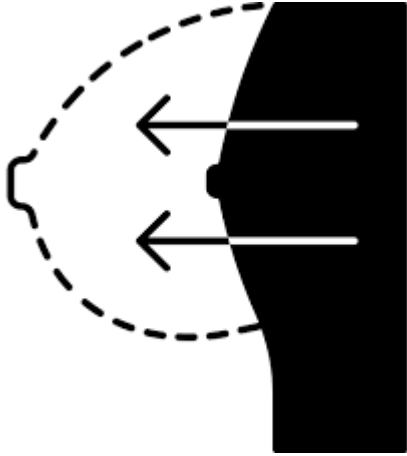


Transformed

Category: Text Stories

written by Sir Valk | December 31, 2010



By Thndrshark

For E.

Pet stayed bent over as she was trained while Steven pressed the stainless steel butt plug back up her ass, holding his cum inside of her. He pressed firmly but slowly as Pet squirmed slightly from the pressure, but did not move perceptibly, knowing that she was expected to simply endure. A butt plug was a familiar and constant invasion she had worn for nearly two years, as her Owner expected. Other than the still sensitive issue of pressing the thick plug section past her sphincter, she barely felt the plug itself when she wore it. As he seated it, he twisted it until it locked in to position on her chastity belt.

Once done, with her anus filled with the steel, the round base pressed firmly against her skin, she sat back on her knees, holding the proper position as he stroked her hair. She expected that she would soon be placed in her cage in the basement for the night, as she usually was, or if she were lucky, led to the bedroom where she would be chained on the floor beside the bed. Instead, her Master took a seat on a stool in front of her and pushed her head to rest on his leg.

It had been two years since Steven and Pet had begun to date, and nearly the same

amount of time since he had offered her an answer to her dream, a two-year unlimited slave contract. For years she had sought an Owner who understood her desire to serve as a real slave. Boyfriend after boyfriend had disappointed her.

Despite starting well, many of them did not have the resources to keep a real slave, and most of them would, after some time, fall in love with her. Though she wasn't adverse to some romance between her owner and herself, her past partners had slowly reduced the intensity of her training over time, claiming they didn't want to hurt the woman they loved any more. It didn't take long for her to break off the relationship after that, and thus she hadn't stayed with any former Master longer than a few months.

As she felt Steven stroke her cheek, letting his fingers move over the form fitted titanium collar around her neck, she let her eyes close, a smile on her lips. Steven had been different. He was charming and wealthy, but she soon discovered he was also intensely kinky. They quickly found they shared a passion for serious issues such as body modification, long term bondage, sensory denial, and best of all, true slavery. After only a few dates Steven had asked Pet to sign a contract. She immediately agreed.

Immediately, she was given a basic set of rules. She was never allowed to look anyone in the eyes. She was not to speak unless specifically given permission. And any order given by Steven must be obeyed immediately, and with enthusiasm, or she would face severe punishment.

As her head rested against her Owner's leg, Pet glanced down at her body, following the heavy chain connected to her collar down between her large 34G breasts. She could just see her corset, and beyond that her chastity belt. She often wondered what normal people might think of her and her life of slavery. All she cared was that Steven had lived up to his promise of serious and uncompromising ownership. Before they had met, she was a fairly regular 22 year-old, with a thin yet curvaceous body, blonde hair and average, 34B breasts. Shortly after signing her contract with Steven, he had started making changes. First, he had insisted on a name change, taking away Diane in exchange for Pet. They had even taken legal steps, officially changing her name. She loved that she wasn't even allowed a last name. The process

had helped immerse her into the state she had dreamt of, being an object, and though it was scary to think that even her driver's license now read Pet (the picture included her wearing her collar), the effect was just what Steven wanted.

Her first true experience of body modification was a surprise that both excited and scared her, and came the night she signed her contract. After signing, and her new Owner ceremoniously locking on her thick, seamless titanium collar, she was offered a toast, and she excitedly clinked glasses with Steven. It didn't take long before she began to feel woozy, and soon she was slumping to the floor.

Waking again, she found herself on a thinly padded bed, strapped firmly in place, only her head able to move. Shaking off the effects of what clearly was a sedative, Pet looked down across her naked body. She could feel the cool breeze over her skin, but something was different. Soon, the ache in her chest helped her focus. Instead of her small, 34B breasts, she could see she now had massive breasts, nearly basketball sized, obscuring her body. Though she was aroused that her new Owner had so quickly modified her, she also felt a wave of fear through her body, as she realized that Steven intended to do exactly as he pleased.

It took weeks for Pet to grow accustomed to her new breasts. She had always imagined being given a breast job, and her fantasies imagined they would be large, but she never thought they would feel this large. She found herself looking in the mirror often, both shocked and admiring of her new form. She felt humiliated, which only made her more wet. She especially loved that from behind, her breasts still were visible as they peeked out on either side of her torso.

She was almost thankful that her Owner began her on waist training during her recovery. With the weight of her new breasts, she could already feel her back beginning to ache. But she also quickly found that wearing a corset nearly 24 hours a day was difficult. She had always thought her 23-inch waist was attractive, but after Steven laced her to 19 inches the first time, she could see the amazing figure she was given. Though the constant pressure was disconcerting, she was excited to see how body was being further modified.

Shortly after recovering from her breast augmentation, Steven pierced Pet's body extensively. She was very excited to see that none of them were intended to be

decorative. Now, two piercings rested in each of her nipples; a thick rod connected to a U shackle at the base and a smaller rod, vertically pierced, near the tip. Rather than standard piercings, both holes were actually held open by stainless steel channels. Similar channels fit snugly in her ear lobes. She wasn't allowed earrings, leaving channels through her lobes empty. Her septum had been lined with a custom plate on either side, riveted through the cartilage, with a wide channel holding open a piercing closer to the base. She now wore a thick, heavy seamless nose shackle that dangled on to her upper lip. The metal plate, now permanent inside her nose, proved to enhance the strength and usefulness of her septum ring, as she had been forced to discover over several nights while in ballet shoe training, her septum being used to balance her.

Her tongue had been pierced seven times, and now a small shackle fit through the channel near the tip of the tongue, while three rods fit snugly against her tongue down each side, ball ends on top and a flat plate on the bottom. She knew these were solely to pleasure her Master, a fact that excited her even more.

Early in her contract, as they settled in to a life as Owner and property, Steven had taken her out on various outings. Sometimes, she was required to shop for various personal items on her own, and twice she had attended fancy dinners. Both events left her humiliated. Steven had ensured she had just enough clothing to wear outside and not get arrested, but he didn't make any effort to hide her modifications. On her shopping outings, she was given six-inch heels, black seamed stockings, a garter belt, a knee-length hobble skirt, a tight blouse and, of course, her metal butt plug. She was never allowed panties and was only given shelf cup bras. When presented with her outfit, she reached up to touch the wide titanium collar that had been locked on her since she had signed her contract. As her finger found the ring dangling from the front, she realized her Owner had no intention of taking it off. It would be clear she was a slave.

At first she assumed Steven didn't have her new breast size down correctly, but she soon understood that the tight blouse size, with the straining buttons and her pierced nipples pressing against the fabric was all part of his plan.

Her first venture out, when she was sent to buy a particular type of ball point pen

Steven preferred, she had to visit four different stores. Her first cab driver nearly crashed watching her in the rear view mirror, and she could feel every eye in the store on her as he walked precariously on her towering heels. She could only take small steps, the skirt holding her knees close, and her nipples, constantly rubbing against the fabric, were hard, and very visible.

She caught sight of herself in a mirror at one store, stopping her in her tracks. From the side she was thin from ankles to hips, almost slight. That is until her eyes rose to her breasts. She looked bizarre, top heavy, her 34G breasts practically bursting from her blouse. She turned to face the mirror, and gasped. She had been wearing the corset constantly for several weeks, and she knew her Owner was lacing her down to 18 inches now. The contrast was shocking. She realized her measurements were literally 34G-18-32, a stunning hourglass she had only seen in kinky cartoons before.

So conscious of her body, Pet forgot the thick shackle dangling from her septum. The ring, resting against her upper lip, was too large to miss, and when a young lady mentioned it, Pet could feel her face flush in embarrassment. When the same girl commented that it matched her collar, it was all Pet could do to not run away and hide.

The first dinner she attended with Steven felt like a glamorous affair. She was allowed to put her hair up, and even wear lipstick, but her outfit was the same. Regardless, Pet was excited. As she was handed in to the limo that had arrived at the house, she forgot about her markings of slavery.

But as they pulled up the driveway at another private house, her Owner asked her to take off her clothes. She felt tears form in her eyes, but she tried not to hesitate, and before the car stopped, she was naked except her corset, stockings and heels. Steven told her to stay, walking around to open her door. But before he helped her out, he reached in and attached a chain leash to her septum ring, tugging on it to encourage her to follow.

The cool breeze raced across her naked body. Though the corset provided a modicum of coverage, her large breasts and hairless pussy were still exposed, not only to the air but to anybody's eyes.

As Steven stopped her at the door, he released the leash, letting the cool chain dangle between her breasts, before moving behind her. She felt a strap circle her elbows, suddenly pulling them together until they touched. Pet gasped, her shoulders pulling back, her chest pushing forward even further. A second strap lashed her wrists together as well, and soon Steven as re-grasping the leash and ringing the doorbell.

In the brief moment between the door bell ringing and the door opening, Pet assumed this would be a Master/slave dinner, with other submissives roaming about. But as the door opened and she was led in, she quickly discovered the she was the only slave. Guests roamed the entry hall dressed in suits and tuxedos, the ladies in long, elegant gowns. Pet could feel the rush of blood to her face as she could see she was the only exposed person there, much less the only pierced, collared and modified guest. For the first time she was truly thankful for the rule that she could not look people in the eye. She would have been unable to avoid crying to see their faces as they examined her form.

She obediently followed Steven through the crowd, meeting new people and greeting old friends. Many times she was simply ignored, though some were quick to ask about her. Steven was dismissive, telling them that she was his property, that he had began her program of modification, then promptly pointed out her piercings, breasts, and waist. A few were intrigued by her nose ring, and she endured a close examination of the plates now lining her septum. Perhaps the worst was when she was told to bend over so that a man could examine her butt plug. The conversation that ensued, as the man pressed the metal more deeply in to her anus, involved a special chastity belt her Owner seemed to be designing for her. Words like “permanent” and “orgasm denial” echoed through her mind as she endured the humiliation of a stranger touching her plug.

Only months after she had moved in, Steven had started laser treatments to remove all body hair bellow her neck. The process was painful and time consuming, but after eight treatments over 18 months she knew with excitement that she would never grow hair on her body again. It was this kind of commitment she had always craved, and felt she had found in Steven.

When her hands were free, she often touched her own skin, feeling the smooth, silky feel. It was erotic, luxurious, but also extreme. She didn't think she'd get tired of it.

It was almost a disappointment when her Owner had introduced her final corset, because it would cover so much of her skin. A spring steel lined rubber and leather device, it had no laces. Instead, the corset was designed to close to 15 inches, an impossible size for Pet. But once installed, it held her at a constant 17 inches, with a continual pressure that would never let up.

It was after the laser treatments that Steven also introduced the custom chastity belt, an item that she was not expecting, despite her extreme fantasies. He had brought Pet to the basement dungeon, connecting wrist cuffs to chains spread wide to the ceiling, and similar cuffs chained wide to the floor. With the winch, Steven pulled Pet taut until she grimaced.

She had always been surprised that her Owner, after giving her heavy piercings in most other places, he had never pierced her clit. For all his intense ideas, he had always assumed he would find some way to torture her most sensitive of areas, yet he had never even mentioned it.

Now, as she strained against the chains, he reached up and pulled out her butt plug. Further confused, she had only had the plug removed for her daily enema or for sex, but she didn't seem to be in a position for either. Soon, she understood why. Her Owner opened a box resting on a nearby table and removed the belt. He brought it to her, and soon she couldn't see what he was doing. There was some fumbling at the front of her corset, then she felt the cool touch of metal. With a gasp, she felt her Owner insert something in to her urinary track. She quickly assumed it was some sort of catheter. Something cool then touched her vagina, and with another gasp she felt a large dildo-type device press inside of her.

It was only after she was released that her Owner told her what she was wearing. As she kneeled at his feet, her wrists crossed behind her, she tried not to cry.

The design was elegant. A rubber panel connected to the front of her corset, followed by a stainless steel panel that extended between her legs. A convex area was set over and around her clit, preventing any contact. The steel panel ended at

her vagina, where a thick dildo pressed inside of her. Steven explained that the dildo had no end, and was perforated along its length, and was designed not to move.

At the base of the dildo, and the end of the vaginal opening, the stainless steel panel split, forming a rubber lined gasket around her anus. The ring literally pressed aside her buttocks, framing her anus perfectly. At the opposite end of the ring, the steel ended and a thick rubber panel started, stretching up before splitting and then joining in two places on the back of her corset.

Before she had been released from her chains, Steven had pressed a new butt plug deep inside of her. Once it was in, he twisted it. He explained later that the plug was removable.

Her Owner carefully explained the rest. Her catheter was connected to a valve on the outside of the belt. He would now control when she could empty her bladder. Additional valves, one at the base of her vaginal dildo and the other at the base of her butt plug, would provide a way for Steven to flush her out without removing the belt or the plugs.

It was quickly evident that the belt and at least the vaginal dildo were designed never to come out. Tears spilled from Pet's eyes as her Owner made the final declaration: Pet would no longer be allowed vaginal penetration, nor any clitoral stimulation... ever. Though her Owner had used her anally for the most part for the past 18 months, she had always assumed he would use her vaginally when it suited him. Now, she realized that she had just become an anal slave, and not only would she not be used vaginally, she would not be allowed to orgasm again.

Now, two years after she signed her contract, Pet felt her Master's hand run down her back, touching the small folds of skin that seemed to be inevitable when her elbows were bound together, as they were now. She had been trained to endure nearly limitless arm bondage like this, until she felt little pain, and her circulation was unobstructed. She appreciated that her Master was cruel and imaginative, but she was also glad he was sane. She knew that despite what Steven decided for her, he would ensure that she was safe, like a prized possession.

Since the beginning he had treated her as such, and though he could be kind, he was

also unafraid to make it clear she was owned. The contract she signed had stated from the beginning that she would no longer be known by her own name Andrea, but rather be called Pet. She loved it and eagerly waited the moments he called her by her new name. She practically jumped as she heard it this time.

“Pet,” Steven said quietly. “I’ve got something to ask you.” Pet lifted her head, not sure how to react. She kept her eyes down, knowing she wasn’t allowed to look her Master in the eyes.

“Our two year agreement is almost over,” he said seriously. Tears began to fill her eyes. Her mind immediately thought that he was tired of her. “I think we need to make a change.” He paused. “You may speak.” He saw her hesitate. She hadn’t been allowed to actually speak for the two years, under severe penalty, and even now she had trouble even activating her vocal cords.

“I... I,” she croaked, her vocal cords vibrating for the first time since she signed her contract. She cleared her throat, fighting back tears in her eyes. “I’m sorry if I displease you, Owner,” she said softly. Steven smiled, stroking her cheek.

“You don’t displease me, Pet,” he responded. “I think you misunderstand me. I want to marry you.” Tears did flow now from Pet’s eyes, but they were tears of joy.

The plans were simple. Steven had told Pet that he wanted enough time to prepare for a proper Master/slave wedding, with guests and custom clothing and some special surprises. Something was odd about it all. She knew it was customary for the bride-to-be to make all the arrangements, or most of them, but she was happy to give Steven her heart, and if he wanted to plan the rest, that was ok with her.

Often, as he sat at the table choosing catering over the phone, or working on invitations, she was kept under the desk dutifully sucking his cock. With the removal of orgasms, she had learned to use her mouth expertly on her Owner. She had come to understand that he wished her to live for his pleasure, not for her own, and given no choice, she had accepted her fate.

The only involvement in the wedding preparations came early on, a week after she accepted his proposal. Two forms sat on the dining room table, and as Steven led Pet

into the room, she was surprised to find that he wanted her to sit on a chair. As she sank to the surface she felt strange, somehow wrong, and the feeling increased as she felt Steven un-strap her arms, releasing them for the first time in weeks.

It took nearly 30 minutes before her arms were back to normal and Pet was able to use them, but she noticed how the process was not painful, as if her circulation was unaffected. She did note, however, that she had lost muscle in her arms, largely from lack of use for nearly two years. They felt heavy and cumbersome. Steven sat next to her and flipped through the paperwork, finding the signature page.

“This is a full power of attorney,” he said, showing her the first form in the stack. “Signing this gives me full legal rights over you.” He set the form aside, choosing the next.

“This is your new slave contract,” Steven said. “You can read it if you want but it really says one thing.” Steven pulled the form forward so Pet could see it. “This is a no-term contract. That means there is no expiration date. You will be a slave for the duration of your life. In addition, you give me full executive control over everything, including the right to sell you, loan you or trade you to anybody.” The idea of being sold brought tears to her eyes. “The point is that there are no limits, no safe words, no way to stop or get out of it. I can do anything I want to you. Do you understand?”

“I understand,” she said quietly.

“I just want you to know that from this point forward you will have no control over your body, your future or your life at all. If that’s ok with you, sign here.” He pointed to a line at the end of the paperwork. It took a moment for Pet to take the pen, then to remember she had to sign her legal name, Pet. She also signed the power of attorney, and after only a moment, it was done. She was now a real, slave. She couldn’t help the small smile on her lips.

Shortly after the date was set, still a year away, Steven introduced two changes. First, much to Pet’s dismay, she was sent to the laser hair clinic once again. Her first shock was when she was taken to the front door of Steven’s house, naked except for her corset and belt. She was unaccustomed to standing, and felt unsteady in the towering heels he had placed on her feet. He slid a cloak over her shoulders, tying it

in front, then leading her out the door. A cab awaited in the driveway.

At the clinic, she was laid out on a padded table and straps were pulled into place, locking her body immobile. A gag harness stretched up over her lower face, covering her from chin to nose, pushing a large ball of rubber deep into her mouth. She felt them strap it on tight, locking her head to the table as well, with no ability to move.

Pet was confused by her visit. She knew that she no longer grew hair on her body, and was unsure what the newest treatment was for. It wasn't until the staff began to clip away her shoulder length hair that she understood. Cries of dismay leaked from the gag but were ignored as the emotionless staff first cut away the long hair, then ran clippers over her scalp, leaving only light stubble. She soon felt the familiar sting of several lasers as more than one assistant began the long, yet permanent process of killing each follicle and ensuring she would remain bald for the rest of her life. Despite the humiliation in her heart, the true impact of how she was being changed sank in only as another assistant efficiently trimmed down her eyebrows and began the laser treatment on them as well.

As soon as she returned from her first visit to the laser treatment center, she prepared for part two of Steven's dramatic changes. He brought her to the dungeon, and began by removing the cloak Pet had worn on her trip. She was still reeling from her return, being forced to walk in public with her newly hairless head. She could feel eyes on her as she moved to the cab waiting at the curb. She was already humiliated by the lack of hair, but the clinic had provided a subtle added torment, but one that seemed to increase Pet's already growing dehumanization; they had methodically plucked her eyelashes as well. The brief glance she was allowed in the mirror unnerved her even more as she felt she was looking into the face of a mannequin rather than a living person.

In the basement, her Owner fit her feet with a pair of rigid ballet shoes. Designed to connect to titanium ankle cuffs fitted for her, a thin plate connected to the back of the cuff, covering the sole of the foot and ending in a toe cup in the shoe. She was unable to flex her feet flat again. The design forced her en pointe.

Her Owner added custom wrist cuffs, then walked Pet to the middle of the room. After a few moments, he had attached a series of chains to her wrist and ankle cuffs,

holding her arms and ankles wide as she balanced on her point shoes. For the first time in two years, Steven removed her collar. With the loss of her hair and now the naked neck, Pet felt a chill run over her. But soon a new collar was put on her. This one, taller than the first, had rings on the sides, front and back. Even more snug than the first collar, Pet gulped as her Owner closed it over her neck.

Added chains to the sides of the collar helped hold her up. Her Owner then began removing her shackle piercings, including her tongue rods and shackle, leaving all the channels and grommets in place. A rubber mouth piece was pushed in her mouth, Pet having to spread wide to allow it in. Her tongue slipped in to a rubber sleeve, and the rest seemed to line the inside of her mouth. Her teeth, strangely, were allowed to stick through the inner bladder. She gagged slightly as the back portion seemed to line down her throat slightly, but she quickly fought the reaction. The outside of the mouth bladder circled her lips, pressing flat against her upper lip, chin and cheeks.

Two added rubber pieces fit in to her nostrils. Long pieces, ending in a sort of gasket, seemed to line the inside of her nose, leaving holes for her septum grommet, and extending out of her nose to circle the outer nostrils.

Steven began winding a rubbery material in the form of bandages around her feet and legs, working slowly up to her waist. He pulled the somewhat stretchy material taught, winding it tightly and carefully so that it compressed Pet's body, creating an even covering over all of her skin. Round and round, he overlapped the material until she was a gleaming black form. At her crotch, he carefully covered the chastity belt, then the corset. At her breasts, he ensured that they weren't compressed, but rather perfectly molded in the material. Despite her discomfort, Pet was amazed at the material. She could tell it was not sticking to her skin, to the belt or the corset, but it was bonding with itself, forming a smooth, seamless surface that seemed as smooth as the rest of her body.

Soon, Steven had covered her arms, and then her hands, and finally moved to her head. The rubbery substance circled over her collar, he neck and up her face. Pet had the feeling of drowning, as the black material climbed up her face. She could see that the mouth and nostril inserts were made to bond with the wrap as well,

becoming part of the same material. Soon the material covered her eyes, and finally the rest of her head.

Once done, Pet could do nothing but stand there. For what she assumed was about 30 minutes, nothing seemed to happen, but soon the material started constricting, tightening over her body. She felt a constant and unrelenting pressure over her entire body, from toe to finger. Even her corset increased its pressure on her waist.

Pet wanted to moan from the constant discomfort, but she was afraid of being punished for upsetting the bond to her mouth coating. But soon, the pressure became bearable, and the material started to solidify. Within minutes, Pet found that she had become a rigid form, unable to move any part of her body. The absolute bondage began to panic her, but she could do nothing about it.

After awhile, Pet was certain she had been locked like this for hours, if not days. Blind, unable to hear, unable to move, Pet thought that perhaps she had been forgotten, and she desperately tried to move, to some how signal that she was still here, but soon discovered she couldn't. Instead, she tried to rest, hoping her Owner would release her from her nightmare.

In the end, she the material was allowed to cure for 24 hours, and Pet was released. Though her wrist cuffs were removed, and her piercings replaced, her new collar was left on her, as were the point shoes.

As she was allowed to recover on her knees, her Owner gave her a drink, which she greedily took. But after a few moments she began to feel a familiar dizziness, and soon realized she was about to experience another level of modification.

Waking again, Pet assumed a day or so had passed. At first she couldn't tell what had been done, but soon felt a dull ache in her feet, hands and her nose. It would be several days before she was released, and the bandages on her hands and feet removed. She stared at her hands first, trying to figure out what had been done, only to suddenly realize that Steven had surgically removed her nail beds. Examination proved that the same had been done to her feet. She was unsure the purpose, but regardless, felt she was being taken down a trail of submission and modification that even she had never expected. It was later that she discovered her nose had been fit

with breathing tubes, positioned deep in her nostrils. For the first time, Pet had doubts that she had made the right decision to become a piece of property.

Pet's life became a constant humiliation of laser treatments, anal penetration and oral servitude. While her arms could stay with elbows touching behind her indefinitely, and often were kept as such, her Owner had begun training her arms in reverse prayer. A complex machine that locked her on her knees, then with cables pulled her wrists up her back, while at the same time pushing her elbows together, was used on her daily, for hours on end. The machine would firmly pull her wrists up, holding them in the middle of her back for an hour, before allowing them to relax, only to repeat the process after 15 minutes of rest.

The first few months of orgasm denial was difficult, but Pet didn't dare complain. In the middle of the night, as she crouched in her tiny cage, she cried, the weight of what she assumed was a life long denial weighing heavy on her. Often, during those long nights, as she kneeled in her cage, bent over into a tiny ball, she pondered her changes, wondering what else he could do to her. Already she was losing identity, finding it difficult to remember her life as a normal person. To her, life had become change, modification and humiliation, and she could barely remember anything else.

Pet was hardly surprised, then, that she woke on the padded bed once more. It was only a few months before the wedding, her body was now officially hairless. She had learned to walk in her point shoes, balancing precariously on her toes without the benefit of heels. Her arms could be kept in reverse prayer now, her hands fit in to flat mitts that fit at the base of her neck, her elbows nearly touching. She could hardly imagine what had been done now. She tried to feel the change, discover by feeling what had been done. She could only feel a slight ache in her head, and a larger one in her mouth. She soon could tell her head was wrapped up in bandages, though her eyes were uncovered, and her mouth was filled with gauze.

After some time, her Owner visited, and began unwrapping her head. Once done, he seemed pleased. Pet, still confused, could only detect that her hearing seemed a bit odd. Steven soon brought a mirror to her, holding it in front of her face. Pet turned her head slightly as tears began to roll down her face. Soon, she had seen enough, laying her head down and closing her eyes, pressing the final tears from them.

Steven examined the work, admiring how successful the plastic surgery had been. The entire outer ear had been removed, leaving only a hole in to the middle ear. There was no longer anything protruding from skull, leaving a smooth, hairless head.

He then turned to her mouth, pulling out the gauze slowly, until her mouth was empty, though had the taste of cotton. She was numb, barely able to feel her tongue, though she was somehow thrilled she still had one. She couldn't imagine what could have been done inside her mouth other than something as drastic as that. Steven held her mouth wide, examining something, even reaching in to touch her numb mouth, before nodding with approval. As her tongue began to recover, she ran it over her teeth. Something was different. Where she should feel solid teeth, she now felt something soft. At first she thought there was still gauze in her mouth, until her Owner held up the mirror again. She was relieved to see teeth, yet as Steven reached in, he ran his finger over them. She could see that they flexed like rubber nubs. Confused and somehow shocked, she wasn't sure what had been done, but she was sure it was permanent.

Pet's Owner wasn't finished. Before she was released, he fit custom hearing aids deep in her ear canal, then sealed them in place. The remote control devices allowed Steven to turn her hearing off and on, as well as feed audio in to her ears. He began a program of feeding white noise in to her ears at night, and keeping her ears off during the day. He could tell Pet was disconcerted by the lack of hearing, but Steven enjoyed the level of control. She was truly at his mercy now, and soon he would be ready for the final touches to make her the perfect bride.

It came as no surprise to Pet that she was the entertainment at her own fiancé's bachelor party. It was more of a surprise that she was told at all. Steven seemed excited about the party, which made Pet excited, but she was unable to help. Her role seemed to be seen not heard, and be available to be used when her Owner saw fit. He bustled about as she kneeled in the living room, white noise being fed into her ears. She had learned to sit patiently, eyes down, accepting that she was not allowed to speak, look or hear. She ran her tongue over her teeth again, feeling the strange nubs where her teeth used to be. Steven had began putting her in a new and humiliating device. A metal band was strapped around her head, circling from

forehead, over her former ears, and to the back of her head. Threaded mounts in the band were positioned about where her ears were. Her Owner screwed handles in to the threads, and often used these as a way to control her oral pleasuring. Pet was humiliated that the handles reduced her even more in to an object. Steven was not satisfied, or did not care to give her the responsibility, to pleasure him correctly. Instead, he used the handles to fuck her face at his own pace. Pet, with her newly soft “teeth” and her breathing tubes, could withstand nearly unlimited deep throating, something which Steven enjoyed immensely. She knew that since she was wearing her handles now, she was certain to be used by the guests in some way as well.

As some sort of experiment that Steven seemed very excited about, he had dressed her that day in a custom rubber top that was made with no arms. Pulled tight over her body, she could tell it was made specifically for her simply from the fact that her huge breasts perfectly filled the space provided for them without any compression, but still giving a skin tight look. There was no zipper or lacing; the top extending from her neck down to her hips was closed with a seam. Steven applied what Pet assumed was an adhesive, and within minutes there seemed to be no evidence of an opening. As Steven shined the rubber, he placed her in front of a mirror. The look was shocking. With the combination of her reverse prayer and the skin tight rubber top, it truly appeared as if Pet had had her arms removed, the effect so effective. Only upon close examination of her upper back could you see the bulge of her arms.

Kneeling in the middle of the room, the guests began to arrive. Most she didn't know, though some seemed familiar, at least as far as she could tell without looking at them. Several examined her, touching her head, her rubberized breasts, her septum ring. She was clearly a fascinating attraction. But despite the attention, she knew this was not her purpose.

The triangle of girls surrounded Pet, who was chained on her knees in the middle, with only enough room in the chain to reach each girl. She had expected her involvement in the bachelor party would not be ordinary, even by slavery standards, and Steven did not disappoint.

Now, in the dungeon, she was left with three other slaves, each of which were bound

firmly, their asses exposed. A thick steel dildo filled their pussies, then attached to a padded steel strip that extended from the dildo up to their heads. The strip crossed their faces and ended at the top of their heavy leather hoods, holding them rigid and immovable, their hips slightly lower than their heads. A set of leather covered steel straps wrapped around their bodies to hold them tightly to the strip of metal beneath, with a wider cincher pinching down their waists to tiny proportions. Each of their arms were bound behind them at wrist and elbow, with their wrists locked to the back of the cincher. Then their elbows were pulled harshly up into the air by chain. Their legs were pulled forward, chain connecting to ankle cuffs to pull them to a ring in the floor beneath the girls' heads. It was a strenuous position, with no motion possible and their muscles pulled to breaking, but no sound escaped the girls' mouths. Pet assumed they were harshly gagged as well. The few times they were all alone together, all she could hear was labored breathing from the tiny nose holes, but the girls were motionless otherwise.

Each girl was mounted for one and only one purpose, namely to be penetrated anally. Pet wasn't sure where the girls had come from, but they were about the same size and looked to be anal virgins. She imagined the worst, that her Owner had found the girls through some innocent modeling agency, then tricked them into this predicament. She doubted he would do something so harshly illegal, but if she had learned one thing about him, he liked things extreme.

The door in the distance creaked open and a man entered. Pet kept her eyes lowered, awaiting use. After a moment a hard cock was pushed in her face. Dutifully she licked and sucked. The man grabbed her hairless head by the handles, pushing her mouth down hard on his cock, forcing it down her throat. She knew better than to fight. The man's hands came off her head but she was proud of herself for not moving. She kept her tongue moving, trying to pleasure what part of his cock was in her mouth, not down her throat. Finally, he pulled away. She didn't notice at first as the man chose one of the girls, then with one smooth and firm motion, slid his spit soaked cock deep into the girl's ass. Pet could see a shudder, and thought she could hear a heavily muffled scream, but the only evidence of discomfort was the fingers of the girl clenching tightly in response to the anal attack.

The man fucked her ass hard, then with a grunt, came deep inside of her. He

immediately turned to Pet, presenting his cock for her.

“Clean,” is all he said. Pet immediately opened her mouth, her pierced tongue licking off the cum left on his shaft. She wasn't allowed to deep throat him this time, instead forced to only lick, which forced her to taste any remnants of the anal fucking on her own tongue.

Once satisfied, the man pulled away. Pet looked to the girl who was just fucked, and slid over to the length of the chain. She knew what was expected of her, even though this was the first time her Owner had ever required it of her. She just knew deep inside of her, that she was here to perform just this service. Though it brought tears to her eyes, she pressed her tongue against the now- reddened anus of the girl and began to lick the cum trickling slowly from it.

Hours passed as Pet did her duty, cleaning the cocks of endless men and eating the cum from the girls' asses. It had been long enough that she could tell that some of the men were returning multiple times. She became a connoisseur of their cocks, as she did of the girls' asses. She found herself feeling more sorry for the girls than for herself. She had accepted a life as a tortured and tormented slave. She was convinced that these girls not only did not live as slaves, but also had no idea what they had gotten themselves in to. She could see that their bodies, though trim and shapely, had never been punished by anything harsher than a hand spanking. None of their skin was bruised or marked in any way.

Finally, the visits became less frequent and soon Pet was led out of the room. She tried to glance back at the girls but could not pull against the nose ring leash. Instead, she had to struggle forward on her knees to follow her Owner. Pet kneeled obediently in the office, away from the festivities of the bachelor party. The pastor that would marry them was a guest as well, and he had requested a private moment with the slave bride. Pastor Lewis was, of course, fully aware of the unusual situation he had agreed to preside over, he himself being a rubber fetishist and a sadist to boot. He found it amusing that though he was still a “man of the cloth”, he was still just as kinky as Steven, at least in his own way.

Lewis was enjoying the view for the moment, as the slave named Pet kneeled before him. She was well trained, he could see, her slave posture impeccable. Her knees

were spread wide, exposing not her bare pussy but instead the steel of her seemingly permanent chastity belt. Her constricted waist was next, then her largish breasts with their rings and rods, followed by her hairless head. He reached out, caressing her smooth scalp, admiring the way her skin glistened. Reaching down, he lifted her chin, noting that she kept her eyes lowered away from his. The hair removal had been complete and total; her mannequin appearance was accentuated by her lack of both eyebrows and eyelashes.

He took a moment to examine her facial piercing. The thick, U shaped nose ring that dangled from her septum was clearly mounted in a steel channel, less like decoration than utility.

Grasping the ring at the front of her wide, seamless collar, Stevens pulled Pet forward to examine her arm bondage. Steven had mentioned she could endure the reverse prayer almost indefinitely now, with her current stint two weeks and counting. He couldn't see her hands as they disappeared into a small leather sack that, in turn, was chained to the back of her collar. Her elbows almost met in this configuration, with only a few links joining the cuffs mounted just above them. Soon, he pushed her back to kneeling and lifted her chin again.

"I'm here to discuss your pending marriage to your Owner," he said. "Steven has said that you may speak to me."

"Yes, Sir," she said quietly, her words lisped by the series of piercings through her tongue.

"You can be open with me, child," he said with a smile. "I understand you are Steven's slave, but he has asked me to give the marriage my blessing and I would like you to share your thoughts with me." Pet hesitated for a moment, her tongue licking her lips. Lewis could see the ring near the tip as she extended it out of her mouth. Like her septum, the U shaped ring was set through a metal grommet. He marveled at the utility of this slave's modifications.

"I know I want to be a slave," she said carefully. "But I'm a little afraid, father."
"What are you afraid of, my dear?"

“I guessed I didn’t expect to be so changed, and it all seems so permanent.”

Pet hesitated, her words somewhat jumbled. Lewis leaned forward, curious why. “Open your mouth, little one,” he commanded. Without hesitation, Pet’s mouth opened wide. Stevens could see the array of three grommets down each side of her tongue and the single grommet at the end, the shackle ring extending from it. He reached into her mouth, running his finger across her front teeth. To his amazement, what appeared to be rigid tooth bent easily to his touch. He felt all of her teeth, noting their softness.

“Did your Master replace your teeth with implants,” he asked as he removed his finger. Pet nodded in response, her chin lowering as tears welled up in her eyes. Lewis smiled, turned on by his friend’s kinkiness. He lifted her chin again, a serious expression on his face. “Are you having second thoughts about becoming a permanent slave?” With only brief hesitation, Pet nodded her head.

“I don’t want to see anyone unhappy, my child. I will speak to your Owner and see what I can do.” With a smile on her lips, and a sense of relief on her face, she said, “Thank you, Father.” But just as quickly, Pastor Lewis pulled her closer.

“But you must maintain your role for now. I’ll speak to him tomorrow when we can be alone. Until then, you must be a good slave,” he said. He reached down and unzipped his pants, letting his rock hard cock free from his underwear.

“Now come her and thank your pastor.” Pet was shocked, hoping that this kindly man would treat her differently, but instead she was still an object, even to him. She crawled forward and slipped her lips over Lewis’ cock, obediently sucking and licking. He rested his hands on her bald head, encouraging her motion as he marveled at the soft nubs of her teeth and the cool metal in her tongue.

Only a few days until the wedding, Pet found herself anxious. She had hoped that Pastor Lewis would get back to her about her concerns, but so far she had heard nothing. She agreed that she had to maintain her role as a slave, but she desperately wanted Steven to know she was having second thoughts.

Now, she found herself back in the dungeon basement, standing on her toe shoes.

Steven had removed her septum ring, nipple piercings and her tongue piercings, but otherwise left her alone. She waited patiently as he bustled about the room, flipping on lights and preparing items on a rolling cart. Pet found it easy to fight the urge to peek. After all that had been done to her, she doubted what came next would surprise her in the least, nor turn her into any more of an object.

Soon she felt Steven's hand on her hairless head, tilting it up. She looked in front of her to what looked like a deflated female form made out of absolute black. The form, from the front, was seamless, and Pet quickly realized that it was a suit designed for her. She could see where her massive breasts were designed to fit, and marveled at the tiny waist. Other details were hard to detect, since the form was so pitch black that it all appeared to be one shiny form.

Application took hours, as Steven was forced to do most of the work. Pet tried to help, despite her fear of what this new suit meant, but could do little. Her body sprayed with a lubricating fluid, she was able to slide her feet into the leg portions fairly easily. The open seam for each leg was on the inside of her legs, though only extended to just below the knee. They were forced to wiggle her feet and calves into the legs by shear effort. She soon felt her point shoes slide into the bottom, her foot immediately molding into a second ballet style shoe.

Steven spent time lining up the flushing gaskets, butt plug and catheter release on her chastity belt. When he stepped away, Pet could see that the gaskets were now mounted in the suit, though the chastity belt was completely obscured.

The suit continued up her body, fitting perfectly over her corset. Obscuring her folded arms, soon only the hooded section was left. She could see how the ankle and wrist cuffs, while covered under the rubber, allowed the attachment rings to stick out. The same seemed to be for her collar. As her Owner carefully pushed the mouth piece in place, fitting it over her rubberized teeth, making sure the tongue fit in to its pocket, a dawning realization began in Pet's mind. Steven continued fumbling in her mouth, replacing the snug rods through the matching holes in the rubber sleeve over her tongue. He then pushed the nostril pieces in, making sure the ends of them, deep in her nose, fit to the surgically implanted breathing tubes, before replacing her septum ring through the matching hole built in to the rubber nose piece.

Then, Steven hesitated. He lifted Pet's chin.

"Look me in the eyes," he said. Pet hesitated. She hadn't looked anybody in the eye for 3 years. It seemed foreign, and wrong. "Look at me," he commanded. Her obedience overrode her fear, and her eyes clicked up. He smiled, then kissed her on the forehead, before stretching the hood over her face.

There were no eye holes. Pet finally realized that Steven intended to keep her in this suit indefinitely. The realization made her panic, but she knew it was too late. The remainder of the rubber hood stretched over her, and soon she could feel her Owner sealing the rubber seams together. Within minutes, the process was complete, and Steven stood back to admire his new rubber doll.

A gleaming, armless shape faced him.

Pet, now plunged into silence and darkness, could do little but wallow in her ignorance. Everything her Owner had done was designed to this end. Of course she had to be hairless, and removing her ears made the hood fit firmly without an issue of circulation. Her fingernail and toe nails had been removed so they would not grow. She no longer had control over her hearing. One the suit was in place, Steven had pushed a feeding tube into her stomach, the upper end designed to lock in to the end of her mouth piece. The device could be capped, and thus shut off, unless she was being fed. At all other times, thanks to her breathing tubes, her mouth could be used for other people's pleasure. Even her tongue had been coated with rubber, removing her ability to taste, probably her last sense that had not been taken from her. She realized quickly that she would live her days as a rubber doll. Even she had to admit the idea was extreme, and she would laugh at it if it hadn't just become her reality.

The End