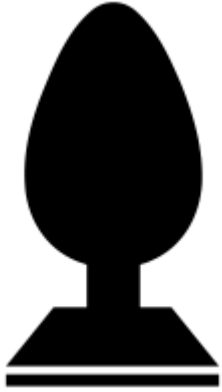


Steel

Category: Text Stories

written by Sir Valk | December 28, 2007



By Thndrshark

Dedicated to Cynthia, and those that inspire me.

Mandy dropped her bags in the foyer and pushed the box that was left at the door ahead of her, before letting the door shut behind her. The house was quiet, as suspected. She had the fortune of catching an earlier flight from her trip, arriving half a day before her fiancé would arrive, as opposed to two hours after him. She was looking forward to a nice shower and preparing some surprise for him on his return. Both had been off on separate trips, Mandy visiting a friend back east and Mike on a business trip in Denver. They had been apart for a week now and Mandy wanted to greet her man the best way she could think, namely in something sexy.

The box at her feet was an enigma, a shipment from Europe that she wasn't expecting, nor had her husband mentioned. As she hefted the heavy cardboard box to the table, she realized it must be some surprise. Mike had a wonderfully horrible habit of buying kinky gifts for her. She had learned early on that he loved kinky toys, sexy clothes and, his favorite, playing BDSM games. Though she wasn't a true submissive by any stretch of the imagination, she played along now and then. If anything, it always rewarded her with great orgasms, so spending an evening in bondage wasn't all that bad in return.

Dying to see her new present, she knew there would be nothing better than to be wearing it, whatever it was, when Mike came home. He'd forgive her nosiness, perhaps with a little spanking to set things right. With a devious smile to herself, she grabbed scissors and cut the box open like a child on Christmas morning.

Mike sat at the airport waiting for a boarding call. He could see the snow falling outside the window, spelling out a fate he'd rather not consider. Frustrated already, his flight had been delayed twice, and he feared another similar announcement if the counter personnel's expressions and the weather were any indication. The vibration of his phone caught him by surprise. He yanked it out of his pocket angrily, flipping it open without looking.

"Hello," he said, impatiently.

"Mr. Chambers," the thickly accented voice asked. "This is Franz from Steelworks in Amsterdam. You placed an order with us a number of weeks ago?" Mike quickly changed his tone.

"Yes, I'm sorry. What can I do for you?"

"It's regarding your order. It has been shipped, but there is a problem."

Mandy had spread the box contents out on the floor. She whistled at the sight. Mike had never gone to this extent or expense, though she knew he had always wanted to. The collection of steel shackles and bands looked expensive, highly crafted in some lightweight yet thick metal, gleaming subtly in the light. Each had a small paper tag connected to it, identifying its application. There was a wide collar first, followed by wrist and ankle cuffs. A thin metal band was noted as a spine restrictor, with strange pins sticking out of it at the mid point and near the bottom. It seemed to connect to the back of the collar, then down to a wide band marked as a waist band. The most curious piece was the obvious chastity belt setup included; another band shaped to fit just above her hips, with a convex panel that would cover her clitoris, before reaching between her legs. A shiny silicone dildo was also included, the length punctured with holes and the end designed with some sort of fitting. The rear bands split, clearly made to reach to the sides of the hip band. A final addition was small thigh bands that were welded together with a tiny rotating shackle.

Mandy admired the intensity of the bondage. She had discussed Mike's fantasies with him in the past, realizing he could fantasize about some pretty severe stuff, but they had agreed that it just wasn't her thing. Regardless, they both played with the idea of a Dominant/submissive relationship from time to time, to both their enjoyment. But looking at the array of steel Mike had intended to put on her, she felt a rush of fear, mixed with excitement, at the thought of being held so rigidly.

Standing in front of the mirror, Mandy admired her body. At 26 years old, she was still as trim as she was in high school, with firm breasts and a thin waist. Her shoulder length, dark hair cascading on to her shoulders, framing an oval face with dark eyes. As her hands ran down her body, she was thankful for one kinky idea Mike had asked of her; he had suggested laser hair removal. Though not a huge fan of a hairless pussy, making her feel like a little girl at times, she did appreciate the fact that she never had to shave anymore. Her entire body below her neck had been treated multiple times, and now she enjoyed completely smooth skin. Just not having to shave her underarms or legs was a great relief.

Mandy found her fingers dropping down to her pussy, finding her clit and stroking it gently. She loved the sensation there, and would often play with herself when Mike wasn't around. A flush of blood rushed to her face as she gasped, her fingers automatically increasing their motion, bringing Mandy closer to orgasm.

In her own act of submission, she stopped just short, frustrating herself, pouting into the mirror. She smiled then, knowing she would keep herself on the verge of orgasm for Mike, hoping he brought her back to the edge and beyond when he discovered his surprise.

Back in the living room, Mandy found the set of instructions that came with the steel. They described a very specific order of placement. First, she selected the collar, affixing the spine restrictor to a slot in the back edge of the collar. The other end of the spine restrictor fit into a similar position in the waist belt. A set of unique double-u shaped cuffs connected to pins at the back of the spine restrictor. One set marked as elbow cuffs and the other as wrist cuffs, the open ends remaining hinged out and open. She lifted the collar to her neck, making sure the spine restrictor was centered on her back, before pushing the collar closed. She found herself gasping as

the snug cuff clicked into position, creating a nearly seamless band of steel around her neck. The collar was wider in front than behind, with a small flat lip under her chin that pushed it up. Mandy marveled at the craftsmanship, as well as the exacting measurements. Mike had clearly measured her body carefully. The collar was very high, fully covering her neck from collarbone to chin, making it difficult to turn her head, while forcing her head up. She gulped a bit, learning to swallow with the new and unceasing pressure against her throat.

The waist band, nearly six inches in width, was designed with a slight inner bend, much like a small corset. As Mandy pushed the band into place, she found the spine restrictor responding. Her back was pulled straight, even arched backward a touch, forcing her into a stringent posture. She pushed firmly against the waist band, sucking in her breath to make her waist as small as possible, until the ends of the band clicked home. Her body was held rigid now, her waist constricted tightly, making breathing even more of a labor. She glanced to the keys, wondering if this was too much for her, but quickly turned away. She wanted Mike's homecoming to be great, and she knew that despite her discomfort, this would be the best ever.

Next she selected the chastity belt. Slipping it around her waist by touch, she noticed how well crafted it was, fitting her shape perfectly. She held the crotch band up into place, noticing how well it would lock off access to her pussy and clit. With a devious smile, she fit the dildo onto the band then began to play with her clit feverishly. It only took moments before she was on the ultimate brink of orgasm, when she quickly stopped, clicking the top of the band into its slot in the belt, then pushing the dildo into her pussy. The penetration nearly pushed her over the brink, but fell just short. Mandy knew she would do anything once Mike came home to get him to take this thing off and push her back over the edge. What little submissive tendencies she had brought a smile to her face at this thought.

The rear straps stretched up to the rear sides of the band. The metal weave, almost like tight chain mail, began at the point between her newly plugged pussy and ass as a wider taper, then reduced to a thin metal band at the belt. As Mandy pulled hard on the straps to meet the belt, she realized their purpose; the design pulled snugly on her ass cheeks, holding them wide and providing clear access to her anus. She frowned at this, never having been a fan of anal sex, but the forced exposure did

bring a certain eroticism to it all. She shrugged it off, her hands moving to the front. She could tell that the device was designed for ultimate denial. The wide, concave device that covered her clit would not allow any finger penetration even in the least. She tried to flex her body to gain access, what little she could, but quickly discovered the hidden flexible joints under the metal, which were designed to keep the belt firmly pressed against her crotch despite her angle. That, combined with her new inability to twist her body, made any access impossible.

Resigned to her frustration, Mandy began to attach the final elements. First, she attached ankle cuffs with great difficulty, unable to bend over to see, yet finding it difficult to flex her legs up either. In the end, she managed to close them by touch, hearing the metal click into place and feeling the firm grip of the cuffs. The scant three inches of chain welded between the cuffs would make walking difficult, she knew, but she doubted she would be doing much walking when Mike got home!

She attached the thigh bands, then found the two segments of chain mail strap that connected the cuffs to the chastity belt. Struggling to her feet, which proved to be very difficult, she discovered the purpose of the thigh bands. With the welded device between them, she was unable to spread her legs, further limiting any access to her pussy. It was a devious design that also made it difficult to walk in anything but tiny steps.

Glancing at the clock, it read 3pm, and Mandy realized that Mike could be home any minute. The only thing remaining was the arm bondage. She pushed her elbows behind her, trying to lay her upper arms into the U shaped slots mounted to the spine restrictor. She had always been flexible, and Mike had always enjoyed the fact that her elbows met so easily, but now it was more of an issue of placing them precisely. Pushing them into the slots, she leaned against the nearby wall, closing the dual sided cuff. With a little squirming she removed any pinching before clicking it shut. She experimented with the bondage, tugging at her elbows to see how much movement she had. She quickly found that her arms were held rigid behind her, with very little ability to move. She knew once she got her wrists locked in place, she would truly be at Mike's mercy.

She grinned devilishly as her wrists found the final cuff, and it clicked shut, holding

her wrists firmly in its grip. She pushed her wrist cuffs against the belt and felt the two small pins mounted there slip into their positions in the cuffs. With another click her arms became useless, locked firmly to her back restrictor and waist band. Exhilarated, she glanced at the mirror across the room. Even though she wasn't a huge fan of bondage, she felt a thrill run through her at the sight. Her body was held rigid, her breasts pushed out slightly, her head held high by the steel collar. Her arms disappeared behind her back in perfect bondage. She stepped up on her toes, admiring the curve of her leg, and then the small waist constricted by metal. She smiled, knowing Mike would be thrilled.

With a final glance at the clock, she moved over to the door, cautiously kneeling on the floor in the slave posture Mike liked so much. She wanted to touch herself horribly, but as she struggled with her bound arms, she realized she would have to wait. The thought made her clit ache even more.

"There are actually two problems," the accented voice admitted to Mike. "It seems that though you ordered a basic set of collar and cuffs, we instead shipped you another order, this one with a full compliment."

"What does that mean," Mike asked. He knew the original order alone was very expensive, considering the high quality and custom nature of the cuffs. He had simply wanted to introduce Mandy to the thought of being his slave-girl for the weekend, but he was afraid that anything more than a nice collar and some wrists cuffs would scare her away from the whole BDSM business.

"Well, the complete set includes the posture collar design, with the back restrictor. That's a metal piece that connects the back of the collar to the back of a waist piece. The concept is to promote a strict posture." Mike smiled, knowing he'd love to see Mandy in something like that. "In addition to ankle cuffs as well, the set includes a chastity belt with an anal access enhancer. The device is very carefully designed to remove any access to the vagina or clitoral area, while making access to the anus much easier." The voice paused, Mike assumed waiting for comment, but he provided none. His mind was in fantasy mode now. "This chastity set also includes thigh bands that prevent the wearer from opening her legs at all, increasing the security of her privates, with the exception of her anus, of course."

"Of course," Mike added with a smile, matter of fact.

"Finally, the back restrictor has attachments for binding the elbows together via a special double u shaped cuff, and a similar cuff for the wrists, which also connect to the back of the chastity belt. The design is quite remarkable," Hanz mentioned proudly. "Once locked in place, the design could be quite comfortable to wear for very long periods of time, assuming the wearer could comfortably touch her elbows together. But the design also removed any ability to move her arms or upper body. A remarkable design" he repeated.

"I assume you would like me to send this back," Mike asked. The voice quickly demurred.

"No, no! Not at all. The design was created with your measurements in mind. You may remember that despite your original order of a collar and cuffs, we still required a full set of measurements. This enabled us to complete this set exactly to your submissive's specifications." Mike smiled at the thought of Mandy as his submissive, his slave. If only, he thought to himself. "It was our mistake that we sent the set, and thus there will be no additional charge, but," the voice became suddenly nervous. "There is another problem."

Mandy glanced at the clock, which read 4:00. Mike's flight was supposed to be in an hour ago, and with airport transfer he should have been home by now. She shifted her position, sliding down onto her hip to let the circulation back into her legs. The position quickly put strain on her back as the back restrictor refused to twist. Despite the pins and needles in her lower legs, she quickly got back on her knees. "Interesting feature," she thought to herself.

She had already had one panic attack. Held so rigidly, with her chest pushed out by the bend of the back restrictor, her chin held high by the posture collar, she was suddenly overwhelmed by the need to gain freedom. The feeling passed after a few minutes, but the sensation had brought tears to her eyes, and her mind had begun to sense what it would be like to be a real slave.

She had known for a long time that Mike, if he had his dream, would want a real slave. He had kidded about it enough that she had secretly understood his true

desires. She had never told him that she knew, and he had always joked it off, but she was well aware of what his desires were. After being bound for an hour now, she tried to imagine what a life like that would be like. If this steel was any indication, life with Mike would be very restrictive and controlled. In this position alone, she realized she would be able to serve only one purpose; she would be able to give oral sex, and receive anal sex only. The thought made her shudder, but still she could feel a slight surge in her clit, a response to such an alien and horrible concept. With the chastity belt in place, she could experience no pleasure from either action. She couldn't imagine what it would be like to only be a tool for sex, and none of it for her own pleasure. She squirmed again, her face flushing slightly from the idea, though the sense of panic began to rise once again in her heart.

She forced herself to breathe, to relax. "It's ok, Mandy," she said to herself out loud. "It's just a fantasy." The words helped, grounding her in reality while her thoughts escaped into the ether of fantasy. She glanced at the clock again, wondering what was taking so long.

Mike hung up the phone just as an announcement came over the loudspeaker. He groaned as the voice notified him and 150 other passengers that their flight had been cancelled. He looked at his watch and flipped the phone open again.

Despite Mandy's discomfort on her knees, she had almost fallen asleep. The phone ringing startled her awake. She looked to the phone up on the wall, realizing quickly there was no way she could reach it in her bound state. As the machine beeped, she breathed a sigh of relief at Mike's voice.

"Hey, Mandy," he said into the machine. "I doubt you're home yet yourself, but I wanted to leave a message to let you know they cancelled my flight. It's starting to snow pretty hard here, but I'm going to try and get on another one. Either way, I'm probably not going to get home until much later."

"Shit," Mandy exclaimed out loud, realizing her mistake. She was going to have to stay bound for at least three more hours, if not longer.

"I'll keep you posted or feel free to call me on my cell," he finished, then added, "Oh, by the way, I got a package in the mail. Don't open it, ok? And if you already did,

don't try anything on. I'll explain when I get home." And with that, he hung up, the machine clanking to a stop.

Mandy had discovered that she could lay on her back, but anything other than that was too uncomfortable. The hardwood floor provided its own discomfort, pressing the merciless metal into her tender skin. On her back now, she pulled her knees up and let her feet rest against the floor, the ankle shackles too short to clank against the floor. She could feel the dildo inside of her pussy flex slightly. She craned her body to glance at the clock for the 100th time. It read 8:30pm. Tears came to her eyes once more, rolling down her cheeks as she stared at the ceiling again.

The house had grown dark, the mid afternoon light that she started with had faded into nighttime. The low light added to her mood of despair, her mind actively wandering into darker thoughts as she endured her fifth hour of self-inflicted bondage. She had feared that an intruder might enter the house, and with her helpless condition, take advantage of her. During a brief moment of sleep, she dreamt that she was being sold into slavery by Mike. The dream woke her with a start, a gasp of fear escaping her throat, but she also found herself with a slight thrill coursing through her body, a feeling that confused her while she tried to recover from her imagination.

She found herself wondering what life would be like as a slave again, her helpless condition making the thought much more realistic. She found part of it exciting, the idea of serving Mike as a slave-girl, catering to his needs, being used sexually. Just the idea of not working ever again, at least not in the traditional sense, was fun to imagine. She even thought that bondage wasn't quite so bad, though maybe not as stringent as she was currently bound. Though she was intrigued by the thought, she also realized it was fantasy. She knew that living like a slave from a fantasy novel wasn't realistic, and that any woman would eventually hate it, or so she imagined.

The heater kicked on, and she was thankful that she had reactivated it when she got home. Though they lived in a warmer climate, the nights still fell to a chilly level, and under her current predicament, she would have been unable to do much other than freeze.

Her stomach growled, and she realized she hadn't eaten since lunch. There wasn't

much of a choice, she thought, wondering how she could even access the refrigerator. Her eyes fell upon the dog dish, half full of dry food with an accompanying bowl beside it for water. Luckily the dog was at a dog sitter. She wasn't that desperate yet, but she realized she just might be soon, if Mike didn't come home.

The sound of footsteps on their deck outside made her jump. Thinking it might be Mike, Mandy quickly struggled to her knees, taking up the now familiar submissive posture. She found her pussy aching suddenly, longing for Mike's return. "For my Master's return," she said deviously. As the sound approached the door, she bowed her head appropriately.

Some fumbling at the door quickly ended and the footsteps faded into the distance. She could imagine the flyer for some takeout joint now clipped to the door knob. With a groan of disappointment, she tried to slump, but once again found she couldn't, a moan escaping her through in frustration.

Mandy woke up with a start. The room was pitch black but she could see flashlight light coursing through the house behind her, reflecting off the pictures and window glass in the room. She could hear muffled voices when suddenly one grew close.

"What do we have here," a man's voice said. "It looks like we have a nice little slave girl here." A hand grabbed her hair from behind, pulling her painfully to her knees as another one ran down her body, over her breasts, fondling her nipples.

"Please! Don't touch me," she begged. Suddenly her mouth was stuffed with a rag and she was dragged to her feet.

"Let's have some fun with this one." She was half dragged, half marched to the bedroom before she was thrown across the bed. She could hear a zipper coming down and without warning a cock was shoved into her ass. She screamed behind the gag at the pain, when suddenly the rag was ripped from her mouth, replaced by a thick hard cock. She tried to scream for help, but she was helpless, fucked from both ends, unable to resist.

"Heck, let's take her and sell her," one voice said. "She'd make us more money than

all this other stuff!" She felt the cock in her mouth surge and quickly shoot a load of hot cum down her throat as she cried in defeat.

"I'd rather keep her," the other voice said. "She's our fuck slave now!"

The ringing phone yanked Mandy out of her nightmare. The clock said 10:30pm, and she had managed to fall asleep while still on her knees, leaning against the side of the couch. As she straightened up, feeling the pain in her legs from diminished circulation, Mike's voice reached her through the machine.

"Mandy? Are you there?" A pause, then, "I'm surprised I haven't heard from you by now. I hope you didn't have trouble with your flight, too. Anyway, maybe you went out. It doesn't look like I'm going to be able to get a flight tonight, so I'm going to grab a hotel room." Mandy's eye shot open at the words, a panic filling her body. "The snow is pretty bad. They said they might not be able to get a flight out tomorrow either so you might have a couple days on your own." Mandy began to cry, her body twisting and struggling against the metal to no avail. She knew she was already a panicked wreck after seven hours. She couldn't even fathom what more than 36 hours might be like. She pulled to her knees, trying to stand, but the thigh cuffs made it impossible. Crawling frantically, the chain welded between her ankle cuffs dragging noisily on the hardwood floor, she tried to reach the phone, to call out to Mike, to plead for help.

Pushing her back against the wall, she was able to rise up enough to hit her head against the phone, knocking it off the hook. Falling to the floor with it, she positioned her head as close as she could, ignoring the pain the steel was causing.

"Mike?! Can you hear me," she said frantically. "Can you hear me," she repeated.

"I'm here," he said, his voice distant but intelligible. "What's the matter?"

"I... I got into your box," she stammered, embarrassed and afraid he would be angry. "I found the surprise you ordered," she admitted. Mike was strangely quiet for a moment.

"Did you try anything on," he asked, cautiously.

"I... I tried it all on," she said. In a stream of words she described what she was wearing, how the back restrictor forced her breasts out, how the chastity belt took away her ability to touch herself, and how her arms were bound behind her, useless and immobile. Mike was quiet when she finished. "I'm sorry. I wanted to surprise you. I know how much you like this stuff," she finished.

"Mandy, I need to tell you something, but I don't want you to panic." Mike hesitated. "I wish I could be there to tell you this, but I think you need to know."

"What," Mandy asked, fear already rising in her voice.

"The company that made those sent the wrong set," Mike said carefully. "The ones you're wearing aren't designed to come off... ever."

"What?!" Mandy shook her head, wondering if she were still dreaming. "But there are keys in the box..."

"Yeah, those were the keys to the set I ordered. They put them in accidentally. If you look carefully, you'll notice there are no keyholes or anything." Mandy twisted around, desperate to prove Mike wrong, but the metal was unyielding, preventing her from twisting enough to see.

"I... I can't move enough. I can't see!" Mandy began to cry again. In anger she twisted and turned her arms, trying to pull on her chastity belt. Nothing moved, nothing budged. All Mandy wanted to do is curl up into a ball, but even that was impossible.

Mike finally made it home on Monday, a full two days since he last spoke to Mandy. After they spoke, she was unable to hang up the phone, and thus Mike couldn't call her again. He tried to get home as quickly as possible, fighting the urge to call a friend to check on her. He had no one he could call that would understand what was going on, so he simply worked hard to get back to her.

When he opened the door he found something he didn't expect. Mandy was kneeling at the door, her eyes lowered, her body quaking with sobs. At first he couldn't help but be impressed. Her petite form locked in steel, her back arched and neck coated with thick titanium. Her pussy was covered in metal as well, guarding her sex from

anybody, but especially herself. Coming to his senses, he dropped his bags and rushed to her, kneeling down in front of her to pull her eyes to him.

It was hard to imagine she had been locked like this for more than two days, sitting in the dark, unable to do anything but embrace her bondage. He carefully lifted her to her feet, noting how restrictive the thigh bands were, helping her support her weight on weakened legs. His hands slid down her arms, relishing her pulled back shoulders, how her elbows nearly touched, the steel that held them in place. Her body arched toward him, her breasts pushing into his body against her own will.

"We'll figure something out," he whispered gently as he stroked her hair.

For the next two weeks Mike tried everything he could to release Mandy from her bondage. Upon close examination, he could see just how well crafted the metal was. Hinges were hidden inside the cuff and the seam where they joined was barely visible. The fit was nearly exact, pressing lightly against her skin without compressing, yet it was impossible to slip anything thicker than a nail file in between.

After a week and a half of frustration, Mandy finally gave in, allowing Mike to contact a metal worker in hopes he could suggest a way to cut her free. Mike found one in another city, hoping to minimize the embarrassment for Mandy. But there was no pride to be saved when they arrived at the craftsman's shop and Mandy dropped her robe, revealing her naked and bound form.

Mike learned a lot about titanium that night, mostly that it took very high temperatures and specialized equipment to work, much less cut. There was clearly no way anything could be removed without significant damage to Mandy. Later, back at home, Mike sat with Mandy, asking her what she wanted to do.

"I'm sorry," he started. Mandy had grown more and more quiet as she realized her fate. "We can try to cut something off and see what happens, but it sounds like you might be seriously hurt. I don't want to make that decision for you, though."

"Do you think there might be another way, some day, to release me?" Her eyes lifted to his, and he could see the tears welling in them.

"The company that made them said they would figure out something, but I don't know how long that might take. It could be a week or a year." Mandy nodded, as best as the tall collar would allow.

"Can I ask you a question?"

"Of course. Anything."

"You used to tell me that owning a real slave was a dream of yours. Is that still true?"

"Well, yes," he admitted. "But not like this. I know you didn't want this, and I don't find much joy in it if you aren't interested." Mandy nodded again, her eyes dropping. She was on her knees, as she was often nowadays, since it was one of the only positions she could rest comfortably. Mike knew it was part of the design, to keep the slave on her knees.

"Since I might be like this for awhile," she hesitated, "or forever, I'd like to learn how to be your slave." The words were clearly difficult to say.

"Are you sure," Mike asked, surprised. "Why are you saying this?"

"Look at me, Mike," she said with the first voice of strength since he had come home two weeks ago. "I'm not good for much otherwise. I know you've been pampering me, worried about me, but you shouldn't have to. I look like a slave, I'm bound like a slave, I would like to be trained like a slave." Her voice cracked at the end, but she regained her voice once more. "If you can release me one day, maybe I can be an even more useful slave. But for now, I might as well fulfill your fantasy."

Mike was surprised, though his cock had grown with the idea. He had dreamt many times over the past weeks about how he could use Mandy. He never thought she would be a willing slave, but his fantasies had included forcing her to become one, especially if he could never release her. He looked her over, admiring the way the elbow cuffs, locked to the back restrictor, held her shoulders behind her, and the arch of the same device pushed her tits out to him. He imagined piercing those nipples, amongst other things.

“Are you sure,” he asked, seriously. Her eyes gently rose to his, for the last time.

“Yes, Master,” she said, before her eyes dropped to the floor again.

Epilogue

After a couple years, the shackle company finally figured out a way to remove permanent cuffs with only minimal scarring, but Mike had declined the offer. Over the first six months, Mandy had finally come to accept her role as a sex slave. There was little choice, of course, since her activities were limited by her permanent bondage. Her hours alone to embrace her fate had already opened her mind to the fact that she would most likely be stuck in her bondage, so it was an easy reach to submit the remaining way.

She worked hard at enjoying oral sex, though she knew she really had no choice, but she never learned to enjoy anal sex. She faced constant humiliation at the thought that she would never have her clit touched again, nor experience vaginal penetration; the realization often brought tears to her eyes. She remembered playing with herself that last night, bringing herself close to orgasm, before locking on the horrible chastity belt. If she had only known it would have been the last time to feel the wave of pleasure from an orgasm, she would have enjoyed it one last time.

Six months after she agreed to be his slave, Mike decided he would begin to attend a variety of fetish parties. He quickly became a celebrity amongst the other regular partygoers. A man with a real, and clearly fulltime slave was a rare commodity.

Mike quickly learned that humiliation was a strong training tool, keeping Mandy in a state of constant and total submission. They would attend parties where Mandy was the only mostly nude guest and, as the other guests would sit at tables with fine linens and gourmet good, Mandy would be told to kneel beside Mike, eating pieces of food from his hand.

A year later, Mike met Madeline at a fetish party. Within six months they were married. Mandy, much to her dismay, was quickly taught the skill of pleasuring another woman with her mouth, and soon found a regular job in keeping Madeline pleased.

In an effort to ensure Mandy understood her place, Madeline had insisted on further modifications to their permanently bound slave, and soon Mandy wore both a series of piercings in her tongue and her septum, matching the dual rings and rods that Mike had added to her nipples months before. Further expanding Mandy's humiliation, Madeline had any remaining hair on her body permanently removed. As the clippers removed the hair from her head, followed by the familiar laser treatment, Mandy cried quietly, but no further response was given. As Madeline ran her hands over her newly bald head, Mandy bowed her head as far as the posture collar would allow, which was very little.

The End