

The Box

Category: Text Stories

written by Sir Valk | August 17, 2002



By Thndrshark

We had done about everything we could think of with Jane. After only 3 years, she had been modified and manipulated in every way imaginable. As I admired her rigid body, listening to her subtle whimpering beneath the inflated bladder stretching her jaws, I couldn't help but feel sad that I wouldn't have her to torture any longer. Three years ago, when she had written me with her interest in becoming the ultimate bondage toy, I hadn't believed someone like her existed. But after many months of conversation, we finally met, and I realized that she was for real. Only 19 years old when she arrived, she was impressive. Only 5'6", she already had massive breasts, measuring a delightful 38D. On such a small frame, they stood out dramatically. She was rather proud of them, wearing a tight t-shirt on our first meeting, with hip hugger shorts and a bare stomach. I was still certain she would back out at the last minute, but she eagerly signed the contract giving her life to me, then drinking the potion I had set out. Within seconds she was asleep.

It only took a few minutes to throw her tiny form over my shoulder and carry her down to the dungeon. Already a large house nestled in the woods, I had built an equally large dungeon underground. The long, stone steps were foreboding to strangers, as were the dark walls and sounds of dripping water in the distance.

Setting Jane on the floor of the primary chamber, I undressed her, then lifted her onto the chair. Her ass settled on two flat bars, leaving her entire crotch accessible. Legs stretched out in a dramatic V, parallel with the floor, while her arms strapped behind her at wrist and elbow, then attached to an upright bar. Her head bent back, resting in two thin half bands that held her at the base of the skull and toward the top of her head. Thin straps extended from these, one circling her chin with the other reaching around her forehead. Once tightened, her head bent back sharply, forcing her to face up. When she woke, she would be able to see herself clearly through the large mirror suspended above her. I wanted her to see everything that was happening to her. An added attachment connected to the lower band and stretched over her mouth. I reached in to pull out her tongue, then fit it between two serrated pieces, clamping them down tight, holding her tongue out of her mouth. Two rubber wedges at the back of her teeth held her mouth open wide. I stepped to the back of the chair and began cranking the two dull spikes. They touched her skin on either side of her spine, at mid-back. Though not sharp, they were uncomfortable, and served the purpose of slowly forcing her chest out, while stretching her body. The pain of the metal pressed hard against her back brought her eyes open wide and a scream from her throat. I watched out of the corner of my eye as her eyes darted about the room in fear, trying to assess the situation. I ignored her, actually humming as I worked, positioning the dildo penetrator beneath her exposed anus. Greasing it, I cranked the dial until the pointed tip began to press past her sphincter. She jumped at the sensation, which told me she had too much slack. I stepped behind her again and gave the spikes a few extra turns, grinding their dull points harder against her sensitive back and creating a wail from her throat. The result was to force her large tits out further, and to remove her ability to move at all. I returned to the dildo, making sure it was lined up, then flipped a switch. For a second nothing happened, then suddenly, the dildo shoved its 6 inch length deep into her ass. Jane screamed out loud, tears beginning to spill down her cheeks as the dildo extracted slowly, then plunged itself deep once more. The sequence was random and would continue unrelented until I shut it off. I figured a few days of anal raping by the machine would soften her will.

As I returned to her face, I avoided eye contact. I could see without looking that she was terrified. After all our conversation about these and the coming events, I could

tell she wasn't quite prepared for the reality of the situation. With a pair of scissors, I began to cut off her long blonde hair, letting it pool around my feet. Soon her head was stubble. I stepped to the side and rolled over the silver tray loaded with shaving cream and a razor, then applied the foam to her head and proceeded to shave her. Despite the attack waged on her ass, I could tell she was more disturbed by the shaving. She watched as I ran the razor over her head, removing the last bits of hair. Soon, she was completely bald. After wiping her dry, I took a pair of latex exam gloves from the tray, pulled them on, then squeezed a liberal amount of gel from a small tube onto my palm. Rubbing it across both hands, I touched her head, smearing the brownish substance across her bear head. The chemical stung as it attacked the hair follicles, though the pain couldn't have been anything compared to the dildo. I looked down to see it was in heavy pump mode, forcing the dildo deep in, then extracting it quickly, only to shove it back in. It was like a good hard fucking. She closed her eyes, squeezing tears onto her face, as she felt her baldness become permanent.

Shaving her eyebrows, then plucking her eyelashes was easier. I coated two eye patches with the strong depilatory, then placed them over her eyes, forcing them shut. I stepped around her and sat on a stool in front of her pussy, then spread more depilatory over her shaved crotch. I had to stop the machine for a second as I coated her ass with the same gel. It only took a moment and soon the machine was back in action. Pulling the gloves off and depositing them into the trash, I took another tray and selected a thick needle. I removed the eye patches, wiping her eyelids clean as well, then allowed her see see the sharp device I held. Her tongue was already pulled out, but a few turns of a small crank pulled it out even further. I again avoided eye contact as I lifted the huge needle and without pause, shoved it through her tongue, near the tip. A blood curdling scream rose from her throat as blood ran down her throat from the hole. I grabbed a fairly large ring from the tray and fit it through, clicking the locking ends together to form a seamless shape.

After 30 minutes, I had completed her piercings. In addition to the front ring, I had pierced a series of holes down both sides of her tongue, placing smaller rings there. A large nose ring now dangled from her septum. Both nipples had a ring at the base and a rod through the middle, while her clit sported two rings; a larger one behind her clit, and a thick yet small ring through the middle of her clit. She had watched

the entire process, simply grunting as each needle penetrated her flesh, moaning slightly as each ring clicked together in permanence. I stood back, admiring her modifications. I wasn't sure if I would like the image of the hairless creature before me. But now, as the rings sparkled from her flesh, her face seemingly featureless without eyebrows or hair, her body contorted by the bondage and spikes, I smiled. I knew I was going to enjoy this immensely. I walked behind Jane, then leaned in to her ear.

"Welcome to the rest of your life," I whispered. I left her then, letting the ass fucking continue as she felt the first pangs of regret for her decision.

For the years she served me as a slave, I rarely ever again got the impression that she hated her life. I think she learned that she was forever modified now, and would never return to normal existence. Despite my observation, I continued on with the plan we had made before she arrived. She had asked for some very specific punishments, and I happily complied. Now, she stood before me as she had so often, and I couldn't help but wonder if she regretted her decision. Even if she had been given the opportunity to be released, she wouldn't be able to live a normal life. From that first day she arrived until this very morning, I had injected growth hormones into her breasts. Her formerly 38D breasts were now an amazing 44HH. They were perfectly shaped, for breasts, firm and perky, but just amazingly huge. To compliment this, she now wore a permanent, spring steel corset. A surgeon had removed her two lower ribs to enable her current size. I stepped up to her and placed my hands around her waist. My fingers not only touched but overlapped slightly. For over a year now her breath had been forced into a shallow pant, her lungs unable to fill completely. Her mouth was gagged with an inflatable bladder, bulging her cheeks out dramatically. The look seemed to go with her inflated lips. A series of collagen injections had created the look of a sex doll. My guests had enjoyed the bizarre image of a woman at parties, her face painted and a gaudy wig over her bald head. I looked up to her, catching her eyes for the first time in months.

"You know what day this is?" She shook her head slightly, fear filling her eyes. "Well, this is the day you get boxed." I watched as she began to cry, knowing exactly what I meant. "Remember, you asked for this and, as you can tell by the time you've spent with me, I've done everything you asked for, haven't I?" She gave a slight nod,

her eyes dipping in resignation. She knew that I was not going to waver from her own plan, regardless of how she felt about it now. "I can tell by your response that you've changed your mind?" She lifted her eyes again, a look of pleading. "Perhaps I shouldn't do this?" Again, a nod, as emphatic as possible with the posture collar on her neck.

"Well, I'm sorry to say, but you chose your own fate," I smiled at her face as she realized her fate was sealed.

The box was only 4 feet long, 3 feet tall and 3 feet across, made of ½ inch riveted steel. As I led Jane to it, her eyes grew wide in panic. The thought of the box and the reality was almost too much for her to handle. She began to struggle, trying to pull away despite the chain that I held, connect to her nose ring. My newest slave Monica, a young brunette, helped hold her as I pushed her to her knees. As was customary, Jane was naked except for her corset, the ballet shoes she had learned to walk in, and the bondage that held her arms in place. She hadn't had use of her hands for nearly 2 years now. I had wrapped them up in tiny rubber balls, and then trained her arms to fold into a reverse prayer, until they were strapped behind her in permanent fashion.

We finally got her to the ground and I spread her legs, removing the inflatable dildos in her pussy and ass. Attaching a rubber strap to the front of her corset, I let it rest on the floor as Monica handed me the first dildo. The steel shapes were hollow in the middle, with stiff tubes and wires extending out of them. Greasing the tip, I slipped the steel phallus up Jane's stretched ass until the retaining ring wedged into place. The second, larger dildo fit into her pussy nicely. I made sure the dildos were positioned well, then slipped a thin metal probe into her urethra. In order, I pulled the strap up between her legs, fitting a tube through the designated hole, then moved to the next, until I stretched the thick rubber up to meet the back of the corset. We rolled her onto her back and I grasped her face. The breathing tubes pressed into each nostril until I was certain they were seated in her lungs. With a combination of wax and glue, I filled the gaps around the tubes in her nostrils so she could only breathe through the tubes. Attaching a bulb to her gag, I deflated and removed it. Almost immediately, Jane tried to speak. The rings through her tongue had made it difficult for her to talk since her first day, an activity I discouraged

anyway. But now, her fate on the line, she began to panic.

“Masssa! Peese! Ah don wanna ga an u box! Peese, na, peese! Ah beg ya. Peese!!” Her pleading continued in her bizarre broken English, the metal from her rings clicking off her teeth. I looked down at her and smiled.

“Of course you’re going in the box, Jane,” I said sweetly. “Do you remember when you made me promise that no matter what you said, I would go through with the plan? Well, I’m not going to break my promise.” My words brought a stream of new tears, a morbid wail from her throat and a new round of thrashing. But her restricted body was no match for my slave and I. Monica simply sat on her tiny waist as I took her head again and began to push a much larger tube down her throat. Her eyes, large with terror, watched me as the tube hit the back of her throat.

“Now be a good girl and swallow, Jane,” I said. Reflexively she did, and the tube slid into her stomach. Once I was sure it rested in the proper position, I took the rubber bladder Monica held, slipping the rigid middle over the tube, then pressed the rest of the bladder into her mouth. The middle section held the feeding tube firm, pressing against the top of her throat. Monica offered the injection gun, which I fit on the inflation nipple. Slowly, I squeezed the epoxy into the bladder. I had to reload the gun a second time, but after a short time, I couldn’t fit anymore into the rubber. Jane’s cheeks bulged from the pressure of the liquid filled pouch in her mouth.

“That’s epoxy filling your mouth now, Jane,” I said. “It’ll dry in a few minutes into a solid mass.” The feeding tube still stuck out from the middle of her cartoon lips. I capped it off and moved to Jane’s ears. Small speakers fit deep into them. Tilting her to the side, I filled up the rest of her ear canal with wax, blocking off all sound. Once her other ear was done as well, Jane could no longer hear at all. I stepped over to a control station and flipped on the microphone so she could hear us.

We flipped her onto her chest, then I attached a chain to her right ankle. Stretching it up with all my strength, I attached the other end to a ring on the band just above her left elbow. Her ballet shoe nearly touched her elbows now. After attaching her left leg in the same manner, I admired how her body was bent backward into a severe arch. Pulling her legs so severely up her back not only created a painful U shape with her body, but also forced her shoulders back even further, creating a

constant ache that added to the dull pain she already felt from her arm bondage. A spreader bar was placed between her knees, holding her legs apart.

We lifted her rigidly bound body into the box. With the harsh bend her body was held in, she fit nearly perfectly, her forehead just touching the front of the box with her knees an inch or two from the end. Though I couldn't hear her, I could tell that Jane was terror stricken, both from the intensity of the hogtie as well as the coming event that she both had begged for, and now dreaded. I grabbed the heavy hood from the table and laid down low, so Jane could see me.

"Well, this is it, Jane," I said. "Once I put this hood on you, you'll be able to see yourself from that camera above." I motioned to a camera above the room. "I hope you enjoy your ultimate fantasy. I've had a lot of fun torturing and playing with you, but I guess it's time to finish your request." I stretched the hood over her face, covering the torrent of tears pouring down her cheeks, and the sobs that could just be heard through the rock solid gag.

With the hood stretched over her hairless scalp. I made sure all the tubes escaped cleanly, then ensured the goggles built in were positioned over her eyes. Tiny lcd monitors would now be showing a bird's eye view of the room to Jane, so she could watch the final preparations. Once the hood was laced and strapped into a skin tight fit, I placed a heavy leather head harness over it, pulling it painfully tight. Another length of chain attached to a ring at the top of her head, and I pulled it hard, forcing her head back dramatically, until the chain reached the band holding her elbows together. Now, Jane fit in the box perfectly, a good 2 inch gap at both ends, with plenty of room on the sides and top. As Monica fed the rigid tubes out a hole on the end, I considered Jane's bondage. For any other slave, this would be incredibly severe. For Jane, I'm sure it was as well. But considering her fate, it seemed the right thing to lock her in some painful position. Monica nodded to me. Jane was ready.

I extended the angled trough over Jane, then threw the lever. The thick substance flowed out and over Jane, slowly filling the box around her. I could see her trying to move, perhaps to escape, as the cement began to fill the box. I looked up to the camera and smiled.

“Isn’t it great to be able to see your own encasement? I bet you can feel the cement surrounding you, pressing against you.” I looked back to the box and adjusted the flow of the feeder to make sure it was even. Within in seconds, the box was filled, the last evident of Jane soon covered in a smooth layer of liquid cement. I stepped to the box, reaching my arm into the cement to grab hold of one of Jane’s nipple rings. I twisted it mercilessly, knowing that she was screaming in pain, but no evidence of her reaction could be seen.

“That’s the last time you will ever be touched by anyone, ever,” I said to the camera. “Once the cement sets, it will lock you in that rigid position for eternity, Jane.”

Monica had hooked Jane’s breathing, feeding and crotch tubes up to the control machine, along with the accompanying wires. Jane was breathing heavily, or more so than usual, as she felt the weight around and upon her. I taped the keyboard and the machine activated an enema. Quickly, Jane’s ass was filled with a huge dose of ice-cold water. I figured the added pressure on the inside would only add to the feeling of pressure on the outside. I turned again and waved at the camera, knowing that Jane’s panic and agony would only be increased by my casual attitude.

After 12 hours, the cement was fairly solid, with Jane embedded inside.

“Well, Jane, the cement is pretty much solid now,” I said to the camera again, as I pressed against the solid mass in the box. “You’re probably feeling the weight of all the stuff on you, and maybe even panicking a bit because you find yourself absolutely immobile. Well guess what? That’s how you’ll be forever now.” The concept excited me, and though I could easily remind myself that a live girl was locked inside, the fun for me was largely over. With Monica’s help, we lifted the steel top onto the box, and I riveted into place. With a large winch, we lifted the box to the pit I had dug in the room, slowly lowering the concrete and steel box into the bottom. The hole was nearly 10 feet deep, already lined with concrete itself. The box looked small at the bottom. We fit the tubing and wires into a PVC sleeve, and I began to fill the hole with more cement.

It took a week for the cement to dry over the box, but I had already covered it with dirt, then fit the flooring back over the hole. For most of my guests and many of my slaves, they would never know the difference. Monica enjoyed keeping track of the

machine. Though I had trouble imagining Jane as a real person any longer, she seemed to love tormenting Jane's unseen and forever entombed body. Considering Jane's condition, I put no limits on her punishment. I'd often come into the room days after Monica had been allowed to play, and found the controls set in some extreme level of torment. With the combination of enema torture and the ability to deliver electrical shocks to pussy, ass and urethra, Monica had found some inventive ways to punish Jane. Often, she would forget to feed her for days, and I felt like I was scolding a child about their pet.

The truth of the matter was one day we would all tire of her. The time would come when, as she had requested long ago, her pussy, ass, urethra, and stomach would be filled with cement as well, sealing her completely in her tiny coffin, beneath the ton of concrete that now rested above her.

As I watched Monica giggle at a new found combination at the machine, I began to wonder who might be next.

The End