

The Real Thing

Category: Text Stories

written by Sir Valk | August 6, 2002



By Thndrshark

I'd lusted after her for some time. Having followed her through the small amount of modeling she had done, I had grown to be an avid fan. Not only because she was innocent and beautiful, but also because it was clear how much she loved bondage and submission. Living the life of a fetish model, I was always surprised that she complained as much to me about not being able to truly submit. Her last boyfriend was handsome for sure, but not into the "scene" as they say, and constantly disapproving of her work in bondage. As I grew to be her friend more and more, I tried to tell her she could find better, someone who would let her live her own life, but I think she never believed it. It was all I could do not to blurt out, "it's me! I'll make your dreams come true!" But I was involved myself, in a somewhat soft relationship that had stopped fulfilling my need to truly dominate. I was ready for a change, and I hoped Sarah was, too.

It finally happened one Friday night. She had come up to my house for some help on the computer or something, and we got to talking. Her boyfriend was out of town, and I had finally broken it off with my girlfriend. Before long we were sitting on the couch, working our way through a second bottle of wine. I was feeling warm and good, and I could tell Sarah was equally affected. As we talked about my breakup, I

used the chance to gain some sympathy. It worked. Sarah was very gentle, giving me a hug and holding my hand as I talked about how I wasn't satisfied anymore. Sarah was always very sexual, probably a component of her personality, as well as the work she was in. She had delved into more than just bondage, I assume hoping to find the components of her life that were missing. But despite her experiences in straight adult, with either men or women, I knew she never found what she truly wanted.

"I'm not going to compromise anymore," I said, feeling her large breasts pushing against my side as she comforted me. "I can be very loving, but I want someone who wants to have fun, who loves being dominated, tied up. Someone who will submit to me." Her nipples jumped at that one. I decided to make the push. "I need someone like you, Sarah. Someone who enjoys being a submissive, who I can live out fantasies with, regardless of what they are." She pulled back a little at that, and as I looked down at her, I could see a fleeting thought moving across her face.

"You'll find someone," she said, a little cautiously.

"I know I will. I think I'm a good catch, aren't I?" She smiled, and hugged me again, making my stomach tumble.

"Of course you are!"

"I'm not so bad looking. And I have plenty of money. I just want someone I can spend that money on. Buy them things like custom rubber outfits, those great custom collars and cuffs, and everything else." I felt those nipples again. She loved rubber, and had always fantasized about having all those things. "I can imagine having a young lady I can keep as my slave on weekends and week nights, have her sleep in rubber and chains, wear hoods. I can even bring people over to use her. There must be a girl out there who would enjoy all that!" This time she didn't pull away, but pushed her breasts in to me even more. I don't think she meant to, it was more of a subconscious move. I knew she wanted these things as well.

"So, enough about me. How's it going with your boyfriend?" She did pull away then, only to try and hide a frown from me.

“Fine,” she said, not very convincingly. I leaned forward and split the rest of the wine bottle with her, favoring her glass a bit. She smiled a thanks and took a sip, her thoughts distant.

“I’m sorry. Did I upset you?”

“No, I was just thinking...”

“What?” She was screwing up the courage for something.

“Well... my boyfriend is out of town for a couple weeks and I was thinking...” I couldn’t stand it. I knew what she was going to say, but I had to play it cool. I decided to help her out a bit.

“You know. I have this huge house. If you want, you can stay up with me. You know, keep me company.” She smiled, taking another big sip of wine.

“I was thinking something like that. I know how it can be after a breakup. It’s hard to be alone.” As she looked into my eyes, her face was flush, both from wine and what I thought might be excitement as well.

“Yeah. You’re right. That would be great. Thanks.”

“And maybe, since I’m staying over... you could, you know, try some of your ideas on me...” I had to fight away the giant grin that wanted to break across my face.

“That would be great! I’ve got a bunch of new stuff I ordered in, and nobody to try it all on.” I knew I needed to play it cool, though. “You sure this is ok? I mean, I don’t want to do something you don’t want to do.”

“Oh, that’s ok. You know I’ve done a lot of stuff, both in the bondage scene as well as regular adult.”

“Yeah, I know. But some of my ideas can be pretty crazy.”

“Let me make this gift to you. I’ll be your slave for the next two weeks. You can do anything you want with me, ok?” I could tell it was hard for her to get that out. But once she did, she almost collapsed in relief.

“Wow! You mean anything?”

“Anything. Just don’t do anything you can’t undo, or won’t heal, ok?” We both chuckled at that. We had both enjoyed some wild stories together, as well as some amazing artwork. I knew what she meant when she said no permanent damage, but I also knew that she had left me with an incredibly wide range. I smiled and gave her hug, then stood up.

“Ok! Wow. This is great. If we’re going to start now, I want to do it a certain way, ok?” Sarah nodded, then watched me disappear into another part of the house. I found the little pills I had been secretly saving for my fantasy opportunity. I had never truly expected it to come true. I came back to the living room and held out one of them.

“Take this. It will put you to sleep for about four hours. During that time, I’ll make you my slave-girl, so you wake up under my control.”

“Just like one of those stories!”

“Yep!” She looked at the pill for a brief second, then popped it into her mouth and washed it down with wine. “It’ll take a couple minutes. The best part about this, Sarah, is that you’ll wake up in total bondage, with no ability to escape or get free. I’ve got a bunch of wild ideas that I want to do with you, some really hard bondage to try on you, and ways that me and some friends can use you sexually. It’s going to be fun!” I could tell I had made her a little nervous.

“Now don’t get carried away. I thought you would just put me in rubber and keep me chained up.”

“No way. If you’re going to be my slave, I’m going to show you what it means to be under my control!” I reached out and grabbed her by the hair, yanking her head back hard. She cried out, trying to push away, but the pill was beginning to take effect. Her efforts were beginning to wane.

“Wait a minute! I’m not sure about this!”

“Too late, my slave.” I watched her drift off into sleep, helpless to stop her plunge

into ultimate submission.

I watched her lying still on the floor of my spare bedroom, which I had converted to a nice dungeon a year ago. She was no longer recognizable as Sarah, instead appearing as a gleaming mass of rubber. For the years we had known each other, we had always talked about our fantasies. I knew that despite her fear as she passed out, she had always dreamed of being totally enclosed in rubber. She had also told me her darkest fantasies of being used as an object, both sexually and otherwise, at losing total control of her own life, and of being held in such utter captivity that she could never escape. Though she may have forgotten our conversations, I hadn't, and I intended to make her dreams, or nightmares, come true.

After she had passed out, I had carried her small frame upstairs and laid her out on the cold tile of my master bath. For a moment I fought to unclip her dress, then, laughing at myself, reached for scissors and cut all her clothes off. I could feel my heart thumping hard in my chest as I admired her naked form. She was thin but shapely, a lovely frame at 5'6". Her two most admired traits were her long dark hair, reaching her waist, and her large breasts. On as small a girl as she was, her 36D breasts made quite a statement. At least they did for me!

My plans for this moment began years ago, when I began fantasizing about owning my own slave. Of course I had no idea who would be my victim at the time, but I still worked diligently to find the tools I would need. The depilatory I began to smear across her body had been a recent find. You probably heard something on the news recently. It was a super strong version of Nair or something, designed to keep hair off for as much as 3 months. I covered her body with it, starting from her neck and working down, then wiped it off with a few towels. She had already been fairly hairless, but now she was perfectly smooth. The added benefit was her skin was well oiled now as well, making stage two even easier. Before that, though, I attached a series of small electrical pads across her body. I glued several around each breast, as well as on her nipples, then moved down to her clit, the space between her ass and pussy, her pussy lips themselves and the bottom of her feet. I carefully fed the wires back to her waist and let them dangle.

The clear latex body suit was almost tiny next to her body, but I knew it would

stretch as it was designed to do, and fit her body like a glove. I worked it up her legs, but once I had her feet covered, I made sure the latex was tucked between her toes, then used electrical tape to wrap them up. The final result gave her feet a snub nose look. I then added a simple device to the mix: hard plastic sheaths on the top of her feet. The plastic extended from her lower calf to just before her toes. More tape held it into place and the result pushed her foot into an en pointe position. After finishing the other foot, I returned to stretching the rubber up her body. After almost an hour, and considerable amounts of sweat on my part, I pulled the high collar around her neck. The back zipped up with more effort, but what remained was a perfect body covered in tight, thin, nearly clear latex. I had made sure there were inserts for her breasts, to avoid the usual crush that occurs from tight latex, and I'm glad I did. The base of her breasts were circled by thicker rings of rubber, and she filled out the inserts perfectly. The tight rings actually made her breasts stand out even more, actually, an effect I liked. As I rolled her onto her front, I admired how the rubber literally clung to her ass, finding its way between her cheeks. Her crotch remained uncovered, a special gap designed into the outfit for just that reason. With her hands in the latex gloves, I folded her fingers around a soft ball, then used the electrical tape to lock them in that position.

I spent a few minutes braiding her hair into a tight ponytail, including a leather strap into the mix, which extended beyond her own hair. I had plans for that later. Next I fit small stoppers with tubes extending out of them into her nose to keep her breathing, and then applied a catheter as well. I then fit a long line corset around her waist. The heavy leather item was designed to extend from just below her breasts to her upper hips, while constricting her waist to a mere 18 inches. Another fantasy for Sarah, though as I tugged and strained to close the corset, I was sure she would learn to regret it. Tightening the last inch, I was worried I'd break a rib. Her uncorseted measurement was 24 inches, but she usually laced down to 20 inches with ease. Though that final 2 inches didn't seem like much, it would certainly take her breath away. I had laced the corset with leather thongs, which had been soaking in salt water. I knew I would never get the back closed completely but, once dressed, her body heat would dry the leather, which would naturally shrink, finishing the job for me.

The second, heavier suit was easier to fit on, once I greased up the clear suit. This

much thicker, black rubber layer had been designed for her shape now, that is 36B-18-32, with feet in ballet stance. Now, as the feet were covered with the black rubber, her feet remained en pointe, and any evidence of her toes was gone. The rest of the suit was similar to the clear suit, including the breast rings and inserts. Once on, despite the constriction of two heavy rubber suits on her body, her breasts would remain a quite enjoyable feature. Her rubber covered arms slid into the secondary sleeves, and her balled hands fit into the ends. Like little draw-string sacks, her hands fit into the ends of the sleeves, with a slightly smaller wrist band locking the hands firmly into place. Now, her hands ended in nubs of rubber. The high, thick collar would help hold her more immobile, while merging with the hoods as well. The back zipped up as well, but the zipper was covered by a thin flap, which I glued in place with rubber cement. The result was a nearly seamless form. My final work on the suit was between her legs. Instead of the opening on the other suit, this one had a small hole for her catheter, and rubber inserts for her pussy and ass. I took one of them, turned it inside out like a sock, and lubricated the inside. Then, with the help of a dildo, I pushed the four inch sleeve into her pussy, until it coated her vaginal walls part way up with rubber. Her ass was similar, though the much shorter sleeve ended in an inflatable ring. Once I had gotten the short sleeve inside her ass, I attached an inflator bulb to one of two attachments, and pumped it up. The ring expanded, locking itself into place, sealing off her ass. Just for fun, I attached the inflator to the second attachment and pumped the bulb. This blew up a secondary bladder, which stretched the ring, prying her ass open wider and wider. I was glad she was still unconscious. Without a hood she would have been screaming bloody murder as the ring forced her ass open wider than an anal speculum could. I let out the air again and got back to work.

I had left the collar unzipped, so I could fit the hoods underneath it as well. Again, my research paid off. Small, radio controlled hearing aid devices slipped deep into her ear canal, and wax plugs held them in place, while sealing off any unwanted sound. With spirit glue, I affixed soft eye pads over her eyes as well. Lastly, I fit a type of ring gag behind her front teeth, wedging her mouth open wide. I had been around Sarah at shoots enough to know that the combination of a ring gag and rubber hood would create a painful ache within minutes. I intended to keep her like this for much longer than that.

The first hood was transparent as well, but with no eye holes. Her ponytail escaped out a hole at the top. The second hood was a much thicker leather hood, that laced snug and, with padded ear pieces, helped prevent sound from sneaking in. Again, I fed her hair out a top hole. There was a series of straps around this hood, which I cinched as tight as I could get them, making sure there was no pinching, but ensure that the hood was skin tight. The goal was to increase the claustrophobia by adding pressure on the head. Once everything was tight, I fit the final hood over the top. This ¼ inch rubber hood had a tiny sphincter of a hole at the top, designed for her ponytail. The mouth was a molded hole with a insert piece that surrounded the ring gag, holding it into place. It gave her featureless face a strange, open mouth expression. The rest of the hood had to be stretched a bit to fit, increasing the pressure on the inner hoods, but eventually I had it sealed in back. It also used a combination of a zipper and glued panel. The hood itself extended over her neck as well, then was covered by the outer suit. I added a healthy layer of rubber cement on the inside of the suit collar, ensuring a strong bond between hood and suit.

It had been 3 ½ hours since she had taken the knock out pill. I figured I had between half an hour and an hour. I quickly pulled on the custom ballet style boots on her feet. The rubber shoes were unique in that they had no heel. Sarah's en pointe feet fit into the ends snugly, then the firm rubber boot top fit over her calf, ending just below the knee. Again, rubber cement held it together, locking the boots onto her feet. Finally, I rolled her back over and pulled her arms behind her. I had seen her keep her arms bound behind her, with elbows touching, for as long as three hours on a shoot. She always boasted that she could stay bound like that for an indefinite length. I figured I'd start that way and give her a break now and then. Since she was buried behind two layers of rubber, there would be no way of me telling if her circulation was ok. But for now, I used rubber straps to wrench her arms together hard, including an added strap around her upper arms, pulling her shoulders back as far as they would go. As a final touch, I strapped her arms to her body, removing any ability to move them.

I could tell she was almost awake, probably wondering where she was. Without any senses, or any way to feel the outside world, she would be pretty confused at first. I sat back in the large soft chair I had in the corner, watching her. I was so excited, just watching the latex enclosed shape beginning to writhe on the floor. I had added

a wide steel collar and steel ankle cuffs joined by a short length of chain, with a second chain pulling her ankles toward her wrists. The jingling that rose each time she moved made me even more excited. Before sitting down, I had inserted inflatable dildos in her pussy, ass and mouth, making sure they were inflated large. I waited until I was sure she was awake, then lifted the small transmitter to my mouth, flicking the button that activated the hearing aids. The sound, I was sure, was a shock to her.

“Welcome back, slave. As you can probably tell, I have enclosed you in several layers of latex. You look incredibly sexy, I might add.” I continued to describe her situation in careful detail. I could hear the subtlest grunting as she learned about her en pointe feet, heavily constricted waist and the general state of helplessness she was in.

“And by the way, Sarah, I don’t think we’ll limit this situation to just two weeks. I plan to keep you as my slave indefinitely.” I definitely could hear the wail that escaped from behind her inflatable gag that time. “So, just to get things started, let’s see how well I can torture those lovely tits of yours.” I shut off the earpieces, then grabbed her by the ponytail, dragging her body under the suspension cable. With a quick knot I tied off the strap in her hair to the hook, then grabbed the winch remote. In seconds, she was slowly lifted up to her knees then, since her ankles were chained to her wrists, her body rose off the ground. The pain was probably intense on her scalp as the entire weight of her body now hung on the ponytail. The sounds of muffled screams escaped her gag again. I was enjoying it, but I knew her hair wouldn’t hold her forever. I raised her high enough so her legs couldn’t touch the ground when extended, then stopped. A quick release of the chain holding her ankles up dropped her legs. The jolt added to the pain, and her toes struggled to find the ground. I lowered her back down so the weight rested on her ballet toes, then attached the chain to a ring beneath her feet. I left it slightly loose. Now her choice was to hang from her hair or stand on her toes. At this point, she chose her feet, since the pain hadn’t built up in her toes yet. But with the extreme point of her feet, and the pain her toes would experience supporting her body, I knew she would soon be dancing between the lesser evil soon.

For a moment I just enjoyed the site. The tight latex molded to every curve of her

already impressive body, the latex even slipping between her ass cheeks, giving them a wonderful, gleaming quality. The best part of stretching the rubber suits so tight over her, was that I could see every muscle of her body through the rubber. Her pointed feet gave her calves and thighs a sexy flexed look. I knew that would equal cramping soon, another element she would have to endure for a long time. The inflation bulbs dangling between her legs led the eyes right up to her molded pussy and ass. I couldn't wait to use those, but all in good time. Unlike typical latex bodysuits, both the inner and outer layer were designed to not only allow her breasts to retain their shape, but to press them out from her body via the thicker yet smaller rings at the base. Though it wasn't apparent, the rubber now stretching over her breasts was thinner than the rest of the suits. I could see her nipples clearly, and despite her pain and fear, they were hard. The sharp contrast between her now bulbous breasts and her restricted waist was probably the most exhilarating element of her current outfit. I was sure the leather laces had begun drying, and thus the corset was slowly closing even more. The amazing hourglass shape she already had was like from a cartoon. I was sure that despite her torture, the image of that tiny waist would excite even Sarah.

I decided to give her a few minutes while I setup my strobe lights for a quick shoot. I couldn't let this one get by without some pictures for posterity. I particularly loved the way the multiple hoods, though providing a thick layer over her entire head, were so tight that despite the leather and rubber layers, still gave a subtle impression of her face. It was ghostly and exciting to see a smooth head without any evidence of ears, though. After a half hour of snapping angles, I put the equipment away and returned my attention to Sarah. Without sight, sound or touch, I was certain she felt she had been left alone for hours. That's the best thing about sensory deprivation. You have no ability to judge time. I figured this would be a great tool to use over the next week, as I went about trying to break her spirit. I really didn't intend on keeping her more than the 2 weeks. I wasn't crazy. But I was going to do everything in my power to ensure that when I released her, she wouldn't want to leave.

I selected a tray of long, sharp needles and rolled them close to her. My stool put me at perfect height to her breasts. Selecting one, I pressed it against her hard nipple and began to press. The rubber provided resistance, but with a firm pressure, it soon

broke through the two thin layers and began to pierce her flesh. A howl burst from her throat and she bucked like crazy. I knew that she had toyed with the idea of getting her nipples pierced, and we had even talked about doing a scene and shooting it. But I don't think she realized just what it would feel like. I struggled to get it through her left nipple, then left it in and reached for the winch control. With a few taps, I removed the slack and stretched her a bit between her feet and ponytail. She moaned through the gag as the tension on her hair increased, but I planned to give her another distraction. The second skewer was easier to push through for some reason, and soon she had one through each nipple, at the base. Despite her immobility, I could tell she was crying. I reached up and checked the nose tubes, making sure they were still taking air. I had made sure they were long enough to reach into her throat, hoping to avoid complications with her sinuses, as her nose began to run from crying. It seemed to be working. I moved back to her nipples. I carefully pulled out the left skewer until the tip was just coming out the exit side, then slipped a flat metal nipple shield down the length of the skewer and around the point. As I pressed the shield in with one hand, I chose a rod and matched it to the sharp end of the skewer, then pushed it back through. Soon, the rod was through her nipple and I dropped the skewer back onto the tray. A D-ring I had made fit over the ends of the rod, clicking in tight so the wider steel of the D-ring squeezed her nipple, before locking into place. The effect was great. The nipple shield pressed against her breast, cupping the area behind the nipple, while stretching the latex tight. The D-ring held the shield in place. It looked awesome. With the concept proved, I finished her right nipple the same way, then sat back and admired the view. The shiny stainless steel set against the shiny black latex looked so hot, and the D-rings would prove quite useful in the future.

I took another needle and placed it about a 1/3 of the way from the tip of her left nipple, but at the bottom. Again I gave it a firm shove and the skewer punctured the rubber and quickly cut through her flesh. Despite the tension between her ponytail and her chained ankles, her body was quivering. A low moan sounded from her rubber encased throat. I could tell she was in considerable pain. The rod I selected was something I again had come up with a few years ago, but had no one to try it on. The rather thick metal was capped with a rounded end cap, designed to conform to the shape of a woman's nipple. The other end had threads. I placed the threaded end

against the sharp end of the skewer, then slowly retracted it, guiding the thick rod into her nipple. As I pulled away the skewer and dropped its slightly bloody tip on the tray, I grabbed the other end of the rod. This consisted of small ball and a bell dangling from a free joint. Once screwed on tightly, the bell would hang below her nipple, and each move would make a nice jingling sound. The whole point of these piercings were not just for functionality, but also to add to her humiliation. Considering she was completely deprived of senses now, it didn't work to that end. But later, it would.

Once I finished both nipples, I moved to her nose. I had dreamed all my life about owning a beautiful slave with a nice ring through her septum. The idea of a nose ring was so submissive that I just had to have it. The stoppers that held her breathing tubes in were pushed high enough into her nostrils that I could easily access her septum without removing them. I used a type of hole punch for this, fitting it carefully into the cartilage to make a secure and somewhat useable ring when I was done. Unlike the nipple rings, which Sarah had no tactile forewarning of, she could now feel the metal tool grasping her septum. She probably knew I was about to pierce her there, but wasn't really able to resist. I held the punch there for a minute, enjoying her efforts to struggle. Her newly belled nipples rang slightly with each movement, but the effect was negligible. Without warning, I quickly squeezed the tool together, punching a clean, 1/8 inch hole through her septum.

Two things surprised me. First, there was more blood than I expected. It wasn't a flow, but there was more to the septum than just cartilage. I packed it for a minute, and it soon stopped, or at least slowed to almost nothing. The second thing was the scream. You would have thought Sarah wasn't gagged at all! It was a blood curdling scream that would have woken the dead. I couldn't imagine what it would have sounded like without the gag. It ended abruptly, which led me to believe she had passed out. I could tell she was slightly slumped, despite the tension, and now her body was really supported by her hair. I figured it would be ok and finished my work. First, I disinfected the hole, then took the 1/8 inch grommet I had made from surgical steel and coated the insides with a disinfectant cream. The piece came apart in two, which I fit from either nostril, clicking it together to form a small steel sheath. I then simply fit a ring into the grommet, letting it dangle. I selected a large one, which would have come down to touch her upper lip, if you could see her lips. It

didn't serve any purpose now but to give me the biggest hard-on yet!

I took the time while she was unconscious to lower her down, then reposition her. I fit a wide bondage belt around her tiny waist, then untied her elbows to give them a chance to rest. While I waited, I put spreader bars between her ankles and knees, then added another bar from her knee bar to the front of her collar. The result would hold her body in a 90 degree, bent over position, with little ability, once I was done, to move. I figured a good half an hour would be enough to let the blood back into her arms, and I sat in my chair. I still couldn't believe she was mine for a whole two weeks! It had only been 5 hours since she gave herself to me, but I had savored every moment.

I could tell she was awake again. Though her wrists were still strapped together, she had discovered her elbows were free, and she tried to move them around. After a moment, I got back up and laced a strap around her arms, just above the elbows, and cinched her arms back together again. Lying on her side, the action made her back arch and her breasts shove out, jingling the bells that now seem to be twisting her tortured nipples to the side. Too bad for gravity. I was sure it wasn't pleasant. After tying the strap off, and ensuring her shoulders were pulled back uncomfortably, I lowered the hook from the winch to connect to her wrists. Before I cranked her up, I added a chain from her wrist cuffs to the bondage belt. It was long enough that I could raise her arms away from her body enough to really put her in an extreme strapado position, but not enough to dislocate her shoulders. I returned to the control and hit the button, and the winch began pulling her up off the floor. I stopped her once she was upright, then got down near her feet. One of the cool features of her ballet boots was these small mounting bars that had built in at the very tip. You don't really notice them, but they come in handy for just this occasion. I put a small D-ring through the bars, then attached chains from it to rings in the floor beneath her toes. I returned to the winch and clicked it back on. Fairly quickly she was off the ground, and the chains pulled taught, holding her toes off the ground by about 4 inches. I nudged the winch a few times until her body was pulled taught between the toe chains and her wrists. The best part was that the added tension on the end of her shoes would increase the cramps in her calves and thighs ten-fold.

The strap still laced in her ponytail fed through a ring in her bondage belt, and I

pulled back hard, forcing her neck to bend despite the thick latex, until her face pointed directly horizontal to the floor. Short chains were attached from her new nipple rings to two rings set wide on either side of her, in the floor. I didn't pull them incredibly taught, but kept them snug. The goal would be to limit her squirming. The only way she could move now was to pivot on her wrists, but with these chains, she would pull hard on her new nipple rings, something she would certainly find a painful alternative. I then deflated her gag and pulled it out. She was moaning, I'm sure in pain, but couldn't do much other than move her tongue around and try to speak. I reached into her mouth and fit a rubber stopper at the back of her throat. It was pretty much what it sounds like; a rubber stopper big enough to clog her throat, fitting behind her back teeth. She panicked briefly, unable to breath any longer through her mouth, but soon learned to trust her nose tubes. I ignored her, moving to her crotch, where I removed the inflatable dildos there as well. With the rubber sheaths, she looked like a bizarre sex doll, her ass and pussy the same gleaming latex of the rest of her.

In the closet, I wheeled out another set of cool toys I had been saving. The piston-like devices were fitted with soft, life-like dildos, including floppy balls, a touch I was delighted to discover. The more real, the better. Each also had a hole at the end, fed by a main pump from a large gallon receptacle on the computer stand. I had mixed up a nice concoction of egg whites, mayonnaise and salt water, which looked, and I'm told tasted, a lot like a man's cum.

There were three of the motor-pistons, and I'm guessing you can figure out where I put them. All were placed at the back of their strokes, then positioned just at the opening. Not touching, but as close as I could get them. I used a long lasting lubricant on all of them, knowing I would have to replenish them from time to time. The motors connected to a computer, and I started up the program that controlled them. I had modified a home security and control program to include not only control over the dildo machines, but also to provide an audio feed. The goal would be to feed her not only fake sounds of men coming for the gangbang, but also to give her some subtle, almost subliminal suggestions when she wasn't being fucked. The computer also attached to her electrode wires, that dangled beside her catheter hose. I put a bag on this and unclamped the hose. A stream of piss ran into the bag immediately, but stopped short of ¼ full. I'd change it later. I was about ready for

stage two, but first rolled out one more machine. The medical ventilator connected to her nose tubes, but I left the circuit dead for now, so she could breath on her own. Finally ready, I flicked on the ear pieces.

“Well, Sarah, I’ve got you set for your next adventure. For the next two months, I’m going to parade a long line of men who have paid to use you as a fuck toy. As you might be able to tell, you are suspended just off the ground, in a bent over, leg spread position that provides easy access to your mouth, ass and pussy.” I moved behind her and attached the inflation bulb to her outer anal ring bladder. Slowly, I began squeezing the bulb. “Some of the guys are rather large, and though your mouth and pussy can probably take it, I’ve decided to help your ass out some.” As the bladder got large enough to begin stretching open her sphincter, she cried out in pain. Her first reaction was to try and twist away, but she quickly discovered the nipple chains. Her body froze, and low moans escaped her throat as she tried to endure the stretching.

“I’ll make it so your ass is held open for someone my size, which I hate to admit, is somewhat average. The big guys will still have to push hard, but it’s a start.” I decided to have some fun of my own, pushing the dildo machines out of the way and greasing up my own rock hard cock. The height was perfect for me, as I fit the head against her stretched anal ring, and gave a shove. She cried out as my cock entered her ass, and I quickly began pumping. It was an amazing feeling. My hands rested on her latex clad ass, then slipped down to her constricted waist. Though she was pulled tight, my pumping still rocked her a bit, and she screamed as the chains to her nipple rings began yanking on her nipples. It was too much for me, seeing this beautiful woman controlled and tortured by me. I pulled out before it was too late, and moved to her mouth. Again, the ring was large enough to allow my cock to slip in, and I shoved it in as far as I could go. I had left the microphone on, so she got to hear me fucking her. Now, I lifted it to my mouth and spoke ominously.

“I’m going to plug your nose tubes, so you can’t breath. I want you to make me come with your tongue. And you better hurry, or you won’t be breathing!” I reached up and pinched her nostril tubes together, cutting of airflow. For a second nothing happened, but soon she began to struggle for air, and her tongue leapt into action. I was sure my cock tasted of her own ass, but she made a valiant effort to ignore that

as she flicked and stroked my member. It didn't take long, largely because of the vision before me, and I could feel my orgasm rising. I pulled out slightly, letting go of her breathing tubes, while shooting my load onto her tongue. I wanted her to taste my cum.

I enjoyed that for a minute, then pulled out. What an amazing gift. I figured I'd keep her like this for at least 5 days, knocking her out once a day with gas through her breathing tubes to give her a rest. She would never know, and with my setup would think she was truly being held like this for a long time. Before I finished, I clicked on the ventilator, and removed the bypass. She screamed in fear as she lost control of her breathing.

"Ok, Sarah. You're all set. You now no longer have any control of your body. The ventilator will do your breathing, and a computer will monitor your vital signs, while providing a few other surprises from time to time. The only rule is that they come in your ass or mouth, so get used to the taste of cum. I hope you enjoy being a fuck toy. You'll be here for quite some time!" I made sure the audio program was running, and clicked the control over to the computer. She wouldn't notice I had switched anything. I quickly set the dildos back into place, making sure they were locked down and not in danger of moving. She could no longer hear anything but what the computer fed her, and if I remembered correctly, she wouldn't hear anything at all for at least an hour. I setup my camera gear, took a bunch of pictures, then went downstairs for lunch.

The program was designed not only to repeatedly fuck her, but to also fuck with her mind. The audio tracks it used sometimes had time references in them, all giving her a false sense of time passage. With no senses, or ability to judge time at all, her mind would rely on the little clues given to her by the voices. Left alone in total silence for even 10 minutes, she could be easily made to believe it had been 10 hours. By the end of the third day, she was led to believe she had been in her current situation for a month. While her head tried to deal with the concept of being in such helpless and horrible captivity, the program also fed her a series of quiet whispers, almost inaudible suggestions that she is, and always will be my slave, that she wants nothing more than to be a slut, my slut, and to be bound and tortured by me forever. That was the most devious part of my plan. I knew it was a form of brainwashing,

but I also knew that she had wanted this as well, despite what she might think now.

I decided to give her two breaks a day, not wanting to damage her arms and concerned she might be reacting adversely to the long term rubber bondage. She seemed to be handling it well. At one point I even partially undressed her, making sure her arms were not purple. Surprisingly, they were fine. She never had a clue she was released. To her, the periods of unconsciousness were undetectable. I spent the most time cleaning up the simulated cum that dripped from her constantly full mouth, as well as her ass and pussy. It was interesting to see how much her ass could hold, but it was a pain to clean up. I also gave her an enema and douche during these periods, keeping her as fresh as possible.

The night of the third day, I subtly transitioned from the program audio back to the live mic.

"It's been a long time since we've spoken, Sarah. I thought you might like to know that you've been my sex toy for over a month now. You're quite popular, and have made me a ton of money. I've decided to keep you like this for at least another two months. Have fun!" I clicked back to the program again, listened to her wailing for a few minutes, then left her as the sounds of two more guys rose from the computer, and the anal and oral dildos moved into action.

On the morning of the sixth day, I put her to sleep again, then released her from the bondage. I had to remove her nipple and nose rings to get the rubber off, but put them right back on afterwards. I put her in the bathtub and cleaned her completely, noting that the depilatory was working great, before preparing her for the next phase. I kept her naked, redoing her ponytail so it was at the back of her head rather than on top. I left her toes taped but fit her with a smaller version of the same ballet boot. This one was only ankle high, but molded her feet into a sharp point at the end. As she stood on them, her toes would be forced into the point, causing her great pain. I intended to have her walking in them by the end of the week.

Much like before, her hands were taped around a soft ball, then short ball gloves were stretched over her fists, leaving stumps once again. I fit my newest acquisition, seamless two inch cuffs around her wrists, then locked them together. The cuffs used a special tool that screwed a rivet into the end, locking them into place with no

visible means of removing them, except a tiny hole on the edge. The psychological effect would be amazing! I added similar cuffs above her elbows, then forced them together so they locked in place, then added ankle cuffs, separated by a four inch chain, and a three inch seamless collar snugly around her neck.

Turning to her waist, I slipped a shorter corset around her. It wasn't just a waist cincher, but didn't reach her breasts. The closed size was 16 inches. I never imagined I could get it close to that, but I laced it to a snug 19 inches and left the gap. Call it wishful thinking.

I fit her pussy and ass with inflatable dildos again, using a thin rubber g-string harness to hold them in place. The strip separated in the front, splitting to display her clit, then rose up to connect to either side of her corset. The back simply went straight to it. I added a large ball gag, prying her already sore mouth wider.

I lifted her up and carried her back to the dungeon, then fit her into the tiny steel cage. It only measured three by four feet, with thick steel bars all around. I had to push her back down to get the top to close, which kind of contorted her into the square shape. I added a fairly heavy piece of chain from her nose ring to the lower, front edge of the cage, which ended up helping. After the long steel bar, which held it shut, was slipped down the length and locked off, I set about cleaning up, putting away the computer and dildo machines. She began waking up about 45minutes later, and by that time there wasn't any evidence of her previous predicament.

I simply sat and watched her wakeup. It took her about ten minutes to adjust to the light and appreciate her situation. Her first instinct was to sit up, but the bars stopped her body and the sharp tug on her nose ring made her cry out from behind the gag. She was a bit wild eyed as she carefully felt around the cage. I simply watched her, enjoying the sight.

"Welcome back, slave," I said. She turned to find me across the room. "I'm sorry I lied to you, and kept you for so long. You see, I've always dreamed about making you my slave, and to be honest, you have always told me how much you wanted something like this. Well, consider your dreams coming true." I stepped up, walking over to her. She cried to crane her neck, but the nose ring prevented her, and I could see that the humiliation of being controlled by it was making tears well up in

her eyes.

“After three months as a fuck toy, I’ve realized how much fun you could be as my slave. So, I’m going to give you an option. You can chose to commit your life to me as my total and complete slave, or I can sell you to a buyer in Mexico, who will probably use you as a slave/prostitute.” I could see how fearful she was of Mexico, so I took it to the next step. “Now don’t jump to conclusions that life with me will be easier. Though being used by strangers in another country sounds bad, if you decide to stay with me, I won’t make your life easy. Not only will you learn to become a totally obedient and willing sex toy, I plan to discover new and interesting ways to cause you great pain. I might permanently remove all your hair, teach you to be my toilet, augment your body with a lot more piercings, and even continue reducing your waist while expanding your breast size. You and I have always liked that artist who has the girls with impossibly huge tits, with rings everywhere, covered in cum. I might do that to you as well. The promise I’ll make you is this, if you go to Mexico, they may decide to torture you do death. It wouldn’t be pleasant at all, might take a month, and would be horrible. I too may decide that your death pleases me, but I promise to make it quick. So you have a decision to make. I’ll leave you alone for awhile.” I hefted one of six ¼ inch steel plates, sliding the first into the end slots just outside the bars. They had been designed to seal off the inside of the cage. They did the job. As I began to fit the last panel, at the head end of the cage, I looked down to Sarah once more.

“I’ll give you a day to think about it.” Her look of terror made me smile as I lowered the panel, locking her into a tiny steel box. I’d made sure to turn up the heat in the dungeon, so within an hour, Sarah was probably boiling in her dark tomb. There weren’t any breathing holes, but air could easily get into the thin seams around the metal plates. The air would get stuffy, but she would be fine. It was the psychological effect of being in total darkness, chained by the nose in a cramped space. I figured that 24 hours like that and she would be ready to do anything for me.

At the end of two weeks, almost to the hour, I was sitting on my couch watching some football game. Sarah’s face was buried in my crotch as she worked to give me the fifth blowjob of the afternoon. I had used a head harness to strap her face to my

cock. Rubber wedges held her mouth wide, and the straps circled my waist, with another strap extending from her collar, between my legs to the back. The result was her lips planted firmly against my skin, with my cock resting on her tongue. She was blindfolded, so I wouldn't have to see her pained eyes, and she was bound just like she was 5 days ago in the cage. She had been in this position two other times this week, knowing that she had a total of three hours to bring me to five or more orgasms. If she failed, she would be caned. If she succeeded, she would be rewarded by a night with a vibrator strapped to her clit. This was a bit of a dubious award. The first time she had experienced the vibrator all night she had enjoyed it for about an hour. But after her second orgasm, she wanted it to stop. I set it up on a timer, so it would come on and off randomly. By the third hour she was crying, the pain of the stimulus on her clit too much. I had hooded her that night, with an inflatable gag in her mouth, just to help her focus. Eight hours later, when I unplugged the vibrator and pulled off the hood, she was hysterical. It was then that I pierced her clit. I figured it was a good opportunity. Call me an opportunist. She barely felt it, but I could see the humiliation on her tear and sweat streaked face. The first two times, she had failed to bring me to more than four orgasms, probably thinking the torture of the vibrator was far worse than a caning. I made her think otherwise. The first time, I caned the back of her thighs and calves. The best part of that is the pain is tremendous, especially when she is pulled taught by the winch. After 50 strokes, I left her slumped, wailing in pain. The second time I think she was undecided, and her lack of focus made her fail. I hung her upside down that time and caned the bottom of her tits. She passed out after 15 strokes, but I used smelling salts and continued. Now, the third time strapped to my cock, she was making a concerted effort to finish the job. I didn't make it easy. Watching football, it was easy to let myself get distracted. My cock would fall flat after I came the third time, and I intentionally focused on the game despite the fact that her tongue was swirling and rubbing against me. With an hour left, I finally couldn't help myself. My cock grew hard again, pushing down her throat, and she began working it in earnest. I could tell she was determined to finish.

With the last orgasm just before the deadline, I slowly unstrapped her and sat her upright. She was out of breath from the ordeal, but she sat quietly. Her mouth still wedged open by the rubber stoppers, she looked like a big mouth bass sitting there.

I reluctantly got up and retrieved another of the familiar pills, then returned to her.

“Swallow this,” I said, placing the small tablet on her tongue. She obeyed quickly, taking it in with her tongue and forcing it down her throat. She had become quite good at swallowing despite her wide open mouth. After a few minutes, she slumped to the floor, unconscious.

Four hours later, I sat on the couch with her head on my lap. She was dressed in normal clothes again, with no evidence of her ordeal visible. I had left in the grommet in her nose, and fitted small rods through her piercings, just in case. She still had cane marks on her breasts and the back of her legs, but they were under her dress now. I was actually nervous, watching her wake up. The time of night was the same as two weeks previous, and I had made sure she was wearing the same clothes, and even the same wine glasses were set out.

Finally, her eyes fluttered open, and for a moment she registered confused shock. She sat up quickly, turning toward me. I simply smiled at her.

“Are you ok, Sarah,” I asked. She looked at her body, then tentatively reached up to her breasts. Touching her nipples, she could feel the small rods in there. With that, the experience came rushing back.

“What happened,” she asked, confused.

“The two weeks are up.”

“Two weeks? Is that all? I... I’m confused.” I reached out and took her hand.

“Come here.” I tried to suppress a smile when she slipped to her knees in front of me. I think it confused her as well. I ignored it, as if it were normal, and looked her in the eye. “I know it feels like it was much longer, but it’s only been the two weeks we agreed to.”

“Did you... do all those things to me?”

“Most of what you remember was done to you. But nobody but myself ever touched or used you, and you were never in any danger.” Again her hands rose up her body,

this time touching her nose, and finding the grommet in her septum. “Did you like what was done to you?” Her answer was slow in coming, but quietly absolute.

“Yes,” she nearly whispered, lowering her eyes in embarrassment.

“I simply made some of your and my fantasies come true, Sarah. That’s all. Do you remember any of it?”

“I remember being wrapped in heavy rubber, being used by what seemed like hundreds of men, being totally controlled like an object.” As she spoke, her hand dropped down to her crotch, rubbing. Only when she felt the small rod through her clit did she stop. “I remember wanting to be your slave, wanting you to do more things to me...” I touched her chin, lifting it up so her eyes met mine.

“Do you want to really be my slave?” This time she didn’t speak, but nodded her head slightly, then lowered her head in shame again. Her hands had returned to her crotch. “You can think about it, Sarah. I just want you to know that you have always been my fantasy. To own you has always been my ultimate goal. But if you are to be mine, you have to take care of some things, so there aren’t any complications.”

She nodded again, understanding.

It had been three years since Sarah had given herself to me officially. I had never had a better time in my life. I’m not sure if she would say the same, but once she came back, and took another of the knockout pills, she had no choice. I never gave her one. It had taken almost six months to get her accustomed to walking in her special ballet shoes. Now, they never came off. As we walked into the private party, I tugged on the leash attached to her clit ring. She was a vision of pain and submission now. I had placed permanent rings in her nipples, and the bells back near the tip. The nose ring was back, and she now had sixteen rings that circled her upper and lower lips. Her tongue was ringed as well, both at the tip as well as down the sides, a row of four piercings on either side. I had also run a rod through the top of her tongue and down through the bottom of her mouth. Both ends ended in small, circular plates, so it looked like she had a small round disc glued under her chin, while the plate on her tongue indented enough that it didn’t cause any problems with scraping a cock. The result, however, was to lock down her tongue fairly well,

removing her ability to talk even when not gagged. What little she could move her tongue was affected by all the rings around the edges and the larger one at the tip. She had become essentially mute.

I led her into the room, hearing the customary awed response from the crowd. Sarah was fairly impressive, with her large breasts and now 18 inch waist, standing on her toes. I had also trained her wrists to flex up her back, and a year ago had locked them off to the back of her collar. Eventually, I was also able to pull her elbows together. The result was an amazing image of an unobstructed waist, constricted by a corset, and a chest pushed out by the arch of her back the arm bondage caused. Even at the 5'10" she now stood from her toe stance, she looked like a captured Amazon. Her hair was back in a ponytail, and I usually liked to lace it to her corset, pulling her head back so she had to face the ceiling. She was most humiliated by that, since she couldn't see the people staring at her. I guess it made her feel incredibly exposed.

Everything I did now for her was an effort to increase her humiliation. Leading her in by her clit ring was one of my favorites, as was the colostomy bag strapped to her right thigh, half full of urine from her bladder. The sound of more liquid trickling into the bag always brought the red flush of embarrassment to her face. She hated that she didn't even have control of this function. Sometimes I would hang a large enema bag, filled with soapy water, to her elbow bondage, with a tube joining her inflatable butt plug. In the middle of a party, I would release the clamp holding the water in the bag, watching her flush again as her ass was filled. I could often get tears of humiliation from that, especially at the more formal parties.

I quickly realized that owning my own slave was an automatic card into the more elite group of dominants in the city. Before, I could get into some decent play parties, but it was fairly clear that though there were some great submissives there, they rarely actually lived the lifestyle at all times. By accident, I managed to get invited to a very private club two years ago. I was encouraged to bring my slave. I had heard about the group a few weeks prior, learning how they enjoyed the more severe and extreme forms of submission. I had no idea if they were serious, but I figured I'd make a splash anyway. With the party on a Saturday night, I fit Sarah in her two layer rubber outfit on the Monday before. Making sure she was fully tubed

for breathing and waste, I plugged her ears with wax and fit her again with the hoods. This time I used a leather hood with a massive rubber gag that had to be stuffed into her mouth, then strapped on. Thus, the outer rubber hood had no mouth hole. Only small nostril holes for her breathing tubes.

I plugged her ass and pussy again, then folded her into a small rubber lined, wood box I had built. She fit best in a tight hogtie, with her neck held rigid by a heavy posture collar. I mixed up a huge container of plaster of Paris, then poured it into the box until Sarah was completely covered and the plaster brimmed over the top of the box. With her breathing tubes fed through gasketed holes in the box, she would be able to breath, but essentially nothing else. I let the plaster set for a bit, then screwed the top of the box on. Using a series of heavy shipping straps, I made sure it was secure, then filled out the note I would include.

“A little gift until the party. Do as you see fit. I’ll happily pick her up that night.” I signed it and tucked the note into an envelope.

I stepped out of the limo and adjusted my tuxedo. It had been strange to not have Sarah around for the week. After the shipping company had picked up the crate on Monday, I had trouble filling my time. I was so accustomed to having her around for either sexual pleasure or for some good ol’ torture. I had put her on the slow boat, considering the crate only had to travel across town. This left her packed in her rubber and plaster tomb for 3 days, arriving by Thursday morning. To her, it must have seemed like a year. That long without any sensory input had to be hard. I wondered what my host had chosen to do with her. I imagined a long list of wild ideas that I would try in the same situation. I found my cock rising just with the thought.

A maid answered the door. She was clad in total rubber, except for her head. A huge red ball gag filled her mouth, with a large nose ring dangling down to touch it. She, too was walking in ballet shoes, though these had traditional heels. Her elbows were bound together behind her, with one wrist locked down to the back of her dildo harness, and the other free to pull open the door. I smiled at her, mostly in lust, and walked into the house.

I could only see a few guests, but the house was clearly massive and could easily

hide a hundred people. Before I could wonder what to do next, a distinguished man approached me with a smile, extending his hand.

“You must be John,” he said, shaking my hand vigorously. “It’s a pleasure. I’m James, your host.”

“Very pleased to meet you, James,” I said, smiling back.

“I have to say, you certainly know how to make a statement. I’ve never had a new member provide such a lovely gift even prior to ever meeting me.”

“So you got the package?”

“Oh, yes. And we’ve had a splendid time with her. Your note wasn’t very specific about what we could and could not do with her. I assumed that would give us fairly full reign. We kept it simple, but wanted to have some fun. Follow me and I’ll show you to her.”

I followed him down the hall, past what seemed like 50 rooms, then down a spiral staircase into what was probably the basement. I could tell he had outfitted most of it as a dungeon, even down to the dark rock walls and flaming torches. We moved down a hall, around a corner and he opened the door to a room.

The first thing that caught my eye was her tits. Leather straps had been fashioned into slip knots, then fit around the base of her breasts. The two lines stretched up to the ceiling out of sight, but the purpose was clear. She was being suspended by her breasts. Her body was horizontal to the floor, straps holding her knees up and wide open, and her ankles pulled wide and down to the floor. Her arms were bound together at wrist and elbow, then her wrists were pulled down to a ring in the floor. Her body was seemingly covered with angry red welts, a combination of what looked like harsh leather whip marks and cane welts. A small chain connected to her clit, pulling up and away from her body, toward the ceiling. A bearded man, large like Grizzly Adams, was using a leather strap on her pussy and ass, alternating hard strokes from the top, then the bottom. Her crotch as beat red from the punishment, but he continued to strap her. I wondered why she wasn’t screaming until I noticed her head. James noticed me looking.

“When she arrived, we were impressed by the use of plaster and decided not to get rid of it all. We cut away all but what you see, leaving her head encased for the duration.” I could see the breathing tubes still sticking out, but her head and neck were a perfect square. I wondered to myself what she had been going through. After ages without any contact, to be tortured like this with no ability to make a sound, or hear. I could see they had drilled into the cube and attached a ring to the top, which had a chain connected to it and up to the ceiling, holding her head up. As I approached her body, I could see her chest heaving. Each time the strap struck her, her chest froze, then released again. I knew that she was screaming her lungs out.

I was a huge hit at that first party, and invited to join as a permanent member. As I looked back to Sarah, staring at the ceiling and struggling to maintain her balance, I smiled. Finally, my dreams had come true, and I was never happier.

The End