

The Resort

Category: Text Stories

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By Thndrshark

Jennifer couldn't be angry with Jack. She was just as lost as he was despite holding the map. They had known that the resort they were booked at was far into the country, they just hadn't expected to have to find it in driving rain. The road was supposed to be rough and unpaved, a fact they had been warned of, but they both felt lucky they had driven Jack's SUV or they would have bottomed out miles ago. Though the resort was listed as being over a hundred miles off the main road, they didn't really understand just how far that was until they had broken down at the one hundred and five mile mark. The rain had finally stopped and as Jack crawled under the car, Jennifer could hear the disgust in his voice.

"Looks like I broke the axle," he reported. Jennifer looked around the car, noting the lack of any lights in the distance.

"I guess we walk," she added, helping Jack off the ground. They both put together simple bags to carry, leaving the bulk of their luggage locked inside, as they headed out into the darkness. As they left the truck behind, Jennifer looked to the black sky, hoping that it didn't begin raining again.

Jonus watched the monitor intently, trying to determine whom the two strangers

were approaching the front gate. The man looked to be about thirty years old, with a good build and short, dark hair. The woman, around twenty-five, was about 5' 2", with a thin, attractive form and long, dark hair. Both seemed harmless enough, but considering how far off the main road the facility was, he would still be cautious. Finding people walking up to his front door just never happened out here. He wrote out a note on a small piece of paper, then turned to clip it to the nipple ring pierced through the rubber covered breast of the girl standing motionless behind him. If he listened closely, he could just hear her somewhat labored breathing from deep inside the layered rubber hood sealed on her head. He reached to her crotch and turned a small selector knob to position three, housekeeping. The note would ask them to make up another guest room for the impending visitors. Within seconds, shocks coursed through her nipples, pussy and ass, in a coded fashion that told the girl which way to walk. Without the benefit of sight, she had become trained to respond to the impulses to guide her. With a heavily muffled yelp, she turned smartly on her ballet shoes and moved through the door.

With no sign or other mark, Jack and Jennifer weren't sure they had arrived at the resort. But considering how far off the road the place was, they were convinced that it was their destination. As they reached the front door, Jack reached out and touched the small doorbell pad. They could hear nothing through the thick door and, after a moment, Jack reached out to touch it again. Suddenly the door creaked open, making them both jump. Jonus stood in the doorway, smiling at his visitors.

"Welcome," he said, inviting them inside. Jack let Jennifer walk in first, then followed as Jonus closed the heavy door behind them.

The inside foyer was immaculately appointed, and Jonus seemed to fit right in, like a butler to a wealthy Englishman. After closing the door, he turned to greet his new guests.

"Again, welcome. I'm Jonus, the administrator here. Please, make yourselves comfortable and warm yourself by the fire." He shook their hands and encouraged them to move into the living room, where a giant hearth roared with flames. They both moved to it gratefully, shedding their heavy coats and bags as they rubbed their skin in response to the warm air. Jonus watched with a smile, quietly admiring

Jennifer's beauty. Beneath her heavy jacket she was wearing a light blouse and skirt. As she approached the fire, its brilliance silhouetted her body through the light fabric. He found himself enjoying the lovely curve of her breasts, her thin stomach and long legs. Her dark hair formed soft curls that reached the middle of her back, framing a beautiful, innocent face and large, green eyes. To break his own stare, he spoke.

"Now, how can we help you here?" Jack turned away from the fire and took a look around.

"I'm Jack and this is my fiancée Jennifer. We are supposed to be spending a long vacation at the Country Meadows Spa, but I don't think this is it," he smiled.

"No, I'm afraid it isn't," Jonus smiled in return. "I'm afraid you took a wrong turn. Off the highway, you needed to take a right, not a left."

"We got so turned around," Jennifer added, turning her back to the fire. "We missed the road twice, and with the driving rain and all, I guess we just got turned around."

"Then our axle broke about two miles out. Which brought us here." Jack took Jennifer's hand. "Would it be possible to call a tow truck or something?" Jonus shook his head.

"I'm afraid we're over 150 miles from the nearest station, and they wouldn't come out this far no matter how much we paid them." He looked over the two for a second, then, making a decision, spoke. "Let me make a suggestion. I can have your vehicle towed to a service station by our maintenance man, and in the meantime you can stay here with us. We offer many of the same amenities that the Meadows offers, and we feel our facility is actually more luxurious." He offered a brochure to Jennifer and she poured over it. Described as a health resort, it seemed as decadent as any, without the crowded nature of a city spa. Despite the lack of people in the pictures, the facility seemed incredible. Jennifer was confused by one mention of a theme, as well as some discussion of female body modifications. She shrugged it off as a fancy term for more health spa services and looked back to Jonus.

"That would be wonderful," Jennifer piped in.

“May I ask how long you had intended to stay at the Meadows?”

“We had booked a summer cabin for three months, I’m afraid,” said Jack, disappointed that they wouldn’t be able to take advantage of their long vacation together.

“That makes sense. Both of our facilities are considered long-stay resorts. Many of our guests stay for that long, or even longer.” Jonus seemed to have an idea. “May I make a suggestion?”

“Certainly,” said Jack.

“My maintenance man would not be able to return for at least three weeks with your car, assuming they could fix it. By that time, the Meadows will have released your cabin if they could and you would be out a vacation. Why don’t you stay with us? I can promise just as relaxing a time. We offer all the luxuries, as well as a few unique distractions that you might enjoy, but are in no way obligated to partake. And since you arrived after our seasonal check in, I can offer the room at a substantial discount.” Jennifer and Jack tried to gauge each other’s reaction with just a sideways glance. Jennifer felt comfortable here. The small section of the resort they had seen was far classier than the brochure for the Meadows. If they could afford it, this could fun. Jonus broke in as they considered it.

“I must add that you could ride back with my man when he leaves, hope for the best and no hard feelings. ” The thought of riding back to sit and hope their car could be repaired quickly didn’t sound too attractive. Both smiled and Jack spoke.

“Thank you. We’d love to stay.”

The room Jonus left them in was immaculate. Almost gothic in appearance, it was dominated by a large iron bed, complete with red velvet comforter and silky sheets beneath. Hardwood floors clicked beneath their feet and deep mood lighting gave them the feeling of a castle rather than a modern resort. As Jennifer disappeared into the bathroom, Jack could hear her gasp.

“This is amazing,” she called out. “The tub is like a small pool!” Jack smiled, but was occupied to some strange rings set in both the bed and the floor. He quickly

dismissed them and found himself equally confused by a locked dresser and wardrobe. Jack could hear Jennifer clear her throat and he turned to see her naked in the doorway. He admired her perfect body for a moment, and then went to her, lifting her up and throwing her into the massive bed as they made love.

Both woke to the sound of light knocking on their door. Jennifer rose slowly, then hurried into the bathroom for her clothes as Jack pulled a sheet around him and went to answer it. Standing outside was Jonus with some items in his hands. Jack didn't want to turn him away, so instead smiled and invited him in.

"I'm sorry to disturb you but I had a revelation this morning after my man left. You left your luggage in your car, didn't you?" Jack suddenly realized what Jonus was getting at.

"Can you call him or something?"

"I'm afraid not," Jonus frowned. "We have a radio for emergencies but no telephone up here. All our bookings are handled out of the city. And cellular phones won't work this far out."

"What do we do about clothes?" Jennifer's voice appeared from the bathroom. Jonus pushed his bundle forward.

"Here's some items I manage to put together for you. It isn't much but it will get you by until later." Jonus waited while Jack handed in the small bundle, then returned. "Perhaps I should fill you in a bit more about our resort." Jack had no choice but to let Jonus in. They both waited as Jennifer changed. After a moment, she came out in a robe and sat beside Jack. Jonus decided to dive right in.

"I am sorry none of us realized that you had no luggage, but I feel if you are willing to be a bit adventurous, we can provide for you."

"What do you mean, adventurous," asked Jack.

"Well, this resort is somewhat of a theme resort. Our guests enjoy some unique clothing and practices. I promise that you will not have to do anything you don't chose, but if you would like to join formal dinners or events, you need to at least play

along." Jack and Jennifer were confused.

"Let me show you something." Jonus rose to the wardrobe and produced a key. Swinging it open, then invited Jack and Jennifer to come closer. Inside, they found an odd collection of slick, rubber like clothing. Most of it was women's clothing, though some it was difficult to tell.

"This is latex clothing. It's sort of the theme clothing that we require our women to wear. Men can wear it as well, if they chose." Jennifer pulled out a strangely transparent dress that seemed five sizes too small for anyone. "That's a transparent latex dress. Very sexy," said Jonus.

"So, other than some strange clothing, what else is there," asked Jack, cautious and with his guard rising. Jonus detected it and immediately tried to sooth them.

"I'm sorry that I wasn't honest right off. I didn't want to scare you away and I knew that venturing out into the night was far too dangerous despite our unusual practices." Jack knew he was stuck here and just wanted Jonus to come clean. "Ok, it's as simple as this. The resort caters to couples or groups that enjoy women as submissives, or slaves as some may term it. Now before you get upset, understand that it doesn't mean anything more than you, Jennifer, acting like a submissive when amongst others. You don't actually have to do anything. All I ask is that you play the game. You might find you enjoy it!"

"So I have to pretend to be a slave," Jennifer asked, nervous.

"You just have to play the game, Jennifer."

"What does that mean?"

"It means you address Jack here as master, you wear a collar and you act demure and submissive. That's all." Jonus didn't want to go too far. He figured they'd see what to do as time went on. "Other than that, you can lay out by the pool, go on hikes, enjoy the gourmet food, or do whatever you like. Just pretend that your 'master' is allowing it, and you'll fit right in. Your choice is to stay in the room throughout your stay, or walk back to the main road."

“That’s about 150 miles, right?” Jack was a bit upset, but something about the idea was exciting as well.

“Yes, it is,” answered Jonus. “And anyway, since we don’t have any of your luggage, you might as well experiment with the rubber clothing, unless you intend to wear your jeans for 3 months!” The two obviously needed some time to talk. He walked over to the dresser and unlocked the three drawers. “Here’s some additional equipment you might like to use.” And with that he left them alone, with a final comment at the door. “I’ll send up breakfast, but why don’t you join us for lunch?”

Jennifer had dismissed the conversation as if it didn’t happen, and disappeared into the bathroom to shower. Jack replaced her soon and when done, went in search of her, determined to make the best of something they had no control over. She wasn’t in the bathroom and, as he went out to the bed, he found her on it, rummaging through a wide array of strange metal and leather items she had dug out from the drawers. She didn’t hear him approach so he just watched for a moment, intrigued at her reaction. He had often hinted about playing bondage and submission games with her, but she had seemed to miss the comments, and he wasn’t that desperate to push the point. Jennifer’s tiny frame and active sexual appetite was enough for him now. Maybe later in their marriage he could press it forward again.

But now, he watched quietly as she fondled a wide leather collar, then slipped it to her neck and held it against her skin, feeling how her head movement was constricted. After a moment, she set it down and picked up an inflatable device, what Jack assumed was a butt plug, and watched as she blew it up, then released the air, then inflated it again. She set that down as well, and chose a more traditional dildo, this one inflatable as well. Her towel had slid aside but she didn’t seem to mind as she began caressing her nipples with the rubber. Jack grinned and found his own manhood growing as he watched her bring the dildo to her lips and begin to pleasure it. After fondling it with her tongue, she reluctantly set it down as well, and reached into the drawer to rummage again. Pulling out a strange metal device, she examined it closely, then tried to figure its purpose. Jack couldn’t see what she was up to, but the sharp sound of clicking told him she had discovered something, and soon she was struggling to pull her hands apart. He cleared his throat and walked into the room, catching her embarrassed and reddened face.

“Problem,” he asked. As he made it around the bed, he could see she had been playing with what appeared to be small handcuffs for the fingers, something he had heard called thumb-cuffs. The unfortunate part was that she had locked it between her own thumbs, with no visible key to release her.

“No,” she replied. Trying to twist her fingers free, but crying out in pain as the cuffs bit into her skin. “Ok, maybe.”

“I guess you’ve been enjoying the equipment.” Jack pulled up a stool and sat in front of her, showing no sign of helping her.

“Well, it all seemed so strange.” He could see the twinkle in her eye as she looked away. “I didn’t think I’d enjoy this stuff.”

“I have always had an interest in it,” Jack admitted carefully. In return, he watched Jennifer look up at him softly, with that familiar look that told him she was getting excited. He couldn’t help but grin. “You know, we could give this whole thing a shot, if you want...” Jennifer’s face softened, and Jack watched her nipples take a small dip from their excited state. She was thinking hard.

“You really want me to be your slave?”

“I’ll have to admit, it would be fun to have you serving me,” Jack said carefully. “But it’s more a choice for you. I don’t think we can just do it for a few days here.”

“I guess you’re right, Jack.” He watched her absentmindedly struggle with her thumbs. He tried to pay attention, but the thought of her as his slave was too enticing. Especially as she sat there, naked, her perfect body and long, flowing hair a perfect match for her youthful face. But she wasn’t done. “When I was a kid, I dreamt of becoming a slave to a handsome man, who used me sexually, and loaned me out, then one day sold me away. It was my first orgasm.” Her face was flushed again and he could see her nipples standing proud. “I’ve always had that fantasy, but I never thought it could be real. I don’t know if I ever wanted it to be real!”

“I think we need to think about this,” Jack said, moving from the chair to the bed beside her. “Maybe we need to take it slow.” He found the key and unlocked her thumb-cuffs, setting them aside. Jennifer kissed him, then pulled away, reaching

back into the drawer, pulling out a pair of handcuffs.

“Maybe we should just practice first,” she said, then slowly turned her back to Jack, crossing her wrists behind her. He didn’t need an engraved invitation. The cuffs slid around her wrists, then locked down. He made them tight, and watched her gasp when the metal bit into her skin. But her nipples were still hard and Jack reached for a collar. As he slipped it around her neck, snugly strapping it into place, she let out a low moan, then leaned back against Jack. He reached around and with one hand held Jennifer’s chin up tight, so her head was held against his shoulder, while he caressed her breasts with the other. As his thumb and forefinger discovered her left nipple, Jack gave it a tight pinch. Her back stiffened and she pushed harder against his shoulder. Jack smiled. This was going to be fun.

They had always been adventurous in their relationship, and once they explored the dresser and the wardrobe, they ended up making love three times before lunch. Jennifer was a little freaked out by some of the toys inside, but they were both young and experimental. There wasn’t much they hadn’t seen. After their second session, Jennifer rolled over and Jack decided to talk about it.

“That was fun,” he said, leaning on one elbow while he watched Jennifer squirm in her cuffs. “I especially liked having that collar to tug on.” Jennifer turned toward him, pushing her breasts out as she arched her back for him.

“I think I could get used to this,” she said, a twinkle in her eye. “I’ve never seen you so excited!”

“Well, we can keep up the game, if you want.”

“Yes, I do, but this is a little more real than all that, isn’t it?”

“Sure, but we don’t know anybody here, and we can just make it one big game, ok?” Jack seemed excited by the prospect of dominating Jennifer, if anything at least in play. She had trouble turning her fiancée down. Besides, the feel of the rubber and the thought of being at his mercy was exciting to her, too.

“Ok. Let’s do it,” she said, kissing him, then adding, “Master!” Jack had pulled her closer, her small body a rag doll in bondage as he kissed her deeply. Her eyes closed

and she smiled, enjoying the control he was taking. As he broke the kiss, she could see him fumbling in the drawer again, this time pulling out a wad of shiny black and something red. He brought her close, then pushed something against her lips. As she opened her mouth to ask what it was, he pushed a large rubber ball deep between her teeth. She gasped and tried to pull away, but Jack held her firm by her hair. The ball was so large her jaw began to ache almost immediately, but Jack ignored her moans and pushed her head forward to strap the gag in place. Finished, he lifted her chin, smiling at her distended mouth and pleading eyes. She tried to shake her head, doing anything to convince him to remove the painful ball, but he only stroked her cheek. Reaching for the black object, he held it in front of her, revealing a rubber hood with only nose holes.

She panicked, never having worn anything like that before. But his hand in her long hair prevented any escape as he lifted the hood to her chin, then slipped it up and over her face. With some pulling, he was able to fit it over her head, then zip the hood in place. It appeared to be one size too small, but Jack found he enjoyed the skintight feel, and was sure that Jennifer felt far more restricted by the stretched rubber. As he slid away to watch Jennifer struggle, he could tell this look was going to be something he wanted often. There was something incredibly erotic about this young girl, her perfect body held in bondage, her head transformed into a shiny, seamless and featureless shape. She was at his mercy, he knew, and he was going to enjoy it.

As Jennifer was finishing her shower, Jack dug through the wardrobe and discovered the outfit he wanted Jennifer to wear. He could hear the water turn off and she soon stepped out of the bathroom, a towel wrapped around her long hair on her head. She stood in the doorway and it took Jack a moment to notice the difference. She had shaved all her pubic hair. "What do you think," she asked as he whistled.

"Very nice," he motioned her over and gave her a hug, then sat her down on the edge of the bed. "I hope you're ok," he said cautiously.

Her hands went to her jaw as she worked out the kinks from the gag and hood, but he could see she was smiling. "It was intense, but after awhile, I was in a totally different mindset. I felt like a different person!"

"I'm glad. Ok, we won't say anything more about this. We just play master and slave, right?"

"Right. And though I have to admit I'm afraid... I want you to take charge. Do whatever you want with me. That's how I think I'm going to enjoy this the most, despite my fear." Jack smiled and stroked her hair.

"Alright. I can do that," he said. "I promise to make sure nothing bad happens to you. But I want to see you as a real slave, if we're going to do this. So you have to go all the way, ok?"

"Yes, Master," she said, much more serious than before. Jack smiled and handed her a small book.

"I found this book about the role of a slave. It has some basics I thought we should discuss, just so we fit in." He picked up the book and turned to a marked page. "First, you must always address me as master, and any other master as sir or ma'am. You are always supposed to keep your eyes lowered and to never look anyone in the eye." Jack watched Jennifer process this information, waiting for her to protest. She was simply quiet. "Those are the big ones. I think we'll start there. I'll instruct you more later."

"Yes, Master," she said again. Jack couldn't help but feel a thrill run through his body. He stood and took her hand, showing her a strange collection of rubber on the couch.

"I've laid out your wardrobe." He watched Jennifer's eyes widen, but she was quiet.

Jack tugged on the leash that connected to Jennifer's collar, and she struggled to keep up. Jack smiled at her little whines behind him, knowing that she was excited by his willingness to take over. She was a vision in transparent latex. Her long legs were coated in rubber stockings held up with a clear garter belt. The tiny dress she had complained about now was stretched across her, compressing her body tightly. Long latex gloves covered her arms, fitting just under the short sleeves of the dress, forming a complete rubber form. A tiny transparent panty clung to her hips, and Jennifer had complained at how exposed her now bare pussy was beneath the nearly

clear rubber. She was a bit surprised at Jack's burgeoning cruelty, as he had tightened a wide rubber collar around her neck, locking it in place despite her mild complaints. It wasn't until he had placed tight ankle cuffs around her ankles, joining them with a short five inch chain, then fitted her feet with seven inch heels, that she had complained verbally.

"I can't walk in those, Jack- er, Master," she had complained, unable to avoid him locking them on her feet with the aid of an additional strap. Connecting to the sides of the cuff, the strap went under the arch and back to the cuff, locking the heel onto her foot. "Please, isn't there anything lower?" He rose in front of her and smiled.

"Let me see," he said with a smirk, moving to the dresser behind her. Jennifer suddenly felt Jack's hands in her long hair, yanking her head back. As she opened her mouth to complain, he shoved a wide rubber ring behind her front teeth. She cried out, but Jack shoved her head forward, moving her hair aside and buckled the strap on extra tight. As he lifted her head again, he could see the strap digging into her cheeks. Before she could raise her hands, Jack grabbed them, pulling them behind her. She heard a familiar click and found her wrists cuffed behind her again. Despite the ring gag, Jennifer was still able to make noise, struggling to convince Jack that everything was too much. He simply smiled at her, then lifted a rubber device to her mouth. She watched as he fit in an inflatable rubber butt plug through the ring gag, then began inflating it. Eventually, the balloon filled the inside of her mouth, forcing her tongue to the bottom, stifling her sounds. Jennifer's eyes grew wide as Jack continued to pump, despite the bulging of her cheeks. Eventually, she could feel her entire mouth filled with the rubber dildo, and the intruder began slipping toward her throat. But finally Jack turned the knob, shutting off the airflow, then removed the inflation bulb, leaving only a small rubber tube protruding from her gagged mouth.

Now, walking to lunch, Jennifer was struggling to maintain balance. She had never experienced bondage like this. Without the help of her arms, and with the constricting clothes, she found it difficult to move at all. Added with the painful shoes and the tiny chain between her ankles, she felt more constrained than ever. Already her calves had begun to ache, matching the pain in her jaw from the immense gag. As she struggled to follow Jack, she found that something was damp

between her legs, and it wasn't just her own sweat. Jack paused to check his sport coat and Jennifer couldn't help but stare at her own image. The latex dress seemed painted on, the material following every contour of her already thin body. Her breasts seem highlighted beneath the rubber and her legs looked longer than ever. There was something incredibly erotic about seeing herself. Her long, soft curls framed her face, the contrast of the harsh gag and collar, and her soft beauty an amazing turn on for her. Her knees were weak and she felt close to an orgasm before Jack tugged her way from the mirror.

Lunch had been uneventful, if you call sitting on your knees beside your "master" uneventful. She was surprised to find no chair for her, instead a thin pad beside Jack's marked seat. Removing the inflatable part of her gag, he had fed her tidbits and sips of wine. For the first time, Jennifer felt humiliated as she fought to eat with the ring gag. Her mouth was forced so wide, she was unable to chew, and instead was dependent on Jack to provide pieces that she would simply struggle to swallow. Before long, wine and some food had dribbled down her body.

Though she couldn't see much around her, she enjoyed the attention and was feeling tipsy from the alcohol. A few men had come over to greet Jack. She kept her head bowed as she was instructed and thus could not see anything of these other masters. Toward the end of lunch, as Jack was sipping his drink and chatting with someone across the table, another man introduced himself, and asked if he could examine his slave. Jack agreed, first fitting in her inflatable gag again, then lifted her back to her feet. Jennifer kept her head bowed as the man examined her, asking permission to touch, which Jack quickly agreed to. Soon, Jennifer could feel the stranger's hands over the latex, his firm grip tugging at her nipples and touching her now bald pussy. Her face flushed bright red, but she remained obedient, as Jack would have wanted. As the man finished, they began talking about her as if she weren't there. The man asked how long Jack had owned Jennifer, who quickly told him for only a few months. They discussed her pending training, the man eager to see her truly introduced to rubber discipline. Jennifer wasn't sure what that was, or how much more rubber she could actually wear, but she could feel her pussy growing damp again. Finally, the man left and she could hear Jonus approach.

"I'm glad you two are playing along," he whispered to Jack. "How about a tour of the

facilities?" Jack agreed and moved to follow Jonus, tugging Jennifer behind him.

As they made it out to the pool area, Jonus stopped them and turned to Jack. "Why don't we leave Jennifer to catch some sun. It will make the tour easier, and really would be more appropriate." Jack agreed and Jonus lead them straight to a long chair. "Let me help," Jonus said, as they laid Jennifer back on the chair. Her wrists were unlocked, but lifted above her head and relocked to either side of the wide chair. She tried to complain as they unlocked her ankles as well, then pulled them apart and locked them in place. The chair was a good five feet wide, almost a bed instead of a chair. As they finished, Jennifer was spread eagle in the hot sun. She looked up to Jack, pleading with her eyes, and found Jonus and he whispering to each other, finishing with a chuckle by Jack. He sat down beside her and carefully lifted her head, turning it to one side. She suddenly felt something odd pushed into her ear. The soft material seemed to slip deep inside, then expand, and soon her hearing in that ear all but disappeared. Quickly, he performed the same action with her other ear, and Jennifer could no longer hear. She watched as Jonus handed Jack a piece of black rubber, which he held up in front of her. It was a hood with no eye holes, and only small holes for her to breath. Despite her struggles, she had no choice but feel Jack stretch the tight, black rubber over her face, blocking out her sight, and any remainder of sound. Zipping it in place, Jonus provided a small key that locked the hood on and Jack caressed the smooth, black, seamless latex face that used to be his fiancée. As he walked away, he couldn't help but glance back at the amazing sight of this gorgeous woman covered in tight, transparent latex, except her head, which was encased in black rubber. He watched her struggle feebly, then turned away to join Jonus' tour.

Jennifer had never been so hot in her life. Her body felt like it was marinating in her own juices, the latex trapping every bit of sweat against her skin. The sun beat down on her face, the black latex heating up to a painful degree as she suffered in her bondage. Tears added to the sweat beneath the hood as she sobbed from the torment. Jennifer knew she was helpless and the thought scared her. She had long ago given up struggling, the bonds holding her down impossibly strong. With the loss of sight and sound, she had lost track of time as well, only aware of the intensity of the sun's attack and her own helplessness. When a set of hands touched her legs, she nearly jumped out of her own skin. She could feel someone encircling her lower

thighs with a strap, pulling it snug, then lacing it through what she assumed were rings on the sides. First one leg was pulled wide, then the other, until she was spread helplessly. Without hesitation, the fingers crawled up her legs, finding the edge of her panties and pulling them aside. As the hands met her damp skin, she could tell they were rubber clad as well. Her bare pussy was slowly penetrated, and though Jennifer found herself crying openly from the unwanted assault, she also found her excitement rising. Soon, the mixture of her humiliation and the pleasure the hands were bringing, brought a huge eruption from her body. She struggled now to find a way to release the tension. Finding none, she could only bite down hard on the huge rubber gag and fight to maintain her sanity. Though it was obvious she had orgasmed, the fingers continued, but soon were joined by a tongue, licking her clit furiously. A finger entered her pussy, while another reached further down, entering her anus. She jumped at this, never having been penetrated there, but found it bringing her excitement to another level. Soon, she orgasmed again, screaming until her voice became hoarse and she found it difficult to breathe through her tiny nose holes. She nearly fainted, losing her orientation for a few minutes as she rode the wave of orgasm for a full five minutes.

As she came back to awareness, she was surprised to find no hands touching her. Her legs had been released from their wide position. She felt as if she had never been touched, and she began doubting the reality of her experience. She quickly became aware again of the impossible heat that still beat down on her. But now the pain of her predicament seemed tempered by an unusual excitement she had not had before.

“And so those are the typical amenities you might expect.” Jonus stopped Jack at the end of the trail that curved back to the main building. “We can head back now and see how Jennifer is doing.” Jack seemed confused.

“Why haven’t we seen many other guests, Jonus,” he asked.

“The two of you actually arrived a week before most of the guests. We have a few but they usually stay to themselves for the first week.”

“What about that building,” Jack asked, pointing to a large single story building down the walk.

“Jack, I told you that our guests are into female submission, right?”

“Sure.”

“Well, if I can trust you not to get upset, I’ll let you in some more of the details.” Jack nodded, more curious than surprised. He knew there had to be more to the place than what he had seen. At lunch, while Jennifer had sat at his feet, he had seen two other couples join them, sitting far enough away to avoid close scrutiny, but close enough for Jack to wonder. The girls wore unusual hoods that obscured their eyes, and seemed to be bound in unusual ways. Jack wanted to see more, but the couples left before he could explore. This was all new to him, but he could tell it was something he would find very exciting.

“That building is part of our training and augmentation facility, Jack,” Jonus continued. “We have extensive facilities to provide masters and mistresses the ability to truly dominate their slaves.” Jack nodded again, but really had no comprehension of what he was saying. Jonus showed no sign of taking him closer and, after a moment, the thought of Jennifer baking in the hot sun for the past hour made him nervous.

“I’d like to learn more about that, but can we go back and get Jennifer? This is the first time she’s ever been tied up in public, and I don’t want her to freak out.”

“Of course,” Jonus agreed. “But let me make this offer. If Jennifer seems to enjoy her experience, allow us to make some custom equipment for her, at no cost. All it requires us to do is take some measurements.”

“Sure. That would be great.” Jack headed off toward the pool with Jonus following behind.

When Jack had unlocked the cuffs and taken the hood off of Jennifer, she was exhausted. He tried to encourage her to her feet, but she was far too weak. Jack was concerned, and carried her to their room, peeling off the latex and giving her a cool bath. After a few minutes, she seemed to come around and smiled at Jack.

“I hope you’re ok, Jennifer,” he asked, worried.

"I'm fine, honey," she said, then caught herself. "I mean, Master."

"No, just Jack right now," he said, stroking her hair. "Let's talk about your first experience, as a couple, ok?"

"Sure."

"That was pretty wild, I can imagine, for your first time," he said, as much as question as a statement "Definitely," she said. "But it was ok. I mean, at first, when you hooded me and stuff, I was worried. The sun was so hot it felt like I was burning up. But after a little while, something strange happened. I'm not sure if it was real or imagined, but I felt fingers on me, and a tongue." She peered into his eyes to see if it was something he had done, but saw a look of surprise that told her no. "I had three amazing orgasms, and suddenly the bondage and the rubber were a part of me. Even the pain was part of the pleasure!" Jack was relieved. He had enjoyed dominating her for the short time he had. He was hoping he could keep doing it.

"So, do you want to continue?"

"Definitely!" Jack sighed and stroked her hair again.

"Anything you want to do specifically?"

"No," she said, thinking. "I really want to be your property. Let you have fun and do what you want with me. If that's ok with you..."

"Sure," he said, excited. "Should me put any limits out now?"

"No," she answered. "After today's experience, I realize I'm discovering a whole new side of me. So you just have fun and let's see how far you can take me." Jack smiled and kissed her forehead. The long, low building came into his head and he began to wonder just how far he could actually go here. He figured that though Jennifer was adventurous, she couldn't imagine what was in that building, just like he couldn't. Jack had a feeling that she might regret her last statement.

Once out of the bath, Jennifer had fallen right to sleep, exhausted from her experience. Jonus had knocked on the door and both he and Jack thought it was an

opportune time to measure Jennifer for some equipment. Jack felt odd letting Jonus see his fiancée naked, but he seemed to take little notice of her, instead taking a wide array of measurements then leaving, all in a professional manner. Jennifer hadn't even stirred as he had stretched measuring tape over her body, around her waist, through her crotch, or even over her head. Jack let him out and sat down to read in a chair. Just two short hours later, Jonus knocked softly on the door and slipped a heavy box to Jack.

"Something to get you started, Jack," he whispered with a wink.

Jennifer woke slowly, a little disoriented, but rested from her earlier experience. She turned slightly, hearing a subtle jingle as she did. Though she could tell she was awake, she felt confused for a moment by the inability to move her arms. She tried to sit up, extending her legs out for leverage, only to find them meeting resistance. With a tug, she found her ankles stopped, the restriction accompanied by a surprising shock in both her ass and pussy. The pain woke her completely and she quickly discovered her new additions. She could feel a tight collar locked onto her neck, three inches of apparent steel locked to her. Peering down to her legs, she could just see wide steel cuffs locked to her ankles as well, chain connecting to the sides and disappearing up behind her. The lack of arm movement told her that similar cuffs had been locked on her wrists and just above her elbows, then forced together until they met. She had always been flexible and thus the extreme position of having her elbows locked together was only slightly uncomfortable. The feeling that she had no arms was more disturbing. As she tried to lift her wrists, she found a short chain connecting them to something between her legs and, as she tried to pull them away from her back, another shock coursed through her crotch. She cried out in pain, dropping her arms back.

Even with her bondage, she soon found a heavy length of chain locked onto the front of her steel collar, then connected somewhere above her at the headboard. Even if she could move, she wouldn't go far. With the time, she quickly discovered the reason for the pain between her legs. A steel chastity belt had been fastened on her, with two large metal dildos forced deep inside of both her ass and pussy. She again felt humiliated by the intrusion, especially for her anus, which had never been so abused. Spring-loaded connectors on each connected to both her ankle chain and

wrist chain. Any movement would pull on the spring and, once released, would trigger a shock. Unable to move, she had no choice but to lay on her side, and found herself excited and happy about her new role as a slave to Jack. After a few minutes, she heard the door click open and Jack entered with a large box in his arms.

“Hello, Master,” Jennifer said softly.

“Hi, Jennifer.” He set the box down and sat down on the bed, caressing her breasts as she pulled against her chains, just for show. “I’ve got some ideas for your training as a slave.”

“Anything you want, Master,” she said. He continued to play with her nipples.

“I’m thinking about having your nipples pierced,” he said absentmindedly. As he spoke, he pinched her right nipple. She squirmed, her eyes closed as she bit her lip. Then his hands grabbed her breast hard, squeezing it like he would a melon. “And I’ve heard we can enlarge these breasts of yours. I like the idea of modifying your body.” Jennifer’s eyes were still closed and Jack almost missed her whispered response.

“Yes, Master.” Jack could only smile as he let go of her breast and unlocked the chain connected to her collar. Standing up, he looked down on her with a stern face.

“I want you on your knees, slave,” he commanded. Her eyes opened, looking at him in fear. Jack stepped back and pointed at the floor in the middle of the room. Jennifer knew that was at least ten feet away from the bed. She looked back to Jack, tears filling her eyes as she saw how serious he was. But still she knew that if she moved much, she would feel the shocks deep inside her body. Her hesitation caused Jack to reach into the drawer, extracting a leather tarse. With no warning, he swung it hard, striking her across the right ass cheek. Jennifer jumped in pain, her legs uncontrollably trying to straighten. The shock hit her again and she snapped her legs back to her body. As her eyes focused again, she could see Jack standing over her again, ready to give her another stroke of the crop. She started shuffling to the edge of the bed, very carefully.

Once there, Jennifer realized that each ankle was connected separately to the

springs, though neither was long enough to allow her to straighten her legs. She turned onto her stomach, hoping she could slide off enough to find some purchase, but like a ladder rung, she continued to reach and reach, without success. Soon, her lack of support via her arms allowed her to slide, and instinct took over. She started to fall and her right foot shot out, catching her. She braced for the pain, but found none. It was then she realized the mechanics of the springs. She knew when she released the tension, the shock would hit her. For a moment, she was frozen, her chest resting on the bed, one leg held in the air with the other foot on the ground. Tears began rolling down her cheeks as she dreaded what she knew was coming.

Jack was growing impatient, but instead of striking her again, he grabbed something from the drawer and stepped up behind her. As she balanced precariously, she could feel him working with her long hair. He seemed to be giving her a ponytail, but soon she could feel him pulling her head backward until she was facing up. As his hands released her hair, she tried to look forward again, finding something holding it back. And once again, as she pulled her head forward, then released the tension again, a shock through her butt plug brought new tears to her eyes. She realized then that he had attached a cable from her hair to the spring connected to her ass. Jennifer began to weep openly, knowing that she was not going to escape the pain.

It took nearly half an hour for her to crawl to the spot Jack designated. During that time, she had received so many shocks that she nearly lost consciousness several times. Because of the cable holding her head back, much of the punishment was focused on her ass. Before today, Jennifer had never had anything up her ass, feeling it could never be a sexy or sensual. Now, the dildo felt like a foot long and almost as wide, as it stretched her anus wide. And with the painful shocks, she felt more humiliated than ever.

Reaching the spot Jack had indicated, Jennifer sat quietly, the remainder of her tears still crawling down her cheeks. She was forced to stare at the ceiling, afraid to give in to the ache in her neck in favor of the punishment between her legs. As she waited, she was most embarrassed by the feeling in her pussy. She knew she was wet from excitement, both from the bondage and the pain. Even the comments Jack had made about piercing and body modification had excited her, just as much as it had scared her. She had never even considered a belly button ring, and he was

talking about nipple rings. She was terrified by it, but somehow she craved it as well. Something was changing in her, and all this humiliation and torment was beginning to feel normal.

Jack left her sitting for awhile, then came back into her view. He was naked now, his cock hard as he stood in front of her. Stepping close, he commanded her.

“Lick it,” he said. Jennifer tried sticking her tongue out, but from the dramatic angle she was holding her head, she could not see him well, nor touch his manhood. Jack didn’t wait, instead grabbing her face and tilting it forward so he could shove his cock into her mouth. She held it for a moment, rubbing her tongue up the shaft, trying to please him. But soon it wasn’t enough.

“You’re supposed to give me a blowjob, slave,” he said. “Do I have to teach you everything?” Grabbing her head, Jack stayed stationary, instead tilting her head back and forward. As he pushed her head back, the spring released and a shock coursed through the butt plug, making her moan around his shaft. Just as quickly, he pulled her head forward again, then pushed it back. Another shock struck her, as a scream erupted from her throat. “I kind of like that,” he said. “I can just feel the shock. It’s tingly.” He reached around, grabbing her ponytail, and used it as a handle to pump her head back and forth. Each stroke added more pain to her already tortured anus, but she knew she couldn’t resist. After a moment, Jack stopped helping, ordering her to do it herself. “I’ve shown you. Now do it until I come, or I’ll step up the voltage and we’ll try again.” Jennifer cried out at the thought, knowing she couldn’t stand more electricity. Reluctantly, she began her own pumping. As the shocks hit her, tears poured down her face and new moans escaped her throat.

Removing the chastity device and the bonds holding her ankles up, Jack stood Jennifer up.

“Go clean up for dinner. I’ll prepare your outfit,” he ordered, pointing to the bathroom. Jennifer, still overwhelmed from both the intensity of her reaction to the strange torment, and the cruelty Jack was showing, lowered her head quietly and shuffled off to the bathroom. Jack had left her cuffs on, though released her arms. A short chain remained between her ankles, reminding her of her bondage. The collar too remained, as her hand rose up for the first time to touch it. Her fingers searched

the metal, looking for the locking mechanism. To her surprise, she only found smooth steel. Jonus had fashioned this seamless collar for her, the metal fitting snug and perfect around her slender neck. As she stood in front of the mirror, she admired the craftsmanship for a moment, but the fact that she wore seemingly permanent bonds made her wonder just what this resort was capable of.

Finally, she focused on her own face, finding the innocent young girl that once looked back at her replaced by a disheveled something... slut came to mind. But despite the streaks of tears down her face, the marks on her skin from the bondage, and the feeling that she had become an object of pleasure and pain, rather than a person, she knew she was having the time of her life. With renewed energy, she quickly washed her face and body, recreating the young girl, but with the added edge of excitement that the game they were playing brought.

“There,” Jack announced, and stepped back from his newest creation. As Jennifer stood, attempting to maintain balance, Jack wheeled over the full length mirror from the corner. Jennifer didn’t want to look, knowing that she had been transformed into something horrible, but her fascination made her eyes drop down. At first she didn’t recognize herself; Her face alone was so distorted by the strange gag. Unlike the ring gag, this metal device fit inside her mouth, halfway in. Unfolding, the ring wedged tightly against her teeth and upper mouth, while the bottom of the ring was fitted with a long steel plate. The plate had a series of small spikes connected to the bottom side that pressed hard against her tongue. Despite the blunt nature of them, Jennifer was certain her tongue was being punctured. A small hex wrench fit into a hole near the side, and as Jack turned it, the ring expanded, pushing hard against her upper and lower teeth, while pressing the metal plate firmly against her trapped tongue. Jack wasn’t satisfied until the gag had expanded her mouth to the maximum. The ring was much wider than a ring gag, thus allowing truly unobstructed access to her throat.

“Now you I can let the other guys here fuck your mouth without any complaints,” Jack told her, an evil twinkle in his eye. If she hadn’t already been bound again, she might have lashed out at him, desperate to get away. But he had already fixed her arms behind her again, locking the elbow and wrist cuffs together. She knew that he wasn’t done with her “outfit” as he liked to call it, and she her naked body shivered

with the chill of that thought.

Now, staring at herself in the mirror, she felt a heavy wave of humiliation course through her spine. The gag had turned out to be the least of her ordeal. She could almost watch as her bulging breasts began to turn a light shade of purple. She had never had large breasts, but she had enough to make a sweater look nice, and she had thought that much larger and she might look unusual. Now, she cursed her size. In the box that Jonus had brought, Jack had found two metal rings. Neither seemed large enough for her limbs, but soon he discovered their purpose. Jack had pulled her to her bare feet and told her to bend over at the waist, until her breasts dangled invitingly beneath her. Each ring was pressed around her breast right at the base. It took some effort, but eventually the ring closed with a click. Like the plate against her tongue, small spikes on the inside of the rings were designed to hold them in place. Jennifer could feel them dig in.. Now, her chest had been transformed into an object of ridicule. Her once lovely breasts looked like tortured globes, and the weight of the metal combined with the small spikes focused waves of dull pain on her.

She was distracted by the sound of liquid trickling, her eyes dropping to the clear plastic bag strapped to her right thigh. She followed the tube into her urethra, knowing that she would have no more control over her own urination. The bag had already collected a small amount, clearly visible to all as she carried it with her. Her eyes returned to her crotch, where she could see the small g-string that held in both inflatable dildos as well as securing the small vibrator against her clit. The thin rubber covered nothing, and even made her feel more humiliated. The rubber inflation bulbs dangled between her legs. Jack had already inflated the dildo in her pussy so that she felt completely full. The dildo up her ass was pumped until she had winced in pain, then Jack had pumped the ball three more times for good measure. He had taken time then to explain the extra tube escaping the her rear inflatable, telling her it was for an enema later. She had burst out in tears then. An enema was the most humiliating thing she could imagine, and having the ability to administer it in public was almost too much. Her knees had buckled then and Jack caught her, moving her to the edge of the bed.

Her calves had already begun to cramp and Jennifer struggled to maintain her

balance on the cruel shoes Jack had forced on her feet. Like a ballerina in toe shoes, these leather pumps forced Jennifer to remain on her toes at all times. For the first ten minutes she had been unable to balance, but Jack would not let her sit down, and eventually she learned to control the pain of her crushed toes and maintain balance. The addition of the short chain between her ankle cuffs made it more difficult, but she had been able to manage, until the cramping started.

Jack let her admire his work in the mirror, then stepped to her, reaching from behind to caress her sensitive nipples. One hand slipped up to her face, then pushed into her mouth, making a point of how helpless she was. Tears began to stream down her face as Jack manhandled her. Finally, he reached between her legs and fumbled with the vibrator. As it turned on, Jennifer nearly orgasmed immediately. But as if on cue, the vibrator cut off almost as quickly, leaving Jennifer frustrated and even more humiliated.

“Well, let’s go to dinner,” Jack announced. She expected him to attach a leash to her collar but instead began pressing something into her nose. Soon, she could feel something crushing her septum and, as he removed her hands, realized he had attached a small ringed clamp. The leash now dangled from her nose, adding to her humiliation. With a tug from Jack and a whimper from Jennifer, they left the room and headed down the hall.

The journey down the hall proved to be the most difficult walk Jennifer had ever endured. Her toes, crammed into the ends of the terrible ballet shoes, created an ache that extended up into her cramping calves, merging with the pain of the inflatable dildo up her ass and her squeezed and ever darkening breasts. Her mouth dried instantly from the forced exposure, added with the hard breathing she found she could not avoid each time the vibrator brought her close to orgasm. The slosh of the colostomy bag added to the pain, though this was far more emotional than physical. As luck would have it, the hall seemed heavy with traffic that night. In truth, only three men and one young lady passed them as they walked, but to Jennifer each person represented a crowd of humiliation. And to add to her exposure, each person chose to stop and talk to Jack, then examine her as if she were cattle. She could do nothing but endure, unable to turn her head away as Jack tugged on the leash, unable to stop her body from being prodded. Though the men

seemed most uncaring, the young girl was the most humiliating.

Her name was Sue, the daughter of the caretaker. Just turned 19, she was a striking blonde with long legs and an athletic build.

“Is this your slave,” she asked nonchalantly. He was a bit taken back, wondering if he should be talking to such a young girl about such adult topics.

“Uh, yes. She is,” he mumbled. She looked Jennifer over with the expert gaze of an old pro, then turned to Jack.

“Hasn’t been a slave long, right?”

“What makes you say that,” Jack asked.

“No whip marks, no brands, no piercings,” she replied absentmindedly. With a nod of approval, she grabbed Jennifer’s left breast, squeezing the nipple hard. “You could put a nice ring in here,” she said, pulling the nipple hard as Jennifer squirmed. “Probably a good one in septum, too. Make it easier than that clamp.” Her hands slid down Jennifer’s back, slipping between her ass cheeks to feel the inflatable up her ass. Without hesitation, she grabbed the inflation bulb and gave it five good squeezes. Jennifer screamed behind her ring gag, tears rolling down her cheeks. Jack only smiled and watched the attractive young girl. Despite the painful inflation, Sue forced her finger around the rubber and past Jennifer’s anal ring. As she tried to bear the intrusion, she was certain her anus would tear from the excessive stretching, but after a moment, the finger was removed. Turning to Jack, Sue absentmindedly laced her fingers into Jennifer’s hair, yanking back hard, then pushed the probing finger into her mouth. Jennifer wallowed in the depths of humiliation as she realized the young girl was simply rubbing her finger off against her tongue, cleaning off any remnants of her anal intrusion. As she did so, she addressed Jack. “You know, I could take care of those piercings. I can use the same type of mechanism that Jonus uses for these cuffs. But these rings would be permanent.” Jack chuckled slightly as Jennifer reacted to the concept of permanent piercings.

“Maybe later,” he replied. Sue reluctantly let go of Jennifer’s hair, rubbing off her

saliva on her own pants. "But thanks."

"I like her. She's young and cute," Sue said, admiring Jennifer. "Does she do girls?"

"She never has," Jack replied. "But that doesn't mean anything, does it?" Sue chuckled, moving closer to Jack, making it obvious she was flirting. To Jennifer's surprise, Jack responded, putting his arm around Sue's waist and pulling her closer.

"Maybe you and I could hook up later," Sue asked, peering up into Jack's eyes.

"That could be fun," he responded, leaning down and kissing her. Jennifer suppressed a whimper as she saw her fiancée kiss another woman. It was then that the vibrator turned on once again, and quickly she found herself close to orgasm as she watched their tongues mingle. After a long moment, they stopped, much to both their disappointment.

"Thanks. That was nice," Sue said. "Well, until that time, maybe you could loan your slave to me. I could teach her how to please a woman." Jack could see Jennifer's face turn white despite the stimulation. She had always said she could never be with another woman. He had never pressed the issue, but now things were different. He smiled at Jennifer and turned back to Sue.

"Definitely. I think she needs a little in-depth training in pleasing women." Jack knew that he had just pushed one of Jennifer's buttons, but for once she could do nothing about it. Sue smiled at the thought.

"Ok. I'll catch you later, then," and she was off. Jack couldn't help but watch for a moment as her perfect ass danced down the hallway.

Jack was having the time of his life, he thought, as he stopped just short of entering the dining room. He looked back at his fiancée, wondering what was going through her mind. He knew that he had kept her on the brink of orgasm for the past fifteen minutes, both by vibrator but also from the humiliation he had immersed her in. Despite the look of misery on her face, he could clearly tell that she was turned on by all this. And in turn, that turned on Jack. He knew she was looking forward to seeing other slaves at the resort, and that dinner here would be her first opportunity. Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a blindfold and slipped it over

her eyes. She whined in shock, but unable to resist she quieted down, but Jack knew she was both disappointed and further humiliated.

“Now you won’t be able to see the people who want to use you,” Jack whispered in her ears. “I know you feel more humiliated than ever, but just think how helpless and on display you are. Your tits a nice shade of purple, the inflatables, your helpless mouth. I might have some stranger stick his cock into your mouth, and you could do nothing to stop it. Oh, and that colostomy bag is half full now. I bet that’s embarrassing.” He watched her turn red behind the blindfold, knowing that she was deep into the most humiliating experience she had ever imagined. He ignored her whimpers and tugged on the nose clamp, pulling her into the room.

Dinner had proven entertaining, at least for Jack. At first he was shocked by the other slaves and how their masters were using them. He had assumed that he was being fairly harsh with Jennifer, but after seeing some of the others, he wondered just how serious the resort could be. He felt like he was in a torturous freak show, and he was the newcomer. From heavy rubber, piercings and body modification, to forced contortions and painful positions, Jack was amazed that these could be living, breathing women. Unlike Jennifer, Jack couldn’t really see any of the faces and thus couldn’t tell if they were willing participants in their bizarre treatment, or rather true slaves to a cruel and unusual master. Before he could examine closely, Jonus appeared at their side, admiring Jennifer.

“I can see you put the equipment to good use,” he said, his eyes captivated by her bondage.

“Yes, and thanks,” Jack said. “All this stuff is amazing. I can’t believe you made it so fast.”

“Like I said earlier, we have an extensive shop in back, ready to manufacture almost anything you can imagine.” Finally, Jonus managed to pull his eyes away. “I have to travel into town. There’s been a family emergency and I need to attend to some matters. I’ll be gone for a month or so. I’ve instructed the staff to take care of you, as needed, though it seems you’re fitting right in. Just a note: I haven’t told anybody your true status. As far as the guests are concerned, you are an experienced master with a new, young slave that you are breaking in.” Jonus paused, gathering all of

Jack's attention. "Be careful here, Jack. These people are real players and though you and I know that this is a fun game for the two of you, they don't, and can't know that you aren't the real McCoy. Just take it at your speed and don't rush. I don't want you to get Jennifer involved in something too far over your heads."

"Ok," Jack said, unsure of all Jonus was trying to convey. "We're having a great time. We'll just play it by ear and see what happens."

"That's perfect," Jonus said, extending a hand and shaking Jack's. "I told you this place can be pretty extreme, but if you stay cool and take it slow, you shouldn't have any problems."

"Thanks, Jonus," Jack said. "And good luck. I hope everything is ok." With a nod and a smile, Jonus walked off, but not without a last and lingering glance back at Jennifer. In his mind he knew that she was going to experience some things beyond her wildest dreams, or nightmares, but all he could do is express caution to them. He smiled as he watched Jennifer shift her weight on her toe shoes. He was sure her mind was racing from the pain and the humiliation she was experiencing. Jonus turned away, wishing he could be here to watch her further transformation.

Though a few men came over to greet Jack, most stayed away, unwilling to venture into a conversation with a stranger. The ones that did came alone, wishing to examine Jennifer. Her distant whines made Jack smile as the strange hands caressed and pinched her body, or examined her bondage. Jennifer tried her best to endure the humiliation, but she couldn't escape the thought that she was, for the first time, completely vulnerable and exposed. Once Jack had blindfolded her, she had begun to escape into her own world, imagining that she was somewhere else, not bound for the first time in front of strangers. But now, as she could feel these strangers explore her body without her permission, she was brought back. Tears began welling up behind the blindfold but she could do nothing to resist.

Jack could tell that the manhandling was adding to Jennifer's already extreme humiliation, but he still encouraged the men to make a thorough examination. "Feel free to pump the dildos," he would say out loud, just to see how Jennifer reacted. He never thought he could be so turned on by humiliating his fiancée. But watching her young body, bound severely and exposed, he felt a rush of energy that he had never

felt before.

Finally, the last men left with a polite nod, and Jack was alone again with Jennifer. He could see streaks of tears escaping from behind the blindfold. The tears must have been as much from the humiliation as the pain from the inflatables. Each man had given them pumps, with more focus placed on the one in her ass. Before they had left the room, he had inflated them to an already painful size, though with her lack of experience in anal play, he knew that wasn't much. But by now he was sure they had nearly tripled in size, and she had to be in great pain. He thought about letting some air out, but knew that would be wrong if her were truly her master. Instead, he stepped behind her, reaching down to give the dildo a wiggle. Her groans convinced him he was right about the pain.

"By the end of our vacation, we should have you taking it up the ass easily," he whispered in her ear. Without warning he reached down and gave the bulb two good squeezes. Jennifer cried out, a low moan escaping her throat like he had never heard before. He dropped the bulb and reached around, pinching her nipples. Her squeezed breasts had turned a nice shade of purple, and the sensitivity of her nipples made his pinching feel like he was cutting them off. He pinched harder, then twisted, and was rewarded by the sound of more urine filling the bag strapped to her thigh. She had lost control of her bladder, a sure sign that he had pushed her to a new limit.

As the night was drawing to a close, Jack had allowed Jennifer to kneel at his feet. With the weight off her toes for the first time she nearly fainted from the release. He watched her head drop, and sobs shake her body. He never noticed the woman that approached, towing an impressive rubber figure behind her. Jack was surprised to see her, since this was the only dominant woman he had seen at the resort.

"Hi," was all he could say as he stood to shake her hand.

"Hello yourself," she said with a chuckle. "Don't be surprised. I figured we had something in common. You're new and so not many people will talk to you. I'm a woman, so they either want me to be a submissive, or they're intimidated by my strength."

“Sounds like you have a lonely time here,” Jack said, immediately liking this woman. “I don’t know any better, so I guess that makes us old friends.” She laughed.

“I’m Kate,” she said.

“Jack,” he returned. “Is this your slave?” She stepped aside to give him a clear view of the sight. He had never seen someone so completely encased in rubber, and this was beyond any outfit he could imagine. She was like a latex mannequin, so perfectly and seamlessly covered that he assumed it was bonded to her skin. “It’s a super thin rubber body suit, stretched tight over her skin, and bonded to it with a special glue I had developed.” The only seams are at the neck, which is covered by the collar, and up the back, but that’s been bonded so you can barely see it.” She turned her slave around as she talked, showing her off like a new toy. Looking her up and down, he found it amazing how perfectly the rubber fit every nook and cranny. Like Jennifer, her feet were clad in ballet shoes, but unlike Jennifer’s, this slave’s shoes had no heel, and the toe ended in a more severe point. Cuffs held her ankles close as well. Long, rubber skinned legs rose up from the floor. As he looked over her crotch, he could see both her ass and pussy had rubber inserts as well, creating the effect of a true sex doll. He noticed a shiny ring piercing her perfectly coated rubber clit, the silver contrasting nicely with the black rubber. Just above, her waist was constricted to an amazing size. He laced his fingers around her waist, finding that they could touch. Must be about 17 inches, he thought. As he examined her body further, he found both nipples pierced twice, with seamless rings through the base of her nipples, and rods through the center horizontally. Through her septum dangled a large ring as well, the bottom of it touching the huge red ball gag forced into her mouth. It was then that it dawned on him that the slave’s head was smooth. Not only did she appear to have no hair, but the latex covered her eyes and ears as well.

“Can she see or hear,” he asked incredulously.

“Nope,” Kate said, enjoying Jack’s examination.

“How long have you had her like this?”

“I guess it’s been about 18 months now,” she said matter-of-factly. Luckily his back

was to her when she said that. He could feel his jaw drop. Promptly picking it up, he nodded knowingly, as if it was simply an interesting fact. He couldn't imagine being without sight or sound for that long. The girl inside must be mentally destroyed, he thought. He stepped around behind her, examining her arms. Unlike Jennifer's simple arms-together position, this girl's arms had been folded back up into the small of her back, in a harsh reverse prayer that Jack never thought was possible. Also coated in rubber, her arms ended in stumps, where Jack could see that her hands were wrapped into small balls, then covered again with small, fingerless gloves. The result removed her ability to use her hands at all, even if her arms were not bound so harshly. Steel cuffs were clearly welded around her wrists, bonding them both together, but also to a short length of heavy chain that reached up to the back of her steel collar. Like Jennifer's collar, the metal was seamless, but he couldn't find the small keyhole that would release it. The short chain was welded to the back of the collar, holding her hands high between her shoulder blades. Even her elbows had been hauled together, then bonded with similar seamless cuffs. The result gave the slave a strange armless look that both disturbed and excited Jack.

"I'm very impressed," Jack said, trying to be nonchalant.

"Thanks," Kate said, looking down to Jennifer. "Is this yours?" Jack nodded and pulled Jennifer to her feet by the leash and nose clamp. She moaned again as her weight rested on her punished toes again.

"She's fairly new," Jack said. "I've only had her for a month or so. This vacation was to get her transformed into a real slave." Jack couldn't help but smile as he watched Jennifer squirm at his words. He was sure she was now in a mental space that made her believe that she would really be a slave forever. All the better, he thought. He was beginning to like the setup and though he intended to release her after the summer, he was sure that their lives would be changed forever. Kate examined Jennifer, enjoying her bare skin.

"Very nice. I like how young she is," Kate said. "I could have a lot of fun with her." Jack laughed.

"Maybe we should trade," he said with a smile.

“Why don’t we get a drink and talk about it.” Jack gestured toward the bar and Kate headed toward it, tugging on her slave’s leash. Jack followed, with Jennifer stumbling behind.

Jennifer struggled to follow Kate up the long walkway to the dark building on the hill. She was still shocked by the realization that Jack had traded her to this woman. After seeing her own slave, wrapped in heavy latex and tortured as she was, Jennifer was terrified of what this woman might do to her. She knew that Jack had simply intended to force her to service a woman, a fantasy of his for some time, but in his drunken state, she doubted he had thought that his little Jennifer might have more in store for her.

As they reached the building, she watched Kate enter a long code into a keypad, which opened the door. Tugged inside, Jennifer was surprised by the blinding white tile interior of the first room, with a long hallway that led off of it. A rubber-clad woman approached them and Jennifer marveled at the heels she wore. Similar to her own painful ballet shoes, these seemed to have no heel, forcing the girl to balance on her very toes, a painful prospect, she was sure. The girl’s entire body was covered in tight white latex, with similar inflation bulbs dangling between her legs. A rubber nurse’s apron was stretched over her outfit, along with a heavy mask. The girl motioned for Kate to follow, leading them into a side room.

Unsure of how to react, Jennifer dutifully followed, then sat as instructed on the metal chair device in the middle of the bright white room. Her arms were unlocked from behind her, and her wrists were lifted up to metal bars extending at 45-degree angles above and behind her. Once her own cuffs had been attached to the ends, the nurse in white cranked something in back, stretching her arms out until she was practically lifted off the chair. Her ankles were similarly stretched until she was in a spread eagle, pulled taught between her ankle and wrist cuffs.

“Extend the back support,” Kate ordered, and soon Jennifer squealed behind her gag. What she thought was a sharp point, but in reality was a blunt nub, was slowly pressed into her lower back. She had no choice but to arch her back painfully, desperately trying to avoid the pressure. Tears began streaming down her cheeks, and soon the trickling sound of urine entering her own colostomy bag added to her

humiliation. She felt someone gathering her long hair, and soon her head was pulled back severely, then held in place as her ponytail, and a strap laced into it, was tied off to the back of the chair. The crank continued to turn, and Jennifer's body arched even more. As her own tears cleared, she could see above her, to a large mirror placed over head. She watched in horror as Kate cut away her latex panty, then removed the inflatable dildos. She was now naked, forcibly exposed like never before, without a familiar or sympathetic face. She prayed the night would go quickly, and soon she would be allowed to return to Jack. But as she watched Kate and the nurse examine her, she began a slow panic that built inside of her.

"A decent prospect here," Kate said, her own latex clad hands running over Jennifer's exposed body. She lightly tweaked Jennifer's purple nipples, and got a gurgled scream in response. The restriction of her breasts had now turned them purple, and had increased the sensitivity ten-fold. Even the slightest touch would be painful. Kate smiled at the reaction, then selected a small pinwheel device from the rolling cart nearby. "Let's see what kind of music we can make, shall we?" The first touch of the razor sharp wheel brought a guttural scream from Jennifer, as new tears burst from her eyes. Though the pins did not break the skin, as it rolled across her tortured breasts, it felt as if a sharp knife was slowly slicing her flesh. With slightly more pressure, the pins did puncture slightly, and Jennifer nearly passed out from the touch.

After a few minutes of torment, Kate set down the wheel and motioned the nurse to unlock the cuffs at the base of Jennifer's breasts. Soon, the rush of blood back into her own breasts brought a whimper from her throat.

"Let's give her 10cc's to knock her out, then we can get an I.V. into her." Jennifer soon felt the prick of a needle in her arm. As the drug began to take hold of her, she listened to Kate's instructions.

"We've only got six weeks, so let's not waste any time. I'd like to debilitate her totally first, then let's get a grommet in her septum, a few in her tongue and one through her clit. We can worry about others later. I'd like to surgically remove her ears to give her more of a smooth look when coated in latex. Also, we'll remove her teeth and replace them with those rubber versions. Also, let's tube her throat for

feeding, and her nostrils for breathing. Then we can do some reconditioning in sensory deprivation for a few weeks, to permanently break her will. Of course put her on an immediate breast hormone, but let's double the dose to try and get some significant growth in the short time we have her." Jennifer was shocked at what Kate was describing, not sure of what half of it meant. She did know that this woman intended to not only remove all her hair permanently, but also her teeth! Jennifer tried to protest, fighting her bonds to no avail, working her ring-gagged mouth, but only creating groans. Kate smiled and moved to stroke Jennifer's face.

"I guess we should say goodbye. When I'm through with you, you'll be the perfect rubber sex doll. Jack will be very pleased, I'm sure. But don't worry. After we do our bit of brain washing, you won't care either!" Jennifer knew then that this woman was for real. She thought back to Kate's own slave, coated in a perfect layer of rubber, blinded permanently and designed to be the perfect slave. Jennifer saw her fate following a similar path. She moaned in terror, fighting to break the bonds, to scream out for Kate to stop, to end this nightmare. She wished Jack would burst in and save her, but as the drugs took her consciousness, she knew it wouldn't happen. With her last moment of awareness, she tried to plead with Kate to stop, but only saw the woman's evil smile as she slipped into sleep.

The sunlight streaming through the windows finally woke Jack, despite the hangover he was suffering from. He squinted from the light, then rolled over, wondering how Jennifer felt from her adventure at dinner. He didn't remember much after the sixth shot of tequila, but he was sure they had fun. As he focused on the form beside her, he was shocked to find the rubber-clad slave beside him. She was motionless, her legs pulled up so that her pussy and ass were exposed, a bar connecting her ankles locked to the back of her collar. For a moment he wondered what had happened, but slowly it came back to him. The joke about trading became more of a realistic option as they drank more, and he remembered vaguely discussing some unusual and outrageous options. Finally, at the end of the evening, they had simply traded.

"You have some fun, Jack," Kate had said. "And I'll see what I can do with Jennifer here."

"How long are we trading for," Jack remembered asking in his drunken haze. "Give

me six weeks and I'll deliver a new slave to you."

Now Jack wondered what he had done, but couldn't think of any better adventure for Jennifer. How better to add to her fun but have a woman dominate her instead. Besides, he would see her around, he was sure, and could check on her progress. He traced his fingers across the rubber slave's breasts, grabbing hold of a ring and twisting until he could hear the girl whine through the gag still stuffed in her mouth.

"I suppose you need to eat," he said before he realized that she couldn't hear him. Rolling off the bed, he spun her so her head hung off the edge. He popped the gag out and positioned his already hard cock at her open lips. He noticed then that the inside of her mouth was coated somehow in rubber as well, with thick, soft lips and no teeth. He shrugged and pushed his cock in, feeling the slave grab it with her rubber clad lips. She's trained well, he thought as he began pumping in and out.

By the morning of the second day, Jack was starting to get nervous. The thought of having Kate help train Jennifer was, at first, exciting, but now it seemed like a bad idea. He honestly had no idea what the woman was capable of, and as he glanced across the room at the rubber encased girl he had traded Jennifer for, he quickly realized that what was going to happen to Jennifer could be far more serious than he imagined. A knock on the door broke his thoughts and he moved to answer it, wrapping a loose bathrobe around his naked form. To his surprise, the door opened to reveal Sue, the young daughter of the caretaker. Dressed in only a small rubber g-string, she smiled and let Jack look her over.

"I like it when I have that reaction," she said, then nodded to his crotch. His rock hard cock was poking through the gap of the bathrobe. She reached out and grabbed it, pulling herself into Jack's arms. For the first time he had a chance to really see this young girl, and he found it even easier to meet her hungry lips with his. Only 19, she was 5'6", with large 34D breasts and a thin waist. Her long blonde hair framed a round face, full lips and beautiful eyes, before cascading down her back. Jack found himself forgetting about Jennifer while in the arms of this nubile young girl, but soon she broke the contact.

"Whew! That was great," she said, pulling away but not letting go of his cock. Instead, she began to stroke it lightly, and Jack found it harder and harder to

concentrate. "I figured by now you might be getting bored with Kate's little toy, so I thought I'd show you around, maybe keep you company?" Her eyes glinted with more than a simple suggestion to keep him company, and Jack found himself liking the idea. He slipped his arm around her waist again, pulling her into the room, before pushing the door closed. A small part of him was trying to stop, but he knew that his and Jennifer's lives had changed, and the normal rules no longer applied.

"Why don't you come in first and let's see what you have in your hand," Sue smiled and followed him, pressing even closer as they made their way to the bed.

After a couple hours of passionate love making, Sue and Jack lay in each other's arms. Jack could still feel the slight pangs of guilt, but he knew that even if Jennifer were with him, he might still have slept with Sue, if anything as a new form of punishment and torment for his fiancée. The sex was amazing and Jack soon put thoughts of Jennifer from his mind.

"I guess I've got six weeks to figure out what to do," said Jack, stroking the young girl's breast. "What do you suggest I occupy myself with?"

"Well," Sue giggled, "You could come and stay with me in my cottage. We can send Kate's little plaything back to her."

"You've got a cottage?"

"Yeah, a little house a little ways from here. I live there alone, with my two slaves. They're both young and not too well trained, but I'm working on that." Jack smiled at the thought of this little girl training two girls.

"Sounds like fun!"

The cottage was still on resort property, but was a good fifteen-minute drive from the main compound. During the ride, Sue turned to Jack.

"Before we get to the cottage, I need to run something by you." Jack smiled.

"You're not kinky or something, are you," he asked, laughing.

"Well, just a little," she answered. "Actually, I need to make sure you're ok with

something. I'm assuming that Jennifer was a little less than a willing slave. Right?" Jack nervously wondered how much Sue knew. Only Jonus was aware that they were not true fetish folk, and the need for secrecy was becoming clearer by the day. He could just imagine the reaction of some of the guests if they found out their privacy had been compromised by outsiders. He decided to play it cautious.

"Jennifer has always been interested in this, but the visit to the resort was certainly much more than she imagined, and I'm sure she's getting more than she planned for now."

"I figured. You both look too normal to have been immersed in the scene like this for long. Guys hide it more, but a submissive girl usually has more evidence of her slavery than Jennifer does." Sue hesitated, then looked from the rough road to Jack. "You do realize that she's not going to come back the same, right? I mean she's probably going to be seriously changed, so much so you might not recognize her." Jack digested this quickly, wondering just what he had gotten his fiancée into. But he knew he couldn't show much surprise. Besides, he had found that his love for Jennifer was slowly being matched by his growing love for Sue. Secretly, he hoped that she would become so submissive during her "training" that he could avoid an awkward and painful decision when she returned.

"I know, but I've spent enough time with her to know that she really needs to live as a slave. She's the perfect candidate, I think. I'm actually excited to see her."

"Even if it's against her will?" Jack shrugged.

"I figure she was mine to do with as I pleased the moment she agreed to be my slave. I can't help it if she gets more than she bargains for."

"Well, since you seem to be ok with pushing the envelope of what's legal and ethical, I guess it's ok to let you in on my secret. Last year, I ran across two girls near my cottage. They are actually sisters. They had been on a camping trip for spring break, and had gotten lost." Jack looked at her, catching her in a semi blush. But before he could ask, she continued. "I took them in and, well, sort of kidnapped them." She paused, waiting to see Jack's response. He wasn't sure how to react, deciding to play it cool.

“What is it with you?! They just walk in your front door! You know how long it took me to find a submissive like Jennifer?” They laughed and Jack could see Sue visibly relax.

“It’s my charm, I guess. Anyway, I’ve had them in training for the year now and they’re starting to get decent, though they still haven’t been fully broken. I really focused on the older girl, she’s 18 or so now, and the younger girl, who’s now 16 I think, seems to see what’s in store for her if she doesn’t obey. I thought it would be fun if you came in and played the evil master. They haven’t actually had to submit to a man yet, since they haven’t seen anybody but me since I took them.” Jack was still trying to digest the information, realizing that Sue had really kidnapped and enslaved two unwilling sisters. Despite his shock, he also could feel his cock stir in his pants. The thought of dominating two young, unwilling girls, along with this gorgeous woman, was too good to be true.

“Sounds good to me. What do you want me to do?” Sue smiled.

“Anything you want.”

Hidden amongst the trees, the cottage adjoined an open area, which served as private horse grounds. Pulling up in front, Sue jumped out and grabbed Jack’s hand, pulling him into the house. Like a rustic cabin, it had beamed ceilings and a lot of wood. If I didn’t look close, I would have thought I was in the mountains of some ski resort. But on second glance, I began to notice the wide selection of steel rings attached to floor, post and wall, some with heavy chain dangling from them.

“Follow me and I’ll introduce you to the girls.” Sue headed to the back of the house, and as Jack hurried to catch up, he found her just opening a wide door that looked more like part of the wall, revealing a long stairwell down. Climbing into the catacombs of the sub-basement, Jack was awed by the extensive setup. Beneath the somewhat modest house was a dungeon that was nearly twice the size. A large center room led to a hallway that Jack was dying to explore, but his attention was diverted to two black shapes suspended vertically off the floor.

“Let me click on the lights,” Sue said before pushing a button on the wall. Spotlights sprang to life, centered on two suspended forms seemingly molded in black rubber.

Both shapes were spread eagle beneath the rubber, immobilized both by the pressure as well as by straps built into the beds. "Have you ever used a suction bed," Sue asked. He had not, and was awed by the image of the two perfect female forms freeze dried beneath the rubber. Jack played it off.

"Not like this, I haven't." Sue smiled, proud of her design.

"I figured out how to provide feeding, breathing and catheter tubes while maintaining compression. I have a house system that keeps a strong suction effect going without much sound at all. I'm using a vacuum system that is designed for factory plastic forming, so it's much stronger than any normal vacuum." Jack reached out and touched the layer of rubber that had been formed around the shapely girls. It was like a rubber baggie, with each girl positioned in the center, while all air was pumped out. Thoughts of a certain movie character frozen in carbonite popped to Jack's mind.

"They're both wearing pretty heavy rubber corsets as well as a full layer of rubber over their bodies before I put them in the sacks. They are hooded, ears plugged and gagged as well. The gags incorporate a feeding tube that goes down into their stomach, and breathing tubes up their nostrils into their lungs." Jack felt the bodies, noting the slight response as they felt contact for the first time. The taller one had the smallest waist, which contrasted nicely with her breast size that, even in its ultra-constricted mode, still stood out. On closer examination, Jack could see both a heavy ring and a rod piercing the taller girls' nipples. Walking over to the smaller girl, he noted the same attachments, but no rings in the nipples.

"How long have they been like this," Jack asked.

"I guess about four days now, since I came in to the resort to visit you. I have the system designed to feed them once a day as well as remove urine, provide enemas and even douche. They both have some pretty hefty dildos inside them. The computer can also activate the dildos to sort of fuck them. Watch." Jack saw Sue push a button on a nearby console and immediately the girls began to flex and moan. The range of motion they were allowed was very minor, but Jack could still see a reaction. "I just turned on the butt plugs and the clitoral stimulators. That's my favorite combination! Diane here, the older one, has had a chastity belt on her since

she arrived, and she hasn't had any vaginal stimulation for the entire time. I think I'm getting her to love getting fucked in the ass, since it's the only way she can get off." Sue laughed and Jack joined her, but his mind raced with a strange combination of shock and arousal. Jack felt his cock rise, realizing that these two girls were his to play with. Sue noticed his response.

"Why don't we get them out and cleaned up, so you can have them help you with that." Jack smiled, licking his lips in anticipation.

Jack had barely thought of Jennifer for the past three weeks. His life with Sue at her cottage had settled into a strangely wonderful pattern of sex, passion and punishment. Both of the girls Sue had captured, Diane and her younger sister Debbie, had proven to be beautiful and very unwilling. Jack found that resistance made punishment even more fun. Sitting on the big easy chair in the living room, he rested his head on the plush back, listening to young Debbie's heels click on the floor. Both she and her sister had proven to be quite attractive. Debbie was only 5'4", but with a 34D chest, long legs and dark wavy hair that reached down her back. Her soft features and round face gave her a look of innocence that made her torment even more fun. Her older sister was taller, at 5'8", but with the same features. The only major difference, other than Diane's slightly older look and her height, were the size of her breasts. She was a seemingly massive 38FFF, nearly three times the size of her sister's. Shortly after they took residence, Sue admitted to Jack that she had started both of them on hormone treatments to enhance their breast size, but Diane had been placed on a double dose. The results were impressive.

Jack's thought process was interrupted as he heard Debbie's steps approaching. He lifted his head and enjoyed the view. Covered in latex, the young girl walked carefully across the wood floor, holding the small tray in her cuffed hands. She had recently graduated to six-inch heels, which pushed her weight up on the balls of her feet, bending her toes at almost a right angle. She wore skin tight, transparent rubber stockings, held up by a clear latex garter belt, the ends peeking out from under her short skirt. Her bare upper thighs were the only part of her body uncovered by latex, except her head. Long latex gloves disappeared under the tight short sleeves of her maid's outfit. The black latex dress was actually a size smaller

than she would normally wear, but the result made the rubber cling like a second skin to her body. Her largish breasts seemed about to spill out her top, the compressed globes jiggling as she walked. In contrast, her waist was tiny, constricted by a rubber corset hidden under the dress. At 18 inches, she had trouble breathing deeply, but the hourglass shape was worth her pain. Her wrists wore heavy steel cuffs, shiny and seamless, attached by a short piece of chain. Her neck was encircled by a similar collar, 2-inches wide and snug to her neck.

She had more than her extreme heels to make her walk slowly. Sue had the resort shop make a unique pair of ankle cuffs. Locked onto her ankles, an eight-inch rod welded to an outside band. She could walk fairly freely, though the distance between her ankles remained fixed. Welded to the middle of the bar, a longer bar extended up between her legs, disappearing into a chastity belt arrangement. Jack liked watching Debbie flush as she walked. The end of the pole attached to a large dildo inside of her. As she walked, the pole twisted, and with a series of small gear steps, pumped the dildo in and out of her pussy. Both Sue and Jack made a point of sending their little rubber maid to get things for them, just to see her suffer from the constant pumping.

As Debbie delivered his drink, Jack grasped the ring on her collar, dragging her close. "Time for you to give me another blow job." The girl moaned and struggled to drop to her knees, the motion increasing the pumping in her pussy. Once down, she simply leaned forward as Jack lowered his shorts and pushed Debbie's mouth onto his cock, her hands at her sides as she had been trained.

Jack loved to pull up her skirt to stare at her young ass, with the anal plug pressed deep inside her, but this time he had an even better view. As Jack grabbed a handful of Debbie's hair and fucked her mouth, he looked to the kitchen where he could see Diane working. She had proven to be the best motivation for her younger sister, and Sue had made sure the older of the two received the wrath of her punishment as much as possible. A week and a half ago Diane had failed to properly please Sue with her tongue and had been reduced to a cleaning slut. Jack loved watching her struggle along the floor like a big worm. Covered in three layers of rubber and a punishment corset. He imagined he could see the small clear body suit that touched her skin. The suit had looked like it was made for a child before Sue forced Diane to

pull it up over her body. Holes for her large tits seemed too small, and once her breasts were forced through, the reinforced gaskets pressed them out, creating a bulbous shape. Her standard chastity belt was then locked on, removing her ability to touch her pussy or clit, something she had been forced to live with for over a year. Over the top of that was another body suit, this one of black latex, not much larger than the first, also with holes for her breasts. Already, Diane was moaning in discomfort as the suits pressed hard against her body and squeezed the base of her breasts. The corset was applied next, and though it closed only one inch tighter than her sister's, to 17 inches, the intense constriction started just below her breasts and reached just over her hips. As Sue finished lacing it on, Diane's breath came in short, raspy breaths, tears pouring from her eyes.

When Sue had first taken the girls, she had made a point of showing Debbie just what she would receive if she wasn't obedient. Diane was quite difficult, making her punishment as an example all the easier. Almost immediately, Sue had added piercings to Diane, including the nipple rings and rods, as well as a two nose rings, one a permanent ring and another thicker one through a grommet, three tongue piercings and a series of 40 rings, 20 on top and bottom of each lip. The result was heavily humiliating to Diane, and an effective deterrent to her sister. Now, he loved to see his pierced and humiliated object as she slithered across the floor. Restricting her legs was a heavy rubber bondage sleeve. Each leg fit into a snug tube, then were strapped together to remove any use. Even if she could stand, her feet had been fit with custom ballet shoes, making walking or standing painful at best. The final addition was the single glove that encased her arms from above her elbows to the hands. Laced tightly, the result hauled her shoulders back painfully, forcing her breasts out even more. Straps were then added to lock her useless arms to her body.

Jack pushed Debbie's face down lower, pumping her face on his cock as he continued to watch Diane. Her huge breasts were pressed under her body, bulging out the sides of her body. He watched as she struggled to get her mouth over the ledge of the low tray beside her, sucking some of the soapy water out with her mouth. Spitting it out on the floor, she jerked her head, pulling the small brush connected by a chain to her nose ring. With her teeth clenching the brush, she scrubbed a spot, then pushed the brush away, licking the soapy and now dirty water up. Rather than depositing it back in the bucket, she swallowed. Sue had told her

that not only should the floors be spotless, but there should be nothing left in the bucket. The humiliation was intense, reducing Diane to a simple object. Both Sue and Jack loved it. As she rocked forward, Jack could see angry red welts across her huge breasts. Sue would visit from time to time, canning her tits to provide motivation. With the constriction provided by the rubber openings, the skin was not only taught but equally sensitive. The pressure of her own body on them as she worked was painful enough.

Jack could feel his cock hardening even more as he watched. Diane's tongue licked across the tile surface, picking up the dirt and dust left after the day. Another mouthful of the soapy water, a scrub with the brush connected to her nose ring, then a slurp as she sucked up the water. A grimace crossed her face as she swallowed, but she obediently licked the remaining liquid up before she moved forward. Tears trickled from her eyes, mixing with the dampness on the floor.

The image was too much and Jack felt his orgasm rise. He pulled back on young Debbie's hair. "I'm going to come in your mouth. I want you to hold it." Just then he came, filling the 16-year old girl's mouth with hot cum.

After enjoying her lips on his cooling cock for a moment, Jack lifted her off, making sure she kept her mouth closed, then using her hair, hauled her back to her feet. She cried out in pain, but obediently kept her mouth full. Jack grabbed her collar ring, pulling her quickly across the floor toward her sister. Debbie moaned as the dildo screwed in and out of her pussy from the brisk walk. Her knees buckled but Jack pulled her back to her feet. Sue, attracted to the sound, came into the room to watch. Jack almost lost interest in the moment as he saw her leaning against the doorway. She had taken to wearing the slinkiest outfits, and this afternoon was no different. Transparent latex stockings clung to her legs, held up by a clear latex garter belt. A tiny, French cut clear latex panty clung to her shapely hips, her smoothly shaven crotch just visible beneath. A tiny, clear latex bra seemed formed to her large breasts, her hard nipples poking through. Short latex gloves completed the ensemble.

"Having some fun," she asked.

"Always." Jack smiled at her, then continued to pull Debbie to her sister. The one

thing the two girls had not become accustomed to was any sexual act between the two of them. They could get Diane to do stuff to Debbie, but the younger girl simply broke down and cried. Jack was determined to break that. Reaching the kitchen, Jack leaned down and grabbed the brush connected to Diane's nose ring, then yanked hard to turn her over. The large ring was actually run through a heavy metal grommet in Diane's septum, making it much stronger than a normal piercing. Regardless, Diane cried out in pain from the yank. Jack smiled. The ring was strong, but still painful. Once again, he pulled Debbie to her knees, beside her sister.

"You have two choices, Debbie. You could kiss your sister and give her my cum, or you could dribble it on the floor. If you do the latter, we will keep your sister as the cleaning slut for another week, fully hooded her to remove her sight and sound, and increase her breast caning to ten strokes an hour." Diane moaned in fear, knowing that the caning alone would be too much for her to stand. "If you chose to kiss your sister, you must be convincing, really kissing her, for at least ten minutes. I want to believe that you truly love your sister and want to keep kissing her forever. If you don't convince me, she will be punished as I mentioned." Jack watched Debbie decide, her eyes filling with tears as she looked down at her already tortured sister. Sue and Jack knew that this was one of the last things that the two girls held out as their own. Forcing them to do this would break one of their last connections to the real world.

Debbie slowly leaned over, her full mouth dropping down to her older sister's lips. For a moment she hesitated, and Jack could see her looking at her tortured sister's face. Gone was the innocent 18 year old. Now, two nose rings adorned her. Her sister's lips were nearly completely encircled by rings, giving them the look of a slinky, and removing the soft, supple texture they formerly had. Jack could already see Diane's lips parting slightly, in anticipation. She wanted her little sister to kiss her, to avoid the horrible punishment of being hooded and caned.

For a moment, Jack thought she might stop, but she lowered her face down and met her sister's lips. Despite his recent orgasm, Jack's cock went hard as he watched the two sisters kiss sensuously. He almost jumped in shock as Sue's latex clad hand reached around to stroke his cock, and he could feel her breasts pressed against his bare back. The kiss was perfect, a deep kiss with the two girls' tongues

intermingling, the white liquid of his own come coating both mouths.

The sensory deprivation tank was custom designed to remove any input to the occupant. As Jennifer floated inside, she could attest to its effectiveness. For the past two weeks she had been suspended in the tank, an array of tubes and lines connecting to her body, keeping her alive. After the first week, she was certain she was either dead or forgotten. Her life consisted of the constant aching in and around her body, the eternal pressure at her waist and breast, and the panic of both claustrophobia and agoraphobia at the same time. She was literally suspended in spread eagle, rubber straps from wrists, ankles, thighs, neck, head and waist providing just enough tension to hold her in place, but not so much that she could actually feel it. The liquid that surrounded her was a careful mix of salt and water, measured to offset the weight of her body and it's attachments, giving her neutral buoyancy. She couldn't see, nor had been able to see, much less hear, for the entire two weeks she had been trapped in this horrible limbo, but even she could detect the pressure of tight latex over her entire body. Pressure at her waist told her she wore some tight corset, and pressure on her head told her she was hooded. Beyond that, and the subtle feelings between her legs and down her throat, she had no senses.

From the outside, Jennifer resembled a horrible rubber doll. Floating neutrally in a spread eagle fashion, she was covered in several layers of black rubber, with catheter, vaginal and anal tubes disappearing at her crotch. Her new breast size continued to increase, as the size of her waist decreased through an automated lacing machine that kept the non-slip laces tight at all times. Her feet remained in a permanent ballet point, seemingly held there by nothing more than habit. Her face was hidden beneath rubber, all features invisible, only a series of tubes ending at a plate where the face should be. Even her hands were balled up, removing any evidence of fingers.

Kate stopped by once a day to check on her new slave, monitoring brainwaves, bodily functions and the like. Surprisingly, she found that she had to adjust the buoyancy controls slightly each day, something she had trouble explaining. She turned to the attendant.

"She should be reaching phase two of her mental conditioning. Increase the dose to

20cc's." The nurse nodded, acknowledging the command, unable to respond any other way due to the full coverage rubber nurses outfit she wore. "Another couple weeks and she should be reduced to a compliant submissive." Kate smiled the left the room. The nurse applied the settings adjustment, failing to notice the I.V. line where it was attached to Jennifer. The dose of calming medicine, designed to help the subject endure the extended time in deprivation, was simply pumped into the surrounding water, the line severed on installation. Jennifer had no idea something was wrong. All she knew was that her eternal nightmare continued, a torture far beyond any pain, as she floated in utter darkness for another eternity.

Jack moved on top of Sue with a slow, rhythmic motion that they both enjoyed. Kissing her, he followed her gaze to the monitor set near the bed, depicting their slaves' latest plight. For the past week, they had been placed in this setup each night. Diane, her arms still bound at wrist and elbow, with a tight layer of transparent latex over her body, was strapped face down on a platform. Her ankles were connected to chains that pulled them under her, keeping them straight while pushing her ass out. Her hair collected into a ponytail with a strap inserted in it, was pulled back harshly to a ring at the back of her eternal corset, holding her face upright. In front of her was another monitor. Its view showed what was just behind her, her sister. Tied on her feet, but in a severe strappado, her wrists and elbows bound together behind her then hauled up toward the ceiling. The result pushed her face forward to make contact with her older sister's ass. She could pull away, but an added incentive kept her close. A pole extended from behind, with a metal dildo on the end, which was buried deep in her own anus. Jack had set up a sharp electrical charge to activate if Debbie failed to maintain ground, namely contact with her sister. Adding to her distraction, the pole behind her was on a variable motor, pumping in and out of her own ass at varying speeds.

The rule was simple. A nightly EKG was connected to Diane. At the start of the night, both girls knew they would receive 50 cane lashes to their breasts in the morning, something both girls agreed was the most horrible pain thus far administered. The only way to avoid the pain was for Debbie to bring her sister to orgasm. Since Sue had not permitted any vaginal or clitoral stimulation for Diane since she arrived, the only thing Debbie could do was tongue her ass. Every orgasm by Diane removed 5 lashes from both their counts. But there was more. A vibrator had been attached to

Debbie's clit. When she was pulled away from Diane, the vibrator shut off. When she made contact with her sister, the vibrator turned on. The combination of the clit vibrator and her anal intrusion tended to bring her to orgasm quickly. For every orgasm she had, another 5 lashes would be added to her total.

It was a lose-lose scenario for Debbie. She knew she needed to tongue her older sister's ass as quickly and effectively as possible, considering that was the only stimulation that she could provide, hoping her sister would be aroused by the anal attention. But the longer she tongued her sister, the closer she came to orgasm. If she pulled away, the vibrator stopped, but the shock in her ass sent waves of pain through her body, forcing her back in contact. Over the first week, Debbie had managed to lower her sister's punishment to as low as five strokes, but in the process, maintained hers at 30 strokes. Even through the monitor, Jack could see the remnants of their failures over the previous week. Debbie's breasts, now measuring a nice 34EE, dangled below her body, a series of red stripes and welts crisscrossing her skin.

The monitor in front of Diane was Sue's idea. "Let's make her watch her own little sister tongue her ass," she has suggested. "It'll either turn her off and make Debbie's job even harder, or it'll start turning her on, which is good, too!" Jack couldn't disagree. After the first couple days, when Diane had received the full count across her already tortured breasts, and Debbie had received even more, Diane began to make a better effort to respond to her sister's touch. She quickly realized that she would have to find a way to orgasm simply by feeling her little sister's tongue penetrating her asshole, while Debbie learned how to use the length of her tongue as a small penis, pushing past her sister's sphincter and literally fucking her ass with her tongue. Either way, the show was good entertainment for Jack and Sue, and fun to make love to each night.

Jack and Sue enjoyed the cool breeze across their skin. Like many of their recent rides, they found that they simply loved sitting side by side, holding hands and watching the scenery. Jack still noted with pleasure the strangeness of the situation. Riding a pony cart was one thing, but having it pulled by a pony-girl was another. It hadn't taken long to train Diane to act as their horse. She responded to the reins well, even detecting the slight adjustments that Jack offered from time to time. He

often admired her sleek form. A week of constant rides had toned her body nicely, and given it a soft brown tan that suited her well. Jack had thought it would be more humiliating to have Diane naked as their horse, out in the middle of nature with nothing to hide her modified body. Sue had agreed, but both compromised in a few areas. First, her corset had remained intact. A week ago, the shop at the resort had delivered what would end up being Diane's final corset. Made of a combination of leather and steel, the form had no laces, but instead closed to the 17-inch waist that Diane had been trained to. With a series of rivets, the device became a permanent part of their slave's body. Of course the chastity belt remained as well, with a couple slight modifications to ensure that not even the belt itself could make contact with Diane's clit, even through the fury of a gallop. Both had wanted her to pull them in ballet shoes, which proved to be the most painful aspect for Diane. Finally, her head was completely hooded, blocking out all sight and sound, with her mouth left open for the bit. Using the rods set into her tongue, the long flange connected to the bit, like a tongue depressor, rested on top of her tongue, then was affixed to it, holding it rigid. A ring at the center of the bit connected directly to her nose ring, holding it in the center, while short chains from the ends connected down to her nipple rings. When Jack or Sue tugged on the reigns, the input was transmitted not only to her bit, but also to her tongue, septum and nipples.

Her arms had been folded up behind her, so that her wrists nearly met the back of her wide steel posture collar. A short chain held her arms up, while her hands had been balled up, rendering them useless. The result was that Jack had a clear shot to her breasts with the buggy whip. Even from directly behind her, her even larger breast size, now a 38GGG, looked like two slightly saggy beach balls. In truth the breasts were quite firm, just very very large.

The cart was connected to Diane via rings on the side of her corset, holding her firmly in place. Loops of leather circled the base of each breast like a noose, then reached up over her shoulders to connect to a bar behind her, keeping her body straight and upright. Diane looked amazing as a pony, and Jack secretly planned to keep her this way for some time. Behind them, trailing via a short piece of chain, was Debbie. Like a pack animal, she was being pulled behind the cart, if for no reason other than to provide her exercise. Unlike her sister, Debbie was fully covered in latex, reaching from her neck to her toes. Sweat rolled off of Debbie's

face from the prolonged exposure to the hot sun in the heavy latex. Sue had added two tight bands at the base of her breasts, forcing them to stretch the rubber even further as they became engorged from the lack of circulation. From time to time, Sue would reach back and slap her slave's tits with a cane, bringing new tears to the young girl's eyes. She could do little to resist, with her arms bound at wrist and elbow behind her. Above her seven-inch heels, which tortured her feet horribly, her ankles were encircled by cuffs. A chain led from one side, up between her legs, to the base of a dildo planted deep in her ass, held in place by a chastity belt. The dildo was electrical; if both feet remained down on the ground for more than two seconds, a harsh shock would course through the dildo. Jack had envisioned a larger carriage pulled by the sister team, and figured training the younger girl to high step like her sister was a wise start.

To add to her humiliation, Sue had decided to add a similar grommet and ring setup to Debbie's septum. The chain connecting her to the cart was attached to a large ring, tugging her along by the nose. Completing the picture was the huge gag in her mouth, held on by a wide leather strap that compressed her cheeks tightly.

After a good hour ride, Jack steered the cart to a rise, where he popped out a small picnic basket, quickly setting it out on the ground.

"It seems you had this all planned," Sue joked as she took a glass of wine and admired the late day light. Jack, too, took a moment, reveling in his newfound life. He watched Sue for a moment, admiring her beauty. As usual, she had chosen a purple latex dress, short and tight, that outlined her body perfectly. After a moment, he glanced over to the cart, watching Diane catch her breath from the last run up the hill. From the side, her long, lithe form was perfect, even with the huge breasts protruding from her chest. Her tiny waist contrasted nicely with her shapely, toned ass. Even her legs looked perfect as she stood carefully in her ballet shoes. Looking to the back of the cart, Jack chuckled as Debbie struggled to stay on a single foot, almost literally prancing from toes to toes, while simultaneously tossing her head to rid the flies. Her long hair flowed in the breeze, creating a look of a true pony.

"This is nice," Sue nearly whispered, nuzzling closer to Jack. He smiled, enjoying her, the world and his life.

“So, Sue, I was wondering,” Jack trailed off, fear clutching his heart for a moment. He watched her look up at him, warmth in her eyes that calmed him. “I was wondering if you would consider marrying me.” Sue’s eyes filled with tears and her expression changed. For a moment Jack was certain he had ruined everything. Then suddenly he was tackled to the ground, and Sue was kissing him frantically.

“I thought you would never ask!”

Part 8

The ride back to the cottage was a blur. Sue and Jack wanted to hurry, if anything to make love and make plans. Diane was ridden hard and Debbie struggled to keep up, but neither Sue nor Jack cared.

It was only as they rounded the last corner that they saw the van, and a familiar face standing beside it. Seeing Kate brought back the rest of the world.

“What about Jennifer,” Sue asked quietly, fearing the worst. Jack took a moment to consider it as he guided Diane toward the van. Searching his feelings, he had trouble finding that same love he used to have for her, the love that was replaced by Sue. He wondered what Jennifer would say, how she would react to the news that her six weeks in training by another woman had resulted in her loss of her own fiancée. He knew there was nothing he could do about it, other than face the music, but he was certain that it was over between he and Jennifer.

“Welcome back! Nice pony, you’ve got here,” Kate said, admiring Diane. “Good timing, I just pulled up.” Jack helped Sue off the cart then led her around to Kate.

“You know Sue, right? This is Kate?” Both of them acknowledged each other, shaking hands warmly.

“Well,” said Kate. “I don’t suppose I should keep you in suspense any longer. I have Jennifer for you. First of all, we’ve changed her name to Dolly, and I think you’ll see why in a moment.” Kate stepped into the back of the van, wheeling out a large crate. A lift gate lowered it to the ground and she and Jack walked it off the gate and onto the ground. “Let me remove a few of these screws, and then I’ll let you open it up.” After a few moments, Jack simply had the girls step back, and pushed the sides off.

All four fell away, raising a small cloud of dust, revealing the most amazing site. Mounted on a pole that clearly disappeared up the ass, was a rubber doll. Perfectly shiny, its form was shocking. A tiny waist, measuring a scant 16 inches contrasted with a massive breast size, which Kate later told him was a 42HHH, meaning her chest extended a full fourteen inches from her rib cage! The weight alone would make it difficult to walk.

“This is Jennifer,” Jack asked in amazement.

“It used to be Jennifer,” Kate responded. She’s now a true rubber doll. I used a few custom designs on her, including a new latex material that bonds with the skin, but still allows it to breath. Let me give you a run down.” Kate crouched down near the girl’s suspended feet. “I’ve surgically shortened her Achilles tendon so her feet will no longer flatten. Her toenails have been permanently removed, and her toes cuffed and capped with steel to provide support in her en pointe position. As you can see, there are no heels on these shoes. She will now and forever be walking on her toes. The shoes are a seamless part of the bonded suit, which has custom steel bands, set in at ankle, thigh, neck and waist. That will provide attachment points for you, though they are as much a part of her body now as the rubber. At the crotch, the latex coating extends inside her body, deep inside both her ass and her pussy. The result, like a real doll, is that she receives no stimulation from any penetration. We’ve also severed the nerves to her clit. She now has no actual way to orgasm. You can see we left two clit rings in place, for your enjoyment. Her waist is permanently held at 16 inches via a built in, steel lined body mold. Unlike a corset, this was poured to match her exact contour, then welded into place. You can hardly see it beneath her rubber skin. I’ve removed a rib on either side to help the shape as well.

“We’ve pierced her nipples three times, the large ring you see at the base of her nipple, the rod through the middle, and the ring at the end, sunk lengthwise down into her breast. All are permanent. The base of her breasts are slightly ringed to increase the sensitivity of her nipples. Her arms have been folded up behind her, much like my slave was, to remove any ability of using them. Against her neck is a type of posture collar as well, that is hardly noticeable, but allows only a slight movement, largely for oral gratification. This seamlessly connects with her hood, which as you can see, covers her head. We’ve had her hair permanently removed, as

well as her out ear structures, to provide a much more pleasing coverage of rubber.” Jack’s eyes rose to the huge inflatable gag pressed between rubberized lips, bulging the girl’s cheeks out severely.

“The inside of her mouth has been coated in rubber as well, all the way back to the feeding tube and retaining ring mounted at the top of her throat. Her vocal cords are blocked now, removing her ability to vocalize. She has breathing tubes mounted in her nostrils. I’ve removed her teeth and replaced them with these soft rubber pieces. They should feel amazing on your cock. Finally, for her mouth, I’ve mounted seven rubber grommets through her tongue.”

Kate finished by showing them the rubberized nostrils, and the ring mounted in the septum, along with the lack of ears. “Her hearing is actually cut off, but I have cochlear implants. Here’s the remote. You can shut off both her hearing and her sight with these. She has contacts that darken to black when shut off.”

Jack had avoided looking into Jennifer’s eyes, but now noted how black they were, and how unusual they looked without lashes or eyebrows. It wasn’t hard, as Jack thought about it, denying that this was his Jennifer. But as Jack gazed into the blackened eyes, they slowly resolved into the familiar blues of Jennifer, and almost immediately, tears began rolling down her rubberized cheeks.

“I’m sorry about that,” Kate said, blackening her contacts again. “I’m afraid there was one hiccup during the training.” Jack, still reeling from the dramatic modification of his former fiancée, barely heard her.

“What?”

“Well, the training should have included a severe behavior modification, that removed her will, and destroyed anything but the willingness to serve. Unfortunately, there was an error in the equipment and she failed to receive the medication that would have caused that.”

“What does that all mean,” Jack asked.

“Well, she’s very much aware of what has been done to her, and probably very much terrified. Usually, keeping someone in sensory deprivation for five weeks is very

damaging. Jennifer, or Dolly now, seems to have survived that part, but is still dealing with her extreme body modifications." Jack was shocked. He had no intention of doing anything like this to Jennifer, and immediately regretted ever coming here. Jennifer was so innocent, and though she had found that she was kinky too, never wanted to give her life away like this. Kate seemed to read his mind, but for different reasons.

"I'm sorry, Jack. I could take her back and subject her to the treatment, or you can just enjoy the fact that your Dolly is very unwilling. If anything, it should satisfy your sadistic side." Jack did suddenly become aware of his rock hard cock, responding to the situation much differently than his conscious mind. Sue moved to him, taking his hand and squeezing.

"Are you ok?" Jack looked down to her, and a flood of love and comfort washed over him. Kate handed him the remote, and both she and Sue moved away to give them privacy. After a moment of study, Jack pressed both buttons. Immediately, Jennifer's eyes cleared, and she began to cry.

"Can you hear me," Jack asked quietly. Jennifer's head nodded slightly, struggling against the collar. Jack looked back to Sue, wondering just what to say. "I know you've been through a nightmare and I'm sorry. I didn't think it would go to this extent. But you are now a rubber doll and we can't change that. Secretly, I had hoped to make you my slave after we left the resort, but not like this. The truth of the matter is that I've fallen in love with Sue, and we're getting married." Tears streamed anew from Jennifer's eyes, and a low moan escaped from her gagged mouth. Her body quaked on the dildo pole, her wain struggles barely noticeable. "I guess I'll keep you around. It's the least I can do."

Jack motioned to the girls, who approached cautiously. "Let's get her inside," Jack said with a smile, ignoring the tears still streaming down his former fiancée's face. Kate lowered the dildo pole until the pointed feet touched the ground. Producing a leash, Jack attached it to the nose ring and tugged.

"Come along, Dolly," he said as he took Sue's hand and walked into the cottage.

Epilogue

Sue lay out naked on the deck of the cottage, enjoying the sun. From time to time she lifted her left hand to admire the wedding ring on her finger. It had only been two days, but she was still blissfully happy. The special lounge chair Jack had given her made the afternoon even better. In front of her, Dolly's rubber head was pressed deep against Sue's clit as it had been for three hours now. Beneath her, Debbie's mouth was pressed tight against her sphincter as she licked and tongued her ass as well. Between the two of them, Sue had orgasmed five times, and was slowly building to another.

Sue looked down to Dolly, watching her eyes as she glanced back up to Sue. Sue loved to keep her eyes and ears on, just to have fun tormenting the girl.

"Wasn't it nice of Jack to give you to me as a wedding present? I guess fucking his former fiancée turned rubber doll just wasn't much fun for him. I, on the other hand, love your tongue on my pussy. But you know what? I'm tired of you hearing everything I say, and watching me. So say goodbye to sight and sound, my little Jennifer. I'm going to shut them both off, then destroy this remote. But before I do, I want to let you in on a little secret. I know you both were just unlucky tourists to our resort. I know you never had any interests in being this kind of slave, and I could easily have you released by just telling someone. But I won't. So keep that tongue going."

Sue reached for the remote just as Jack walked out.

"Are you enjoying your wedding present, my love?" Sue glanced down to Jennifer, watching her suffer at her former fiancée's affection for Sue.

"I am, but I think we should sell her. I've got a buyer in Russia that needs someone to torture." Sue hit the buttons, watching Jennifer's eyes go dark. The sound faded away slower, she knew, and added a final comment. "I'm so glad you dumped her and married me," Sue said.

And as Jennifer's hearing faded permanently, she heard Jack's reply. "So am I."

The End