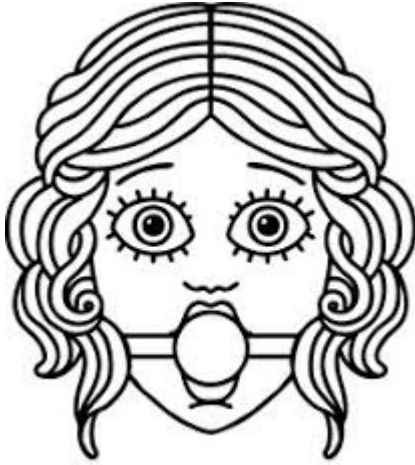


The Doctor

Category: Text Stories

written by Sir Valk | October 25, 1998



By Thndrshark

One of my first stories, it involves some of my favorite concepts, namely rubber bondage and slave training.

I answered the ad with some trepidation. The job was described as a “doctor’s position with a private foundation” and, needless to say, this left a lot of details out. After several screening calls and background checks, I finally was invited to meet the director. Unusually, I was directed to a small office downtown, rather than the estate somewhere in the country. The offices were small but well appointed. As I entered the reception room, a young, attractive girl met me with a smile.

“You must be Doctor Linden,” she said as she stood from behind her desk and offered her hand. “My name is Veronica. I’ll ring you in.” I had an unfortunate habit of liking young ladies and this one was no exception. She was a cute, young girl, about twenty-one with a hard body and firm breasts. She was wearing a very tight, short dress, made of a shiny material, with an unusual set of jewelry. On her wrists and ankles she had a set of matching silver cuffs. Around her neck she wore a similar style choker. I admired her lovely form for a moment, jealous that I couldn’t see more of her youthful, tight body. As she stood she jingled provocatively.

Veronica gestured to the double doors across the reception area. As I followed her to the door, I noticed another oddity – she was wearing amazingly high heels. They appeared to be at least seven inches, pushing her onto her toes. But she moved with ease in them and I quickly put it out of my head.

The dark wood environment of the inner office was impressive at first sight. A tall handsome man approached me as Veronica closed the doors.

“Very pleased to meet you, Doctor Linden. I am Jonathan Markes. Please, make yourself comfortable.” Mr. Markes gestured to a comfortable chair. As I seated myself, he gathered some files and joined me at the opposite seat. “I don’t want to waste your time, Doctor, so let me get to the point. I am in need of a doctor to administer to my clientele.”

“Mr. Markes, though I am confident I am qualified for the position, I have little information as to what type of clientele you have.”

“Yes, of course. First, let me explain something,” he pulled some papers from one of the file folders and handed them to me. “We have done some checking on you, prior to this visit. I know you may not find this pleasant, but after I explain, I think you will understand.” Markes leaned forward in his chair. “I run a service that takes young girls, runaways largely, off the street and puts them to some use. Now, I must emphasize, this is a voluntary training. All the girls are either signed over by their parents if underage or are at least 18 years old and have signed a consent.”

“That sounds like commendable work. But I don’t understand, Mr. Markes. What do you train them in?”

“Sexual slavery, Doctor Linden.” My heart stopped as I heard him speak those words. I could feel my jaw dropping open and a flush come to my face. I wasn’t sure how to react, or if I should feel threatened. “Now, before you react adversely, I must say that we know you respond, in a dominant manner, to all forms of bondage and discipline, as well as most forms of punishment.” I blushed now, unable to control my reaction.

“How do you know that?” I mumbled.

“That file in your lap. We paid for a most detailed background on you over the past few weeks. We know your interests and are aware of most, if not all of your sexual experiences.” It was Mr. Markes turn to be confident. “We know that you have had several lesbian experiences, and in nearly all of them have dominated your partner.”

I was embarrassed at his knowledge of my sex life. But I couldn't deny it. I quickly paged through some of information and found, at the back, a small collection of pictures. I had attended a small party two weeks ago and found a young girl as a play partner. I often found it easy to attract women since I myself was fairly attractive. I was 28 years old, five foot ten, with long brown hair and dark eyes. I kept in shape and wasn't afraid to show off my generous breasts and firm ass. At this party, I remember wearing a tight latex dress and knee high boots. The young girl, perhaps 19, was an obvious submissive. She was wearing a small leather bikini with six inch pumps and had latched onto me quickly. Tia was fairly new to the scene but had expressed an interest in some pretty severe bondage. I think she was eager to dive in, though she really had no idea what she was getting into. After retiring to my house, I had spent the night strapping her into several tight positions. At first I had ordered her to strip naked. She dropped the bikini to the floor with ease but tried to cover herself as she stood in front of me. I took a moment to admire her young body and large breasts. I slipped behind her and laced a leather strap around her elbows. As I pulled them together, closer and closer, I watched as her shoulders pulled back and her breasts pushed out. She was quite flexible and her elbows touched with only slight effort. I fixed the strap so it wouldn't slip then pulled her wrists together as well. As I walked around to her front, I could see she was a little nervous at her bondage. She struggled to move her arms but quickly found that they were completely unusable. I slipped a thick leather collar around her neck and attached a leash, leading her into my dungeon. The house had a custom modification. The two back rooms were merged and a hidden door was added. From the outside it seemed as if the rooms didn't exist. If somebody did a volume study of the house, they would notice that there was too little space inside to cover the view from the air. I reached above the molding and touched a spot in a sequence of taps. The soundproof door swung open. The dungeon was long, with a iron bed on one end and a veritable torture chamber at the other. If need be, I could take care of any slave-girl's needs for a long period of time without having them leave the room. Tia followed me in

quietly until he eyes adjusted and then she jerked to a stop. I could see her eyes cross over the selection of whips on one wall and the suspension rigs at the other. I pulled harder and led her into the torture end as the door shut silently behind us.

I wanted to see how flexible young Tia was so I ordered her to lay on he back on the bondage table. She climbed up dutifully but shivered as she lay there. I told her to sit up as I fitted a head harness on her. The leather straps fit snug on her as the ball gag was forced between her jaws. I had her sit on her knees, with her lower legs doubled over, then forced her to lay back. Straps were attached from the corners of the bed near her head to her ankles, then a long strap connected from a ring at the opposite end, under her body to the ring at the top of her head harness. I attached this strap to a crank and began turning, pulling her head backwards. After a few minutes, I had her doubled back, her chest forced out and her head nearly beneath her. She began whimpering and crying as the straps got real tight, removing any possibility of movement. I honestly believed this was the first time she had been truly bound. I produced a whip with hard rubber strands and showed it to her. Tears sprang anew from her eyes, running down her forehead. With no hesitation I began whipping her large breasts and, I noticed with pleasure, well shaved pussy. After half an hour I think she fainted, though I couldn't tell from her body motion, or lack of. I admired the harsh red strips that covered her chest and thighs, then ran smelling salts under her nose. Before letting her go I inserted two large dildos into her pussy and ass. Releasing her from her bondage, I stretched a form fitting leather body suit over her. The thick leather straps held her at ankle, above and below the knee, while more straps doubled up her arm bondage at wrist and elbow.

"I'm going to bind you tight, Tia. And I'm not going to release you for a week. What do you think of that?" Her eyes showed fear as I covered them with soft pads and stretched a thick hood over her head. The laces pulled it snug, muffling the small whimpers she was emitting. The mouth strap forced the ball even deeper into her mouth and locked into place while another blindfold covered the pads over her eyes. I fitted a thick leather posture collar around her neck, removing the remaining motion from her body. I had her on a long table where additional straps held her firmly to the table.

After leaving her like this for an hour I was getting horny. I wanted to see how long

she could take this restricted position, but honestly, it was boring for me. I vowed to devise a new strict bondage as I removed her hood and gag and sat on her face. She was slow in responding so I unlaced her suit around her breasts, allowing them to leap out. They were large orbs, forced out by her arm bondage and completely vulnerable. I used a small cane to whip her breasts, encouraging her to lick harder.

The pictures I held in my hand were of me sitting on her face. I could not figure out how these photos were taken but they had been. "Doctor Shaw," Mr. Markes continued, "I take young girls and train them to service their masters and mistresses. Sometimes they are quite reluctant to participate, having been sent to us by their parents who are fed up with their unruly children. Others find it a release from responsibility, though we do require our girls to work. Some girls change their mind and must be 'convinced' to participate. Despite all this, we need a competent doctor who can take care of various cuts and injuries. We think you are the woman."

With that, Mr. Markes sat back in his chair, waiting for a response. I was shocked, but also quite intrigued. I had secretly hoped to find a job one day that involved my interest in bondage. This seemed to be it. "Can I ask a few questions?"

"Of course, Doctor Shaw."

"Would I need to commute to and from the estate?"

"No. We will provide you with accommodations. The position is classified as a 40 hour week, but you will be on call at all times. For this reason, we feel it best you stay with us."

"What will some of my main responsibilities be?"

"Well, you will administer to any injuries as your primary concern. You will also monitor the condition of any girls in long term bondage."

I could feel the heat rise inside of me as I became sexually excited. "What is long term bondage?"

We have several girls at any one time who are being severely punished. This usually includes being either bound in a thick leather suit in such a way that they are

completely immobile. Or it may be rubber. This may go on for several days or even weeks, depending on the level of punishment. We have two girls who have been coated with a special latex compound that hardens when dried. They have been hanging in the front foyer for three weeks. We use electroshock therapy to keep their muscles active and take care of needs through discrete tubing.”

I couldn't believe it. It was cruel yet I was excited by it as well. “What other situations might I expect to see?”

“You will be required to take care of various piercings and, if you chose, administer some. We have a pony girl stable that contains lifetime pony-girls. These girls usually spend their entire lives bound or chained in various positions. We, of course, require girls to perform sexually and will need to be checked regularly for any damage from various sexual encounters. Finally, we usually avoid any serious marks from whipping, but at times we will need to truly punish a young lady. These wounds will need to be monitored.”

I was too excited for words. “Where do I sign?”

I realized quickly that I was not just considered a doctor at the estate. The slave-girls were required to address me as mistress and, despite taking care of their health needs, I could still participate in the training. The young girl who had just entered stood in front of me, her head bowed. She was a young blond, her hair falling to her shoulders. She wore the typical outfit of a resident here: A wide stainless steel collar, and nothing else. After only a short time here, it became clear that most of the girls had their arms firmly fixed behind their backs. In typical fashion, this one had steel bands at wrist, below her elbows and above them. The wrist and below elbow cuffs seemed welded together while the upper band was connected by a short length of metal which appeared to be drawn together by means of an inset hex nut. Her shoulders were pulled back so severely she was forced to push her chest out provocatively while holding her back in a perfect posture. Her arms had been tied like this, her chart said, for six months. At first it had been amazing how the muscles could stand such stress But shortly I learned of the training period that conditioned each girl's shoulders and arms to withstand such positions. Like most, this one had been trained well. Many of the girls had no use of

their arms for years, though the muscles were kept in shape with electro-therapy.

Like most of the girls here, this one was in top shape. She was five foot six with a slim athletic figure and largish breasts. Upon arrival at the estate, the girls were coated with a salve that had been developed by Mr. Markes. Placed on the body below the neck, it not only removed all hair, but prevented any hair from regrowing. All the residents were hairless from the neck down. In addition, once a girl had spent a week at the estate they were marked with rings. Much like the others, this girl had a thick clit ring, nipple rings and nose ring. Unlike typical piercings, the nose ring was actually the last component of a much more intricate setup. A hole is punched into the septum. Then a carefully fit plate is positioned on each side of the septum. An inset hole matches the new piercing, clicking together to hold the plates in place. Additional rivets are pierced through smaller holes in the corner of the plates to hold it in position. The ring could be removed, leaving a useful and reinforced septum available for various torments.

I lifted her chin and told her to open her mouth and stick out her tongue. Her newest piercings, through her tongue, had been healing nicely. Again in unique fashion, a two rows of four holes each are pierced through the tongue lengthwise. Stainless steel grommets are fit over the holes and locked into place. The girl was nearly in tears. She knew that as soon as I approved her tongue piercings, she would be sent into pony training. The bit she would wear would attach to the grommets now pierced through her tongue. The bit fit between her teeth while a steel plate slipped along the top of the pony girl's tongue. Rivets would connect the metal to the tongue, removing any ability to speak. I couldn't wait to see her body in pony gear. She would be an excellent addition to the stable.

The next girl was led into the room by her mistress. This girl was a rubber slave. She was covered head to toe in a latex body suit. The new latex Mr. Markes had developed allowed the skin to breath and thus could be worn for indefinite periods of time. She was a statuesque women in her black rubber outfit. She moved slowly into the room, taking small steps. I admired her ability on her ballet point boots, considering she had only started wearing them the last few weeks. Though shoe training was common for many of the slaves, for the most unruly, we liked to place them in as much discomfort as possible. This girl, named Tasha, had been a

runaway. She fought her trainers for the first three days when they finally assigned her as a rubber slave. Her head was shaved, with a less potent salve rubbed onto her scalp. Hair would not grow on her head for at least two years, perfect for rubber training. Though she had been fitted with a custom, form fitting latex suit she had not completely responded to training until she had been forced into toe shoes. The only part of her original skin I could see were her eyes, and the pain they showed told me how well the training was going. The shoes were not made of typical leather. Rather than a snub nose, these shoes were nearly as pointed at the toe as they were at the heel, forcing the toes into an extremely uncomfortable position. Steel bands were wrenched over the foot, trapping them into a form fitting prison. To keep steps short, a short three inch rod held her ankles together. The rubber suit had been wrapped and creased into every part of her body. I had suggested a unique modification by removing her rings prior to the suit application, then reapplying them from the outside. The perfectly shined latex set off the shiny steel of the rings. She was fully gagged with a blow up rubber gag, then a wide band pulled across the outside and locked on.

“I think we can take her arms to stage two,” her mistress said.

“She passed her flexibility tests?” I asked. Her mistress nodded so I asked her to position the girl in the middle of the room. I lowered a chain and attached it to her nose ring as her mistress attached her ankles to the floor with a tight cable. As I turned the winch, I watched as the slack left the chain and pulled her chin up. My cruel side gave the crank and extra turn, putting some strain on her septum and eliciting a whine from the slave. I moved behind her and, with a custom wrench, removed the bolts that held the bands around her arms. Though it had been months since she had been able to use her arms, she knew better than to lift them. She lowered them carefully to her sides. Her mistress replaced her leather collar with a wide steel posture collar. I fed a wire cable through the ring at the back of the collar and down to her waist level. Her mistress had attached her wrists together behind her back and I fixed the cable to the middle ring between the cuffs and bolted it in place. I turned another winch and began pulling the cable through her collar ring, pulling her wrists up her back. It took little time to invert her arms, her wrists higher than her elbows. It was the final few turns that caused tears to flow from the slave-girl’s eyes and down her latex covered cheeks. Her wrists were about six

inches from touching the back of her collar, but we weren't done yet. I showed the slave a wide steel band with cuffs on each end. I was sure she knew what this device was for as a low whimper escaped her bondage. I attached the cuffs to her arms just above her elbows. A small crank fitted to a hole in the middle of the band and I turned it, slowly pulling her elbows closer. As I did this, her mistress turned the other crank, pulling her wrists higher. As her fingers reached the back of her collar we both stopped. The cable was locked off to the back of the collar and I removed the steel band. I loved this look. From the front, the slave girl could not help but force her chest out. The bondage was very sexy and quite extreme, something I was learning I loved.

"She has such beautiful breasts," I commented to her mistress, "But the latex crushes them so much. What would you think of banding them?"

"That would be great!" She smiled and gave her young slave a pat on the ass. "This one is quite unruly, but a lot of fun to torture!"

With her shoulders pulled back so hard, it was east to access her tits. I attached a set of cables to her nipple rings, and connected them to the ends of a small bar. Attaching the bar to a winch, we turned until her latex covered breasts were pulled out like cones. This, of course, only added to the slave-girl's discomfort, but we didn't care, we were having fun. I pulled out a set of two inch wide bands that, at first, looked too small in circumference. I could see the slave's eyes go wide as she realized what they were. They were stainless steel bands that would circle the base of her breasts, helping them to stand out from the chest. The unpleasant part was the small spikes that ringed the inside of the steel. I made sure the surgical steel was sterile and slipped one around. As I closed it, the spikes sank through the latex and into the base of her breasts. Tasha howled behind the heavy rubber gag. The two ends were forced together until they merged seamlessly with a small set of rivets. The second one was placed on and the winch was released. Her breasts were held out from her chests proudly.

Her mistress was pleased. "I love that look. It makes her look like she does naked." She pulled out several pictures of the girl prior to training. She was posing for the camera in panties, obviously for her boyfriend. She was beautiful and young, an

innocent face. I took one of the pictures and held it up so the slave girl could see it. "This is what you used to be, little one. Now you are ours to punish." Tears flowed anew from her eyes and she realized her fate. We released her nose chain and I watched as her mistress led her away.

I loved the little perks I received as head doctor. The food was great, the grounds were exquisite and I had amazing freedom for a full time job. I also had several personal slavegirls. As I walked in to my guest house for the evening, I found the place immaculate as usual and one of the slaves on her knees at the door. I insisted that each girl have use of her arms for house tasks, as well as various fondling I may require. This didn't prevent me from punishment at times. One of the girls had recently broken an expensive dish I had received from Mr. Markes as a welcome gift. That slave girl was spending several weeks as my puppy, covered in a tight rubber suit that forced her legs and arms to double up on themselves. Straps held her ankles to her thighs and her wrists to her upper arms. Small pads were attached to her knees and elbows and a thick leather hood covered her head. Welding goggles covered her eyes, reducing her eyesight to a limited range. A thick posture collar wrapped around her neck, pushing her chin up hard, forcing her to face forward. She spent most of her time in the dog house out back, or whimpering at the back door. I had attached a special gag to her head that, with a set of metal clamps connected to her tongue, reduced her ability to talk, allowing only dog like sounds.

The other girls remained naked, with the exception of steel cuffs on ankles and wrists. Short chains connected these together. I loved the look of a young girl, naked but for these chains and the rings that adorned their bodies. I stepped into the house and closed the door. As soon as it closed, the slave-girl there slipped off my shoes and proceeded to kiss them. When she was finished I stepped into the side room to check on Tia. Since that first night, I had kept Tia as my pet. She was on her own and looking for work when we first met and she never complained when I didn't release her from bondage. Well, she complained, but never truly wanted to leave. She proclaimed early on that she didn't like being in total bondage so, of course, I took every opportunity to put her in just that. Currently, she had spent the day in heavy corset training. She was still hanging in the side room, her wrists chained to overhead cables. Her legs were strapped together at ankle above and below knee. A thick cable attached to her ankle cuffs and connected to the floor, pulled so taught

that her body had little ability to move. I had put her in a heavy hood that morning, lacing the four layer leather over her face until she had a shiny globe on her shoulders. Two small tubes were all that marred the smooth surface, allowing her to breathe. I had stuffed her mouth with a sponge-like substance that slowly expanded as she provided more saliva. By now, her jaws must be forced hard against the tight leather. I had placed earplugs and eye covers on her to keep her focusing on the point of the bondage. A heavy corset was strapped on her. Extending from her breasts to mid thigh, the heavily boned leather corset was designed to close over a 20 inch waist. Though Tia was quite shapely, she had started this morning with a 26 inch waist. Upon application earlier in the day, there was a huge gap between the two ends. I had laced it as tight as I could, then attached a small bucket at the end of the laces and let it dangle just below her ass. I placed a small tube into the bucket and allowed a drop of water to fall in each few seconds. As I returned now, I noticed the bucket was nearly full, and no longer rested just below her ass. It had sunk to her knees and the back of the corset, with the full weight of the bucket pulling on the laces, was completely closed. I stood closer and could hear Tia breathing in short breaths from the strain on her chest but I couldn't but help admiring her with a small waist. Her large breasts, now pierced with shiny new rings were set off by the snug look of the leather. I decided to enjoy dinner, then release Tia from her suspension and find new ways to torment her.

As I walked out of the room and away from my favorite slave, I smiled in satisfaction. Giving the leash to a young blonde slave a yank and watching her stumble to follow, I sauntered off to the kitchen.

The End