

# The Stage

Category: Text Stories

written by Sir Valk | August 2, 2002



## By Thndrshark

*I was contacted by a young lady who asked me to write her a story that dealt with her fantasies about forced enemas and bondage. I wrote this for her, but after sending it along, she never contacted me again. Thanks a lot! Anyway, I love the story and hope you do, too.*

Corri tried to shift in her bondage but found little room to flex. She had been kneeling on the stone floor of her cell for two days now, unable to move at all. Her arms, bound behind her until her elbows touched and wrists were tight together, could no longer help her struggle. The wide collar around her throat had been connected to an old, heavy ring in the floor by a piece of strong chain. Her ankles had been strapped to her thighs to prevent her from standing. She could not even cry out with the large ball gag filling her mouth. The only food she had had in the last two days was the cum the owner, Mr. Tyrle forced down her throat as he made her suck him off repeatedly. Corri still had no idea what she was doing here or what had happened.

“Come in, Corri,” Mr. Tyrle offered as he held the door open for her.

“The ad said you are looking for floor talent. Is that much like a waitress,” she asked as she took a seat at the empty bar. The club, housed in an industrial area, was

empty this early in the morning. New to town, Corri hadn't heard of it, but she needed the job and wasn't being particular. As Mr. Tyrle handed her the application, Corri shifted her legs more suggestively. Though she abhorred using her body to gain favor, she wanted this position regardless of what it entailed. This was her fifth interview and, despite her experience when in Missouri, there seemed to be no immediate positions available. Mr. Tyrle had convinced Corri that he was definitely hiring and would love to meet her.

The form was typical until it got to the bottom. She reluctantly filled in her measurements. She was proud of her good body and her 34C breasts. With her blonde hair and dark eyes, she knew she would not have trouble in life. She was determined to use those attributes now to get this job. Maybe it's for a uniform, she thought as she moved to the next section. Even more unusual where the questions about her personal life. She had no family in town nor any friends yet, making the section simple to complete. She brushed off the strange questions and turned her best smile to Mr. Tyrle.\

"What can I do to convince you that I'm the right girl, Mr. Tyrle?" As soon as she said it, Corri regretted it. She didn't want to have sex with him but that's how it came out. Regardless of her beautiful smile and beautiful body, she was somewhat of a prude and proud of it. She sat nervously as he looked over the application, ignoring her strange offer. Finally, he looked up and smiled.

"Can I offer you a drink? Coffee?" He jumped over the counter and began pouring two cups. Corri took the moment to glance around the club. It was quite unremarkable, with a low stage dominating the center of the main room. Tables seem to cover the floor, leaving no room for dancing. As she turned back, her cup of coffee sat before her. To be polite, she sipped it as Mr. Tyrle made small talk about Los Angeles. It only took a moment before Corri began to feel dizzy. Mr. Tyrle was there to catch her as she fainted and slumped to the floor.

After the long period in darkness, the stream of light that poured in as the door was opened caused Corri to squint. Hands grabbed her roughly, unhooked her collar chain and unstrapped her legs, leading her out of the room. Corri, afraid and disoriented, could hear a large crowd nearby as she was led down the hall and into a

large room filled with stage pieces and props. A temporary shower was turned on and Corri was pushed underneath the cool water. Hands scrubbed her body as others untied her arms. She was carefully washed, then dried with large towels. Corri took the moment to look around her, wondering what was going on. The harsh overhead lights back stage prevented her from seeing to the distance; she could only see the people immediately around her. Two girls dried her, the jingle of chains drawing Corri's attention down. She could see the girls had cuffs and heavy chains holding their ankles and wrists close. Wide collars were locked around their necks. Before Corri could react, she was led out of the shower area. Her wrists were raised above her head as wrist cuffs were strapped on her. A matching set of ankle cuffs connected to rings in the floor held her legs apart. The two girls quickly and expertly shaved her pussy clean then turned their attention to the rest of her body. By the time they were finished, she was clean shaven below her neck. Already trimmed somewhat, the cool air on her bare clit felt strange. Released from her standing bondage, wider, tighter cuffs were attached to her ankles and her arms were retied behind her. Once her wrists were bound and the strap around her elbows had pulled her lower arms together, she could feel a new strap circling her arms just above the elbows. The strap was pulled tight, forcing her shoulders back even farther, pushing her breasts out as her back was forced straight. The ball gag was rechecked and the collar removed as she was led out through the curtains.

The stage was lit with bright lights but Corri could still see the huge crowd of people amassed before her. She tried to stop and turn, embarrassed to be seen naked and bound like this in front of others, but firm hands pushed her forward. She could make out a simple contraption at the end of the stage. A three foot tall pole stuck out from center stage. At its top, a half ring of wide leather with attached end straps stood empty. Split wide and slightly further down stage where two tall poles joined at the top by a crossbeam. The poles, separated by six feet, held two cables with clips at the ends, with the other ends joining at a small winch. Corri was led to a position between the poles and forced to kneel. She was ashamed at this public exposure, hanging her head in shame. All hands left her then and she could sense the crowd hush as a man approached her. Mr. Tyrle rested his hand on her blonde hair, stroking it as he spoke.

"Ladies and gentlemen. I bring you a new act tonight. This is Corri. She has been

captured for your pleasure and we will train her as a slave tonight. The goal, as you all know, is to break her will on stage.” The crowd roared in excitement at this concept as a chill ran through Corri’s bound body. Panic set in as she listened to Mr. Tyrle. “We have a new dominatrix tonight, who uses some unusual techniques to break her slaves. I think you should all enjoy her, as well as the participation she will ask of you.”

The crowd applauded as Mr. Tyrle left the stage. Corri could just turn to see a tall woman approach from backstage. She was a blonde beauty, at least 6 foot tall, covered in tight latex. She walked over to Corri and leaned to whisper in her ear.

“At the end of this evening, you will be a willing slave,” she said softly. “Don’t do me any favors and give up early. Because I won’t let up. I will continue until I feel you have endured enough pain and humiliation.” With that she snapped her fingers and two of her slave girls ran out. Unlike the simply chained girls who had washed Corri, these had obviously been through much more. Both girls walked on stage wearing ballet point shoes strapped to their feet. Both had been pierced multiple times and branded just above their assholes. Corri shuddered to think what other tortures they had endured and that she was just about to endure.

Corri’s ball gag was pulled out and replaced with a head harness of straps that laced tightly around her head. The gag forced between her teeth was an O gag, holding her mouth open. She was turned to sit just in front of the small rod and forced to bend over until her neck rested in the leather cradle. The straps where attached in back of her neck and pulled until the new collar held her tight. She could only feel as the cables where attached to her ankle cuffs and the winch turned, lifting her legs into the air. The crank turned until she was pulled painfully taut. Her body was now at a 45 degree angle, her ankles lifted high and wide in the air. Her newly shaven pussy and ass where displayed toward the audience. Corri was helpless. Her neck was held tight to the pole by the collar, her arms bound mercilessly behind her. She was exposed completely to the audience. Even her large breasts dangled beneath her, available to the mistress.

“Ladies and gentleman,” the mistress said, addressing the audience. “This evening, I will train Corri as my new toilet slave.” Corri was unsure what this meant, but she

was sure it couldn't be good. "Thank you for your assistance throughout the evening. Your deposits will prove to be a most helpful tool." Corri watched as the two slaves rolled over a covered cart. The towel was removed to show a clear glass container of greenish yellow liquid. Corri knew that it was urine from the patrons of the club.

"First, I will start with some torment to bring Corri around." The mistress brought a riding crop up hard on Corri's clit. The O ring could not stop the scream that escaped her mouth as Corri yelled from the pain. She was unable to escape the torment as another and another stroke landed on her pussy. The crowd began to cheer with each scream of pain the whip stroke brought out. After a few moments, as Corri began hardening to the pain of the crop, the mistress switched to a rubber stranded whip. Now, rather than focusing only on the upward strokes destined for Corri's pussy, the whip was now brought up and down, alternately punishing her clit and her asshole. The new pain brought Corri back to life and the crowd began clapping with the strokes. The torment continued for twenty minutes as the mistress varied her stroke between her clit, pussy and asshole, pausing every five minutes to tighten the winch, removing any motion from Corri's body. Once finished, the mistress ordered one of her slave girls to lick Corri's tortured crotch. The girl's tongue began arousing Corri despite her recent punishment and new sounds, now soft moans, began escaping her.

As her slave pleased Corri, the mistress selected two rubber straps and knelt down beneath her. A loop was slipped around the base of Corri's dangling breasts and, without preamble, was yanked tight. The sudden pressure caused Corri to break from the feelings of pleasure and refocus on her chest. The strap was pulled so tight that the base of her breast was only four inches in diameter. The greater portion was bulging out in a ball of tight skin, slowly turning red from the limited circulation. Quickly, the other breast was similarly bound, leaving two tight red orbs dangling beneath her body. Slowly the pain built. The whistle of an object through the air gave little warning as the mistress brought a bamboo cane up hard onto her bound breasts. Corri bucked and screamed in agony as another stroke landed across her nipples. The pain was excruciating as her punished breasts, increasingly sensitive from their bondage, were marked with the heavy marks of the bamboo. After a short time the whipping stopped while the mistress applied sharp nipple clamps to Corri's abused nipples. The sharp teeth felt as if they were cutting off her

nipples as the chain that held them together was weighted down with small pieces of lead. Corri could not stand the intense pain as the mistress resumed her canning, lacing careful welts across her purple breasts.

Close to fainting, Corri could sense that the punishment was finished for now and she tried to regain her senses. Her breasts, still bound and stretched by the heavy lead weights, were ebbing from the marks the cane had left behind. Her attention was refocused as one of the slave girls attached a strap to a ring at the top of her head harness and, threading it through her elbow strap, yanked back hard, forcing Corri's head to tilt up severely. As the strap was tied off, Corri could not push her head forward at all. She was now forced to look straight forward. She could feel a new pressure around her ass. The mistress lubricated a special butt plug then forced it deep into Corri's ass. Corri gasped in pain. She had never had anything placed there and the shock and embarrassment brought tears to her eyes. She could feel as the mistress adjusted something on the outside base and the ring just inside her anus grew seemingly sharp extensions, holding the plug inside her despite any efforts to force it out. The plug had a small valve control and a connection for a tube. The slave girls rolled the large vat of urine between Corri's legs. A hose connected to the base of the container was attached to the butt plug and the container raised high. The patrons' urine began filling up Corri. The enema was large, the three gallons of urine completely forced inside. Corri's eyes began watering as her distended stomach brought a new pain to her. A squeeze pump allowed the mistress to force the last few ounces into her victim and the small valve was closed to hold it in.

Corri was having difficulty staying conscious from the pain of the obscene enema. Part of her wanted to vomit from the concept of having the waste of so many strangers forced inside her, but she knew she would gain no sympathy from the mistress.

A slave girl returned to Corri's head harness and attached a new device. The gag fit precisely into the O ring, feeding a wide tube into her mouth and positioning it toward the throat. The wide end held her tongue to the base of her mouth while helping to hold her mouth wide. Wide rubber straps held the contraption in place.

“Ladies and gentlemen. Now we will commence the final test of our newest slave girl.” Corri could feel something being hooked to the butt plug then fed underneath her. She saw the slave girl attaching a tube to the new gag in front of her. She had little interest in this new torment as the pain from the forced enema was a suitable distraction. She could feel the mistress lean in to her.

“Corri, even if I haven’t broken you yet, I will. You will never escape me for the rest of your life. I will train you to service my every need, and any other person as well. Welcome to slavery.” The words cut deep into Corri’s soul. She knew in her heart she would never be released, and would serve this woman, or anybody she was sold to, forever. But she still wanted to resist, hoping it was all a nightmare.

“I will now release the valve,” the mistress said to the crowd. “Corri must hold her bowels to prevent your enema from entering her mouth. We will, of course, encourage her to forget her self control.”

Corri nearly panicked and lost that control as her new mistress made the announcement. She was in such pain from the pressure inside of her. She was sure she could not stem the tide of the urine she held in her bowels. She felt her mistress twist the valve on the butt plug and she quickly clenched down on her anus to hold the flow. It took all her effort and, with little practice at it, prevented all but a slight trickle to escape. The clear hose revealed a couple cups of yellow liquid slipping out of her ass, running down the hose and to the gag. The audience cheered as the urine disappeared into Corri’s mouth.

Corri nearly choked as the urine entered her gag. The gag was designed to filter the liquid around her mouth before she was forced to swallow it. Her gag reflex clamped her throat tight but the two cups alone were enough to fill her cheeks before forcing the vile fluid down her throat. She knew better than to inhale, knowing that if she were to drown in the enema the crowd would only cheer louder. Corri fought the urge to throw-up and swallowed the urine. The thought of drinking not only enema water but the piss of a crowd of strangers brought new feelings of defeat. Corri slumped in her bonds in near collapse. Unfortunately, her slight distraction allowed even more urine to escape her ass before she frantically forced herself to clamp it off. Again she let the fluid fill her mouth before forcing herself to swallow.

She would not allow herself to relax again.

Without warning, the mistress began laying heavy stripes from a hard leather whip across Corri's bound arms and back. The shock of the strokes caused Corri to nearly lose control, but she had learned her lesson and steeled herself for the onslaught. She was determined not to give in to this woman and the sadistic audience around her. After 100 strokes, the mistress switched whips to a 9 stranded rubber whip with knots in the end and refocused her attention on Corri's bound and punished breasts. She had almost forgotten about her breast bondage, but the first stroke of the horrible whip brought the pain back. Her breasts, already purple from the tight rubber strap around their bases, seemed to be splitting as the knots struck the taught skin. The nipple clamps held tight despite the strokes, swinging the lead wide hard beneath her and pulling the teeth tighter. Suddenly, a hard lash on her pussy caused her to jump. One of the slaves was now bringing a thin, flat leather paddle up from below, striking Corri's clit so hard the force lifted her body. The pain from both whips was so intense, Corri began losing consciousness. Her throat, raw from screaming behind the tube gag, only squeaked now as each blow sent a new ribbon of pain through her body. Tears now streamed down her cheeks freely. The third slave had brought out a tray of tools and quickly raised a tool up to Corri's nose. She could only watch as the small teeth fit into her nostrils and clamped down on her septum. With a quick squeeze, Corri could feel the tool cut a hole through her nose. The pain was excruciating. The slave removed the tool and slipped a heavy nose ring through the hole. As the two ends where joined, she took a hot soldering iron and permanently merged the two pieces of metal. As the ring was made a permanent fixture of Corri's face, a side effect began creeping up the ring. The heat from the soldering iron began overheating the metal. As the intense heat reached her septum, it cauterized the new wound. Corri howled as her flesh was burned by the hot metal and the crowd cheered. The tube was gushing with the enema fluid, coursing quickly from her ass into her mouth. Corri fought away the pain and swallowed quickly, unable to turn back the tide of her release. Finally managing to stop the flow, she drank the rest of the liquid, nearly choking as she discovered a few solid pieces, no doubt her own feces mixed amongst the urine.

It took only two piercings of her tortured nipples and a brand new clit ring before Corri had emptied her enema into her own stomach. The crowd, ecstatic from the

show, gave the mistress a standing ovation. Corri, still bound tight in place, had passed out finally from the pain. The slaves removed the butt plug then unlashed her ankles and removed the neck collar, pulling the unconscious body up and to her knees at the feet of her new owner. Slowly, Corri regained consciousness. But something had changed on her face. A sense of defeat now covered her once proud features. Her head, slumped forward, gave away the mistress's success. As the crowd continued to cheer, the mistress attached a leash to Corri's new nose ring and led her off stage to her fate.

**The End**