

# Slave Time

Category: Text Stories

written by Sir Valk | January 19, 2008



## By Thndrshark

### Part 1

“I’m supposed to fit in that,” Sarah asked as she looked at my new cage. The darkness of the basement enhanced the mood, but it was the smallest one we’d both seen, only three feet long, two feet tall and the same wide. The intimidating factor was not just the size of the cage, but the thickness of the steel bars and the array of attachment points along its length. The harsh overhead light of the single light bulb hanging above provided a more ominous image as well. I knew Sarah hated the basement since I had finished the remodel. Gone were the hardwood floors and pastel walls, replaced by stone and darkness. You could almost hear the dripping water or the screams of other tortured souls in the thick shadows.

“You will fit in it,” I said, pulling open the heavy top entry and pointing. Reluctantly, but obeying, she stepped in. She had been my slave for six months now, after years as friends and more recently as lovers. She had always loved submission and bondage, but never had the chance to live a life full of it. When we connected, she wanted to live out the fantasy, and agreed to be my fulltime slave.

As I watched her figure the tiny cage out, I admired her for the millionth time. A

small frame, her waist was trained for corsets, reducing easily to 17 inches, in contrast to her 34D chest. With pale white skin and long, wavy blonde hair she was my image of the perfect woman, not to mention my dream slave.

She had finally figured out that her knees fit in on specific padded plates on each side, and her feet nearly stuck out the end. Before she tried to bend in, I stopped her.

“Let me do your arms,” I said, reaching behind her. She was already wearing an array of thick leather cuffs, all locked on, along with a tight corset and a variety of electrical pads with wires harnessed together at her back. I’m sure she knew what they were for, but I refused to explain anything to her. I simply pressed her elbows together until I could slip a small lock connecting the two rings on the inside of the cuffs in place. She flexed her shoulders, adjusting to the new position. One of my major goals was to train her to be able to withstand touching elbows for an indefinite period. I had succeeded, but it wasn’t without pain. We discovered after six or eight hours, her shoulders would begin to cramp painfully, and after a week and a half they might go numb, though we had achieved three weeks without any damage. The sadist in me enjoyed that, and I’m sure the masochist in her did as well. I locked her wrists together as well then put my hand on her head.

“Bend down.” I pushed until her head was inside, nearly touching her knees as she squeezed into the tiny cage, then reached down to the bottom to pull a short chain up to the ring in front of her wide collar. I could let her head go then as she was officially locked inside. I took the next ten minutes locking her ankles wide to the sides of the cage, then her knees as well, connecting her ankle cuffs right to the metal rings hard mounted in the bar. I closed the cage top, making sure the pins that locked it in place clicked home. I could tell Sarah was getting nervous as I added four more chains to her collar, two from the sides and down to the bottom sides, then another two from the same sides of the collar to the upper corners. The result locked her head in an immovable position. I then slid a long round bar through the side, so it fit under her elbows. As I moved to the other side and lifted the bar up to slide into its slot on the other side, the bar forced her elbows up so they nearly touched the top of the cage. I heard her grunt at this, since her head was locked in place this forced her to try and lift her body, despite her legs being locked down.

I reached inside and slipped a heavy chain around her waist, locking it on snugly, then pulled her wrists down to meet that chain.

“Master,” she asked in her tiny voice. I knew she was getting pretty uncomfortable and very nervous.

“Yes, slave,” I responded.

“How long will I be kept like this?”

“As long as I decide,” I said. She groaned at that, knowing that answer could mean a long time. The last time I had said that, she had learned that she could stand having her elbows touching for over 2 weeks.

Our short time together had been a series of experiments in submission. When we first discovered our common interest in the world of slavery, Sarah had been more than eager to truly experience training. But despite her eagerness, she had little understanding what she was asking for. Having been a bondage model at most but never a real slave, Sarah had a lot to learn about what it’s like to live in submission. For the first two weeks, she tried to accept the concept of living to serve me, and though she wanted to do that, she had also assumed she’d be able to live some semblance of a normal life. Having talked to others who lived in a Dom/sub relationship, she had come to understand that a real life at times was fairly normal, though what I intended was much more. We had talked about it, and she had confessed that she wanted it my way, to live the fantasies of an ultimate slave. So, she learned the basics of the role early on.

For those first two weeks, she experienced what I would consider mild control. She wore her leather cuff set, including ankle, knee, thigh, wrist, and elbow cuffs, with a wide, tapered waist belt cinching her tight. I kept her knee hobble locked on at all times, and a very short chain between her ankles. Wrists were either locked in front of her with a short chain between them, hobbled to her waist, or behind her. I began to experiment with the duration of her elbow bondage. I tried to keep them touching as much as possible. Each time, once everything was locked on, I showed her as I put the keys into a new combination safe I had brought in. She could see she wasn’t going anywhere unless I let her.

On that first day, once I had put her in her bondage and put the keys way, I put a gag harness on her head, forcing an oversized ball between her teeth, then lacing it on snugly. I attached a leash and pulled her to her feet, walking her to my office.

“Kneel down,” I commanded, helping her get down. She was still excited about her new role, so immediately assumed a good slave posture, chin down, back straight. She couldn’t spread her legs for the knee hobble, but that was ok. I tied the leash to the leg of my desk, then chose a piece of thin strap from my pocket. Running it through the ring at the top of her harness, I laced it through her elbow bondage, then lifted her elbows away from her back while pulling her head back with the lacing. Soon I had her neck bent harshly. I tied it off and watched her struggle for a minute. I could tell it would get painful quickly and already she was moaning from the combination of the bend of her neck and her aching shoulders. I patted her on the head and went to work.

The biggest difference between casual BDSM play and the real thing is a matter of perception. When you play, the whole thing usually revolves around what the sub wants. You fondle, flog, bind, torment and possibly fuck the slave, then let her go and clean up. The real thing is very different. Four hours later, as Sarah cried openly from the pain in her neck and shoulders, I knew she was realizing this. I leaned over and pinched her nipple hard.

“I bet your neck is really sore. Blink once to answer yes,” I said. She blinked. “And your shoulders are aching?” Another blink. “Are you enjoying your first day as a slave?” No blink. “Now you’re experiencing real slavery. It’s not about having some fun then returning to normal. This IS normal for you. I own you and control you. I’ll do whatever I want to with you, for however long I chose. Now YOU live for ME. Do you understand that?” I watched new tears well up in her eyes, her reluctant single blink forcing them to stream down her face. “You’ve been like this for four hours now. Have you had enough?” Another blink. “I don’t think you have. I’ll leave you for another two hours then find something different for you.” I kissed her forehead and left the room. As I walked away I could hear her crying behind the gag.

I checked over all the connections, then lowered the cage top, letting the pins that locked it in place ring loudly, just to drive her captivity further home. I smiled as

Sarah whimpered slightly. Fitting medical gloves on my hands, I lubed up and began to invade her ass and pussy, getting them ready for intrusion. The thick dildo slipped easily into her pussy, followed by a wide butt plug. She grunted as the wider end slipped past her anus and seated itself firmly inside of her. I attached a rubber strap to the back of her waist cincher, then slipped it down between her legs. A small slot allowed a tube from the butt plug to slip through, as well as a similar tube that escaped her dildo. Another tube extended from a pouch area in front; she would be able to urinate freely. The tube ended into a bag kept outside the cage for easy changes. I pulled the strap snug up to the front of the cincher, ensuring both plugs were held firmly inside. The tubes attached to longer pieces, which extended toward the front of the cage.

I returned to the front of the cage, reaching in to stroke her hair. Then, I began pushing the cage. To her surprise, it slid backward easily. She hadn't noticed the rails the cage was mounted on. Quickly she began to slide into a form-fitting hole in the stone wall. It only took a moment for her to realize her fate.

"Master," she cried. "What are you doing?" I pushed until the cage seated about a foot behind the wall front.

"I decided it's time for you to learn how to be a real slave," I said with a smile. "I've mentioned psychological training, and this is the first step. The cage is just a way to keep you focused during your lessons. As she tried to look around, to understand her predicament, I calmly detached the tubes and wires and fed them out the front of the hole.

"Please, Master," she begged. "It's so dark and tiny in here. I don't think I can stand it!"

"You'll have to manage," I said. "But the sooner you learn your lessons and your new role in life, the sooner you'll be let out." I fit two nipples near her mouth, mounted to the front of the cage, their tubes extending out of the hole as well. "One of these is water, the other is a pasty substance that will keep you nourished. If you suck on them they'll activate." I didn't wait for an answer. I reached to the side and unlatched the thick steel door. Designed to fit flush to the wall, it was thick enough to press against the cage on the inside, removing any sense of spare room in the tiny

hole. Sarah would feel completely enclosed, with no light or sound from the outside world.

As the door clanged shut, I could hear a muffled scream from inside. It made me smile.

I attached the enema and douche tubes to my machine I had rigged, along with the electrical harness. The catheter tube, for lack of a better term, fit into a colostomy bag by the door. I took a seat and activated the infrared cameras. She had no idea I could see her, so her reactions to her new prison would be very honest. As her first image came up, I could see her wide, terror filled eyes, tears streaming down her face, as she tried to deal with her situation.

She had come to understand that I took her slavery seriously. I'm sure she had no doubt she was to be kept in the tiny cage, locked in her stone prison, for as long as I wanted. Though I had always been severe and undaunted with her, it wasn't until our third week together that she began to realize how I intended to use her.

It was a normal day for her, a Thursday, which meant a visit from the electrolysis lady. Since we started, I had insisted that she had all hair removed from her body, begrudgingly allowing her hair on her head. At first she thought I was teasing, but soon discovered how serious I was. Typically I would bind her in a standing spread eagle in the dungeon, pulled taught and rigid prior to the arrival of the hair removal lady. At first Sarah hated this, being naked and helpless when this seemingly normal Asian lady came in. But she got over that and this day, for some reason, I didn't even gag her. The process was painful but Sarah had learned to grit her teeth and keep quiet, fearing punishment from me.

I happened to walk in near the end of the session, and was shocked to hear Sarah talking to Weih Ling.

"I kinda like being hairless below the neck. It feels nice and makes life less of a hassle." Weih Ling was packing her stuff away.

"Mr. Randall seem very strict," Weigh Ling said. "I'm surprised he not take hair off your head, too."

“Oh, he’d never do that,” Sarah boasted. “He loves my hair and knows it would upset me.” Weih Ling simply clucked disapprovingly. I slipped back into the living room and let her out, not admitting I heard anything. I waited a good 30 minutes before coming back to see Sarah, both to let her suffer but also to let my anger drop to a dull boil. When I came back in, I had gathered a few items.

Sarah dropped her eyes appropriately when I entered, having not been given permission to speak at all. I moved to the winch. She probably expected me to let her down but instead I cranked her tighter. She cried out in pain.

“Vanity is a horrible attribute in a slave,” I said in her ear. I stroked her long, blonde hair. Her eyes closed, not understanding my anger, just enjoying the touch. Suddenly a sound filled her ears and she felt cool steel against her head. I ran the sheers from forehead down to the back of her neck, and a thick wad of her beautiful hair fell to the ground.

“Master! What are you doing?!” I made another swipe, ignoring her, as she began to cry. She tried to turn her head away but I grabbed her chin and held it firm, then yanked her to face me on the side.

“You are here for my pleasure, not for your own.” I pushed her head forward and continued removing her hair. She simply cried quietly as she watched her long, blonde hair gather under her body.

It took another 30 minutes to shave her closely, then remove her eyebrows as well. She ran out of tears by then, simply staring blankly at the mirror I held up for her. She looked like a mannequin, and I realized I had removed the one major thing that kept her in touch with her former independence. As I fit a special ring gag into her mouth, holding it wide, I spoke to her.

“I think you need time to reflect on your role not just as a slave, but as an object. I’m going to keep you as a little sex doll for awhile, hooded, sightless, no sound, but an open mouth. I’ll have access to all your holes, just like a sex doll. But here are the rules: Anything I put in your mouth you better suck, lick or swallow if you can; you won’t get anything to eat otherwise. Also, you will be taken to the bathroom once in the morning and once at night. If you have an accident, you’ll stay another week like

this." I saw her eyes widen, realizing how serious I was as well as how long she would be kept. "When I let you out, I'll have Way Ling finish the job on your head and make it permanent." That was a bluff since I liked her hair, though one day I had intended on removing it. The new tears in her eyes showed I had an effect, which is what I was going for.

I originally planned for one week in her hood setup. But after it was all said and done, she was in it for three weeks. I had to admit it was pretty hot, even though I'm sure it was both intense and boring for her. It was a simple setup; ear plugs, ring gag, a thick rubber hood and steel collar. Her upper arms had snug metal bands around them, connected by a rigid steel rod. A waist cincher around her waist also held her cuffed wrists to her sides, with each hand in a ball sack. I added steel cuffs on her ankles and a chain between them, and that was it.

Seeing her simply bound form like that, laying on the floor, helpless, was pretty awesome. I used her mouth a lot, enjoying the limited ability she had to suck. The ring gag was a new design I had fabricated. An oval rubber band fit behind her teeth, holding her mouth wide. Attached rubber channels fit over her teeth to soften them, while rings mounted to them arched out to the sides, holding her cheeks out while also connecting the upper channels together. Ultimately it served to hold her mouth very wide open, but because of the rubber she could slightly close her mouth to facilitate better sucking.

When I got tired of her mouth I'd simply flip her over the end of the couch and mount her. I'd vary it between pussy and ass, just for fun and variety, though I never got tired of fucking my helpless sex doll.

## **Part 2**

As I watched her face on the monitor, I could tell she was terrified. She had been alone in there for almost 30 minutes now. I turned up the volume to hear the chains locking her in position rattling slightly. A low moan escaped her as well. I figured it was time.

The program was originally designed to teach foreign exchange students everything from the English language to the constitution. It combined voice recognition

software with essentially a feedback response system. In the original deal a wrong answer or mispronounced word caused a red light to go off and an X to appear on a screen. I sorta modified that. Now, any wrong answer created an increasing series of shocks to random areas. With pads at nipples, clit, thighs, soles of her feet and ass, she would certainly get the message.

I wanted two things to happen. First, I wanted her to be able to repeat a list of rules, almost a mantra, which she would live by. Second, I wanted her to acknowledge herself as a total slave. The program was designed to last eight hours a day for two weeks, slowly diminishing its prompts until she was required to answer on her own with minimal prompting. The downside was if she missed three answers in a row, it would start all over again. I hit the start button and I could hear the soft, feminine voice begin, startling Sarah in her cage.

“Repeat after me,” it began. “I am a slave.” The program waited five seconds, and with no response delivered a shock. Sarah screamed in pain, bucking her chains as she began to cry. The quiet voice began again. “Repeat after me. I am a slave.” This time, Sarah tried to croak out a response.

“I... I am...” but she didn’t respond in time and another, more intense shock struck her body. Again she jerked against her bonds, wailing in pain.

“Repeat after me. I am a slave.” This time Sarah responded in a low whisper, sniffing back tears.

“I am a slave.” I could barely hear her, and the program agreed. Another shock hit home and Sarah screamed, “Please, Master! Make it stop!” She sagged in her bonds, realizing her fate.

“Louder please. Repeat after me. I am a slave.” Sarah, appropriately punished, cleared her voice.

“I am a slave,” she said loudly.

“Very good. Repeat after me. I am my Master’s property.”

“I am my Master’s property.”

“Very good. Repeat after me. My body is my Master’s to use as he wishes.” With fresh tears pouring down her cheeks, Sarah stared straight ahead.

“My body is my Master’s to use as he wishes.” By the fifth week I was starting to miss Sarah. The house was quiet without her and I was getting pretty horny. I could only whack off so many times to the image of her helpless body before I wanted to fuck her for real.

She had done pretty well in her training, with only two big mistakes, which had led to two restarts. Early on she had made several little mistakes, and quickly learned how the program restarted, so when she blew it three weeks in, and the all too familiar voice paused then said, “Repeat after me. I am a slave,” Sarah’s tears of frustration were very real. She knew at that point she was destined for another long path to the end of her training.

I slipped downstairs and slid into my chair, flipping on the cameras and microphone. I liked to look at the heavy door, sealed flush with the wall, which had locked away my subdued slave for over a month. She couldn’t have known, but she was literally about 24 hours from being finished. I was eager to see her progress. I could hear the program as it simply called out numbers.

“Rule Number 1,” the machine said. Sarah launched into it, having learned that even hesitation could restart the machine.

“This slave understands it is a possession, living to serve its Master in any way he wishes,” she said. I knew, before this experience, she had trouble thinking of herself as an object, which is one of the main reasons I chose this verbiage. Anything to break down her confidence as a free woman, I say!

“Rule Number 2.”

“This slave understands that as a possession, it may be bought, sold, loaned or given, for any length of time, to anyone Master sees fit, and that this slave will obey its new Masters or Mistresses in the same manner it obeyed its first Master.” I could hear a bit of fear in her voice with this one. I don’t know that the thought had occurred to her, until this time, that she could be sold.

“Rule Number 3.”

“This slave understands that it’s body and mind exists for the pleasure of its Master, and it’s Master may change, modify, mark or augment any part of it as He sees fit.”

“Rule Number 4.”

“This slave understands that an orgasm is a gift and is not allowed unless Master gives permission.” The rules went on, up to 15, at which time it repeated. After the third time through, it stopped saying rule number whatever, and simply started with, “What are your rules?” Sarah launched into them without hesitation.

I listened for a while, hoping that she didn’t mess up, just so I could have her out the next day. The second time around she hesitated on rule 9, the one about honoring my bodily fluids or something, and the shocks hit her hard. I was worried the step current would knock her out but she stayed focused, and looked relieved when the program started back from just the “what are your rules” part. I listened to two more runs and she was perfect. I glanced at my watch, noting it was 1:25pm, and planned to be back by 11am to take her out. I was giddy with excitement. Sarah moaned quietly as I tightened the ratchets, making sure her body was stretched taut. Like a good slave she didn’t say a word, but I assumed the gag made it difficult anyway. I moved around the rig, making sure everything was set correctly. She was held firmly on her back, her hips slightly higher than her shoulders, her knees held up and wide by leather straps, with ankles chained to another strap around her thighs, then pulled to the base. Her crotch was fully exposed, and just at the right level as well. Arms were pulled wide and slightly down to each side, forcing her chest out slightly, but pulled taut as well.

A rigid steel band, form fitted to her body from the base of her neck to lower back, was held tight to her body by leather bands that circled her waist, lower chest and above her breasts. A strap in her ponytailed hair was pulled firmly to the base, forcing her to face backward. I stuck two fingers in her mouth and obediently she tried to suck, her lips lightly caressing my fingers as her tongue swirled around them.

The gag was version three of my newest invention, this one an upper and lower teeth

guard connected by a set of partial bands along their lengths. The goal was to keep her mouth wide but give her the ability, with some efforts, to close her mouth enough to actually suck. The teeth guards softened them to avoid any inadvertent damage.

With everything tight, I turned my attention to setting out the hors d'oeuvre trays Sarah had prepared earlier. Guests were expected any minute and I wanted to be ready. I straightened my bow tie, brushing off the lapels of my tuxedo just as the doorbell rang for the first time. With Sarah naked and fully bound in the center of the living room I went to answer the door, eager to get the evening started.

Sarah adapted well to life again after the cage. Other than aches and pains from her strict position for so long she showed little effect that wasn't recoverable with rest. I could tell the long term conditioning (brainwashing is such a horrible concept) had taken an effect on her, and despite her conscious uncertainty, she still found it nearly impossible to disobey. I truly enjoyed testing her training. It was one thing to, on command, have her repeat her rules, which I did often. From across the room I would ask her, "What are your rules," and she would begin reciting them with out error.

Specifics I tested by practice. She was flawless on rule 12, which required her to drop to her knees anytime I was within 15 feet of her. I know she hated rule 8 but she still obeyed. Offering her mouth to my guests, particularly during a day of watching football, wasn't her idea of fun, but she did as she had been trained and sucked enough cock that day to last her a lifetime.

Only once did Sarah fail to repeat a rule, and though the hesitation might have been due to other reasons, such as carrying a tray of food when I walked close by, I wanted it to be clear there would be no exceptions. The terror in her eyes as I dragged her to the cage again almost made me soften, but in the end two more days under training would only solidify her role as a total slave.

Often, as she recited her rules, I could see tears welling up in her eyes. I'm sure she was very aware of what she had become, and the humiliation was almost too much to bear. It was that part I enjoyed the most.

The guests had all arrived, milling about her helpless body as if she were furniture. She kept quiet as she was trained to, but the trail of tears running from her eyes was continuous. The list of guests was filled with old friends of both of ours, fellow models, photographers and riggers she had worked with in the past. The difference was this was the first time most of them had seen her as a full slave. For years she had been their friend, their co-workers, their fellow performers. Now, though, as they moved about her in long gowns and formal wear, she was the only one helplessly naked and displayed.

I clinked my glass lightly, gathering everybody's attention. "Thank you for coming tonight. I wanted to share this eventful evening with all of you as we set a milestone in Sarah's new slavery." I watched Sarah's chest heave in anticipation. "First off, let me welcome our specialist for the evening, Mr. Doward." The crowd turned to see a strict looking man with a kind of medical bag. He bowed gently and approached Sarah without hesitation. As he set his bag on a nearby table and began selecting tools, I continued to address the audience.

"As many of you know, Sarah was formerly a model but recently chose to become a fulltime, life long slave. I am the lucky Master who is training her, and tonight I intend to take her to the next level." I watched as Doward selected his forceps, laying the cool steel on Sarah's chest, before dousing a cotton ball in rubbing alcohol. As he touched her left nipple, she let out gasp, a slight whine escaping her throat as she finally understood what was to happen. "Tonight's ceremony will take the form of three steps. First, our Mr. Doward here will mark Sarah's body with the first signs of a true slave."

As if on cue, Doward locked the forceps tight at the base of Sarah's nipple, then slid the sharp piercing needle through. Sarah screamed as the needle slipped into her flesh.

"As many of you know," I continued in my casual voice. "Sarah has always avoided any body markings. Her success as a model was partially due to her flawless skin. But now, as a slave, she understands that she is no longer in need of beauty for beauty's sake, that she lives for my approval only, or that of any future Master or Mistress. Let me show you." I watched as Doward slipped in her first ring, a

seamless style with no captive ball, but rather a form fitting segment that clicked into place, leaving nothing to interrupt the beauty of the ring. As he moved to the next nipple, I reached to Sarah's mouth and extracted the gag.

"Sarah," I asked gently. She licked her lips, keeping her eyes forward.

"Yes, Master," she said.

"Rule number 3," I said. "And loudly so all our guests can hear."

"This slave understands that it's body and mind exists for the pleasure of its Master, and it's Master may change, modify," a slight hesitation as her voice was replaced by a small scream, just as Doward plunged a needle into the base of her right nipple. But without fail, she picked right up, despite the fresh tears running down her face. "...mark or augment any part of it as He sees fit."

By the time Doward had finished with her nipples she sported a ring at each base, along with a rod closer to the tip. I intended to stretch her nipples sometime and the two piercings would allow just that. As Doward turned to her face, Sarah's eyes lit up huge and wide. Since I met her I had joked about a nice thick septum ring for her. For a slave, I felt this would be the perfect addition, both marking her as a true slave while giving me a humiliating connection point for leashes, tethers and the like. Sarah was terrified of the concept, probably because it was the one thing so far that would modify her to the outside world. All other marks could be covered, including her new nipple piercings, but a nose ring could not be concealed. As Doward attached the device against her septum, preparing to punch a hole through the cartilage, Sarah began to panic.

"Please, Master," she begged quietly. "Please don't!" I leaned in closer to her, whispering in her ear.

"Don't embarrass me, Sarah," I said sternly. "You chose this life, not me. There's no turning back now, and if you don't obey your training there are worse things than the cage." I nodded to Doward who, without hesitation, clamped the tool down hard, punching a hole in Sarah's septum. She screamed in pain then began to mumble incoherently, or so it seemed. I leaned in closer and began to just pick out her words

as she repeated them over and over again.

“I am a slave now. I am a slave now. I am a slave...”

### **Part 3**

The crowd returned to socializing for a bit, some spending time admiring Sarah’s new additions or just marveling at the turn she had taken from top fetish model to total slavery. Several models asked about her smooth skin and I shared with them her hair removal technique. Knowing that she would never again grow hair below her neck was just another element proving her total submission. From time to time I’d catch people tentatively touching her exposed pussy or ass, gently caressing her stretched skin. I could tell, watching Sarah’s expression that being so helplessly on display added significantly to Sarah’s sense of humiliation.

Every once in awhile some of the more sadistic guests, or perhaps some that had dreamed of Sarah like this, would walk by and twist a nipple rod, making her scream. One model that had worded with Sarah stopped me near her with a question. Sideling up close to me, pressing her large breasts against my chest, her hand reached down to my already hard cock. I peeked out of the corner of my eye to see Sarah watching.

“What are these rules you have her repeating,” she asked softly. So I told her about the cage, the five weeks, the machine. I found myself stumbling over my words, trying to focus on the story while this beautiful brunette tried to give me a hand job through my pants. I had to admit, I had always had a crush on Julie. Next to Sarah she was so totally different but still equally stunning. Dark ideas began to walk through my brain.

“Wow! So you sort of brainwashed her,” she said in amazement.

“I don’t like that term. I like to think I conditioned her to be a slave,” I responded with a laugh.

“How many rules are there?”

“15,” I said. “Would you like to hear them?”

“Sure,” she said with enthusiasm. I leaned down to Sarah.

“What are your rules.” Sarah’s eyes clicked to me and, with new tears rolling down her face, she started.

“Rule Number 1 - This slave understands it is a possession, living to serve its Master in any way He wishes.

“Rule Number 2 - This slave understands that as a possession, it may be bought, sold, loaned or given, for any length of time, to anyone Master sees fit, and that this slave will obey its new Masters or Mistresses in the same manner it obeyed its first Master.

“Rule Number 3 - This slave understands that it’s body and mind exists for the pleasure of its Master, and it’s Master may change, modify, mark or augment, permanently or temporarily, any part of it as He sees fit.

“Rule Number 4 - This slave understands that an orgasm is a gift and is not allowed unless Master gives permission.

“Rule Number 5 - This slave will provide any service commanded, regardless of outcome, as a true sign of its devotion to its Master.

“Rule Number 6 - When this slave is not completing a task or duty as required, it will take a proper slave posture and await further orders.

“Rules Number 7 - This slave understands that proper slave posture is on its knees, legs spread to expose its Master’s pussy, wrists crossed behind back and head bowed.

“Rule Number 8 - This slave will offer its mouth as pleasure to any guests its Master entertains.

“Rule Number 9 - This slave understands that her Master’s bodily fluids and secretions are a gift when offered, and that it will cherish any and all of them.

“Rule Number 10 - This slave understands that it does not own its body. Master owns and decides the use of its mouth, pussy and ass at all times.

“Rule Number 11 - When allowed, this slave will maintain a clean body, externally and internally, at all times.

“Rule Number 12 - This slave is not allowed to stand when Master is within 10 feet of it. Unless bound in a position that does not allow it, this slave will drop to her knees and assume a submissive posture.

“Rule Number 13 - This slave understands that all Masters, Mistresses, guests of Master, or other slaves are to be treated as superior to it, and at all times this slave will submit to any and all of the above at all times.

“Rule Number 14 - This slave understands that it will remain a slave for the duration of its life, which will be determined by its Master or Mistress.

“Rule Number 15 - This slave understands that it is allowed to interact with Masters, Mistresses, guest or other slaves at the mercy of its Owner, and that if its Owner chooses, it may remove such ability to interact by bondage, sensory deprivation, or caging, either temporarily or permanently.”

I could tell Julie was turned on by the intense series of rules, and impressed how effortlessly Sarah repeated them. I felt her hand on my crotch again, stroking me as she whispered in my ear, but just loud enough for Sarah to overhear.

“I’ve always wanted to feel her tongue on my ass,” she said with a smile. I looked down to Sarah.

“I’m sure that can be arranged.”

After a bit I stood up beside Sarah again, clinking my glass. Everyone turned, eager to see what was next.

“Ladies and gentlemen, it’s time for phase two of the evening.” I let my hand stroke down Sarah’s body, admiring the new rings, then over her taught stomach. Soon I reached her hairless pussy. As my fingers touched her clit, she gasped in response. I smiled, turning back to the audience as I continued to play with her. “As most of you might agree, casual slaves often misconstrue their play time as just penance between orgasms. For those just ‘playing’, this is fine. But in this world, where

slavery is real, there is no play.” I had Sarah gasping now, clearly rising close to an orgasm. I leaned down to Sarah.

“What are you, Sarah,” I said. She gasped, her eyes clamped shut as I flicked her clit gently.

“Your slave, your property, Master,” she said.

“For how long?”

“Forever, Master,” she said softly. As she came close to an orgasm, I stopped playing with her clit. She almost groaned, but caught herself, realizing that any sign of disappointment would not obey the rules.

“Would you like to orgasm, Sarah,” I asked her, flicking her clit, keeping her on edge. She hesitated a second as she felt something cool on her waist, then focused on the question again.

“If Master allows,” she said properly. I flicker her clit once more before my helper slid a catheter tube into her, making her gasp in surprise. Then the custom chastity belt slid into place over her crotch. A stainless steel dildo, with irrigation holes covering its surface, slid deep inside of her and quickly the crotch band locked into perfect position.

“As you can see,” I said to the crowd as my helper tightened the connectors making sure it was fit correctly. “The chastity belt is designed to be unmovable. The front is affixed via the thick, long dildo fit inside of her, with the back band connected with heavy rubber both at the perineum and up to the belt. The anus is left unblocked by a stainless steel ring surrounding it, and held in place by the flexible band. The front plate is convex, leaving space over and around the clit and pussy. The outside has two gasket ports, one near the top that connects to her catheter and the lower one for a connector to allow flushing of her vagina. The goal is to ensure that the clitoral and vaginal area cannot be touched at all, no matter what position Sarah is in.” I think the device sunk in to Sarah before most of the crowd, though she was a little unsure.

“As you probably can gather now, I have decided to permanently affix this belt on

Sarah to remove any ability to achieve clitoral or vaginal orgasm. Her anus is left to provide interested parties a hole for penetration, but as you might imagine, Sarah does not enjoy anal sex and thus will doubtless hate being limited to this type of sex." I peeked over and saw new tears streaming down her face. "As Sarah has learned to become my slave, she has also learned that she lives for my pleasure, or those around her, not for her own. This new addition to her lifestyle will force her to focus on that simple fact for the duration of her enslavement." Sarah was crying openly now, unable or unwilling to try and hide the humiliation and defeat she now felt. I stroked her hair, leaning in to her once more.

"For how long," I asked again. She sniffled back tears, looking me in the eye.

"Forever, Master," she said in a whisper. I kissed her forehead and stood, turning my attention back to the stunned audience.

"And now, I'd like to encourage all of you to take advantage of Sarah's mouth and ass as you wish for the duration of the evening." I reached down and fitted the gag back in her mouth as she reluctantly began to accept her fate with more tears.

I suspected that Sarah had been pleasuring herself secretly prior to the belt. Unlike her other lifestyle changes, her personality changed dramatically from day one. She remained obedient, but there was a sadness about her at first, which slowly was replaced by an almost obsessive dedication to servitude. I could tell she still hated anal sex, but she endured it as she knew she must, while enhancing her oral sex skills remarkably. Perhaps this was her way of trying to avoid anal penetration, by showing off her skills with her tongue, lips and mouth. It didn't work for me or for any guests, who always wanted to take advantage of her dainty and quite available ass.

After six months, I began loaning her out to friends, sometimes for an evening, a day or even a week. Often she would simply be a serving maid to a mistress friend, though at times she might come home with severe cane marks across her body, something I discouraged but didn't prevent. The only rule her temporary owners had to abide was no permanent damage. For the most part the rule was obeyed, though from time to time a particularly heavy Master or Mistress left subtle marks across Sarah's body that never fully faded.

I would visit her sometimes, usually during her longer stays as much out of curiosity as fear. My friend Charles, a particularly sadistic dominant friend, borrowed her several times, and each time Sarah discovered she was going back, tears would fall down her face. He would always have inventive ways to torture her, none that caused lasting damage but all were horrible. The first time I showed up after a week to pick her up, I quickly discovered she wasn't ready to go. Charles showed me downstairs. In the center of the large, stone lined room, I could see a naked Sarah, dangling from her wide spread wrists, her legs pulled wide as well with only the tips of her toes touching the ground. A fucking machine was mounted below her, slowly pumping in and out of her ass. Charles announced that she'd been there since day one, when she hesitated at offering herself for anal penetration. Charles had decided to break her resistance by six days of continual and unrelenting ass fucking, via machine no less.

Another time, when visiting mid week, I was left in another room with a center room fireplace, a six foot wide round pit with a roaring flame. Above it, rotating on a spit, was an oblong steel tube, pinched on both ends and wider in the middle. A motor rotated it slowly. I watched it for 20 minutes before Charles joined me, taking a chair to my side. We both watched the fire for a short time without speaking, as I sipped on wine brought to me by another slave.

It wasn't until a solid 30 minutes after I arrived that I watched Charles stand, slip on heavy insulated gloves, stop the rotation, slowly pivot the tube from over the fire, then begin unbolting one long panel on the top. As he seemed about to pull it off, I stood up to look in. I found myself looking down on Sarah. Naked except for the chastity belt, she was stretched taught inside the tube. Tight leather straps bound her wrists together, connecting them to a steel ring at one end, and her ankles bound similarly to another ring opposite the first. Though she was pulled tight, the weight of her body still allowed her to sag. I could see an array of burn marks on her ass, hips, tits and shoulders. Her body was coated in sweat, her hair matted and dangling around her face in a tangled mass. Clearly she had been inside the steel torture device for a long time.

I reached in, pushing aside the hair from her face. Slowly, she opened them, locking eyes with me for a moment. Slowly, I ran my hand down her body, feeling how tense

her muscles were to avoid slumping against the metal. Her back and stomach were drum taught, as were her legs, each muscle standing out for my touch. As I pulled out my arm, I accidentally touched the edge. I pulled away quickly, looking at the burn rising from my skin. The metal was very hot. I caught her eyes again, trying to ignore the pleading look in them. Charles made her drink as much water as she could hold, then lifted the panel back up. Sarah began to cry, and I listened to the sizzle of her fresh tears against the hot steel before she was obscured from view again.

As he began the rotation again, then pushed the tube back over the fire, he admitted Sarah had been in there for two days, and would most likely endure another 24 hours. I marveled at his intensity, but said nothing. After all, she was serving him now. I only wished I could be as devious.

The most memorable weekend was remarkably a bachelorette party thrown by a friend of a friend. I knew this girl was fetish friendly, though not particularly kinky herself, and she was vouched for by a close friend of mine. On top of this, she promised to videotape the party. How could I resist?

I popped in the tape and pulled Sarah closer, pressing her face to my already hard cock. We both had developed a pattern of this nearly every night. I'd pop in a video or watch TV as she sucked my cock. She had learned to keep me close to orgasm for a long time, then give me final release with a tap to her head. At first it was impossible not to come quickly. Just seeing her blonde hair pressed between my legs, her arms bound at wrist and elbow and the chastity belt on her made me want to burst. But after a few days I managed to control myself.

As I felt her tongue slip down my shaft for the first time I hit play, and could see a group of 10 girls in a large living room area. It looked like a slumber party, with each girl in nightgown or sweats, looking comfy though not too sexy. After a moment the camera tilted up to reveal Sarah. Unlike the other girls, she was naked except for the chastity belt and a pair of seven-inch pumps that were locked onto her feet. Steel shackles (my steel shackles) were locked on her ankles, holding them close via a short piece of chain. Her wrists were also shackled, and my wide steel collar was locked on her neck. Bells on dainty pieces of chain dangled from her nipple rings,

jingling lightly as she walked.

She was carrying drinks on a tray, carefully offering them to each girl. At first the girls were almost polite to her, until the guest of honor, Liz, slipped a finger in Sarah's nose ring and yanked her down hard, before giving her a hard spank to her inner thigh. I could see Sarah's face go red with pain but averted her eyes and spoke, "Thank you, Mistress," before returning to the kitchen. A few of the girls turned to Liz, incredulous.

"Are you her Mistress," they asked.

"Tonight we are all her Mistresses, so have fun with her!" They laughed, clinking glasses. One of the girls persisted for more.

"Is she really a slave?"

"A fulltime, life long slave," she said with a smile. The other girls oohh-ed and aahhh-ed and as Sarah returned, the girl who persisted reached up to a nipple rod, giving it a harsh twist.

"My drink is getting warm, slave," she said. "Why don't you come down here and make it up to me." Sarah winced in pain but as the girl pulled harder on the rod, she forced Sarah to her knees. Grabbing her head, the girl pushed Sarah's head under her nightgown. It quickly became clear that Sarah's tongue was taking effect. The girl smiled, throwing her head back, as the other girls laughed and applauded together.

The video cut several times, showing the other girls getting into the act as Sarah was passed around the room. Somewhere along the way Sarah's arms had been wrenched behind her harshly, her elbows touching tightly, her hands in a tight ball, covered in some type of tape. But it was clear her tongue was getting a workout. Finally, it cut again, showing Sarah kneeling beside Liz in proper slave posture. Someone turned on music and the camera turned to find a male stripper stepping into the ring the girls had formed. Fortunately, the camera tended to focus more on the girls rather than the guy, as they cheered him on. Pieces of clothing flew out into the crowd, and Liz was pulled up once to dance with him. It wasn't until near the

end that the camera took interest again in they guy.

I had to admit, he was quite impressive. His form was chiseled like a body builder, but what was most impressive was when he pulled off his thong. It hadn't occurred to me until then (I never notice these things... I wonder why?) that the "package" the guy was carrying was particularly large. Dropping his shorts I could see why. I thought he had a snake in his pants! He pulled out the thick cock, stroking it until it hardened. Ever seen a horse? Ok, it wasn't that big, but close.

I'd guess I was looking at a true 12 inch cock, with an equally impressive three inch thickness. Like I said, a horse. The girls giggled like high schoolers as he leaned back on the stool and continued to stroke it hard. Quickly, the camera panned to Liz who lifted Sarah's chin to watch for the first time.

"Why don't you help him out, slave," she said with a smile. Sarah, her eyes wide in shock, crawled slowly to the guy. He smiled down at her, then slipped a finger into her collar ring and pulled her up to the shaft. With a bit of hesitation her tongue slipped out of her mouth and she began to lick his cock.

A sudden smack made Sarah jump and the camera panned to Liz, holding a wood paddle. "Suck it like you want it, slave," she commanded. Sarah obeyed, putting some effort into it. It was nearly impossible for her to get her mouth around the shaft, much less in her mouth, though the stripper tried to force it. Putting the tip against her lips, he grabbed the back of her head and pushed, forcing the head into her mouth. It was barely scratching the surface. Her jaw looked close to dislocation and she moaned in pain but she obediently kept her tongue moving.

After a short time, when it was clear that she couldn't do much more than lick his cock like a lollipop, Liz stood again and dragged Sarah to her feet. She whispered something in her ear, a look of shock chasing across Sarah's face.

"No, please, Mistress," I could just hear her beg. Liz gave a terse reply and sat back down.

For a moment nothing happened. Sarah appeared to be wrestling with a dilemma, but soon she slowly bent over, pushing her exposed anus toward the stripper.

“Please fuck my ass,” she whimpered.

“Louder, slave,” Liz commanded.

“Please fuck my ass!” She screamed the request as she began to cry, clearly not happy but doing as she was commanded. The stripper, finding this all too humorous, stepped up behind her, his hard cock now an inch from her ass.

“I’m not sure it will fit,” he laughed, bumping her with it. It was pretty clear that he could just fit through the opening in the chastity belt, but her anus looked microscopic next to him. I could see Liz make eye contact with Sarah, ignoring her pleading looks.

“Please make it fit,” she said. “Please fuck my slave-girl ass.” Sarah was doing well, and I stroked her hair in my lap. I could feel tears on my balls as she sucked.

Needing no further encouragement, the stripper let some spit drip down from his mouth onto his cock, then smeared it on the tip as well as over her anus. Then, slowly, he began pressing. Sarah immediately rocked forward but he quickly grabbed her hips and pulled her back. The camera pulled back then so I couldn’t see the actual penetration, but from the look on Sarah’s face it was painful.

It took a good 10 minutes before the stripper was sinking his huge cock deep into Sarah’s ass, stroking in and out like a pro. Tears streamed down Sarah’s face as she cried openly. I almost felt sorry for her for a moment but my cock betrayed me as it swelled in Sarah’s mouth.

The video cut suddenly, and now I could see that Sarah was on her back, her arms still bound behind her. Liz was sitting on her face, holding Sarah’s ankles high as the stripper was shoving his cock up her ass again. Sarah’s muffled screams were a response to several girls’ attentions to her nipples and body. I was impressed that the lack of proper equipment wasn’t stopping them. One girl was on each nipple, with one being twisted and pinched hard, her nipple rings being used as unfortunate handles. The other nipple looked like it was being sucked, but as the camera moved in close I could see the girl was biting it, almost chewing on it, her sharp eye teeth cutting in harshly. Two other girls had found a use for thick rubber bands, holding

them over Sarah's stomach and stretching them up hard before releasing. The sharp smack of the rubber on Sarah's stomach brought out a scream from between Liz's legs and the series of angry welts on her stomach gave proof to the girls' continued torture.

I lifted Sarah's face from my crotch. As she lowered her eyes, I wiped the dampness from beneath them before lifting her chin. Here eyes met mine.

"Have you learned to enjoy anal penetration," I asked. She sniffled, her eyes catching sight of the video still playing.

"No, Master," was her response. "Will I ever be allowed to have my pussy penetrated again?"

"I'm afraid not, Sarah," I replied. "You better learn to like getting your ass fucked. I plan to keep you this way for a very long time, if not forever." She whimpered, her eyes dropping again. "Now suck my cock while I watch this guy fuck your ass." She slipped my cock back in her mouth and began to suck as I turned the volume up again.

## **End of Part 3**