

The Nanny

Category: Text Stories

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By Thndrshark

Part 1

Cindy carefully cleaned a piece of chain dangling from the overhead beam, absentmindedly rubbing the same spot. Her mind had wandered off to happier times, when she had last been bound in the chains that now hung idle around her. She moved among the selection of whips, leather straps and heavy metal gear that made up a bulk of the collection, thinking back to when they were well used. Now, they only played once or twice a month, and she really had no idea why.

Jim and Cindy had been an item since they were 16 years old, growing up together in a suburb of a much larger metropolis. For years people assumed that they would not last, since Jim was more computer nerd than jock and Cindy was a constant contender for prom queen. But they had a bond that kept them together, something they could never reveal. Growing up near each other, they had always been friends, hanging out on the summers even before Jim knew he should like girls. It was during the summer of their sophomore year that Jim discovered a new side to his budding beauty of a friend. Jim had simply walked into Cindy's house and headed for the stairs. With her parents gone on a trip, he knew he didn't have to worry about running into anyone, and instead pushed right into her bedroom. For a moment he

just stood in shock at the sight. On the bed was a naked, writhing form, bound in a combination of leather belts and clothesline. Despite the sponge shoved into her mouth and forced further in with duct tape, and the scarf over her eyes, Jim could tell it was Cindy. He knew she had heard someone walk in, and had begun bucking in an effort to move, hide or something, but the bonds were too effective to give. Instead, she only tired herself out.

Jim moved over silently, as much to admire her position as to look over her helpless body. At 16 years old, he was still fighting acne and an awkwardness he was told he would grow out of. Cindy, on the other hand, already looked like a woman. At only 5'5", she still had the longest legs in school, with a firm yet well rounded ass at the top. Her thin waist was belted severely now, the leather tightened so tight it seemed about to cut her in half, but the effect showed just how tiny her waist could be. Under her body he could see her naked breasts pressed against the bedcover. Of all her attributes, these were the most impressive. A natural 36D, she was a good reason sweaters were invented, and no matter how many times they had done it, every guy found themselves turning to stare as she walked by. Combined with her long blonde hair, softly curled as it spilled down her back, pouty lips and big, dark eyes, she was something to behold.

Now, Jim stood over her, admiring the sight, but also studying the bondage she apparently had put herself in. He could see two pair of handcuffs holding both her wrists together as well as wrenching her elbows tight. Her arms had already started turning red from a slight disruption in circulation, but he could tell that she was well aware of her plight. Her hair had been woven into a tight ponytail, with a leather strap, then the strap had been fed down to the waist belt, where it was cut to the right length to reach, while forcing her head back severely. A small padlock held the strap in place, the key no where in evidence. Looking around, he found the handcuff key dangling from a piece of string over the bed. He followed the string up and over a plant hook above her, and back down to an open face clock. A loop at the end had been fitted over the hour hand, designed to slip off when it reached high enough. Considering it was only 5:00pm, the hand still held the key tightly, with no chance of release until at least 10:00pm. He found himself whistling. That would be a long time in bondage, not even counting the time she had already spent.

Looking even closer, he examined her legs, doubled up behind her, with belts strapping them together at thigh, above knee, below and at ankle. The interesting addition was the method she had devised to hold her legs in their bent position. Thin rope had been wound around her big toes then pulled up to the back of her collar. With her feet nearly touching her lower waist, the strain on her toes alone had to be intense, not to mention the threat of choking by pulling too hard on her collar. He could see her struggle constantly to keep the tension light, forcing her legs even farther back by bending her waist hard, only to release after a moment. A low buzzing sound caught his ear and he looked down to her crotch, catching sight of two vibrators under a wide belt between her legs. One seemed to be positioned perfectly on her clit, while the other seemed to disappear up her own ass. It seemed the vibrators were on some sort of timer, as the buzzing picked up. Soon, low moans escaped the gag and once again she began to buck and shake. Every move of her body yanked even harder on her head, and every muscle flinch yanked her feet down, choking her a bit more. But soon the buzzing stopped and she relaxed, her chest heaving beneath her.

Jim couldn't tear his eyes away. The site of this beautiful girl bound helpless before him, made his cock stand tall. He had always found images of bondage exciting, but never had the chance to see it for real. Now he could tell it was something that he craved to see more of, and if he had his way, he would help Cindy live out her bizarre fantasies even more. He looked at his watch, and back at the faceless clock, then pulled up a chair. It was better than TV, he thought as he could hear the vibrators start again.

10:00 o'clock came too fast, but he could tell that Cindy was eager for release. The string had begun slipping, and Cindy obviously knew it was close. She turned on her chest and reached out with her bound hands, hoping to catch the key. But as the string slipped and something fell into her hands, she let out a groan. Rather than the key, it was a locket that Jim had given her on his birthday. For a moment she could do nothing but renew her efforts to find an escape. She knew it was futile. The only way she would find release was with that handcuff key. Nothing else would release the cuffs.

Finally, she felt hands on her head and soon bright light flooded her eyes, soon

replaced by the image of Jim.

“Hello, Cindy,” he said, holding the key in front of her. “I suppose you want this?” Cindy nodded frantically, a flush of blood rushing to her face at the thought that her friend was seeing her like this. “Well it seems you like this a lot, don’t you?” Another nod. She felt his hands run over her bound and aching arms, down to her exposed ass, then around to grab a breast. She squealed as he pinched her nipple hard, but a warm glow spread through her crotch as he did. “I’ve been sitting her for about five hours, and I found your diary. It seems you really like this, don’t you? So much that you are hoping to find a real master to control you and play with you, right?” Reluctantly, Cindy nodded. She never meant anybody to read that, but now he knew all her secrets. “I’ll make you a deal. I’ll let you go if you let me be your master.”

Cindy was shocked at his suggestion. She never knew Jim to be anything but an innocent young man, geeky but nice. Now he acted so confident and in control. Again she found herself growing excited. Maybe he could give her what she wanted? She found herself nodding and soon he was releasing her cuffs, a smile on his face.

That simple experience began a long road together, leading to her moment standing in their dungeon. For years they remained an unlikely couple, but nobody knew the real reason. They experimented with everything they dared to, and Cindy loved every moment. As Jim grew more comfortable with his skills and an understanding that Cindy was looking for extreme situations, he began to comply. Six months after that first night, his parents had left for a two week trip, and she had come over for another secret rendezvous. As usual, she had told her parents she was spending the week in the country with her friend Janet, who was happy to cover for her. But as an extra precaution, she had told Janet she was going with Jim to the city, to avoid her stopping by for a chat. As they toasted their evening alone and drank, Cindy immediately found herself groggy, and soon, as Jim smiled at her, she slumped to the table asleep. Some time later, she awoke, only to find herself strapped in a wide spread eagle, in a dark and dank room. Winches had been used to haul her to her feet, then more cables had pulled her legs wide as well. As she examined her situation, she could tell she had been like this for awhile as her joints ached horribly. Her mouth, gagged with a huge ball, had begun to ache as well, matching the pain in the rest of her body. After what seemed like hours she began to cry from the

suspension, when a booming voice echoed through the room.

“You’re a fool to trust me, Cindy,” she could hear Jim’s voice. “You told Janet you were in the city. I’ve already called her asking where you were, so I’m covered. I can do anything I want to you. Anything.” A bright spotlight clicked on, highlighting a gleaming tray of instruments, all dangerous looking. “You see, you really don’t know me, Cindy. I’ve been hoping to meet a girl I could torture horribly, and since you are here, I guess it can be you!” As Cindy tried to comprehend his words, Jim came out of the shadow, pushing a small barbeque in front of him. Stopping beside her, he reached to the hot coals and pulled out a small brand, holding it up to her fear filled eyes. The red hot initials of Jim Reading glared back at her, and Cindy began crying in fear.

For the next 36 hours, Jim kept Cindy in a constant state of pain and arousal. With a combination of forceps, hot steel, rubber whips and electrodes, Cindy had experienced more pain and sheer terror than ever before. Her body ached from the series of welts that had risen from both the long whip as well as the soaked canes that Jim had applied expertly to the backs of her thighs. Throughout the endless hours she had been tortured, Jim had maintained a constant stream of conversation, convincing Cindy that she would not leave this room alive. She could feel the blood from her pierced tongue dripping on her bruised breasts. The ball gag had been replaced by a ring gag early, and Jim had used a skewer to run a hole through her tongue, fitting a thick, seamless ring through it. Tying a heavy leather cord to the ring, he ran another needle, through the base of each nipple, then ran a single, long bar through both holes. With the leather he pulled her tongue out forcefully, then tied it to a ring in the center of the rod. Pulling it tight, he pulled her tongue out painfully far, yanking up on her tortured nipples and lifting her large breasts. Forced to keep her head bent down as far as it could go to reduce the pain on all the piercings, Cindy moaned from the punishment. She watched as Jim knelt down in front of her stretched body and raised another thick needle in front of her crotch. She knew what was coming and tried to cry out through the gag, pleading for mercy. Jim simply smiled at her and, with a pair of needle nose pliers grabbed her sensitive clit, pulling it out painfully before shoving the metal through. Her head jerked back, yanking hard on both her nipples and tongue. A scream erupted from her throat, as she begged Jim to stop. Three streams of blood began trailing down her body as the

hard pull caused all three holes to bleed again. Quickly she dropped her head, and watched as Jim replaced the needle through her clit with another thick ring, then tied another piece of leather to it. Standing, he pulled it taught and attached it to the rod between her nipples. Another moan erupted from her as she could find no compromise that avoided extreme pain. New tears streamed down her face as she fought to control the rising panic and sense of dread that was growing inside of her.

For a moment she lost sight of Jim, but soon could hear him behind her. Without warning, her back erupted in fire as Jim lashed her with a single tail whip. Cindy's head jerked back again, yanking on her clit as well now, but Jim didn't wait for her to recover. For 30 minutes, she languished in ultimate pain as Jim laced a series of intense marks across her back and ass, while Cindy found she could not prevent herself from punishing her own tongue, nipples and clit.

For hours Jim found new ways to increase Cindy's torment. Toward the end, she lost consciousness three times, solely from the pain being inflicted on her. Now certain that Jim had lost his mind and intended to kill her, she was lost in a world of terror she never thought she would experience. The blood had stopped from her piercings, but she still struggled to keep a balance, avoiding any further tugging. She could feel her legs go lose and soon she was lowered down to the floor. Unable to support herself, she settled to her knees and Jim unhooked the chains that held her arms wide. Soon, her arms were bound again, but this time behind her. She grunted as her elbows were strapped together as well, forcing her breasts out and increasing the painful tension. Leather straps locked her ankles to her thighs, and he attached chains to the straps that reached to either side, connected to the poles, holding her knees open. Jim stepped around to her front and unlaced the leather that connected her tongue to the rod between her nipples. As Cindy tried to pull her tongue back in her mouth, she found it painful to do so, the muscles at the back of her mouth sore from being stretched for more than 15 hours. She could feel Jim wrap rope around the base of her breasts, and soon she could hear the cranking of the winch. Slowly, the nooses around her breasts began to tighten, then lift her body off the ground. As her knees left the floor, Jim stopped, then attached a chain from the strap around her wrists, then connected it to a ring beneath and slightly in front of her, mounted in the floor. Gathering her sweat drenched hair, Jim laced it into a ponytail, including a leather strap among the hair, then stretched the strap down and

between her legs, attaching it to the ring through her clit. Slowly, he pulled, forcing Cindy's head back more and more, then tied it off to the ring. Cindy cried out as she tried to raise her head from the uncomfortably bent position, but any efforts yanked horribly on her clit. Once again, Jim returned to the crank and began turning it, raising her body even more.

As the ropes shortened, the chain from Cindy's hands to the floor tightened, and soon she was being pulled backward. The strain on her breasts increased until the nooses had tightened as far as they could, reducing the base of her breasts dramatically. With the constriction, the blood flow was reduced and quickly her breasts began to discolor. Cindy began to moan from the intense pain in her chest, as quiet tears began to trail down her inverted cheeks. After a few more cranks, Jim stopped and stood to the side, admiring Cindy's contorted and tortured form. Despite the array of marks across her body, she was still beautiful. He never imagined he would have this perfect young girl to torture. He looked behind him and pulled up a chair to sit. Her breasts were pulled from her body, most of the bulbous shapes turning a bright red, with the ropes at their bases forcing them through a small opening. Bent backward, her legs were bent under her but spread wide. He could see the muscles in her thighs at full tension. With her arms chained close to the floor, her shoulders had been pulled back hard, and with the addition of her ponytail strap to her clit ring, her face pointed straight backward.

After a moment admiring her taught and pain filled body, Jim stood and selected a cane from the implements nearby. Stepping between her knees, he lifted the brine soaked bamboo and brought it down hard on her engorged left breast. Cindy howled through the ring gag, yanking hard on her clit ring in reaction. Jim immediately followed the first stroke with a second to her right breast, then a sequence of twenty more. Cindy bucked from each stroke, the cries replaced by a low moan of primal pain. As Jim finished the first round of caning, he moved around to her face and, unzipping his pants, he pushed his already hard cock into her mouth, fitting it through her ring gag. Sliding it in, he could feel the head reach the back of her throat, cutting off most of her air flow.

"I'm going to hold my cock down your throat. Your last breath will be making me cum, so get busy." He brought the cane down again, this time finding a new part of

her now nearly purple left breast. The low howl from her mouth felt amazing, and Jim kept up the caning as he began to fuck her throat. With her air mostly cut off, Jim was sure she was close to losing consciousness. Coming quickly wouldn't be a problem though, so he picked up the pace with the cane and with his other hand, grabbed the rod between her nipples. Pulling hard on that brought a new level of screams from her throat and soon he was pumping cum back down it. He could feel her swallowing his load, and as he finished, he lashed the cane down hard on her right breast while pulling and twisting the nipple rod hard. With a final scream, Cindy lost consciousness, slumping in her bonds.

Cindy woke in a soft bed, her naked body covered by cotton sheets. Trying to roll over, she found her body chained in a spread eagle. Looking up, she could see herself in the reflection from a ceiling mirror, but with the sheet in place, she could only see her head. Though she was held firmly, the tension wasn't painful and she relaxed on the soft surface. She could tell she was naked, except for a wide collar locked on her neck and a ball gag in her mouth. For a few minutes, as she woke slowly, she was confused. The last nightmare she remembered, Jim was torturing her horribly, and she was certain she was going to die. Now, as the morning light warmed her cool body, she realized it had all been part of the plan.

"Good morning, my slave," Jim said from the doorway. Cindy tried to raise up, but fell back down on the bed. Jim sat down on the edge, slowly pulling the sheet off of her. Looking back up, Cindy was shocked to see her own body. Covered in lash marks and bruises, her breasts purple and swollen, Cindy knew now that her nightmare had been real. Jim ran his hand over her skin and Cindy winced each time he touched a mark. His fingers ran over her breasts, and for the first time she noticed the rings now mounted in her nipples. Looking down her body, she could see a ring mounted in her clit as well. Further examination told her that a similar ring was in her tongue.

"I decided we should keep the rings for now," Jim said, flicking the steel in her right nipple. "I wanted to give you a nose ring, too, but I thought that would be a problem for school." Cindy felt a stir in her pussy from the thought of being humiliated like that, but the gag prevented her from voicing her wish that he would. Instead, she could only lay back and think.

Jim constantly found ways to increase the intensity of their play, both in public and in private. Cindy had the perfect room to allow for nighttime play, with little danger of her parents intrusion. Her room was separated from most of the house, having been built on as an addition over the garage, with only a long hallway connecting her door to the rest of the upstairs. Shortly after she met Jim, she developed the habit of acting scared that she was up there alone, until her father encouraged her to lock the two doors at both ends of the hall to make her feel at ease. The result was complete privacy. After a few months, when Cindy was confident they were safe, she would invite Jim to sneak up the back trellis and spend nights with her. By the middle of their Junior year Jim had been spending three nights a week with Cindy, with Jim losing sleep watching the harshly bound Cindy beside him. The nights he couldn't stay, he often came early, placing Cindy in some sort of bondage, only to return in the morning to release her. During this time, they experimented with more and more stringent bondage, until Cindy became accustomed to sleeping throughout the night in a heavily bound position.

Toward the middle of their Junior year, Jim began to modify Cindy's public appearance, or at least modify how she felt in public. She had managed to hide both her nipple rings and clit ring from her friends since they were added to her body, and she hoped they would never know. The tongue ring was quite a bit more common, and though she was the talk of the school for having done that seemingly wild thing to her body for such a clean cut cheerleader type, the talk slowed quickly and the ring ceased to be a topic of conversation.

Over the first months they were together, Jim had arranged a series of laser treatments to permanently remove hair from her crotch. While he was at it, he also removed any signs of hair from her under arms, legs and arms. Now, despite how long her bondage might be, he would not have to deal with it. Cindy wasn't as pleased to find herself so hairless, but she also felt the glow of her submissive side knowing that her Master had made such a permanent change to her body.

She soon began finding changes that Jim would make without her approval. One morning, she discovered all her flat shoes had been removed, in favor of several pairs of five-inch heels. Begrudgingly, she learned to walk in heels, and soon learned to enjoy how they made her legs look. As time went on, Jim made additional changes.

All her slacks and pants disappeared, in favor of skirts, none reaching lower than mid thigh. At the same time, she was provided with garter belts, and stockings to wear. Over time, her full panties were exchanged with g-strings, and her normal bras with padded ones, further increasing the size of her chest. Each day she was forced to expose herself in the new and unfamiliar attire she felt further humiliated. But she knew she had no choice, and endured.

Soon, even her panties disappeared, and she learned to wear none, the cool winter air both chilling and exciting her bare pussy.

Waking one day in late February, Cindy found Jim already gone for the day. As she stood, naked and marked from the straps that had bound her to the bed for the night, she heard a strange jingling. Looking down, she found a short four-inch piece of chain connected to her clit ring, with a tiny bell dangling at its end. Moaning in embarrassment, Cindy tried to walk, noticing the subtle jingle regardless of what she did. Red from humiliation, she dressed for school. Throughout the day, the jingle followed her from class to class, the short chain even rattling against the wood seats of the desks as she sat. Though she got some strange looks, nobody could imagine that sitting next to them, a young girl had a tiny bell hanging from a ring mounted in her permanently hairless crotch. Cindy, however, knew it, and the thought kept a constant flush of humiliation on her face.

Part 2

In March, as the weather began to warm, Cindy watched the sun rise across the body of her Master, lying under the sheets of her bed. Her entire body ached from not only the punishment she had received the night before, but the long term, painful bondage she was forced to endure all night. She found new tears spilling from her eyes as she realized that it was her 17th birthday today.

The night before, Cindy waited excitedly for Jim. It was a Friday night; her parents had gone to visit a sick friend across the country for the week, leaving Cindy alone. Though it was her birthday the next day, she had convinced her mother that she was going to have a quiet night with some friends, and that they could celebrate it when they got back. The truth was that Jim had planned a week of fun for them, and Cindy was looking forward to some time with her boyfriend. As usual, she stripped naked

before he arrived, kneeling in the middle of the room; wrists crossed behind her, knees spread wide, head bowed. She didn't look up when Jim climbed through the window. Secretly she was glad he hadn't brought over some new device, hoping they could spend some normal time together, though she expected some bondage to play a part.

"Hello, birthday girl," he said. Standing over her. She could feel his eyes examining her body. She made sure her back was straight, her large breasts pushed out, proudly displaying the nipple rings he had given her. He stepped away then, pulling out the small bondage table that doubled as a knickknack table in the corner. Returning, he grabbed a handful of hair and lifted her to her feet. Cindy tried not to cry out as he dragged her to the table.

"Lie down on the table this way," he indicated she lay her torso across the short side, so only her upper hips and stomach were supported, her legs and breasts hanging off. After binding her arms together at wrist and elbow behind her, Jim took a piece of thin cord from his pocket. Creating a slipknot, Jim pulled the loop over her left breast until it rested near the base. Tightening it down until it just began to squeeze, he fed the string over the opposite shoulder. Grabbing her right foot, Jim pulled it up, forcing Cindy to arch her back as her heel nearly touched her shoulder blades. Cindy yelped in pain.

"I hope I don't have to stay like this for long," she said, smiling. "Just one foot like this and my back hurts already!" Jim smiled at her. Carefully, he looped the cord around her big toe, ensuring it wouldn't slip off, then releasing her foot. Instantly, Cindy's back tried to flatten, pulling on the cord and tightening the slipknot around the base of her breast.

"Ow," she said with a smile. Jim smiled back, then repeated the process for her right breast and left foot. As he released her left foot, she could feel the constriction increasing as she tried to pull back her feet. Jim pushed up her knees, arching her back harshly then one by one, re-looped the cord around her big toes, taking away the slack. When he let go this time, she naturally tried to flatten her back, only to find that what little she did only tightened the loops around the base of her breasts. Quickly, the constriction became painful. Jim watched for a moment, then helped her

push her knees up again to release some of the pressure, only to shorten the cords more. Cindy moaned in pain. Her back was arched heavily, her body pivoting on her hips. She looked down, watching her breasts begin to turn red from the lack of circulation.

"I don't think I can stand this for long, Master," she cried.

"Does it hurt?"

"Very much, Master. My tits are already aching from the loops, and my back is really starting to hurt. How long will you keep me like this, Master," she pleaded, tears already forming in her eyes.

"Let me see what I can do about the pain, but first you have to keep quiet." He selected a large ball gag. "Open up very wide." She obeyed, and Jim pushed the rigid rubber ball into her mouth, forcing it past her front teeth to fill her cheeks. Cindy moaned from the pressure, her jaw already joining her breasts in an intense ache. Jim strapped it on, then returned to her bondage. He attached a strap to her left thigh, then pulled her knee wide before looping the end of the strap to the leg of the table. He followed with another strap to her right thigh. The result pulled her legs wide, exposing her crotch to him. With her knees locked down, the loops tightened around her breasts again as she was unable to keep her shoulders up in the severe bend of her back. Despite her efforts, her stomach slowly sank back down while the loops tightened further. Jim stopped to admire the effect. The base of Cindy's breasts had been tightened to a 1/3 of her breast size. Already her breasts were turning a light shade of purple. Flicking her nipple ring elicited a moan of pain.

"I want the next part to be a surprise," Jim announced, before slipping a blindfold over her eyes. She listened, as he seemed to place something under her body, though she could feel nothing. Soon, she felt him lift her arms into a strappado position, her shoulders pulled to their extreme. She could tell he had attached a cable to her wrists and as he continued to hold her arms high, he pulled off her blindfold.

"I wanted you to see this before I let go." Cindy looked around, then down beneath her. A pair of curved metal half domes seemed supported by a rod just beneath her

breasts. It took a moment for her to see the collection of sharp spikes that filled the inner curve. Looking up, she could see how the cable connected to her wrists went through a ring in the ceiling, down to the rod. Just then, Jim released her arms. As she naturally tried to drop them back to her back, she found that she was pulling the cable, and in turn, the curves were pulled up toward her breasts. Suddenly, her already sensitive breasts exploded in pain. The spikes inside the hoops sunk into her flesh like an array of needles. Quickly, she forced her arms back up, lowering the spikes again. She cried openly, both from the pain of the spikes as well as the predicament she realized she was in.

“I’ve left the rod loose for now, so just either keep your shoulders up or lift those arms, or those spikes will sink into your tits again.” Cindy moaned again, desperately trying to obey. As she struggled, Jim began to whistle, simply going about his business. Selecting a waist cincher from her collection, he slipped the leather under her stomach, then began to lace it on. Soon, he had reduced her waist to 20 inches. Cindy moaned from the added pain. As Jim stepped away, he noticed how much gap there was at the back of the corset. Moving back, he began to tighten it again. Yanking and pulling, he soon managed to make it meet at back. Cindy’s ragged breaths were coming in short bursts as the corset cut her waist down to 18 inches. Slipping a wide leather belt around the smallest part of her waist, Jim pulled it to the last hole for the buckle, further ensuring her waist would remain constricted.

As he finished, he felt Cindy’s body jump and she cried out from behind her gag. Though she had spent many hours in the past, nearly dangling from a strappado, her toes barely touching the ground as her arms, bound with elbows touching, were hauled to the ceiling, she still found it difficult to hold her wrists high above her back for any length of time, and certainly not high enough to avoid the sharp spikes. Jim smiled at the predicament he had developed, always pleased when he came up with some new torture for his beautiful girlfriend. Moving around to her face, he reached to her gag.

“I’m going to take this out now. You promise not to make a sound?” Cindy sniffled, then nodded softly, her tear stained cheeks quivering. Unstrapping the gag, he pulled it out with a pop. Cindy remained quiet; though he could hear a low moan

escape her throat.

“ I know you hate it, but I’m going to put in the expanding ring gag.” Cindy nearly cried out at the thought. The head harness held an oblong metal ring behind her front teeth. With the turn of an Allen wrench, Jim could expand the size of the ring vertically, thus forcing her jaw even wider. She hated it because Jim always forced her mouth open to the maximum, despite her complaints. He quickly slipped the unexpanded ring in her mouth, wedging it tightly, her jaw already open to what she felt was the maximum. The inch wide straps laced onto her head as Jim pulled them tight. The side straps cut deep into her cheeks while two straps crossed over her nose and nearly covered her eyes. Cindy found the harness humiliating, since the straps were not placed for comfort or sight, but rather the most effective method to cinch down tight, which made her realize how she was simply a tool for bondage, not a person that needed to see. As Jim finished pulling it snug, she could just see around the straps over part of her eyes. Quickly, Jim reached into her mouth and began to turn the expander, and Cindy cried out as her jaw was pushed further and further open. Jim had told her his goal was to increase the vertical size until the ring was round again. With the width in its smallest position measuring nearly 3 inches, she was sure her jaw would dislocate before the vertical height matched.

Jim increased the size until he could fit a plastic soda bottle he had brought through the hole. Cindy had begun to uncontrollably moan from the combination of the tortures, a steady stream of tears running down her face and dripping onto the spikes below. Selecting a final strap, he laced it through a ring at the top of her head harness, then fed the other end between her upper arms and to the belt around her waist. Pulling it tight, he lifted Cindy’s head up until she found herself staring at the ceiling corner.

“That’s all the bondage, Cindy,: Jim told her as he admired her contorted form. “I’m going to do something to help you forget your tits.” Reaching into the closet, he pulled out his newest addition, a short single tail whip. Stepping behind her, he took careful aim, lashing the leather tip down hard on Cindy’s exposed pussy. A guttural scream erupted from Cindy’s throat and her arms immediately yanked down hard on the cable. The spikes shot up, sinking deep into her flesh, the curved forms of metal at their base nearly cupping the swollen orbs. Her sensitive tits were now impaled

by the five-inch, needle sharp spikes. Cindy screamed again, her body shaking from the pain. Jumping up, Jim grabbed his digital camera, snapping shots of Cindy in utter torment. He watched for a moment as Cindy attempted to lift her arms again. For a second, the spikes sunk deep into her breasts failed to lower, until with the weight of the metal, they pulled out abruptly. Small drops of blood dotted the underside, though the deepening purple color of her skin masked the blood from immediate detection.

Returning to his position behind her, he took aim again, this time for her sensitive anus, swinging down hard. A deep moan rose from Cindy. Jim stepped around her again, leaning down to see her face. Her eyes had rolled back and he could tell she was close to losing consciousness. Reaching into a drawer, he took out a vial and syringe. An addition provided by a dominant friendly doctor, the shot was a stimulant. It would prevent Cindy from fainting for at least two hours, with the dose he was about to give her. He carefully injected it into her arm, then waited for a response. Quickly, her eyes focused again, and the realization of her situation sank in. Tears began to flow again as she began to whimper.

“I’ve given you a stimulant, Cindy. Now, despite how much pain I might give you, you won’t lose consciousness.” With little she could do to resist, Cindy stoically took the news with only a new flow of tears. Jim smiled, stepping behind her once more. This time, with only a moment to aim, he let go with a flurry of hard strokes to Cindy’s reddening crotch. Five, ten, fifteen... her skin began to turn a harsh red, her pussy lips swelling from the cut of the hard leather tip. Twenty, thirty strokes. Jim aimed for her sphincter, watching it turn purple from the abuse. Forty strokes, until all the sensitive skin between her legs was purple and swollen. Each stroke brought a whimper, until Cindy could only grunt and cry, praying for it to be over.

Jim admired his work before moving to face Cindy, a nearby stool allowing him to sit at eye level. Her eyes were deadened from the torture, the leather straps over her face dampened from her tears. He watched her struggle for balance. Her ankles had sunk down more, thus decreasing the size of the loops at the base of her tits. They, in turn, had become even more purplish. She was still quaking from the whipping, while she fought to keep her wrists as high in the air as she could. Jim couldn’t avoid a smile, realizing Cindy was fulfilling his dreams. Reaching into his back pocket, he

pulled out a new device.

“Do you know what this is, Cindy,” he asked. She tried to shake her head, though she really didn’t care right then. “This is a punch used to give cattle identification tags.” Jim smiled at her, realizing she hadn’t gotten it quite yet. He figured she would soon, as he reached into his pocket again. This time, he pulled out a small grommet. Only a quarter of an inch wide, the metal sleeve had caps on either end. He pulled these off, holding them in one hand, as he raised the tool toward Cindy’s nose. Suddenly she realized Jim was about to pierce her septum. She began to cry again, as Jim fit the punch into her nostrils, carefully positioning it half an inch from the end, but centered over the cartilage. Suddenly he squeezed the handles and Cindy bucked in pain. Unlike her nipple or clit rings, the punch was designed to cut out a ring of flesh, a far more painful prospect than the tiny needle used for normal piercing. Blood quickly began to flow as tears streamed from her eyes. She felt like she had just been punched in the face. She wished she could pass out, but the stimulant still coursed through her veins, and she could only endure the wildly intense pain.

Jim slipped in the tube making up the center of the grommet, before adding the ends. Using his thumb and forefinger, he squeezed them together until the grommet was seated in the new hole. Reaching into his pocket once more, he pulled out a large, thick ring. Rather than the captive bead, the two ends joined in merged hook pattern, creating the effect of a seamless ring, while providing far more strength at the seam. He pulled the ring apart, then fit it through the new hole before bending it back together. The ring now rested against Cindy’s upper lip. The stream of blood from the hole in her septum had reduced to a trickle, running down the new metal, over her upper lip to pool inside her mouth.

Jim took a few more snapshots of Cindy, particularly capturing the side shot of Cindy’s contorted body.

“I’m getting tired, so I’m going to sleep.” Cindy let out a shriek, begging despite the huge gag. New tears began to stream down her cheeks as she realized Jim meant to leave her in this horrible position for eight hours. She’d only been bound for half an hour, and already she felt delirious from the combined pain. Jim was surprised at the

sound of Cindy's pleading, mumbled words combined with guttural cries. He was sure he was pushing her well beyond her limits of pain, but they had agreed that he had free reign over her, and could do anything that didn't cause permanent damage.

Checking over her bonds, Jim stopped to lift Cindy's shoulders, only to shorten the cords once more. With only a slight bit of tightening, the base of her breasts already cut down to a six-inch circumference, her body arched even more. Jim patted her on the head and slipped his clothes off before sliding under the covers and clicking off the light. After 45 minutes, Jim could hear the rod for the spikes slide up, and a scream shattered the darkness. In delirious mumbling, Cindy begged Jim to release her, the confused words combined with crying and moans. In the moonlight, Cindy watched as Jim simply put a pillow over his head.

Jim slept until nine in the morning, leaving Cindy in her position for a total of ten hours.

"Good morning, slave," he said, stretching slowly before approaching her. She was frozen in pain, her eyes a distant stare at the ceiling, low level whimpers escaping her throat. Jim noted that her arms were against her back, having given up the battle to keep the spikes off. The metal curves rested firmly against her purple tits, the spikes sunk deeply into her flesh. "I'll release you, but first I want my morning suck." His cock was already rock hard, and he simply grabbed the harness on either side of her head, forcing her shoulders down to reach his cock. The pressure pushed her sensitive breasts down further on the spikes. He felt the moan as he pressed his cock through the ring gag, holding it deep into her mouth. After a moment, he felt Cindy's tongue begin to move, stroking and sucking as best as she could. It took ten minutes for her to bring him to orgasm, but to her, it was only a continuation of the hell she had endured for what seemed like a lifetime.

Part 3

Though released from her bondage, Cindy was still numb from pain. Jim had removed the gag harness and straps, leaving only the corset in place, before untying the cord from her toes. Rather than releasing her breasts, he grasped her purple tits and wrapped the cord tightly around the base. He set her on the floor, and as she lay limply, he carefully pulled out a heavy box he had kept in the closet. A month ago, he

had ordered a custom set of heavy steel cuffs and collars, and now was the time to use them. A four-inch wide steel posture collar fit first. As he fit it around her neck, pushing the seam together, he admired the craftsmanship involved. The ends met perfectly, and only with close inspection could anyone see the line. A long thin rod fit down a small hole on the top edge. Once seated, Jim used a small tool to screw it down to the bottom. Wide, heavy cuffs circled her wrists, ankles, upper arms and even her thighs, attaching in the same seamless manner.. Thick chain connected the thigh cuffs, holding them within four inches of each other. Another six-inch piece of chain connected her ankles, with another length extending up her back, linking to the middle of her thigh chain, then to her upper arm cuffs, before ending at the back of her collar. Her upper arms were forced together, linking via rigid loops on the inside of each, locking to the chain as well. Another length of chain reached from the front of her collar, connecting to her thigh chain from the front, then joining to her ankle chain as well. Lifting up to her knees, Jim pulled her wrists down, the right cuff to the right thigh cuff, and the left to the left. With her elbows locked together, Cindy couldn't help but push her abused chest out, displaying the purple globes for her master.

With thinner chain, Jim connected a piece to her left nipple ring, then lifted the end to her nose ring. Cindy cried out from the pain of simply touching her breast. The second chain connected her right nipple ring to her nose ring as well. Jim stepped behind her, starting to lace her long, blonde hair into a ponytail.

"Happy birthday, Cindy," he said as he created a long tail. "Rather than a spanking, I thought I'd make your 17th birthday more memorable." Slipping the long strand under her elbow bondage, he began to pull, forcing Cindy's head back. The chains connected to her nose ring shortened immediately, and her tortured breasts were lifted up high. Her screams echoed through the room as Jim made sure her head was pulled back as far as it would go before tying the ponytail off. Moving around front, Jim chose a wood cane from the selection of whips in the closet.

"I'll give you 17 strokes to each breast." Cindy cried out, new tears streaming.

"I can't take anymore," she said in a cracked, defeated voice. "Please, Jim. Please!" Jim simply smiled.

“You can stop begging, slut,” he said menacingly. “17 strokes to each breast. And if you faint, I’ll wake you with smelling salts, then start all over again. Here we go!” Cindy couldn’t see, but she heard the whish of wind as the cane cut through the air, before landing on the purple underside. Her world exploded in pain, and she screamed like never before.

In the end, Cindy took 53 total strokes to her left breast, having fainted five times, and with 8 fainting spells, 82 to her right. The punishment had taken over three hours. Focusing most of his punishment on the exposed underside of each breast, the combined purple from the long term constriction along with the series of raised welts from each cane stroke, had made her breasts look like they had increased nearly twice the size. Delirious from the pain, Cindy had begun to mumble quiet pleadings to stop. Jim ignored them all, savoring his torture of his beautiful slave.

Removing the chains connected to her nose ring and nipples, Jim exchanged them with a cable from the ceiling to her nose ring, tightened to hold her upright. He untied her breasts, and Cindy fainted from the pain as blood rushed back into her chest. As she dangled by the nose from the ceiling, her body slumping to the side, Jim unchained her wrists, placing a chain between them in front of her body, locked to the front chain running from collar to ankle. Placing cuffs just above her elbows, he wrenched them together behind her back, leaving her hands with limited motion. Lowering the chain connected to her nose ring, Jim set her gently to the floor, and for a moment admired her chained and punished body in front of him.

It seemed to take hours but Cindy’s first task for her birthday weekend seemed nearly finished. After regaining consciousness, Jim had forced her to waddle down the stairs, dumping her on the kitchen floor beside a low bucket filled with soapy water and a small sponge.

“I want this floor spotless,” Jim ordered. Cindy looked around her, rolling on to her side to avoid pressure on her punished breasts.

“I can’t do much with my hands like this, Master,” she mumbled. Jim reached down and grabbed a handful of hair, shoving her face to the floor.

“Use your mouth, slut,” he ordered. “And I expect that bucket to be empty when

you're done as well." Cindy moaned, looking over the floor. She knew how most floors looked fairly clean when standing, but once at this level, she could see the buildup of dirt, hairs and grime that had collected. Her thoughts were interrupted by a sharp pain on her ass. Looking up, Jim held a long cane.

"Get busy," he ordered. "We have guests coming over tonight and I expect this to be done." Cindy slid her body to the bucket, sticking her face into it to grab the sponge with her teeth. Lifting it out, she pressed the sponge against the floor, rubbing it back and forth to scrub an area, then put the sponge back in the bucket. She quickly discovered it wouldn't be easy to do without the use of her hands. A small puddle of water still remained on the floor. Clenching her teeth, she squeezed the sponge out in the bucket, trying not to gag on the stream of soapy water that seeped down her throat as well. Bringing the sponge back, she found that she was unable to completely dry the sponge, and as she tried to soak up the water, more of a puddle grew. Looking out in front of her, the kitchen seemed vast; she knew it was going to be a long day.

Cindy could tell it was getting late, and she quickly moved to finish up the last spot she hadn't cleaned. Her hair was damp from the dirty water it had draped into throughout the day, her face covered in combination of tears and soapy residue. She felt sick to her stomach as she finished the last round of cleaning. She dipped the sponge in the last bit of now-muddy water in the bucket, then brought it out onto the floor. Gripping it with her teeth, she pressed down hard with her face, scrubbing the spot. A crusted piece of old pasta refused to budget, and Cindy pushed aside the sponge to try and lick it off the floor. Though she had been tasting the soapy liquid all day, she still cringed at the flavor of the linoleum and dirt. Her tongue wouldn't budge the piece so she pressed her face down, using her teeth to pry it off. New tears sprang to her eyes as her nose ring pushed against the floor. The piercing was still too sensitive to be banged. Finally free, she picked it up with her tongue and swallowed it down.

Lifting the sponge with her teeth, she pulled it into her mouth, then sucked the dirty, soapy water out of it, swallowing the liquid. She had found many hours ago that it was the only way to squeeze the sponge enough. Her stomach turned over again as the vile water reached it, but she resisted the urge to vomit, certain she would be

required to clean that up as well, and spit the sponge back out again. Pushing it around the floor, she dried off the last spot, then sucked the sponge dry once more, before dropping it to the side and licking the spot carefully, her tongue fully flattened as she pressed it against the floor.

Finally, Cindy collapsed to her side, weeping in defeat, exhausted from her ordeal. The sound of Jim's footsteps barely stirred her.

"There's still water in this bucket, slave," he said. Cindy opened her eyes to look in. The bottom held a cup of dirty, brown sludge, a combination of hairs, shoe dirt and old food pieces dropped over the past months. In sucking the sponge dry, Cindy had tasted her share of that material, and had hoped it would be enough. Jim grabbed her by the hair, pulling her to her knees. Cindy cried out.

"I'm sorry, Master!"

"Open your mouth," he commanded. Cindy did as she was told, but began to cry as she knew what would come next. Jim brought the bucket to her mouth, and poured the dirty liquid in. The taste of the material running over her tongue brought new stomach convulsions. Jim quickly finished pouring, then clamped her mouth shut, while holding her nostrils closed. Cindy could feel the bile rise, and her mouth quickly filled with her own vomit. But with nowhere to go, she knew she would be forced to swallow it again before Jim allowed her to breathe. She forced herself to swallow, feeling her own stomach contents slide down her throat. Her stomach fought once more, but she managed to keep control, and soon Jim released her. Dropping Cindy to the floor, she moaned in humiliation and defeat, the taste of vomit entrenched in her mouth and nostrils. Jim pushed the bucket under her face.

"Lick it clean." Cindy looked down, seeing the remaining muddy sludge at the bottom. She began to cry again as she stuck her ringed tongue out once more to scoop up the wad of hair and dirt at the bottom.

Part 4

Cindy broke out of her thoughts as she heard Jim's car pull into the garage. She quickly shuffled up the stairs, struggling with the steps and the short chain connecting her ankle cuffs. Despite the lack of serious play, they still maintained a

proper Master/slave relationship. During the day, Cindy remained naked and in chains. Heavy metal cuffs, designed to fit her perfectly, were locked to her ankles and wrists, with short chains connecting them. A wide collar remained around her neck. Only the glistening rings in her nipples, clit and septum broke the pattern of her otherwise bare body. The problem wasn't that Jim didn't want to dominate her, nor that they didn't love each other, but rather that Jim loved her too much. After two years of amazing submission to him, his interest in the harsher side of BDSM began to trail off. Now, three years after they had begun their unusual relationship, they rarely played at all. Jim was still just as interested; he just never wanted to hurt Cindy anymore. She both loved him and hated him for that. She made it to the foyer just as she heard the keys sinking into the lock. She dropped to her knees, assuming the proper position for a slave.

"Hello, slave," he said.

"Hello, Master," she responded with a smile. He stepped to her, stroking her face before stepping away toward the living room. Cindy's smile turned to a frown.

After dinner that night, as Cindy knelt beside his chair in the living room, she tried to enjoy his soft, absentminded strokes of her hair as he read a book. As usual, he had allowed her to serve him dinner, then kneeled at his feet to eat scraps of food he would drop on the floor. She enjoyed that time the most, since he would tell her about his day as if she were sitting across from him. When finished, she cleared the dishes as he retired to the living room. She would then report to him, and he would modify her bondage to immobilize her arms behind her, by binding them together at wrist and elbow. She would remain like that until morning. She had made every effort to show her continued interest, and he still enjoyed seeing her as his slave. She knew he enjoyed that, but she also knew she wanted more. Lost in these thoughts, she almost jumped when Jim spoke.

"Cindy, I realize things have changed for us," he said, lifting her chin to look into her wide eyes. Just the use of her name shocked her back to reality. "For a long time I've struggled with the thought that I can't give you what you want anymore, but I didn't want to let you go. I think I've come to terms with that."

"I love you, Master," Cindy said, quietly.

"I love you, too. But I also want you to be happy. Remember when we played that time in my basement, when my parents were gone for a couple weeks?" Cindy did remember it, and though a shiver ran through her body from the intense pain he had inflicted on her, a smile also grew on her lips as the fond memory came back to her.

"I do, Master," she said. He turned from her, only to turn back a second later holding a pill in his left hand, and a glass of water in his right.

"Remember how that all started? Take this." He held out the pill. A thrill of excitement made her pierced nipples perk up. Cindy eagerly opened her mouth and extended her ringed tongue to accept the drug. As she swallowed the water he offered, she imagined another heavy session like that one years ago. Maybe this was the start of a new phase in their relationship. She couldn't wait to pass out, then to wake up in his sadistic control.

"As that takes effect, let me tell you what is going to happen. I've sold you to a lady in Germany that specializes in training young women like you in full sexual slavery. I think it's what you want." Cindy was in shock.

"You sold me?! I don't want to leave you Jim! I love you!" Tears began to well up in her eyes at the thought of never seeing him again.

"It's what I believe you want. I can't give it to you. So either you stay here and become even more unhappy, or this. I chose this for you." A knock on the door surprised Cindy, and Jim stood to go answer it. Cindy couldn't care less who was at the door. She had no interest in leaving, even with the promise of more intensity. She didn't want to be with anyone else, to be dominated by anyone else! She only wanted her Master Jim.

Turning on her knees, Cindy watched as two men carrying a square case entered. Jim shook their hands and motioned to Cindy. It was only then that she realized these strangers were seeing her not only naked, but bound like a slave. She blushed and tried to hide herself, but a wave of dizziness dampened her efforts. The drug was beginning to take effect. Panic rose in her heart. Once she lost consciousness, she would never see Jim again!

“Master... Jim. Please. I don't want to leave you. No matter what it seems I want. I want to be with you!”

“It's too late, Cindy. You'll learn to love your new Mistress like you've loved me.” Cindy tried to keep her head up, but she was beginning to lose control.

“But I don't even like girls, Jim! I'm not a lesbian. I just want to be with you.” Jim crouched down in front of her, stroking her hair.

“I guess you don't have a choice, do you?” And with that she slumped to the ground, the last remaining tears streaking her cheeks. Cindy stood behind Lady Jessica, carefully brushing her hair as she did every morning. The process usually took half an hour, though she knew if her Mistress chose to enjoy her services longer she would need to endure. Over the past year, Cindy had been forced to endure many things, but all she could think of was Jim. She learned quickly that her interest in being dominated had required Jim in the equation. Now, though she was experiencing a level of submission and humiliation that she didn't think possible, the sexual aspect was entirely gone. Not that she had a choice. Even as the thoughts traveled through her mind, she felt one of the sources of her constant torture start again. Between her legs, a small vibrator affixed over her clit began a random pulsing, while inside her pussy and ass, two dildos began to both vibrate and elongate randomly. The result felt like a tongue on her clit, while two men fucked her at the same time. For someone experiencing this for the first time it might be heaven. For Cindy, it had become as unpleasant as nails on a chalkboard. Over the year since she had been sold to Lady Jessica, she had worn the horrible chastity belt now locked onto her. A small sensor built into the thing monitored her heart rate, and when the sensor determined she was on the brink of reaching orgasm, the vibrators were abruptly shut off, leaving her frustrated. Day and night, she was brought to the peak of sexual pleasure, only to be denied the only thing she now craved, other than to be with Jim. Lady Jessica had visited numerous forms of torture on her during her stay, but this alone proved worse than anything she could imagine.

Cindy struggled to maintain focus as her breath quickened and she felt the flush through her face. For a moment, her knees grew weak, and she nearly stumbled.

Her ballet shoes made this event more possible, despite the fact that she had been wearing them constantly, and had ample, painful practice. Like her chastity belt, her ballet shoes were another part of her limited, and quite permanent wardrobe she was required to wear. In addition to her belt, she wore a harsh corset as well, her body adjusting to a number of revisions, until now, with her seventh corset cinched closed on her waist, she was measured at a scant 17 inches. The contrast of her now tiny waist and her breast size was even more exaggerated by Cindy's ever-increasing bust. After the first few months, when she guessed she had grown from a 38DD to a 38EEE, she was certain Lady Jessica had been feeding her some sort of growth hormone, mixed in with the nightly gruel she ate from a dirty bowl on the floor. Now, as she glanced to her chest, she felt a wave of humiliation wash over her. When she was with Jim, she knew she had been graced with a chest that made men drool. Though she enjoyed the attention, she also felt conspicuous when they ventured out to the beach, or when she wanted to wear a tight dress to dinner. Now, it seemed her breasts had nearly doubled in size, their nearly basketball sized orbs projecting from her chest, obscuring her view of her own tortured feet. In the rare times when she was alone, and her arms were not in harsh bondage, she would lift her breasts up, feeling the weight in her own palms, knowing that she had been transformed into a freakish shape. In truth, though the corsets she was forced to wear had always been a painful and constant reminder of her submission, she was certain she would be unable to stand without that type of back support.

Other than the ballet shoes that locked on at her ankles, she wore only a three-inch wide steel collar, locked seamlessly and permanently on her neck. Her Mistress had installed a thicker nose ring in her septum that dangled down to rest on her upper lip. Jim's original nipple rings had been replaced with thicker, seamless rings. Her clit ring had become part of the intricate design of her chastity belt. When she was fitted with the horrible device, her clit ring had been fed through a slot in the crotch shield, then welded into position. The vibrating balls then fit on each side of her extended nub, giving them a better contact surface for the torturous stimulation. For weeks after installation, her clit ached from the constant stretch, until the pain had melted into the pantheon of global pain she began to experience on a day-to-day basis.

Lady Jessica, Cindy came to understand, was a wealthy widow, living in Austria.

With no children and no living relatives, and a penchant for the bizarre, she had spent her life surrounding herself with possessions most thought impossible to acquire. Though Cindy was the first American slave, and at the age of 19 the youngest, she was not the first. Four other girls comprised the “staff” of Lady Jessica’s household. The most distressing and humiliating element of her new Mistress was the fact that the entire household spoke another language. Cindy had taken some Spanish in high school, but could not decode the complex language she assumed was German. No attempt was made to educate her, and the one time she had attempted to speak the language, in the form of two words she thought she understood, she had been punished severely for her efforts. The result made Cindy feel even more lonely, and increased her humiliation as her role became clear. She was the lowliest slave, lower than an animal in the eyes of both her Mistress as well as the other slaves.

Though she lived the lowest status of the house, Lady Jessica took advantage of the status owning a young, American slave-girl brought her. Just two weeks after she had been purchased, Cindy found herself being prepared for a trip. Her wardrobe already limited to corset, chastity belt and collar, her arms were bound behind her at wrist and elbow, with an added strap above her elbows to wrench her shoulders back painfully. Through example, the attractive Asian slave who was preparing her had her lace her fingers together. With wide, rubberized tape, the slave bound her hands into tight balls, removing their use. As added insurance, a thick rubber sack was stretched over her taped hands as well, compressing Cindy’s hands painfully, but reducing the her arms to useless forms. As the slight Asian finished, she jumped at the sound of Cindy’s vibrator’s activating. With curious interest, the girl dropped to her knees, examining how the chastity belt fit Cindy’s form so perfectly, preventing any contact with the length of her crotch. Resting her hand against the front panel, she could feel the clit vibrators pulsing viciously. Cindy gasped in excited frustration. After only the short time she had worn the belt, she found that she could be brought close to orgasm in seconds. But once again, as she began to breathe hard from the multiple stimulations, the device shut off again. Cindy cried out in pain and disappointment. The girl smiled, realizing the torture of Cindy’s predicament, before returning to the preparation.

A huge rubber ball was forced between her teeth, jamming the foamy object deep

into her mouth. Cindy's jaw began to ache from the pressure, but she could do nothing to stop the slave-girl from strapping it onto her face. Dropping to her knees, the girl added a short, four-inch chain between her built in ankle cuffs, holding her toe shoes close and reducing her stride considerably. Cindy's hair was laced into a ponytail that was left to dangle down her back.

A cloak was draped over her shoulders, then buttoned with a single button at top. The hood connected to the cloak was pulled over her head and she was walked to the front door. Waiting there, Lady Jessica was dressed immaculately, in a fashionable wool suit from a Paris designer. She only glanced at Cindy, before clipping a leash to her nose ring. With a tug, she pulled Cindy out of the house.

Living in a large house in some bustling city, Lady Jessica chose to walk to her engagement, and though she wore heels as well, they bore no resemblance in comfort to Cindy's footwear. She had only been wearing the ballet shoes for the two weeks she had been there, and though she had been forced to practice nearly continually, her toes began to scream in pain from the first few steps. The hard cement of the sidewalk was unforgiving, and her toes quickly crushed down into the pointed tips of the shoes. Cindy stumbled, crying out in pain, but Lady Jessica only yanked on her tender nose ring. The sharp tug brought tears to Cindy's eyes, and she struggled to maintain her balance. The short chain holding her ankles close only allowed for tiny steps, and though Lady Jessica was strolling at a leisurely pace, Cindy was forced to take a number of tiny steps to her Mistress' single stride. Each step added to the increasing ache in her feet, but she had no choice but to bear it.

As people passed by, Cindy was thankful for the hood. The cloak covered her bound body, save for a brief flash from time to time as the wind caught the fabric. Other pedestrians did take notice of both her unusual shoe style, as well as the chain that held them together. She could hear whispered comments, but Cindy could not understand a word. As more people passed her and Lady Jessica, she realized that the leash that disappeared into the hood was equally embarrassing, and she was thankful for the coverage her mistress had allowed.

Part 5

Arriving at a doorway, Lady Jessica led Cindy into the building. Cindy could tell this

was an exclusive restaurant. As her Mistress shed her coat, she peered around the wood lined foyer, barely noticing as her Mistress moved behind her. With a quick flick of the front button, Cindy's cloak slid off her harshly bound shoulders. A flush of embarrassment crossed her face as she stood nearly naked, her bound, modified and tortured form visible to anybody. She felt a whine grow in her throat as her Mistress handed the coats off to an astonished coat check girl, before grabbing Cindy's leash and pulling her by the nose ring further into the restaurant.

The inner dining room was only half full of patrons. As Lady Jessica led her slave through the tables, Cindy assumed that the club they were in was part of the BDSM underground that her Mistress was active in. Though embarrassing, she figured that no one would take much notice, most likely quite familiar with the lifestyle. Instead, as they approached a table, an older man stood. Lady Jessica stopped, politely greeting the gentleman, then nodding to his younger female companion. Cindy glanced over to her, seeing wide eyed surprise and shock at the sight. A new wave of humiliation crossed Cindy's face. The young lady, perhaps 25 herself, was dressed in an expensive, full length business suit, her hair perfectly positioned on top her head, with matching diamond jewelry sparkling despite the dim light. Cindy could do nothing but lower her eyes away from the beautiful girl's amazed expression.

As she stood patiently, her vibrators activated again. With the nearly constant stimulation, Cindy was being kept within seconds of an orgasm. Now, the terror she felt at being exposed as a slave seemed to heighten the pain of this new stimulation. Her eyes closed, squinting from the effect the belt had on her. Opening her eyes again, she was surprised to see the young girl standing close, examining her. Lady Jessica, though unintelligible to Cindy, was clearly encouraging the girl to look closer. Even Cindy, in her ignorance, could tell what was happening. The girl asked about the collar, noting the seamless, permanent nature of it, before examining Cindy's nipple rings, then the size of her breasts. With further encouragement, she placed her small hands on Cindy's constricted waist, amazed at how small it was. Crouching down, she examined the chastity belt, asking about the sound. Her jaw dropped at the mention of constant stimulation with no release, her eyes full of pity as she rose again.

Through tear filled eyes, Cindy watched the gentlemen offer his card to Lady Jessica,

who took it with a smile. A final tug on Cindy's nose ring, pulled her away from the still shocked young girl. Almost mercifully, the vibrators shut off, leaving Cindy to her misery.

The luncheon had gone on for what Cindy guessed was almost three hours. The cool afternoon air had caused goosebumps on her skin, and her pierced nipples were elongated from the cold. She had remained on her knees for the duration, staring at the cloud mottled sky above her. After introductions, and a similar examination of Cindy by her Mistress' friends, she was pulled to her knees, then her ponytail had been laced through her elbow strap. With a sharp tug, Lady Jessica had pulled her head back severely, before binding it into place. The unrelenting collar bit viciously into her neck, but no attention was paid to her pain. Instead, her gag was removed, and rubber blocks were fit deep into her mouth, wedged between her top and bottom teeth on either side. The result was to hold her mouth open wide. Cindy had no idea why, until the ladies began to smoke. The first flick of ash struck her tongue with a shock, burning embers rolling down to burn the back of her throat. Moaning, she swirled the ash around quickly, extinguishing them. After the first hour, she realized that she would need to swallow the ashes to provide room. With her mouth so severely stretched, she had trouble finding the ability to swallow, but soon managed it. Tears filled her eyes to the brim as she felt more ash fall inside.

After three hours of this, she thought perhaps the day was nearly over. She could feel the streams of tears drying on her cheeks. Despite her crying, she had been ignored, except when her chastity belt turned on and off. The ladies seemed fascinated by her plight, stopping their conversation when the belt activated, then watching Cindy clearly grow excited and near orgasm, only to be denied as the belt shut off. Through the three-hour lunch, her belt had completed this process 45 times, much to the pleasure of the women. Lady Jessica was clearly congratulated on her devious invention, and how it was applied to this young, American slave.

After two years of slavery to Lady Jessica, Cindy's life took on some semblance of nightmarish normalcy. The evening consisted of sexual servitude to the house staff. Before Cindy had been sold by Jim, she had never entertained the idea of a sexual experience with another girl. She had always been truly heterosexual, and considered the thought of pleasuring another woman repulsive. Lady Jessica had no

concern for Cindy's opinion on the matter. Through heavy punishment, Cindy quickly learned she had no choice. Each night, she was led into the dungeon, where each slave would come to visit, presenting their own hairless, pierced pussies and asses for her tongue. Though she had come to accept that tonguing another girl was no longer disgusting to her, she hated the process. Every slave knew that though Cindy was required to bring each of them to orgasm at night, she herself could never achieve orgasm. The irony was worse torture than any whipping, and Cindy prayed she could escape her nightly task.

Once finished, she was taken to her cell, a six foot by six foot stone room set in the back of the massive dungeon. Inside, a bowl of her nightly gruel was dropped on the floor, and despite the taste, Cindy consumed it ravenously. She was fed only a bowl of the milky, sticky substance in the morning and at night. During the day, she was rarely given any food. She found herself hoping to be assigned to tongue cleaning the floors in the kitchen, if only to find a morsel of food dropped behind a chair, or to lick up spilled grease from the stove. Only on rare occasions were her arms unbound, and it seemed that as time passed, she was allowed less and less use of them. After months and months with her elbows touching, she had become quite able to hold it for weeks.

After she finished her gruel, one of the slaves would install her into the box. Custom made for her, it measured a scant three feet long, two and a half feet wide and two feet tall, the size she folded up to when bound into a strict hogtie. Each night, she lay down in the frame work, on the base plate, her corseted waist fitting into half a steel band, followed by the other half, which was wrenched down with bolts on either side. Despite the heavy corseting, the band still increased the pressure on her already constricted waist. Just above her knees, her thighs fit into similar steel half loops, which were combined with a top half, then bolted into place. Each loop both held her legs rigid to the bottom of the box, while locking them apart as well. Cindy could feel as the other slave screwed small bolts into the end of her ballet shoes. Each bolt had a ring in the end, which were quickly put to use. The attending slave combined a leather strap with Cindy's long blonde hair, lacing both into a tight ponytail. The strap was then fed through the left then right rings at the end of the painful shoes, and pulled. Placing her arm under Cindy's shoulders, the slave pushed Cindy's body up, bending her back and lifting her upper body, while continuing to

pull the strap tight. Cindy could do nothing to stop the girl, and once the strap was laced on tight, Cindy moaned in pain. Her body was now bent back into a U shape, her shoulders off the floor. At the same time, her already punished feet were being stretched taught, increasing the speed and severity of the cramps in her calves. But the pain in both her neck and calves was nothing compared to the building ache in her back.

Moving to her neck, the slave attached the front ring on her collar to a mounted ring in the base. Using a wrench, she began to shorten the steel band, forcing her body back down. Though some of the pressure was released from her back, the intense balance of the combined strain brought immediate tears to her eyes. Her arms were then untied, releasing her extreme elbow bondage and leaving her limbs limp from lack of use. Cindy would have liked to enjoy the moment were she could still use her arms, but she rarely was given the opportunity. Her wrist cuffs were quickly joined with a swivel bar, holding them just an inch apart. A cable was quickly fed through a ring at the back of her collar, then mounted to the middle of the swivel bar. The opposite end of the cable attached to a small winch connected to the framework making up the top of the box. Though Lady Jessica enjoyed keeping Cindy's arms bound, Cindy knew that she wasn't pleased with the method with which they were kept. For two years, each night while she suffered in the box, the small winch slowly and mercilessly pulled her wrists higher and higher up her back. After the many nights of training, Cindy's wrists nearly met the back of her collar. The process was still painful, but less so than when she began the training. She knew that after only a short period of further training, her arms would be kept bound in the reverse prayer position. The slave rolled the winch until Cindy's hands were halfway up her back, then turned on the automatic timer, which would pull them further up over the next hour, and hold them in the intense position for the duration of her "night".

The slave finished by attaching tubes to the base of Cindy's chastity belt. The dildos in her ass and pussy were both hollow inside, with a mesh of holes along their length. The tubes would automatically cleanse her throughout the night, giving her a series of enemas and douches even while the vibrators kept her close to orgasm.

Finally, a lower face mask was brought close. Projecting from a large padded gag, a stomach tube was carefully pressed down her throat, and Cindy was forced to

swallow it, feeling it reach down to her stomach, while the gag pad slipped into her mouth, filling it completely. Tubes for her nostrils fit in deep, insuring her ability to breath, then the mask was strapped onto her face.

Leaving her now, Cindy could only watch as the side panels were slid into place, so close they touched her shoulders and knees. The end plates fit next, and then the top, and Cindy was plunged into darkness. . She had been shown the view from outside when she had first arrived, seeing how the slave who now attended her had been kept in the box each night just like she was now. Once the panels were slide into place, long bolts were fed through the seams, then bolted into place. With an electric winch, the box was lifted, then lowered into a form fitting hole in the ground. The box came to rest ten feet below ground, and the winch retracted. A foot thick slab was then lowered to fit snug in the opening. The result was a nearly seamless floor in the empty cell, with no sign that a severely bound and isolated girl rest below the feet.

With no vision, nor sound, Cindy was forced to focus on the growing pain in her back and arms. Without mercy, her vibrators would turn on, and her body would betray her as she panted through the small breathing tubes fed up her nose. With nightfall, and her confinement in the tiny box, the torment between her legs seemed to increase in intensity. She was sure it was a result of the lack of other stimulus, but this realization never made it less painful. As the vibrators brought her close to orgasm, then with enduring cruelty shut off, Cindy cried openly, knowing that in only moments, the vibrators would begin again. Even as she thought this, the fear and humiliation she felt lowered her heart rate enough to activate the device again, and she was brought back to the brink. It only took a handful of seconds to bring her close again, and thus shut off once more. The cycle was endless, she knew, and her thoughts were answered as the pulsing began again. The stimulation was no longer pleasurable, nor had it been since the first few days of constant stimulation. Now, despite her body's response, the vibration on her clit felt more like sandpaper harshly applied to her sensitive nub, while the pulsing in her ass and pussy only added to her sense that she lost complete control of her life. No matter how she tried to convince herself that the device no longer merited a sexual response, her own nerves defied her, bringing her once again to the brink of release, only to stop short, again.

Though Cindy estimated she had been owned by Lady Jessica for almost two years now, she knew it could easily be much longer. During the day, she often saw signs that time may have passed without her knowledge. She began to feel certain that the feeding tube down her throat was both for food as well as a way to feed her consciousness altering drugs. Even her limited knowledge of physiology told her that no one could suffer extended enclosure in a heavy leather corset, nor the chastity belt, without some relief. Cindy began to see signs that perhaps a night for her was not just a single night to the world. At times she would catch sight of things that implied time had passed without her. The length of her mistress' finger nails jumping from a quarter inch to a half inch, another slave's hair length, perhaps other things. She knew then that she had been kept unconscious for days extra. She had no way to prove this, nor any desire to. She only knew that her Mistress had removed Cindy's ability to experience anything but the constant torment she had prescribed for her, regardless of health.

End of Part 5