

The Gift

Category: Text Stories

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By Thndrshark

A quick story I threw together. See if you can guess what celebrities inspired me!

Part One

Jennifer glanced at her watch and wondered where her friend was. Standing outside the local electronics store, she was impatient to get this over with. Her boyfriend's birthday was the next day and she still couldn't decide what to get him. She knew this was an important moment in their relationship. She had recently graduated from high school and moved in with John, her senior by 3 years, and they had already spoken of spending the rest of their lives together. His turning 21 not only marked an important moment in his life, but was also the first time they could officially celebrate an occasion as an adult couple. But no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't find anything appropriate. She had already considered everything from a trip to a new watch, but they didn't seem to fit the right mood. She had always been bad at this gift thing. She knew he put on a good face when he had opened previous presents. But she could see his disappointment sneaking through as he held up socks or a new CD. And whenever he gave gifts to her, they always seemed to be the perfect thing for the moment, gifts that inevitably brought tears to her eyes.

She finally caught site of Sarah across the parking lot and waved her down. She ran up, out of breath, but looking none the worse for wear, as usual.

"I'm sorry I was late," she started while still several feet away. "I couldn't get away."

Jennifer was just glad she was finally here. "No problem. I appreciate you coming." Sarah looked up the store front they now stood in front of.

"Is this what you're reduced to?" She was smiling, but she could see the troubled look in her friend's eyes.

"I have no idea," Jennifer said. "I want something really special, something he'll never forget. I doubt we'll find it here but I have no clue what else to try."

Jennifer and Sarah had been friends since child hood. Both very different, they none-the-less had something in common; their uncommon beauty. Jennifer had an innocent, friendly face, complimented by long, dark, softly curled hair, large, firm breasts and a thin frame. She was probably the single most sought after girl when she was in high school, with the choice of boyfriends at her fingertips. Sarah shared a similar level of beauty. But where Jennifer may have been the innocent ingénue, Sarah was the strong leading lady type. A little taller than Jennifer at 5'2", she was more of the vixen. Her shoulder length sandy blonde hair offset her deep, dark eyes and glamorous face. But more so than her beauty, you could see her thinking. She certainly wasn't as voluptuous as her friend, a point that wasn't lost on her, but she held her own in the field of men.

"You're thinking too simple, Jen," Sarah goaded. "What do all guys want?"

"Well, sex, I guess."

"Is John any different?"

"No. He probably has a more refined taste, but it all boils down to sex, anyway." They both laughed at this. Jennifer had always confided everything in her friend. Even when John started teasing her with ideas of wearing tight latex outfits or threatening to give her a sound spanking. Slowly, John revealed a darker side that often surprised and shocked Jennifer. But Sarah was never shocked. Instead she encouraged her friend to experiment, knowing that his fantasies were the best way to his heart.

“No better way to a man’s heart than through his pants,” Sarah proclaimed. Jennifer nodded.

“Ok. Then what do you suggest?”

Sarah seemed to muse for a moment. “Well... if he had his ultimate fantasy, what do you think it would be?”

Jennifer blushed at the thought that crossed her mind. But she knew her friend enough to know she wouldn’t be surprised. “I think he would love to have me as his sex slave for a night.”

Sarah smiled at that, glancing over Jennifer’s body. “You would make a good little slave, wouldn’t you!” They both laughed, though Jennifer’s was a bit more forced.

“Ok, if you’re serious about this, then you have to trust me fully, ok?”

Jennifer shrugged her shoulders. “I really don’t know what else to do.” She waved her hand in front of her. “Lead the way.”

Jennifer waited nervously in John’s living room. She smoothed her sun dress across her legs and looked at her watch, wondering what was keeping Sarah. John had been sent off for the afternoon to some sporting event, a gift from his friends at work, leaving the girls at home to get ready for his “big surprise.” They had agree to meet at his place by 3:00pm and Jennifer had arrived right on time, letting herself into the home with her key. Sarah had borrowed John’s key as well, so she had expected to find her friend already here. Instead, the house seemed empty. She took a seat in the living room, trying to distract herself with television. The old mansion, an inheritance from John’s grandparents, seemed to loom over her, its dark woods and foreboding design making her uncomfortable. She had always felt a little uncomfortable in the house, but she knew she had to start calling it home.

She nearly jumped out of her skin when she heard footsteps from upstairs. As she turned to see who it was, she heaved a sigh of relief when she saw Sarah.

“You scared the hell out of me,” she said.

“I’m sorry. I came over early to get some things ready upstairs for your big night.” She grinned in excitement. “Are you ready?” Jennifer watched as she set down a large duffle bag.

“I guess so,” she mumbled.

“Ok, then let’s just start here.” Sarah dropped the bag and started pulling out a collection of strange objects. “Get undressed. Did you do what I told you?”

Jennifer began slipping off her sun dress, revealing her young body and newly shaved pussy. “Yes, but it feels really weird.”

Sarah took a glance, smiling at the sight of her. “You look perfect. Come over here.” Jennifer walked over to her friend, feeling very self conscious. But Sarah had seen her naked many times, and they had even had a short lived and exciting lesbian moment a few years ago, though it had only consisted of some kissing and touching. Her friend knew her body well and she knew there was no reason to be embarrassed.

“Turn around and lit your hair up,” Sarah commanded. As Jennifer held her hair up high, she could feel her friend placing a wide collar around her neck. The band fit snugly, then a click told her a small padlock held it into place. She touched the strange piece of leather around her neck, feeling the cool steel of a ring dangling from the front. She could feel a strange tingling between her legs as she responded to the feeling. She was getting aroused! Jennifer knew she was sort of interested in these types of games. Though her shy nature often appeared as prudishness, she found herself daring John to punish her now and then, encouraging him to bind her hands. It was rare that they did these things, but she knew he was always the most aroused when they did. And she had to admit that she was also.

“Put your hands behind your back, palms touching.” Jennifer pressed her wrists together, knowing what was next. The cool leather strap slipped around her wrists and pulled snug until she couldn’t move them apart. She soon felt another strap around her elbows and her friend began pulling them together. She was limber

enough to manage this form of restriction, but the feeling of her breasts being forced out and her shoulders back made her feel even more vulnerable. Sarah finished binding her arms then rotated her to face a mirror in the corner. Standing behind Jennifer, holding shoulders, Sarah could feel the lust in her heart, as she examined her bound friend. She couldn't resist running her fingers down across her breasts, feeling them grow beneath her fingers.

"I should keep you for myself, she whispered in Jennifer's ear. She could feel a shiver run through her friend's body, despite the warmth of the room. Her hands caressed down and over Jennifer's firm breasts then over her flat stomach. Jennifer was getting even more wet, not only from her friend's touch, but also from the sight of her own bound form. Rather than the amateur dog collar or soft rope that John had used on her in the past, the thick leather around her neck and the wide straps holding her arms together behind her made her look just like the dark fantasies she had dreamt. She was both scared and excited by the image before her.

"Let me finish then we can head upstairs," said Sarah, reaching into the bag once more. Jennifer looked down at the strange object that Sarah held to her lips. The large red rubber ball looked far too large to fit into her young mouth. But she had agreed to go along with the plan, and reluctantly opened up. Sarah pushed the ball by her teeth, forcing the gag deep into her mouth. Jennifer almost choked on the enormous size as the rubber sank in, but had no chance to complain. The leather strap connected was quickly, and Sarah gave it an extra tug to pull it deeper into her friend's mouth, eliciting a muffled whimper. Sarah caressed her hair to calm her down, then looked her in the eyes.

"Do you want to do the shoes, too?" Jennifer thought of the painful ballet shoes she had tried on at the store. She knew they made her long legs look even more sexy, but she also knew that they were very painful to walk on. But she was determined to go all the way, and didn't want to stop now. She nodded.

"Good girl," Sarah said, reaching back into the bag. The menacing shoes made Jennifer's heart skip a beat, but she allowed Sarah to sit her down on a footstool and lace the shoes on. Finally, she was lifted back on her feet. She wanted to cry out immediately as her toes pressed into the end of the shoes and her calves stretched.

She now towered over her friend, but was also at her mercy. Sarah smiled again then laced a finger into Jennifer's collar ring and led her up the stairs.

Jennifer was getting nervous. It seemed like she had been waiting here for several hours. She tried to shift her position, but the straps allowed her little room. Sarah had led her into John's master bedroom and Jennifer had stopped surprised at the door. The room, already made up of dark woods and a large wrought iron bed, had been enhanced by a collection of equipment and furniture that made the room look like a dungeon. Chains dangled off the bed frame, metal cuffs connected to the end and harsh looking whips laid about. Sarah had led Jennifer to the middle of an open space near the base of the bed and pushed her onto her knees. A heavy chain connected from an ancient ring set in the floor to the front of her collar. The weight seemed to pull her body down to the floor and she struggled to stay upright. She could feel as Sarah attached a spreader bar between her knees and ankles, forcing her to expose her newly shaved pussy. At that, Sarah had kissed her friend on the head.

"I'm going to make up a story for you, something that will get his blood rolling. Just play along, ok?" Jennifer had little choice but to nod, then watch her friend leave her.

She spent the time trying to see how Sarah had modified the room. But the lighting was spotty and dark, making it difficult to see well. She could only see the glints of light glancing off dangerous steel.

Despite the heavy chain dragging on her neck, Jennifer was forced to maintain a very erect posture, the straps holding her arms together behind her forced her back straight. As her eyes adjusted to the light, she caught sight of a mirror and her dim reflection. She could see how she would look to John. She was truly a slave now, completely bound and immobile. Her pussy was wet and she wished she could touch herself, or even close her legs. But the knee spreader kept her legs wide and removed any possibility of self pleasure.

She jumped at the sound of voices outside. She expected John but she could also

pick out Sarah voice. She was surprised, but not too much, thinking perhaps that John was making her stay until he discovered her surprise. The voices grew louder until, just outside the door, she could hear Sarah's voice.

"I know you've fantasized about this, John," she could hear Sarah say. "Now's your chance. Jennifer is now your sex slave and she asked me to help you train her." Jennifer was shocked to hear this. She had never intended for Sarah to be a part of this. She figured she would be found by John, have a fun night of love making and that would be that. Now, her best friend was making it into something much more. She suddenly remembered her friend's words. This was part of the fantasy. Well, one of her fantasies had included Sarah dominating her, so maybe this would make it come true.

"So, what do you get out of this?" John was just outside the door, pausing before entering.

"I think you and I would make a great master and mistress team. Jennifer will need a lot of training. Even though she was so certain she wanted to be your slave, I think she's in for more than she thought."

"How far are we going to take her," he asked.

"All the way," Sarah responded. "If you don't want her after awhile, we can sell her and make some money. I'm sure she would command a good price." Jennifer was shocked to hear this, but she knew it must be part of the story.

Finally, the door opened and John entered. He must stopped at the door, examining the changes to his room, until his eyes stopped on his girlfriend's bound form. Jennifer kept her head bowed in submission, remembering some book about not looking her master in the eyes. She could see his boots approach, then his hand reached down and lifted her chin. She could see his passion in his eyes and at that moment was determined to live up the fantasy, if anything just to make this the best gift he had ever received. She knew she must be a sight, her long, dark hair cascading past the padlocked collar onto her harshly bound arms. He lifted her chin until the heavy chain stopped her head from rising more.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” She looked into his eyes and nodded. “You want to be my slave?” Again, she nodded. “You’ll do anything I command?” A nod again. “You will be mine to own?” Yes, she signaled. She watched him smile and release her chin. She glanced behind him if only to give Sarah a thankful look and was shocked at how her friend looked. Rather than the old jeans and blouse she wore earlier, she almost didn’t recognize her now. Towering on six inch heeled patent boots, Sarah was clad in long rubber leggings that gleamed in the light. A skimpy latex G-string hid just beneath a rubber garter belt. Her long arms were also covered in rubber gloves that reached nearly to her shoulders. Her breasts were exposed, supported by a rubber push up bra, forcing her large breasts to stand out even more. She was a beautiful sight, but a surprise to her friend. Sarah finally looked down and her smile did not reassure Jennifer.

She didn’t know what to do other than lick. She had been left on the floor at first and Sarah had undressed her boyfriend then slipped to her knees and licked his cock to life. Jennifer was too shocked to look away. Finally, John lifted Sarah to her feet and pushed her over onto the bed. He slipped his large cock into her friend’s pussy and began pumping her hard. Jennifer couldn’t believe what she was seeing. Rather than a present for her boyfriend, the night was quickly turning into a personal nightmare. She could only watch as her best friend was fucked hard by her boyfriend, a position she had hoped to be in by now. Tears began running down her cheeks.

She had been lifted off the floor and placed on her back. John held up her ankle spreader to keep her on the bed, then nodded to Sarah. She watched as Sarah pulled the gag from her mouth. Her jaw ached so bad, she wasn’t able to speak at first. This gave Sarah time to slip off her g-string and position her pussy over Jennifer’s face. Without hesitation, she literally sat down on her friend’s face. She tried to cry out but the sharp sting of a strap on her bare pussy stopped her. Sarah had selected a rubber strap and began encouraging her new slave.

“Lick my pussy, slave,” Sarah commanded, then swung down again. The feeling of the rubber striking her clit pushed her tongue from her mouth, discovering Sarah’s damp, and also newly shaved pussy. She didn’t know what was happening but she

knew she could not take the pain she felt between her legs. She began sucking quickly.

“She responds nicely, John,” Sarah cooed as a flush of excitement crossed her face. “Have you ever fucked her up the ass?” Jennifer froze at that question, eliciting another sharp slap on her pussy.

“No, she would never let me,” John responded.

“Well what she wants is no longer an issue, is it,” Sarah pointed out. John nodded and lifted Jennifer’s ankle spreader higher. She could feel a pressure against her virgin asshole, then a sudden push and sharp pain as her boyfriend entered her ass. She tried to scream but Sarah only sat down harder on her face and added another strap to the increasingly red area between her legs. Jennifer, tears now streaming from her eyes, doubled her efforts on the pussy forced into her face, trying to ignore the harsh penetration.

John had pulled out when Sarah had come to a screaming orgasm, then lifted Jennifer off the bed and stood her on her ballet shoes. She was weak, not only from her bound position, but also from the brutal assault upon her mind. She didn’t notice much as her ankles were attached to rings on the floor and a chain was attached to bound wrists. Without warning the chain was cranked up, forcing her to bend at the waist. Her arms were pulled up until her wrists pointed to the ceiling, causing intense pain in her shoulders. Jennifer barely noticed as Sarah placed her friend’s hair into a ponytail, laced with an extra piece of leather, then attached the strap to her elbow bondage. Sarah pulled back hard, forcing Jennifer’s head back until her face pointed forward, then tied off the strap. As John examined some of the toys, Sarah leaned in and whispered to her friend.

“I’m sorry about not telling you, Jen,” Sarah apologized. I found a note you had written to me a few months ago, telling me about one of your fantasies. You had said you really wanted to do this for John.” Jennifer remembered a note she had written to her friend some months ago, sharing a dream she had had. She never intended it to become a reality.

“Sarah, this isn’t what I wanted,” she croaked, unable to say more. Her scalp was beginning to ache from her hair being pulled back hard and her toes had begun to throb from their restricted position. She was exhausted from the ordeal she had experienced, and only hoped it would end soon.

“I know, but John is so happy,” Sarah touched her cheek. “I’m sorry I got involved but this is definitely the best gift you’ve ever given him. Don’t ruin it by not playing along.” Jennifer had to admit she had never seen her boyfriend so excited. She had experienced fantasies of this nature in the past, so she had to admit she was turned on too. But she didn’t imagine the pain and humiliation.

“I’ll play along, Sarah,” she whispered. “I trust you.” Sarah smiled and stepped away as John came back.

“This is some amazing stuff, Sarah. Are you sure we can use it on Jennifer?”

“Just ask her, John.” He leaned over to his girlfriend, his cock still hard in front of her, and growing even harder at the sight of his helpless new slave.

“Tell me what I can do to you, Jennifer,” John commanded. She knew she had to play along to avoid ruining his present. She just hoped she never actually experienced all of this.

“I’m yours to do with as you please, master,” Jennifer said. “My life and my very existence is in your hands. I am yours to train, punish, share or sell as you see fit, master. I only want to please you and serve you, and whomever you want me to please or serve.”

“You see? I told you,” Sarah said.

“Ok. I guess she’s my slave now,” John said in amazement. “I just can’t believe it! She was so nice and wholesome. I can’t believe she wants to be a sex slave for life!”

Jennifer jumped. Did he say life? She wanted to look at his face, at Sarah’s face, to see if they were joking. Was this part of the game? When would she know the truth? Jennifer was speechless.

“Let’s have some fun,” John said, standing in front of Jennifer’s mouth. Without much warning, he shoved his hard cock deep into her mouth and down her throat, then began fucking her face. She could taste her own asshole on her tongue, causing her to gag slightly. But she had little choice to resist. She was bound immobile, her face exposed for just such an abuse. She could barely breath in between strokes. She could sense that Sarah had moved behind her and suddenly she felt a sharp strike and heard the slap of a wide paddle on her ass. She nearly choked at the sound, feeling the burn and sting of the wide rubber paddle on her ass. Sarah added another, then another to each cheek, turning Jennifer’s ass into a cherry red and bringing fresh tears to her eyes. Finally, Sarah stopped, but quickly appeared beneath her. Suddenly, her nipples burst into fire from the sharp clamps Sarah applied. She felt like they would be cut off by the hard steel. She felt as her friend applied weights to the chains dangling beneath her, further stretching her breasts beneath her.

Jennifer could feel John getting close to cumming. He pulled out just before, resting his cock on the tip of her tongue.

“She always hated tasting cum,” John commented to Sarah. “I guess I can do this now.” His cum launched out of his cock, laying across Jennifer’s tongue. “Don’t swallow, slave.” John commanded as the white substance collected on his new slave’s tongue. Finally spent, John leaned over to look at the cum pooled on Jennifer’s tongue.

“How do you like that, slave,” he asked. “I have a whole list of things you used to hate, but now you’re my slave, I guess you will learn to love them!” With that he stood and left the room, leaving the puddle of cum still in Jennifer’s mouth.

Jennifer could feel the morning sunlight warming her body. She tried to roll over but found that her motion was still restricted by a heavy chain from her collar to the ring in the floor. She tried to open her eyes, then remembered the tight leather hood stretched across her face. The kidskin was so tight it molded her face. Her eyes were covered by pads, then a built-in blindfold covered those. Her mouth was filled with a rubber blow up gag, inflated so large her jaws had ached all night. She still felt the

collar locked on her neck and her arms bound behind her. The spreader bars had been removed and a short six inch chain now connected her ankles. She could feel her ballet shoes on her feet.

If she could cry any more, she would. Sarah was taking this fantasy/gift business too far. After fifteen minutes of holding the dreaded pool of cum in her mouth, John had returned to let her swallow. She could still feel the coating of sticky liquid down her throat. Sarah had quickly forced the blowup gag into her mouth, then inflated it until Jennifer's eyes had watered. Sarah made sure she had a good view of the massive canopy bed, then she had taken John into her and they had made love for hours. From time to time, one of them would glance over to her. John would smile at the sight of his new slave bound helpless while he made love to her beautiful friend. Sarah would smile at Jennifer as she felt John inside of her. Finally, they had finished, kissing and caressing each other, until Sarah had finally proclaimed it was time to let Jennifer down. She was relieved. It was time to end this gift. Her arms, bound behind her then forced up high in the air, had begun to scream in pain, and her calves had begun to cramp from the constant pressure. She was angry at Sarah, but she had thought it was a little fun, too. She would forgive her later, once she had a chance to recover.

But after releasing her ceiling chain and disconnecting her spreader bars, Sarah did not untie her arms. Instead, she attached the short chain between her ankles, the forced her to walk back to the place she had been at the start of the evening. She had trouble moving since her head was still forced back harshly, forcing her now to look at the ceiling as she walked. Sarah forced her to the floor again, then attached the floor chain and climbed back into bed. Jennifer could just see the two cuddling in her own bed, as she lay bound and helpless on the floor. She felt humiliated as she lay there. She was still naked, her asshole throbbed from the brutal penetration, and her neck had begun aching from the harsh position. She tried to struggle, to move or get away, but the heavy steel of the chain and her bent position prevented her from moving much at all.

It was only after midnight that she could hear John's voice.

"I can't stand her staring at us like this. I still think of her as my girlfriend."

"I can take care of that, sweetie," Sarah said, then rose to apply the harsh hood. Now, in the morning, she could barely hear bodies moving. Her hearing was impaired by the hood, but she was sure she sensed motion. The sudden yank on her collar chain told her she was right.

Jennifer was kept chained on her knees as John got cleaned up. She was shocked when, preparing to go get breakfast, he kissed Sarah passionately, then patted Jennifer on the head and left. She was sure her friend would now let her go. Sarah instead pulled a stool up in front of her friend and removed her gag.

"What the hell is going on," Jennifer demanded with her dry and cracked voice. "This wasn't what I had in mind, you sleeping with John, me being tied up all night."

"I know, I'm sorry," Sarah pleaded. "I know how important this gift is and I wanted to make sure John never forgot it."

"You got him thinking I want to be his slave forever!"

"Yeah, that kind of got out of hand," Sarah acknowledged. "I never said forever and you didn't have to agree to it."

"I know, but it would have ruined the story."

"Exactly! That's the whole point of this. Rather than just a simple night of some fun and games, we've given him a fantasy most men only have wet dreams about!" Jennifer had to admit it was good. But she could feel the pain in her shoulders and the punishment she had received last night.

"When is it going to end?"

"Look, tonight we'll have some fun and then I'll let him down. I doubt he could possibly believe that you would want to become a lifetime slave."

"Ok, but take it easy. And why can't you let me go for now?"

"He'll be back any minute. He just ran down to the store. We have to keep up the illusion. You have to be completely submissive today and do anything he asks."

"I guess," Jennifer said reluctantly. "I can't imagine it could get much worse." Sarah chuckled.

"I'm sure he has some surprises for you."

Upon John's return, Jennifer played her role to perfection, and was rewarded by seeing the joy in his eyes. He stood before her for ten minutes, just admiring how her bound body and kneeling form was available for him. She was on her knees, spreading her legs as wide as she could despite the short chain between her ankles. Normally she would have her head bowed, but her hair had been kept in a pony tail and though the hood was removed, Sarah had kindly reattached the strap to her elbow bondage, pulling her head back harshly. But Jennifer didn't mind, and even enjoyed the uncomfortable position.

John rubbed his hands across his captive slave's body, squeezing her large breasts and even tweaking her nipples. She jumped at that, but didn't pull away. He smiled. She was truly his.

Jennifer had worn rubber before, but never this much. She sat quietly at her master's feet, with only the heat and pain of the rubber bondage to distract her. John had seemed to relish dressing his new slave in her outfit, making sure that each piece was as snug and restrictive as possible. As Sarah supported Jennifer on the tips of her ballet shoes, he had started with a black rubber panty with two blow up dildos built into it. She was forced to bend over and feel the one of the black shapes push into her ass, filling her up even before it was inflated. The second, larger dildo pressed into her pussy, then the panty was pulled up snug. A rubber bra came next. The firm cups seemed to be designed to not only support her breasts but also cup them. She quickly discovered the less pleasant aspects of the piece. Her breasts seemed to squeeze into the bra, popping into each cup. A rubber gasket pressed the base of each breast, forcing each to bulb out. As she began to fill out the bra, she cried out behind her gag. Small, needle-like spikes pressed against her skin, sinking slightly into each breast. It felt like hundreds of small pins had been pushed into her

skin and despite how she moved, the rubber bands at the base of each breasts kept them forced into each cup.

For a brief moment her ballet shoes were removed and Jennifer quickly found she was unable to flatten her feet. Her tendons had tightened over the night. Sarah pulled a pair of black latex leggings over her feet and up her legs, then replaced her torturous shoes. Her arms were unbound for the first time in 20 hours and left to dangle at her sides. Sarah slipped shoulder length rubber gloves on her, then John began pulling a rubber body suit up her legs. The suit fit over the panties and bra, the inflation bulbs for the dildos fitting through small holes in the crotch. Each leg overlapped the leggings perfectly, creating a nearly seamless link. Her gloves were overlapped similarly. Her ball gag was removed and a rubber hood was stretched over her head and smoothed across her face. The rubber was skin tight, pressing tightly against her cheeks and pressing her hair flat. The end was fed underneath the body suit collar, then the suit was closed at top. The hood left open eyes and mouth, plus small holes for her nostrils. John quickly inserted stoppers up her nose and before Jennifer could panic, she realized she could breath through small tubes inserted through the stoppers. She looked down to see a blow up gag being pressed against her lips. With a quiet sigh, Jennifer opened her mouth and let Sarah push the bladder in. She could feel her friend lock the gag in place, then John began to inflate the bulb. She could feel the rubber grow until her tongue was pressed down hard and her jaw was stretched. She looked up to see John smiling at her, continuing to pump. Already her eyes had begun to water and she pleaded with her eyes for him to stop. But he pumped on until she was certain the ball would burst. Finally, she watched as John twisted the connection at the front of the gag, then removed the inflation bulb.

Jennifer had begun to panic. She had never been restricted to this degree. The tight rubber made it difficult to breath, and now she was forced to rely on the small tubes in her nose. She was starting to sweat under her latex prison, but knew she would be wearing it for some time to come. She was even more surprised when she saw John preparing even more for her to put on.

“Bind her arms behind her again, Sarah,” John commanded. “But I want to see if her wrists will meet her collar.” Both Sarah and Jennifer were shocked at this

suggestion, but Sarah could see that John was quite serious. He handed her a pair of manacles that were connected by a small pivot. As Sarah attached Jennifer's wrists behind her first, John began stretching a thicker rubber hood over the first one. Quickly, her eyes were covered by a pair of dark lenses that had been built into the hood. She felt as her nose tubes were fed through holes and the hood was pulled snug over her head. John then took a wide rubber collar and fit it over Jennifer's neck, locking on both helmets and the body suit. She could feel John pull it snug, then attach several small padlocks at the back. She tried to move her head, but found the collar seriously restricted her movement. She couldn't turn to catch sight of John attaching a small cable through a ring at the back of the collar, then to her new wrist cuffs. She felt as John pulled the cable up, forcing her wrists to the middle of her back, then inverted and above her elbows. She could feel her chest pushing out, the pins forcing themselves even further into her skin. She had always been flexible, but she wasn't sure she could accommodate John's wishes. But he was determined to complete the job, pulling hard until he could hear Jennifer cry out beneath her painful gag. Finally her wrists reached the back of her wide collar and John quickly locked the two together. Jennifer could feel her shoulders begin to burn from the harsh position, but she had no method to complain. But John wasn't finished. He fed another strap around her elbows and pulled hard, forcing them together as well.

Finally, as Jennifer tried to adjust to the growing pain in her shoulders, he laced a corset around her waist. The cincher seemed to be designed for someone half her size, but John pulled the laces hard, reducing Jennifer's waist from a petite 20 inches to a tiny 17 inches. She found it even more difficult to breath now through her tubes. Reaching beneath her legs, he squeezed both inflation bulbs. Jennifer could feel the two dildos growing inside of her, filling her ass and pussy with rubber. Again, John far exceeded what she thought was her limit, increasing the size until she thought she would faint, then locked off the bulbs and left them dangling between her legs.

Sarah had left to run errands and John had led his rubber slave into his office by a chain leash, then forced her to kneel at his feet. Jennifer wasn't surprised to find that a ring had been set into the floor beside his desk, to which John locked her

leash. She was starting to lose control of the idea that this was all just a game. Jennifer had read plenty of stories that involved slavery and bondage that she would immerse herself in. Now, as she felt the crushing feeling of the two layers of rubber on her body, the punishment bra that forced sharp spikes into her breasts and the extreme method her arms had been bound, she felt like she had been transformed into a real slave and she was experiencing her true fate. She was isolated from the world, unable to release herself, or to ask for release. Jennifer knew she was being truly controlled and without Sarah's assurance that this would end soon, she would not have been able to maintain control.

The eye pieces were covered with a dark lens, much like a welding glass, limited her view to within a foot or two. Her hearing was limited as well, but she could still hear John's muffled voice through the two layers of rubber. He had begun to make phone calls and for the first time Jennifer was allowed to stay in the room. In the past, John kept his office locked, assuring his girlfriend that she wouldn't be interested in his business dealings. She had always assumed he was just keeping client confidentiality, but she quickly began to doubt her optimism. Recently, she got the impression that he was involved in his own shady dealings, but she hadn't been concerned. He was seemingly wealthy and very giving, which was good enough for her.

Now, as she was ignored like an object she had become, she learned more of the work he did. It was all very cryptic and much was lost on her, but she did notice that he was inviting friends over for the evening. Jennifer panicked. She knew he was probably wanting to show off his new slave girl, and that meant he might want to share her as well. Based on her comments earlier, when she was playing the game Sarah had wanted her to play, she had offered herself completely. With fear in her heart she suddenly realized he was preparing a gang bang for his new property.

"No, I didn't know either," she could hear John say. "I thought she was all wholesome, too." A pause, then, "No, she is sitting here. I've got her in full rubber, with blow up dildos and a gag. Oh, and get this: I folded her arms up her back so her wrists are locked to the back of her collar!" He laughed at loud to a comment from the other end. "Yes, you can fuck that pretty little mouth of hers. But bring your piercing gear. Nose, tongue, nipples and clit." Jennifer was shocked at the idea. She

had always avoided any body piercings, largely since she felt too embarrassed to have any. Now, unless Sarah got back soon and broke the news, she would be forcibly pierced, and not just her tongue! “Oh, and bring the permanent rings. She’s my slave now, right?”

Jennifer kneeled in silence for the remainder of his calls, dreading not only the humiliation of servicing John’s friends as a slave, but also the threat of having rings permanently piercing her body. She almost missed a phone call that sent shivers down her spine.

“Yeah, it’s John. Are you still looking for another girl?” She could just make out John’s head nodding. “I think I’ve got your girl. She’s 18 years old, very attractive.” A pause, “How much can you get for her? - Wow, that much? - No, she’s really 18 and never been a slave before. - Tonight,, after we’re done with here. - No, no injury, just some fun.” Jennifer couldn’t believe what she was hearing! John had made a deal to sell her into slavery, a fate worse than death. She felt faint, not only from the harsh constriction she was already forced in, but also from the added feeling of this never ending. Rather than a horrible game, yet a game that would finish, she now knew she might never see freedom again. Images of slavery shot through her mind, filled with cruel masters, foreign countries and even harsher tortures than she had already faced.

As John finished the call, Jennifer tried to adjust her position for more comfort. Her rubber skin had now molded so well to her own skin that she could hardly tell the difference. Her arms had gone somewhat numb, though she could still feel her fingers, which was a good sign. John finally stood and unhooked her leash, then lifted her back to her toe shoes. The sudden pain of her feet crushing into the painful devices woke Jennifer up again. But John was oblivious to her pain. Instead, he gave her gag two more pumps and her dildos a few more each, once again distracting Jennifer from the pain of her toes in exchange for the pressure of the blow up devices. He walked her to face a full length mirror in the corner, moving behind her and wrapping his arms around her body.

“Ah, my little slave,” he cooed in her rubber covered ear. “I can’t wait to see what punishments I can create for you. I’ve been wanting to have you as my slave for so

long. If I would only have known how eager you were to become a life long slave, I would have captured you long ago." His fingers reached around to pinch her latex cupped breasts, squeezing them. The spikes on the inside drove even further into her flesh as new tears flowed behind Jennifer's eye covers. "Tonight will be fun. We'll pierce you as a slave, maybe even brand you."

Despite the the clenching of her heart with fear, she couldn't help but admire the rubber clad form reflected before her. She looked far more shapely than ever before. The breast cups helped accentuate her already largish breasts by banding the base of them, helping them to bulge out further. The corset at her waist crushed her down so tiny that she looked like she could break in half. The shiny rubber gleamed in the light, making her legs look longer and sleek. The ballet shoes forced her leg straight, lengthening her thigh. She felt wet from seeing herself like this, realizing that despite the horrible concept of being kept like this forever, she did like the feeling. She had never even dreamed about becoming a slave for life. It had always been a distant fantasy and simply ended at a playful period of time and then release. Now, as she examined the bound and tormented form before her, she had to admit that she secretly longed for such treatment. But she also knew she was only 18, with a life of choices and decision ahead of her. She wanted to be free to experience her adulthood, not bound and forced to submit to her master's every whim. But she still enjoyed her body now, in the harsh layers of rubber. Even the way her arms were bound added to the beauty. It looked like she was armless and thus the lines were undisturbed. John smiled as he realized she was admiring herself.

"Plenty of time for that later, my pet. We have an entire series of modifications I plan to make to your lovely body. Much larger breasts, even smaller waist. But, it's time to get ready for tonight."

Jennifer dutifully followed along as he tugged her away from the mirror. As she felt her feet being crushed into her shoes, and the skin tight rubber squeezing every inch of her body, reality came crashing back. She realized that if Sarah didn't get back soon, she might find herself sold as a slave to some distant stranger, whom she was certain would never release her. She longed to cry out, to yell for her friend. But she couldn't. Perhaps when she was rebound she could explain what had happened to John and he would release her. She could only hope the gift hadn't gone too far.

Jennifer felt strangely naked. After eight hours in her rubber prison, her body was now naked except for the blow up dildos and gag still in her mouth. But even more than her nakedness, her current bondage made her feel even more exposed. Steel ankle cuffs had been added above her ballet shoes, locking her feet to the floor a precarious five feet wide. Leaned backwards, her waist was supported by a padded stanchion. Wrist cuffs were connected to chains and pulled wide and behind her. The resulting position forced her to bend backward until she was uncomfortably leaning at a 45 degree angle. To add to the discomfort, John had put her hair into a ponytail, lacing a leather strap with into it, then attached the strap to a ring beneath her. Pulling hard, he forced her head back severely, then tied off the strap. That was two hours ago. She could hear the sounds of new guests entering the house, clinking glasses and talking loudly downstairs. Jennifer had long since gotten over her embarrassment, but she could feel a strong sense of humiliation rising as the footsteps climbed the stairs.

Earlier in the day, once the rubber suit had been removed, she was led into the shower stall and chained to the spigot. John had left the gag in place and ordered Jennifer to shave and wash. After half an hour under the hot spray, she had managed to complete the job. Hunger had overtaken her and once released, she had slumped to the floor. John had rebound her arms behind her, then forced her to suck him off. Despite the humiliating task, Jennifer was eager for the nourishment. She didn't mind as John held her hair and slammed his cock deep down her throat until his cum built inside. Once again, though, he came on her tongue, then forced her to hold it in her mouth for some time before she swallowed. This, unlike any other thing she had experienced, was the most humiliating. She hated the taste of cum and John knew it.

After drying her off, John had brought her back out into the bedroom, forcing her to her knees in the same spot she had spent the night. Placing spreader bars between both her ankles and knees, John had then applied a small clamp to Jennifer's clit. As the teeth bit into her most tender spot, she screamed in pain. But John continued until her clit was crushed beneath the clamp. A small chain stretched toward the floor and he pulled until the end hooked onto a small ring beneath her. Tears streamed from her eyes at this newest torture. As her eyes began to clear from the

pain, she saw John approaching with another clamp. He quickly applied this one to her septum, turning the screw until she was certain it would punch a hole.

“After tonight we won’t have to use this clamp. We’ll put a nice big ring through your septum, just like a nice little cow.” John chuckled as he saw the terror in his new slave’s eyes. Jennifer couldn’t imagine such a thing. A ring in her nose, especially one as large and humiliating as she knew John would use, would make her look like an animal. She whimpered slightly at the thought as she watched John continue setting up. He lowered a chain from the ceiling and attached it to the clamp. Turning the winch, he quickly took away the slack and began hauling Jennifer’s head up toward the ceiling with the tug of the chain. As the strain increased on her nose, she tried to rise and release the pressure, only to experience the stabbing pain as her clit was stretched beneath her. She immediately tried to sit down again, only to cry out from the pain in her nose. Jennifer struggled to find a compromise between the two tortures finding little relief. Once John could see her clit had been stretched painfully, he locked off the winch. John could only smile at the sight of his young slave. As if she were wearing a painful corset, her posture was perfectly straight, her breasts pushing out from her chest, her head pulled up hard yet her body still in a kneeling position. Tears continued to stream down her cheeks as the pain of her predicament overwhelmed her.

Jennifer was delirious from the torture when she suddenly realized she was not gagged. Now was the chance to tell John it was all a joke, a gift for his birthday. She tried to focus on her words, but the pain was too intense. Each time she lost focus, she would either rise too high and yank on her distended clit or drop down and pull hard on her septum. She tried to talk, though she wasn’t sure what she was saying.

“Master, oh, please, aahhhh, I need to tell you....” But just as she thought she could say the words, she felt John forcing something into her mouth. A massive ball gag was jammed between her teeth, locking her jaws wide and crushing her tongue to the bottom of her mouth.

“No need to speak, my slave,” John cooed as he pulled the strap tight and locked it in position. “I know you are devoted to me. This is only a taste of the pain you will experience in the future. But you have to learn never to speak without permission.”

With that a set of rubber strands connected to a vicious whip fell on her exposed breasts. Jennifer had never felt such pain as her chest exploded in pain. She could just see John out of the corner of her eye as he swung again. His strokes were hard, using his strength to swing the whip hard. Jennifer subconsciously tried to move away from the blows, but she quickly found the pain in her clit and nose again. New tears poured from her eyes as she wailed behind the large gag. John soon switched his aim, striking Jennifer's exposed and stretched clit with the tips of the rubber whip. A wave of pain enveloped her and she lost consciousness.

Jennifer could hear the door swing open and an unknown number of people quickly surrounding her. She hoped that one of them was Sarah and that she would have the chance to ask her friend to end this nightmare. Without her, Jennifer was certain John would keep her permanently in bondage despite any pleadings she might offer.

She jumped in her bonds as hands began running across her body, touching her breasts, stomach, legs and face. She could feel the blood rush into her face as her humiliation increased with each stranger's touch. But the caresses quickly stopped as John began to speak.

"Thank you for joining us tonight. As you can see, my former girlfriend has given herself to me as a permanent slave. Tonight I will mark her with heavy piercings as is customary for a punishment slave. She will wear rings in her septum, tongue, nipples and clit." Jennifer could feel a layer of sweat cover her body as she heard his words. The idea of having her body pierced without her permission was beyond her ability to comprehend. She had no idea what a punishment slave was, but she was sure it wouldn't be fun. A guest seemed to ponder the same thought.

"So you don't intend to use her as a sex slave?"

"I do intend to use her for prostitution as a form of income, but I want to explore and expand her pain thresholds," John responded. "You see, as my girlfriend, she was rather prudish. I am convinced that this was simply a cover for a true masochist. I will employ every method I can devise to bring out these tendencies, including body modification, sensory deprivation, breast torture and more. But now we must get on

to the evening, I have a big surprise for you all later.” With that the crowd applauded. Jennifer had broken out into a cold sweat at hearing the forms of torture, discipline and humiliation she would endure. If only she could twist enough to see Sarah. She was certain she must be in the crowd, laughing at Jennifer’s fear. But her head had been pulled back severely, limiting her view to the opposite end of the large bedroom. All she could see was darkness.

As a tray covered with various steel tools was rolled up, John leaned into Jennifer, whispering in her ear.

“This is it, my slave. Once we pierce you with these permanent rings, you will be a slave forever. I hope you truly do enjoy pain because I’m going to immerse you in it!” His hands caressed her tear stained face. For a moment, Jennifer hoped to see a trace of mercy in her former boyfriend’s eyes. Instead, she felt a cruel yank as John tightened her hair strap even further, forcing her head back at an even more severe angle.

Jennifer could feel cool metal sliding against her breast. With no warning, a sharp pain rushed through her chest. She tried to scream but the gag was effective. Her struggles went on unnoticed as the chains that held her in place gave no slack. Jennifer couldn’t believe this was happening to her. Even if she could get away now, she would have a permanent ring in her nipple. Then suddenly, another sharp pain cut through her left breast and she knew she would soon have a second ring. She begged for Sarah to come and save her, to appear out of the gloom of this horrible crowd and stop her slide into forced slavery. Instead, she could feel the rings being fed through the new holes in her nipples, and the sudden heat of the soldering iron as the ends were forever melded. A bright light turned on over her, highlighting the new piercings and the crowd applauded. But Jennifer knew it wasn’t over. She could still feel the tools on her breasts and the new pain through the heart of her nipple came as no surprise. More humiliating than single rings would be rods forced through the middle of her nipple. Together, the new jewelry would force her nipples to stay hard. She was both angry and frightened. Sarah should have stopped this by now. This type of permanent modification was not part of the deal. She should know that. Instead, her friend, where ever she was, had let this go on.

Jennifer could feel the hands moving lower and she knew her clit would soon be pierced as well. The bright light refocused and she opened her eyes. Now the distant room was less dark, the spill of the bright light bouncing into the huge bedroom. Despite the tears in her eyes, Jennifer could just make out something in the distance. Her head upside down due to its strained position, took a moment to pick out the shape. Her eyes grew wide with terror and she again tried to struggle, this time finding slack in the hard steel holding her. At the opposite end of the room, barely visible except for the traces of light reaching in, was Sarah. Completely naked, she had been chained spread eagle in mid air. Her head was slumped forward in defeat, her blonde hair in tangles. Her body was a crisscross of angry red welts. She had received an extensive whipping across her body making it difficult to find a single unmarred space on her usually pristine skin. Jennifer wailed behind her gag. No wonder her friend had been unable to release her! And finally the weight of the situation came falling down on her. As she began to lose consciousness, the last thought through her mind was the words of her new master, "...life time slave."

Jennifer had been a slave for three years now, she figured, though the amount of pain and torture she had experienced could easily last 10 years. John had lived up to his word, tasking her every moment and exploring her most wild nightmares. She had lost track of every torture she had been put through, though some stuck out in her mind. She had spent several days strapped to the bottom of a coffin, buried alive with hundreds of rats teaming around her. Her breasts had been augmented with a combination of hormones and painful saline injections until her previously largish breasts, at 36D, had grown to a massive 44D. In contrast, her waist had been trained with constant corsetry until she had been reduced to a permanent 16 inches. She could no longer live without a corset and her master found new and more painful version to try out. Her feet had been forever modified to wear ballet shoes and they had not left her feet for any significant time over the past three years. John insisted she accompany him to many parties and gatherings, causing not only pain for his slave but also humiliation. The hair beneath her neck had been permanently removed, the only decoration other than her corset was her many piercings. Her arms had been trained to fold into a reverse prayer, her wrists meeting her wide collar and her elbows touching, until she no longer experienced any other form of

arm bondage. Her master took every opportunity to humiliate her. Often the parties they attended, though slavery or fetish oriented, required attendees to wear formal attire. But John insisted that Jennifer come naked, led by a leash connected to her nose chain. She would be fed like a dog at John's feet, her arms still bound in their reverse prayer, her body gleaming from the permanent rings.

Jennifer had long since stopped wondering what had happened to Sarah. A year into her slavery, John had shown her a picture to heighten her feeling of helplessness. It showed Sarah in some far off land, naked except for similar rings, harnessed to a carriage. Her body was covered with lash marks from her Arab owner as he encouraged her to pull him across the hot desert. Jennifer could see small chains connecting Sarah's nipple rings to her nose ring, forcing her head down and making it even more difficult to pull. For a moment Jennifer admired the beauty of her friend's body. Her long, supple legs were highlighted by a similar set of ballet shoes, her large breasts standing out from her lean figure. She couldn't help but think back to her times of freedom. With that, new tears began to flow and John smiled, closing the door to Jennifer's small steel cage and leaving her in heavy chains for the night.

The End