

Sharon's Luck

Category: Text Stories

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By Scott

Sharon cursed to herself as she had to make an awkward little hop-step up a curb, causing a jingling to emanate from her breasts. She cursed her luck, cursed the choice she'd made, and above all, she cursed the short little link locked between her thigh hobbles. People stared at her as she made her forced slow, hip-swaying walk down the pedestrian mall to her office building. They always stared. Why shouldn't they? She was the only one out walking along in a too-short, too-tight grey-blue state correctional department dress. She hated this. She hated every waking second of this. She subconsciously tried to turn her head, to not see into the laughing eyes of the other pedestrians.

For the thousandth time, the too-tight, too-tall steel collar pinched her throat at her jaw bone, stopping her. She was all too aware of the words emblazoned on the collar, in large, clear letters: CONVICTED PROSTITUTE, and under that, FLORIDA DEPT. OF CORRECTIONS. Her formerly long, beautiful hair that had hung nearly to her waist, had been cropped to a short ponyboy style, so that the collar would show from all directions.

It was "80's" night at the dance club on the beach. Sharon was 36, and 80's music was her music. It was fun, albeit sometimes a little ridiculous to dress up in those

old styles that she had worn to clubs when she was in high school. She needed the release from reality from time to time. Her upper-management job was a killer, giving her migraines and insomnia if she didn't cut loose from time to time. Sharon was going to cut loose tonight.

She'd started drinking rum & cokes before she left the house, and she was ready to party after a few more at the club.

It was so loud in there. Why were clubs where you went to try to meet someone too loud to talk to them? Sharon was flirting with a guy at the bar.

He was a broad-shouldered, good looking man with a moustache. His hair was full, and stylishly short. He wasn't really dressed in 80's attire, unless you counted the tight blue jeans under his dark t-shirt and sports coat.

Sharon didn't care; she wanted to drink, dance, and wake up at his place.

A bead of sweat trickled down Sharon's temple. It was too damned hot to have a big, thick plastic "breast-chastity" plate locked in place over one's tits, Sharon thought. The hundreds of tiny "breathing" holes drilled through the thing weren't doing their job. She could feel every one of the awful device's myriad of stainless steel straps biting into her upper torso at every step, and every breath she took. They looped around her shoulders and connected between her shoulder blades, pulling her shoulders well back and forcing her tits even further into the breast chastity.

She would like to wring the guy's neck who designed the damn thing. It had to be a guy, because no woman would have ever made another woman wear this thing. It was a quarter-inch thick, and pressed flat against the length of her rib cage, up to her collar bones. It's edges curved halfway around the front of her torso, dipping down under her armpits. It looked like body armor. Her breasts sweat and bounced inside two oversized breast forms mounted onto the front of the chest plate. The breast forms were obscenely shaped, from Sharon's point of view. They were outfitted with molded-in erect nipples, and made the wearer appear to have F-cup sized breasts.

The worst part however, was that the openings provided for her natural D-cup

breasts were a pair of three-inch diameter holes through the chest plate into the breast forms. Sharon's breasts were effectively and continuously root-cinched. It was painful, humiliating, and there was absolutely no respite from the awful pressure.

Sharon had dressed to get noticed. She wore a hot pink vinyl micro-mini tube dress over a black leather garter belt. It's six garters held her black fishnet stockings up as far as they could, but fell short of the skirt's hem by three inches. The hot pink, six inch high stiletto heeled shoes matched the dress, and sported little padlocks on the ankle straps. She neglected to wear a bra and panties, and also to bring the keys to her shoes. It was going to be that kind of night!

Sharon enjoyed being tipsy, and she enjoyed flirting at this man and his moustache. She made a continuous show of crossing and un-crossing her legs, then dropping her keys and bending way over to pick them up, giving an ample view of her tits as they would try to escape from the tube dress. She had another drink, and saw that the man had pulled out a hundred dollar bill. It was folded in half, and looped around his finger, the way a man would hold a dollar for a stripper. Sharon stroked his inner thigh teasingly and spoke into his ear, "What, are you going to make me an offer?" She was kidding, of course. He certainly just intended to pay the bar tab.

Mr. Moustache raised an eyebrow and said "Why, what all could I get for this?"

"Anything you want, sexy." Sharon purred into his ear.

"Tell me." He said Sharon was enjoying this little game. "Well," she said, "first, I could use my mouth on you, and then I could-" She stopped. The man's eyes had gone very cold, and very hard. Another man stepped up from nowhere and took her upper arm. Handcuffs were produced. "You have the right to remain silent," the man said. No amount of explaining, nor any amount of crying did any good.

The other club patrons stared as she was handcuffed and escorted out to an unmarked police car. The humiliation deepened as she was thoroughly and efficiently searched in the parking lot by a female officer with an icy disposition. She tried again to explain, and was told "Give it up, slut."

You're the third one we've taken out of there tonight.

Sharon hated the chastity belt most of all. It was degrading, demeaning, dehumanizing, and cruel. The hawkish looking old crone who had presided at her predisposition had said "I've seen the evidence against you. Did you know that your entire exchange with the officer was being video taped? I know you think your going to try to plead out of this, but your looking at six to nine months incarceration, minimum."

"I'm totally innocent!" Sharon had fumed. She was still in the slutty outfit from the previous evening, with the addition of a full set of manacles that she had worn through the long, sleepless night. Her wrists were tightly cuffed behind her to a waist chain. A chain dropped down from the front of the waist chain, between her legs, to 'T' into the ten inch long ankle chain.

The guards had found it humorous to expose her breasts for the other inmates, and chose to leave her in the locked-on six inch high heels as well.

"Suit yourself, but you're about to get locked up." She paused, "Unless.."

"Unless what?" Sharon's stomach was a knot of fear. She couldn't go to jail! Her career, her life would be over!

"We are trying out a new program," the judge continued. "The "get tough on morality" laws have filled up the jails to capacity, so they're trying something new."

Six hours later Sharon was bare naked, spread eagled, with her wrists cuffed above her to an eyelet placed exactly high enough to make her stand on her toes. Her ankles were held apart by a spreader device which was merely a three-foot long steel pipe with an ankle cuff linked to each end. A nasty-looking, heavysset woman was washing her down roughly with a bucket of soapy water and a sponge. Sharon's temper was at an end.

"God damn it you fat, disgusting hag, get your nasty hands off of me and let me down from here!" Sharon had screamed into the woman's face.

"That, my little bitch, was a mistake!" the uniformed woman had said with an evil

look. Sharon felt her blood run cold. Her pride wouldn't let her make an apology though, and she compounded things by spitting in the woman's face.

The fitting area was like a doctor's office, only with the patient's wrists and ankles cuffed. The heavysset woman took measurements with a cloth tape and called them over to another woman who wrote them down. Sharon knew she'd made a huge mistake by making an enemy of this woman.

"Shoes, size 7!"

"Um, excuse me, what shoes, and I'm an 8."

"Waist, 23 inches!"

"What, are you nuts? My waist is about 27 inches on a good day!" Sharon complained "Correction, waist, 22 inches!"

"Oh no, please!"

"Under the crotch, 17 inches! Sharon had seen the measurement; It was supposed to be 19 inches! All the measurements ended up being written down many inches too small. There were three exceptions; The anal, oral and vaginal plugs.

"Vagina, extra-large!"

"No, please!" Sharon had wailed. The guard had responded by cruelly thrusting three gloved fingers with a dollop of lubricant up Sharon's virgin ass.

"Anus, extra-large!"

"Oh God! Please! Don't!" The woman grinned maliciously.

"Mouth, double XL!"

Sharon's jaws ached every morning from that jaw-jacking gag. It was long and round, like a tube with a small combination feeding and breathing hole that ran its length. It resembled something called a "penis gag" that she had seen in an adult book store, only without the penile features. Why they had chosen to make the gag,

the plugs in her pussy and ass, and the heels of her shoes bright safety orange she didn't know. It wasn't like anyone was likely to miss them anyway. The hem of her uniform dress fell short of covering her crotch by two inches; the brightly colored ends of the thick plugs were clearly displayed for all to see.

She was required to lock the gag in place each weeknight by six p.m. The gag contained an electronic signal device which would trigger punishment shocks from the vaginal plug if it were not fastened securely in her mouth on time. The timed lock would release at seven a.m. on weekday mornings. On weekends, it remained securely in place at all times, limiting Sharon to a liquid diet. She would have to suck whatever she could through the half-inch diameter hole in the enormous gag. Going to the grocery store with the horrid thing in her mouth for all to see was beyond awful, but she had no "free time" available for such tasks.

Peeing was simple enough, it simply ran out through slots designed for the purpose, and down a small channel cast into the front of the chastity belt. Defecating was another matter; Once a day, during her lunch hour, Sharon's routine now included a series of high-volume enemas. The plug in her ass was plumbed to accept an enema nozzle, and for Sharon to evacuate her solid wastes, they had to be made liquid. The gut-wrenching cramps were horrible as her belly fought to distend against the unyielding steel waist belt.

The judge had said "You'll do a full six to nine month stretch in jail, depending on your behavior. A pretty little girl like you can expect to get beat up at first, but soon you'll be paying for protection by being someone, or some groups sex toy. I'm told the pretty girls have to take it as often as six times a night, every night." The way the judge had said this, like she was talking about the weather, was the deciding factor for Sharon.

"Your public chastity and corrections uniform operate on a number of levels," The man in charge of that department had said. "First, the chastity devices will absolutely prevent you from giving a man, woman, or yourself any sexual pleasure. Secondly, the devices are punitive, make no mistake about that. You will be dissuaded from any repeat offence. Third, and most important, your obvious discomfort and embarrassment make powerful statements to the public. Your

correctional wear says two things; Don't do what I did, and Look at what your government is doing to clean up your streets." The fact that she would wear the punishment ensemble for a duration of two years didn't even begin to sway Sharon's decision; she would do anything to stay out of jail.

The first thing they made her put on was a pair of super-heavy-duty, ultra support type panty hose. These had openings at the crotch and anus.

Sharon saw that the material was so thick that it had to be sewn up the back of the legs, creating old-fashioned seams and reinforced heels. The hosiery squeezed her toes, feet, legs and bottom uncomfortably. Her toes felt like they were pressed together into a point, and that all the blood was being pushed out of her lower body.

Fitting the items, predictably, was an enormous struggle. Especially the four inch wide steel belt, which was sized a full six inches too small for her waist. It had taken three burly female corrections officers and an impromptu tourniquet made out of a leather belt and a night stick to get the chastity belt to lock shut. Sharon gasped for breath; she could only just get enough air in her lungs to sustain her. With the crippling tight belt in place, Sharon's resistance was enfeebled to inconsequence. She had wailed long and loud as the huge, safety orange vaginal and anal plugs were methodically worked into place. She was sure that her distended openings were ruined forever. The too-short steel crotch strap and protective panel spread her ass cheeks uncomfortably wide and forced the punishment plugs still deeper into her protesting body.

The steel knee bands and the solid four inch long link between them came next. They bit deeply into Sharon's legs, just above the knee joint. They were rubber lined, mercifully, but they were so tight that Sharon could barely stand in them. Their diameter was too small to allow them to slip down past her knees. To be sure that the hobble stayed in place, an additional solid link had been fastened at one end to the crotch of her chastity belt, between the plugs, and the other end to the solid link between her knees. The ends of these links terminated at clever little ball joints that allowed a full range of movement.

The breast chastity was awful by itself. The fact that the heavysset woman whom Sharon had spat on had some accessories for it made it hellish. Before forcing

Sharon's generous breasts into the contraption, she had put a lightly sprung "while-you-sleep" home ear piercing kit on each of Sharon's nipples, along with a good coating of anti-biotic. Then, she had dumped a half of a packet of novelty shop itching powder into each of the cups, making sure to show Sharon the empty packet. The stinging, continuous itching nearly drove Sharon insane. She couldn't get to her breasts to clean the powder off, and the more she thrashed around, the better coated her tits became with the stuff. The slow, steady pressure of the piercing rings added an insipid, low level pain to her nipples.

Damage was being done to her calf and ankle tendons, Sharon was sure of it. The super-high, seven-inch heeled shoes were leveraged against her ankles so that her feet were permanently held in line with her shins, held like a ballet dancers pointed toes. Getting used to wearing them twenty four hours a day and in the shower as well, had taken some time. It was still taking some time, for that matter.

The shoes had come as another in a line of terrible surprises for Sharon.

"Like em' honey?" The heavysset woman had grinned as she twirled them on a finger in front of Sharon's face.

"They lock on, like everything else. You're gonna' wear them and the rest of these little goodies for a month at a time. Did they tell ya' that? Yep, and at the end of the month, you get to come back and visit little ol' me, for a check over and a re-fit if necessary. Most of 'my girls' keep getting smaller and smaller waists, you know what I mean? I've got one little honey whose down to 19 inches. I'm gonna' see if I can do even better than that with you, miss mouth."

She shouldn't have bought the hack saw. The file was a stupid idea too, but that's what the prisoners in the movies used, and therefore that's what one used to escape. It had been two weeks in her hellish predicament; It hurt, and she could barely move around. The huge intruders in her front and rear raped her continuously, pushing, pulling and bumping together through her inner wall. Despite the pain, she was kept in a constant state of arousal by their presence. It was never enough to achieve a much-needed climax, but against her will, she was always aroused.

She could hardly function at work, her concentration was shot. Further, her co-

workers, even her distant underlings, no longer took her seriously or even showed her any respect. They enjoyed watching her struggle from desk to desk, and no one would lift a finger for her anymore. The incredible humiliation of hobbling back and forth on her toes in the absurd shoes, with the huge orange intruders sticking out of her for all to see was too much.

She fled from work (slowly) and went to a hardware store. The clerk had grilled her as to what she was planning to do with the file and saw, but sold them to her anyway; After he made her walk all over the store while he “searched” for what she needed!

The end of Sharon’s first month of chastity finally came. With much trepidation, she arrived at the appointed time for her inspection. The heavysset woman from hell finally admitted Sharon to the fitting room. She took one look at the scratched and scarred up locks on Sharon’s chastity belt and the other restraints and fairly shrieked!

“You’ve been after these with a saw, you little bitch! That’s attempted escape! That’s a felony! Oh, you’re in it now, my little twat! Sharon didn’t even resist as she was put once again into the wrist, waist and ankle manacles.

She was left in a small cell for two days, still wearing the manacles.

Her gag had also been put in place. Her cell mate was a cruel black woman, who was not chained. She delighted in making Sharon do doggie tricks to earn a chance to slurp food through the hollow gag. The plate would finally be placed on the floor for her, and she would have to kneel with her bottom in the air to suck pathetically at it’s contents. Her cell mate would then entertain herself by administering a ferocious spanking to Sharon’s upturned ass.

Finally, Sharon got to go before the judge.

“You just don’t seem to be making very good life choices, do you miss?” The hatchet faced judge had asked. She didn’t expect an answer, as Sharon still sported her bright orange gag.

“Well here’s one for you, honey. Attempted escape and willful destruction to state

correctional property are both felonies. The escape attempt carries a five-year minimum, and the willful destruction carries another three on top of that. Sharon was so deep in shock at this point that the words didn't seem real to her. She was going to wake up any time now, she was sure.

"Are you listening to me? Good." the judge continued, "I'm going to rule on this matter right now. You are hereby sentenced to serve the two years previous judgement, plus another five for attempted escape, plus I'm going to give you four years for the willful destruction of property. That's a total of eleven years, are you with me? Good. You are to continue to serve this time as before, in public chastity, restraints and uniform. Additionally, you are to perform 16 hours of community service per weekend, cleaning up roadsides with a crew, for the first five years. Do you understand?" Sharon nodded slowly. "Please please please just let me wake up" she plead to herself.

"Last items. As a felon on release in the community, your collar will be altered. Per our statutes, it must be irremovable. Therefore, It will have to be welded in place. Also, as a felon with a history of attempted escape, you are now subject to the state's home public safety restraint system. This means that your home will be equipped with a pair of timed auto-cuffs. At seven p.m. each evening, you are to place your wrists and forearms behind you and into the auto-cuffs. They will secure themselves automatically onto you.

You will be free to move about, and even leave your residence, once restrained. You will return to the auto-cuff machine at seven a.m. to be released, at which time you will undertake wholesome daily activities. Do you understand?"

That was two years ago. True to her word, the heavysset guard had reduced Sharon's waist to an incredible 18 inches, and had promised to reduce it even further. Her plugs had been increased in size, as had her heel height; Her shoes now sported ballet toes. The piercing rings had long since done there work on her nipples. These had been replaced by much heavier rings, welded in place. Small bells were added to these, which tinkled merrily inside the white plastic breast forms.

Another curb was before her. She cursed it, and the short link between her knees. She step-hopped up it, making her tit bells jingle. "Only nine more years" she

thought, and sighed.

The End