

# Violet

Category: Text Stories

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## By Thndrshark

*Another of my favorites, I was inspired by a bad TV movie. The girls were much younger in the TV story, and though one of them does seduce the other's father, I felt I should make them at least of legal age!*

Violet thought she had found a happy home. An adopted member of the Reed family, her friend Jenny and her Jenny's step-father had taken her in several months ago when her parents had died in a car crash. It wasn't hard to get along with those two. They also had been through a lot after losing Jenny's mother to cancer. But Violet wanted more than just family status. She knew that Mr. Reed was very wealthy, with no living relatives other than Jenny. She knew she could use her looks and brain to lure him into signing over his share of the wealth to her. Jenny wasn't the problem. Having attended private schools most of her life in another state, nobody really knew her well in the small town they now lived in. If she where to disappear, little would be said by anybody other than her step father, and their where ways to distract him from complaining.

Violet was only 18 but was a beauty already. Her slim body stood at 5'8", and with the help of some high heels, she was a statuesque beauty. She had the perfect ass, both round but trim and a thin waist. Her athletic shoulders made her large breasts stand out in a perky fashion, one that attracted any warm blooded man, and some women for that matter! Her face was that of both youth and experience, with long

blonde hair to give her a soft look. The plan had been laid out. She had used her insurance money to purchase what she needed, and secretly set up the large basement to suit her purposes. The plan would start tonight, with Jenny.

It was an early evening for the two 18 year old's. Mr. Reed was out on business and the two decided to spend the night in front of the TV watching old movies. Violet suggested that they warm the house up and lounge around. Violet quickly ran up stairs and came down in a slinky negligee, dancing on the stairs like a stripper. Jenny laughed and clapped as her friend moved, then she agreed, probably wanting to be a bit naughty like her friend Violet. She ran upstairs to find a lacy bra and G-string lying on her bed, set there by Violet. In moments she moved down the stairs, trying to top her friend's sultry moves. As they met at the bottom, Jenny continued, running hands up Violets legs and over her breasts. Violet smiled and encouraged her until Jenny laughed and charged into the living room. They sprawled out in front of the large fireplace and flipped on the TV. Violet offered Jenny a drink and, after only a few minutes, Jenny had slipped off to sleep. Violet flipped off the TV and began undressing her friend. The panty and bra slipped off easily, revealing the trim athletic form of the brunette. Shorter but well built, Jenny had played tennis for years, building her body into a wonderful shape. She also had larger breasts, a fact that caused trouble for athletic bras, but would serve Violet's purpose well.

It took only half an hour to prepare Jenny. First her pussy was shaved, then Violet applied a salve that she had found in Europe. It was designed to prevent any future hair growth. She spread it not only between her legs but over her legs, arms and under arms. Finally, she slipped a thick leather collar around Jenny's neck and locked it into place. She lifted Jenny onto the whipping apparatus she had carried up from the basement. Her ankles where strapped wide apart to bars at floor level. Her body was bent forward at the waist and she was leaned across a padded bar. Her wrists where strapped to the upper bars that stretched away from the lower posts. A small winch allowed Violet to pull the straps tight until Jenny was stretched. Her body was at a slight angle up, but accessible from all sides, including access to her dangling breasts. As Jenny began to wake up, Violet stuffed a huge ball gag between her teeth and strapped it into place.

Jenny looked around in confusion as she realized her predicament. As she caught

sight of the now naked Violet, she tried to ask what was happening. Violet ignored her, running her hands over the girl's body. She tweaked her left nipple and, as Jenny flinched in pain, took note of the quality of the bondage. Finally she took a long cat-o-nine tails and displayed it in front of Jenny.

"I'm sorry to tell you, Jenny. But you are now my slave-girl. No, this is not a joke. I've decided to train you to service me, then I will sell you to an overseas bidder." Violet smiled as she began to swing the whip through the air. "First, though, I want to show you what will happen if you disobey." With that she let the whip fall hard on Jenny's back, leaving wide red welts across her skin. Jenny flinched hard, screaming behind the gag. But Violet continued, laying down an even line of whip marks across Jenny's back and ass. After half an hour, there wasn't a spot unmarked. She stopped and Jenny collapsed into her bonds, breathing heavily.

But Violet wasn't done yet. She switched to a heavy leather tarse and moved to Jenny's side where she could see the first stroke flying up from underneath to land on her hanging breasts. The hard leather cut a streak into her soft skin and Jenny tried to pull away as she screamed into her gag. But the bonds were too tight and her body too taught and her motion appeared only as a slight quiver. The tarse flew up again and again, laying marks across Jenny's belly and breasts. Finally, after another half an hour, Violet stopped. Tears flowed steadily from her friend's eyes now, falling to the floor after running across her soaked cheeks. Violet had stopped but wasn't finished. Jenny raised her head in time to catch her moving behind, her image reflected in a pane of glass across the room. The tarse flew up again, but this time between her legs to land on her newly shaven pussy lips. The metal contraption nearly flew up in the air from the force of Jenny's reaction. The second and third blows brought a primal scream that pierced through the rubber gag and echoed through the room. By the 30th stroke against her now swollen pussy and asshole, Jenny collapsed in her bonds, fainted. Violet smiled as she examine the tortured body before her, then quickly untied her for the next step.

Once again Jenny couldn't move a muscle, but this time she was spread eagle, her toes inches away from the ground but unable to provide support. The basement was dark and foreboding, a sharp contrast to the warm mood of the rest of the house. Jenny had woken as Violet finished her most recent bondage. Violet had chained her

well, to the point that she was both extended as wide as possible, yet also as immobile. The gag was still in place, preventing any complaints. New tears poured down her cheeks as she watched Violet collect a new tool. She glanced down at her nipples and winced at the sight of the permanent jewelry Violet had installed there. Two thick rings pierced her breasts just behind each nipple. The ends had clicked together to form a seamless ring of titanium. In addition, Violet had run a thick skewer of steel through the middle of each nipple, then forced a small rod into the hole. The result was two piercings in each breast, one ring and one rod. She could feel her clit throb from both the whipping as well as the new ring that adorned her. She had passed out as the special punching tool had pushed a wide hole through her clit. She woke to feel Violet placing a similar ring there. Now, she approached with a new set of equipment. Another punching tool was slipped around her septum and with an intense pain and a click, she now had a wide hole in her nose. As Jenny tried to clear the tears from her eyes, Violet had slipped two small metal plates into her nose. They fitted perfectly on each side of her septum, with a hole in the middle fitting over the new hole in her nose. The tool was modified then slipped back into her nose. She could feel a new pressure at the four corners of the metal plating then another series of sharp pains. She quickly realized that Violet had riveted the plates directly to her septum! Some more fumbling, then Violet removed her grip on Jenny's head and, as she pulled back, she could feel a new addition to her face. A thick, shiny ring hung loosely from her nose, nearly to the bottom of her upper lip. She could feel how the two plates locked together and held tight. She began crying again as she realized the permanence of the rivets.

Violet released her legs, allowing Jenny to stand on her sore feet. After a moment, she returned with an extreme pair of shoes. Like ballet shoes, these boots forced her to walk on her toes! But rather than toe shoes with blunt noses, these had pointy ends that nearly matched the stiletto heel. Violet grabbed one of Jenny's feet and slipped the form fitting rubber shoe on. As her toes reached the end, she could feel how they would be crushed together to mimic the pointy end. Violet pushed them on hard, then used the straps to force them further into place. In addition to straps that replaced laces, another strap circled her heel and pushed her toes deep into the point. Even before the straps were secured, she was in pain. Violet completed the picture with the other shoe, then admired Jenny's body as she pranced on her toes.

Lowering a chain from the ceiling, Violet used a clip to connect it to Jenny's nose ring. She then released Jenny's arms. Though she was free, she was far too weak to struggle effectively and Violet quickly slipped a strap around her elbows and pulled them together. Jenny winced as her arms were pulled together behind her and her shoulders were thrust out. It was a position she could just handle, but made her feel even more exposed than before. Another strap circled her wrists and held them tight. As a final touch, Violet added a strap above Jenny's elbows and pulled until her shoulders could not flex back any more, locking this strap in position. Taking the slack out of her nose ring chain, Violet stood back to admire her new prize. She smiled then lifted a floor length mirror into view for Jenny. The newest slave-girl had to force her eyes down to look, fighting the ring in her nose to lower her chin enough for a view. She could see a tall brunette, in painful ballet boots, her arms strapped severely behind her at elbow and wrist, dancing at the end of a chain connected to a shiny nose ring, her large breasts bouncing in reaction to her struggles. The light caught a gleam off the rings in her clit and nipples. Jenny began to cry. Violet only smiled and, leaning close to her body, gave the clit ring a sharp twist, then left Jenny for the night.

Stage two of the plan was easy. Mr. Reed, though twenty years Violet's senior, was like any man. It was impossible for him to resist a beautiful girl. Just before he was to arrive home, Violet had prepared herself, dressing in a long silken dress that displayed her breasts well. It wasn't hard to interest Mr. Reed, despite his knowledge of her mere 18 years. He wanted her, like any man, and within half an hour, they were in bed. He liked it rough, she found to her pleasure, holding her hands above her head as he thrust deep into her young pussy. Soon, he was spent and Violet left him to sleep.

After Mr. Reed left for the day, Violet unlocked the basement and went down to visit Jenny. She found her in the same position, dangling from her nose ring. She had become somewhat accustomed to the severe shoes since she was now standing on them, keeping pressure off her new septum plates. Violet could see a thin layer of sweat had covered Jenny's body throughout the night and a new sign of fear was evident on her face. Violet unhooked her nose chain, reattaching a leather leash to the ring and pulling Jenny toward the stairs.

After three hours, Violet swung open the sauna door to check her slave. After leaving the basement, she had bathed Jenny then slipped on a tight latex body suit. Jenny tried to struggle, but the ten hours of bondage left her arms useless, and the hours on her toes took all energy from her legs. Two, thick rubber blowup dildos had been forced into her pussy and ass, then fed through holes in the suit. Violet pumped the dildos up until the pressure of the rubber bladder was stretching both her pussy and ass. After the suit was pulled and stretched over her body, Jenny looked like her skin was made of latex. Before rebinding her arms, Violet slipped on a thick rubber corset and laced it into place. Finally, new straps circled her wrists, above and below her elbows, locking her arms into the same useless position. A bigger ball gag was forced as far into Jenny's mouth as possible, leaving half the ball sticking out. Leather pads were placed over her eyes and foam earplugs filled her ears. Small plugs were pushed deep into her nose, a thin tube protruding from each for breathing. A thick rubber hood was slipped over her head and laced into place. Additional rubber straps circled the hood, covering the eyes and then the mouth. The mouth strap was pulled hard, forcing the ball even deeper into her mouth until the entire ball was forced between her teeth. Jenny took this binding quietly, half out of fear, half out of defeat. Leading her on her toe shoes toward the sauna, Violet had attached a chain to the top of the hood and then to the top of the sauna, holding her on her feet. A bucket was hung between her legs, supported by the laces to her corset. A small hose was inserted into the bucket then water was turned on, creating a very small trickle. With that, Violet gave the dildos an extra pump for good measure, turned on the sauna and left.

Now, three hours later, the bucket was nearly full. The weight of the water, as a result, had pulled the lacings of the corset progressively tighter, reducing Jenny's waist to a small 21 inches. She looked like a rubber hourglass! Her breath came as short gasps through the small tubes in her nose as she struggled to inflate her crushed lungs. Violet tied off the strands to the corset, stapled them together to hold them fast, then removed the bucket. An added torture, much to Violet's pleasure, was the weight of the water on Jenny's toes. The water had added an extra fifty pounds of pressure on her already tortured feet. As Violet unhooked the chain from her helmet, she collapsed to the floor.

The second night was even easier. Guilt had risen in Mr. Reed and, as he arrived

home, summoned Violet for a talk. But she was prepared as he stumbled through his carefully thought out speech. Her robe dropped to the floor, revealing her attire. She had bought a latex mini dress that clung to her perfect body. She had worn her highest heels, their six inches sculpting her legs. Mr. Reed was putty as she dropped to her knees in front of him and took him into her mouth.

For three days Jenny was kept in harsh bondage. The latex suit, blowup dildos and corset had stayed on her body for the duration, only the hood was removed. Each hour, Violet would add a single pump to each dildo until they had expanded to capacity. Though painful, the goal was being accomplished, stretching Jenny's virgin asshole and pussy wide enough to handle any cock. Violet played off Jenny's absence to Mr. Reed, saying she was off with friends. Instead, Jenny had spent one night bound into a tight form under her step father's bed. Violet had the best orgasm knowing that her lover's step daughter was directly beneath them as they made love, unable to move or call out. Violet took this opportunity to discuss Mr. Reed's upcoming birthday, and the surprise she had in store for him. He pushed for details, as she knew he would, but she would only say that it would satisfy some of his primal urges.

The second day consisted of Violet placing Jenny in a bondage chair, bound into immobility with heavy leather straps. Her arms had not been untied since the day in the sauna. She found herself, in this case, unable to avoid Violet's torture. She would ask, "Are you my slave-girl?" and, as Jenny would not respond, Violet would produce a thin rod of stainless steel and slowly push it through the thick latex and into Jenny's breast. After an hour, Jenny's breasts looked like pincushions, with many small spikes piercing her delicate skin through the latex, as well as several long rods that extended through one breast and into the other. In the end, Jenny agreed to anything Violet would do to her.

The third day was sex training. As Mr. Reed left for the day, Violet started with pleasuring a female, namely herself. Jenny was placed on her knees, still bound tightly in latex and toe shoes, as Violet pushed Jenny's face into her hairless pussy. With steady encouragement by way of the heavy tarse, and threats of spikes through her breasts again, Jenny slowly learned how to bring Violet to orgasm. Later, she was laid on her back and Violet sat on her face, pushing her asshole onto Jenny's

tongue. This time, coercion came by way of the tarse on her pierced pussy, a much quicker and more effective encouragement. By noon, Jenny was begging to lick her pussy and tits. Violet had invited several gentlemen over, and with little conversation, they pushed their cocks into young Jenny's face. By the end of the day, she had not only orally pleased all the men, but also taken each into her pussy and ass.

Finally, the big day had arrived. Mr. Reed had been reminded of Violet's surprise and was planning to be home early. As he left, Violet released Jenny from her suspension. As a final proof of her ability to punish, Violet had suspended Jenny in the basement. For twelve hours she had hung from her breasts, leather straps had been wound around the base of them until they looked like black latex balloons. As her toe shoes lost touch with the floor and the winch clicked into its final position, Jenny was begging for release. Violet admired her slave-girl, dangling in the center of the room, her arms mercilessly bound behind her, and ignored the cries as she again climbed the stairs and left her.

Jenny was truly submissive now, having felt the depth of Violet's cruelty. It was hard to believe that an eighteen year old could control another with such intensity. Still wearing the corset and latex, Jenny was led by the nose ring to the shower where she collapsed to the floor. Violet released her arms for the first time in three days and slipped off the latex suit. Rather than holding her up in the large shower stall, Violet had installed a small cable winch and she pulled the cable dangling from the center of the shower to the floor. Clicking the clip to Jenny's nose ring, she began cranking. Once the slack was removed and her body began rising, Jenny found energy to lift herself off the ground, if only to release some of the pressure from her abused septum. Violet was pleased with the strength of Jenny's nose modification. Attached directly to the cartilage, the metal plates made her septum very strong. She could imagine the many punishments she could inflict on Jenny in the future with just her nose ring. Once on her toe shoes again, Violet rinsed off her slave-girl's body and washed her shoulder length black hair. Jenny simply stood there, perched on her punished toes, dangling from her nose ring.

Once dried off again, Violet produced a new method to bind Jenny's arms. Three inch wide steel bands had been lined on the inside with a thin sheet of padded leather.

Violet pulled her arms behind her back with palms facing each other. Slipping the first band around Jenny's wrists, the two ends met. One end had three holes while the other had three small rods welded into the metal. As the two were joined, Violet used a tool to complete the rivet connection. The snug bands welded Jenny's hands together. Another band was stretched around her lower arms, just below the elbow. The final band consisted of two smaller bands that went around each upper arm, just above the elbow. A length of banding stretched between the two. Violet used a hex wrench that fit in an access hole in the middle. Slowly the band was shortened and her upper arms were forced closer together. Jenny squirmed against the harsh bondage as she felt her shoulders forced back farther than ever before. Finally, Violet stopped. Re-checking all the rivets she turned to face Jenny's tear strained face.

"I'm sorry to say you won't be using your arms for quite some time. Get used to this concept. I just finished riveting your arms together." Violet smiled as she watched Jenny struggle in panic then give up as she realized the validity of Violet's claim.

As the time neared when Mr. Reed would return for the night's activities, Violet began preparing Jenny. A large rubber ball was forced into Jenny's mouth before a thick leather hood was stretched over her head. Lacing it tight, Jenny's skin looked like it was made of leather when she was done. A strap stretched across her mouth, forcing the ball entirely in her mouth. Rather than a blindfold, her eyes were covered with a pair of dark smoked plastic lenses. Much like welding glasses, her sight would be limited. A wide leather posture collar fit around the base of the hood, covering her throat. Violet took the opportunity to check the straps on the toe shoes, pulling them tighter and forcing Jenny's toes deeper into the pointed toe. Finally, she led Jenny upstairs toward her step-father's bedroom. The room had been transformed into a moody sex den. All the lamps had been draped with sheer scarves, giving off soft light. Jenny was pushed to the floor in the middle of the room. A heavy ring had been installed into the floor there and Violet attached a chain from it to Jenny's collar. Well trained, she had dropped to her knees and sat upright, her legs spread wide to show her shaved pussy and pierced clit. Violet quickly dressed into a slinky leather dress that fit snug over her curvaceous body. Hearing the front door open, Violet leaned over to the newly submissive Jenny.

“Don’t forget, my dear. I can cause you great pain if you disobey.” She could hear Jenny’s muffled whines beneath the tight leather, but she nodded in agreement. Violet smiled, stroking the smooth layer of leather then darted downstairs.

After half an hour, Violet appeared, leading somebody into the room. Jenny could see shapes, but no faces through the dark glass over her eyes. Her ears partially blocked, prevented her from recognizing voices well, though she could hear the conversation. It took only a few moments before the guest leaned close to examine his birthday gift. Jenny jumped when her step-father’s face pushed toward hers to admire the bondage.

“I hope you like her, Mr. Reed,” Violet cooed as she watched him circle Jenny.

“You say she’s a slave-girl,” he asked, amazed at the cruelty of her position.

“Yes, she is,” Violet answered, “She was given to me awhile ago and I’ve trained her for you. I would like to offer her to you for awhile. Perhaps a month or so.”

Mr. Reed smiled as he took hold of Jenny’s nipple ring and twisted lightly. “I would love to, Violet. But what would Jenny think?” Violet could see Jenny’s body tense at the mention of her name, perhaps thinking she might be rescued yet.

“I forgot to tell you. Jenny decided to attend summer school. She won’t be back for three months.” Mr. Reed smiled, not noticing Jenny give up for the last time. “Well, let’s get started. She really loves to be fucked in the ass. And you probably want to whip her as well.” Violet smiled as Mr. Reed took over. As she sat in the corner chair to watch, she could hear Jenny begin to whimper through the heavy gag as her step-father began with a hard smack to her ass.

## **The End**

*A continuation of this story was created by another author, see Violet (Continued).*