval.

“Perfect. Just right for a slave like you. And now for the rest of your slave-chains.”

One pair at a time, the handcuffs were removed from Debbie’s limbs, never once giving her the slightest chance of escape and as each pair was replaced with heavy steel bands that matched the collar around her throat then the locking-pins were snapped off to secure her forever, she was horribly conscious that any hope of freedom was gone. With her wrists clamped together and her elbows almost touching behind her spine, her arms were useless to her and even when she was finally released from her hogtie, her legs were so stiff and weak that she could not even attempt to resist as Marcie hobbled her with thick, heavy chains that ran from

right ankle to left knee and left ankle to right knee.

And when she was ordered to her feet, with a stinging cut of the whip across her naked buttocks to ensure her compliance, she found that the chains restricted her steps to a maximum of twelve inches. To her despair and humiliation, Marcie clipped the end of a long chain to a ring set into the collar just below her raised chin and as the brunette chuckled that the collar had a special feature to enforce her obedience and demonstrated with a sharp tug, Debbie coughed and stumbled forward, her eyes wild with horror as the choke-chain built into her collar cut off her air supply until she moved far enough to ease the tension on the chain in Marcie's hand. She couldn't possibly fight it and as Marcie marched away, Debbie had no option but to follow like an animal on a leash, her shame and fear growing at every short, awkward step she was forced to take. Utterly helpless, she was led into the second cellar and over to a thick steel post, some three feet high, set into the floor.

"Down, slave!" Marcie commanded and as she jerked the leash, Debbie fell to her knees in front of the post, her body trembling as she saw a snap-hook welded to the top.

"Collar against the post!" and as Debbie obeyed, Marcie clipped her collar's front ring to the hook, confining her on her knees and unable to move away.

Tethered, she was completely at Marcie's mercy and as the ruthless brunette began to unbuckle her ball-gag, then told her that she was to be fitted with her proper slave-gag and warned that if she moved or made a sound, she would be whipped, Debbie shuddered and silently resolved to give her captor no excuse to carry out her threat. But that resolve lasted only until she was shown the gag and learned the full horror of what she was to be forced to endure. The gag was made of the same heavy steel as her other bonds and consisted of a broad plate designed to fit over her mouth and lower face, while on the inside was a wide steel ring, the whole thing clamped in place by a steel ratchet-strap. The ring, Marcie chuckled cruelly, would fit behind her teeth and hold her mouth fully stretched and unable to close, allowing Marcie to push whatever she liked into Debbie's mouth.

"Including this!" she mocked and held up a huge steel replica of a man's erect penis.....Debbie knew instantly that it was far too long and thick, so big that it

would easily reach the back of her throat.

“Oh, no. No, please, it’s too big. I’ll choke. Please, Marcie, don’t make me wear that. You can’t do all this to me ...”

But Marcie could and as the whip found Debbie’s naked buttocks and branded lines of scorching pain into her flesh, the screaming blonde writhed helplessly as she learned that there was nothing that her tormentor could not and would not do to her.

“Open your mouth, slut! Wider. Wider, I said!”

Groaning in pain and misery, Debbie forced her jaws as far apart as she could, then winced as her merciless cousin forced them wider still until the ring slipped into place behind her front teeth and the face plate was wedged immovably across her gaping mouth by the compression of the tightly-drawn steel strap. Recognizable speech was impossible, she could only whimper and utter garbled sounds ... but even that was not enough to satisfy Marcie. The giant steel penis sank deep into her mouth, then deeper still and Debbie spluttered and half-retched, almost choking as the enormous shaft pinned her tongue to the floor of her mouth and bulged her cheeks.

“There now, slave.” Marcie nodded cheerfully as she gave the giant shaft the quarter-turn that locked it to the face-plate of Debbie’s gag, “I knew you could take it all. Better get used to it because you’re going to be wearing it until I decide otherwise. Think of it as training for when I choose to let men use that mouth of yours. Assuming that you’re not using it to pleasure me, that is.”

Chained to the post, Debbie shuddered as she heard the cruel anticipation in Marcie’s voice, her mind reeling at the thought of being forced to service unknown men...and Marcie herself...with her mouth. She had never done either, but Debbie knew that she was going to have to learn. Because she was already coldly certain that she was never going to be able to escape the terrifyingly effective bondage that Marcie had imposed upon her ...

“Spread your legs, slut!” the brunette ordered from above and behind her, “Obey, or

be whipped again.”

She had no choice and knew it, her face reddening as she let her ankles and knees part to the full extent permitted by her hobble-chains, well aware that her action meant that her sex and anus must be fully visible to Marcie. To her horror, she felt a long steel bar clipped to her ankle cuffs and found herself totally unable to close her legs. A muffled gasp burst from her nose as cool, slim fingers caressed the velvet softness of her labia and sex, exploring her most intimate and private recesses with arrogant disregard for her feelings and intense humiliation. But despite her shame, Debbie could not control her body's responses and as the enforced stimulation surged through her, she felt her sex grow wet and slick with the growing heat of unwanted arousal.

She tried to resist, but it was hopeless and as her belly began to burn and quiver with overpowering desire, she began to slide her hips back and forth in an effort to trap the cruelly-pleasurable fingers and draw them deeper into her body to trigger the orgasm that seethed and bubbled only just beyond her reach. But Marcie was enjoying herself far too much to permit her victim such easy pleasure and as she sensed that Debbie was almost at the point of climax, snatched her fingers away. Debbie whined in disbelief and frustration as she was denied the release she longed for, her buttocks and thighs flexing helplessly as she tried...and failed...to give herself the tiny extra nudge that would send her hurtling into orgasm.

“A lesson for a randy slut.” Marcie sneered, “You’re mine, slave and *I’m* the one who decides whether you get a climax or not. And tonight, you’re not. Maybe tomorrow, if you’re really obedient. I haven’t decided yet. Night-night, slave.”

Debbie trembled in unsatisfied lust, her belly quivering wildly as Marcie’s footsteps faded and as she heard the heavy door slam shut, she gave a despairing moan of appalled misery. She was so close to release, so nearly at the pinnacle of sexual arousal that would have lead inexorably to orgasm ... but she was not to be permitted to come ... It was cruel ... heartless ... mean ... unfair ... Her eyes filled with shock.

Not only was she sexually excited with no means of satisfying the fire in her belly, but she was also inescapably bound and gagged, chained to a steel post on her knees

in a locked cellar. She was going to have to spend the whole night in bondage, waiting for the return of her captor. She tried to shake her head in denial of the reality of her plight, only to feel the choke-chain in the high steel collar about her throat tighten menacingly, warning her to obey.

And then it hit her ... She had been enslaved ... she was a slave ... and she was going to remain a slave until Marcie chose to release her from her slavery.

If she ever did ...

Part 3

Marcie had enjoyed a deeply-pleasurable evening of wandering through the house with a glass of fine brandy in her hand and deciding what changes she would make to the décor and furnishings now that she was in charge. Then she had spent a luxurious night in what had been Debbie's bed, her mind filled with erotic images and dreams of the torments she planned to inflict on her cousin in order to force the enslaved blonde to hand over control of her finances to her. Once that was done, Marcie would have the wealth and power she had always wanted and Debbie would have nothing. Nothing but the steel collar and restraints of her slavery ...

Naked under the silk sheets, Marcie fingered herself to several delicious orgasms as she thought of all the painful, undignified and humiliating things she would make Debbie do as she was trained to become a totally subjugated bondage and sex slave, because although the blonde didn't know it yet, Marcie had no intention of freeing her even after she had taken control over her money. Debbie was going to stay in her slave-collar and chains for the rest of her life, her whole existence dedicated exclusively to the service and pleasure of her Mistress, her absolute submission and obedience symbolizing Marcie's triumph over her humble beginnings and her revenge against all those who had ever snubbed her and humiliated her simply because she had never enjoyed the privileges of their wealth and background.

Debbie's suffering would go some way towards evening that bitter score and as Marcie relaxed and drifted off into a peaceful and refreshing sleep, her lips curled into a cruel grin of malice and anticipation ... n stark contrast to her cousin's evening and night, Debbie passed the hours of darkness in growing pain and

anguish, every muscle and joint in her steel-fettered body aching and protesting unmercifully against the relentless demands of her bondage.

Kneeling on the hard, cold stone was awful enough, but her jaw was even worse for although it was just possible for her to ease the pain in her knees by alternating most of her weight from one to the other, the terrible ring-gag kept her jaws fully stretched all the time and she could find no way to alleviate the cramps which attacked her. Combined with the choke-chain in her collar and the huge steel penis-gag that filled her mouth, Debbie could neither relieve her torment nor make a sound louder than a low whimper of utter despair and as the hours dragged past with no hope of mercy or release, she could only weep salt tears and pray for Marcie to return. Even though she feared that the brunette's re-appearance would only signal the beginning of yet more undeserved punishment from her cousin's merciless whip. And she did not even know why ...

Marcie strode into the cellar and over to Debbie's kneeling form and without a word, sent her whip slicing down across the blonde's defenseless buttocks, painting a thin red stripe of smarting fire across the pale flesh. Debbie jerked in her bonds, her fingers curling in a vain effort to protect her bottom and a gasping splutter coming from her as the choke-chain tightened on her throat.

"Keep still, bitch!" Marcie snapped, "I didn't give you permission to move!" and sent a second whip-stroke to join the first on Debbie's buttocks.

The punished blonde froze, struggling to remain motionless as blistering heat spread through her body, knowing that the slightest movement would earn her more pain. Her eyes widened in fear as Marcie grunted.

"Hmph. That's a bit better, slut. Maybe you're worth my time and trouble to train after all. Right, pay attention. This is the programme for today. We'll start by fitting you with your corset and breast bondage, then we'll go on to your ballet shoes and chastity belt and add the training and discipline equipment.

"You won't like any of that, but to be perfectly honest, bitch, I don't care and you don't have a choice any more, so it really doesn't matter whether you like it or not. Once that's all on and tightened up, I'll see whether I've got time to do your

piercings. If I haven't, I'll do them tomorrow. OK, let's get on with it." She bent to remove the steel bar holding Debbie's ankles widely spread.

The harsh authority and arrogance in Marcie's tone chilled Debbie almost as much as the words themselves, because it confirmed her worst fears. Marcie wasn't planning to let her go. In fact, she intended to deepen and intensify her bondage ... and even planned to go to the ultimate extreme of piercing her flesh ...

Debbie knew then, that no matter how hard it might be to overcome the enormous handicap of her tight bondage, she had to fight back, to stop her cousin before it was too late, to make Marcie understand that she simply must not do such terrible things to her, to insist upon being given back her freedom and demand that Marcie release her at once before her crazy ideas got completely out of hand and got her into really serious trouble. But when Marcie unclipped her from the post and gave a hard upward jerk on the leash still attached to her collar, Debbie learned that fighting back or making her cousin do anything that she didn't feel like doing, was not merely hard...it was totally and horrifyingly impossible ...

The choke-chain tightened instantly to cut off Debbie's air-supply and as her lungs emptied and her eyes bulged as she fought to breathe, she found herself on her feet without knowing how she had got there, her whole body aching as every muscle complained after its long immobility. She gave a protesting whine, trying to make Marcie understand that she was hurting and adamantly opposed to the plans the brunette had for her. Marcie didn't even hesitate, the whip in her right hand hissing through the air to land with devastating accuracy and force on the soft under-curve of Debbie's left breast. The hapless blonde shrieked into her gag as terrible pain erupted through her firmly-rounded flesh, then shrieked again as a second lash striped her right breast in the same tender area.

"One more sound out of you, slut and I'll whip your nipples." Marcie warned coldly, then smiled as Debbie shuddered violently and fought down a third scream, her eyes wild with horror as the leash tautened and she was drawn forward in helpless, silent obedience.

The third cellar was much larger and higher than the previous two, its roof supported by two massive wooden pillars and a number of thick iron cross-braces

spanning the full width of the room. It was beneath one of the cross-braces that Debbie was ordered to halt and she trembled in fear as Marcie tossed the free end of her leash over the strut, caught hold of it and pulled firmly. As that end descended, the other end rose and as her choke-chain began to tighten, Debbie shuffled hurriedly forward until she was directly under the cross-brace and straightened her spine, making herself as tall as possible to relieve the pressure at her throat.

“Nice try, slut,” Marcie sneered sarcastically, “But you can do better,” and as Debbie gulped, the brunette pulled harder on the chain until her cousin was left teetering on the balls of her feet, her heels well clear of the floor and her thighs and calves and insteps forming an almost vertical line.

Then she clipped the chain to itself, leaving Debbie fully stretched and unable to relax for even an instant without risking strangulation. With her body extended to its limit and her breasts drawn upwards by the unrelenting tension, Debbie couldn't move a muscle and was in the perfect position for her corset and breast bondage to be fitted and tightened to its maximum compression. Just like her other bonds, the device that would confine and shape her waist and breasts to the bimbo sex-slut image that Marcie considered appropriate for her hapless cousin, was made of heavy black steel and used the same permanent locking system and as Debbie felt cold, hard metal encircle her waist, she knew that this, too, would form another inescapable addition to her rapidly-growing slave costume.

As Marcie used the special wrench to tighten and then snap off the six locking-pins that secured the corset, Debbie's nostrils flared as she was forced to breathe in the short, gasping pants that were all the incredibly-restrictive device permitted, her torso from hips to just below her breasts squeezed in a vice-like grip that reduced her normal waist measurement of 23 inches by a full 5 inches to an almost unbearable 18-inch span. If she could have, Debbie would have done literally anything...even agreed to be Marcie's slave...to have had the corset removed or even just loosened a little, but she could not even make that humiliating offer and was forced to accept the fact that she would have to endure the extreme compression of her body for as long as Marcie pleased.

Her breast bondage followed immediately as 1-inch wide rings of black steel were

clipped together around the base of each of her breasts and then methodically tightened with the wrench to much less than half of their normal size and the locking-pins snapped off. Debbie could not lower her head to see what was happening, but was intensely aware of her tender flesh ballooning from the cruelly-tight steel bands as her breasts were transformed into painfully-swollen, tautly-stretched and perfectly spherical globes jutting horizontally outwards, each tipped by an achingly-sensitive nipple engorged to the size of an olive and as hard as a bullet. She couldn't suppress a deep groan as Marcie's hands snaked around her body to apply a sharp pinch to each of the horribly-sensitive buds and she quivered in despair as the brunette chuckled softly.

"Oh dear, slave. You must really like to be whipped. But I'm afraid you'll just have to wait until I've fitted your shoes and chastity belt. Don't go away now because I'll be right back."

For long, endless minutes, Debbie stood in helpless silence and solitude, racked with sharp twinges of pain and cramp from her toes and legs and arms and ribs and breasts and jaws as every part of her body competed with the others to give her the most torment and misery, until rivulets of tears streamed from her blue eyes and ran down over the steel plate that covered her sealed lips to splash onto the out thrust curves of her distended breasts. No longer able to deny the awful truth of her desperate situation, Debbie wept for the freedom she feared was lost forever and for the life of endless slavery and punishment which she dreaded was to be her fate and as her mind gave up the futile struggle to retain any vestige of hope, she was forced to accept that she was to become the chained sex-slave and servant of her own cousin.

It was clear that Marcie must have been planning to capture and enslave her for months...the complexity and custom-fit of Debbie's bondage proved that...and it defied all logic to imagine that she would not have prepared a plausible explanation for Debbie's abrupt disappearance. Such an explanation would not even have to be particularly convincing, for before Marcie had come to live in her house, Debbie had never been fond of socializing, preferring her own home and her own company and often not going further than her own land for weeks at a time. Why should she, when orders and payment for provisions could be made via the Internet and delivered to

her door and even her very rare instructions to her Bank could be handled in the same way or by letter, if necessary? It had been a life that suited her perfectly, but now Debbie realized that it had had one fatal flaw. Nobody expected to see her face-to-face.

And that fact, to an unscrupulous and totally ruthless person, might well present an opportunity too tempting to ignore. A person who was clever enough to work out a plan that would not only allow them to live in luxury ... but also to acquire a helpless slave to take care of their domestic needs and satisfy whatever sexual demands they cared to make. Someone, perhaps, like Marcie ...? Debbie shuddered and her eyes widened as the reason for her captivity became clear to her. Her cousin was going to take over her identity and her wealth and everything that came with it....including Debbie herself, as a chained, collared and corseted plaything.

And there wasn't a single thing Debbie could do to prevent it ...

Part 4

Without bothering to loosen the chain at Debbie's throat, Marcie held up one of the black steel shoes that she had had specially made and showed it to her helpless victim.

"These were very expensive, slave. I do hope you like them."

They were like no shoes Debbie had ever imagined, consisting of nothing more than a tiny flat steel plate with a single ring for her big toe, a narrow, steeply-arched bar linking this to the cup for her heel and a steel strap to lock around her ankle and as she saw the towering, 8-inch, pencil-thin stiletto heel, she knew that any steps she took in them would be slow and cautious and painful. Moving behind her, Marcie snapped.

"Lift your right foot!" smiling to herself as Debbie complied immediately, despite the difficulty of balancing on the toes of only one foot.

Debbie was learning to obey as the slave she was going to become ... Marcie slid the shoe onto Debbie's foot, ensuring that the ring trapped her toe and her heel was firmly settled into the heel cup, then closed the strap around her ankle and used the

wrench to tighten the locking-pins and snap them off.

“Put that one down and lift your other one.”

Debbie winced as her newly-shod foot took her full weight, the immense height of the heel forcing her foot into an extreme vertical position that sent immediate twinges of pain shooting through her ankle-joint and the muscles of her calves and thighs. With her second shoe locked on and able to share the load, the discomfort reduced slightly to a persistent throbbing ache that, although just barely tolerable, was a constant reminder to Debbie that she was a slave in bondage and had no option but to accept and endure the torments imposed upon her. Even if her hands were free, there was no way for her to remove the shoes and Debbie was miserably certain that her arms would not be freed for a long, long time.

The shoes were on her feet to stay and like her other bonds, she was just going to have to learn to live with them as best she could ... The extra inches given to her by the enormous heels eased the pressure of the leash at her throat, but even that minor reduction in the severity of her bondage was short-lived as Marcie picked up the chastity belt and ordered,

“Spread your legs, slave.”

Debbie inched her feet apart until her hobble-chains tightened and the slack in her leash was removed, her brain filled with apprehension as she felt cool air caress the delicate tissues of her labia and knew that her most intimate and private recesses were exposed to view and completely undefended. Marcie crouched low to inspect her enslaved cousin’s pink-lipped sex, then extended her right hand and let a slim finger trail up the full length of the shadowed cleft. Debbie jerked and gasped to the unexpected caress and brought her thighs together in a purely instinctive reaction to the gentle touch, then gasped again. Marcie purred.

“Did I say you could close your legs, slave? I don’t think so.”

The words were soft, but their unspoken message was crystal clear to Debbie and she had no desire to be whipped again. She knew what she had to do and as she let her thighs part, steeled herself not to react, no matter what. The finger returned to

her groin, sliding up and down her sex, stroking the folded petals of her labia, rising to circle the fleshy button of her clitoris, slipping downwards to the puckered ring of her anus and then retracing its journey over and over again without ever straying into the tight channel of her sex itself. And all too quickly, Debbie's resolution crumbled under the insidious assault, her determination to resist undermined by the ripples of sensual pleasure that spread through her belly at every touch and her arousal and desire building ever higher as her body responded to the erotic stimulation with a slick, glistening sheen of her juices that coated her sex and labia with the undeniable evidence of her awakened need.

Marcie smiled with cruel amusement as she saw the results of her efforts and just for a moment, considered allowing her cousin the climax she clearly wanted. Then she shook her head firmly and took her finger away. She had more interesting and enjoyable things to do than wasting her time thinking about Debbie's sexual pleasure ... or lack of it ...

Indifferent to the muffled wail that followed the blonde's realization that she was to be deprived of a much-needed climax for a second time, Marcie took a small, battery-powered razor from her pocket and showed it to Debbie.

"I'm going to shave your belly before I fit your chastity-belt, slave. If I don't, the itching will drive you crazy. It's for your own good, so keep still."

Debbie gazed numbly at the razor, horrified by the thought of being deprived of the thicket of golden curls between her legs and being even more shamefully exposed, but understanding that Marcie was right. Her curls had to go and as the razor whirred, Debbie forced herself to accept the fact of her loss. With every trace of hair removed from Debbie's belly, Marcie savored the delightful vulnerability of her cousin's displayed clitoris and sex, then applied a powerful salve that would prevent any re-growth and ensured they would stay that way for at least six months.

Then she lifted the first piece of the open chastity belt and fastened the steel band above Debbie's hip-bones and just below the bottom edge of her corset, joining the ends together and tightening it until there was no possibility of it being dislodged and finally, snapping off the locking-pins. The precision-engineered "U"-shaped steel that was to form the "business end" of the chastity belt was next and she pressed it

upwards between Debbie's parted thighs, checking to make sure that the flattened ends of the "U" fitted into matching slots on the front and rear of the belt over her hips.

The strange sensation of cool, unforgiving metal between her legs was deeply unsettling to Debbie and she squirmed vainly as Marcie increased the pressure of her hands until two metallic "clicks" signaled that the separate parts of the chastity belt had mated into a single unit. Tightening the locking-pins drew the belt much more tightly against Debbie's newly-shaven groin and into the cleft between her buttocks and when the pins snapped off, Marcie nodded in satisfaction at the sight of the steel strap bisecting her cousin's bottom and keeping the rounded half-moons of her cheeks firmly separated and lifted.

Perfectly presented for the whippings that would be a regular...and to Marcie, at least...highly enjoyable part of the blonde's training as her slave. With the tight chain to her collar holding her head up, Debbie couldn't see anything lower than the steel-cinched globes of her imprisoned breasts and was totally unaware that Marcie had selected the first of the devices that she would use to control and discipline her and was applying a thin film of lubricant to a nine inch long, two inch thick steel dildo, a larger version of the penis-gag that already filled her cousin's mouth.

When she was ready, Marcie positioned the bulbous tip of the massive shaft at the circular hole machined into the chastity belt directly under Debbie's sex ... and pushed hard ... Aided by the lubricant and Debbie's own juices, the first 4 inches of the thick cylinder slid smoothly into her body before she realized what was happening. And when she squeezed her thighs together in a frantic effort to eject the huge rod from her belly, the added pressure only succeeded in helping her grinning cousin to complete the task ...

Ruthlessly penetrated, Debbie squealed shrilly and writhed in her bonds as the full 9 inches of cold, hard steel sank into her body, her mind reeling with the stunning shock of being violated in such an unthinkable-callous way as Marcie gave the dildo the quarter-turn that locked it in place and ensured that Debbie would remain embarrassingly plugged and filled for as long as Marcie chose.

The sound of Marcie's tinkling laughter brought a red flush to Debbie's gagged

cheeks as she visualized how totally helpless and thoroughly subjugated she must look and as the brunette's hands roamed casually over the exposed curves of her bottom and then applied a series of sharp pinches and smacks to her soft flesh, she trembled to the realization that the feeling of Marcie's hands toying with her had reignited the fire of sexual arousal which the forced insertion of the dildo had temporarily extinguished.

Shameful though she knew it was, she couldn't ignore the eroticism of being unable to resist what was being done to her, or deny the fact that she was excited by it. Deprived of her freedom and the control she was accustomed to exerting over her own life, she was both confused and frightened as her belly burned and swirled with a liquid heat she had never experienced before and when Marcie captured the erect nubbin of her clitoris and rolled the fleshy bud between her fingers, Debbie screamed in ecstatic surrender and was sent hurtling into an unstoppable orgasm.

From deep down within her a giant wave of heated juices welled upwards to burst like a bomb into her convulsing belly as she came with shocking power and as she pulsed and shuddered to the incredible sexual frenzy that overwhelmed her, her eyes filled with horrified disbelief at the undreamed-of intensity and depth of the absolute submission that was forced from her. She had never climaxed so hugely ... never imagined that such exquisite pleasure was even possible ... and certainly not at the hands of another woman, while helplessly bound and gagged ...

Sucking in great gulps of air through her nostrils as continuing spasms ravaged her body with undiminished power, Debbie fell to her knees and doubled over as her chain leash was unclipped from the ring on her collar, her whole being concentrated on the incandescent cauldron of seething turmoil that was her belly. And was in no position, or condition, to resist when a second huge dildo was forced into the tight channel of her anal passage and locked into place ...

Instantly, a fresh wave of juices erupted into her belly and for several minutes her kneeling body quivered and jolted madly, her fingers clawing and up-thrust buttocks weaving from side-to-side as she gasped and moaned in a mindless, helpless display of abject subjugation and uncontrollable lust. Standing over her, Marcie flexed the whip in her hands, her face betraying a curious mixture of satisfaction and

annoyance.

The speed and ease with which Debbie had been brought to climax, proved to Marcie's way of thinking that the blonde was a natural submissive and deserved to be enslaved, but her pleasure at the accuracy of her assessment of her cousin's true nature and place, was tinged with a considerable degree of irritation that Debbie was quite clearly having more fun than she was. And that was most definitely not part of Marcie's plans. Fortunately, it was a situation that was easily remedied and she raised the whip, selecting the spot on Debbie's jiggling buttocks where the first blow would land. With a flick of her wrist, she sent the whip hissing down.

"On your feet, slave!" and when Debbie failed to obey instantly, struck again.

The blonde squealed as stinging heat flared through the cheeks of her bottom and struggled to an upright kneeling position...but that was not nearly good enough.

"I said up, bitch!" Marcie accompanied her words with two more painful lashes to the fronts of Debbie's thighs and smiled venomously as the calculated cruelty drove her whimpering victim to her feet, her eyes wide with fear and apprehension as she swayed uncertainly on her 8-inch heels.

With the tip of her crop, Marcie tapped the outside of Debbie's left thigh.

"Get those legs spread, slave and don't even think about moving!" the demoralized blonde didn't dare hesitate and parted her ankles to the full extent of her hobble-chains.

Taking her time, Marcie strolled around her cousin's body, checking the tightness and security of her bondage and savoring the muscle tremors in her calves and thighs that showed just how hard it was for Debbie to hold her pose. Then she smiled warmly up at her captive.

"You look amazing, Debs." she said admiringly, "So helpless and vulnerable. Even better than I hoped and you're all mine, sweetie. And that climax! Wow, that was really something. I loved seeing that." she paused and smiled again, "But I guess you must be pretty uncomfortable by now, so how about we get you cleaned up and have some breakfast?"

Debbie felt a wave of relief wash over her. This Marcie was the one she knew and really liked as a friend and it seemed as though the brunette had finally come to her senses and given up on her crazy ideas of keeping Debbie chained up as her slave. She couldn't nod because of her high collar, but let her eyes show her gratitude.

"Come on, then," Marcie said and Debbie followed her cousin across the cellar, her high heels clicking and hobble-chains clinking on the stone floor.

It was several seconds before she realized that Marcie was heading in the wrong direction. The door to the stairs was the other way, behind her. She hesitated, then stopped, giving a questioning grunt past her gag. Marcie turned and frowned.

"Well? What is it now?" then her brow cleared,

"Oh, I see what you're on about, sweetie. You thought I was going to take you back upstairs, did you? Not a chance, Debs. You're going to stay down here for as long as it takes to train you to be my obedient little slave-slut."

Her matter-of-fact words and manner shattered Debbie's hopes and dreams and although she knew in her heart that it was hopeless, she made one last desperate bid for freedom. Mocking laughter filled her ears as she managed to turn around and totter towards the door at the far end of the cellars, her hobble-chains rattling and jerking at her cuffed ankles and restricting her to short, clumsy steps that she knew were never going to be enough to allow her to escape from her cousin. Marcie watched her efforts with a merciless grin on her lips, making no effort to chase or re-capture her and for a few wonderful moments, Debbie began to think that she might actually make it. Until she saw that the door was fitted with a brand new bolt.

On the inside and far too high to be released by a prisoner whose hands were bound helplessly behind her back and her lips sealed under a smooth metal plate. Debbie stared at the bolt and her shoulders slumped in utter defeat. It was just a humble bolt, one of millions of cheap, mass-produced pieces of steel that quietly rusted away uncomplainingly on doors and gates all over the world...but it was enough to condemn her to a lifetime of slavery and subjugation. Slowly, her eyes filled with tears, she turned to face her cousin and the fate she was powerless to avoid.

Without a word, Marcie lifted a finger to make a beckoning gesture and as Debbie shuffled back across the floor towards her, the brunette smiled with cruel pleasure and anticipation ...

Part 5

The clinking of Debbie's hobble-chains faded away as she came to a halt before Marcie and their eyes locked in a silent battle of wills as the blonde attempted, without being able to speak, to show that she would never, ever submit to her cousin and become the obedient slave that Marcie wanted. It was a brave effort, but always destined to fail. Marcie gave a musical chuckle.

"Welcome back, slave. And now that you've got those silly ideas of escape out of your head, I'll get on with training you."

Debbie's eyes flickered and slid away from the brunette's hard gaze to fasten on the whip in her cousin's hand. The whip rose and Debbie flinched, anticipating its stinging bite on her flesh.

"You have a simple choice, slave," Marcie told her calmly, "You can either obey before I whip you, or you can obey afterwards. It makes no difference to me which you choose because the end result will be the same. You will obey, whether you want to or not, so you'd better make your mind up what you're going to do. I want you in the next cellar and you've got five seconds to get moving."

Debbie was stumbling forward in three, her eyes wide with fear and humiliation as she made her decision, miserably conscious that the only way she could save herself from being punished was to do exactly what Marcie ordered.

"Good choice, slave."

The mocking taunt deepened the flush staining Debbie's gagged cheeks, but she dared not stop or try to protest, because she knew that the crop would be poised to strike if she showed the slightest sign of resistance. Tottering and clinking in her high-heels and chains, she entered the fourth...and last...of the cellars under her house and staggered to a halt, staring in dismay at the changes that had been made since the last time she had seen the place several years previously. Then, it had been

just a fairly small, square room containing nothing except dust and a few old tins of paint, but now a heavy, iron-framed bed stood at right-angles to the left wall, a solid table and equally-massive wooden chair dominated the center and in the far corner, she saw a starkly-functional toilet and shower unit.

“Your new home, slut.” Marcie told her harshly, “I had it prepared for you last month, when you and I stayed up in town for a few days.”

Debbie shuddered as she realized how carefully Marcie had plotted to enslave her. The brunette must have spent weeks arranging everything and covering every detail to make absolutely certain that Debbie could never escape her clutches. And all the while, maintaining a façade of friendliness and companionship so seemingly-genuine and sincere that Debbie had never harbored a moment’s doubt or suspicion ...

But as she looked around and understood that the cellar contained all of the absolute basics necessary to keep her as a helpless prisoner for an unspecified period, Debbie knew that when ... and if ... she was ever allowed to leave the cellars, it would be as the fully-trained, instantly-obedient and helplessly-submissive sex-slave of her ruthless cousin. Numb with the horror of her plight, she watched in stunned despair as Marcie went to the right wall and took down a coil of glittering steel chain that hung from a heavy ring bolted deep into the stonework, then lifted the end up to her throat and locked it to her collar with a sturdy padlock.

“That’s to keep you from straying.” Marcie chuckled as she stepped back, “It’s welded to that ring and long enough to let you lie down and move around in here, but it’s too short to reach the door. That way, I won’t have to worry about you cooking up any nasty little surprises for me, will I?”

Debbie stared at the chain, following the loops of steel back to the wall-ring and feeling the weight at her neck. She was tethered like an animal and like an animal, she was going to be trained to be docile and obedient and serve her cousin in whatever way was demanded of her.

“And talking of cooking, you’ll need food and water to keep your strength up, so I had something special made just for you.” She reached under the table and produced a large, clear plastic tube filled with a thick, grey solution and held it up.

“This is the stuff that astronauts eat when they’re in space,” she told Debbie casually.” The supplier assured me that it contains everything you need to stay healthy, even water. You’ll be having two of these every day until I decide that you’ve earned some real food. Now, keep still for a minute while I get that plug out of your mouth.”

Debbie wanted to kick and scream in frustration....but she wanted the gag out even more and made herself keep quite still as Marcie gave the huge steel shaft a quarter-turn and pulled it from her aching jaws. But her obedience did not earn her the full reward she anticipated, for although the gag had gone, the steel ring wedged behind her front teeth had not and continued to hold her lips in a stretched **O** that still prevented any semblance of normal speech.

Her futile efforts to complain and protest were met with a heartless chuckle and an offer to put the gag back in if that was what she preferred and as she subsided into angry, helpless silence, Marcie raised the tube to the plate clamped over her lips. The wide neck of the feeding-tube clicked into the same fitting as the gag and as the contents oozed slowly into her mouth, Debbie shuddered in anguish and distaste as she was forced to swallow the cold, slimy paste. Marcie grinned.

“Mm, it’s not very nice, is it? Still, slaves can’t be choosers, can they? I expect you’ll get used to it eventually, sweetie. In fact, you’ll have to because it’s the only thing on the menu for quite some time to come. And it does have a couple of advantages for a slave like you. One, it’s almost completely absorbed by your body so there are almost no waste products to get rid of. And two, I had the supplier add a dash of good, strong aphrodisiac to the mix. So you should find that you get really, really hot and stirred-up pretty soon.”

As soon as she heard what was in the mixture, Debbie tried not to swallow any more, but Marcie was ready for just such a reaction and simply squeezed the tube firmly, forcing the paste into her cousin’s mouth and throat until Debbie’s airway was blocked and she had to swallow or suffocate. When the tube was completely empty, Marcie removed and discarded it, then re-inserted the steel penis-gag and took a small black box from her pocket.

“Training time.” she announced, “We’ll start with your standing and kneeling display

positions. It's quite simple. All you have to do is spread your legs as wide as your hobbles allow, then push your boobs and hips forward and stay in that position without moving until I say otherwise. Got it, slave?"

Debbie stared at her cousin, eyes wide with disbelief. There was no way she was going to do it, not a chance that she would display her body in such a humiliating and shamefully exposed manner. If Marcie imagined even for a moment that Debbie would even consider flaunting herself so lewdly, she had made a huge miscalculation. She simply would not do it, not even if Marcie whipped her. The brunette gave a soft chuckle as she saw the angry determination in Debbie's eyes.

"I knew you'd try to fight." she said calmly, "I'd have been disappointed if you hadn't. But it won't do you any good, you know. You will obey me and do anything I tell you, no matter how much you may not want to. Let me demonstrate."

Holding Debbie's eyes with her own, she raised the box and pushed one of the buttons. Debbie's body jerked madly as a powerful jolt of electricity shot through her anus from the dildo buried deep in her bottom, the painful shock wringing a muffled scream from her throat as she was punished for her resistance.

"You see, slave?" Marcie told her, "*That's* what will happen if you try to disobey me. And that's only the one in your bottom. Imagine how it would feel if it was the other one? The one in your belly. So be an obedient little slave and get in position like I ordered you."

Terrified by the horrible thought of such pain being inflicted on the far more sensitive and delicate tissues of her sex, Debbie whimpered and stared beseechingly at her cousin, pleading wordlessly for mercy. A second jolt ripped through her bottom and as she staggered and fell to her knees, Marcie's cold voice cut through her wails of anguish.

"Shut up and get on your feet, you disobedient bitch! Get those legs spread and your boobs pushed out, or you'll get a lot worse than that."

Gasping in terrible fear, all thoughts of resistance driven from her mind, Debbie struggled upright and presented her body exactly as she had been ordered, her legs

wide and spine arched to display her steel-harnessed belly and cruelly-cinched breasts. She hardly dared to breathe as Marcie inspected her critically and as the brunette snapped.

“Legs wider, slut. I want those chains tight. And get those boobs further out!” Debbie forced her shoulders back until her joints protested and spread her legs to the absolute limit of her chains. It was an incredibly uncomfortable pose as well as one that exposed every inch of her body and as Marcie walked slowly around her and grunted, “Adequate, slave. This is how you will present yourself to me from now on!” Debbie felt her face flush as she realized how helpless and vulnerable she was.

Displayed as a slave and ordered not to move, she was utterly defenseless and as Marcie gazed at her breasts, Debbie felt a glow of unexpected and unwanted warmth ripple through her belly. Her eyes widened in alarm as Marcie’s finger hovered over the button of the box in her hand and she gulped as the brunette smiled.

“You know what I’ll do if you even twitch, slave, so I suggest you don’t.”

The warmth in her belly doubled and re-doubled as Marcie stretched out her hand and let her finger and thumb capture the rigid nipple of Debbie’s left breast, rolling and squeezing the swollen bud to send waves of painfully-pleasurable arousal spreading outwards. Arousal that intensified to a bright, hot flame of pure need as, while still toying with Debbie’s achingly-hard left nipple, Marcie bent forward and sucked the blonde’s other nipple into her mouth. Frighteningly aware of the punishment that would be inflicted on her if she even attempted to pull away, Debbie whimpered and fought not to give in as her cousin’s tongue rolled and flicked her sensitive bud, intensifying the erotic stimulation until she felt her sex grow wet and slick with the juices of a need she didn’t want, but was totally unable to resist.

Fueled by the aphrodisiac in the paste she had been forced to swallow, a huge orgasm built deep in Debbie’s belly and as she felt its power and knew that her surrender was inevitable, she shuddered in helpless despair. Without warning, Marcie’s sharp teeth bit down and as she shook her head from side-to-side like a dog worrying a bone, Debbie squealed into her gag and a devastating climax burst over her as the pain triggered her release. Her belly convulsed uncontrollably, then

convulsed again and again, the spasms becoming faster and stronger until they blended into a continuous, rolling orgasm of horrifying intensity and giant waves of scalding juices crashed through Debbie's quaking belly as she was forced to submit.

She tried desperately to hold her displayed pose as Marcie stepped back, but the torment was too much and she couldn't help bending forward in a futile effort to alleviate the incandescent fury consuming her whole body. It was a purely instinctive and understandable response to her plight...and it supplied Marcie with all the excuse she would ever need to punish her hapless cousin. Her fingers stabbed down on the buttons of the black box and Debbie squealed and jerked erect, every muscle straining and her eyes bulging with agony as horrendous electric shocks blazed through her anus and sex, instantly replacing arousal and sexual passion with stinging, smarting pain.

"Breaking position is a serious offence, slave" Marcie snapped harshly, "But if you really think it's worth it ..." and she pushed the buttons a second time.

Debbie's wild shriek managed to leak past the penis-gag filling her mouth, but even before the sound faded, she was back in position with her trembling body perfectly displayed.

Marcie nodded in satisfaction, "Very good, slave. Now we'll move on to the kneeling display position."

From her feet to her knees and back again, over and over, Debbie was given no choice but to exhibit her helpless obedience as she was taught to display her body exactly as her cousin ordered, any hesitation or fault on her part earning her a sharp rebuke and a painful stroke of Marcie's whip, followed by a repetition of the position. With no arms to help her balance and hampered by her enormous heels and hobble-chains, it was incredibly difficult to change from one position to the other with any degree of grace....but grace and smooth, fluid movements were what Marcie demanded and as her whip bit into Debbie's naked flanks and buttocks, that was precisely what she got ... eventually.

By the time Marcie called a halt, Debbie was utterly demoralized and miserable, certain that she would never be able to satisfy the brunette's insistence on

perfection. She had done her best, tried as hard as she knew how to obey Marcie's orders even though it meant humiliating herself in front of her cousin, but it seemed that no matter what she did, Marcie was always able to find some fault and punish her for it. Her only crumb of comfort was that at least Marcie had refrained from shocking her again and that was a huge bonus. Marcie lowered her whip and smiled warmly.

"Well done, Debs. I could see that was hard and you did really well. You've certainly earned a break, so we'll call it a day."

The unexpected praise lifted Debbie's spirits and for a few seconds she felt ridiculously pleased and even grateful to her smiling cousin. Until it dawned on her that she was being congratulated for obeying as a slave and that Marcie would undoubtedly have continued to whip her for as long as it took to make her submit as she had. Her short-lived pleasure evaporated at the thought and as Marcie walked over to the table to fetch a tube of the food-concentrate, she stood perfectly still in her display position, not daring to relax in case it spoiled the brunette's good mood and caused her to change her mind. With her penis-gag removed, she sucked reluctantly at the grey paste until it was all gone and was relieved when Marcie didn't bother to push the steel shaft back into her mouth. And even more delighted when the remote-controlled dildos in her sex and bottom were taken out.

She didn't like having to relieve her bladder in full view of Marcie, but consoled herself with the thought that her cousin was already intimately familiar with every inch of her body ... and anyway, she really didn't have any choice. The shower, though, was far more pleasurable. Partly because the warm water helped to rinse away the accumulated sweat and sticky residue of her physical exertions and orgasms ... but mainly because Marcie stripped down to her bra and panties and joined her, first washing her hair and then using a large, soft sponge to work up a lather of scented bubbles all over Debbie's body, paying prolonged and detailed attention to her breasts and between her legs. It didn't take long to achieve the effect that Marcie intended and as Debbie began to moan and writhe and press her body against the sponge, the brunette chuckled.

"What a randy little slut you are, Debs. I always knew that, inside, you were a hot,

sexy slave and that once I got you into a collar and chains, you'd be mine forever. I just didn't expect that it would be so easy. But here you are, rubbing your boobs and belly up against me like a bitch in heat and begging me to let you come. That is what you want, isn't it, slave?"

Debbie groaned in humiliation, her face scarlet as Marcie mocked her, but despite her shame, she couldn't resist the delicious arousal that rippled through her body as the sponge caressed her and built a raging fire in her belly.

"Well, slave," Marcie demanded firmly, "Do you want to come, or not? I haven't got all night to waste, waiting for you to make up your mind."

With a gulp, Debbie managed a tiny nod that was all her posture-collar permitted.

Marcie smiled wolfishly and dropped the sponge to rinse the foam away, then let her hands slide down across the slippery curves of her cousin's body to the tight steel band that cradled her groin.

Cradled it, but left her clitoris and sex and anus freely available through the carefully positioned cut-outs ... Without even realizing it, Debbie arched her spine into the display position, offering herself as a slave and as Marcie's knowing fingers gently explored and caressed the soft, delicate, exquisitely-sensitive recesses of her femininity, she moaned in overwhelming need and climaxed in a deep, smooth wave of sexual pleasure that set her belly quivering against Marcie's hand.

"Hmm. Interesting." the brunette chuckled, "I've hardly touched you, Debs. You must be an even hotter little slut than I thought. Oh well, let's find out, shall we?"

Debbie's eyes widened, knowing that the speed and power of her climax had betrayed just how aroused and submissive she felt, but before she could regain any sort of effective self-control, Marcie's stiff fingers speared into her sex, while her other hand captured Debbie's clitoris. A shrill, wavering scream burst from Debbie's throat and her belly convulsed in massive spasms as the sudden assault tore through her unprepared defenses and sent her hurtling in a second instantaneous orgasm. There was no time or opportunity for her to resist or hold back and as huge gouts of hot juices sprayed into her belly, she was sucked down into a whirling, spinning

tornado of enforced lust and submission, her sex pulsing around Marcie's embedded fingers as if to draw them deeper into her body and impale herself still more firmly. And when Marcie's thumb and finger rolled and then squeezed Debbie's swollen clitoris, the blonde's wail of anguish coincided with a series of even more powerful contractions that sent renewed waves of scalding juices flooding into her swamped belly as the bitter-sweet pain intensified her passion until her whole body shuddered and jolted to the explosive fury of her ecstatic surrender.

Marcie's eyes glittered as she took her fingers away from Debbie's jerking body and stood back to watch her cousin exhibit the full extent of her submission to the slavery that Marcie had imposed on her. She had suspected for quite a while that Debbie might possess submissive tendencies and the way she had accepted her chains and her fate with very little real resistance had proved Marcie correct and made her even more confident that her plan would work. Soon, she was going to be rich and have everything she'd always wanted ... and that included Debbie as her own personal sex-slave. Her lips curved in a satisfied smile ... Deep in the throes of climax, Debbie saw the smile and completely misread its meaning. To her, it implied that Marcie was going to punish her for some error or failing on her part and in an effort to save herself from the whip's fiery bite, Debbie flung herself to her knees and presented her body in the graceful, utterly submissive arch of a true slave.

Believing that it was her only hope, she dared not even tremble as Marcie gazed down at her and nodded several times, as if confirming something to herself, then bent to inspect the silver juices that trickled from Debbie's sex and down over her spread thighs. Moistening the tip of her finger in the flow, Marcie raised it to her lips and slowly tasted the female essence of her kneeling cousin.

"Sweet and absolutely delicious, slave." she declared, "Just like the rest of you."

Marcie bent down a second time, straightening with three fingers coated and glistening and Debbie flushed, thinking the brunette was going to taste her juices again. But instead, before she could react, Marcie wiped her fingers under Debbie's nose, smearing her nostrils and cheeks with her own sexual juices, then pushed her fingers through the steel ring wedging her mouth open.

"There you go, slave. Eau de sex-slut." Marcie chuckled, "Tastes as good as it

smells.” her voice hardened, “So lick it off my fingers like the submissive little slut you are, or I’ll whip the rest of it off your belly.”

The threat was real and Debbie obeyed without hesitation, the humiliating taste and scent of her own juices on her tongue and in her nostrils as she licked and sucked at Marcie’s fingers until she was completely sure that every trace had been removed. Marcie used Debbie’s still-damp blonde hair to wipe her fingers, then shrugged,.

“I forgot to bring a towel, but it’s pretty warm down here and you’ll soon dry off. Your hair will be a mess, though. I’ll deal with it in the morning, before I do your piercings.” Debbie gave a wordless moan and Marcie grinned, “Forgotten about those, had you, Debs? Just as well I remember these little details, isn’t it?”

She picked up her clothes and walked towards the door, then turned, “I’m going to get a good night’s rest and I advise you to do the same. Tomorrow’s going to be a long day. Sleep well, slave.”

As the door closed behind her and the bolts grated into their sockets, the lights dimmed to leave Debbie in semi-darkness. But for a long time, she didn’t move as she tried to come to terms with what the morning would bring. She had never had a piercing. Had never quite managed to find the nerve to even have her ears pierced, let alone the more exotic ones that she knew some girls sported. She couldn’t begin to imagine how it would feel to have a hole punched through her flesh, but she was horribly afraid that it would hurt terribly. And Marcie had said “piercings” which meant more than one.

But how many more ... and where? Debbie shuddered and gave a low moan, then rose to her feet, tottered over to the bed and carefully rolled face-down onto the hard mattress. Bound as she was, it was the least-uncomfortable position and she knew she had to at least try to rest in order to build-up her strength for the morning’s ordeal. But sleep was a very long time coming to the frightened blonde slave.

Part 6

Two big, wet tears rolled down Debbie’s gagged cheeks and splashed onto the upper slopes of her out thrust breasts as she gazed miserably at her reflection in the large

mirror that Marcie had placed in front of her. But it wasn't her gag, or her corset, or her chastity-belt with its two huge dildos buried in her body, or even the fact that she was tightly strapped to the heavy wooden chair in her cell with her legs spread, that had upset her so much. It was her hair, her lovely cap of shining, golden-blond hair, most of which now lay scattered on the floor around her where it had fallen when Marcie had ruthlessly shorn it from Debbie's head ...

All that was left was a two-inch-wide strip running from her forehead, over the crown of her head and down to the back of her neck, the rest of her skull shaven completely bald and treated with what Marcie had told her was the same salve that she had used to ensure that Debbie's belly would remain hairless for at least six months. Debbie looked at herself again and sobbed, remembering the cruel smile on her cousin's face as she had cheerfully assured Debbie that her new "style" was just right for her and would look even better when she was pierced and fitted with her slave-rings.

Then she had gone upstairs, saying she'd be back in a few minutes with the equipment. In some ways, the confirmation that she was going to be pierced, affected Debbie far less than the loss of her hair. That had come as a total shock, while she had had the whole night to become resigned to the awful prospect of being pierced and prepare herself for it as best she could.

She was still frightened, but along with the fear, there was a curious fascination about exactly what Marcie was going to do to her and a reluctant wish to get it over with as quickly as possible. At least, then, she would know the worst ...

Marcie walked briskly into the cell and pushed the mirror against the wall, then went over to the table behind Debbie, putting down the bottle of colorless liquid, open packet of cotton-wool and rectangular metal box she had brought with her.

"Right, slave!" she said firmly, "Time to get to work."

Debbie gulped and tried to twist around to see what was happening behind her, but the combination of her posture-collar and the straps securing her in the chair easily defeated her and the first intimation she got of what was to come, was a sensation of extreme cold at the lobe of her right ear, followed almost immediately by a metallic

“click” and a sharp twinge of pain, similar to a bee sting. She yelped into her gag, more in surprise than any real distress and was astonished to hear Marcie chuckle.

“Oh, don’t be such a baby, Debs. That didn’t hurt and the ring looks great.”

Concentrating hard and doing her best to ignore the smarting, Debbie felt a slight, downward tugging at her ear, as if a small weight was attached to her lobe...and as she realized that the weight was a slave-ring and was fixed in and through her living flesh, her eyes widened in awe. Marcie had done precisely what she had said she would ... had actually punched a hole in Debbie’s body and put a ring through it ... without asking her permission or giving her the opportunity to object or even beg for mercy. Icy liquid bathed her left ear and as the piercing device fired to implant a matching ring through its lobe, Debbie shuddered and gazed down in horror at her steel-cinched breasts, her brain reeling to the simply appalling knowledge that Marcie was not be going to be content to stop at merely piercing her ears.

It hadn’t occurred to Debbie to wonder why her cousin might have strapped her to the chair ... she had just been thankful that it was a relatively easy tie ...but as it dawned on her that her breasts and her belly were both fully exposed and defenseless, she squealed in anguish and wrenched madly at her bonds. From behind her, Marcie gave a gurgling laugh.

“Ahah. Finally, the penny drops, I see. I wondered how long it would be. Fight as much as you want, slave, you won’t break those straps. Just give up when you’ve had enough and then we’ll get on with your piercings. I’m really looking forward to seeing you with rings in your nipples and clit as well as the ones in your ears.”

Debbie’s frantic struggles redoubled and her eyes almost bulged from their sockets as she strained every muscle to the utmost in a titanic effort to prove her cousin wrong and escape the appalling humiliation Marcie planned for her. But the brunette’s confidence proved to be well-founded and although the straps creaked as Debbie threw her whole weight and strength against them, they held firm until, at last, the panting, exhausted blonde was forced to concede defeat. Taking her time, Marcie soaked a pad of cotton-wool with the liquid from the bottle and with that in her left hand and the gleaming, surgical-steel punch in the other, walked around in front of her helpless cousin.

“Now, let me see ...” she said jokingly, pointing the punch at each of Debbie’s jutting breasts in turn, “Eeny, meeny, miny ... mo. Yes, definitely mo, I think.”

Debbie shuddered and stared imploringly at Marcie as the wet pad dabbed at her left breast, then froze as the grinning brunette chuckled, “If you wriggle and make me mess this up, slave, I shall just have to pierce you twice, won’t I?”

Sucking in and holding a deep breath, Debbie watched in despair as her nipple was captured in the jaws of the punch and Marcie’s finger slowly squeezed the trigger.

There was no warning, no increase in the jaws’ pressure, just a loud “click” and a jolt of white-hot fire as a clean hole was punched straight through the engorged bud and a ring inserted automatically. Debbie’s pent-up breath exploded from her nostrils in a shrill scream as pain blazed through her breast, but even before she could draw breath to scream again, the fierce agony subsided to a sharp, throbbing ache that was almost pleasant by comparison. Marcie took the punch away and as Debbie gaped at the thick, polished, seamless steel ring that dangled from her nipple and felt its weight tug insistently at her newly-pierced flesh, the brunette giggled callously.

“That’s one, slave.”

For a second time, Debbie endured the brief, hot agony as her right nipple was pierced and as matching rings glittered at her breasts, she whimpered in dread, fearing what was to come. The pain that accompanied the piercing of her clitoris was no more severe than that of her nipples, but to Debbie, the awful knowledge that she now bore a heavy steel ring fixed through the most intimate and private area of her body, was to her, the ultimate humiliation and she truly believed that nothing Marcie might do to her could ever be worse. But Debbie under-estimated her cousin ... ith a cold smile on her lips, Marcie reached into her pocket and pulled out a large, open steel ring almost twice the size of the ones at Debbie’s breasts and belly.

“Guess where this one’s going, slave?” she said, holding it up to Debbie’s nose, “Yep, right through the middle.” and as Debbie shuddered, she applied the cold liquid to the inside of her nostrils and inserted the punch.

“I always wanted a little pet I could take for walks on a lead.” Marcie grinned, “Perhaps I’ll train you to fetch sticks.”

Her fingers squeezed firmly, the punch fired and Debbie wailed in misery, her eyes watering profusely from the stabbing pain at her pierced septum. Marcie waited until her whimpering cousin blinked away her tears, then bent to push the ring through the new hole and press the ends together until the internal catches clicked into position. Even at close range, the hair-line joint was so smooth as to be almost invisible and she nodded in satisfaction, quite certain that the ring could never be removed.

She stepped back to inspect her handiwork, drinking in the erotic contrast between Debbie’s soft, pale flesh and the stark, cold glitter of steel at her belly and breasts and nose, then turned away and fetched the mirror, placing it with its back to Debbie.

“Take a look at yourself, slave.” she said mockingly, “So you’ll know just what a hot, sexy, submissive little slave-slut everyone else will see when they look at you.”

With a flick of her wrist, she turned the mirror over and as Debbie’s eyes filled with horror, Marcie laughed in pleasure and walked from the cell. For a long, long time, Debbie stared at her barbarically-adorned body, her brain simply refusing to accept the evidence of her eyes. The slave in the mirror....and the collared, steel-bound girl with the rings gleaming at her breasts and belly and ears and nose could be nothing else ... could not possibly be her.

It was ... unthinkable ... She squeezed her eyes shut, praying it was all some terrible nightmare and that when she woke up, it would be to find herself back in her warm, safe bed. But the stinging pain of her pierced flesh could not be ignored or denied and as Debbie was forced to accept the awful reality of what Marcie had done to her, she let her eyes open and sobbed in overwhelming misery. Against her will, she had been turned into a slave and as she understood just how easily her rings could be used to control and punish her, she shuddered in fear. The memory of Marcie’s teeth biting her nipple was still clear in her mind, but if her nipple-rings were to be twisted....or, even more terrifying, the clitoris-ring that she was fitted with....Debbie knew that she would do anything, anything at all, to save herself from the dreadful

pain.

She would obey without hesitation, no matter how humiliating her cousin's demands might be, because the alternative was too horrible to contemplate. Marcie was simply too cruel and ruthless to fight and as despair swept over her, Debbie wept helplessly, knowing that a lifetime of endless torment and pain and subjugation lay ahead of her ...

Marcie left Debbie alone for several hours, giving the blonde time to get used to her new piercings and realize just how hopelessly enslaved she was. There was no hurry, because Debbie was going to spend the rest of her life with the rings of her slavery implanted in her body and a few hours either way would make no difference whatever. But that didn't mean Marcie couldn't have a little fun and her eyes gleamed as she picked up the remote-control for the dildos ...

In the cell, Debbie had long since run out of tears and sunk into a state of numbed resignation and acceptance. She hadn't wanted to be a slave, but she had been given no choice and as long as Marcie kept her chained, Debbie knew that a slave she would remain. There was no hope of escape and even less of Marcie relenting and setting her free. All Debbie could do to try to make her fate less painful, was to submit and obey every order perfectly, in the faint hope of pleasing her cousin. It was the only defense she had left and pathetically fragile though it was, Debbie clung to it with the last few shreds of her determination. Her body arched in the chair, every muscle tensed in a futile battle against her bonds as the dildos in her sex and anus sprang to life.

But not to punish her, because instead of the terrible electric shocks, both devices vibrated at high speed to send unstoppable pulses of devastating arousal blasting through her body. The sensations were so sudden and so powerful that Debbie couldn't even scream, her breath locked in her lungs as raw sexual heat scorched into her belly and triggered an instantaneous orgasm. A towering wave of boiling juices thundered down like an avalanche and as her belly convulsed frenziedly to the chaotic spasms of her climax, Debbie sucked in air and screamed her passionate surrender into her gag, her eyes wild with shocked disbelief at the inferno of incandescent lust consuming her whole being.

She could not even begin to resist and as her sex pulsed to spray her thighs and the chair seat under her buttocks with the glistening evidence of her submission, she whimpered in horrified anguish, realizing that she was no longer in control of even her own sexual responses or pleasure. Marcie was manipulating her without even being in the same room and as the terrible implications of that fact sank into her brain, Debbie knew that her merciless cousin would never be content to use only the "pleasure" buttons on the remote control. At some point, she would press the ones that would punish Debbie with painful electric shocks ... but Debbie would never know when, or how often, or for how long. She would know why, though and that was the most frightening thing of all. It was because Marcie could ...

Marcie flung open the cell door and marched over to Debbie, grinning cruelly at the sight of the blonde's sweat-streaked breasts and belly and the glistening stains between her gaping thighs and on the chair beneath her tightly-bound body.

"Horny little slut." she sneered, "How many times did you come, Debs? Six? Eight? Or was it more, bitch? I bet you even came when I shocked you, didn't you? A randy slut like you probably likes a little pain when you come, so I'll be sure to see that you get plenty of it while I'm training you. And if you're really good, I may even let you have some pleasure, too."

Debbie stared in frozen despair at her cousin, her eyes wide with horror. The dildos in her sex and anus had tortured her unmercifully, sometimes forcing her into gasping, straining climaxes, sometimes inflicting dreadful pain on her and on occasions, both together so that she screamed in anguish even as she came with devastating power. And she had been so totally helpless to resist that eventually, pleasure and pain had become so inextricably linked in her overwhelmed brain that Debbie had no longer been able to distinguish between them and her body had simply reacted to both with the same shocking sexual heat. Marcie couldn't know that...she couldn't possibly know how Debbie had been forced to react...not for sure...not really know that Debbie had climaxed when the shocks tore through her belly ... please, no ...

"Right." Marcie said harshly, "You've had a nice long rest, so we'll see how well you've remembered yesterday's lesson," and she quickly released the straps pinning

Debbie in the chair, then ordered, "Up, slut."

Tired and stiff and aching though she was, Debbie forced herself onto her feet and immediately hollowed her spine and spread her ankles into her display position, knowing that she had no choice and that Marcie would punish her if she didn't. As she rose, the steel rings at her belly and breasts and nose swung to and from and her eyes opened wide to the humiliating blend of unwanted arousal and smarting pain that shot through her body as their noticeable weight tugged at her newly pierced flesh. Marcie spotted her reaction and chuckled mirthlessly.

"Hurt, do they, slave? Or are your poor little nipples and clit feeling a lot more sensitive than they did before? The guy in the piercing parlor said that would happen. Every time you move, you'll get a reminder of what a randy slut you are and that's one of the reasons I did it. That, plus the fun of leading you around with a leash and knowing that all I have to do is give it a jerk and you'll do exactly what I tell you, when I tell you. Won't you, Debs?" Her gaze bored into her cousin's and as she saw the terrified understanding in her slave's eyes, she nodded in cruel satisfaction. "I'm going to enjoy showing you off and having you serve the men I lend you to." she said flatly, "But you needn't worry. I'm not planning to sell you as a slave. Not yet. Not unless I get a really good offer for you and I'm quite sure that whoever buys you will treat you like the spoiled little bitch you are and whip you into submission."

Debbie stared numbly at Marcie and felt her blood run cold as she realized that the brunette meant every word. Marcie was going to exhibit her as a leashed, chained sex-slave and let her be used and taken by complete strangers ... and if one of them was prepared to pay the right price and met Marcie's criteria for cruelty and ruthlessness, Debbie could easily find herself in the clutches of a man she didn't even know. Stunned by the dreadful possibility, she obeyed automatically as Marcie put her through the positions she had learned the previous day, her body assuming the required poses while her brain tried unsuccessfully to deal with the appalling idea of being sold. Sold as a slave with no way to refuse or even influence her own fate.

She didn't want to believe it could happen to her. Didn't want to accept that it might.

But when Marcie finally walked away and left her chained to the wall in her cell, Debbie was forced to confront the awful truth. She was chained as a slave, collared as a slave and was being trained to obey and serve as a slave. And a slave was not the one who decided what she would or would not do, or who she would or would not serve. A slave simply obeyed and hoped that she had been pleasing enough to save herself from punishment. Exactly as Debbie had done and would continue to do for as long as she wore her slave's collar and the rings of her enforced submission in her flesh. With a shudder of anguished despair, Debbie curled into a trembling ball on her bed and wept in misery.

Knowing that if her cousin had her way, she would never be freed of her collar and rings and would remain helplessly and totally enslaved for the rest of her life ...

Part 7

For several weeks, while Debbie's piercings healed, Marcie contented herself with forcing her cousin to perfect the shamefully explicit positions of a slave's display, drilling her ruthlessly and punishing any fault, however small, until despite the handicaps imposed on her by the bondage devices she wore, Debbie's every movement became a graceful, sensual testimony to her stringent training. Even the act of walking across her cell in her high heels gave evidence of her submission, because as she walked, the erotic undulations of her hips and the accompanying swaying of her out thrust breasts and buttocks, betrayed that she was a slave and trained to display her body for the pleasure of her captors.

And when she offered herself in the standing, kneeling, prone and punishment positions she was taught, there could be no question of her absolute submission and obedience ... or of her availability to be used in any way that was required of her ... Humiliated and ashamed by the lewd exposure of the most private and secret areas of her body, Debbie longed to rebel and defy her cousin, but at the slightest sign of hesitation or unwillingness, the stinging bite of Marcie's whip and the dreadful jolts of electric shocks applied to her sex and anus, crushed her attempted resistance without mercy.

There was no escape and no relief for Debbie and each time she was forced to obey, her submission grew a little deeper, her will-power a little weaker and her

acceptance a little more hopeless as she slowly became resigned to her fate. And equally slowly, careful to match her actions to Debbie's gradual, irreversible descent into total and permanent slavery, Marcie reduced the frequency of punishment and increased the number of orgasms she awarded her cousin.

If Debbie resisted, she was punished. If she obeyed, she was rewarded. It was the simple, basic, well-proven principle of "carrot and stick" that had been used for centuries ... and it worked as well as ever ...

Debbie glided across the floor, her hobble-chains clinking musically until she reached the place indicated by Marcie and arched her spine to offer her body as the slave she had become.

Without a word, Marcie snapped the clip of a six-foot leather leash to her cousin's nose-ring, then walked backwards around the cellar, varying her pace and watching to ensure that the lead to Debbie's nose-ring stayed just taut enough to apply a slight pressure to her septum. Debbie had learned well and after fifteen minutes, Marcie was satisfied.

"Adequate, slave." she said grudgingly, "Now we'll try you with a blindfold."

That was much harder and although the blonde did her utmost, Marcie quite deliberately introduced sudden changes of speed and direction to confuse her...and then jerked the leash to send sharp twinges of pain shooting through her captive's nose piercing. For another twenty minutes she tormented her helpless cousin, then ordered her to her knees.

"Legs spread, slut!" and as Debbie inched her ankles apart to the full twelve-inch extent of her hobble-chains, exposing her sex and anus through the cut-outs in her chastity-belt, Marcie looped the leash through her clitoris-ring to a ring in the floor and pulled it tight so that Debbie was forced to bend double with her nose almost touching the floor.

There was no way she could straighten up or close her thighs without pulling at her clitoris- and nose-rings and she quivered gently, knowing that she was hopelessly exposed and vulnerable. Marcie could arouse her, or whip her, or even just ignore

her and there was nothing she could do about it. She couldn't even see or anticipate which it might be and the uncertainty brought a glow of moist slave-heat to the open lips of her sex as she waited for Marcie's decision.

"Horny little slave-bitch." Marcie sneered as she saw the tell-tale dampness between her cousin's thighs, "You're a proper little slut now, Debs. If a man had leashed you and tied you like that, you'd have come already, wouldn't you?"

Debbie's gag wouldn't let her reply, but the immediate trickle of juices from her sex gave the answer for her, because the daily regime of strict bondage, harsh discipline and enforced sexual arousal and submission that was her whole existence, had whittled away her will-power and self-control to leave her unable to resist the fate Marcie planned for her. With her buttocks raised and her bottom-cheeks separated by the tight steel strap of her chastity-belt, Debbie was a tempting target for her cousin's leather crop and when it hissed down to burn a stripe of stinging red fire across her taut flesh, she fought not to move or make a sound, knowing that Marcie was watching and listening for any sign of complaint that would give her an excuse to increase Debbie's punishment. Not that Debbie knew why she was being punished in the first place ... other than that she was a slave and could be whipped whenever Marcie felt like it ...

And Marcie felt like it far too often for Debbie's comfort ... Cool, slim fingers stroked the delicate folds of her labia, then flicked the heavy steel ring that dangled from her clitoris and as the brunette toyed with her, Debbie's belly began to swirl with the shameful heat of a need she couldn't fight.

Already into her second month of total slavery, she had no defenses left and as Marcie alternated lashes of her crop to Debbie's bottom with sensual caresses of her sex-lips and flicks to the ring transfixing her clitoris, the hapless blonde quivered and panted as she was forced towards orgasm by the irresistible combination of pleasure and pain. Before her capture and enslavement by her ruthless cousin, Debbie had never dreamed that being whipped could be erotic and sexually pleasurable, but in the weeks that had passed, she had discovered a whole new world of experiences that had never before intruded into her safe, comfortable, well-ordered life.

Submission, obedience and discipline had just been words to her, words that had had no real significance for her and had certainly not affected her day-to-day routine. But now they were the sole focus of her every thought and action, controlling and directing everything she did and everything she had become. She was a slave and as her belly pulsed to send waves of scalding juices pouring into her sex, Debbie climaxed as a slave and submitted fully to the intense passion and ecstasy of her enforced subjugation.

Marcie smiled coldly as she saw Debbie's complete surrender and decided that it was time to move on to the next stage of her plan to transform her blonde cousin. Debbie had learned to obey and submit as a slave and now she would learn how to serve and please her Mistress. Untying the leash from the floor ring, Marcie gave it a tug.

"Up, slave!" and when Debbie had obeyed and stood with her body beautifully displayed, the brunette strode away, forcing her slave into a hurried, chain-clinking semi-jog that set her breasts jiggling and her sex oozing humiliatingly as she struggled to keep up and avoid more painful jerks to her nose-ring.

Back in her cell, Debbie quickly lay down on her back on her bed's thin mattress and spread her legs to the full extent of her hobble-chains in response to Marcie's brusque commands, her eyes anxious as her ankle-cuffs were chained to the iron bedstead to hold her spread open. She gulped as a third chain connected the rear of her posture-collar to the bed and prevented her from lifting or turning her head and trembled wildly as Marcie raised her crop and whacked it hard against the mattress.

"So far, slave," the brunette said coldly, "I have been very patient and lenient with you and given you time to get used to being a slave. But you've had long enough and from now on, there won't be any second chances. You're going to do exactly what I tell you and you're going to do it immediately and perfectly, or else.

"I won't tell you twice and you know what to expect if I'm not completely satisfied. When I take your gag out, you will use your lips and tongue to pleasure me until I give you permission to stop. You've had lots of climaxes and now it's my turn, so I suggest you make quite sure that I enjoy it."

Debbie gazed up at the girl towering over her and her eyes bulged in horrified anguish as she heard what she was going to have to do. On her very first day as a captive, Marcie had told her that she would be trained to serve men and women with her mouth, but as her training had progressed with no further mention of it, Debbie had managed to convince herself that it had just been an idle threat designed to frighten her into acceptance of her situation. But now, the threat had become appalling reality.

She had never so much as kissed another woman, let alone made one climax in such an incredibly intimate and shocking manner ... but as she saw the icy glint in Marcie's eyes and the way she slapped her whip against the bed, Debbie recognized that if she didn't obey the humiliating order, her punishment would be far worse than any she had received up to that point. Numb with fear, she lay still as the steel ratchet-strap that held her gag's face-plate over her lips was loosened and removed, taking with it the huge dildo and steel ring that had held her mouth wide open for so long. After weeks of immobility, her jaws were so stiff that she couldn't close her mouth for several minutes and it was some time before the painful aching subsided to the point where she was able to attempt speech. And when she finally did, she got no further than groaning.

"Uhhh. It hurts, Marcie ..." before her merciless cousin slashed the crop across the front of her right thigh and snapped.

"Silence, slut. You don't speak until I've given you permission. And if I do, you call me Mistress. Got it, slave?" Debbie squealed in pain, then squealed again as a second hard lash landed on the same spot and Marcie snapped, "I said, have you got that, slut?"

"Yes, Mistress!" Debbie yelped shrilly, "Yes, yes. Please, Mistress, no more, Mistress, please."

"That's better, slave," Marcie nodded in satisfaction at the blonde's instant capitulation, "You speak only when spoken to, or when you have my permission. And you don't, so shut up and get ready to use that mouth for giving me pleasure."

In pain and utterly demoralized, Debbie clamped her lips together as Marcie

casually peeled off her clothes and stretched her trim, lithe body like a contented cat, gently caressing her own rounded breasts and running her hands down over her slim hips to highlight the contrast between her freedom and Debbie's collared, corseted, steel-fettered and pierced captivity.

"I'm beautiful, aren't I, slave?" she mocked cruelly, "Don't you think my breasts are so soft and smooth that you'd love to lick them and suck my nipples? And aren't the little curls between my legs just adorable? I'd hate to be shaved bare like you, with a big steel ring through my clit. It really makes you look like a slut, you know and when I let other men and women use you, I wouldn't be surprised if they treated you like one. I'm going to enjoy seeing that, Debs and I'm not going to lift a finger to stop them if they want to whip you and punish you before they take you. And do you know why, slut? No? Then I'll tell you. It's because all my life I've envied rich, spoiled, pampered little bitches like you. You've never had to do a day's work in your life and you've always had everything you ever wanted. Just sign a check and it's all yours with no effort and everybody fawning over you because you're rich. Well, not any more. Not after you sign over every penny you own to me. Then it'll be my turn and you'll have nothing except what I let you have. Just think of it, bitch. You'll be totally dependent on my generosity and unless you want to find out how it feels to go hungry and thirsty, you'll do exactly what I say and use your body to pleasure whoever I tell you to serve, whenever and however I tell you. And that starts right here and now. With satisfying me."

Debbie's eyes filled with horror and despair as she listened to her cousin, because she knew that she was hearing the dreadful truth and that she was doomed to a lifetime of sexual slavery and torment. Stunned by the bitterness and sheer malice in her cousin's voice, she protested.

"But I shared everything with you. My home and money and ... and friendship. I ... I really liked you and wanted you to stay with me and share my life. Wh-what did I ever do to you to make you hate me so much?"

Marcie's lips parted in a pitiless smile and as Debbie saw the cruel anticipation and pleasure on the brunette's face, a chill of awful dread rippled up her spine.

"Oh, but I like you, too, Debs!" Marcie replied softly, "I like chaining you and

whipping you and making you do anything I want, no matter how humiliating or painful it may be. And I'm going to do more than just share your life, bitch. I'm going to take it over and live it far better than you ever did. In your house, with your money. Only they won't be yours any more, they'll be mine. Because you, my sweet, stupid little cousin, are going to spend the rest of your life as my chained sex-slave, serving me as the hot, weak, obedient slut you are."

And before Debbie could even draw breath to scream, the whip cracked down across her unprotected breasts, painting lines of scorching fire on the steel-cinched globes and sending unbearable pain raging through her jerking body. Twelve smarting, throbbing stripes of vivid crimson left her sobbing and moaning in agonized misery when Marcie finally lowered her whip and sneered down into her terrified eyes.

"That's six for speaking without permission and six more for not calling me Mistress." the brunette chuckled, "If you want more, just make one more sound and I'll be happy to oblige." For ten seconds, she waited...then nodded firmly as her trembling victim choked back her groans and remained utterly silent. "Good. Now, let's get started. And I'd better enjoy it ..."

With an athletic twist of her body, Marcie jumped onto the bed and knelt with her knees straddling Debbie's immobilized head, facing towards her chained ankles, with her naked crotch hovering just above the blonde's face. Reaching forward with her whip, she tapped the ring piercing Debbie's clitoris and as the helpless slave shuddered, snapped.

"Begin, slut!" and lowered her sex onto Debbie's mouth.

For a split-second, Debbie hesitated, then the terrible threat of the whip hanging over her defenseless clitoris overcame the incredible humiliation and shame of her plight. Her lips parted and she began to lick at the moist, soft tissues of Marcie's labia and sex, her tongue tasting the slightly-salty tang of a woman's most personal and intimate essence for the very first time. The taste of her Mistress ...

Unlike her inexperienced relative, Marcie was no stranger to female love-making and not only knew exactly what was required to maximize her own pleasure ... but was more than willing to force her slave to provide it.

“Gently, slut. Nice long, slow licks. That’s right. Now, just your lips and nibble there. A little higher. Mmm, lovely. Now, suck hard. Ooooh. Again. Oh, yes. Keep going, bitch. Faster. Come on, faster and use your tongue as well until I come. Oh, that’s good, that’s really good ...”

Panting for breath with her flaring nostrils filled with the musky scent of her Mistress’s growing arousal, Debbie flinched as each order was accompanied by the tap of the whip against her clitoris, warning her to obey. Pinned between Marcie’s slimly-muscle thighs and with her collar chained to the bed, Debbie couldn’t avoid the warm juices that oozed from her Mistress’s sex as the brunette grew more excited and as her lips and chin became coated, Debbie flushed redly to the deep embarrassment of knowing that her unwilling efforts were the direct cause of the flow of juices and the source of her cousin’s sexual pleasure.

Just a short while before, she would never have agreed to even consider taking part in such a shameful act and would have been shocked if the subject had even been raised as a possibility. But a short while before, she hadn’t been a slave and as she licked and sucked and nibbled at the quivering flesh pressed to her lips in helpless obedience to the terse commands issued to her, Debbie couldn’t suppress a rapidly-growing surge of arousal that spread through her own belly as she was forced to submit and pleasure her dominant and demanding Mistress.

She tried to deny what she felt, telling herself that she was not, absolutely not, aroused by her ruthless subjugation, that she did not find a disconcerting amount of submissive excitement in being so helpless and vulnerable, that she hated what had been done to her and what she was being forced to do, that the fierce swirling of her belly was not the result of a passionate longing to feel her Mistress’s hands and lips and crop propel her into the shattering orgasm of a slave’s surrender, and most of all, that she would never, never accept her fate and become the humble sex-slave her collar proclaimed her to be.

But it was hard to think of resistance when her traitorous body betrayed her with flaring heat and as her defiance evaporated in the fire of her own passions, Debbie succumbed to the humiliating inevitability of her hopeless situation. Her lips nuzzled more firmly at Marcie’s swollen labia, her tongue delved more deeply into her

heated sex and she lapped greedily at the juices which flowed from the brunette's trembling belly in response to her efforts as she crushed down all thought of shame and devoted herself solely to the task of pleasing and fully satisfying her Mistress. Racing towards climax, Marcie ordered her again,

"Now, slut. Make me come now!" and flicked her wrist to send the whip snapping down on Debbie's swollen clitoris, wringing a shrill squeal of pain from the blonde slave and a frantic redoubling of her efforts, her lips and tongue working desperately.

Marcie arched, squealing in ecstatic release as her belly quivered and shuddered in orgasm and as her juices burst into her sex like a flood, Debbie was forced to lick and gulp and swallow the hot, salty outpourings of her cousin's pleasure, her mouth and cheeks drenched with the glistening evidence of her abject subjugation as she lay trapped between Marcie's trembling thighs, her face wedged tightly to the brunette's pulsing sex while Marcie relished her orgasm and her total victory. Until, at last, Marcie gave a cruel chuckle.

"Not bad, slut," she sneered, "You need practice, of course, but you'll get plenty of that before I permit you to serve other Mistresses. After all, I wouldn't want to be embarrassed by your inadequacies. And considering that you would be whipped if you weren't fully satisfactory, you probably wouldn't want that either."

Debbie knew that it no longer mattered what she wanted. She was a slave and even if her service was perfect, a slave might still be whipped. All she could do was obey and hope that whatever Master or Mistress she was required to pleasure, would be satisfied with her performance and not feel the need to punish her.

But if they were anywhere near as cruel and demanding as Marcie, she knew that was extremely unlikely...

PART 8

Marcie's eyes narrowed in concentration as she checked the computer screen, then she nodded in satisfaction and turned to grin at Debbie.

"Right, slut. Now all I need is your authorization code."

It was the moment Debbie had dreaded, but had known would come.

The letter on the screen was to her bank, giving Marcie authority over all of Debbie's accounts and investments and the blonde was horribly conscious that once her cousin gained financial access to her money, there would be nothing to stop her from doing exactly as she wished. Marcie's triumph would be complete and Debbie had no illusions about what her fate would be.

All that stood between her and a lifetime of sexual slavery, was the authorization code and as she saw the anticipatory gleam in Marcie's eyes, Debbie knew that the brunette was looking forward to the battle to break down her last resistance and force her to give up the only secret she had left. And it was hardly going to be a fair fight ...

Debbie stood in the middle of the cellar with her legs spread and ankles shackled to ring-bolts in the floor to hold her spread to the full extent of her hobble-chains, breasts tensioned by more chains from her nipple-rings to the same ring-bolts, face held up by a tight chain to her nose-ring and with her arms pulled high behind her back by a chain to a pulley in the roof forcing her to bend forward.

With the huge steel penis-gag filling her mouth and the remote-controlled dildos embedded in her sex and anus, she could neither move nor speak and her eyes filled with dread at the thought of what Marcie was going to do to her to achieve her objective.

"I want that code, bitch!" the brunette told her coldly, "And you're going to give it to me. I don't care how long it takes or what I have to do to get it, so if you want to save yourself a lot of pain, I suggest you tell me. I'll be generous. You've got ten seconds."

Debbie's blue eyes widened in despair. Even if she wanted to give in, she was gagged and unable to give her merciless cousin what she wanted and as Debbie understood that Marcie had no intention of letting her surrender and meant to punish her anyway, she felt an icy chill of horror ripple through her body. For ten seconds, she stared pleadingly into Marcie's set face, then the brunette chuckled cruelly.

“Good. I hoped you wouldn’t talk, slut. I guess I’ll just have to drag it out of you and this is how I’ll do it. I know the code is a nine-digit combination of numbers and letters, so I’m going to ask you whether each digit is a number or a letter and then go through the alphabet and the numbers until you flutter your pretty little eye-lashes at me when we get to the right one. But while we’re doing that, those dildos in your belly are going to be working, so the longer it takes, the more you suffer. Got that, have you? Right, then! Let’s get started.”

Debbie’s body jerked helplessly as powerful electric shocks jolted through her sex and anus and she gave a muffled shriek as her instinctive reaction tugged at the rings piercing her nipples and nose.

Marcie smiled, “Is the first one a letter, slut? No? Then it must be a number. One? Two? Three? Four?” Debbie’s eye-lashes fluttered wildly and her cousin nodded, “Four? Very good, slave. You’re getting the idea. Now, let’s go on to the second digit. Number, is it? Or letter?”

Squealing into her gag, her heavily-chained body shot through with painful shocks she could not avoid, Debbie was utterly at the mercy of her ruthless captor, the dreadful physical torment imposed on her matched by the mental anguish of her enforced submission as she was given no choice but to reveal the code that would complete her descent into life-long bondage and sexual slavery. Escape was impossible, resistance out of the question and after weeks and months of the most extreme discipline and sexual conditioning, Debbie’s will-power was not up to the challenge of defying her dominant cousin and as each number and letter reinforced her total subjugation to the woman who was and always would be her Mistress, Debbie sobbed and wept for the life she had lost ... and the new life which was to be her fate whether she wished it or not ... t took Marcie less than seven minutes to extract all nine digits from her victim and as she wrote down the last number, she sneered down into Debbie’s gagged, tear-streaked face.

“Now, you’re really mine, slut.” she said triumphantly, “Once this code goes to the bank, you’ve had it. I’ll be rich and you’ll be the hot, randy little sex-slave I’ve made you. Forever, slut. For the rest of your life. You’ll never be free and you’ll obey me and serve me and pleasure me in any way I want. It’s my turn now, slave and I’m

going to enjoy every second and every penny.”

Debbie shuddered as her cousin ... her Mistress ... savored her total victory, then gasped as Marcie jumped to her feet and snatched up the crop that was her constant companion.

“But before I send the code off, it would be sensible to check, don’t you think? Just to make quite sure that you’re not stupid enough to think that you can fool me by giving me the wrong one. So, we’ll do it again and you’d better pray that you come up with exactly the same numbers and letters as last time, because if you don’t or I even suspect that you’re trying to con me, you’ll wish you’d never been born. First digit, bitch. Letter or number?”

With a sharp flick of her wrist, Marcie sent the crop snapping upwards to land on the tautly-extended globe of Debbie’s left breast and as the crack of leather against tender flesh echoed through the cellar and a bright red stripe of heat blossomed and flared through the torso of the defenseless slave, the interrogation started a second time. Time after time the crop burned into Debbie’s breasts and belly and thighs and buttocks, until the blonde whimpered and quivered, her eyes wide with terrified misery and pain as she was forced to re-confirm the authorization code and satisfy Marcie that she had given the correct combination.

Until, at last, the brunette nodded and lowered her whip, then reached down and patted her slave’s gagged cheek, “OK, Debs. I guess you weren’t trying to con me after all,” she chuckled softly and as Debbie watched helplessly, Marcie typed the code into the letter and let her finger hover over the “Send” key.

“Say goodbye to freedom, slave,” she said flatly and pushed the key.

The screen flashed as the letter was transmitted and within seconds the instruction was processed and accepted. Debbie gazed numbly at the return message:

TRANSACTION AUTHORISED. NEW ACCOUNT SIGNATORY MARCIE ANSELL.
AUTHORISATION CODE AS CURRENT.

ACCOUNT ACCESS = FULL. CONTROL AUTHORITY = ACCEPTED. CLEARANCE
LEVEL = AUTOMATIC + UNLIMITED.

THANK YOU DEBORAH CORRIGAN. HAVE A NICE DAY.

The clear, stark message on the screen could not be misunderstood and as its appalling significance and finality sank into her frozen brain, Debbie trembled in her bonds, overwhelmed by the scope of the disaster that had befallen her. Somehow, she had hoped and prayed that Marcie would slip-up and make a mistake that would bring the Bank's officials and auditors to her rescue as they investigated the transfer of all her funds and accounts into Marcie's name. But there would be no rescue, for Marcie had been cleverer than that, not transferring control of her money, but simply adding herself as a second signatory to the accounts. That would raise no awkward questions, but would still give her total control, because the only person with the right and power to dispute the matter, was Debbie herself.

And Debbie was in no position to dispute anything ... Helplessly chained and gagged as a slave in the cellars of her own home...or what had been her home and was now her prison ... she was incapable of raising the alarm or objecting to the transaction. For all practical purposes, Marcie was now in full control of Debbie's wealth ... and of Debbie ... Marcie Ansell reached across to the computer and switched it off, then stared into her cousin's frightened eyes and spoke gently.

"All my life I've wanted to be rich. Rich enough to do what I want, when I want. Rich enough to be respected and have everyone envy me. Rich enough to live out any fantasy I please. And now, I am. And it's all thanks to you, Debbie. You've given me everything I've always dreamed of and in return, I'm going to let you share that dream with me."

She paused, watching intently as a tiny glimmer of hope came to Debbie's eyes as the blonde responded to her soft, friendly tone....then callously crushed her cousin's momentary optimism.

"Yes, Debs. You're going to be a rich Mistress's sex-toy and slave." and she gave a cruel peal of scornful laughter and pressed the buttons on the remote-control in her hand.

At full power, the twin dildos in Debbie's sex and anus blasted shattering waves of arousal through her belly, setting her writhing in her chains despite the painful

tugging at her nipples and nose that accompanied every movement as blazing slave-heat overwhelmed her and her body raced towards climax. She couldn't hold back or control the inferno of submissive passion forced upon her and as Marcie watched with glittering eyes, Debbie was propelled into an immense orgasm.

Her belly began to spasm violently, again and again, faster and faster until her whole body shuddered to the awesome power of her need and as torrents of scalding juices erupted into her belly and over the dildos buried deep within her, Debbie's fingers clawed at the air and she gave a long, shrill scream of ecstatic surrender and came as the full slave she was and would always be. There was no escape, no way back from the merciless, endless subjugation imposed on her by her cousin and as Debbie was propelled into climax after shuddering, pulsing climax at the whim of her utterly-dominant Mistress, the sobbing blonde knew that her fate was sealed ...

For over two hours, Marcie amused herself with the remotely-controlled dildos buried in Debbie's helplessly chained body, using the devices to mix shattering arousal with painful jolts of electricity to bring rivers of tears from her victim's eyes as she squealed for mercy. But Marcie had no intention of taking pity on her enslaved cousin and simply ignored her increasingly-frantic entreaties, delighting in the appalled horror in Debbie's bulging blue eyes as she was forced to submit again and again to the torment inflicted upon her.

Until, with tears and sweat pouring down Debbie's anguished, gag-distorted face and long, glistening snakes of silver juices trickling from her sex to stain her thighs and drip onto the floor between her wide-spread ankles, Marcie decided that a nice relaxing break and a tall, ice-cold drink were called for. Although not, of course, for her slave ...

Changing the remote-control to a setting that would cause a random mixture of pain and pleasure to be inflicted on Debbie's helpless body, she walked out of the cellar without a backward glance and made her way upstairs, thinking smugly of all the lovely, expensive presents that she could afford to lavish on herself now that she was in control of her cousin's fortune. Careful planning and thorough preparation had paid off handsomely and as Marcie sprawled on a soft couch with a deliciously-chilled drink, it occurred to her that she really ought to celebrate the complete

success of her plan.

And what better way to use a tiny fraction of her newly-acquired wealth, than to arrange and supervise the final stage of Debbie's involuntary descent into permanent and inescapable slavery. During her initial investigations into the feasibility of capturing and keeping Debbie prisoner, Marcie had trawled the Internet extensively, searching for information related to bondage, slavery, domination, punishment and the training and disciplining of female slaves....and had been amazed by the huge numbers of sites covering every aspect of these and many other similar topics.

Now, that research was going to pay off because Marcie knew exactly where to find what she wanted. Jumping to her feet, she hurried to her computer and scanned for a particular web-address, then picked up the phone and dialed. It took Marcie a highly-enjoyable thirty minutes to explain her exact requirements and eventually, as she had always known that it would, money talked and for a very large fee, she was assured that her wishes would be carried out to the letter.

As she put the phone down, Marcie nodded in satisfaction, knowing that she had just made absolutely certain that not only would Debbie soon be the utterly subjugated sex-slut that she had set out to make her, but also that her blonde cousin would never dare to even attempt to defy her or try to escape and go to the authorities with her story.

Not unless she wanted to make headlines all around the world.....and Marcie knew that Debbie was far too shy and reserved, even after everything she had been forced to endure, to subject herself to that sort of global public humiliation. Rather than risk that, she would have no choice but to accept her fate and submit to whatever her Mistress demanded of her. And that was going to be absolutely everything she had to give ...

With a cruel smile on her lips, Marcie finished her drink and headed down to the cellar. Thinking about what was going to happen to Debbie had started a warm, tingling glow between Marcie's shapely thighs and she intended to do something about it ... or rather, Debbie was ...

Part 9

Debbie was lying down in her cell, tethered, as always by the chain to her collar, when she heard noises coming from the other side of the locked door and immediately rolled over and went to her knees beside the bed to display her body. It was what she had been trained to do and she knew that if she wasn't in position when her Mistress walked in, she would be punished.

Kneeling on the hard floor, she waited, her eyes fixed on the door. Five minutes, ten, then fifteen and still Debbie waited, her knees protesting at the unforgiving hardness of the stone floor. The door opened and Marcie entered the cell, her eyes gleaming from behind a leather half-hood as they swept over her slave's presented body, checking her position and the security of her tether-chain.

"Up, slut!" she ordered coldly and when Debbie forced her aching knees to lift her to her feet, clipped a length of thin chain to the blonde's clitoris-ring before unlocking the much heavier chain to her collar.

Light though it was, the thin chain still applied insistent pressure to Debbie's pierced flesh and as her Mistress turned and headed back towards the outer cellar, Debbie followed instantly, frighteningly conscious that any hesitation or resistance on her part would result in unbearable pain as the leash tugged and jerked at the delicate and exquisitely-sensitive button. Whatever it took, she would not ... must not ... give Marcie the smallest cause to exert the horrifying power she held. ut Debbie was unaware that her determination was pitifully inadequate to cope with what awaited her ...

Mistress Starr was an experienced, very discreet and highly-respected professional dominatrix, specializing in the slave-training of female submissives, the high prices she charged for her services reflecting a well-deserved reputation for the thoroughness and efficiency of her methods and the outstanding quality of the pictures and video of each trainee undergoing them, which were always included in her fees. In her long and successful career, she had seen and trained dozens of women to become obedient and subservient bondage-slaves to their owners ... but very few who had even come close to matching the one who was led into the cellar ...

From the crown of her shaven head with its two-inch strip of golden-blond hair, to the custom-made shoes with their enormous 8-inch heels forcing her onto the tips of her toes, the girl was so heavily restrained and strictly controlled that it was difficult to believe that she actually needed further training. And from the look of panic and horror in the blue eyes above the wide steel plate sealing her lips as she saw the lights and cameras, it was obvious that she was anything but a willing participant ...

Mistress Starr kept her face expressionless, suppressing her annoyance that her client had misled her by failing to mention that the girl had been enslaved against her will. Not that it would make any difference, of course, because it was by no means the first time that her services had been called on to deal with a recalcitrant and unwilling female and she had no qualms whatever about using her dominant personality and skills to enforce a client's wishes on a subject who was already held captive and would eventually become a slave anyway.

It was a little more difficult and took a little longer, but the end result was the same...and that was why clients were happy to pay her very large amounts of cash and keep her busy doing what she enjoyed most. At a click of her fingers, floodlights bathed the cellar in light and the three cameras began to roll, one set on automatic to capture a wide-angle view of the entire area while the other two, hand-held and operated by two submissive men who had been Mistress Starr's willing and obedient slaves for many years and whose loyalty and obedience to her were beyond question, ensured that every detail of Debbie's bondage and subjugation were recorded in detailed close-up ...

Terrified by the dazzling lights and the stunning realization that her chained and pierced nudity was not only displayed to the eyes of three complete strangers, but also to the pitiless lenses of their cameras, Debbie screamed into her gag and tried to hold back, only to scream again as the leash jerked painfully at her ringed clitoris and Marcie snatched the whip from her belt with her free hand, sending it cracking across her unprotected belly as she snapped.

"Keep quiet, slut and that had better be the last time you try to defy me."

Debbie shuddered in torment as stinging fire blazed across her belly and her clitoris throbbed unmercifully, her eyes wide with the fearful knowledge of her helplessness

and the ease with which her cousin could ... and would ... inflict unbearable punishment on her if she failed to obey perfectly.

“Lead her around the cellar, please.” Mistress Starr spoke for the first time,

“We’ll begin with some general shots of her before we move on.”

Marcie chuckled cruelly and walked forward and as the leash drew taut, Debbie had no choice but to follow, tears of humiliation and despair rolling down her gagged cheeks as the cameras recorded her enforced obedience, zooming-in to frame her jutting, steel-cinched breasts and ringed nipples, tightly-corseted waist, severe arm-bondage, the high collar encircling her throat, steel gag-plate over her lips and the thick ring dangling from her nose, then panning downwards to reveal her chastity-belt with its dildos embedded in her sex and anus and finally the heavy chains hobbling her knees and ankles and the locked eight inch stiletto heels forcing her feet into a steep, uncomfortable arch.

There was no way for Debbie to hide any part of her body from the probing lenses and when Marcie callously assured her that even with her gag in place, she was still perfectly recognizable to anyone that knew her and that she was quite sure newspaper and television reporters wouldn’t have any trouble identifying her if they just happened to be sent a copy of the film she was starring in, the weeping blonde realized that with the shameful evidence of her subjugation in her cousin’s hands, she was going to be blackmailed with the threat of world-wide publication of her slavery. And Marcie knew that Debbie would do anything ... literally anything ... to avoid that ...

“So you’re going to obey me aren’t you, Debs? Obey me and serve me and do whatever I order. Because if you don’t ... well ... I can just see those headlines, can’t you, slave? All those millions of readers and viewers all over the world. All looking at your face and your body and wondering just how much of a slut you really are and wishing they had the chance to meet you and have you as their bondage-slave. You’d be famous, honey. So famous that I doubt if there’d be anywhere you could go where someone wouldn’t recognize you,” Marcie paused and chuckled coldly, “Of course, that might turn out to be a bit of a problem if they decided to do something about it, don’t you think? Like kidnapping you for themselves, maybe ...”

Debbie shuddered, her blood running cold at the thought. Before her capture and enslavement by Marcie, it had never crossed her mind that such things could happen, or that there might be people ruthless enough to not only dream of forcing others to serve them as sex-slaves, but to actually make it happen. But her months as Marcie's slave had taught her that there were, because otherwise, where had her bonds and collar and chastity-belt come from?

And the camera-crew gave no indication that there was anything at all unusual in filming a helplessly bound and gagged woman being whipped and tormented. They seemed quite unmoved by her plight and that only reinforced her conclusion that bondage and sexual slavery was nowhere near as rare as she had always assumed...and hoped. Marcie was cruel and demanding, but anyone else might be even worse. Not that Debbie had a choice in any event ...

After being paraded around the cellar for some time, she was relieved when her leash was clipped to a ring on one of the support pillars and the cameras were switched off, signaling, or so she thought, the end of her humiliation. But her relief changed to apprehension and outright alarm when she heard Marcie and Mistress Starr begin to discuss scenarios for their unwilling "star".

Scenarios that included disciplinary whipping, remotely-controlled arousal, enforced climaxes and oral servicing of her Mistress ... all to culminate in "the big finish" ... whatever that might be ... Debbie tried as hard as she could to summon-up the willpower and courage to resist, struggling to find the last, flickering remnants of the free and independent young woman she had once been. But her training was too thorough, her conditioning as a slave too strong, her obedience and submission too deeply ingrained in her mind and body to be overcome and as she was forced to confront the reality of her complete and utter defeat, Debbie gasped to the uncontrollable heat that flared through her belly to the knowledge of her final capitulation to the slavery imposed upon her.

Marcie had beaten her and though Debbie tried to convince herself that she would never give in completely and accept her cousin's ruthless domination without a fight, she knew in her heart that she could never win and that no matter what she did, she couldn't escape her fate. Mistress Starr took over for the second stage of Debbie's

ordeal and led the hapless blonde over to where a pair of chains dangled from an overhead beam and clipped them to her collar, then ordered her to spread her legs and secured her ankles to wide-set ring bolts. Stepping back to give the cameras an unobstructed view of Debbie's helpless exposure, the tall dominant took a long, coiled whip of polished black leather from her belt and with an expert flick of her wrist sent it hissing through the air.

"A slave such as you needs to be firmly disciplined in order to ensure her obedience." she said calmly, "With the help of your Mistress, I shall now apply it."

Debbie shuddered wildly, her eyes fixed on the whip and her mind quailing as she tried to imagine how it would feel when the lash struck her. Marcie had whipped her many times and despite the pain, Debbie had learned to endure and even come to derive masochistic excitement and sexual pleasure from her punishments and the knowledge that she was being trained and conditioned to respond as her cousin's personal slave.

But this powerful woman was a stranger to her and Debbie was terrified that she might be unable to prevent herself from responding in the same way. For to do so, to feel her belly swirl with slave-heat and her sex ooze with the slick juices of her submission, would mean that she had become a full slave, incapable of controlling her need or reserving her passion for her Mistress ... a hot, wanting slut at the mercy of her own overwhelming lust ... and easy prey for any Master or Mistress who cared to exert their dominance over her ...

Mistress Starr moved behind her and as she raised her whip, Debbie clenched her fingers and toes in fragile determination that she would not ... not ... not ... allow herself to surrender. The first stroke landed across her buttocks and Debbie threw her head back, her eyes filled with stark disbelief and a shrill scream filtering past her gag as blazing fire, hotter and fiercer than she had ever known, branded her flesh with a vivid scarlet stripe. A second, a third and she pleaded for mercy, any thought of resistance driven from her reeling brain by the inferno engulfing her bottom.

"You will obey, slave!" Mistress Starr paused for a moment, "Instantly and perfectly!" and as Debbie nodded in frantic agreement, the whip curled around her

left hip, its tip flicking across the steel ring transfixing her clitoris and wringing a shriek of anguish from the blonde as a savage mixture of pain and pleasure jolted straight to the core of her belly.

With consummate skill born of long hours of practice, Mistress Starr repeated the lash across Debbie's right hip and as her clitoris burned and throbbed to the cruelly-delicious torment, Debbie's belly kicked violently as her pain was swamped by a towering wave of unbearable arousal. And as the whip rose to snap at her ringed nipples and the soft under-curves of her breasts, the whimpering, gasping slave was propelled into a gigantic orgasm, her body shaking to massive convulsions that sent a river of boiling juices flooding into her pounding belly as she was forced to submit to the ecstatic anguish of a slave's helpless climax to the whip of a skilled Mistress.

There was not even the faintest chance of concealing or disguising the completeness of her surrender and as she writhed and pulsed in her release, the cameras whirred on, recording every contraction of her belly and quiver of her breasts as Debbie exhibited the immense depth and extent of her enforced rapture. Watching her, Marcie smiled in satisfaction, knowing that there was already more than enough blackmail material in the cameras to ensure that her cousin would remain totally subservient to her for as long as she wished to keep her as a slave ... and that would be a long, long time.

But Debbie's "performance" was by no means over and as her spasms slowly began to ease, Marcie moved forward to take over from Mistress Starr. As Marcie mockingly congratulated her on her Oscar-winning performance, Debbie's wide blue eyes reflected her shame and despair, then filled with horror as the brunette pulled the remote-control from her pocket. Debbie knew only too well what the small box could do to her via the dildos embedded in her sex and anus and understood that with her body already sensitized from her orgasm, its results would be devastating.

For the benefit of the cameras and to Debbie's shamefaced humiliation, Marcie explained exactly how her slave was penetrated and the functions of the box, then casually demonstrated the effect of each particular button. Gasping and squealing, flinching and clawing at her chains as irresistible, unstoppable combinations of exquisite arousal and sharp jolts of electricity stabbed through her belly and bottom,

Debbie wailed fervent pleas for mercy into her gag as Marcie built her need to fever-pitch, taking her to the brink of orgasm again and again and then shocking her to deny her the release she craved with every atom of her quivering, sweating body.

Until, calculating that Debbie was far beyond humiliation or any hope of self-control, the ruthless brunette told her wild-eyed captive that she would take pity on her and let her climax ... after she proved what a hot little slut she was by using her tongue to satisfy both of her Mistresses ...

The realization that she was to be forced to display her obedience and subjugation in such an intensely intimate and submissive fashion, sent Debbie's arousal even higher as her brain pictured how her actions would appear to the cameras and the strangers who would witness and record her shame, but the tumultuous havoc unleashed in her belly gave her no option and as she nodded urgently and her face flushed a deep crimson, Marcie and Mistress Starr chuckled cruelly, their eyes glittering with pleasurable anticipation.

Working together, the two dominants quickly prepared Debbie for her next trial, leaving her legs widely spread, but releasing the chains to her collar and then attaching one of them to her cuffed wrists and hauling her arms upwards so that she was forced to bend forward until her torso was parallel to the floor. It was the same horribly-stressful position that Marcie had used to extract Debbie's Bank account authorization code from her and in it, the blonde was completely helpless and vulnerable, her breasts dangling invitingly, buttocks perfectly positioned for a whipping and, with the dildos removed, her sex and anus fully exposed and accessible.

"Head up, slave." Mistress Starr ordered and when Debbie obeyed, clipped a chain to the rear of her gag-strap and tensioned it back to her wrists, preventing her from lowering her head.

Staring straight ahead and with her mouth at crotch-height of her Mistresses, Debbie shivered as the thick steel dildo was twisted free of its connection and pulled from her mouth and without waiting to be told, immediately extended her tongue as far as she could through the steel ring that continued to hold her lips stretched in a wide **O**. Mistress Starr nodded in approval, then eased her tight black dress up her

thighs and moved forward until the lips of her shaven sex brushed Debbie's mouth.

"You may pleasure me now, slave."

Debbie hesitated, taking a deep breath ... only to feel the hot sting of a lash burn across her upraised bottom cheeks and hear Marcie snap.

"Do it, bitch and you'd better make a good job of it."

Suppressing a squeal, the blonde did what she must and as she licked the velvet-soft folds of the sex of the tall Mistress, she felt her own belly flutter and swirl with furious heat to the incredible eroticism of her enforced servitude. She redoubled her efforts, her tongue delving deep into the moist channel of the woman's sex and her stretched lips nuzzling at her delicate labia as she felt Marcie's whip tap menacingly against the ring dangling from her pierced clitoris, the warning crystal-clear.

In response, Mistress Starr began to give little breathy gasps in time with the quivering of her belly as Debbie's busy tongue brought her ever-nearer to climax and when she reached her peak, she seized Debbie's head in her hands and pulled her lips tight to the joint of her thighs as her sex pulsed to release a spray of hot, sweet juices. Unable to close her lips or pull back, Debbie's mouth and nostrils were filled with the taste and scent of Mistress Starr's orgasm and although not at all unpleasant, the blonde was relieved when the grip on her head loosened and she was able to rest her tongue. But only until Marcie ordered.

"Clean up your Mistress, slut. Every last drop," and accompanied it with a sharp rap of her whip to Debbie's clitoris ring.

Any show of resistance or unwillingness would have been utter madness, earning Debbie a punishment and quite probably losing her the orgasm she longed for ... and she knew it. Sticking out her tongue again, she lapped and sucked obediently at Mistress Starr's belly and thighs until every trace of the silvery juices of her pleasure was removed ... and was astonished when the woman reached down to pat her cheek and murmured,

"Thank you, my dear, that was lovely. You are really rather skillful and I'm sure that if you keep practicing, you have the potential to become a quite outstanding slave."

Debbie felt an odd mixture of gratitude and alarm at her words, because although they meant that she had succeeded in pleasing a stranger, the downside was that she had proven herself to be the slave that Marcie wanted her to be and given her cousin an even greater incentive to hold her captive and subjugate her still further. Marcie had clearly come to the same conclusion.

“See, Debs. I told you so. I always knew you would turn out to be a sexy little slut as soon as I got a collar on your neck. And you’ve just proved I was right. So you’d better get that tongue of yours practicing again and show me just what an outstanding slave you can be.”

And as the brunette took Mistress Starr’s place, Debbie was given no choice but to demonstrate her oral skills for a second time ... With her lips pressed to Marcie’s body, she was unaware of what was going on behind her and when a hand began to spank her bare buttocks, the combination of helpless obedience she was required to give and the growing, shamefully-pleasurable warmth that spread through her bottom, only added fresh fuel to the fires of masochistic lust raging in her belly. Heedless of the cameras, Debbie’s hips began to flex and jiggle erotically as she tried to use the minimal movement allowed her by her bondage to offer herself to the hands that tormented her so deliciously, but as cool fingers gripped her clitoris ring and Mistress Starr’s voice murmured.

“Keep still and concentrate on satisfying your Mistress, slave. This is about her pleasure, not yours.” the hapless blonde whimpered softly and was forced to ignore her own almost overwhelming desires as the reality of her abject slavery was reinforced yet again.

Using every ounce of her hard-won expertise, Debbie licked and sucked urgently at her cousin’s belly, knowing that the only way to earn herself a climax was to satisfy Marcie first and then hope that she would keep her promise. Which she might not, because, after all and as she frequently reminded Debbie, she was only a slave ...

“Now, slut,” Marcie snapped waspishly, “Bring me off now!” and as her whip slashed across Debbie’s buttocks, the blonde gave a muffled squeal of pain and speared her tongue into her Mistress’s quivering sex, licking frantically to trigger her orgasm.

With a deep groan of pleasure, Marcie came, her belly convulsing powerfully to bathe Debbie's face and lips in a flood of her juices and as the chained girl obediently swallowed every drop and licked her body clean without waiting to be told, the grinning brunette chuckled in triumph. Debbie had done exceptionally well considering her relative inexperience and given the added factors of being forced to serve an unknown Mistress in full view of a battery of cameras.

Marcie was extremely pleased with her performance...and even more pleased with her own sound judgement in recognizing that Debbie was a natural submissive. That accurate assessment had brought Marcie a great deal of wealth and given her all the things she had always wanted and envied...but best of all, it had given her Debbie as her own personal sex-toy and slave. And the blonde's training was nearly complete. Just one more stage to go and her transformation would be permanent and irreversible...if it wasn't already. The "big finish" that was to form the climax of the film ...

Trembling with unsatisfied need, Debbie shuddered as Marcie moved behind her and gave the dildo in her sex the quarter-turn that enabled the thick shaft to be withdrawn from her body, the brunette chuckling again as a stream of silvery juices trickled down Debbie's spread thighs in unmistakable confirmation of her surrenders to the sexual torment she had been forced to undergo. The helpless blonde flushed as she was shown the glistening dildo, then gulped as her Mistress spoke cheerfully.

"Well, slave, I suppose you'd like your climax now, would you? I think you've probably earned it and even I'm not cruel enough to deprive you of something you've worked so hard for." Then she straightened and turned to Mistress Starr, "Over to you." she said firmly, "This slave is quite clearly as ready as she'll ever be."

The tall Mistress nodded, clicking her fingers and as the two men quickly fitted tripods to their cameras and focused them on Debbie, a chill of horrified suspicion ran through her bent body. And when the men walked to her and took positions before and behind her, she knew ...

She sucked in a deep breath to scream as the man in front unzipped his trousers to free his erect maleness, but almost before her shrill wail of anguished despair had

begun, it was cut short in a spluttering gasp as his shaft plunged through the steel ring stretching her lips and deep into her mouth. Gagged by his stiffened flesh, she gave a nasal whine as a second shaft drove into her slickly-lubricated sex, penetrating her mercilessly and driving her forward onto the first until her lips were crushed against the man's coarse pubic hair.

Pinned between the two, Debbie was hopelessly trapped, her mouth and sex both filled with iron-hard erections that she was powerless to eject and as her brain reeled to the stunning shock of her double violation, she knew that Marcie had never forgotten her threat to have Debbie trained to serve both Mistresses and Masters. A foaming wave of scalding juices erupted into her belly as her body responded to her appallingly-erotic plight and as the men coordinated their thrusts, driving her back and forth onto their rigid shafts, she could not hold back the climaxes that tore through her defenseless frame.

Standing back, Marcie's lips curved into a cruel, cold smile as she watched her cousin's helpless subjugation and as the panting, shuddering blonde writhed and pulsed to the irresistible power of the orgasms forced upon her, it was almost impossible to equate the fiercely-hot, deeply-masochistic and utterly submissive slave-slut helplessly serving two men at the same time, with the shy, inexperienced and sexually-repressed young woman that Debbie had been only a few short months before.

Deprived of her liberty, clothes, wealth and the ability to control her destiny, Debbie had been forced to surrender to any and every demand made upon her and as her tongue and lips licked and sucked feverishly at one shaft and her buttocks gyrated lewdly to impale herself even more deeply on the other, the last faint traces of her former life of sweet innocence were swept away in the incandescent inferno of enforced sexual passion marking her final and irrevocable descent into life-long slavery to her merciless relative.

Shuddering in the throes of a devastating orgasm, Debbie whimpered as the hard flesh plundering her mouth grew larger still, then began to spasm as its owner reached his peak and as powerful sprays of hot, salty seed jetted into the back of her throat, she gulped and swallowed frantically, her eyes wide with humiliation and

fear....and overwhelmingly intense excitement as her very first experience of pleasuring a man as a bound and helpless sex-slave sent wave after wave of gigantic sexual arousal storming through her whole body ...

Far beyond any hope or thought of self-control, Debbie hurtled into an abyss of endless servitude and slavery and as her belly convulsed powerfully to the shattering knowledge of her own unleashed desire for subjugation and enforced submission, a flood of boiling, swirling juices crashed down over the throbbing shaft buried deep within her sex as she climaxed and climaxed again as the slave she had truly become. And as the second man felt her internal muscles grip and squeeze his embedded maleness, he could hold back no longer.

With a hoarse grunt, he plunged to the pit of her pounding belly to release his spend and as Debbie felt his hot juices hose into her body to mingle with her own, she arched into a straining, panting bow, her fingers clawing at the chain above her as an immense, unstoppable orgasm thundered over her. Then, writhing, squealing, jerking helplessly to the explosive contractions that raged unchecked through her entire body, Debbie surrendered utterly to the fate she was no longer able ... or willing ... to resist, plumbing the depths of her ultimate submission and displaying the full extent of her sexual passion and ecstasy, heedless of the eyes and the cameras watching her and recording every spasm and convulsion of her pulsing belly and quivering breasts as she came with the awesome power of a full slave.

Until, after long, endless minutes of delirious ecstasy and with the two drained men back behind their cameras, Debbie's sexual fury began to ease and she slowly became aware that every muscle of her body was aching and protesting and that she was still heavily chained and spread.

"Yes, we should have some excellent shots of her climaxes. I'm sure you'll be pleased."

"I'm sure I will. Don't forget I want close-ups of her using her mouth on your cameraman as well as her pleasuring both of us."

"Of course. Editing and finishing will take about ten days and then I'll deliver the videos and still photos personally."

“Great. And what about negatives and copies and stuff?”

“Either burned or given to you. Please don’t worry. I have a reputation to maintain, so I keep personal control at all times. If any of my clients’ images become public property, it is because that is the way they want it,” Mistress Starr sounded aggrieved that her standards had been questioned.

Marcie took no notice.

“OK, then. That’s fine. Well, I suppose we’re finished then?”

“As you wish ... but if I may suggest one more short scene. What I call a “wrap-up” shot.”

“Anything you like. I’ll leave it to you.”

“Thank you. Then I’ll get your slave ready.”

Debbie listened to the conversation in growing alarm and humiliation, well aware that once the videos were in Marcie’s hands, her cousin wouldn’t hesitate to use their contents to blackmail her. But then, as Debbie visualized some of the things that she might be made to do under the threat of the tapes, she felt a glow of shamefully-pleasurable heat warm her belly and realized that the idea excited her far more than it worried her ...

Even without the tapes, she knew that she had changed ... or been changed...so much that she could never go back to what she had once been and although she had never wanted to be Marcie’s slave, there was a strangely-seductive appeal in being so totally controlled by someone else. Without really knowing when, or how, or even why it had happened, Debbie only knew that it had and as she simply accepted the fact and the new life that went with it, the glow in her belly turned to a hot, bright fire ... or the “wrap-up” shot, Debbie found herself kneeling on the hard stone floor with her ankles and calves strapped immovably to her thighs so that almost all of her weight rested on her knees, held apart by a short spreader-bar. But only almost all, for a small proportion was taken by the tight chains that ran from her nose-ring and her heavy steel collar to a beam high above her, forcing her to keep her spine rigidly erect.

At her nipples, small weights dangled on springs and a heavier version hung suspended from her ringed clitoris, ensuring that the tiniest movement of her body was transformed into erratic and unpredictable tugs at her piercings. And to ensure that she could not possibly avoid tormenting herself, both remote-controlled dildos were locked into her sex and anus and set to administer a random mixture of arousal and electric shocks at a level of intensity that made involuntary movement quite certain.

The third dildo locked into her mouth kept her quiet and with a thick leather blindfold over her eyes and wax plugs inserted into her ears, Debbie was as helpless as she had ever been. As helpless and as aroused, for the stringency of her bondage, her inability to control, or even anticipate the pleasure or pain the dildos inflicted on her, combined with her ignorance of the length of time she had endured and must continue to endure, or even whether she was alone or was being watched by her captors as well as the impersonal lenses of the cameras trained on her, all worked on her submissive and masochistic nature to keep her sexual arousal bubbling at a point frustratingly just below that needed to propel her into orgasm.

Which she knew was exactly what Mistress Starr had intended when she had bound her ... In her dark, silent, uncomfortable world, Debbie quivered and gasped as the dildos activated, then gasped again as the weights swung at her nipples and clitoris. She was close, so tantalizingly close, to the pleasure she craved but was not permitted to achieve and as her need grew stronger still, the slave who had once been wealthy, pampered Debbie Corrigan, begged into her gag for the mercy that she knew would never be shown and waited helplessly for whatever her captors and her own Mistress chose to demand from her.

Knowing that whatever that might be, she must and would serve perfectly, for she was a slave and her body burned with the heat of a slave's irresistible need ... without any warning, whips painted stinging lines of fire across her thighs and belly, then rose to her breasts and as Debbie squealed and jerked to the cruelly-delicious pain that blazed through her body, the ruthless punishment drove her over the edge of her erotic fantasies and into a huge, uncontrollable slave-orgasm.

Incapable of holding back for even a moment, Debbie submitted instantly and as a

towering flood of her juices erupted into her belly, she came as a full slave to the whips of her unknown attackers, her instinctive and quite automatic response confirming beyond any possible doubt, that she had truly and forever become a genuine slave. And it was as a true and full slave that Debbie was left in her bonds with her whip-striped breasts, belly and thighs smarting unmercifully as her Mistress and Mistress Starr and the two cameramen adjourned to the luxurious comfort of the house above her to celebrate the success of their filming with several glasses of superb champagne.

It was almost two hours before Marcie waved her guests away from the house and when she eventually returned to the cellar, Debbie's blindfold was wet with tears from the aching of her knees on the hard stone, the unrelenting torment of her spring-weighted nipples and clitoris and the still-buzzing dildos in her sex and anus. For a long time, Marcie simply stood watching, drinking-in the sight of her weeping cousin and relishing the knowledge of her absolute power over her blonde slave.

Debbie's home, her money, her body and her whole life lay in the palm of Marcie's hand and as her lips twisted into a cruel smile of triumph and malice, her hands reached for her whip and the remote-control box. Off, then on to maximum arousal. Off and a stroke of the whip. On, with a jolt from the electric shock button. Two whip strokes and two seconds of arousal. Electric shock.

The whip again. Arousal. Pain. Pleasure. Again and again, but never enough of either to permit Debbie to come. Cruel, delicious, unbearably-pleasurable torment and training for a helpless slave. Fun for the slave's Mistress.

Debbie knew that the hand guiding the whip and the finger on the remote-control button belonged to Marcie, even though she was blindfolded and her ears were plugged. No-one, not even Mistress Starr, was so cruel, or knew and understood her so well. Only Marcie could bring Debbie so close to ecstasy....then snatch it away when it was so nearly within her grasp. Marcie was strong, like the steel she had used to bind Debbie. Marcie was pitiless, as merciless as the whip that punished Debbie.

Marcie was utterly dominant, controlling Debbie like the dildos in her belly. Marcie was her Mistress and Debbie knew she always would be. Marcie owned a slave ...

and that slave was Debbie.

And when at last ... at long, long last ... Debbie's Mistress relented and turned the dildos to maximum arousal, her humble, obedient, deeply grateful slave shrieked her joy and ecstasy and willing submission into her gag and erupted into a volcanic orgasm, surpassing anything that had gone before as the immense power of her uncontrollable passion and need and love for the bondage subjugation imposed on her and ingrained into the very core of her brain by Marcie's ruthless discipline and training, excluded everything but the one blazing essential from her mind. The absolute imperative to please and serve her feared Mistress to the uttermost limit of her abilities. As the perfect slave that her Mistress required her to be ...

Ten days after the photo-shoot and true to her word, Mistress Starr delivered the videos and still pictures of Debbie's ordeal and accepted Marcie's offer of dinner, a private showing of the film, accommodation for the night ... and the use of her slave ...

Fetches from her cell, Debbie spent the entire evening on her knees, orally pleasuring one or other of her Mistresses as they ate and drank and watched the tapes of her humiliation and submissions while enjoying the services of her tongue and lips and using their whips to instruct her in the finer points of satisfying their desires. By bed-time, her buttocks were covered in angry red whip-marks, her jaws ached from her efforts and she was incredibly aroused and in need, because although each of her Mistresses had had several delightful orgasms, Debbie had not and was on fire with sexual frustration.

But neither Mistress was prepared to show a slave the smallest mercy in front of the other and when Debbie was ordered to her belly, her ankles doubled-up to her buttocks in a stringent hogtie and her penis-gag replaced, she could only moan in despair as the two dominants set the video on its "Repeat" cycle, then wished her a mocking "Goodnight," and went to bed, leaving her with only the crystal-clear images and sounds of her own ultimate sexual subjugation for company.

Part 10

Ten months had passed since Marcie had bound and collared her cousin as her slave

and in that time, Debbie had been trained and disciplined to obey and serve her Mistress in every possible way. To such good effect that the blonde rarely thought of the freedom and luxury of choice she had once enjoyed. That life, almost incomprehensible to her now, was gone forever, replaced by the chains and whips of her slavery, the total and instant submission she must give and which had become second nature to her, the sexual pleasure that it was her duty to provide, on demand, to her Mistress ... and the ever-present swirling of slave-heat in her own belly, waiting only for the caress of hand, or lips, or whip to fan the embers of her passion into a white-hot inferno that she was powerless to control.

Fully-accustomed by now to the incredibly strict and severe bondage imposed on her, Debbie's arms, feet and jaws had adapted so well that her cuffs and chains hindered her hardly at all and presented no obstacle to the perfection of her service to her Mistress. Or to her pleasuring of the casual partners that Marcie brought back to the house and ordered her to satisfy ...

Each time, Debbie knew that she should at least try to resist and show that she was not the hot, needy slut they all instantly assumed she was. To make them understand that she was a helpless captive, forced to obey and serve them against her will.

But each time, her ingrained submission and the all-too-evident sexual heat emanating from every pore of her body as she was offered to strangers to use or punish as they desired, was too powerful to overcome and as her body and mind responded fiercely and instantly to their touch, she could not help but betray the helpless passion of the slave she had been trained and conditioned to be.

With the inevitable results, for Marcie was careful to ensure that everyone she brought to the house was of a like mind to herself and had few inhibitions or compunction about enforcing their demands on a defenseless slave. Especially one whose Mistress went out of her way to assure them that her slave was hopelessly addicted to the most extreme bondage and subjugation and loved nothing better than being whipped ...

Suspended upside-down from chains to her hugely-spread ankles, Debbie screamed and writhed in torment as a whip snapped and bit at the exposed tissues of her unprotected sex and ringed clitoris to send bolts of searing pain and unwanted,

unstoppable waves of masochistic lust crashing through her quaking belly as the unknown man, urged on by Marcie, lashed her towards climax, then reversed the whip and thrust the thick, leather handle deep into her flooded belly to bring forth even more powerful and frenzied convulsions as the callous humiliation triggered a stupendous orgasm that Debbie could do nothing to hold back or conceal.

The man gazed down at her and shook his head in astonishment, then gave a cruel laugh.

“Unbelievable,” he said, “Where did you find the randy bitch?”

Marcie grinned evilly.

“I didn’t find her,” she replied, “I made her.” and when the man frowned, added, “Oh, it’s true. She was my sweet, rich little cousin until I collared her and trained her to be the slave-slut she is now. You wouldn’t think it now, but she used to be so shy that she’d only ever had sex once before I got hold of her.”

“And now?” the man asked curiously.

Marcie chuckled.

“Now, she has sex with anyone I give her to. Whoever, whenever and however it pleases me to order her to serve. Like you, for example.”

The man’s face flushed and Marcie chuckled again.”

Oh, there’s no need to be embarrassed. She’s a slave and that’s what she’s for. Unzip your trousers for a minute and I’ll show you how well I’ve trained her.”

After a short hesitation, he complied and as his large, partially-erect shaft sprang free, Marcie nodded in appreciation.

“Well, I’m definitely not going to let that go to waste on a slave.” she grinned, “But I’m guessing you won’t object if I order her to give you a little encouragement, will you?”

As the man shook his head and moved slowly forward, Marcie snapped.

“Pleasure him, slut, but do not make him come, or you will be severely displeased.”

Debbie knew exactly what her Mistress’s displeasure would involve and as the man slid his shaft through the steel ring stretching her lips, she began to suck and lick delicately at his flesh, feeling it begin to lengthen and swell as his arousal grew until her cheeks bulged and the tip of his erection almost reached the back of her throat, forcing her to breathe through her nose and control her instinctive reaction to pull away.

It was a graphic demonstration of Debbie’s obedience and submission...but the only beneficiary was Marcie for as soon as the man was as hard as he could be, he and Marcie disappeared upstairs to enjoy the fruits of Debbie’s efforts in the comfort and luxury that she was never permitted, leaving her suspended and hopelessly vulnerable to endure the pain and discomfort of her bonds and the smarting of her whip-stripped sex and clitoris until her Mistress and her lover chose to return.

Knowing that when they did, it would only be to inflict still more punishment and force her to exhibit once again the limitless extent of her capacity to respond to any and every torment they cared to impose upon her...and thereby prove herself to be the total slave-slut they already knew her to be. And which Debbie, too, knew to be the awful truth of her new and lowly status ...

The first of Marcie’s female lovers was intrigued by Debbie’s piercings and after being given the go-ahead by Marcie, wasted no time in experimenting with the painful and humiliating bondage that could be imposed on the hapless blonde. Her body perfectly displayed before the two dominants, Debbie dared not move or even gasp as her steel-cinched breasts were lifted and supported while short, heavy chains were attached to her nipple-rings ... but when the other ends of the chains were clipped to the ring transfixing her nose and the arm supporting her breasts taken away, she could not hold back the whimper of anguish that burst from her nose as the full weight of her tautened globes tugged painfully at her pierced nipples and the delicate lining of her nostrils.

With her posture-collar holding her head rigidly erect, she couldn’t bend her neck to ease the strain and as the woman selected another chain and used it to connect her nose-ring to the one at her clitoris, adjusting the length so that the tender nubbin

was fully extended, Debbie's eyes filled with alarm and she did the only thing she could to relieve the horrible discomfort, letting her shoulders slump so that the chain loosened.

"Crack," a stinging line of fire blazed across her buttocks and Marcie snapped.

"Get those shoulders back, slut. Display your body properly." Debbie was forced to accept the throbbing tension of her chain-harnessed piercings ... or face the far more painful consequences of disobeying her Mistress.

Instantly resuming her position and fighting to ignore the sharp twinges from her stretched nipples and clitoris and the fierce smarting of her buttocks, the blonde slave shivered in fear and winced as the involuntary tremors tugged menacingly at her flesh, her eyes widening as she realized that the slightest movement on her part would result in more of the same.

"Hmm." the woman rubbed her chin thoughtfully, "We can't have her defying us like that, can we, Marcie? Hand me that longer chain, will you. I think I can see a way to fix her."

Feeding half of the chain through Debbie's clitoris-ring, she led each end down and through the ring of an ankle-cuff, back up behind her to pass through her ear-rings and then back down to her cuffed elbows.

"Now then, slave," she said cheerfully, "A little tightening and let's see what happens."

Inch by inch, the chains shortened and as the steel links pulled down at her ear-rings, the horrified blonde hollowed her spine further and further in vain efforts to relieve the increasing pressure. Until, with her body arched as tightly as a bowstring, the chains were clipped to her elbow-cuffs and the woman stepped back to inspect her handiwork. Knowing that any movement on her part would tug at her pierced flesh, Debbie could only watch with frightened, pleading eyes as the woman turned to Marcie and asked if it would be all right to exercise her slave for a while.

"Help yourself," the brunette agreed, "But let's not be too long, eh? My nice, soft bed is waiting for us and we wouldn't want to be too tired to enjoy ourselves, would

we?”

The woman chuckled.

“Definitely not, darling. OK, then, let’s see how obedient this little slut is. I want to see how those chains affect her when she walks around.”

Marcie grinned and walked over to the rack on the wall where she selected a long, flexible whip with two thin tails and tossed it to her partner.

“Just in case she needs a little encouragement.” she said, then added, “Don’t be afraid to use it if she’s slow. The little bitch deserves it and always gets excited and turned-on when she’s being disciplined. Don’t you, slave?”

With the steel penis-gag filling her mouth and so tightly chained that she wasn’t even able to nod, Debbie’s silence was taken as assent and as the woman snapped.

“Walk around the cellar, slut!” two whips hissed out to burn stripes of flaring heat across her buttocks and thighs.

At every step, no matter how careful, the cunningly-arranged chains pulled at Debbie’s ringed flesh, punishing her with sharp twinges of pain as she moved around the cellar, but her slow progress was insufficient to satisfy her captors and as Marcie snapped.

“Faster, slut. Get a move on!” she was forced into a clumsy jog-trot that made her breasts jiggle and redoubled her torment until she winced and whimpered in anguished despair.

In a desperate bid to lessen the awful tugging at her flesh, she began to lift each foot in an unnatural, high-stepping gait....only to hear the woman chuckle with delight and exclaim, “Why didn’t you tell me you were training her as a pony-girl, Marcie? She’ll look fabulous harnessed to a pony-cart. You will let me drive her, I hope. I’d love to see her fully harnessed between the shafts.”

“Actually, I hadn’t thought of that!” Marcie replied cheerfully, “But now that you mention it, what a terrific idea. Do you know somewhere I can have her trained?”

“No, but I’m sure there’ll be a site on the web. If you’ve got a computer, we can have a look, if you like.”

“Tomorrow.” Marcie said firmly, “It’s late and I’ve got other plans for us for the rest of this evening.”

“Sounds good to me.” The woman smiled, “Watching your little slut trotting around down here has made me hot and randy. Let’s go to bed and take her with us. I assume she knows how to please us?”

“She’d better, honey,” Marcie nodded, and as her whip hissed down across Debbie’s taut belly, she snapped, “Move it, bitch. Up to my bedroom. You’ve got work to do.”

The walk upstairs was a painful ordeal for Debbie, the relentless tugging at her nipples and clitoris and ears as she teetered up and through the house on her high heels, interspersed with dozens of lashes from the whips of her captors as they urged her on. It was only the second time in almost a year that she had left the confines of the cellar and the stark contrast between the luxury and comfort of what had once been her home and the cold, bare stone of her dungeon prison drove home the harsh truth of her slavery and brought the glint of tears to Debbie’s eyes as she saw what had been taken from her and knew that it was gone forever.

And it was as a helpless slave that she knelt before her Mistress and her Mistress’s lover, sucking and licking urgently at their bellies as she aroused them both for the lovemaking and sexual pleasure that each was to enjoy with the other as the night progressed. Their pleasure enhanced by the sight of Debbie’s naked, re-gagged and heavily-chained body standing on the tips of her toes beside the bed, her nose-ring connected to a ring in the ceiling by a short, thick chain that forced her to remain a fully stretched and utterly helpless observer of the erotic coupling taking place on the bed just below her.

An observer who would take no part and receive none of the pleasure, but whose very presence would serve to deepen and intensify the pleasures of her captors, her body within easy reach of their whips and her gag-muffled whimpers of pain and misery providing a source of amusement and delight in the intervals between their sexual unions ...

For the anniversary of Debbie's enslavement, Marcie ordered a special present for her cousin and invited her latest lover to help her set up the gift and witness the blonde's first experience of its use. Brought up from her cell by her Mistress and her tall, elegant blonde companion, Debbie was resigned to what she assumed was to be a repetition of her sexual services to Marcie's previous partners and was simply praying not to be too severely punished.

The fact that her remotely-controlled dildos were not installed in her sex and anus gave her some slight hope that this time, she might even be permitted to climax rather than endure the misery of remaining frustrated and in need simply for their amusement as they made love in front of her...but she couldn't really believe it would happen ... She was surprised when Marcie opened the internal door to the four-car garage and ordered her in and as she walked into the large space, immediately looked around to see what was in store for her. Apart from Marcie's gleaming new convertible sports car and a big four-by-four with blacked-out windows, the garage contained nothing unusual except a small steel cage of the type used to transport medium-sized dogs, its top and door hinged open.

"On your knees, slut!" Marcie snapped, pointing to the cage, "Crawl inside, right up to the end."

Debbie froze, her mind reeling at the prospect of being imprisoned in the tiny barred cage which looked far too narrow and low to be capable of containing a child, let alone a fully-grown woman of her shape and size. Her hesitation would normally have earned Debbie a merciless punishment, but for once, Marcie seemed to be in a good mood and simply chuckled coldly.

"I shan't tell you twice, slut. Now, get inside before I lose patience with you."

The inference was quite clear and Debbie knew she had no choice if she was to avoid Marcie's wrath. With a soft whimper, she dropped to her knees and crawled to the cage, her eyes wide with horror as she inched her way into the interior, flinching as her naked shoulders and hips brushed against the cold steel, until her gagged cheeks met the foam-padded bars at the far end and her knees and shins rested in shaped molds that at least meant she was not required to kneel on the closely-spaced bars that formed the floor of the cage.

“Get down, slave.” Marcie ordered, “Go on. Right down.” and as Debbie bent until her steel-cinched breasts were squashed out sideways between her torso and her doubled thighs, the two women lowered the one-piece top and door.

Shuddering as the cold metal met her spine and arms, the hapless blonde was forced lower still, her folded body and legs trapped in a compressed “Z”-shape as the door was pushed down until a loud metallic “clunk” signaled that the spring-loaded lock had mated into its hasp. Three feet long, two-and-a-half high and less than eighteen inches wide, the cage held Debbie almost completely immobilized between the bars, unable to move backwards, forwards or sideways, her face wedged against the front, her high heel shod feet and raised buttocks tight against the rear. Horrified at the unrelenting compression of her body and limbs, Debbie tried to struggle, only to find that apart from being able to move her arms up and down an inch or so, she was utterly helpless.

And then, even that miniscule freedom was taken from her as her Mistress and the blonde used a number of small stainless steel shackles to secure her wrist, elbow, knee and ankle-cuffs to the bars, removing any possibility of Debbie altering her position by even a fraction. A shrill, gasping wail burst from her nose as cool fingers captured her clitoris and explored the velvet softness of her labia, but she was powerless to defend herself or escape the delicious torment and as her body responded with flaring heat and her sex instantly dampened with the juices of her enforced arousal, Debbie realized that, to anyone outside the cage, she was positioned in such a way as to be invitingly offered and hopelessly vulnerable.

With her thighs spread and her buttocks pressed to the bars, her clitoris, sex and anus were tempting targets that no dominant Master or Mistress would even try to resist and as she understood how easily she could be aroused or taken...without any way for her to refuse, or object, or even see who used her for their pleasure...her juices flowed in hot glistening streams from her belly and down her legs.

It was no longer possible for Debbie to resist the conditioning she had been subjected to and as she responded helplessly to the touch of her captors, her eyes filled with her overwhelming need and longing to submit as the full slave she was. She whimpered pitifully as the two women moved from behind her, but instead of

showing mercy, each crouched beside her and reached into the cage to capture her nipple-rings and pull each breast outwards until the rings could be shackled directly to the bars at her sides. Marcie stood up and grinned down at her cousin's cruelly-restrained body, then turned to her blonde companion.

"What do you think, Gerda? I reckon she's just about ready, so why don't you tell her about the little surprise party you've organized."

The blonde nodded and knelt down so that her pretty face was directly in front of Debbie.

"Hello, liebchen. I am so very pleased to meet you at last. Marcie has told me so much about you and now I know that it is all true. You are such a hot little slut, just as she said and I can see in your eyes that being caged and helpless excites you so much that you would beg to be given a climax if you could." Her low, soft voice had a noticeable German accent and as Debbie quivered to the accuracy of her words, Gerda nodded firmly. "Ja, you are ready, liebchen, so now we shall take you for a drive. It will take one hour and then we will arrive for the party where you are to be the star. As the guest of honor and caged as you are, you will be very popular and receive much attention from my friends, I think."

"Not much doubt about that!" Marcie confirmed harshly, "Gerda and her friends know exactly how to treat a slave, which is why I've just joined their club. And this weekend is for new members."

"That is so." Gerda agreed as Debbie's eyes bulged in terror and disbelief,

"After meeting your Mistress, I knew she was perfect for our club. And so are you, liebchen. I know my friends and I will enjoy your body in many ways, because it is clear you have great passion and cannot hide or control it and this is very good."

Debbie screamed into her gag, every muscle straining frantically in desperate, but utterly futile efforts to escape her bondage and as the horror of what was to come overwhelmed her, Marcie laughed and fetched the two dildos. Incapable of even the smallest resistance, Debbie screamed again as the huge metal shafts were thrust deep into her sex and anus and locked into place, but when they were switched on at

a low setting that was sufficient to keep her constantly aroused to fever-pitch, without ever letting her achieve the release of an orgasm, she knew that she was lost.

The constant stimulation was both inescapable and irresistible and as the cage was lifted into the back of the four-by-four and secured in the center of the load space by webbing straps, Debbie's belly coiled and burned with fierce slave-heat that would not be permitted to abate until she was displayed before Gerda's friends and they were invited to remove any, or all, of the dildos sealing her mouth, sex and anus and use her caged, chained body in any manner that pleased them. Marcie's acceptance as the latest club member was assured...and the price of her membership was Debbie's enforced, involuntary sexual subjugation and service to any and all of the other dominant Masters and Mistresses who would be present at the new members' party ...

Part 11 - EPILOGUE

Over the course of the following six months, Marcie and Gerda became far more than just sexual partners, their affection for each other growing stronger and deeper as they explored the boundaries of their power and control over Debbie and then extended and widened those boundaries, their mutual compatibility and shared passion to transform the hapless blonde into their vision of the ultimate sex and bondage slave, strengthening the bond between them until both felt incomplete without the other.

For her part, Debbie could only witness their growing closeness with alarm, for although they were united in their desire to subjugate her ever more deeply, each was competitive by nature and constantly sought to out-do the other in imposing increasingly-severe and stringent demands upon her. It was Marcie who decided to train her as a pony-girl...but Gerda was the one who came up with the idea of using reins attached to her nipple-rings rather than a bit in her mouth to signal her instructions.

Gerda wanted a treadmill to exercise her when the weather was bad outdoors...but Marcie chained Debbie's clitoris and nipples to the machine so that she was forced to run to the point of exhaustion. Marcie had her initials tattooed in two inch high

letters on Debbie's left hip and right shoulder-blade.

Gerda had Debbie's tongue pierced and a ring installed, making her lisp for several weeks and adding yet another method of binding her. Thankfully for Debbie, both called a halt at that point, but the underlying competitiveness remained and she lived in fear of the day when it re-emerged ...

And every day, every night, she served her Mistress and Gerda, struggling to learn their preferences and sexual triggers in order to provide them with the orgasmic ecstasy they demanded and were more-than-willing to whip from her if her performance failed to live up to their expectations. Her weekends, sometimes from Friday night until Monday morning, were spent at the club and often locked into her cage, her body available to any member until it became second nature to Debbie to pleasure anyone, man or woman, who demanded the services of her skilled tongue and lips, or chose to use her sex or anus.

She dared not refuse or fail to be fully satisfactory, for either resulted in severe punishment and as she submitted again and again, her own masochism and desire for subjugation sent her spiraling down into a total slavery that she would never escape ... and which, as her body seethed with the insatiable fires of her passion and her mind finally abandoned all attempts to retain control of her raging needs, Debbie could only welcome and embrace with the humble joy and acceptance of a true slave who knew she could be nothing else and no longer wished to be ...

Every member of the bondage club was present at Marcie's house to celebrate her decision to share her life and future with Gerda and after a brief, informal ceremony and reception, it was time for the pair to set off on a circuit of the grounds to give their guests time to disperse and leave them to their "honeymoon." In preparation for her role in the day's events, Debbie's body had been bathed, perfumed and oiled to a golden sheen, her slave-rings polished to glittering brilliance and the black steel of her cuffs, collar, corset and chastity-belt burnished to ebony perfection.

Then her mouth, sex and anus had been plugged with dildos and a thick leather isolation helmet worked down over her head and its laces tightened to mold the heavy leather to every contour of her face and seal her into impenetrable blackness and silence, the only opening, a shaped cut-out at her nostrils to enable her to

breathe and permit a leash to be clipped to her nose-ring. Helplessly obedient to the leash and unaware of her destination, she had been led out into the garden and tethered to a chain dangling from the branch of a tree, then left to wait as Marcie and Gerda prepared themselves for the arrival of their guests.

She could not sit down or move more than a few inches in any direction and had no way of knowing that she was the first thing that each guest would discover as he or she made their way to the reception. And each, of course, understanding that she was simply there as an amusing diversion to help pass the time until the proceedings began, stopped to toy with her for a few minutes, either gently or cruelly depending on their nature and mood ...

Fondled, pinched, spanked, her piercings tugged, clitoris and breasts caressed by knowing fingers and lips, Debbie was the defenseless target of them all, her body writhing and twisting to the pleasure and pain inflicted on her by the succession of Masters and Mistresses until they moved on to the champagne awaiting them and left her to the next arrival. In all, Debbie had three minor orgasms and as she stood trembling in her bonds, her belly and thighs stained with the juices of her surrenders, her brain raced with an erotic kaleidoscope of what more could so easily be imposed upon her, for her climaxes had only intensified her desire and she longed to be used fully.

But she was only a slave, her wishes and needs of little importance and her body merely a pleasurable distraction for the guests and as she was abandoned for the moment, was forced to wait until her services were required again. The sweat and juices of her submissions dried in the hot sun as she whimpered in need and loss, her lowly status reinforced by her frustrated inability to satisfy the urges of her swirling belly and the knowledge that any of the unknown Masters and Mistresses could easily have given her what she wanted, but had chosen not to.

Her isolation helmet allowed her no inkling that only a short distance away, her own Mistress and Gerda were exchanging their vows before the assembled guests and it was only after many toasts had been drunk to their future and they had been congratulated on their decision...and the provision of such a novel and entertaining garden adornment...that Debbie again became the center of attention,

Unaware that she was the focus of many appraising eyes, she stumbled forward as her nose-leash was unclipped and tugged firmly, then gasped in alarm as whips slashed across the backs of her thighs in a signal that had formed a large and painful part of her training as a pony-girl. Ingrained into her mind, she responded automatically and as her knees lifted into the graceful, high-stepping gait of an obedient pony, she was led in a prancing, jingling display across the grass to where a ribbon-bedecked, lightweight carriage awaited.

As soon as she was reversed between the shafts and felt the harness tighten around her waist, Debbie knew where she was what was required of her and as a bearing-rein was clipped to the top of her helmet and tensioned to keep her head arched back proudly, made herself stand perfectly still for the reins to be attached to the rings transfixing her stone-hard nipples. A noticeable increase of weight on the shafts at her waist told her that two passengers had boarded the carriage and as even pressure was exerted on the reins, she leaned into her harness and walked smoothly forward.

Half-a-dozen paces and the reins slapped briefly on her shoulders, instructing her to increase her speed to a trot, then as the left rein tightened, she turned in a gentle curving arc that sent her through the open gate and out into the grounds in blind, trusting response to the commands of her driver.

Behind her, the guests applauded and murmured their appreciation of her training and obedience, several of them making mental notes to ask Marcie for permission to exercise Debbie for themselves and experience the sight of her firmly-muscles buttocks at close quarters as she pulled them wherever they pleased. But not everyone was thinking of Debbie, for some had doubts about the long-term viability of the new relationship between Marcie and

Gerda ...

“I can’t see those two staying together very long, can you?”

“I doubt it. Six months, probably. A year at the most.”

“Mm, I agree. They’re too much alike. Both too strong-willed to back down or

compromise.”

“Definitely. I’d love to be a fly on the wall when they have an argument.”

“Yes, me too. But I’ll tell you something, I wouldn’t want to be their slave when they have had a row. Imagine what they’ll do to her if they’re both in a really bad mood?”

“And what if they do split up? Who gets the slave, I wonder? Not a choice I’d care to make. Although she won’t get a choice, of course.”

“Ah well. Not our problem, is it. Care for another drink?”

And with that, Debbie’s future, along with the problems and torments she might have to face, were consigned to the vagaries of fate ...

Some way down the road and oblivious to the discussion taking place back in the garden, Debbie trotted onwards with no thought in her mind other than the need to maintain her pace and remember to lift her knees high at every step. She was actually quite relaxed and happy, because she liked being a pony-girl and relished the exercise and the sun and fresh air. Even the helmet she wore couldn’t spoil her enjoyment and although she still had no idea who she was pulling, she didn’t really care because she was confident that whoever it was, at some point they would want to use her for their pleasure.

It wasn’t up to her to decide when, or where, or how it happened, but she was used to having no say or control over her life and body and the lack no longer bothered her. She was a pony-girl and a slave and there was no point in worrying about what she could not change. All she could do...had been trained to do...was serve any Master or Mistress to the absolute limit of her ability, surrendering herself utterly to their demands as she had been forced to surrender to her own uncontrollable sexual passions.

As of course, she would again, for her belly burned and her sex oozed with the juices of her anticipation of the moment when she would have to demonstrate the skills she had learned and prove beyond any shadow of doubt that Debbie Corrigan, once a free, wealthy heiress with the whole world at her feet, had been transformed into a fiercely hot and ultimately submissive sex-slave who would never be freed of her

chains, the steel collar which encircled her throat, or the gleaming rings that pierced her flesh.

Enslaved by her only relative, Debbie would spend the rest of her life as the captive of her cousin, her endless subjugation to Marcie's relentless dominance emphasizing and confirming the brunette's triumphant rise from the humiliating poverty of her former existence, to the riches and luxury appropriate to a woman who could easily afford to indulge herself in any way she desired.

Specifically, as the unquestioned Mistress of her own genuine and permanent slave, trained to obey and serve her in every possible way, with no limits except those she cared to set.

And Mistress Marcie cared to set very, very few

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