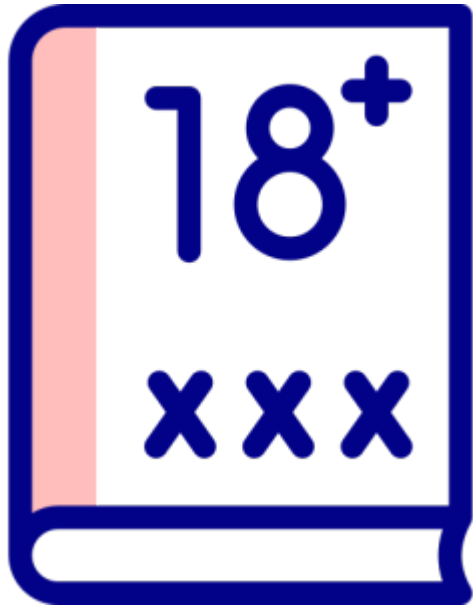


# Tamara's Extreme Bondage

Category: Text Stories

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**By JG Leathers / Christine Lucas**

*This story will be a long one and will be of extreme permanent bondage, I hope you like it ☐*

## **Part 1**

Tamara was beautiful, that she knew. At twenty six years of age; mature, self-aware, inquisitive, and not so long ago with waist-length, thick curled blonde hair; she was five foot seven and endowed with a firm thirty-six inch-DDD bust. She could have had any man, any age, and any income that she decided she wanted. She stood now though, blind-folded and fumbling, slowly working herself into a cool and clammy, thick-skinned, rubber body-suit, wondering idly what he got out of the B & D thing, despite that fact that she too had so far enjoyed the roles of Master and Submissive.

Slowly and awkwardly, she pulled up the tight, shoulder-length, thick black rubber gloves he'd handed to her a minute ago, wriggling her gel-slicked fingers carefully into their individual tubes. She admitted to herself that she really did get a charge

out of some of the strange costumes they'd experimented with, and a month previously, to add more spice to their whole scene.

She'd gone so far as to have her ears, nose, tongue, nipples, and clitoris pierced by his doctor. Naturally, they'd both wanted some jewelry resident in each of the resultant holes, and so she'd permitted him to select a series of sturdy little U-shaped silvery shackles. She hadn't found out until sometime later that they in fact, would never be removed from her. To make matters worse, there was no possible way that she could discover to get them off by herself, and he wouldn't consent to it happening anyway! Initially, her anger when she discovered their permanence, was quite genuine; but over a period of days and some intense play sessions employing them, she'd begun to secretly want them to be kept mounted in her flesh.

The blindfold he'd insisted she wear after she'd laced on the impossible crotch high heavy latex ballet boots with polished steel pointed toes and 10 inch polished steel spiked heels, utterly prevented her from seeing what she looked like now. Adding even more to her enjoyment of ensconcing herself in this latest engineering marvel of B & D technology. The remainder of the thick rubber envelope, with its attached helmet and mitts, hung in his hands in heavy folds from her hips while she leaned forward and thrust her restrictingly gloved arms down into the sleeves. It was relatively easy to slide her encased arms and fingers to the bottoms of the lubed tubes; but she discovered that it was quite difficult to wriggle her hands past the doubled thickness of the tight wrist-bands, even with him holding them. Once through though, her fingers slipped immediately into the thick-skinned inner gloves at the sleeve's ends, these embedded within the foamed rubber filling of the thumbless mitts. The so called mitts in reality resembled long, rigid, slightly flattened, smooth ovoids, and once within their confines, her fingers and thumbs nestled unmoving, buried in the high-density foam fillings. She tried to twitch them; but only a very slight flexing was permitted by the foam, despite how much she strove to move. Her Sense of loss of control was enhanced by the fact that her fingers and thumbs were kept slightly separated from each other. Adding to the businesslike appearance of the mitts, glittering rings embedded in their rounded tips flicked back and forth with potent readiness whenever she tried to bend her doubly entombed arms.

Her full breasts swung freely away from her chest for a moment when she bent over and shrugged further into the already snug contours of the garment, and the prickly inner surface was definitely an unpleasant surprise. At first it was quite cool and clammy where it touched her skin and goose bumps rose automatically; but she quickly found that even the small exertion required to shrug herself further into the thick and restrictive rubber skin soon had her sweating. Little rivulets of salty moisture trickled down her legs and back while she twisted and squirmed to get the garment properly, if somewhat uncomfortably, settled into the correct fit to her body. He'd taken considerable time and care to lubricate her skin after she'd waxed off all of her body hair, including that on her face; covering her completely with an unscented, slippery clear gel. As she struggled to pull the suit on, small puffs of expelled air wafted past her nose, carrying the distinctive odor of the neoprene rubber garment. It was a scent that had taken a little getting used to; but now she enjoyed it as the precursor to 'the main event' as she now referred the serious portions of their play.

She wondered at the significance of the special lubricant. Obviously, it had something to do with easing the process of her 'suit' being fitted; but he'd hinted that there was another reason and then hadn't volunteered any explanations; just hummed quietly to himself while he slathered the stuff on. He made sure that her crotch and each breast was liberally covered with the glistening goop, then had helped her get started with the enveloping clothing. She continued wriggling herself provocatively, both for her own enjoyment and for him, to get the torso portion up and over her chest. The rigid and cool containments of the built-in bra cups suddenly covered her generous breasts and Tamara shrugged her shoulders, feeling her slippery mounds begin to slide slowly into their snug containments. She twisted sensuously to settle herself further into the glossy jet covering and discovered that thick yet stretchy rubber rings, like narrow donuts, were slipping down over her breasts. As they settled against her chest, they slowly tightened around the base of each mound. These rings acted as loose snares, keeping each breast blood-engorged and sensitive.

Her nipples pushed out towards the tip of each cup, then slowly pressed themselves past rings of 1/4" long needles that surrounded the cup's apexes just below small, secondary teat-suckling caps. She yelped with startled surprise and pain when they

dragged across the sensitive skin of her already erected nipples; but the slippery coating allowed the engorged flesh to slide almost effortlessly past the rings of outwardly-angled needles, and she couldn't avoid it happening.

The doubled rubber skin encumbered her arms when she tried to reach up with her useless, mitted hands, automatically attempting, uselessly, to grasp and pull the squeezing, painful bra cups away from her breasts.

It was too late.

The outward pointing needles utterly prohibited the withdrawal of any flesh that had already passed beyond their guardian rings of impalement, and she knew instinctively that they would insert themselves into her sensitive skin if anyone tried to pull the cups away from her breasts. Tamara moaned with arousal and fear at the sliding and prickling sensation, quickly realizing that she'd be unable to touch or remove her breasts from The suit, until he released the ring's locking mechanisms, if there were any.

Gritting her teeth against the painful attentions of the sharpened points, she shrugged the last folds up then over her shoulders, feeling her nipples and aureoles being forced further and further past the hidden points, entrapping her ever more deeply.

"John!!" she wailed angrily at him as they began to work into the surface of her skin, "You didn't tell me about these awful things inside the cups! They're horrible and they're hurting me!"

"Another surprise of your new suit." he chuckled from behind her, pulling strongly on the opened sides of thick rubber skin on her back, struggling to get it into full contact around her body. "What do you think about it so far for a different bondage experience?"

"I don't know yet. It's not very pleasant!" she grumbled; but nevertheless allowed him to continue with her encasement.

His voice had been loud; but it was curiously muffled by the ear-plug/hearing aids fitted and locked into her ears. She really didn't need hearing aids at all; but he'd

taken incredible steps to ensure that she now wore them at all times. It was another means of control he'd said prophetically. After she'd been fitted with them, he'd immediately taken her to his friend's piercing studio and had her tagi and the cartilages of her ears pierced. It had hurt a lot; but, what really surprised her was when he fitted each of her new piercings with plain, stainless steel studs; sort of like long-posted thumb-tacks adorned with a small ring on their flat tops. These had been pressed into the perforation in each Tagus, through retaining loops on the hearing aids, and then out through the holes in the cartilages behind the shells of the ears. When the posts passed through the fittings on the external ends of the ear-plugs, they'd been pressed them firmly and uncomfortably all the way into her pre-lubricated ear canals, deafening her until he'd turned them on somehow. Occasionally, they'd seem to fail; but he always seemed to be able to restore her hearing. The plugs were virtually unnoticeable to the casual observer, and even those that did see them, didn't ask about them for fear of embarrassing her with such personal questions. And so she was stuck wearing them. She'd had to bend her head forward after the posts were inserted, then there'd been some fiddling behind her ears. That too had hurt like the dickens. She discovered later that the posts had been bent into small circles around tiny stainless steel rings, then welded closed on them. There was no possible way, from that point forward, for her to remove them!

## **Part 2**

To make matters even worse, as far as she was concerned, the rings at the backs of her ears were joined to each other with a fine but very sturdy chain that looped tightly under the bulge of her skull. At the centre of this chain a ring with a further short tail dangled from it; this length terminating in another steel circlet. Two weeks after she began wearing this new arrangement, he demonstrated one day just how vulnerable it made her, by tugging gently on the freely swinging tail chain. The painful dragging at her ears was bad enough; but the sudden irritating pressure and leverings on the ear-plugs had stopped her immediately and she'd had to back up until he released the tension, whining from the unpleasant tension and twitchings.

For a few moments more Tamara continued twisting and writhing while the garment gradually slipped into a perfect fit. It was very tight, and about to become even more so.

"I guess I'm ready for whatever comes next." she gasped, unconsciously shivering herself to escape the painful sticking of the needles. Of course, all that this did was to settle them ever more deeply. She waited impatiently while he arranged the next pieces on the bench behind her stool.

"Well You are a sight for a rubber fetishist!" he exclaimed, licking his lips with anticipation while he walked around her, inspecting the fit and watching how she teetered, still blind-folded, on the 10 inch toe shoed boots, trying to get used to the tiny spiked heels and pointed toes.

He noted that she'd dutifully laced them as tightly as possible all the way up her legs over the suit's leg and foot portions. Her legs were now covered by three separate layers of tight and thick rubber. First there had been the thigh length stockings, then the leggings and stockings of The suit itself, and finally the heavy latex of the boots. All of the layers had been made with reinforced eyelets on the inner and outer sides at the narrowest portions of her legs, just above the ankles to permit the restraint rings 1/8th of an inch thick, 3 inch wide stainless steel cuffs to protrude. Prior to her putting on the glossy and thick rubber stockings, he'd locked them very tightly about her ankles and they were now covered and concealed from view. She'd also allowed him to similarly fit the same type of bracelet to each of her wrists, and the only hints of their presence on any of her four limbs were the gleaming restraining rings and the slight bulges the cuffs produced.

"How does it feel so far?"

"I feel like the stuffing in a sausage!" she complained with a nervous laugh. "These glove and mitt-things are totally strange, and I'm not sure if I'm going to really get off on the prickly inner surface, either. This built-in bra is far too tight and really uncomfortable. Especially with these nasty needles sticking into my nipples!" Then, with a careful shrug, she asked, "OK, what's going to happen now?"

"Well, the next order of business," he said with quiet determination, "is to get you closed up, then I'll tighten the built-in corset. After that, you'll have to accept your various masks, then your helmet."

"Uh ... well, OK. I guess." she mumbled dubiously, not realizing that the thick

impervious garment was going to be much, much more of an experience than she could possibly imagine.

He knew all about her 'sessions' with his friends; but she, as yet, was unaware that he did.

"What are these masks that you keep talking about?" Tamara asked with a tinge of anxiety in her voice, waving her encased and now thoroughly useless hands around blindly. He walked over and stood behind her.

"Well ... they faintly resemble the kind that fighter pilots and divers wear." he said noncommittally while he smoothed a wide inner flap over her spine under the heavy duty back zipper, then slowly and carefully pulled the closure upwards until it reached a position about six inches below the nape of her neck. The neck-piece and collar remained split for the moment; the bulky and surprisingly heavy helmet still opened up the back to its crown and resting on the upper slopes of her thrusting, rubber-encased breasts. When he closed the zipper she found that the whole garment had tightened firmly about her chest and body, thanks to the slippery gel, and her breasts swelled outwards even more into their strict and confining cups. Tamara yelped anew as the needles slowly sank into the tumescent, slippery flesh.

"Oooouuccch!! Aaarrh! Goddamn it! They're going into me!" She wailed, her mitts pressing gingerly against the rigid breast cups. "Please! Make them stop! Oooohhh! Oooohhh!"

"Sorry Tamara. Once that process starts, there's no way to stop it until the cups settle fully into place on your body."

"Uuuunnnh!! Oh, damn it! These really hurt!" she howled, dropping her mitts to her sides and quivering.

Her rubber encased nipples poked through small holes in the heavier rubber on the outer suit. He carefully approached her with a needle and made a small hole in the inner rubber coating her nipples. He took a one inch polished stainless steel ring, lubed it liberally, and began to slip it through her piercing. The 1/8th inch diameter ring required a lot of coaxing and Tamara's pleas to stop didn't deter him. He

fastened his vice grips to hold the heavy rings closed and soldiered them shut. "Can you get them off?", she asked. "Oh yes shouldn't be a problem." In his mind he knew case hardened steel was almost impossible to cut with a bolt cutter or saw and with a nipple in such close proximity no one would ever try.

Anyway, it's time for your steel collar now."

"My poor nipples!! Oh damn how they hurt!" she almost wept, then asked in a shaking voice, "A steel collar? I thought that you were just going to have me wear the leather one?"

"Nope! This one is really a dandy, Tamara. You'll ... ah ... get used to it, eventually."

"Uuuuhhhnn. That sounds kind of ominous." she opined.

He said nothing further for a moment; reaching to the bench for the 6 to 8 inch wide, specially curved, and opened steel band. In short seconds he held it in front of her neck below her chin, then spoke once more.

"Lift your chin Tamara." This is a posture collar, and it's going to be tight."

"O-O-OK."

### **Part 3**

She raised her head and he strained to open the springy stainless steel band by slipping his fingers through the one inch diameter side rings, then pulling them apart. A quick motion drew the collar snug against the front of her throat, then reversing his grip, he pressed his palms against the sides until there was a doubled click at the back of her neck, right over her spinal column. Her collar was on. It had been manufactured in such a manner that when the locking posts were pressed into their mating holes; ratcheted catches (their mechanisms welded inside the structure and now totally inaccessible) slipped along these short shafts and snapped home, locking the entire thing irremovably in place around her neck.

The collar was so wide that it prevented her from looking downwards. It was now impossible to look from side to side as it made her neck and head one with her torso. It was tight to her throat; but was formed so that it fitted comfortably; provided she

didn't try to fight against its commanding presence. The gleaming stainless told its own message of her captivity and state of being controlled; but this was deeply reinforced by the large rings dangling from their swivel mountings both on the back and on the front under her chin. Smaller rings hung on the sides just beneath her ears. Tamara tried to turn her head to the side, only to find that her head was prohibited from turning. She now had to swivel her whole upper body to see to the sides!

"It's far too tight." she grumbled, twisting her head fractionally.

"Just second let me make a minor adjustment." He took a tube of silicone sealant and proceeded to coat the top and bottom of the collar and fill the voids that might exist. Now the collar stuck to the skin and movement would involve severe pain.

"As I said Honey, it'll take a while to get used to." he stated. "Now, time to get you into the masks."

"Oh shit. I hoped you'd pass that up."

"Nope! A very essential part of the entire rig." he grinned evilly.

"If you say I need them, then I guess I better put them on." she said resignedly. "What are they anyway?"

"Oh, you'll definitely need them while you're in The suit!" he grinned, then continued.

"Basically Tamara, the Inner Mask is a modified respirator, with some special additions. The Over-mask will act as a covering and security device, and it's equipped with special eye enclosures and lenses to ... ah ... sort of enhance your experience."

"Well, OK. I suppose." she said dubiously, accepting the glib explanation with some reservations.

He guided her, ballancing on her impossible heels, still blind-folded, to the high stool that had been bolted to the cement floor, and helped her to sit on it. Once she was

seated he pulled a wide leather strap tightly over her thighs, anchoring her in place, then he began to feed the thin, woven-wire laces through their grommetted holes on the edges of the sturdily-boned corset. A couple of moments later they were completely threaded, then he began the tightening process; pulling them in forcefully while she sat with her back turned towards him, staring blindly ahead. She twisted her head gently against the rigidity of her collar, trying to get used to its limiting.

“Jesus!” she gasped when the corset began to bite unmercifully into her waist and compress her rib-cage, “How far in are you going to pull this thing??”

“Just a little more Tamara and I’ll have the edges meeting all the way from the top to the bottom.” he grunted, keeping a constant tension on the thin wires while they slipped slowly through their grommets; gradually pulling the rigidly double-boned integral corset tighter and tighter. From the outside, the corset’s punishing structure was almost invisible; but, as it tightened, Tamara quickly discovered that it reached from just under her arm-pits to well down over her hips! It rose high up her back to cover her shoulder blades and on the front; a wide, flattened busk rose between her breasts, ensuring that their cups remained uncomfortably separated. The busk split into a smooth yoke just above the rigid containments and curved back over her shoulders to join to the back of the corset, acting as an inner shoulder brace harness that firmly pulled her into a ‘proper’ posture.

“God!! I don’t know how long I can stand this!” she gasped, feeling the bottom of the stringent garment clamp itself over her hips and buttocks, then pull her shoulders back, forcing her to sit more and more erectly with each passing moment. Little did she know that the combination of The suit, the shoulder brace, and the corset was to become, virtually, her second skin; one that she would not be freed from for a long time to come.

Disregarding her complaints, he continued his work behind her, silently pulling the last slack from the lacing. A couple of sharp clicks sounded when he cut the ends short, after clamping them with little metal tabs. She would be unable to loosen them; although she didn’t know that yet either. And so she sat patiently waiting while he finished this part of her incarceration.

He whisked her blind-fold away and Tamara blinked rapidly for a moment when the bright overhead lights lanced into her eyes. She inspected herself in a strategically placed full-length mirror and was amazed at the transformation that had taken place in her appearance. Her already small waist had been dramatically reduced by the corset and she stared, fascinated, at her reflection; drinking in the look of her glossy black covering, watching the highlights of the over-head lights flowing and spreading over the rubber skin that she'd unwittingly become an prisoner within. Above the blackness of the body covering, her shiny steel collar glittered with silvery brilliance, emphasizing itself in contrast to the jet of the suit. Her nipples looked so sexy and bizarre supported the massive chrome piercing rings. Her feet were pointed to diabolic forms in her boots, she knew it would be impossible to walk without aid. The tiny spiked toes and heels were the ultimate bondage. The boots were so tight bending at the knee was impossible. The corset and mitts made removal of the boots alone out of the question, she marveled in her form and felt her juices flow with pride. Tamara was so entranced with this newest vision of herself that she didn't notice the fine veining of wires beneath its exterior, and even if she had, there was no indication that they led to the inner sensors and electrodes placed all over the entire inner surface.

"Time for you to be fitted with your Inner Mask, Tamara!" he said jovially, turning to the bench on the left side and picking up a slippery looking black rubber mass that lay menacingly on its surface, ready to be applied to her face and head. When he brought it around to the front and held it up in preparation she eyed the mask with considerable trepidation and distaste.

"J-J-John?" she stuttered nervously, "I-I'm not really sure that I want to wear th-that h-h-horrible looking th-thing."

"Oh? Come, come, Tamara!" he said with feigned surprise and impatience. "You promised me that you were going to put on the whole thing. And, as a matter of fact, you stated positively that you wouldn't try to change the way you're to be costumed. Remember?"

"Y-y-y-yeah," she stammered, "but I didn't think that it was going to be so damned elaborate and uncomfortable."

“Well, my rubbered lovely, I wanted to surprise you. Now, shall we continue?” he asked impatiently, determined that she was going to wear the entire ensemble, whether she wanted to or not.

“Oh, all right.” she sighed with resignation; in reality, anxious to get it over with. “What am I supposed to do now?”

“You’ll find that this Inner Mask is a little uncomfortable when it first goes on Tamara; but I want you to do just as I tell you, OK? Perhaps someday you’ll forget you’re even wearing it. Now, close your eyes, open your mouth as widely as you can, and hold still.” he commanded quietly, grasping the thick rubber facial covering in his strong, tanned hands while he lifted it to her face. Once it was bonded to her face, he knew, she’d never be able to forget about it, as he’d told her she would.

First he removed all three piercings from her tongue, “I wouldn’t want these to get in the way, love.”

“O-O-OK.” she whimpered with a nervous glance at the frightening rubber device where it lay spread in his hands, waiting to engulf her. Wide securing straps and their chromed locking-buckles dangled ominously off to the sides, waiting.

He lifted it to her beautiful face and carefully inserted the large custom-formed rubber plug into her opened mouth. She groaned with discomfort and the effort of distending her jaws so widely when the slightly resilient pad was forced past her teeth, and for a moment she thought her jaw was going to come unhinged when the oppressive thing continued to be pressed relentlessly inward.

He instructed her to push her tongue through the rubber slot formed just for it. With one hand he picked up his needle nose pliers reached in and grabbed the tip of her tongue. “Now don’t move I don’t want to pinch you.” She froze. He tugged on the flesh until all three piercings were visible. With the other hand he inserted new larger barbells through the rubber then through her tongue and then another. Then he folded the tip of her tongue over and around the rubber and inserted the final one. Once all three were in he let go with the pliers and threaded the bottom balls on the barbells but first placed a drop of super glue on the threads. The gag was now one with her tongue. He had effectively inserted it through the rubber and

folded her tongue in half under itself and pinned it in place. She thought to her self this seemed to be a bit extreme.

## **Part 4**

He'd had her dentist, a friend of his, make impressions of her teeth and mouth during her last examination, then the special mouth-filler was created from the moulds. The gag-pad thus created was made in a such a shape that once inside her mouth it would keep her teeth slightly separated, yet fill it utterly. Its size alone ensured that she would bite down and would continue to do so for as long as it was in place. This natural tendency would ensure that the pad sucked itself into secure contact with her palate and the interstices of her upper and lower teeth and gums, the dentist had assured him, and that she'd not be able to get it out even if she had the use of her hands! Tamara would definitely require his assistance to break it loose, once it was completely in her mouth. For a couple of moments he fiddled with a soft outer panel attached to the mouth-pad, ensuring that it nestled comfortably between her cheeks, teeth and gums along the sides, and between her lips and teeth at the front of her mouth. Two other soft yet insistent ridges on its bottom, slowly insinuated themselves along and under either side of her tongue, fully immobilizing it too. He made sure that the wide semi-rigid inner rubber flap at the front was spread evenly between her teeth and lips, then carefully re-checked the entire fit. Satisfied, he pushed the chin-cup slowly up and into snug contact both under and around her lower face. Tamara panicked, twitching her head back and forth in fear, attempting to spit out the huge, deeply projecting gag-pad. Her throat pulsed with garbled protests inside its steel entubement; but he continued holding the mask firmly against her face.

"Stop that!" he commanded when her eyes snapped open, filled with consternation and growing terror. Her tongue shivered within its grove on the underside of the gag, but the soft rubber ridges that had slipped into position stopped nearly all of its movements. Nevertheless she still tried desperately to force the sucking rubber horror out of her mouth.

"Nnnnyynaagg! Nnn-mmmph!" she whined faintly, her mitted hands rising and trying to bend towards her face. His hand kept the lower portion of the mask clamped tightly.

“Settle down Tamara!” he commanded. “I told you it would be uncomfortable! And there’s more to come. Now, close your eyes again and let me finish putting it on you. It has to fit perfectly.”

She gradually ceased her semi-strangled protesting, gasping through fear-flared nostrils inside the prickly surfaced thick rubber casing. Her complaints were muffled to only faintly heard murmurs.

“OK, Tamara. Bite down hard.” he commanded.

With automatic obedience, she found that her teeth slipped even more deeply into their impressions in the pad. Although she tried to bite through the tough rubber, she quickly discovered that its dimensions wouldn’t permit her to close her jaw! To her horror, when she attempted to open her mouth the suction she’d unwittingly created held her jaws securely together. She tried frenziedly to twist her head. Her eyes snapped open and she again attempted to bend her useless mitted hands to her face, strangled protests vibrating her throat while her legs kicked mindlessly. Under the thick rubber of the oppressive mask she attempted to curl her lips back over the wide inner flap between them and her front teeth; but it was far too wide and firmly seated to allow her to manage without his helping fingers. Where before her front teeth would normally have been visible, now there was only a seamless pink band with a gleaming, three quarter inch diameter stainless steel fitting at the centre.

“NNNNnhhh!!” she whined, gesturing frantically towards her stoppered and sealed mouth.

Now she was silenced. He began cutting off her long flowing curls with a pair of scissors, she freaked moving her head as much as the collar would allow but it was no use, one clip at a time she watched years of beautiful growth fall to the floor. Next he began shaving her scalp with a pair of electric shears, there was no stopping it. When he finished with her head he attacked her brow removing her final remnant of femininity. In seconds she was hairless. He coated her scalp and brow with hair remover to complete the task. He had completely removed her former soft beauty and replaced it with a bizarre look of rubber and shaved flesh. She knew there was something very permanent about her position.

“Yes, I know. I know.” he murmured soothingly, stroking her already bald head. “It’ll be a little difficult to get used to at first I guess. Now I want you to just relax and close your eyes again while I fit the rest of it, OK?”

She flinched, wondering what on Earth more he could do with the horrid mask. As he filled her ears with rubber silicone she noticed things really started to quite down. He tugged and stretched the slippery thin skin tight latex hood rubber over her head. It was so tight she knew she wouldn’t be able to stand it long. She sensed that it seemed to have glued itself to her face. It had, in fact, done just that. Before picking it up to put on her, he’d coated the inner side of the device with a special, long-lasting, skin-bonding adhesive. She’d be unable to remove her mask, even if her hands were free!

Next he carefully began to fit two resilient, tapered, latex tubes into her nostrils. She went into a paroxysm of shaking and twisting while he slowly pushed them further and further up into her nose and he had to cradle her shuddering head in the crook of his elbow to hold it steady while the tubes slowly insinuated themselves deep into her sinuses. Once in place, they sealed themselves fully, slowly expanding from her body heat, their adhesive coatings bonding to the inner surfaces of her nostrils. She tried desperately to claw away his restraining arms with her mitts, writhing frantically against the wide securing strap anchoring her to the seat. Her booted feet scissored uselessly in mid-air with silent, spastic protest.

He removed her thin wire nose ring and reinserted a lubed 3/16 inch polished silver one through the rubber mask and back into her septum. It took some effort to get it through the grommet in her nose. Once in it had an ominous look of utility. With a pair of vice grips he closed the ring and cold soldered it permanently in place.

“OK, Tamara!” he said jovially, moving to the bench again, “I’m going to add another little innovation. This might be difficult for you to take at first; but I want you to persevere with it.” he stated, looking down into her widely apprehensive brown eyes. He lifted a long, slippery-looking tube so that she could see it.

Tamara stared for a few seconds then arched her brows at him in mute fearful inquiry.

“Oh, yeah. I guess I better tell you what this is, hmmm?”

She nodded her head as emphatically as her collar would allow.

“Well, Sweetie, this is how you’ll be fed and how you’ll drink while you’re wearing your mask and helmet.” he explained with gusto. “This end slides through a hole in your gag-pad, then it goes down your throat and into your stomach so that when it’s time for you to be fed, or get a drink, you won’t choke or breathe the stuff in. This means, of course, that I’ll be able to keep you inside everything almost indefinitely!”

Her head shook with an emphatic No!! and again she tried to twist herself away when he moved the thin, slick looking, double-walled tube closer to her rubber obscured face. It was no use. In a second he’d slipped the tube’s steel-rimmed end into the fitting on the front of the pink band concealing her teeth, between her parted lips. Tamara desperately tried to clamp them on the slippery invader; but the wide inner sealing flap kept them too far spread. A protesting whine hissed from her entubed nose, and tears began to brim in her fearfully dilated eyes as he prepared to insert the thick tube.

“Now Tamara,” he said as though this was a perfectly normal procedure, moving around behind her, “as soon as you feel it at the back of your throat, start swallowing! You’ll find that it goes down quite easily after the first second or two. If you don’t think about retching the sensation will go away. Are you ready?”

Wild, mute denial flared in her eyes as her head twisted; but with an arm under her chin and around her neck, he easily bent it back so that she was looking up into his concentration-filled eyes, her throat now straightened and ready. Slowly and steadily, despite her tearful and desperate twisting and turning, he began forcing the feeding and watering tube into the gag-pad. She tried in vain to twist free of his cradling and clamping grip, her whines and muffled sobbings of protest swelling her throat, barely filtering past the swollen nostril tubes. Suddenly she felt the slippery thing at the back of her throat! She trembled and convulsed like a plucked string; but somehow managed to start swallowing almost immediately. In seconds the thick-walled tube was passing in slow inches down Tamara’s oesophagus. When the flange at the end came up against the fitting on the pink band concealing her front teeth, he gave it a half-twist and gentle push to lock it in place. The flange snapped home

with a small snick from the joining of the metal union. The tube's other end was now deep inside Tamara's stomach. Taking a small bladder-like pump in his hand, he popped it into the fitting, then gave it a couple of quick squeezes. Inside her oesophagus, the double-walled tube sprouted a series of expansion rings along its length, completely closing off her throat when they mushroomed outwards; seating it solidly and preventing her from being able to regurgitate! Far down inside her stomach, after three more quick squeezes, the end of the outer wall of the tube swelled into a small ball, ensuring that any throat or stomach contractions couldn't force the tube upwards. When this happened, Tamara went into another frenzy; twisting and thrashing from the sudden and completely unexpected discomfort, tears of fearful distress flooding from her wildly staring, terror-filled eyes.

"There, Tamara!" he said complacently, ignoring her gag-stifled sobs of discomfort. "That's the worst of it ... for the moment."

She was becoming truly afraid now. How would she ever get any of the things inserted into her head and mouth out? She couldn't make any noise, no matter how hard she tried! The only sounds she heard were her own private pleadings for release echoing hollowly within her mind.

Still cradling her head firmly, he began fastening the web-work of the inner mask's securing straps. The shock-pads, mounted on the mask's smooth inner surface, came into unrelenting contact and seconds later her entire head except for a small oval of skin around each eye and a delta of skin between her legs was encased in the thick, impervious man-made rubber. The confining and obscuring mask cupped her chin firmly, forcing her to keep biting down on the gag-pad, and when he tightened the wide strap over the top of her head it forced her to do so even harder. The widest one, around the back of her neck, secured the mask fully, pulling it plus a wide inner mouth strap firmly against her lips, thus rendering her absolutely silent. The narrower sets; one at each cheekbone, one below each ear, and one between her eyes, all acted to weld the face mask in place, permitting only faint hissing breaths to emerge from its chromed hose mountings. When it had clamped to her face, she'd felt additional clicks within its structure as the feeding and watering fitting was forced into its mating joint on the gag-pad and at the same time, she'd felt an insistent pressure on her nostril plugs as they too connected themselves to her air

supply fittings. She was now trebly fastened into the device. The locks fastening each strap emitted more little clicks of metallic finality when they slipped into self-locking receptacles. She looked up at him with an expression of desperation mixed with anger and fear; again raising her mitted and useless hands, trying to bend them close enough so that she could attempt to pull away the enveloping horror locked onto her head.

“Just relax for a minute, Tamara!” he scolded with false irritation, cinching the last strap tight and pressing it into the lock-buckle.

He stood before her, smiling while she stared helplessly up at him, almost mesmerized; tears of discomfort and fear slipping from her eyes out onto the glistening rubber of the mask and leaving trails of dampness after them as they slid downwards. She twitched her head again, trying to let him know that she’d had enough; but she couldn’t speak!

“OK, kiddo!” he said enthusiastically, ignoring her attempted protests and tears, “It’s now time to put on the security mask, and then the helmet.”

Once again, she shivered in frantic negation; but he brought over the next dully-gleaming rubber appliance anyway and began the process of enclosing her quivering head within it. This helmet was basically just a thick rubber bag that snugly encased her head and neck, completely covering the under-helmets and all the fastening straps and locks of her Inner Mask. It was equipped with thick built-in eye-cup lenses whose edges mated into the deep channels on the outer surface of the rubber that already surrounded her eyes, and thus sealed her nearly completely inside The suit. The long collar was designed to go under the neck-piece of the still-opened suit, concealing the presence of the steel collar already locked in place. Once he’d smoothed the shoulder extensions underneath, he smeared both surfaces liberally with a quick-setting cement, then rolled the still opened portion of The suit’s body up and over the tacky surface, welding the inner helmet to the body portion. She was a prisoner within a very secure, reinforced rubber encasement.

The cups over each of her eyes were actually special lenses. Thanks to their inner multi-faceting, they disconcertingly starred her vision into dozens of little views of the outer world, simultaneously turning them upside-down and effectively blinding

her. She didn't know it yet; but with the flip of a switch, the smooth outer surfaces of the bulbous lenses would instantly turn to a mirror-bright surface; while inside, her eyes would encounter nothing but an absolute blackness. The lenses were a new development in laser optical quartz that he'd discovered a few months before. Without the continual application of a small and specially-encoded electrical current to them, they'd retain their surface mirror-finish on the outside yet remain completely opaque on the inside! For the moment she could still see him vaguely, thanks to a small battery embedded in the helmet. When he'd finished fitting it she found that her hearing had diminished to the point that only the susurrations of her blood flowing was audible to her, thanks to her previously fitted ear-plug/hearing aids and the deep, sound eliminating domes incorporated into the helmet itself.

Tamara had to make a consciously effort to get each breath and the mouth-seal, hearing aids, the horrid tubes up her nose, together with the tightly-laced corset, soon reduced her to taking only short, panting gasps.

"Oh my God!" she wailed to herself inside her rubber imprisonment while she tried to twitch her fingers inside the mitts, "What have I done?" For the moment she'd forgotten that they'd set no time limit on her time in The suit.

## **Part 5**

She vaguely saw his arms reach over her shoulders and grasp the suit-attached helmet, then he pulled it up over her face and head and she felt yet another layer of thick rubber clamp itself firmly around her skull when he pulled its heavy-duty zipper fully closed and locked the tab into the fitting at the nape of her neck. He spread more of the adhesive onto a wide, full length flap on one side of the zipper, then still more into a slight depression on the other side, and pressed the flap firmly down into the depression. The chemicals quickly dissolved the surfaces and welded the fastener out of sight.

For a few seconds nothing more happened, then slowly, he forced her to lift her chin again and wrapped a wide posture over-collar around her throat. He tightened it firmly, ensuring that she would always be aware of its presence, then she felt a slight pressure at the back of her neck and another little click when it too locked closed. The choker-collar was moulded into the structure and like the layers

beneath, allowed the restraint rings of her steel one to project through reinforced eyelets. She raised her mitts to her head slowly and with some difficulty, only to find that they bumped against a thick clear bubble, a full three inches away from her masked face! She trembled with renewed panic, fearfully realizing that she was utterly imprisoned by layers and layers of thick reinforced rubber, with no means of removing any of them by herself.

“That ought to keep you under control for your ‘education’ my dear!” he murmured to himself while he prepared the rest of The suit’s equipment.

Whistling tunelessly, he bent down before the trembling, silent, and rubber-encased female. She was unable to look down at him and see what he was doing thanks to her restricting collars and the lenses clamped over her eyes. It was but the work of seconds to join the inner rings of her ankle cuffs with a short, thick, flexible steel wire. Unthinkingly, she attempted to look down; but the collar did as it was intended, and when she persisted, began to choke her quite efficiently. She bit down harder on the slightly resilient mouth-filler, then tried once more to open her jaws or shift the sucking monstrosity in her mouth with her tongue. The gag-pad remained firmly in position. Tamara wondered in burgeoning terror what he was going to do to her next.

She didn’t have long to wait.

“Now, let’s tighten that corset up a bit more.” She knew she was going to die. There was still another 3 inches to go on the horrible double corset. He wheeled over a lacing machine and it completed the task. A 17 inch waist was finally achieved. She felt she would be cut in half.

He urged her to stand, then clamped a wide, thick, stainless steel belt around her already small waist. It locked closed over her spine with a loud click, then he used its ratchets to pull it even tighter around the already minuscule waist of the corset. He picked up each of her mitted hands, cradling them a moment while she stared haplessly out at him through the distorting lenses and clear bubble covering her masked-obscured face, then, he quickly threaded a long dangling chain through the tip rings of the mitts and locked it to the inner restraint ring on each cuff. She tried to pull her cocooned hands beyond his reach, her ragged gasps hissing through the

fluttering air-ports of the mask; but he easily locked the chain in place. The restriction of the doubled rubber encased arms prevented any easy or quick movement, even though she wanted to fling her hands away to avoid having them being fastened.

Turning away, he walked to the wall and pressed a button inside an opened switch panel, while she stared blindly after him, her mind boiling with panicky arousal as she still tried frantically to shake the locked chains loose from their connections. It was no use of course and the flailing loops of glittering links only served to heighten her appearance of enslavement.

Slowly, despite her fighting to prevent it happening, her arms were drawn high above her head until a moment later she swung freely in mid-air before him, her encapsulated head twisting silently back and forth in protest when her weight began straining her shoulders and arms. The toes of her questing boots swayed slowly back and forth a foot above the cement floor. When he came back towards her she tried to kick at his vague shape; but the restriction of the wire hobble and the very tight layers of rubber on her legs put an immediate stop to her attempted rebellion. Grasping her left foot, he slowly pulled it off to the side and clipped a chain from a floor mounted ring to the outer restraint ring of her hidden ankle-cuff. Again, she struggled frantically to avoid being immobilized any further; but only the sounds of her ragged gasping breaths, hissing from the air intakes on the helmet, could be heard in the otherwise silent room. He disconnected the hobble-wire and pulled her right leg far out to the side also. It was clipped to another waiting chain, so that now she hung spread-eagled and vulnerable before him. A triangle of exposed flesh was the only part of her body remaining in contact with open freedom and it descended from just over her mons then back through her legs. That was about to change. The gleaming little U-shackles embedded in her clitoris and vaginal lips demanded his attention. Returning to the wall, he briefly activated the hoisting mechanism once more. She was quickly strung bow-tight, quivering with the tension.

“Now for the ‘piece de resistance’!” he murmured, smiling with anticipation when he picked up her specially-made crotch-plate from the bench.

He walked over to his rubber-encased female strung between the floor and ceiling,

then bent forward and inspected her delicate, hairless pubic area, framed and presented to him by the open crotch of her suit. Humming happily, he coated the gleaming, ten inch-long, two and a half inch diameter vaginal dildo lavishly with more of the electrolytic contact gel. He repeated the procedure with the 8 inch by 1-1/2 inch butt plug, ensuring that the thick-walled hollow anal tube was heavily coated. It would allow permanent plugging and waste removal as needed.

She hung twitching spasmodically before him while he fingered and teased her lower lips and rampant, ringed clitoris, then he carefully introduced more gel into her most intimate parts. She was already coursing with her own juices of masochistic arousal. He picked up a thin walled catheter, spread her lips and inserted it into her. In seconds the tube was flowing with urine. She felt the uncontrolled release. Once in a syringe was used to inflate a small inflatable collar. It was now impossible to remove. He fed the loose end through the crotch plate.

“Time for your ‘Lower Toys’, Tamara.” he murmured to no one in particular and began inserting both the dildo and the butt plug simultaneously.

She bucked wildly against her thrumming chains as they slowly and inexorably penetrated her quivering, protesting body. The vaginal plug in particular was an evil construction. It had, along its entire length, stubby vanes projecting outwards a full 1/8 inch from the curved surface. They pressed intimately into the sensitive inner flesh of her birth canal, and when he rotated the plug slowly while maintaining the pressure, she felt them in the most astounding and uncomfortable way possible.

Tamara grunted in agitation from the disturbing sensation of their terribly uncomfortable penetration of her most private and delicate parts, and within her imprisoning rubber suit she writhed in helplessness while she was thoroughly impaled, jerking violently against the chains that held her a suspended prisoner. Behind her gag she tried frantically for him to stop; but the combination of the large mouth pad, the throat-tube, and the nostril plugs efficiently stifled all of her protests. She could only thrash silently and madly in her tensioned bondage while he teased, then ruthlessly penetrated her with the huge phalli. The collars, as they were designed to do, kept her head held erect, preventing her from looking down to where he knelt before her. Her body automatically protested against the stretching

and plugging sensations she was experiencing with such intensity, for they were beyond anything that she'd ever before experienced or imagined. Finally, the cool inner surface of the crotch-plate itself clamped against the sensitive flesh of her permanently depilated lower belly, sealing the last of her skin away from the outer world.

He held the curved steel plate firmly in place while he locked the tough straps that would keep it anchored. Although she wasn't aware of it, another series of electrical contacts now pressed firmly against her clitoris and anal sphincter ring, in addition to those embedded at the tips and along the lengths of both plugs. He smiled quietly to himself with thoughts that she was going to be in for some very interesting surprises. It took only seconds to cinch all the straps tight and lock them into their buckles; then he picked up her long Inhibitor Bar and snapped it into the external connection point of the vaginal plug.

He released Tamara's legs from their spreader-chains. They hung straight down, slowly swinging back and forth; brushing against the long, evil, and rigid projection of the 'Bar. When they encountered the intruder between them, she twisted violently, jerking her legs away in an effort to escape the alien shaft; but it was an easy task for him to again hobble her with short, thick, wires from each ankle-cuff to the ring at its tip. The effects of her increasing isolation, suspension, and having to concentrate to get each gasping breath subdued her, for the moment. He took one of the dangling outer-ring-attached leg spreader chains and locked it also to the large ring at the 'Bar's tip. Finally, he lowered her to the floor and released her wrists from the spreader bar, then immediately joined their protruding rings with a short length of very heavily linked chain that dragged her arms down. He guided her slowly back to the stool, each hesitant step uncomfortably snubbed by her hobbling wires.

## **Part 6**

Tamara took her teetering paces slowly, feeling the plugs within her compressed loins twitch back and forth when her legs brushed against the alien, uncomfortable, and deeply controlling shaft between them. The short wires between her ankles and its tip added to her distress when they snapped tight with each restrained little pace; forcing the vaginal plug to surge back and forth within her abdomen. She

didn't want to walk; but his commandingly firm grip on her rubber-entubed arm governed her completely and she was frog-marched back to her perch. When she tried to sit, she was horrified to find that the rigidly mounted 'Bar would not permit it! The 'Bar only allowed her to lean her fear-clenched buttocks against the stool's edge. Gasping against the fierce constriction of the corset and still trying to shake her head to indicate that she wanted out; she suddenly felt something that dragged continually at her head and face connected to the helmet, making her feel even more controlled.

"I can see that you're having some difficulty breathing, Tamara." he muttered, connecting then tugging on the two long corrugated rubber hoses that would maintain and so overwhelmingly govern her life from now on. With a rapid twist of each wrist on the hose's bayonet mounts, they were locked to her helmeted head. Thirty seconds passed while he observed her staring eyes through their multiple coverings. Her chest heaved desperately to get air into starving lungs; but the inner masks sucked even more tightly against her face when she attempted to inhale, only to be met with a wall of nothingness He turned on the oxygen-enriched air supply then again watched closely. Now, her lungs were forcibly filled then allowed to exhaust themselves, thanks to the compression of the corset and suit, before being re-inflated. Tamara was but the flesh surrounding an air exchange mechanism, almost a human robot, encased in rubber. Her eyes closed in relief. At the regulator, the breathing bag slowly inflated and deflated in cadence with each breath.

She'd become a soundless effigy of a female, her face, head, and body totally obscured and bound within the Discipline suit.

She wanted out!!

Once more she tried to raise her useless mitted hands to the unbreakable bubble covering her under-masks, desperately trying to pry it away from her face and head. The smooth rigid ovoids slid in futility back and forth over the slick and unbreakable surface of the helmet's face-cover.

He grabbed her left mitt and pulled her to her feet, the joining chain snapping tight.

Tamara, who'd almost begun to wallow in masochistic fantasies, despite her fear and

the total enclosure, stood slowly then followed him reluctantly and unknowingly. She felt as though she was being led off to her execution, or that she was some kind of diver, or an astronaut going on a special mission. In a way, she was all three.

She minced along behind him, the central links of her mitt chain held firmly in his fist, continuing to deeply inhale the life-blood of air pumped into her lungs through the uncomfortable and confining mask. For a brief moment, she enjoyed her incarceration and how the plugs and 'Bar further restricted her freedom; but then the corset made itself felt with a vengeance when he disconnected the air supply hoses! She immediately began gasping desperately for breath against the stringent compression of the python-like constriction of the corset and rubber suit, desperately longing to have her air reconnected. A deep foreboding quickly overcame her short time of arousal.

She could see the approaching wall only as a blurred surface somewhere in front. When they got closer he swung aside the large tool-covered panel to reveal a heavy steel door that she had not even known was there. "What the hell?!" she wondered in surprise. He opened it and drew her through the thick, sound-proofed slab into a large, sparsely furnished, cement-walled and -floored room.

He attached a small hand pump to each air connection on her breasts and in short order she would find that the tight rubber donuts surrounding them were inflatable ensuring each breast would always remain fully captive within its highly specialized containment. It was to be a terrifying revelation. As the rubber teeth in the suit buried themselves into her expanding bust. "That should give you something to think about until I return." He clipped a waiting chain to a ring on her collar and stepped out of the room.

Behind them the door swung closed and locked with a series of harsh metallic clacks. She didn't hear her fate being sealed, for her ears were far too efficiently plugged under the compressing imprisonment of the helmets and masks, and he'd turned off her sound sensing anyway.

He looked around the dungeon while she stood helplessly beside him, still gasping desperately for each strained breath, quivering with barely repressed fear of what was to come next and waiting for him to play out the rest of the game; totally

unaware of her coming 'education'.

She'd agreed to her part for the 'scene', along with its elaborate costume of isolation and enclosure. Too, she'd also accepted that she was unaware of how it was to actually be played out; but now she realized that perhaps it was going to be more than she'd bargained for.

The white-painted chamber was starkly laid out. To one side was a comfortable chair and desk, a large monitor, and a computer CRT with key-board. On the other was a wide and very long treadmill, much more elaborate than the kind favoured by health clubs. It didn't have side-rails; only two heavy straps hung from the ceiling with gleaming hooks on their ends, waiting at the centre. At the back of the chamber, a centre-post-supported, narrow, strap-encrusted beam was positioned some three feet from the wall, enclosed within a small, tightly-barred cell while in the rest of the Dungeon numerous thick-linked chains dangled from the high ceiling.

Tamara pranced along behind him, her wrist chain firmly clamped in his fist as he led her to the centre of the chamber then positioned her in the middle of a three metre diameter, circular steel plate. Through slots along a finely-machined central joint, glittering connectors of various hoses, wires, and the shiny snap-hook of a heavy leather leash protruded. She couldn't see them of course and had no idea that they were soon to be attached to her Suit, and thus to her. Once standing in position Tamara fought a slowly losing battle for each breath, twisting fitfully in her carapace; whining piteously from the pain of the needles inserting themselves ever deeper into her nipples. Each breath had become an agony of piercing while her breasts swelled and flexed within their separate imprisoning containments. He bent down and pulled the heavy leash from its slot, immediately clipping it to the tip ring of her 'Bar.

This fastening, thanks to its spring-loaded tightening, forced her shuffle quickly to the centre of the plates when she felt the dildo's demanding surge in her loins. It dragged irresistibly, and she had to stand in gagged discomfort, perfectly centred over the leash's point of emergence. The sensation of the huge plug's sudden, horribly uncomfortable movement was totally controlling and demanding and now she had been anchored helplessly in place, only able to shift her feet in small,

restrained steps, trying to maintain her balance.

As soon as she'd been leashed he re-connected her air hoses and snapped them to clips on the back of her Suit. A pair at a time, he drew the other hoses up; connecting them to yet other clips. Then came the coiled wires. One doubled set was attached to the tip of each breast cup, while another went to the front of her helmet just under her chin where they too were solidly affixed. She'd be nastily surprised when they were activated! Heavier hoses were screwed onto fittings just under her air lines and evilly looping coil-cords. These being her liquidized food and water supply lines. The coil-cords contained the wires for her nose and tongue discipline electrodes, in addition to her audio channels. Below her waist, he rapidly fastened additional hoses to her crotch-plate at the front and others onto the anal area. One set was the sanitary and washing hoses and the other her waste lines. Now, she was confined not only by her 'Bar leash; but also by the umbilicals that would tantalize, control, torment, and torture her.

She couldn't hear a thing within her rubber imprisonment, nor could she see what was being done despite straining to watch while he went about his seemingly endless tasks. She knew that he wasn't doing all these things without a reason, and trembled, now more than a little terrified at her predicament. He quickly connected a web of dangling chains to the strict harness embedded in her Suit and she shuddered anew with fearful agitation when he tightened them; making her feel as though she'd been caught in some huge, cloying spider-web. Again and again she tried to raise her mitted hands and fend him off; but on her fifth attempt, he grasped each of her wrists and chained them loosely to the long spreader-bar hanging just above her head. It was so easy to over-power her rubber-restricted struggles! He stood back, inspecting his handiwork and after a moment of careful scrutiny, walked to the desk and settled himself into the comfortable arm chair with a contented sigh. It was the beginning of payback time.

"What now?" she wondered fearfully, shifting nervously on her high heels at the centre of the steel plates; silent and helpless. Not only was she utterly helpless and under his total control, she now began to realize with horror that there was no way to escape this 'play' time! His fingers performed a complicated dance on the keyboard.

With a surprised gasp, Tamara felt herself slowly lifted from the floor and began kicking her legs against their stringent bondage; whining piteously into her masks in growing discomfort. The crotch-piece pressed more firmly up between her legs, driving the huge plugs ever deeper into her body. She squirmed wildly around the deep skewering of her womanhood, instinctively trying to pull her hands down against the spreader-bar and protect herself; but it too had risen as she was elevated! Below her desperately kicking booted feet, the steel plates she'd stood on a moment before, slowly split down the middle, each half pulling off to the side with a hiss of hidden hydraulics, to reveal a dimly lit, three-metre-diameter, ten-metre-deep, concrete-walled well. The thrumming leash from the tip of her 'Bar descended into its gloom to a spring-loaded reel on the floor of the silo far below, then all the hoses and wires attached to her 'Uniform' cascaded into the gaping maw beneath her feet, jerking against their connections. His fingers flew across the keyboard yet again and she slowly began to descend into the concrete silo of her isolation cell and torture chamber.

From within her helmet, Tamara stared silently and hysterically out at the brightly lit room. For a moment nothing happened, then it seemed to slowly rise around her as she was lowered. Some two minutes later she stopped moving to hang suspended, halfway down the shaft. Above, the still open end allowed some light to slant downwards and she craned her neck against the restriction of her collar and helmet to stare hungrily upwards. Inevitably, for she knew instinctively that it was going to happen she watched the steel plates begin to slide closed across the top of her deep cell. Slowly, each centimetre of their closing increasing her terror of what was to come, the two plates of the cap came together. The light from above began to disappear, then with a muffled, final clank, it was blotted out when they closed tightly together. Inside though, Tamara could still see a dim reddish glow, an infrared floodlight, near the top; but it wasn't strong enough for her to discern anything other than the stark wall of the tube surrounding her! It could be very close, or, for all she knew, staring out through the distorting lenses over her eyes and the thick bubble locked over her head and face, metres away.

She abruptly realized that she was now truly locked inside the tubular prison, helplessly suspended in mid-air, halfway down its length. Certainly, she could still move her raised hands and arms against their slightly loose chains fastened to the

spreader-bar above her head, and she was able to kick her feet to the limits of the short hobbles; but she was completely suspended! There wasn't any way for her to get at a single one of her fastenings even had her fingers and thumbs not been embedded in the sturdy eggs locked over her hands.

She remained anchored to the floor below by the sturdy strap locked to her Inhibitor Bar, ensuring that she was kept centred, even though she could bounce slightly on the spring-loaded chains. With a gagged-strangled and ragged shriek of near-hysteria she thrashed frenziedly against her restraints, hidden now within her dimly lit concrete tube, desperate to somehow free herself.

It was no use.

## **Part 7**

The cold smooth walls remained far beyond her useless, encased hands and the only result of her flailing was that she made the dildo embedded in her loins surge very uncomfortably, disciplining her by its mere presence.

From the comfort of his chair behind the desk, he watched calmly while the steel plates slowly closed until only the thrumming chain from the ceiling hoist was visible in the upper part of the dungeon. He studied it intently for a moment, then took a thick bolt from the desk drawer, got out of his chair and with it gripped loosely in his hand, walked over to the chain. It was but a second's work to slip the bolt through a pre-positioned link then he returned to the desk. Touching a button briefly, he lowered the hoist until the bolt snapped into a deep depression at the centre of the plates, then returned to the now slack upper chain. The quick-link loosened easily, leaving the freed chain to swing slowly back and forth for a moment before hanging motionless above the steel plates. A moment later he had dragged a large rug over the entire area, completely concealing it. No one would ever know, if he ever had visitors to this private area of the house, that beneath the rug there was an utterly helpless and controlled prisoner. Back at the desk he rewound the chain until it disappeared into the upper gloom, then studied the monitor, observing Tamara's futile struggles.

Within the dimly-lit well she continued to thrash madly against the constriction and

captivity of her harness and the overwhelming compression of her rubber Discipline Suit; begging piteously into her gag to be freed. Unseen tears trickled from each of her eyes, isolated within their soft and slightly uncomfortable rubber cups while she tried to cry out around the horrid tube down her throat. For an eternity she hung waiting, terrified of what was to come and staring hungrily upwards at the dim light that faintly illuminated the underside of the steel cap at the top of her concrete cell. Tamara became desperate for any kind of proof of her existence beyond the sensations cascading into her mind from her cocooned and bound body and at that moment would have done anything to get out of her fix. She was not to be allowed that option.

A moment later she felt more than heard a small click somewhere on her helmet. Instantly, the lenses and outer bubble over her staring, fear-dilated eyes returned to their normal state of opacity and mirror-like finish on the outer sides. Under the lenses and face-plate, she was immediately plunged into utter blackness and a strangled shriek pulsed her securely collared throat; but of course didn't emerge from beneath the encapsulation of her head, let alone escape around the horribly intrusive tube in her throat! She struggled with renewed terror, trying instinctively to pull her hands free of their restraints and tear away the awful things locked onto and into her head and face. Only inches long jerks were permitted.

Belatedly, she realized that she hadn't told anybody of her whereabouts! Absolutely no one knew where she was! She'd told all of her friends that she was embarking on an extended trip to Central America and wouldn't be back for a couple of months, or maybe even a couple of years "Oh, God!" she tried to scream with mounting horror; struggling desperately to keep a grip on her sanity within the silent and claustrophobic blackness. Her discomfort and the rapidly realized horror of her situation soon began to overwhelm her thoughts and her mind turned into a whirling maelstrom of concentrated fear. More tears sprang from her eyes and trickled down the rubber mask clamped and glued to her face; but even these were totally invisible, thanks to the opaqued bubble over her face. Tamara jerked despairingly at her fastenings, gasping and gagging on the throat tube whenever she tried to scream or beg. Finally, her brain was bombarded with the crash of heavy static when the plugs locked into her ears were turned on, and she shook her head uselessly to escape the painful noise. His voice began to whisper quietly and

ominously to her.

“Well, Tamara! Now I’ve got you right where I’ve wanted you for some time. Let’s get clear on a few things. This time you and I are not indulging in a ‘play’ session. This is for real, and from now on, for you, how you shall live your life! I know all about your screwing around on me, you bitch! I’ve got all the dates, times, and places on record and now it’s time to pay the piper. That’s me.”

He spoke calmly enough, and that frightened her immensely. She knew, when his voice became almost that flat monotone, that she was in deep trouble. Inside the concrete tube she twisted and turned around the axis of her suspending chain and the strap locked to the tip of the horrid ‘Bar between her legs, trying, in true terror now, to beg his forgiveness; but utterly unable to utter a sound while he continued.

“Just so that you don’t get any false hopes, little Love Bird, here is what you have as a situation to contemplate. First of all, you’re hanging inside a special discipline cell which, itself, is beneath a secret underground room behind the house. I’ve taken great pains to ensure that no one knows that this room or the silo exists, or that you’re in there! Ah yes ... the reason you’re in The Suit and the situation you are now? One word, Slut! Discipline!

“I really don’t care how you feel about your coming ‘lessons’ and punishment Tamara, and I don’t intend to have you making any noise about or during them either! Now or in the future. That’s one of the reasons you’re wearing that special mask and mouth-filler.”

Her tongue suddenly spasmed horribly! Painful electrical impulses surged back and forth through it from the electrodes in the gag-pad and her throat convulsed with strangled shrieks of pain and outrage! These though, were still-born. Other electrodes, pressed firmly against her throat on the inner side of the steel collar, also came to life, immobilizing her vocal chords!

“See how that little part of your Training Equipment works? I was getting a tad fed up with your unceasing demands and bitching Tamara, and those particular sets of electrodes are going to ensure that you learn to speak only when spoken to. From now on, they’ll always be waiting for you to try, and when you do, they’ll discipline

you like they just did, plus add-in some other areas that you definitely won't like. Of course, I can activate them any time I feel the urge, also. Not to worry, Tamara! You'll soon discover the capabilities of all the other stuff you've been fitted with." he continued, observing her struggles. The infra-red sensitive TV cameras in the silo displayed them clearly on the monitor in front of him. "Eventually, maybe in three months or so; I'll give you a little freedom; but in the meantime, you'd better get used to wearing your Discipline Suit, and to your new way of life.

"Now ... as to the rest of the equipment that you've been fitted with... Tamara, you're going to live in your Suit for the foreseeable future. It's equipped with a whole shit-load of sensors and electrodes all over the inner side, and I can activate any and/or all of them at my convenience. But then again, as time goes on, maybe I'll just have the computer do it for me as I've whomped up some dandy programs to train and generally keep you busy during this initial phase of your correction and re-education. I guess you could say that they're designed to make you into an utterly obedient slave girl through the use of Aversion Therapy."

As he spoke the last words her rectal dildo suddenly unleashed a series of agonizing bolts of electricity. She leapt wildly against her chains, screaming incoherently. "No! NO! NOOOOOOOO!!!" she tried to howl in protest; twisting and thrashing frenziedly against her bindings. Inside the blackness of her helmet; torrents of unseen tears spilled from her eyes. Now she realized just how angry he must be to have gone to these lengths. "Oh, ppllleasssse!! Godddd! No. Nooooo!!" The tube down her throat stopped all of her attempts at speech.

"On to other areas of interest, Tamara! You won't be spending all of your time in the silo, I assure you. While you're awake you'll do a lot of it on the treadmill, exercising while I'm out of the house or otherwise occupied. You'll occasionally get to spend some time in your new bed and you may be interested to learn that the dildo you're now wearing has a number of ... for you ... very unpleasant capabilities. Not only will it give you a royal screwing, to remind you that I don't like having a female of mine messing around on me; but its also been equipped with electrodes that will be activated at the most opportune times." he stated. Tamara cringed within herself in stark terror of what could be done to her most sensitive and now totally vulnerable, penetrated femaleness.

“Also, the one that currently resides in your behind will give you some other unpleasant surprises; but you’ll find out about them soon enough!” Another series of horribly painful shocks pulsed through her bowels and she automatically tried to scream and writhe away from them, only to have her tongue and nipples lashed with other incredibly painful electrical pulses.

“Another thing you’ve got waiting, if you’re ever released from your Suit, Tamara, is a permanently fitted, steel Chastity Belt and Bra! These will be worn in conjunction with your new disciplining choker posture collar, wrist cuffs, and ankle cuffs. None of that equipment comes off, Tamara, ever. They’re already here and waiting for you.

“From now on you’ll always be kept completely subject to my wishes, even if you’re not chained and on your leash; and that’s also now a permanent part of your new regime. I intend to keep you restrained and leashed at all times, from this point forward. Both the Chastity Belt and your rather specialized Bra are remotely controllable, and if you don’t do as you’re supposed to, or get slow or sloppy; they’ll shock you quite personally and painfully until you comply. Of course, your collar will be ever watchful if you try to make any noise and prevent you from speaking or screaming! Great, isn’t it? You can be severely disciplined and no one will be the wiser because you’ll be unable to speak or make any noise. It doesn’t care if you whimper, speak or scream. It just reacts to your attempts. This equipment you’ll soon have to wear is not very nice to the female who has to bear it, as you’ll find out soon enough. Anyway, enough of that for the moment. You’ll find out all about your newest clothing and costuming in due course.

“You’re going to be kept there in the silo for your introductory session for a long time, Tamara.” he stated unfeelingly. “Seeing as how it’s nearly eleven pm now, I’m going to put you on the automatic discipline program, then go up and catch the news and hit the pit for the night. I’ll be talking to you again in the morning. Enjoy your first night here, Cheating Slave Girl.”

With that, her headphones went completely silent and Tamara was alone in endless blackness and utter silence, waiting, filled with near hysterical panic and dread of what was to going to happen to her next. Above in the dungeon proper, her Master tapped the ‘Start’ command for the programs that would train and discipline her into

the keyboard, then sat back and watched the large TV monitor with interest.

## Part 8

“You’re going to be kept there in the silo for your introductory session for a long time, Tamara.” he stated unfeelingly. “Seeing as how it’s nearly eleven pm now, I’m going to put you on the automatic discipline program, then go up and catch the news and hit the pit for the night. I’ll be talking to you again in the morning. Enjoy your first night here, Cheating Slave Girl.” With that, her headphones went completely silent and Tamara was alone in endless blackness and utter silence, waiting, filled with near hysterical panic and dread of what was to going to happen to her next. Above in the dungeon proper, her Master tapped the ‘Start’ command for the programs that would train and discipline her into the keyboard, then sat back and watched the large TV monitor with interest.

Inside the cloying blackness of her masks, far below, Tamara felt the first horrifying stirrings of her Discipline Equipment. Her nipples began to tingle, then suddenly; fierce, vibrating, pulsing, shocks coursed through the tender, blood-engorged, needled penetrated and sensitive flesh. Her breasts and nipples, already swollen with sensitizing blood, extruded even further outwards into the small teat sucker cups at the tips of the tight breast confinements; pushing deeply through, and past, the needle-rings so that they began a further re-penetration. Within the mitts, her rubber-encased and isolated fingers attempted to claw their way out of the dense foam surrounding them, frantically trying to free themselves. Tamara screamed against the huge, totally efficient plug in her mouth from the sudden, inescapable agony of the needling shocks, even while it began to discipline her tongue and mouth with pulsing waves of agonizing strength. Her legs flailed against the ‘Bar and their short hobbling wires, jerking spastically when she automatically tried to pull them as far up as she could; attempting to curl into a foetal, protective ball. It was impossible! Her ankle-cuffs were jerked to an immediate stop by their short wires, driving both the plugs deeper yet, and wagging them madly around inside her loins. She screamed in mindless utterly feminine distress, mindlessly screaming while they twisted and jerked in response to the her own frenzied kicking. The plug and clitoral electrodes seemed suddenly to ignite! Shocks first twitched, then coursed with revolting pulses through her most sensitive female flesh. Now, howling

incoherently against her gag, she writhed and shook herself dementedly while she was disciplined; but the punishment got much worse!

Her inner thighs started to shiver and jerk uncontrollably when more electrodes came to life, making her spread her legs apart and jerk even more strongly on her hobble wires! When her legs opened what little they were permitted by her fastenings, the nubbin and electrodes of the clitoral stimulator button became pressed even more deeply into the node of her femininity than they had before.

The little nubbin began to vibrate fiercely, rapidly driving her into shivering and writhing fits of excitation and a wail of desire and arousal pushed up her throat. The guardians in her collar reacted. A sizzling series of painful electrical pulses were unleashed from either side of her clit, passing directly through the now supersensitive nerve centre of sensual universe! The pain was acute and totally unexpected, and she screeched with agony as her legs jerked spastically against their restraints. It went on and on! Tamara knew then that she had descended into the depths of a personal hell that permitted no respite or release. Her Master followed his desires as though he were a slavish monk and she knew that he would keep her here. In her loins, the fires and needlings of electricity grew stronger and stronger. Her wild struggling and writhing, bouncing there in isolation in mid-air, quickly disoriented her from whatever grasp of her surroundings she had previously had; forcing her to concentrate her full awareness on her torturing erogenous zones. The electro shocks changed constantly in cadence and strength until she became a raving mad woman and then passed out from the intense agony. Eventually Tamara came back to awareness; but it was only to be assaulted again! With a slow and deliberate movement the huge front plug embedded within her vagina partially withdrew itself, then slid slowly back into her depths! It began to increase its tempo of thrusting and withdrawal, until she felt as though her very core was the cylinder of some bizarre engine of pressure, pain, and pleasure! Along its huge girth, soft yet intrusive rubber fingers slipped sibilantly over that semi-mythical area known as the 'G' spot, teasing her again to higher and higher planes of feminine sexual arousal until she thought that she would go utterly crazy from the turmoil of the sensations being forced into her mind. Tamara strained to remain silent under the onslaught she was being subjected to, biting hard onto the deep gag pad; but it was a hopeless attempt. She groaned, then screamed, as the electronic sentinels attached to her

throat and collar unleashed more punishing electrical pulses through her clitoris and nipples! She couldn't stop her screaming, and of course they built higher and higher until again she was riven from awareness in an agony-illuminated burst of sensation. The next time she woke, it was to experience another horrifying sensation. From the hollow plug gripped by her anal sphincter, a flood of lukewarm water surged up into her corset-compressed belly! She screamed raggedly again while her bowels filled, causing a discomfort that she never realized could be felt, as she suffered the first of many huge, forced enemas. Panting and gasping the oxygen-enriched air pumped through her mask into her lungs, she bawled helplessly from the pain and terror, unable to escape the intimate torturing; but there was even more to come. Sensations so overwhelming, that she couldn't even name them. At the tips of her breasts, the doubled hoses slowly began a pulsating suction and release cycle on her ringed nipples and aureoles. At first the sensation was astoundingly pleasurable; but the blood-engorged flesh quickly began to ache fiercely from the strain of the throbbing vacuum being so callously and continually applied. To add to her horror and discomfort, at the end of each suction cycle, her nipples gradually retracted into the ring of evilly penetrating needles! They inexorably transfixed her super-sensitive flesh, wringing fresh, stifled screams from her steel and rubber-encased throat. That though was nowhere near the final act of her breast's disciplining! Now, a different set of options came into play! The nooses cinched around her breasts against her chest wall were suddenly filled with high pressure air! They irised closed around the bases of the fleshy masses, squeezing them painfully away from her body and deeper into their rigid cups! From the outside, nothing appeared to change; but within the cups, her breasts ballooned outwards into the expanding, spiky liners! Her nipples were forced and sucked deeper and deeper past the guardian and torturing rings of needles! She felt as though her breasts were slowly being severed from her body by the rubber nooses and they were so far removed from sight and the ability of anyone to stop the process that she could hardly stand the thought of what was happening to them, and to her! Suddenly, vibrators buried within the two dildos and the one pressing against her clitoris buzzed into a vibrating life, all at once, sending waves of incredible sexual stimulation crashing through her already reeling mind. The sensations rose higher and higher, mixing inextricably into the wash of flooding stimulation and in the dungeon above he checked her blood pressure, breathing, and heart monitors; glancing at the pulsing bar graphs on the screen that indicated her

brain activity, checking to see that her disciplining wasn't too severe, then he secured the key-board. A moment later the door opened and closed behind him and the room's lights flicked off. It was now just a quiet, black chamber, eerily lit by small pulsing lights on the control panel in the desk, with an innocuous rug at the centre. He locked the door and moved the concealing wall of tools back into place. "No one will ever know." he thought with a smile as he climbed the stairs to the main floor of the house. Below, in the steel-capped silo, Tamara jerked and twisted insanely in her personal hell of blackness, trying frantically to beg for release from her mind-shattering torments, while she was assaulted again and again by the horrible devices locked onto and inside her vulnerable, encased body. It was no use. She was utterly silenced and totally concealed from an unknowing and uncaring world beyond. Despite her discomfort and devastating pain, her masochism began to come to the fore while she was slowly and irresistibly aroused by the pistoning of the plug, the throbbing of the insidious vibrators and the constant stimulation of her breasts.

Automatically prevented from crying out her apologies and pleas for release; she began to ride the demonic attacks on her mind and body, rising quickly to orgasmic release. Everything suddenly stopped!!! For long moments she was left hanging on the very edge of an incipient explosion of female pleasure, gasping with exertion and frustration. Nothing happened. She could not get that final kick to get herself to a climax! Tamara slowly recovered her senses within the limitless blackness and silence of her suspension; but after some five minutes, the low-level shocks and stimulation began once more. Under The Suit's gleaming exterior, her already sensitized flesh responded rapidly to the renewed stimuli and she was taken again to the pre-orgasmic plateau, suffering the intense admixture of pain and pleasure even more thoroughly than she had the first time!

Unfortunately for her though, the computer monitored her carefully while she was being conditioned by the continual stimulation /punishment regime. Time after time it shut down the various inputs, just as she was ready to detonate; leaving her to curse and scream frustratedly into her gag with trembling and then whimpering desolation. This process continued unabated for long hours, until she was crazed with a desperate need to achieve release, then finally, with a burst of completely unendurable sensations, she was willingly forced over the edge to a titanic orgasm.

## Part 9

A fiery blast of magma turned her entire body and mental core into a flooding plain of scintillating sensation when she passed out in an overwhelming tidal wave of whirling star-bursts mixed with the white-hot lances of searing, agonizing shocks. She hung limply unconscious while her torments tapered off; twitching, gasping, and sobbing with relief at their momentary cessation; still hopelessly struggling to free herself. When she finally returned to full awareness much later, still suspended in darkness and swinging gently back and forth, she began to realize that it hadn't been a bad dream! She really was a prisoner; gagged, blinded, silenced utterly, and helplessly bound, with no way to escape from the man who, until now, she'd regarded as a free lunch to be taken advantage of. Her nipples burned fiercely from the pulsating suction and the penetration of the needles; but under the rigid cups she felt them begin to stiffen again, pulling at the rings deeply embedded in their bases when more shocks began to twitch her breast-flesh! The nooses around their bases had relaxed their grip sometime during the process; but they began to reassert their strangling hold on her once more. She screamed anew into her gag as her breasts were once more snared into painful hemispheres of feminine vulnerability, and again the automatic discipline cycle that her attempted screams triggered off punished her terribly. There was nothing she could do to stop the process!!!

More screams of hysteria tore from her soul when the imperative impulses of electrical energy increased in intensity, making the sensitive mounds of her mammaries turn into horribly painful sensory organs.

She had been quite proud to flaunt them and tantalize all who saw her with their shape, movement, and promise of delight; until now. The torturing of her breasts that she now suffered made her wish despairingly that she'd never been born a female or had breasts! Once more, the plugs buried in her loins began their irresistible manipulations, making her thrash crazily in suspension while she was forced to orgasm after orgasm after orgasm. The sealed silo resounded only to the clattering sound of her flailing chains, for her strangled shrieks were kept fully contained within her masks, helmets and the looping air hoses. Finally, eons later, Tamara realized that she'd probably slept after passing out; but, despite still being

enveloped in utter blackness, she could now feel herself moving as she was hoisted up and back into the dungeon proper. He stood before her looking at the mirrored bubble locked over her masked face, then flicked a small switch on the remote control unit in his hand. Swiftly the bubble and lenses lost their brilliant outer gleam. She could vaguely make out his face, for he stood close in front of her. Her Master looked well-rested, grinning casually at her while she teetered on her high-heeled thigh-boots before him, exhausted and once more weeping silently and contritely inside her sealed head-gear. Gagging on her throat tube and feeling the ones deep inside her nostrils and sinuses twitch warningly, she nevertheless attempted to beg him to free her of the horrid thing she was a prisoner within. All that resulted was a small convulsion of her throat under the steel collar, itself buried beneath layers of neoprene. He didn't even notice her attempt, and for her temerity in trying to speak while under the control of the voice activated discipline subsystem, her nipples and clitoris received a long pulsing series of transfixing electrical shocks. She cringed and screamed even more, eliciting further shocks, as always happened now, shaking her head what little she could.

Being a self-inflicted and escalating process, in seconds she writhed before him in mid-air, her legs bicycling and thrashing spastically while she induced her own discipline. As at other times before, the shocks eventually became too strong for her to withstand and she fainted from their pain, ending the cycle.

When she returned to awareness a few moments later, he freed her of the suspension chains and spreader-bar, then without a word attached a leash to the tip of the 'Bar between her legs and snapped it a couple of times. An automatic wail of distress tried to pulse from her throat and she writhed frantically while suppressing the urge to scream and protest. Only small trickles of shocks twitched her flesh this time; but she wanted it to stop! Please! Please! Stop!!

He was relentless and uncaring. She gave up her attempts to resist or speak and was helplessly drawn to the next area of her re-education: the tread-mill. Once she was positioned on its wide belt, he attached the two heavy, dangling, overhead straps to the shoulder-rings of her under-harness, adjusted their tension, then knelt and clipped the fore and aft Positioning Straps to the ring at the end of the 'Bar, between her ankles, forcing her to remain in place. He bent her numb arms behind her back

and high up between her corsetted and braced shoulders, locked the end-rings of her mitts to one another, then to the protruding back ring of her steel collar. Her hands had been utterly removed from her control.

Tamara stood trembling and silently weeping with fear and exhaustion, desperately striving to see what he was doing while the hoses and wires connected to her Suit were re-arranged; but of course the lenses foiled her attempts to see anything. Her legs slowly went limp and she collapsed in shattered tears and gag-stifled wails of desperation, into the pervasive grip of the harness; but only for a moment.

When her full weight came on the suspension-straps, it triggered a truly fierce sequence of shocks to her clitoris, breasts, and tongue and with more strangled screams of agony she staggered to her feet. His voice whispered over the head-set. "Hi there, Tamara!" he greeted her, sounding disgustingly cheerful and rested. "How do you like your anti-noise measures so far? I've turned down the threshold slightly, so you'll be able to whine a bit; but no one'll hear anything. Was your first full day of Discipline an educational one? A little strenuous, too no doubt? I know that you did get some sleep while you were in the silo; so now it's time for some exercise! I'm told that there's nothing better for the old bod' than a brisk walk and some running, in order to get the corpuscles moving about briskly! This machine you're attached to is going to ensure that you do just that! Now, you needn't worry too much, as I've designed the program that runs the treadmill to give you a good work-out without over-straining you. Be advised though, that a little later it gets progressively tougher. I want you in top physical shape and so you're going to be spending a lot of time on this little beauty. Matter of fact Tamara, you'll spend every day on it from the time you're awake until I either put you to bed or into the silo for the night." "Oh yes, m'dear! I have, as mentioned, provided you with a bed in here; but you probably won't like it too much either!

When you're on it you'll be thoroughly strapped down; in addition to having to undergo some 'corrective' experiences that you, in particular, wouldn't normally associate with beds. "Yes, Tamara, the wheels of justice grind slowly; but they do grind well, and you're going to learn that it doesn't pay to screw me around! I've provided some background noises during your 'Training' so that you don't go totally nuts from lack of input; but it's nothing very exciting I fear. Only white noise.

Anyway, now it's off to work for me. I'll check in this evening when I get home. Have a nice day." He turned and left while she struggled weakly to escape from her place on the treadmill; but the front and back Positioning Straps clipped to her 'Bar made the plugs buried in her abdomen twitch threateningly. The thick door of her new home swung shut and locked solidly behind her. She tearfully had to remain in place, staring at the blank wall some five metres feet in front of her. It might just as well have been five kilometres! Then, the lenses covering her eyes darkened rapidly and seconds later she was once more isolated in utter blackness, swaying slightly against her tethers, her shoulders surging against the cruelly tight inner straps snared down into their softness. With cruelly suppressed weeping, she tried to cry out her desperate loneliness and contrition against the mouth-filler and masks; but it was far too late for any remorse. The ear-plug and helmet combination completely isolated her. She stood in silence and blackness until, with a small tremor, the unseen belt of the tread-mill began to slide backwards beneath the thick platform soles of her restricting boots. The vaginal plug twitched warningly in her belly, making her quake anew with the disturbing sensation and she had to begin walking to retain her place on the slightly-inclined moving surface. Most importantly, she wanted to avoid making the internal plug stir, despite her hobbles and the high heels in conjunction, severely limiting her strutting steps. She was required to walk with quick, restrained paces; but even then the wire joining her ankles to the 'Bar snapped bar-taut with her every step. There proved to be no way for her to avoid making the plugs move, thanks to the bondage of her ankles to the 'Bar, and in short minutes she was panting in a welter of sexual arousal from the sensations of its continual shifts and vibrations! At first it was fairly easy for her to prance along on the moving belt; but soon the effects of the six-inch heels, the compressing grip of the tightly-laced boots, and the twitching of the 'Bar and plug assembly had her chest heaving within its tight harness and corset in a deep and frantic need. All the while, the aches in her straining legs grew more and more unbearable. She wept helplessly deep in her throat. The vaginal and the anal plugs began to slide into and out of her body once more, even while she walked! Small trickles of shocks began pulsing from them, out into her captive flesh and her breasts flared with sudden agony when they were snared once more.

A severe vacuum then the electricity returned, sucking and shocking her engorged

flesh simultaneously making her twist and squirm frantically inside her Discipline Suit and its integrated restraint harness, thrashing wildly to avoid the unending assaults. Tamara though, was forced to continue strutting along in her deeply personalized haze of half-pain/half-arousal, until finally she sank exhausted into the support of the safety straps in a storm of unseen tears and gag-strangled sobs. The shocks through her breasts immediately intensified when the weight sensors unleashed ever more powerful pulses, mercilessly driving her to her feet again after every collapse. She walked and was forced to run for endless hours; only allowed to rest every twenty minutes, tearfully regretful of the day that she had ever seen her tormentor and decided to use him as she had.

Tamara was alone; a helpless, secret prisoner in the house; scared almost to her wit's end by that fact, and aware now that there was no possible way that anyone would ever know that she was being tortured and forced to toil away in the hidden dungeon. "What'll happen to me if he gets injured or killed? He won't be able to return and release me!!" her thoughts whirled in horrified panic, cocooned in blackness.

## **Part 10**

The awful realization that she could spend weeks, perhaps months, alone in the hidden dungeon, automatically being watered, fed, and disciplined by the uncaring computer, nearly drove her to mental collapse. This incredible and horrifying possibility became too much for Tamara to bear and she fought desperately to free herself, screaming hoarsely into her gag while ever stronger agonizing and disciplinary shocks lanced into and through her tender flesh like a thousand ragged needles of unending length. She was soon bathed in sweat within the strict confinement of her Discipline Suit; the salty moisture adding to the effectiveness of the electrodes placed all over its inside. Tamara was kept in unending tears from the very nearly unbearable pain, its levels increasing dramatically in duration and intensity whenever she tried to slack off or resist. The faint background of meaningless noise through her ear plugs was the only thing she could hear while she jerked continually against the chains holding her hands prisoner high up behind her back and she couldn't ease the cramps that had set in and were now gradually numbing them into useless appendages. What seemed like years later he returned

and released her from the tread-mill, then dragged her across to the high plank of her bed. He said nothing at all to her, keeping Tamara isolated in her Discipline Suit despite her despairing, pleading twitches and shiverings. At one point she tried to sink to her knees and beg; but the Inhibitor Bar immediately disciplined her with a solid shock wave of discomfort when its tip banged into the concrete floor.

Trembling with exhaustion, she wondered how she was expected to get up onto the so-called bed, bound and helpless as she was; but this problem was solved an instant later when he easily picked her up and laid her out on its rigid, lightly padded narrowness. Uncaring, she lay in a dazed stupor while he fastened her down with a network of heavy leather straps and inside two minutes she was held motionless but for the slight rise and fall of her rigidly-encased breasts, ballooned into hypersensitivity inside their cups by the interior, garroting rings around their bases. She struggled to breathe against the rib-straining compression of her corset; glad to finally be off her aching feet and the punishing high heels; able to relax, so she thought, briefly. She'd forgotten his earlier comments. For a moment, he permitted the lenses over her eyes and the face bubble to become transparent and stared thoughtfully down into her dilated, tear-brimming eyes. No words were spoken, and she realized then that she desperately craved the sound of a human voice, even if it was his, telling her of more torments to come. He cruelly he switched off her vision thirty seconds later, plunging her once more into unending darkness. Tamara had tried desperately with her briefly revealed eyes to beg him for release; but he ignored their silent pleas and smiled with a grim satisfaction when their terror widened fullness disappeared behind the mirror finishes once more. He looked down at his encased Slave Girl then pulled up a thick rubber sheet, completely covering her and sealing her firmly strap-enwebbed figure deeply under the thick and impervious black material. Only the bulbous, mirror-finished bowl over her face and the shiny black dome of her thick rubber helmet were visible at one end of the bed, while a little lower, the twin hummocks of her breast cups distorted the shiny sheet. From the helmet and its underlying masks, and again at the apexes of the projections of her breasts, the evil hoses and wires trailed across to the steel plate, disappearing to their mountings in the wall of the deep silo. "Sleep tight." he muttered, staring at the rubber-entombed occupant of the bed, then walked over to the keyboard, tapped its keys for a moment, and turned to watch. Beneath the

imprisoning cover of the thick rubber sheet, Tamara felt her horrid new Uniform equipment come to life again! With gag-strangled pleading screams and gasps, she surged insanely against her implacable bonds.

Again and again she was ravaged by the all-over needling electrical currents, the leech-like sucking at her nipples, and the pistoning of the plug in her belly! Her compressed abdomen seemed to swell to enormous size when it filled first with ice-cold then sweltering hot water and her hands and arms strained against their securings while she struggled hysterically to free them and tear away the mitts and Suit that held her so much a disciplined captive. She spasmed continually against the sturdy straps, while on the other side of the room her Master paused as he closed the door and watched the writhing, rubber-encased, imprisoned young woman struggle to escape; or just ease her distress and discomfort the smallest bit. He knew that if her breaking and training encapsulation were to be fully effective, her lessons would have to be constantly applied, despite how much she wanted them to stop. The door sighed closed with a muffled thump, the electrically operated locks snapping closed when the cell's lights went out. The deaf, encased, sightless, and tearfully regretful female was once more left alone to her darkness and discipline. He knew that her masochism would re-surface and she would rapidly become immersed in the throes of multiple orgasms when she began to enter more and more deeply into her 'training'.

## **Part 11 (The End)**

The next morning, Tamara was released from the bed and returned to the treadmill. She again had to struggle desperately to keep up with its ever-increasing demands; disciplined harshly by the computer if she didn't perform as required, then in the evening, he returned her to another session of suspension and discipline within the silo. She spent that night and the entire next day thrashing in mad futility against her chains while her punishment continued, rising to higher and much more intense and long term levels than before. She was slowly being broken away from her previous life and attitudes; but it was a difficult and painful process. Much later, he again strapped her to the bed and allowed her to rest without any disciplining; but the day after, she once more found herself on the treadmill. Some ten days later, Tamara had become a total, sexually-addicted, female; but she was still unable to

accustom herself to the constant and pervasive discipline that was administered every time she failed to perform as required. There was no release or let-up to the continual punishments, her constant state of utterly helpless bondage, or the Discipline Suit she was entombed within and within two weeks she had become an utter slave.

Her continuing punishments and orgasms had brought her true masochistic self into full flower and he knew that all he was doing was accelerating the process with the help of technology. Uncountable time later, for Tamara, he took her from the dungeon; but only after leashing her with a light chain attached to the Inhibitor Bar. In addition, he restricted her walking ability even more by employing only six-inch-long chains from each ankle-cuff. Now, with every step, until she learned to limit her paces, she would be continually reminded of her hobbling when the dildo jerked to their tugging. This ensemble made for an extremely efficient training mechanism. Tamara was unaware that the new arrangement had become a permanent modification of her Uniform, as she'd begun to think of her imprisoning Suit. And too, she'd wear all of it, except, perhaps, the helmets; even when taken out in public from now on. Running for her, now nearly an incomprehensibly difficult exercise was also going to have to be done while wearing the shorter hobbles, and she soon realized with dawning horror that she'd have to accept the constantly disconcerting wobbling of the plug within her loins; unless she wanted to face its far more painful attentions when she didn't maintain her pace. One day, surprisingly, he took her up the stairs to the main floor of the house that she used to think of as a haven of sexual adventure. She marvelled at the half-forgotten world outside the windows, even though she could barely see it and he permitted her to walk around inside for a couple of minutes; but kept her always tethered on her long leash. When she moved in directions he didn't approve of, a quick jerk on it quickly brought her to heel and although she was allowed some limited freedom for her mitts; these were now connected by short wrist chains from the cuffs to the steel belt clamped around her waist. The large enclosed back yard was bright and sunny and she attempted to hesitate, horrified with embarrassment, when he opened the kitchen door onto the deck. With an irresistible tug, she was dragged out onto the wide platform and still trying desperately to resist the commanding tension on her 'Bar leash, she was easily led down the steps then out into the middle of the lawn. Tamara was mortified

by the thought that someone might see her in her 'Uniform' and held in such controlling bondage; but she had no choice or say in the matter any more.

She continued to try and hold back until the effects of his jerks on her leash became unbearable, overwhelming her resistance, then followed him submissively down the steps and across the lawn to a heavy ring-bolt screwed deeply into the hard earth. He connected the free end of her 'Bar Leash to it with a heavy lock, then went back inside, leaving her fastened in the middle of the wide expanse of grass, fully visible to anyone who happened by. She stared fearfully out from within her sealed helmet in humiliated tears, now securely leashed to her post, then tried to follow him back to the sanctuary of the house; but was brought up short by a sharp jerk when the leashing chain's links snapped tight to the ring at the tip of the 'Bar between her ankles and the deeply driven spike. He watched from the bedroom window on the second floor while she struggled, mincing delicately around the lawn, testing the limit of her leash; knowing that the fears she had of being discovered were almost groundless. The neighbours had all gone for the week-end and anyway they couldn't see into the property. With a quick touch on the key-pad of the remote control, he turned the power to her face-plate and lenses off, again plunging her into total darkness! Unable, now, to see how much freedom she had on her leash, Tamara was continually brought up short by it when the 'Bar and plug assembly exerted their authority and control of her freedom.

Two terrified hours later he brought her back inside and quickly returned her to captivity in the secret dungeon. In minutes she was strapped to her bed, concealed beneath the sheet, and being subjected to a fresh round of discipline and sexual stimulation. "In two more weeks," he thought, "she'll be about done to a turn." He'd completely remove her Discipline Suit then equip her with the steel Punishment Chastity Belt and Bra, then she'd be re-incarcerated in her Suit. She'd always be required to wear both plugs and the long Inhibitor Bar, and as a consequence would have to wear the ankle- and floor-length skirts and dresses that she so hated. That was necessary if she was to be taken out into 'polite society'; but he also had plans for her to wear shorter skirts and even some of the old style hot pants that would reveal the Inhibitor Bar sticking embarrassingly down between her legs, it's tip ring leash rising embarrassingly to his controlling fist. As to piercings, he mused; she'd soon have her permanent tongue rings and bars fitted. In addition to these, he also

planned to have a transverse rod mounted across and through the width of the muscle and this would be able to be fastened to other portions of her facial piercings. It would prove not only to be painful, if fought against, but constantly intrusive and restricting. All had been arranged with the same doctor who'd done the previous piercings, and there were the additional fittings for her nose and lips. These would also be equipped with thicker, hardened, stainless steel U shackles and the nose piercing and rings in particular would prove to be very controlling and humiliating devices. In effect, the nose restraint jewellery was a thin hardened shaft that would completely transfix her outer nostrils and septum. These would all be pierced and grommetted, then the stainless rod would be passed through the grommets and the eyelets of the U shackle. Once in place, small rings would be fitted in the holes at the ends of the shaft and welded closed, in effect making the entire assembly non-removable! Of course, once she wore it, the potential for fastening or incorporating additional bondage or concealments became possible. Hell! She could walk around wearing an opaque veil or yashmak, unable to remove them; fully gagged and restrained, with no one the wiser! In combination with her Disciplining Collar, Bra, and Chastity Belt/Inhibitor Bar, and thanks to miniaturized electronics and the cellular phone technology he worked with, she was totally kept always under his control.

He intended to keep her that way. Naturally, she'd be required to wear her badges of servitude in addition to the variety of strict leather and rubber costumes that already waited in her special closets. Naturally, they'd of course be locked on, and she'd require two week refresher courses in the dungeon every three months or so; but that would keep her honest. "Life is good, and getting better and better!" he thought with a smile, watching her frantic writhings under the thick rubber sheet. He locked the door, turned off the dungeon light, and headed upstairs with a happy whistle, leaving Tamara alone to endure and be moulded by the terrible and uncompromising training of her personal Discipline Suit. Perhaps he'd enroll her in a program he'd heard about. In six months or so she'd certainly have the physical stamina and mental attitude it took to place her in a "Horse Woman" program he'd just learned about. That program would prove to be the ultimate in control of her rebellious personality and he'd enjoy seeing her dressed only in a harness and a bridle and bit, fighting her reins as she was driven relentlessly to perform. She

wasn't a stupid woman, and would know that she was being transformed, quite literally, into a helplessly obedient animal. What with her imprisonment within the Discipline Suit, she was already well down that road anyway. There would be no escape for her from that program either, and once she'd graduated from it, he thought that she would look absolutely stunning, harnessed and rein controlled between the shafts of a racing sulky. What more could one ask of life?

**THE END**

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