

# The Training

Category: Text Stories

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*I wrote this on a whim, trying to express how helpless this girl could feel as she went through the training process. I don't think it went anywhere and remained somewhat unfinished.*

It took Lauren a few minutes to wake up. The room she was in was dark, save for a slice of light that crept under the dark shape of a door. As she sat up, she could hear the jingle of something and a tug at her neck. She tried to reach up to find out what the resistance was, but found she could not move her arms. Like a cut that only hurts when you notice it, she could now feel the dull ache in her shoulders. The straps that encircled her wrists and her upper arms forced her elbows to touch and immobilized her arms behind her. As her eyes adjusted to the dim light, she could see that she was naked, a heavy chain leading from a strong ring set in the stone floor to her neck. Lauren didn't have to touch to know that a steel collar encircled her throat, the chain dragging heavily on it.

Lauren quickly thought back to her last memories. She had been picked up at a bar by a handsome stranger. She was lonely, being new to the town and with no job yet, and she needed the company. She had always had trouble finding men to date. Not due to her looks. She was only 22 and her five foot nine frame and 125 pounds

seemed to be a package that men liked. Topped off with large breasts and a thin waist, Lauren was most men's dream. Unfortunately, she was shy and her fear of a let down usually overrode everything else. But Mike was nice, friendly though a bit on the edge, something that Lauren liked about him. A late night out then a drink at his place. She remembered feeling strange as she sipped the wine he had given her. He had started asking some odd questions that she answered without realizing what she was saying. Then she passed out and woke up here. As she craned around to see the room, nothing that she saw gave her comfort. Though the room was small, she could see it had occupied others like her in the past. Remnants of women's underwear lay in tattered heaps around the room. Other chains dangled from the walls, steel cuffs open at the end. Sliding her body up fully, she could now see the ankle cuffs that were locked onto her, a short piece of chain connecting them. If the ankle cuffs were anything like the collar, she knew she wouldn't escape easily. It was only then that the gag in her mouth became evident. A large leather ball was forced between her jaws, a strap holding it in place. She felt helpless and alone, terrified of what might come next.

After what seemed like hours, the door creaked open, blinding Lauren with the light from the hall. A dark shape with Mike's voice spoke. "I'm glad to see you awake, Lauren." He stepped into the room, unlocked her chain from the floor and gave a cruel yank, "It's time for your training to begin."

Lauren tried to struggle but she was weak and Mike gave no ground as he pulled her behind him. "Before we start, I thought you might like a tour. You see, Lauren, you are in a very unique place. We use these facilities to train young women for a life of bondage, torture and sex." Lauren's heart stopped at those words, freezing in fear, in disbelief. But Mike continued to walk and Lauren was forced to stumble along behind. "You see, we find young girls like you, with no background or connections, and we teach them to pleasure men and women, then we sell you. The last girls we sold went to a wealthy land owner in South America. I believe he needed some pack horses!" Mike laughed at Lauren's reaction then yanked at her chain leash and continued on.

The first room they pushed into was a high ceiling, stone room with a skylight in the middle. As Mike grasped Lauren and pushed her into the room, she could see the

object of the room's attention. A young girl was stretched in the air. Her arms and legs spread wide by chains, her toes unable to reach the floor. The cranks that pulled her wide were still turning, though her body seemed to be at its limit. She began screaming as the slack was completely removed from the chains, her body stretched. Lauren tried to turn away, but Mike grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled her forcefully to the floor, forcing her to kneel at his feet. Grasping her chin, he forced her to watch the torture. Two men positioned themselves in front and behind the woman and began to whip her with long, viscous bull whips. Instantly, the girl found additional slack in her chains as she tried to avoid the lashes. "This woman was unruly to her master. After today she will do anything to please." Though she struggled, the men were accurate and soon her body was covered with bloody welts. "It's unfortunate we had to mark her body this way. Those scars will take awhile to heal." Though she seemed unconscious, the men continued as Mike pulled Lauren out of the room by her hair.

"This next room is where we teach the younger girls about sex." Lauren gasped again as she saw a row of 10 girls, maybe 18 years old, stretched on their backs on small table like contraptions. Straps held their bodies and arms on the tables while their heads and asses hung off. Straps circled their foreheads and lashed their heads back, providing their mouths as targets. Their legs were shackled and stretched wide to provide the best access to their ass and pussies. All had machines attached to them, large dildos penetrated their pussies, asses and mouths while motors pumped the dildoes in and out. Caretakers watched to make sure that lubrication was provided, or to replace a smaller dildo with a larger size. Every once in a while a caretaker would replace a machine, pumping, for example, a young girl's mouth until they came, only to have the machine replaced.

The next few rooms both shocked and revolted Lauren. Images of young girls being pierced, whipped, branded and bound filled her mind. Finally, Mike brought her to a small viewing room, looking into a mirrored wall. After she was seated and chained in place, Mike dimmed the lights and the mirror became a window into another room. The room was medium in size but with high ceilings. The walls were covered with all manner of bondage and torture equipment. From whips to needles, the tools only heightened the tension in the room. Again a skylight in the center of the ceiling highlighted a young girl. She had long blond hair, tied into a ponytail, and a soft

complexion marred only by the stain of tears. She was on her knees, a short chain reaching from her steel collar to a ring in front of her. Another length of chain stretched from the distant ceiling and connected to her nose ring. The chain was pulled taught, forcing the girl into a semi-kneeling, semi-upright position. Her arms had been bound severely behind her back. Her wrists were locked directly to the back of the collar while a metal band of steel was winched tight over her elbows, forcing them together. She was naked, except for the viscous rings that decorated her nipples and clit. She had been trained to keep her legs apart, regardless of the tension this created on her nose ring, and Lauren could see her pussy was shaven clean. Her feet were covered with stringent ballet boots, laced and locked onto her calves. Rather than the typical snub nose, these shoes forced her toes into a sharp point, equal to the heel. Lauren could only imagine the pain walking in these shoes could cause. As if reading her mind, Mike leaned in close, "This is the first time she has been able to sit since wearing those shoes. I think after two months in them she's probably use to them." Mike chuckled, "I think we'll fit you with them next."

Tears began rolling down Lauren's cheeks as she thought of her fate. Her thoughts were disturbed by a door in the room opening. The young girl tried to crane her head to see who entered, but her septum would not flex. Lauren could see the two people as they walked around their victim. The man was dressed in a leather harness with his huge penis sticking out. The woman, a tall, beautiful redhead wore six inch heels and a leather bikini, and trailed a long cat-o-nine tails whip behind her. The man stepped to the young girl and pressed his penis against her lips. As she tried to take him in, the woman stepped to the winch that controlled the chain to her nose ring. The girl could hear the winch turn as the chain was pulled into the air, yanking cruelly on her nose ring. The result was to pull open the girl's mouth even more. The man waited until her mouth was wide enough then let lose a stream of urine. The girl gasped but knew the punishment she was faced with, and quickly swallowed every drop. Once the man was through, the woman hit the quick release on the winch and dropped the girl to the ground.

After a quick reset, the girl was forced to her feet, teetering on the torturous shoes, while the ceiling chain was connected to the steel band around her elbows. A wide spreader bar held the girl's legs far apart while her ankles were connected to the floor by short pieces of chain. As the winch started pulling, the girl was forced to

bend over. Once again a chain was connected to her collar, pulling her torso into a horizontal position with the floor. The winch continued, however, and soon the girl was screaming in pain as her arms were pulled away from her body. Just stopping short of dislocating her shoulders, the woman admired the girl's arms as they nearly pointed at the ceiling. Even from the viewing room, Lauren could see that every muscle in the girl's body was taught and in pain. Mike leaned in, "This is our pleasure chamber, in case you're wondering. Even you will end up here soon."

Lauren continued to watch as the girl was whipped mercilessly, then fucked in all her holes. As the man was coming in her mouth, the woman took thin wire and wrapped the girl's breasts until they were purple. She hung weights from the nipple rings then produced a set of long, skewer-like, needles. The girl lost consciousness as the last of six needles penetrated her breasts.

The man and woman collected their clothing and left the room as the young girl dangled from her tortured arms. After a few minutes, two men entered and changed the girl's position once again. Her arms were lowered and the ceiling chain disconnected, then reconnected to her nose ring. The winch reversed its direction and hauled the girl upright. She tried to stand quickly to alleviate the pain to her nose, but the winch was fast and she had difficulty maintaining balance on her ballet shoes. Once her body was taught again, the men removed the needles and wire from her breasts, slapping and rubbing them as they regained shape. One man slipped a thick nozzle into her ass and connected it to a large pump. The forced enema filled the girl quickly and the hose was replaced with a large, black butt plug. A hose washed down her body and her mouth was examined for any damage. There was some discussion if the girl had eaten. Once notes were checked, it was noted that she had both drunk urine and cum during the last session. There was some argument if this was enough but this was quickly remedied. The butt plug was removed and the girl's enema poured into a waiting bucket. Pouring the fluid into another canister, a hose was fixed to one end, then hoisted over the girl's head. The other end of the hose was fed into her mouth and the spigot turned. The girl was shocked as her own enema fluids poured into her mouth, but she was well trained and swallowed it quickly. Once finished, the men lowered her to the floor, removed the spreader bar, connected the floor chain to her collar and re-attached the ceiling chain to the girl's nose ring. Cranking the winch, they returned her to her original

position. As the men left, Lauren focused on the girl's face. New tears rolled down her face as she awaited her next customer.

"You see, Lauren. She's been in this room for four months. That's all she does." Mike grabbed Lauren's chin, "The only rule is no damage that won't heal in less than three months. Those new holes in her breasts will be gone in a week. Trust me." Lauren began to struggle, tears rolling down her cheeks as she watched the window return to a mirror. Mike laughed and unchained her from the chair, yanking her to her feet and out the door.

Three months had passed since she had met Mike in the bar. At first she struggled against her captors, but soon realized they could cause far greater pain than she could imagine. Lauren's nipples, nose and clit had been pierced quickly, and she knew how each of those rings could be used to cause her great pain. Mysteriously, her tongue had been pierced in an unusual way, but had yet to be put to use. She estimated that the ranch, as she thought of it, had 50 or so girls at any one time. Auctions were held every two months which kept the business brisk. Though Lauren had given in to her fate for now, she was still spirited, as Mike had put it, which in the end had earned her the role she trained for now.

She had trouble feeling her own skin anymore. The latex that covered her entire body seemed almost permanent. She could have sworn that she could never wear this rubber skin for long, but she quickly discovered that this latex was different. Unlike typical rubber, this mixture could breath, meaning she might be wearing this new, glossy skin forever. It took only a week to train her arms to match the position she had seen the young, tortured girl in the room have. She still knew she had arms from the pain she felt in her shoulders daily. But she had not used them for nearly the entire three months. Her hair had been shaven the second week at the ranch, a cool cream spread over her bare scalp would prevent her hair regrowing for some time. First she had been forced to put on long latex leggings that reached to her crotch. The rubber was so tight and firm against her skin. This was followed by latex shoulder length gloves. A rubber hood was stretched tightly over her head, leaving room, only barely, for her eyes and mouth, with small holes matching her nostrils. A bonding agent was used at these holes to bond the latex to her skin as well as extend the latex to the absolute edge. The rubber around her eyes, for instance, had been

extended across her eyelids. Only her actual eye and her lashes were left uncovered. Her mouth as well was sealed to the hood, extending to the edge of her lips. The nose holes were turned in and bonded to the inside of her nostrils. Finally a latex bodysuit was stretched over her, until it fit over the remainder of her exposed skin. The only exposed area was her pussy and asshole. Her nipple rings had been removed then re-pierced through the latex. The arms and upper legs matched perfectly with the leggings and gloves, and these were sealed to each other as well. Metal sheaths were fitted over her hands; small steel bands holding her fingers rigid to the surface. Forcing her hands together in the middle of her back, the two sheaths were bolted together, removing any movement from her hands. Her neck was encircled by a custom collar, fitting snugly around the latex covering. A small cable extended through a ring in the back of the neck and connected to the metal sheath. A mini winch was used to tighten the cable, pulling Lauren's hands high between her shoulder blades. Though she cried at the new found pain, the winch continued until her hands were touching the back of her collar, where the cable was permanently tied off. A similar winch pulled a steel band around her elbows, forcing her upper arms together as well. Lauren's shoulders were forced back and her breasts forward as the torturous band was pulled to meet. A bolt held it in place.

The latex between Lauren's legs had been molded to slip into her vagina and ass. Thick rings slipped just inside these openings, holding her asshole and pussy open wide. She would find later that various implements could fill her through these holes, but for starters large dildoes were forced into the openings then clicked into place on the outer rings. Her clit ring was re-pierced through the rubber, the latex around it molding perfectly to her pussy lips. Mike produced a small rubber corset and began lacing it in place. With some time and some help, he was able to make the back meet, crushing Lauren's waist into a wasp like look. She could barely breath and staggered from the effort.

As her bit harness was attached, Lauren quickly found out the use for her unique tongue piercings. Rather than rings, her tongue had been pierced with a row of rivet like brads, small holes encircled by steel place holders. The bit she now wore utilized these. A slender steel piece, much like a tongue depressor, attached to the bit and extended deep into her mouth. Small rivets were put through the holes in this piece and through her tongue. Once in place, she was unable to use her tongue

at all. As the small tool used to close the rivets finished its job, Lauren began to panic. She was unable to speak or use her tongue in any way, and she knew that the rivets were somewhat permanent. Mike laughed as she struggled. "Don't worry, Lauren. Those rivets will only last for about three years." Tears rolled as the last straps were locked into place and the bit became permanent.

Assuming this was the worst, Lauren was shocked to see Mike walk up with a pair of the severe ballet point shoes. She tried to step a way but was held by two men. The shoes were forced on her feet and cinched into place. Lauren tried to scream as she stepped on the needle thin toe for the first time. As she tried to rest on the heel, she could feel a needle like protrusion sticking up into her foot, pushing her immediately back on her toes. As she struggled to find balance, she could not see that she now was prancing like a horse, stepping back and forth on each foot, then tossing her head against the steel now attached to her mouth. Mike laughed at Lauren's predicament as the final short chains were connected from her nipple rings to the steel bit. She quickly learned that tossing her head could cause untold pain to her tortured nipples. Mike grabbed her leash and led her off to the stables.

It took a month for Lauren to learn the skill of pulling a carriage. The harness time and the motivation of a bull whip against her back forced her to learn fast. Soon she was pulling large weights alone, scrambling on her toe shoes to find footing as her mistress or master sat with the reins and laid stripes of pain across her skin. She hadn't been allowed to sit or lay down the entire time. Her nights existed of standing in a small stall, her nipple chains connected to a chain dangling from the ceiling. She had slipped into sleep once early on, until the fire in her nipples woke her with a scream. Her toes had been forced into the pointed end of the ballet shoes for months and she had become expert at walking on them. The corset had been replaced regularly until her waist looked like an actual hourglass.

After a few months, when Lauren was listless and uncooperative, Mike would reappear to take Lauren for another visit into the training area. Rather than subjecting her to another punishment, she soon learned a much more valuable motivation. The mirrored wall stood before her as Mike attached her nipple rings to a chain dangling from the ceiling. Once again he dimmed the lights and Lauren gasped at the sight. The same young girl sat on the floor, her nose ring stretched

taught to the ceiling. "We thought we might keep this one around for you, Lauren. She seemed such a good motivation the first time." The girl seemed unchanged except for the healing remnants of more punishment in the recent past. She could see the toe shoes still attached to her feet. With a glance at her own feet she now had a much deeper appreciation of the torture she was enduring. She could just catch sight of her own feet as she balanced on her punished toes. Mike could see the fear and pain in her eyes. His whisper simply increased her terror.

"In two years, once you are through with pony training, we've reserved this room for you. We've decided to make you a permanent attraction." His laugh brought new tears from her eyes as she watched her future. The door inside the room opened, revealing a group of five large men, their hard cocks glistening in the light, brandishing their whips as they approached the young girl. Lauren could only watch as the torture began, and her future became clear.

**The End**