

Visits

Category: Text Stories

written by Sir Valk | September 9, 2004



By Thndrshark

Part 1

The Beginning

“Hey, Mark,” Jake said as he opened the door. “Thanks for stopping by.” I shook my best friend’s hand firmly, realizing I wouldn’t be seeing him for some time.

“I had to stop and say goodbye one more time. It’s going to be weird not hanging out with you.” For a moment, as I walked into their house, we both reflected. We had graduated from high school together a year ago, both having decided to take a year off, me to save money and Jake to setup his new house. That year had passed and now I was finally off to college across the country. Jake had bought a house out of town with the inheritance money his grandfather had left him, and had no plans of going to school, at least not yet.

As he led me into the living room of the large wood and rustic home, I cautiously looked for Tawney, my little sister. Jake had practically grown up with her as well, though he claims he barely noticed her until his Junior year. She was two years younger than us, having just graduated from high school herself. I still felt weird

that she and Jake had gotten together, though it turned out they seemed to be made for each other.

As Jake motioned for me to make myself comfortable, and sat himself, he lifted a small bell on the side table, ringing it. I looked to the kitchen and watched as Tawney reluctantly approached. I had always thought my sister was cute, and as we both reached our teens, we had explored a little sexually together, but nothing to make the censors panic. Mostly innocent “you show me and I’ll you show” stuff. I hadn’t really thought of her as a sexy girl, though most of my friends did, and took extra effort to let me know how hot she was. I actually was sure that a few of the guys that hung out with me did so just to see her more often. When she and Jake started hanging out together our Junior year, I didn’t notice much, but soon I realized they had something uniquely in common. As kids we used to play cowboys and Indians a lot, largely because Tawney would want to be an Indian maiden that I could capture. I remember her criticizing me for my rope ties, telling me she could get out too easy. I knew then that she was into bondage and when I discovered Jake was warm to the idea himself, they seemed perfect for each other. I just couldn’t get over the idea that she had decided to become a real, fulltime slave to him.

As she entered the room, I could see her fighting the urge to slink off, until Jake commanded her.

“Stand up properly.” She quickly obeyed. That was the first time I noticed her as someone other than my little sister. At 18 years old, she was a 5’6” brunette elf of a girl, petite. She wore a schoolgirl’s outfit, with a very short skirt, sheer stockings, garter belt and very high pumps. Her legs seemed to go for miles in those shoes, disappearing into a barely-hidden round ass beneath the pleated skirt that seemed just a suggestion of fabric hanging low on her hips. She was wearing a tight white blouse that curved to the shape of her small 32C breasts, tying at the midriff to expose her flat, sexy stomach. I think the shirt was two sizes too small, with her breasts pressing hard against the fabric. The material was extra sheer as well, so I could clearly see how round and lovely her chest was. Around her neck she wore a snug leather collar with a tiny padlock holding it on. Her hair was in pigtails, with bows that matched her skirt.

“Say hello to your brother, Tawney,” Jake ordered. Tawney hesitated then dropped to her knees. It was evident that Jake had taught her a unique way to greet male guests, but the thought that it was her own brother made her hesitate. Jake wasn’t pleased, reaching out to spank her hard on her exposed ass cheek. “What are you waiting for,” he demanded. Tawney, her face flushing red, let her eyes drop as she crawled over to me. Her head pressed against my closed knees until I instinctively opened them. She pressed forward until her face was against my crotch. I was sure she could feel my raging hard on, and though I was embarrassed myself that this was my little sister, I couldn’t help my own hormones. She cautiously yet firmly kissed my cock through my stretching jeans, then slid back and kissed my shoes.

After greeting Jake in the same manner, she turned and kneeled at his feet, knees spread, back straight, her wrists crossed behind her. She was learning quickly.

“When do you think you’ll be back,” Jake asked, absentmindedly stroking Tawney’s neck.

“I doubt I can afford many trips. Probably next summer.”

“You have to promise to visit. You can see how quickly Tawney is learning to be a proper submissive.” I nodded, trying to hide my own excitement at the concept. I could see her face flush in embarrassment, knowing her brother would see her transformation into a slave. I also knew that she liked it. As she and Jake began to date, I had caught her in the bathroom one morning before school struggling to push an anal plug up her ass. After we both got over our shock, she had confided in me that it was more than just the bondage and submission, but also the humiliation and degradation of it all that turned her on. Jake was taking advantage of that early, commanding her to do things most of her classmates would find unbearable. At first he made her go to school without panties while wearing short skirts. By our Senior year, when Tawney was still only 16 years old, Jake had begun sneaking her off to the city and hiring her out as a stripper, and soon he had her doing bachelor parties as well, leading her into a crowd of horny men in nothing more than a school girl outfit, on the end of a leash. He was fully controlling her by her senior year, and she loved every minute of it.

Later that evening, after a nice dinner, which Tawney served to us in her little outfit,

she was left in the living room with me while Jake went to pick out a couple good cigars. For what seemed like ages we just sat there, me in a soft chair and her on the floor, kneeling, her knees wide and wrists crossed behind her, chin lowered in that submissive pose. I'm sure she was told to avoid eye contact unless commanded, but that was probably a helpful rule now. I imagined she was feeling my eyes on her, examining her and wondering what she was getting in to. She was profile to me. I could see the curve of her body, her gentle, delicate, crossed wrists and her long, dark hair cascading over her shoulders, down her back. It was easy now to forget she was related to me as my lust for this submissive woman kicked into high gear. Just to interrupt my own stares, I broke the silence.

"Pretty weird, huh," I said. For a second she hesitated, not sure if I was talking to her. But soon she felt the silence grow and realized she needed to respond.

"What do you mean... sir?" I heard the awkwardness in her answer. I was her brother, just a couple years older than her and someone she used to spend hours harassing. Now her orders told her to refer to any man as Sir. I could almost see her face flush.

"You becoming a real slave. I mean, are you really into this?"

"You know how much I like all this, M-, I mean, sir."

"Yeah, but Jake can get pretty intense. He and I have talked a lot about what his dreams are for a real slave girl. Whatever you agree to, he'll give you more than you can expect." I could see her thinking about this a little, her chin dropping a bit. Knowing she was breaking a rule, she turned her eyes to me. Her look was earnest and I had trouble looking back.

"I've dreamt of this for years, Mark. I'm not experienced enough to know all the stuff that can be done, but I'm willing to take that chance with Jake. I want to push my own limits, too." She held her gaze just long enough to convey her need for approval, and a subtle nod from me gave her what she needed. She smiled lightly, then turned away, returning to her submissive mode. Jake's voice startled both of us.

"I finally found these awesome Cubans I've been saving!"

Year One

The cab dropped me off at the gate and I slipped in when the door buzzed. I waited for a few minutes, wondering if Jake were coming down with a car, then just grabbed my one bag and headed to the house. The driveway was a lit path nearly 1/2 a mile long, which reminded me just how big their estate was. But the journey gave me time to prepare for seeing my sister. Over the past year I had talked to Jake only via email, and though I'd often ask how her training was going, he offered little detail other than a casual "fine", before changing the subject to a question about school. I wanted to strangle him for asking me such mundane questions when all I wanted to hear about was Tawney's slow transformation. As kids we had read many stories about extreme submission. All, we were quite certain, were fiction but the images they conjured up made both of us long for a beautiful young lady that would give herself to us. My search had failed in the short time I tried, but Jake had found his clay, so to speak, and I desperately wanted to know how the molding was going.

The long walk up the driveway took 10 minutes, but soon I was at the house. I rang the doorbell, and quickly the door opened. Jake grabbed me and gave me a hug.

"Great to see you, Mark! Come in!" He grabbed my bag and pulled me inside. I was glad to see him and tired from a long year at school. His house and his friendship were a welcome sight.

"I'm sorry I didn't meet you at the gate," he said, pulling me into the living room. "I had to administer some punishment, as you'll see. I can't put these things off. Training, you know." I nodded in only partial understanding.

"No big deal," I said, shaking his hand again. "I'm just glad to see you."

"Me, too." We both just smiled a minute longer as we savored the moment, before he gestured to a chair for me to sit. "How about a drink?"

"Sure," I said. Jake grabbed the familiar bell again and rang. This time, the sound of steps came sooner, though the walk was strangely slow, with the sound of jingling accompanying it. I looked to the doorway to see Tawney approaching, letting out a slight gasp of surprise at the sight. Gone was the cute little girl of last time, or of my childhood. Tawney was strangely tall and statuesque, and as I looked at her feet, I

could see why. Formed into a severe en pointe position, the shoes she wore appeared seamless and form fitting. The harsh point they formed seemed to also mold her thighs and legs into a perfect shape. Wide steel cuffs, clearly custom fit to her ankles, held a short three inch piece of chain between them, limited her steps to tiny bits. Additional cuffs circled her thighs just above the knee. These were locked together; a tiny pivot between them allowing enough flex, but making each step even harder. Dangling from between her legs two rubber inflation bulbs stuck out from between her thighs in the back, hinting to more interesting things inside of her. Her waist was constricted by a harsh leather corset, reducing her already slender figure to a true hourglass shape. Jake caught my gaze.

“17 inches,” he offered. Her breasts seemed to have grown as well, perhaps double in size to last year, and the sharp contrast between tiny waist and larger breasts left a stunning image.

“Even before you saw her last time, I put her on a breast hormone,” Jake said. “She’s now a 32DD.” They were large for her body, their lovely shape bulging out to the sides, though unlike implants, these seemed to carry the lovely slope that made a woman’s breast so wonderful. At the nipple, thick rings pierced the base, with shiny rods sunk halfway along their length. At the end, tiny rings pierced the tip, where similarly tiny bells dangled from short, delicate chains, making the pleasant jingling sound I had heard earlier. I couldn’t see her arms at all, assuming they were pulled together behind her.

Tawney made her way into the room and caught my eye. I guess my face said it all as my mouth hung open in awe. She blushed slightly, returning her gaze downward. I couldn’t help but examine each lovely attribute my little sister now possessed. She was an amazing sight, both statuesque and beautiful while also so changed and obviously controlled. I could feel my head spin in excitement. Jake let me enjoy her for a moment, then stood.

“Turn around,” he ordered, and Tawney quickly obeyed. As she did, I could see that her elbows touched, locked together as closely as her wrists. A wide steel collar, matching the others, was locked snugly to her neck. I was impressed by the craftsmanship as well as the seemingly seamless nature of the metal. Jake released

her arms, chaining them back together in front of her with only a small piece of chain between. As she got on her hands and knees to crawl to me, I couldn't help but enjoy her new and amazingly lovely breasts that dangled below her body, the tiny bells jingling for additional attention. As she got closer, I caught sight of the thick nose ring fit into her septum. Her long, soft hair fell across her shoulders as she approached, pushing her head between my legs and kissing my once again firm cock. This time she lingered a bit more, gripping my rock hard member through the thin fabric of the dress pants I wore. I gasped audibly as she did, looking down to see my quite modified little sister with her head pressed against me. I could feel something more than just her tongue and though I didn't want her to stop, I reached down and pulled her chin up. I could see that Jake had also pierced her tongue, a series of seven studs down either side as well as a grommet near the tip, through which a thicker ring now dangled. I let go of her face and she returned to nuzzling my cock as I struggled to avoid releasing inside my pants. Thankfully (and disappointingly) she pulled away soon, moving down to kiss my shoes as well. As she crawled to Jake, I got a good shot of her bare crotch devoid of hair, the two inflatable dildos pressed firmly inside of her, and now sporting a ring from her clit.

As she performed her ritual with Jake, I found my breath shortening and my face flushing. I wasn't sure I was supposed to be feeling these feelings of lust for my own little sister. But trained, controlled and clearly modified as she was now, I had trouble separating my passion for bondage and submission with the fact that my own sibling was fulfilling this passion.

Once she kneeled beside him, I was grateful that Jake put a stop to the small talk. "Let's have dinner. I'm starving!" I nodded and stood, following my friend into the other room, fighting the urge to peek back at the clicking heels of my slave-girl sister.

After a year of school I was glad that Jake had asked me to stay for a month. I dreaded going home to my family and though I couldn't escape for the entire summer, I could easily make an excuse to visit my sister and best friend. For obvious reasons Tawney hadn't kept in close contact with our family and I had become the go-between for them. She had always had trouble getting along with our parents, thus the situation wasn't unexpected. It wasn't until this visit that I began to realize

it would become nearly impossible for her to call them anyway. In a brief attempt to talk with her in private, I discovered the extensive tongue piercings had modified her speech patterns to the point that she no longer liked to talk.

Other than the idea that we had our own slavegirl to wait on us and entertain any passing whim, the time with Jake was wonderful. His property was expansive and I found I could just as easily take a long walk through the grounds with nothing to disturb me as much as lay out in the sun by the pool for hours on end. I found that Jake enjoyed my use of the pool area and found ways to provide distractions when he could. Often he would simply dress Tawny in several snug layers of transparent rubber, then attach her nose ring to an overhanging chain. As the sun beat down on her I would watch her both sweat profusely as well as moan in discomfort from the intense heat that tended to build up inside. Sometimes he would leave her unhooded and I could see the tears pour from her eyes as she suffered clearly for me, and other times he hooded her with rubber as well, adding to the torture. Then the entertainment was watching her dance in her ballet heels as she tried to turn away from the sun and its relentless pounding.

On the first night of my visit, after we had enjoyed dinner, Jake had shown me to a guestroom, a lavishly appointed suite that rivaled not just my dorm room but nearly the entire dorm floor. It hadn't take me long to fall to sleep, not only from the comfort of the soft sheets but also from a year of intensive study that had lead me close to exhaustion. Sometime during the night I remember having the most wonderful dream, a continuation of short-lived experience at school with a sorority girl. But soon the dream woke me and I could feel that not all of it was my imagination. Beneath the sheets I could feel a pierced tongue licking my already hard cock. I pushed back the sheets to reveal Tawney. Still in corset and ballet heels, her otherwise naked yet pierced body was between my legs. Her arms were bound behind her, elbows touching as well as wrists, with her hands locked into a tight ball of rubber. Clearly she had crawled in to the room, then slid under the covers. As I looked down at her, she lifted her body up to look back. I could see a strange mixture of humiliation and submissiveness on her face and could certainly understand part of it. Here was my little sister, who only a few years ago seemed so young and innocent. Now, her body pierced and controlled, she was kneeling between my legs, sucking her big brother's cock. I could see her eyes welling up,

and as we stared at each other, a single tear slid down her cheek.

“Master ordered me to pleasure you,” she nearly whispered, her voice now oddly lisping as the metal mounted in her tongue limited her speech. I knew from the pleading look on her face that she half hoped I would tell her to go away, so she could report to Jake that I had refused her. I smiled, stroking her cheek gently, before slipping my finger through her nose ring and yanking on it hard. She cried out in pain.

“Then what are you waiting for, slut,” I demanded. “And who gave you permission to be on my bed.” I used her nose ring as a handle, dragging her off the bed. She sank to her knees in pain and fear. Releasing the piercing I slipped off the side of the bed, my legs now straddling her.

“Now let’s see you give your big brother the best blow job he’s ever had.” Tawney, her head lowered in defeat, sniffled back her tears and lifted her tongue to my cock. As she slipped the head inside, swirling the tip with her pierced tongue, I grabbed her hair on either side of her head and forced her face all the way down onto my crotch. She moaned in fear, but I could feel her tongue working feverishly. She knew she had no choice but to obey.

End of Part 1

Part 2

Jake was pleased I didn’t have a hang-up using Tawney sexually or otherwise. How could I? Despite the fact she was my little sister, she not only wanted all this, but was incredibly good at being a slave as well. I knew behind her tears and embarrassment, she actually was enjoying her life, or at least that is what I came to believe early on. Whether she ever imagined the depth of pain and modification she was enduring it’s hard to say. A pang of doubt crept into my head, wondering if I should ask her in private if all this was too much. I tabled the question until later, not sure how I would do that or if I should.

Halfway through my stay, Jake announced he had a ritual to perform and he wanted me to be a part of it. Tawney was serving us breakfast at the time and I could tell she was not thrilled with whatever was going to happen. It was the first time I had seen her truly afraid.

“Sounds like fun,” I had said between bites.

“Good. I think you’ll find it exciting, to say the least.” Jake smiled, making Tawney rush away on her ballet shoes. Further questions failed to reveal more, and I resigned myself to waiting until the night.

Later that night, after Jake had strangely served dinner for us himself, he told me to follow him.

“I’ve had Tawney ready for this since about two o’clock this afternoon.” I smiled privately, knowing it must have been horrible for Jake to have to serve himself. “I figure giving her time to think of her fate is half the fun anyway.” I nodded, not really knowing what he was talking about.

We headed into a large room I had never seen before. The dark walls and spotty lighting made it difficult to understand right off, but soon I found myself staring at Tawney. She was on her back on top of a sparse yet strong frame. Her lower back was supported by a padded surface, as were her shoulders, but little else held her up, giving her body a strange floating look. Wide leather straps circled her already corseted waist as did a strap above her large breasts. Her wrist and ankles were chained to posts at forty-five degree angles from her body, forming a perfect X. She had been stretched taught to them, removing any ability to flex. Her head was pulled back and strapped at a harsh ninety-degree angle, forcing her to face the back wall of the room. She had clearly been crying, and now the soft remnants of her whimpers still escaped the large ring gag that was strapped to her face.

“I discussed this with Tawney some time ago, and finally I got all the pieces in place,” Jake said as he led me to a table on the side. I could see several items of shiny metal, all custom molded and uniquely designed. “As I think you know, Tawney has always been a glutton for humiliation. What you probably don’t know is that she loves sex. She’s probably the definition of a nymphomaniac, always wanting more,

with one caveat; she hates anal sex. I think she's endured my back door penetrations because of our relationship, but I could really tell she doesn't like it." As he spoke, he unlaced her corset. Clearly it had been on so tight and so long that her body had formed to it. Tawney let out a gasp as it came off. Jake then selected a molded metal band and walked back to Tawney's waist. "I had wanted to come up with some sort of ultimate humiliation for her and I think I found it." I could hear Tawney begin to whimper again as she lightly struggled against her restraints. For the first time I started to think that Jake was going too far, that Tawney was no longer so interested in his crazy ideas. Instead of doing anything, though, I watched him fit the band around her waist, noticing how it was molded to her exact form just above her hip bones, creating a V shape as it dipped down toward her crotch.

Returning to the table, he selected another item, this a curved plate with a slot near the top and a wider opening below. Holding it close, I could see a series of sharp pin-like protrusions on the bottom side as well as a ring of them extending into the upper slot. With a small tool he turned something, which slowly pulled the pins out from the slot. He handed it to me then began to remove Tawney's clit ring. Her moans grew louder as she seemed to be trying to speak, her head shaking slightly despite the straps. I could tell we had ventured into new ground for her, and whatever Jake was planning she not only aware of but no longer wanted. I couldn't help it; I was excited by the prospect. Knowing she was truly being controlled only made me more excited.

Jake took back the plate and turned to me. "Would you mind doing something else for me," he asked.

"Whatever you want," I said.

"I think you'll like this. I'd like you to fuck her mouth while I do this." I heard her cry out again. I smiled at Jake. "How can I resist my best friend's request?" I moved around to her face, dropping my pants and releasing my already rock hard member. I pressed it against her tongue and shoved in, then quickly began pumping in and out. I had to catch myself and slow down, knowing I would come quickly if I weren't careful. Instead I began to hold my cock down her throat for a few seconds, feeling her studded tongue swirling obediently despite her continued whimpers.

Jake returned to his preparations. He took another item and began to attach it to the belt she already wore. It seemed to be rubber padded metal bands that were riveted on to the belt in front, then stretched down to either side of her pussy. Later I could see a small connector held them close as it created a slight merge in the space between her pussy and her anus, then split back out to connect to the back of the belt. Though the front section of the bands were metal covered rubber, the metal ended at that bridge before her anus, with heavy bands of rubber alone stretching up to the back of the belt. Jake had to stretch them incredibly hard to reach the mounting rivets. The design would turn out to be amazing. Not only did the compression near her pussy help push her lips and clit outward more, but with the way the rubber bands stretched back, they actually pulled her ass cheeks open wide, providing easier access to her anus. In addition, the taught nature of the bands prevented any slack from emerging, despite the position Tawney was in. I would soon see how this made the device even more devious.

“Ok. Here we go,” Jake said. I wasn’t sure if he was speaking to me or Tawney. “Oops. Almost forgot.” He reached into a cabinet and selected three items that looked like futuristic glasses. Handing me one, he had me pull out of her mouth as he put a set on her face, covering her eyes. He flipped a switch, then reached to mine and did the same. For a second it was dark, but as he placed his set on his head, he turned something on and suddenly I could see through his eyes. Actually it was just a camera mounted on his set, but the illusion was wonderful. I knew Tawney could see the same thing, too. I peeked out from beneath them to get my cock back into her mouth, and then enjoyed the show.

Jake replaced her clit ring with a very small rod, then, as he held her outer labia lips wide to expose the more sensitive inner set, he began to place the plate. He slipped the small rod through the slot at the top, then pressed the plate down. I could feel Tawney’s scream against my cock as the small needle-like pins pressed into her inner labia, holding it in place. He twisted her clit rod 180 degrees then fit the rod into two small holders. It clicked into place firmly, locking her now stretched and twisted clit into position.

Tawney was crying now, and her tongue had diminished in activity. I was feeling especially cruel as I reached to her nipple ring and twisted it hard, causing her to

cry out again, but her tongue reacted appropriately.

I could see through the goggles how the plate fit perfectly over her entire vagina, the larger hole at the bottom perfectly circling her pussy. The sides had holes in them that fit perfectly over a series of protruding rods extending up from the side bands. He placed small nuts over the ends once the plate was in place, screwing them down, before applying a drop of super glue to each. It was then I realized that this was intended as a permanent fixture. Suddenly Tawney's fear was justified.

"Jake, why don't you tell me what this is," I said, trying not to sound too worried.

"Sure," he said, focused on his work. "As I said, I wanted some sort of ultimate humiliation for Tawney. Licking toilets and such only goes so far." He chuckled as he lubricated a hollow but thick metal dildo, itself covered with a series of holes and nubs, before pressing it into Tawney's exposed pussy. She grunted at the size and Jake had to take it slow, but it slowly slid its six-inch length inside. "I knew she liked one thing the most out of sex, and that was clitoral stimulation. As a matter of fact, she could come with very little time with a vibrator. That's what made her such a slut, which I liked." The dildo slid into place, the ends locking into a socket like fitting in the plate. He took the small tool once more and began to rotate the pins that now surrounded her extended clit inward. It didn't take long before they began to pierce the base of her clit and once again her howls of pain echoed through my cock. I was having trouble holding back now so I slowed down again.

"The other thing I knew she hated, which I mentioned earlier, was anal penetration." He selected another plate, this slightly convex on one side while inside, near the top, was a new series of sharp pins. A fitting at the bottom seemed designed to connect to the end of the dildo now inside of her with some sort of gasket fitting on the outside. A small box of electronic components was fit snugly against the inside between the two. Positioning it over the top, I could see how it completely overlapped the first piece, its intent to completely seal off any access to Tawney's pussy. He made sure the fitting was properly connected then pressed the top into place. Tawney screamed bloody murder as the small half dome of sharp needles pushed into her actual clit. Despite the bonds and the tightness of her body, she still managed to buck a bit. Jake simply waited, listening to her pleading around her

brother's cock. I was almost afraid as the weight of the device sank into my brain. I was in a strange dream, something combining my cute little sister with a sinister plot, all seen through these bizarre glasses. It made me question what was real for a moment, and what was pure fantasy.

Jake locked the plate into place with a second set of pins extending up from the edges of the first plate. These were different in that he simply pushed it on hard and the pins disappeared into some secret hole beneath. A clearly audible "ting" sound told all of us it was locked down now. He used his little camera to reveal the entire rig. She now wore a very bizarre chastity belt, her entire vagina covered with metal and completely inaccessible. Only the fitting to her pussy disturbed the flow of the shiny metal.

"So," Jake finished, stepping back. "I decided I would fit her with a permanent device that not only would remove any access to her clit and pussy, but also focus attention on her ass. The dildo inside of her is made of surgical steel, as is the whole device, so she can wear it indefinitely. The attachment is designed to pump water and disinfectants into her vagina, cleaning her out when she needs it. Oh, one more thing." He reached under the access port and turned a ring circling it. We could hear the click and Tawney screamed again.

"I just activated the little spikes on the outside of the dildo. It can't move at all now. So, the upside for us now, is that we get to fuck her ass all the time and she has no choice!" He smiled as if he had just won a merit badge, and though I smiled back, I couldn't help but wonder what he had done. He walked over to me with a small remote device in his hand.

"As a matter of fact, not only will she never feel any pleasure through her clit or pussy again, but I've set it up so I can administer pain to her clit anytime I want, or even at random." He flipped a switch and Tawney's body went rigid before she wailed around my cock, begging for it to stop despite the gag and my member. "That's voltage applied directly to the twenty needles that now pierce her clit hood and clit itself." He hit the button again and as she screamed once more. I myself had witnessed a new level of sadism that even I didn't think was possible. I was trapped between feeling terror for my sister and the growing feeling in my body. As he hit

the button a third time I couldn't hold back, stifling her scream as she was forced to swallow my load.

End of Part 2

A short chapter, but you'll see why I had to break it here when part 4 comes out!)

Part 3

I only had a week left with Jake and Tawney, and though I knew the end of this bizarre and amazing visit was coming to an end, it was easy to forget. I found it easy to fall into the idea that I was living in this world of submissive, tortured women and dominant men, a world Jake and I had dreamed of but never thought possible. I was lounging in the sun, enjoying the massive backyard lawn that Jake kept, wondering how he managed to keep his secrets from his team of gardeners. Just ten feet away was Tawney, strapped to a device that seemed appropriate in my new found fantasy world. With her arms bound behind her in a reverse prayer, her wrists forced high up her back to nearly touch her neck, she was lying on a thin padded platform. Her ever growing breasts dangling from either side, their bases constricted by harsh leather cord. The other end connected to her knees, forcing her to keep them as wide as possible or risk further constriction of her already purple tits. Her tips of her ballet shoes were connected via small rings to her hair which was laced into a ponytail. The result held her face straight forward. The beauty was the two machines attacking her from front and rear, literally. Two machines, designed to pump dildos in and out of an orifice were penetrating her mouth and ass alternately. The one in her mouth was teaching her the art of deep-throating, and as I watched, it marched forward once more, slowly distending her throat like a snake swallowing a rat. She had little choice in the matter, with both her hair bondage and the huge ring gag that kept her mouth wide. The dildo seemed to have a life of its own, slowly sliding into her mouth and down her throat, then holding just long enough for her to panic for lack of air, before slowly and relentlessly pulling out. From time to time it would start to enter the back of her throat then suddenly begin to pump frantically, until finally pulling back enough to rest against her tongue. I'm not sure Jake had put sensors on it or not but it was clear Tawney thought there was as she kept her

pierced tongue active on the rubber cock at all times.

Behind her, she had endured a constant anal fucking for hours now. Jake had insisted she be trained when we weren't using her so she would learn she had no choice but to learn to enjoy the only penetration she could receive now, other than her mouth. I'm not sure which was worse for her, the constant mouth fucking or proof that she would only experience the one form of sex she hated for the rest of her life.

As I watched her face, I could see her grimace from time to time, and often see new tears roll down her cheeks. I knew Jake had decided to leave the clit shocker on random at all times now on, and after a week of constant punishment it was a wonder she didn't cry all the time.

A short chapter, but you'll see why I had to break it here when part 4 comes out!)

Part 3

I only had a week left with Jake and Tawney, and though I knew the end of this bizarre and amazing visit was coming to an end, it was easy to forget. I found it easy to fall into the idea that I was living in this world of submissive, tortured women and dominant men, a world Jake and I had dreamed of but never thought possible. I was lounging in the sun, enjoying the massive backyard lawn that Jake kept, wondering how he managed to keep his secrets from his team of gardeners. Just ten feet away was Tawney, strapped to a device that seemed appropriate in my new found fantasy world. With her arms bound behind her in a reverse prayer, her wrists forced high up her back to nearly touch her neck, she was lying on a thin padded platform. Her ever growing breasts dangling from either side, their bases constricted by harsh leather cord. The other end connected to her knees, forcing her to keep them as wide as possible or risk further constriction of her already purple tits. Her tips of her ballet shoes were connected via small rings to her hair which was laced into a ponytail. The result held her face straight forward. The beauty was the two machines attacking her from front and rear, literally. Two machines, designed to pump dildos in and out of an orifice were penetrating her mouth and ass alternately. The one in her mouth was teaching her the art of deep-throating, and as I watched, it marched forward once more, slowly distending her throat like a snake swallowing a rat. She

had little choice in the matter, with both her hair bondage and the huge ring gag that kept her mouth wide. The dildo seemed to have a life of its own, slowly sliding into her mouth and down her throat, then holding just long enough for her to panic for lack of air, before slowly and relentlessly pulling out. From time to time it would start to enter the back of her throat then suddenly begin to pump frantically, until finally pulling back enough to rest against her tongue. I'm not sure Jake had put sensors on it or not but it was clear Tawney thought there was as she kept her pierced tongue active on the rubber cock at all times.

Behind her, she had endured a constant anal fucking for hours now. Jake had insisted she be trained when we weren't using her so she would learn she had no choice but to learn to enjoy the only penetration she could receive now, other than her mouth. I'm not sure which was worse for her, the constant mouth fucking or proof that she would only experience the one form of sex she hated for the rest of her life.

As I watched her face, I could see her grimace from time to time, and often see new tears roll down her cheeks. I knew Jake had decided to leave the clit shocker on random at all times now on, and after a week of constant punishment it was a wonder she didn't cry all the time.

I had been out here all day, staring at my little sister, now 19 years old, being abused as she was. It wasn't too hard for me to imagine her as she was, a demure young girl, small breasts and an innocent smile. I could almost imagine her in much the same leaning position, giving me a hard time about a date while she laid on top of our porch railing. But just as quickly the image dissolved into what I could see now. That innocent face now tortured, a thick nose ring mounted in her septum, huge 32DD breasts dangling below her, the tiny bells connected to her nipples ringing lightly in the breeze. I couldn't resist a closer look as I approached her. She glanced up at me just as the dildo in her mouth began one of its brutal assaults, as if some guy had decided to face fuck her within an inch of her life. I looked down at those pleading eyes, welling with tears, then the drool that had poured from her mouth throughout the day to puddle in the grass below. I stroked her hair from her face, but then let my hand move down her twisted arms, and to her breasts. They were a fair shade of purple; nothing to be worried about yet but certainly sensitive

enough by now. I pulled on the leather strap connected from the base to her knee, enjoying the moan from her. Fondling her nipple ring and rod, I found myself twisting them to see how loud a scream I could elicit. I soon found myself watching the dildo pounding in and out of her weary ass. It was lucky they were self lubricating. Jake had designed both her mouth unit and the anal cock to essentially ejaculate every few minutes. The feeling, accompanied by the requisite deep penetration and hold, created the feeling that she wasn't just getting penetrated but actually fucked by the machines. Her anus was red from the punishment, with lubricant seeping out of her like come. I found myself questioning her choice to become a slave, and wondered if this is what she expected. Moving back to her face, I crouched down beside her.

"Tawney," I said softly. She tried to turn but the dildo wouldn't allow her to. Her eyes tried to see me, though, through the tears. "I know you really wanted to be a slave when you got together with Jake, but I'm worried he's starting to do things to you that even you couldn't imagine, or want." I paused as the dildo went into a renewed frenzy. There was something really hot in watching it relentlessly fuck her mouth for almost five minutes, before pulling out of her throat to mechanically orgasm on her tongue. As she recovered from the assault, I tried again. "I'm getting the impression you might want all this to stop, to make Jake let you go so you won't have to endure this anymore, or whatever he has in mind for the future." Again she tried to see me, and though the dildo had begun its motions again, I thought I might have seen a nod of assent. "Do you want me to talk to Jake? Try and make him slow down?" Again, was that a nod? I wasn't sure.

"Hey, Mark," Jake yelled from the house. I stood up to answer.

"What's up?"

"I thought you and I could go into town, get a real steak for a change."

"Sounds great!" I glanced back to Tawney. "We'll talk later, ok?" I didn't wait for an answer, turning to Jake as he approached. "What about her?"

"She'll be fine. We'll be back by midnight and it's been warm in the evenings." I marveled at the thought. Glancing at my watch I noted it was only three o'clock. As I

grabbed my towel and began to follow Jake, I glanced back at my sister. Nine more hours, for a total of fifteen hours on the machine. I shook my head in amazement. As we got to the house, Jake used his remote, pointing it in Tawney's direction. I watched as the machines picked up their paces, commencing a much more fevered session of anal and mouth fucking.

"That'll keep her occupied," he said. As I followed him through the door, I could hear Tawney's screams of anguish muffled only by the staccato punctuation of the dildo sliding down her throat.

End of Part 3

Part 4

Amy was enjoying the pool when the doorbell disrupted her thoughts. It was late May, school out and time to enjoy the summer. She had been fantasizing about being Mrs. Mark Pender, not only because he was one of the most eligible bachelors on campus, but also because she liked the pool. She had to admit she was a catch as well, a psychology major who looked more model than student. Her long blonde hair cascade down her back, framing a soft face and full lips. She enjoyed the attention her 36D breasts gave her and she worked hard to keep her body trim and athletic. She had been seeing Mark for nearly six months now, ever since they met at a club in the city, and though things were going well she had always felt there was something missing from the relationship.

She was still trying to tie on her bikini top when the door rang again.

"I'm coming," she yelled. Finally making a knot, she whipped open the door to reveal a startled delivery man. For a second he just smiled, staring at the beautiful blonde in a tiny bikini. Amy didn't want to be rude, and actually liked the attention, just not really from an unshaven man with questionable job skills.

"I've got a delivery for a Mark Pender?" The guy held out his clipboard and Amy glanced at it.

"You've got the right place," she said with a smile. "What is it?" Amy followed him back out toward the truck idling in the long driveway. She quickly signed the form, mimicking Mark's handwriting to the T, a skill she thought might come in handy one day.

"A crate. That's all I know." A helper appeared from the cab, a younger man less shy about his advances.

"Wow! This is the best delivery this week," he whistled, trying to charm Amy. She winked back at him, then slipped the wrap she had been carrying over her shoulders. She glanced at the lift gate as the first guy wrestled a two foot deep, three foot wide and six foot tall box onto the dolly. As the box banged against the side of the truck, Amy prayed quietly that it wasn't fragile, whatever it was.

"I'll give you guys an extra \$20 each if you carry it into the den." They looked at each other and nodded, lowering the gate and pushing the dolly across the cobblestone drive.

That evening, as Amy sipped ice tea and watched the fire, she couldn't help but glance at the crate now dominating the room. She stood and pulled the packing slip off the side, trying to determine once more what was inside. Mark had often spoken of his mysterious friend Jake, a rich classmate who often would send fancy gifts for birthdays or holidays. The house she sat in was almost a gift from Jake as well. Mark had reluctantly agreed to live in it after his friend purchased it as a tax write-off. It was probably more than luck that it was in the same town his best friend was going to college, but Amy had eventually convinced Mark to accept. The place was nearly a mansion, set back from the street on acres of land, private and secluded. Mark had often spoken rather vaguely about Jake's place at home, claiming it was easily five times as large as this house, but Amy had trouble imagining that. It had come down to money. A struggling yet promising student like Mark couldn't turn down an offer like this.

Amy couldn't tell much from the packing slip other than it had been shipped in a bizarre fashion. Though it appeared to originate somewhere in the southeast, it seemed to have taken the slow, random boat; New Orleans to Nassau to Bermuda to Cape Cod to Boston to here. The box had been in shipping for over two weeks now.

As she put the slip back on top, she shrugged. Mark wouldn't be back for at least another week. She supposed it could wait until then.

Her carefree attitude lasted all of a day. By the next evening, Amy was dying to know what was inside. Home for the evening, she selected a crow bar and began to pry at the front facing. After some struggling, the wood came free, revealing a solid mass of black foam. Amy puzzled over the shape for awhile; wondering what could be inside, but suddenly afraid to look further. She cleared away the wood around it then carefully lowered the solid rectangle onto a long side before leaving it once again.

With her busy schedule, Amy managed to avoid the strange solid cube for another three days, but finally she found herself home on the weekend, and despite her self control, she just had to examine it closer. The smooth rubbery substance was slightly springy to the touch, but seemingly seamless. As she felt around the edges, she found a hole. Reaching inside with her fingers, she could find nothing except endless tube that reached down into the mass. Examining it closer she found a similar tube on the opposite side. Now even more curious, Amy decided to lift the cube up again to allow further study of all sides. Struggling to put it up on end, she noticed an enveloped taped to the back side, something she had missed the first night in the dark. Ripping it open, she found a note. It read:

"Since you couldn't make it to me this summer, I thought I'd send you a little gift. Make sure you read the instructions inside.

Jake

Amy felt embarrassed now, realizing it was a present from Mark's old friend. But now she just had to know more. Feeling along the sides, she found what appeared to be a seam. She laid it down once more and with the help of the pry bar, popped it open. At first, she could only see a black form. Much like a familiar character cast in carbonite, the female form seemed mounted to the back of the case. She moved closer, eager to examine this strange statue. It seemed to be made of some sort of shiny rubber, latex she thought it was called. The casting was remarkably lifelike, though the shape it represented was hardly realistic. The female shape had

impossibly long legs, aided by a strange snub-nosed shoe instead of feet that created a ballet en point look. At the crotch a strange lump formed. Almost like a codpiece it made the form look more like a Barbie doll than a real woman. The waist was tiny, compressed seemingly by some sort of corset device. The form's breasts were the most amazing, the size of basketballs, or even larger. Reaching the face, she could see how the illusion was broken by a perfectly smooth head and no modeled eyes. At the mouth there was a lump that disturbed what looked like exaggerated lips. Reaching out, Amy touched the large breasts. The shape moved beneath her hand. Shocked, Amy pulled away, unsure if she really saw it move. Soon she reached in again, touching the rubberized face. Once again it moved, and through the tubes that now were visible, leading to the encased head, she could hear the most subtle moan.

Mark stumbled into the house exhausted from the trip. He dumped his bags at the bottom of the stairs before seeking out Amy.

"I'm home," he pronounced. He could just hear the TV on low in the den as he headed that way. Rounding the corner, the first thing he could see was the back of Amy's head as it lay on the cushions of the couch. Figuring she was asleep, Mark crept up slowly. As he got close, a low moan erupted from Amy, startling him. He reached the back of the couch and peered over. Dressed in only a short bathrobe, Amy was stretched out so her legs spilled off the edge of the couch. Her naked body was writhing in ecstasy. Between her legs, seemingly attached to her crotch was a black form. Straps connected to it held the shape pressed firmly into Amy's crotch despite the wriggling she was doing. As she seemed to be rising to orgasm, Jake could see something in her hand, a remote of sorts. She jabbed at a button and the feminine shape at her feet let out a muffled scream, but the results must have been to Amy's liking. She cried out in orgasm before collapsing on the couch, the strange form still clamped to her pussy.

A note on the side table caught Mark's eye and he quietly opened it, reading his friend's words. He looked down in shock, realizing who the form was, before seeing another sheet of instructions.

"Tawney the Rubber Doll"

The title spelled it out clearly. The instructions were fairly plain. His little sister could not hear or see. She had been coated in a rubber substance that allowed the skin to breathe but removed any sense of touch. Her arms were useless bound in a reverse prayer under several layers of the latex, her hands in small sacks to prevent use of her fingers. Mark carefully took the remote that had dropped out of Amy's limp hand, then read the instructions again. It had eight buttons which activated any number of electric shocks that she had been painstakingly trained to obey. Button one was suck or lick, two would have her walk forward, three was for stop. Four was turn right and five turn left. Button six would have her kneel on the floor, then put her rubber clad head to the ground to present her ass and pussy for penetration. Mark glanced at the rubberized girl still strapped to his girlfriend's pussy. Button seven put her in kneeling slave posture while eight had her lay on her back. He pushed button one and could immediately tell her tongue had gone into action by the surprised reaction by Amy. Her eyes flicked open, catching sight of Mark, but just as quickly rolled back as another orgasm rushed through her body.

"This is your little sister," Amy asked in shock. Sitting at the kitchen table they both stared to the kneeling rubber form at their feet. Mark was still shocked at the quality of the coating. Except for her mouth and nostrils, her head appeared like a formless mannequin, no evidence of ears, eyes or even hair. Her head was a smooth, featureless globe. A thick nose ring dangled from her septum and a glint of metal from inside her mouth were the only things on her head that didn't gleam with shiny latex. Her body was also coated perfectly, as if she were a doll. Mark was amazed at the size of Tawney's breasts, especially in contrast to her tiny waist. Thick rings penetrated the rubber at the base of her nipples with the familiar rod and small ring up the length. On closer examination, they could see where a corset had been placed under coating, constricting her waist to tiny proportions, with a second one added after the latex application. Straps from the front disappeared between Tawney's legs, framing the bulge that was most certainly her permanent chastity device. Pressing the sixth button, Tawney responded immediately, pushing her rear in the air. Mark could see how the straps served to pull apart her ass, exposing a plugged and rubberized anus. The illusion of no arms was stunning. Only on close examination could they see the slight bulge at mid back where her elbows were, and her lower arms climbing up toward her neck. Her feet seemed to be permanently en

pointe, yet with no visible heel or shoe. It appeared some inner device held her toes in the severe position.

"I guess so," Mark answered finally. "It's not how she last looked, but I'm pretty sure it is." Mark had figured he would now have to explain his interests in bondage, as well as those of his sister and friend, since Amy was now exposed to it. He watched her closely unable to see if she was shocked or excited. "Let's call Jake, find out how long she's been like this."

"The training was the most difficult," Jake said through the webcam. "It took about three months to get her to obey perfectly." Mark and Amy looked at each other, but Amy asked the question that was on their minds.

"How long has she been like this, Jake?"

"I'd guess about six months now," he replied, pondering it. "It took a month to get her fully coated and geared up, then three months of training. I kept her for just over a month to test her out and have some fun, then it took about three weeks to ship her to you."

"Is she ok," Amy asked. "I've never seen anything like this." Mark watched her, still unable to tell what she was thinking, but he knew she had already tested the merchandise. Mark figured it was safe to keep her in the loop.

"She should be fine, as far as slaves go," he said with a chuckle. "Mark can tell you just how kinky his little sister is, so she's probably loving it." Mark thought back to his aborted conversation with Tawney on the lawn, wondering just how much she was really loving it.

"Is she really unable to use any of her senses," Amy asked.

"Well you can tell she has no skin visible, so she can't feel anything that way. The rubber is about four layers thick, totally close to a quarter inch, so it's thick by skin standards. The nipple and nose rings go into flesh, so if you twist them she'll feel that. If you look in her mouth you can see a few things. First, the rubber coating goes inside as well. Her tongue is fit into a thin membrane of the same material, and her tongue rods that run down the length of either side of her tongue lock it on, so

she gets no sense of taste at all. Her nostrils are coated as well, up about halfway up her nose. I actually had breathing tubes mounted in her nostrils into her lungs to ensure she could breathe. What you can't see is the soft rubber tube that goes down her throat. It's mounted to the back of her tongue coating so it's locked in place. The concept is that anything put in her mouth she swallows. She has no choice. She can't breathe through her mouth anymore. It also serves to block her vocal cords so she can't even speak."

Amy was frozen in what appeared to be shocked amazement. She wasn't used to Jake's strange affinity for this work, and even Mark was a bit overwhelmed. He could only imagine what was going through Amy's mind.

"I think Amy is still taking it in. We've never talked about the scene at all," he said cautiously.

"Mark! I'm surprised," Jake added before stopping himself. "I guess you two have some stuff to talk about." He glanced at Amy, still frozen in shock.

"I guess we do."

The summer had seemed especially long to Amy. The first month had been bizarre as both she and Mark had become accustomed to having the strange rubber doll, his little sister, available to them. At first, after their conversation and her understanding of Mark's affinity for extreme bondage, both of them had come to enjoy dominating the helpless form of the young girl. Even Mark seemed to get into the act, overcoming his feeling of guilt at abusing his sister in favor of a fevered and often harsh excitement over penetrating Tawney's mouth or ass.

After only the first week, as they both lay in bed fondling Tawney's helpless form, Amy's hand had run down to the girl's crotch. She felt the lump and turned to Mark.

"What's this," she asked.

"It's a permanent chastity device," he answered.

"How do you mean, 'permanent'?" Mark explained the device how it not only prevented any vaginal pleasure, isolated her clit completely but also administered

pain in the form of electrical shocks to further destroy any sense of pleasure. Amy's hand moved to her own crotch, a flushed look on her face.

"It's permanent? You mean she'll never again be able to orgasm?"

"Unless she learns to orgasm through anal penetration. I guess Jake could remove it if he wanted to, but I doubt he will."

"How long has she worn it now?" Mark thought back to the previous summer.

"I guess about a year now." Amy was quiet after that, her own hand at her crotch as she contemplated the seriousness of the device.

As the weeks went on, Amy began questioning Mark about being a slave. Her interest was peaked and Mark was more than happy to fill her in. He had secretly hoped she would show signs of submission but had figured it was wishful thinking and he would one day have to break up with her in favor of someone who was into the scene. He often did imagine her long blonde hair laced through his fingers as he yanked her head back, or rings through her lovely nipples. So one night, as Tawney stayed strapped to her crotch, her questions suddenly got interesting.

"Have you ever thought of making me a slave," Amy asked as her breathing quickened. Mark had control over the remote and was having fun controlling his sister's tongue on her clit.

"Of course," he responded. "But I didn't think you were submissive."

"I'm not sure," she said. "I'd like to try, though." Mark hit the button twice quickly, which they had learned would get Tawney's tongue going very fast. He could tell Amy was getting close. He hit the button again which made Tawney stop, then watched Amy groan in disappointment.

"We can try something now, if you want." Mark watched her face as a smile grew on it.

"Ok. Don't move." Like a giddy school girl he ran off.

By morning Mark was exhausted but it had been worth it. Amy was still bound in

position. Chains ran from either side of a thick collar to the upper posts of Their bed, holding her in the middle. Much to his pleasant surprise, her elbows had gone together easily last night and now they and her wrists were still hidden behind her body. Mark had taken a cue from last summer and tied straps around the base of her large breasts, then connected them to her knees as he pulled them toward her chest forcing her to keep them up or pull on her discolored and tender breasts. Thinner strap wrapped around each big toe and held her feet upward to the canopy above, ensuring unobstructed access to her pussy.

The night had started that way, with Amy bound in position. Mark watched as she experimented with her bonds, quickly realizing she was unable to escape. As he strapped Tawney to her clit again, he looked into her eyes.

“Now you agree to try this, and not hold it against me in the morning, right?” She nodded, already excited.

“Bring it on,” she said with a gleam in her eye.

“There’s something you’ll come to understand, Amy. Even the most wonderful thing can become torture eventually.” She just smiled, then opened her mouth as he pushed in a ball gag and strapped it in place.

It was only 9:30pm when they started, and Mark supposed from the excitement of the bondage, Amy orgasmed fairly quickly. By 11:00pm she had come six times, and each was taking longer. He took her until midnight, after five more orgasms, before stopping Tawney and unstrapping the gag.

“How does it feel now,” he asked as Amy worked her jaw.

“It’s starting to get a little uncomfortable, but it still feels good. I could come a few more times but I’m probably done after that.” Mark smiled and replaced the gag to continue.

By 12:30am Mark could tell that Tawney’s tongue was more abrasive than pleasurable. Amy was grunting from the contact, unable to resist. As Mark looked into her eyes, he could see a flash of anger in them.

"I told you not all things are as nice as they start out being, but as my slave for the night, you will have to endure." Mark reached to the floor and lifted a heavy leather hood he had stashed. Amy saw it and screamed, trying to avoid it. It was easy for him to walk behind the bed, though, grabbing a handful of hair and forcing the hood on. He positioned the eye-pads over her eyes, and the inner ear plugs over her ears before pulling hard to stretch it taut over her face. The plugs slipped into place and Mark began lacing it on. Once the lacing was complete, Mark pulled a connected strap over her eyes, pushing the inner pads tighter against her face, before buckling it on. Another strap covered her exposed ball gag, pushing it deeper into her mouth. Finally, a strap circled under her chin then over the top of her head, further silencing her. Mark finished by adding a length of strap from a ring at the top of the hood to a ring in the headboard, pulling Amy's leather encased head back hard and further immobilizing her. With two quick punches of the button Mark set Tawney back in motion. Even with the first of her metal studded tongue against Amy's clit, Mark could see his girlfriend flinch in pain. He could tell she was trying to struggle, but the bonds held her firm and soon she became motionless, trying to avoid added stimulation to her already abused clit.

By 10:00am, Mark snapped awake. Looking down to the remote, he realized he had been holding it down. He pulled Tawney away, who let out an small moan as her mouth settled closed again. Mark could imagine how difficult it had been for her. He marveled once more at Jake's ability to condition his little sister so well that she would keep her tongue active for the entire night. Part of him thought it could be because she was truly living the life she wanted, and thus her dutiful acceptance, but he also knew it could easily be the threat of torture that kept her going. Either way she had no choice.

Amy's clit and pussy lips looked red from too much stimulation but his larger concern were her breasts, which had now turned a light shade of purple. It was clear that Amy had given up on holding her knees up as the pain of Tawney's tongue had made her forget the pain in her chest. Mark untied the straps and released her breasts. A howl erupted from beneath the hood as blood coursed back into them.

Mark decided to take Amy's release in increments, starting with her breast bondage and followed by releasing her elbows. He had never bound her like this for so long,

and though he could tell her circulation was thin, he was pleased to see her arms hadn't discolored. Thoughts of longer bondage bounced in his mind. After another half hour, he decided to take off her hood, and as he peeled the leather off of her, he could see the inside eye pads were drenched in tears. Removing her gag, she lay motionless for a moment, her eyes still shut. Finally, they peeled open, catching sight of Mark.

"You fucker," she mumbled, a slight smile on her lips.

"I told you being a slave isn't all roses. I figured I should show you the reality so you could forget your ideas of being a slave. I don't think you're up to it." Amy smiled a little more, then closed her eyes, dangerous thoughts fluttering behind her eye lids.

Mark was trying to focus on the tv but was having trouble. He couldn't help but to glance down frequently at the rubber encased head of his little sister between his legs. There was something sublime about her rubber coated tongue and the mounted metal rods stroking against his hard cock. Shortly after her arrival, Mark had discovered a bizarre twist to Tawney's transformation. At the time it was shocking, bringing home the fact that his little sister was gone, replaced by the ultimate slave. Enjoying a blowjob at the time, he noted that despite her grip at times, he never felt teeth. Upon closer examination he found that Jake had crowned all of Tawney's teeth in a unique way. Each tooth had been filed down near the gum, then caps had been fit over the nub. Though the connection was firm, the actual section that extended from her tooth was no longer rigid. Each tooth was now capped with soft rubber nodes. Mark had found it shocking at first, realizing even her teeth had been all but removed, and replaced with something solely devoted to her performance as a slave. He began again to wonder how far Jake could go in transforming Tawney.

It was still early August and he was getting far too used to having a rubber doll at his disposal, despite the reality of who was inside. It was Amy who interrupted his bliss. Slinking in wearing a see-through teddy, she kneeled down beside Tawney, pulling her lips from Mark's cock and pushed the rubber tongue down lower. She smiled up at Mark and dropped her own lips to his member while pressing her hand against the back of Tawney's head, forcing her to tongue Mark's balls. It only took a

few minutes of this intense stimulation before Mark began to orgasm. Keeping her lips on his cock, Amy pulled Tawney back up, then switched his cock to Tawney's, letting her finish the job. Both had been using Mark's cum as one of Tawney's two meals a day and she hated to deprive the poor girl of nourishment.

Once finished, Amy slid up beside Mark as he hit the button directing Tawney to assume slave posture.

"I didn't want you to forget my lips," Amy said, stroking his deflating member.

"How could I? I think you give world class blowjobs." Amy blushed, looking demure.

"Why thank you, sir." It had taken a couple of weeks for Amy to get over the torment Mark had put her through. She had admitted she wasn't mad at him, but rather had to deal with some conflicting emotions she was going through, that being her first intense bondage experience. Now, she seemed back to her old self and Mark could sense something was on her mind.

"I think I'd like to try being a slave," she said, trying to look in Mark's eyes. He lifted her chin with a hand.

"What do you imagine a slave's life is like?"

"Well, I don't really know, but I think it would be fun! I love sex, and the torture stuff doesn't scare me. Besides, I endured your little clit torment, right?" Mark shook his head.

"I don't think you have any idea what it means being a slave. Look at Tawney," he motioned to his sister on the floor. "This would be your life. Living only to serve. Now I agree she's an extreme case, in that she is literally living to serve, but slavery is pretty serious."

"Yeah, I thought of that," Amy said, looking at the rubber girl at their feet. "I think it would be a good challenge, at least for a little while." She reached off the couch for a bowl filled with slips of paper. "I put a length of time on each of these. We can random draw and whatever we got would be how long I'd have to be your slave." Mark glanced at the bowl, noting a few exposed pieces with the words 'six weeks' or

'eighteen weeks'.

"Amy, I can't do this with you. I get the impression you think it's a game, or maybe a challenge. It's not."

"Can't we have some limits?"

"That's not my style. I would never want to permanently damage you but there's a lot of leeway in what I'd want to be able to do, and I don't think you understand that." Amy was beginning to get mad. She dropped the bowl on the couch.

"I thought this is what you wanted! I'm willing to give it to you and you won't accept it?"

"It's not some sort of gift, Amy. Tawney really wanted to be a slave. She had been dreaming about it for years; deep, dark fantasies that scared even me at times. And look at her now. Can you imagine being with sight or sound, unable to feel anything for almost nine months? And who knows how much longer Jake will keep her this way! Look at her. Do you want to be that?" Mark was getting angry as well, realizing that Amy had no idea what she was asking. He finally calmed himself, taking her hand. "I love you, Amy. I want this to work out, but I want you to be who you are. Sure, I wish you were as submissive and masochistic as my sister, but you can't pretend to be that way."

Amy began to cry, rushing out of the room as Mark watched her go.

End of Part 4

Part 5

Nearly two years had passed since that fateful argument. As Mark rode in the back of the sedan that had picked him up at the airport, he thought back to Amy. Shortly after their fight, she had moved out, then left school. Mark was devastated but knew it was for the best. He knew that despite how much he cared for her, she would never be able to satisfy his own dark cravings. His own depression had kept him

away from Jake and his sister as well. After shipping Tawney back in the crate, he had managed a last minute transfer to a European university to finish his degree, and stayed for some post graduate work as well. But finally he knew he had to rejoin his life, and he thought he'd start with Jake.

His friend had tried to track him down after he had missed the first summer and his standard visit, but Mark had avoided contact, simply sending back confirmation that he was ok and would contact him soon. Mark figured his friend and slave sister could stand one summer without him around. But now approaching the second summer, he knew he couldn't stay away. As the car pulled up to the speaker box, he waited for the sounds of surprise. He had decided this trip would be a surprise.

"Yes," came the sound of a young woman's voice.

"Master Pender is here to visit," the driver said in a slow British drawl.

"One moment, please," responded the voice, then went silent. Just as Mark was about to ask the driver to try again, the gates opened. Taking the cue the driver pulled in and up the drive.

As the car pulled away and disappeared back toward the gate, Mark stepped up to the door. He touched the bell, and though he couldn't hear the sound, the door pulled open almost immediately, revealing the cutest rubber maid. Dressed in layers of transparent latex, the girl stepped gingerly on towering pumps, connect by a short few links of chain. Her body seemed form fitted in the rubber, with no part of her body exposed except above her neck, where a youthful and beautiful face was framed by long, soft curls that cascaded down her back. A thick nose ring dangled low enough to touch her upper lip, and he could see that it was a seamless, and most likely permanent, addition. Mark could see that the girl was experiencing one of his and Jake's fantasies, namely a lovely girl in several layers of rubber. What was most astounding was her tiny, corseted waist in contrast to her large breasts. She looked to be only about 16, and Mark wondered just how old she really was. She seemed happy with her role however, flattered by Mark's stare, blushing as she stepped aside to let him in.

"Master asked that you wait in the drawing room. Will you follow me?" As she closed

the door and gracefully stepped to the adjoining room, Mark followed with pleasure. Each step of her amazingly long legs was accompanied by a swish of rubber stroking rubber. It was all transparent latex, and though he could tell she was wearing at least three layers of the tight substance, he could just see her pale skin beneath it all. The rubber seemed painted on, form fitting to every perfect curve of her young body. It seemed she wore a body suit which covered to mid thigh on her leg, and mid forearm as well. Long transparent gloves overlapped the sleeves, just as rubber stockings matched to the legs, held in place by a rubber garter. A tight rubber corset fit smoothly to what looked like an 18 inch waist, ending just beneath her breasts. Over it all she wore a skimpy rubber maid's dress, the tiny skirt which covered only to the top of her thighs, revealed two inflation balls between her legs, their tubes disappearing into snug panties.

After sitting, then blissfully watching the maid move off again, Mark sat quietly. Almost immediately, but from another direction, the maid re-appeared.

"May I offer you something, sir," she asked after a curtsy. Mark was still surprised at her quick movements, unable to respond. "Master wants to extend any luxury of the house while you wait. Might I suggest a drink and perhaps I can orally pleasure you?"

"Uh, a drink would be fine," Mark mumbled. "Can I ask you something?" The maid curtsied once more.

"Anything you desire, sir," she said, looking down submissively.

"How did you get around so fast? I can't imagine it's easy walking with such a short chain between those tall heels."

"I'm sorry, but I think you must mean my sister." She looked to the other door, where she had left only moments ago, and there stood her mirror image. Mark smiled: Twins, another fantasy of Jake's. Mark watched as they moved to stand together in front of him.

"Aren't you both young for slaves?"

"We signed lifetime contracts when we turned 18, sir. That was a year ago last

March.”

“What are your names?” The second one spoke first.

“I’m Blush and this is my sister Pout.” They both leaned in to each other, touching heads and giving the cutest smiles. “Do we please you, sir?” Mark tried to hold back from yelling “hell yeah!” and instead smiled.

“Very much so. Twin slaves has always been a fantasy of mine.” The two girls smiled again in unison.

“I love my sister very much,” Pout said as they turned to each other. Blush began kissing her sister, a deep, long event with lots of tongue. Mark felt a surge in his pants as he watched these twin sisters, rubber slaves, making out in front of him. He could see peeks of their identically pierced tongues, small rings near the tips fed through grommets, with additional rods down either side, disappearing down their tongues. They broke apart enough to look to Mark. “May we suck your cock together, sir?” Mark broke into a huge grin again, until the boisterous sound of his friend shocked him out of it.

“So now you show up,” he said, mocking. “Blush, Pout, stop teasing the poor man. He just got here.” Mark stood and returned a hug, just now realizing how he had missed his friend.

“I needed some time. I’m sorry,” Mark blurted out, feeling obligated to explain.

“Nothing to be sorry about. I was just surprised, is all. Not that I didn’t have fun!” Jake motioned to the other door. “You wanna see? I think you’ll be surprised.” Mark smiled, wondering what more he could have done to Tawney. Part of him was still eager, and he could feel the familiar stir as his kinky side was fanned like a flame. They headed out of the room, leaving Blush and Pout behind. Though Mark couldn’t help but to look back at the twins, he found he was more eager to see Tawney. Jake led Mark down to the basement, which clearly had been remodeled sometime since his last visit. It seemed larger than the house above, with two underground stories, vaulted ceilings and the dread of a real dungeon throughout. They passed numerous rooms, some of which had strangely kinky sounds emanating, but Jake continued on,

reaching another staircase down. This one seemed to project further out from under the house, but lead down to a single door some three stories beneath the ground. As they reached the damp bottom of the small staircase, he pulled out a single large key and opened the heavy wood door.

Mark stepped in to a room seemingly hewn out of old stone. There wasn't much in the room, including light, but he could just pick out a heavy winch above the middle, where a hook projected up from the floor. As his eyes adjusted, he watched as Jake hooked the winch to the ring and hit a switch. A huge slab of stone, nearly two feet thick, lifted from the center of the floor, revealing a steel plate in more stone beneath it. The stone chunk, some five feet square, was set to the side and the winch attached to the metal plate.

"We monitor her constantly via infrared lighting and cameras but she has no sense of it. It's really full isolation down there." Jake pulled aside the plate, which in itself was some four inches thick, before reattaching the winch to a chain hooked just inside the square hole. "The hole, as we call it, is climate controlled at an exact 72 degrees so there's no sense of time passage. There is just a touch of light around the base, enough to keep the eyes healthy but not enough to provide much information or input."

"How deep is that," Mark asked as he tried to peer down into the darkness.

"About fifty feet down to the final plug, then another ten feet to the bottom, where she is," he said. "I showed her this whole thing before she went in the first time, sort of giving her the full impact of just how isolated she would be." Mark could imagine, seeing the process of extracting her. He watched as the chain pulled up another slab of rock that seemed to just fit in the whole. "It rests snugly in a thick rubber gasket about ten feet from the floor. We could fill the middle tube with water if we wanted to and it wouldn't leak into the bottom." The final slab had another chain connected to it, which Jake then attached to the winch.

"Ok, here she comes!" Mark was amazed at the whole thing, unable to fathom what Tawney was thinking.

"How long has she been down here," mark asked.

“Well, the first time was about four months, before we realized we couldn’t find you and you weren’t coming to visit. We pulled her out then and I just kept training her. She was pretty shaken up by that length of time, and made a pretty good slave for awhile. I figured you wanted me to continue with the heavy training, so I started making more permanent modifications after that. More hormone training, permanent piercings; the works. You were right, she was pretty rebellious, but I didn’t falter. In late August she managed to kick me in the groin so I put her back down. She begged and cried but she got what she deserved. Besides, it’s something you asked for anyway.” Mark was just processing that she had been in this pit for ten months before his other words began to sink in.

“What do you mean, ‘I was right’?”

“Your letter told us she’d resist heavily, but to ignore it,” Jake said as he watched the hole. “I still can’t believe she actually wanted to be this severe of a slave, but I figured you’d know her best. At first she was very eager but then I think it sank in and she wasn’t so eager anymore!” Mark’s head was swimming in confusion. Before he could understand, he heard scraping and looked down to see a steel box rise from the hole, trailing three hoses from below. Jake wrestled the box to the side, setting it down on the stone floor.

Barely measuring three feet long, two feet high and two feet wide, the heavy steel sides, nearly three inches thick, had no holes or gaps except for a small slit on one end, at the very bottom. The three thick tubes were attached to the box, two at one end and the other, on the side of the slit. Jake stepped up to the end of the box and twisted the end of the single rubber tube, detaching it from the box. With a small tool he made a change to the gasket, unlocking it from the plate. Moving to the back of the box, he performed the same task with the other two tubes. Finished, he pulled a long rivet from the edge, then with the help of the winch, lifted the end panel up out of a snug slot, before setting it down to the side. Reaching inside, he used a key to unlock something, before pulling open a thick barred cage door. Reaching back inside, he grabbed the end of a heavy chain, from the sound of it, unlocking this from somewhere inside, before he pulled. The thing inside resisted, unwilling to leave the strange metal box. Jake pulled hard and soon something emerged. What came out looked nothing like Tawney, though the sweaty, naked figure was clearly female. As

she crawled out without the use of her hands, her huge breasts brushed the ground, the heavy nipple rings and attached chains clinking against the bars at the bottom of the cage. She squinted from the light unable to handle even the dim lighting in the room. Mark could now see the three tubes were for waste and feeding, a tube dangling from her gagged mouth and two from the chastity belt behind her. With sudden realization, Mark stepped back in shock, not sure what he was seeing. Despite the massive changes to her, it was clearly Amy at Mark's feet.

Jake had to steady his friend as the world spun into place. It took a moment, much of it staring down at the strangely tortured body before him.

Jake had truly transformed the lovely Amy. Her head was shaved smooth, as were her eyebrows, not in a shaved way but in a truly hairless style that denoted permanent removal. Her body was covered in chains, with snug, heavy steel cuffs around her neck, upper arms, ankles and thighs. Thick, heavy chain connected her neck to her thighs, ankles to each other, and upper arms to ankles, with additional chain forming every possible option for connection. The weight alone must have been amazing and the result kept her in a near fetal position on her knees. Her arms had been folded into a reverse prayer, her hands disappearing into a single rubber bag that seemed sealed around her wrists. A ring at the end of the bag connected to the back of her collar in what appeared to be a welded fashion. It was clear she had been locked in this position for some time.

Mark could see a wide series of piercings covering her face and body. A thick nose ring now dangled from her septum, resting against her upper lip, with a second ring set inside the first.. Her lips themselves were ringed along their lengths by what looked to be nearly 40 rings, creating a bizarre metal maw. Beneath her beach ball-sized breasts, Mark could see elongated nipples with several other rings or rods in each. Her waist was clearly corseted, reducing her once slim waist to an incredibly small circumference. Without truly seeing it, Mark could tell she now wore a similar chastity device to Tawney's. Still unable to open her eyes, her mouth flexed open and closed, revealing a heavily pierced tongue.

"She can't talk. I had tubes put down her throat and nostrils so she wouldn't try and choke on food or strangle herself." Mark was speechless.

“How did this happen,” he managed to croak out. “You said I had something to do with this?” Jake smiled, then looked concerned.

“I’m confused. Didn’t you send her to me?” Mark stammered something, his eyes unable to leave the transformed Amy.

“We better talk,” Jake said, leading Mark out of the room.

Epilogue

Mark practically lived in the entertainment room for the first two months of his stay. Jake had documented everything, from Tawney’s early wishes as a slave through her training and transformation, and all of Amy’s experiences. Once he got past the initial shock, he learned to enjoy it all. It didn’t hurt to have Amy’s rubberized mouth mounted to his cock. He had felt bad for a short time after Amy had been brought to realize that Mark had returned, but that she was going to stay as a permanent slave. It took Amy nearly a month to recover from nearly a year in the Hole. Mark feared she had been reduced to a broken form, but slowly she began to respond. Jake kept her sedated most of the time, so it wasn’t until one morning that he and Mark decided she could handle the real world. They put her in bed with Mark and let the sedation wear off through the night. She was naked, but still with her arms in reverse prayer, corseted and pierced. She was laid in bed, her collar chained loosely to the headboard. Mark woke before her, waiting for her to respond. Slowly her eyes fluttered open, as if from a nightmare, seeing Mark beside her. She smiled.

“Hello, Amy,” Mark said gently. “How do you feel?”

“I had a bad dream,” she said softly, still partially asleep. “I dreamt I was turned into a permanent slave.” Mark smiled, touching her cheek.

“You are a slave, Amy,” he said, watching her face turn to confusion. He pierced tongue slipped out of her mouth, running across her lips. She could feel the rings that circled each lip. Panic began to rise inside of her. Mark pulled aside the sheet covering her and her eyes rose to the mirror over the bed. Gasping, she took stock of

her body. Her breasts stood out first, like basketballs on her chest, highlighted by a thick ring at the base of each nipple, a rod through the middle and a small ring near the tip. She was completely hairless, even her eyebrows gone. Her waist had been reduced to 17 1/2 inches, and the chastity belt was now a permanent fixture on her body. The vibration device responded as if on cue, stimulating her clit. Amy began to cry.

“This is what you used to look like,” Mark said, holding out a cute picture of the old Amy in a bikini. “Of course, you look nothing like that now. You can’t grow hair on your body anymore, that chastity belt is permanent and both your breasts and waist are changed forever.” Tears streamed down her face. She struggled to roll over, seeing her arms folded useless behind her. “I think that’s permanent, too. So much for that psychology degree.” Mark was enjoying this, his dark side shining through. He got out of bed, unlocking the chain from the headboard and yanking hard on her leash.

“Get off the bed, slave,” he said. She struggled to comply as she continued to cry, realizing what was happening. “That’ll be the last time you’re allowed in a real bed. You sleep on the floor or in some less comfortable accommodations we have for you. Now assume a slave posture.” Amy obeyed, getting on her knees, legs spread, head down, back straight. She watched as her tears began to puddle on the floor in front of her chastity device.

“So, I guess you thought it would be fun to be a slave after all?” Amy was silent. “You may speak, slave.”

“Yes... Master,” Mark smiled.

“You faked my handwriting and set it all up, assuming I’d be visiting Jake over the summer, so you’d only have to endure slavery for a couple months?”

“Yes, Master.” Mark reached down, playing with her nose ring, spinning it in what seemed to be an inset grommet in the cartilage of her septum. He found no seam in the ring. It was quite permanent.

“I guess you couldn’t have imagined the Hole, could you?” Amy began to cry hard

again, probably thinking back to her collective year plus in the cage... "Tell me what that was like?" Amy tried to collect herself but it was a struggle.

"It was horrible, Master. It was worse than anything I could imagine. I'd rather die than go back in there!" She wailed again in response to the thought.

"You better behave, then, shouldn't you?"

"Yes, Master, I promise! Please don't put me back there!"

"Well, you made Jake very angry when you kicked him. He let you out so I could see you, but I'm pretty sure he'd just as soon put you back in for a long time." She leaned down, resting her head on my bare foot as she pleaded. I couldn't help admire how restricted her arms were, forced up her back.

"No! Please, no, I promise to be good, I promise! I'll do anything."

"Hmmm, anything? I hear Jake wouldn't mind making you a toilet for the house. Would you do that to avoid going into the Hole?" Amy looked away, trying to conceal her revulsion at the thought. Her answer was almost a whisper.

"I am your slave. I will serve you any way you wish, just please, not the Hole." She looked up at him with wet eyes, pleading.

"I'll tell you what I want," Mark said. "I want you to be my rubber doll."

"You mean like Tawney, Master?"

"Yes, like Tawney. Fully covered in rubber, no sight, no sound, no sense of touch except what you can feel through the rubber. I've always wanted my own rubber doll." Amy was panting. Mark wasn't sure if the vibrator had turned on again or she was panicking. It wasn't much of a choice, considering both were fairly severe forms of sensory deprivation. She began to cry again. "It's rubber doll or the Hole again. Decide now, but this will be your last decision, maybe forever."

"May the slave ask one question, Master?"

"Yes, you may."

“How long would you keep me as a rubber doll?”

“As far as you’re concerned, it might be permanent. But at least you’ll get to please me, which is what you live for now.” Amy cried openly now, nodding,

“I would choose to be your rubber doll, Master,” she whispered, resigned to her fate.

Upon returning to the surface after his experience with Amy, Mark had met another shock, namely Tawney. She was still Jake’s rubber doll. He quickly came to realize that Tawney had been kept like that for over three years now, her small form still coated in head to toe rubber. Still Jake was reluctant to release her, but he agreed that after years in sensory deprivation, it might be wise to see if she still was sane. Mark found the whole concept otherworldly, and though he knew they were talking about his little sister, he found it hard to believe it was really her.

Jake had admitted he thought it strange when he had received a letter from Mark the spring after Tawney had stayed with he and Amy. He found it even more curious that Mark was asking him to train Amy. The letter was quite specific in essence, in that he wanted her to be “put through her paces” and that Jake should “pull out all the stops,” with little reference to actual training methods. It had made specific reference to isolation and control. The note had said that she preferred to fight, enhancing the feeling that this was all non-consensual. In Mark’s own hand it had said, “the more she struggles the more she likes it.” Considering what the letter suggested, a skeptical Jake had carefully compared handwriting to ensure it was really Mark, and after repeated attempts to call him, Jake had put it out of his mind. It wasn’t until mid April that he had received a crate with a zip tied Amy struggling inside. In an envelope with her she had written a letter stating she wished to become a slave, to be trained fully by Jake until Mark joined them. Jake had happily complied.

Clearly Amy had no idea what she was asking. Mark had only referred to Jake in vague terms, and her experience with Tawney as their rubber doll had seemed simple. She hadn’t envisioned what it would be like to be encased as Mark’s sister was. It was her ignorance, as well as Mark’s prolonged disappearance that had sealed her fate. Mark was watching the first DVD, with Amy stretched taught in a back bending position. Her body was in a stringent spread eagle, facing up. The

device was designed to stretch her wide, then push a bar into her back near the base, forcing her to bend backward. The wrist and ankle supports would move down at the same time until her body was nearly at a 90 degree angle. She was completely immobile, her head strapped back so she faced the opposite wall. Tiny rivulets of sweat moved across her rigid body. The camera stayed on this image for some time. After watching for 10 minutes, Mark was about to fast forward to some action, when a soft click echoed from the tape. Amy groaned. It was then that Mark looked closer, noticing how the system was designed to slowly stretch its victim more and more. The click was a ratchet system connected to her wrists and ankles, pulling her one inch tighter. His eyes dropped down to the time code at the bottom of the window. He noticed how it now showed hour eight when before it had said hour three. As he watched, it jumped again, this time to hour fourteen, and Mark realized that Amy had been in this position for at least eleven hours. Another click echoed in the chamber. Mark was now fascinated, watching closer. Over the next fifteen minutes, the time code jumped five more times, and as he saw Jake enter the room finally, he realized that he had just witnessed an intense thirty two hour stretching session.

Jake moved to Amy, stroking her tortured abdomen. Her skin was as taught as an inflated balloon.

“What a treat,” Jake said as his hand caressed Amy’s bare skin. “I wish I could thank Mark now for this opportunity. I think you’ll make an excellent slave.” He let his hand move down to her exposed pussy.

“Thank you, Master,” Amy whispered. Mark could see even on the video that Amy was trying to prove she could endure, but he could also see the fear in her eyes. Jake’s fingers entered her pussy. Amy gasped. Soon he pulled out, letting his damp fingers reach her anus. With the lubricant he was able to push into her ass quickly. She grunted again, and Mark could see a small tear forming in her eye. After a moment, Jake pulled out and moved to her face, presenting his fingers to her mouth.

“Lick,” he commanded. Amy looked at him in revulsion.

“No, Master. Not that,” she pleaded. Jake reached his other hand to her nipple, twisting harshly.

"I didn't ask you, slut," He barked. "You're a slave now. What you want or don't want is of no concern. You are here to serve me, Mark, and anyone else we command, and in any way we see fit. Now lick my fingers clean." He presented his fingers again and twisted her nipple harder. Amy's mouth flew open and she sucked eagerly, tears rolling down her face. Jake soon pulled his fingers free, leaving Amy to endure the horrible taste, while he continued examining her. His hands groped her breasts.

"I think some hormone treatment to grow out these breasts, coupled with waist training, should do you some good," Jake said. "I think we can grow these 36D's to a 36 triple F in about six months." Amy had begun to cry, but didn't react until his next comment. "I've got a new design on my permanent chastity device. It's now designed to stimulate you enough to keep you on the brink of orgasm at all times, with no release. I think that's far worse than no contact, don't you?"

"Please! No! Don't do those things to me! I don't really want to be a slave! I just wanted to prove to Mark that I could do it! Please stop. Call Mark. He'll tell you!" As she continued to plead, Mark calmly grabbed a ball-gag, then walked around to her face, before kneeling down to her eye level.

"So you don't really want to be a slave," he asked, stroking her hair.

"No! I wanted to try it for a little while, but only until Mark came to visit. I wanted him to be proud of me, but I never wanted anything permanent! You were just kidding about that stuff, weren't you?" Amy's pleading eyes searched Jake's face.

"You experienced Mark's sister Tawney, didn't you?" Amy nodded. "Do you think that, after receiving a letter from Mark telling me that you wanted nothing more than to be the ultimate slave, I would let him, and you, down?" Amy began to panic again, new tears running from her eyes.

"It was a prank, just a joke," she mumbled. "I only wanted to show Mark I could do it..." Jake continued to stroke her hair, before suddenly shoving the ball-gag into her mouth. It was huge, filling her jaws. He strapped it on as tight as he could pull.

"Mark said you'd fight," he said as he went to a tray beside the table. He

tapped a hypodermic to make sure no air was trapped. "I'm gonna be nice and knock you out for awhile, Amy. When you wake up you'll officially be a slave." Amy screamed behind her gag, trying to struggle, but the table held her firm. Sheer panic covered her face as she fought what she knew had become her fate. Jake calmly used an alcohol swab on her arm before sticking the needle in. Amy was frantic, and Mark could just imagine the sheer terror that she was going through. He was certain the true weight of slavery to Jake had set in.

As the drug began to take hold, Jake stroked her hair. "We'll start with permanently removing all this lovely hair." Amy's eyes went wide and with one final whisper of protest, she lost consciousness.

Mark looked down at his rubber doll Amy, practically indistinguishable from Tawney, except for the larger breasts and heavier piercings. He watched her rubberized tongue work over his cock, her newly capped rubber teeth creating an additional warm sensation as they touched the shaft. He stroked her smooth rubber head, noting the lack of any sign of eyes or ears. Only the heavy titanium ring dangling from her septum broke the seamless form. With the remote he turned the DVD carousel and selected a new sequence.

The time stamp said it was only three weeks later. The image was of a mirrored room. In the center was Amy. Hairless now as Mark had seen her taken from the cage, with her extensive piercings as well, though her breasts seemed to be still original size, or nearly so. She was kneeling on the floor, her body naked except for the gleaming metal of cuffs and collar, as well as the chastity belt and corset. Her hands were trapped in what appeared to be tight rubber bags, with her wrists pulled wide from her body. Heavy chain locked them to rings in the floor. Similar chains attached to each side of her collar and then to the walls, holding her upright. She was forced into her kneeling position with these chains, along with another that extended from her nose ring to a ring in the floor in front of her.

Mark watched closely as her only input, that of her chastity belt, attacked her clit. She clearly had been enduring this for several weeks, but he could still see her breathing quicken. She closed her eyes as the machine brought her close to orgasm when suddenly her face twisted in pain. New tears followed the trail of many past as

she groaned in despair.

After fifteen minutes the vibrators clearly started again, this time taking longer but resulting in the same. Mark recalled Jake's proposed modification and quickly realized what his ex-girlfriend was experiencing. Fully automated, the unit over her clit would not only vibrate but pulse as well, quickly bringing its victim close to orgasm. A newly added feature detected when she was on the brink, shutting off the vibrator and replacing it with harsh shocks to needles sunk into the base of her clit. Not only was Amy not allowed to orgasm, while being kept near the brink at all times, but each close call was rewarded with a strong electric zap.

A panel opened revealing Jake. Closing the mirrored door behind him, he admired Amy's chained form.

"How are you doing, Amy," he asked, touching her smooth skull. Amy, weakened and humiliated by her torment couldn't even look to him.

"Please let me go," she mumbled, unseen piercings on her tongue disrupting her speech. "I don't want any of this. Please stop." Mark just smiled.

"Oh, I don't think so. Mark's letter was quite clear, and you agreed to anything I wanted to do. You set no time limit nor any limits on modifications, permanent or otherwise."

"No! I wrote that letter! It wasn't him," she cried. Mark grabbed her hips, lifting her up on to her feet. She had to bend over to avoid yanking on her nose ring, creating a perfect target for Jake.

"I'm sure you'd say anything to stop now, wouldn't you? Considering you probably expected being tied up and abused, maybe fucked. But that's not what I'm about, and Mark knows that. He may not seem like it, but deep down he's just like me. He used to dream about a pain slut like you, that he could torture and abuse. I think you'll fit that bill just right." Jake lowered his pants and lined up for entry. "Now let's work more on your anal skills. Remember, you'll never experience vaginal penetration again, so you better learn to like this!" He pushed in hard as Amy cried out, unable to resist.

Mark switched chapters, finding a familiar view, a fixed camera in the small room leading to the Hole. After a moment, Jake entered, pulling a terrified Amy behind him via a chain to her nose ring. Mark had to admire his ex-girlfriend in this image, even though he knew that she was being transformed against her will. She was still naked, with only piercings, corset and chastity belt on her body. A new addition of ballet shoes had her prancing on her toes despite the two links of chain holding her ankle cuffs close. Her arms were locked behind her at wrist and elbow, the upper arms cuffs literally connected together, forcing her shoulders back, with her wrist cuffs merged as well. Both hands now disappeared into a single rubber bag.

Mark could swear Amy's breasts had already grown, their already lovely form rounding out a bit. Amy was gagged, tossing her head in defiance against the leash that Jake tugged on. The ballet shoes highlighted her long legs. Mark couldn't help but get excited seeing her controlled like this. He placed his hand on the back of her rubberized head and pushed his further expanding cock down her throat. With the feeding tube in place and nose tubes for breathing, he could literally fill her mouth, even pressing deep into her throat. Obediently, Amy held the new position, letting her tongue swirl around his shaft. Jake's voice brought Mark's eyes back to the screen. Jake pulled off the ball-gag.

"Are you enjoying being my slave, Amy," Jake asked as he caressed her pierced nipples.

"No, Master," Amy said quietly.

"Well, you now live for Mark, and for myself, so it doesn't matter if you're enjoying yourself." A shudder moved through Amy's body and Jake reached down to her chastity device, patting it gently. "How do you like your new friend?" Amy's eyes lowered further, humiliation spreading across her face.

"I don't like it, Master." Jake laughed as Amy began to pant again.

"I think my modifications are working well. I thought Tawney's device was good in that it goes on immediately when she's calmed down. Yours seems to be much more torturous in that it is much more random. It may turn on five times in a row, followed each time by that shock to your clit, but sometimes it may not turn on for a

couple days. It prevents your body from just learning to endure. Instead, you can be brought close to a real orgasm before it punishes you." Just as he finished, the belt shut off, pumping electricity into her clit. Amy cried out in pain. "Do you find that worse than Tawney's?"

"Yes, sir," she gasped. "It hurts. Please make it stop!"

"I'm sorry to say, but it's permanent, Amy. You'll experience that for the rest of your life." Amy moaned again, tears rolling down her cheeks.

"I don't want to be a slave," she cried softly. "I don't want to be modified. Please, let me go."

"I can't do that, Amy. It's too late. You've just experienced a little of the changes I've got in store for you. Now I want to introduce you to a new feature of the house. Let's get you ready." Mark attached her nose leash to a dangling chain before reaching for the winch. As he started lifting the slabs and steel, he explained. "We call this the Hole, and you'll be the first to experience it. I've always been fascinated by sensory deprivation and the Hole is sort of the ultimate answer." Amy watched with wide eyes as the first massive slab lifted up, then the metal plate, and finally the second stone. As the cage raised up, she began to pull away, stopped by a painful twist on her nose ring. She was beginning to guess her fate. As Mark lifted out the steel plates that closed off the small box, revealing the tiny cage inside, he could hear her whimper.

"The concept is ultimate sensory deprivation. You go in that cage, chained in place, with attachments for feeding and waste removal. Then you're lowered in the hole, which is about sixty feet deep, by the way, then sealed in with these thick slabs." Amy was in shock now, standing rigid as she stared at Jake, tears pouring down her face.

"Wa... what happens to me down there?" Jake unhooked her nose chain, leading her to the edge of the Hole.

"Well, nothing, actually. There won't be any visible light, no sound. I keep the temperature constant. Food will be put directly into your stomach so you won't eat,

and waste will be taken away as well. I guess all you'll have to focus on is your belt." Amy looked to Jake, then fell into him.

"Oh, please, Master! Don't put me down there! Please, I beg you! I'll do anything you ask, I'll never do anything wrong again, just don't put me down there! Please!" The desperation in her voice made Mark wince until he remembered that it had already happened. Her knees had collapsed as she rested against Jake. The fear had nearly made her lose consciousness.

"Let's just get you in position. Maybe I'll only keep you down there for a few hours, just to see how it is." Amy seemed encouraged by this, though Mark could tell Jake was lying. She was so desperate for any hope she was unable to see it.

"Let's get you prepared." He pulled her to the cage, forcing her to her knees. A heavy bag of chains were dumped out beside her and he began to attach them. The first chain, from collar to newly placed thigh cuffs held her in a bent position. Loose chains from ankles to wrist cuffs, as well as to elbow cuffs, began to weigh her down. Somewhat lighter chains, though still heavy, attached nipple rings to nose ring. Reaching behind her, Jake used a special wrench to tighten her severe corset further, causing Amy to burst into tears while trying to find breath, despite the considerable compression. Jake then coerced Amy into the cage. From behind, Jake pushed a rubber tube and its gasket against the fitting for her vaginal dildo until it clicked into position. A long anal plug was greased then slid into her anus, locking to a fitting at the base of the belt. Another tube connected to it dangled out.

"Open your mouth," Jake ordered. Amy, terrified, obeyed. Jake pushed a rubber mouth mold into her mouth. The mass fit to the inside of her teeth, pressing her tongue to the bottom of her mouth. The design fit perfectly, removing not only Amy's use of her tongue but effectively gagging her. Like a spring, the rubber resisted flexing, only pushing her mouth back open again as she struggled to close it. Mark ignored her whining protests, selecting a long tube and sliding it through the hole at the end of the mold.

"Swallow," he ordered. Amy fought it for a moment, but soon the relentless pressure combined with her body's instinct, forced her to comply. As the tube reached her stomach the end in her mouth clicked into position, locking it in place. Without

delay, he pushed the larger tube into her mouth until it clicked into the back gasket. Final chains connected to her neck, holding her face in the middle of the cage, before he winched in the two end plates. Once placed, Jake attached the feeding tube line to the gasket in the metal plate, following suit with the vaginal and anal tubes. There was enough slack to allow Amy to move without pulling or bending the tubes. He finished placing the top, side and backside plates, sliding the rivets into place on the seams to hold them firmly. Amy was beginning to panic, unsure what she was facing. Jake faced her from the side.

“Ok, you’re set. The anal and vaginal tubes will provide enemas and douches from time to time. The feeding tube will provide nourishment on regular intervals. That’s about it.” Amy was crying quietly, her pleading eyes asking the obvious question, “I’m sorry, but I lied. I’m gonna keep you down there until Mark shows up, which at this point should be about two months or so. That is, unless something happens, then it could be longer!” Jake chuckled as Amy screamed despite the feeding tube, trying to fight against her bonds. “Don’t bother struggling, Amy. You’re helpless. You’re not getting out of this. That’s what being my slave is about. You got to see how Tawney lives now, and you’re no different. You think this is bad, just wait. I can do worse.” Amy’s cries turned to panic stricken fear as Jake lowered the last panel into place. Three black rubber tubes extending up from the Hole were fit to the appropriate attachments extending from the metal prison and quickly Jake was lowering the cage down to the bottom. After moments, the final plug was in place, leaving Amy to her torment.

The DVD’s went on and on. Mark watched as Amy was taken out after four months in the hole. He could see her breasts had grown, though they still were somewhat reasonable. She seemed almost catatonic as he pulled her out of the cage, unsure if she was dreaming or this was reality. Jake wasted no time in making further modifications. Amy, though subdued at first from her horrible experience, still had enough fight to cry at Jake’s announcement that he was going to remove her teeth in favor of the rubberized caps like Tawney wore, and to make her piercings permanent. Another section showed the twins using Amy as their toy, sitting on her face and teaching her to lick their asses, before putting on strap on dildos and taking turns between Amy’s mouth and ass. Mark wasn’t sure when it had happened, but he noticed during one of the sections that Amy’s arms had been trained to reverse

prayer. Over the two weeks he watched as Amy was flogged, tortured and bound, but she still maintained a sense of defiance in some way or another. Eventually he got to her kick to the crotch. Jake was furious, and didn't hesitate in dragging her back to the Hole. At that point Amy was frantic, trying to apologize, offering her mouth, her ass, anything to prevent a visit to the Hole. Jake ignored her completely, forcing her back into the tiny cage. Before sealing it up, he shared his only words with her.

"As you probably figured, Mark isn't coming. That means you're mine. I'm sick of your attitude and have other things I would prefer to deal with. So this time you're going in to the Hole for years, maybe permanently. You may spend the rest of your life down there, thinking about how you should have just accepted that you're a slave. Goodbye." With a clang he dropped the final panel in place and lowering her down. Her screams slowly diminished.

Mark was enjoying the tandem tongues of the twins on his cock and balls, watching them lick up either side, then kiss with his shaft in between. Both girls had been fitted with their own chastity belt as well, and though they were very willing submissives, the intensity of the belts made them all the more eager to please. Whether an attribute they already had, or if it was learned once they had no choice, both had learned to orgasm with only anal penetration, and had even learned if they tongued each other's asses they could come as well. For the first few months they came more times than in the previous years combined, largely because their belts helped them get close to orgasm, and a sister's well placed tongue finished the job. Even the shocks that accompanied that proximity added to their pleasure. Jake had to come up with something different that might slow them down. The first was to disable the belts all together, so they received no stimulation at all. Despite this, the girls still managed to bring each other to orgasm, perhaps with longer sessions, but nonetheless in defiance to Jake's wishes. He considered removing their tongues, but both men agreed that would be as much a punishment for them as to girls. In the end a small amount of electronics manipulation served them both. The belts were adjusted to return to their original state, in keeping both girls on the brink of orgasm only to deliver shocks to bring them back down. Now, however, if the girls tried to pleasure each other, both belts would deliver an extended and increased amount of shocks to their clits.

Mark and Jake enjoyed watching the first discovery of this feature via the closed circuit TV system. Left alone, Blush and Pout began to fondle and kiss each other until Pout moved behind Blush to begin licking her anus. On first contact, both bodies jolted in pain, pulling apart and writhing on the floor as they grasped their concealed crotches. The shocks lasted ten minutes, pulsating to increase the intensity. After the electricity shut off, the girls, panting from the pain, tried it again, this time Blush to Pout. Once again they found themselves experiencing the harsh shocks.

“I had it rigged so it has a proximity sensor. If they kiss or touch above the belt, or even below the knees, it’s fine. But anywhere around the crotch they’ll get those shocks.” Mark smiled at the devious ploy.

As Mark enjoyed their tongues, he watched Jake practice his single tail whip on one of the new slaves. A tiny Asian beauty who had answered an ad, she had turned into their practice canvas. As she stood on her ballet shoes, her head fully hooded, her body was crisscrossed in scars and welts. Jake was adding more to her large breasts, her body bucking in response to each stroke. Unlike the other girls her breasts had been squeezed out by metal bands at their base. Mark had watched Jake put them on, the thin metal spikes sinking into her skin to hold them in place. The result pushed her breasts out, forming a better target for the whip. She had signed a five year contract, though after the first three months had begged for release. Jake, as usual, ignored her. Soon, the girl came to accept her fate, and now challenged Pout and Blush regularly for most obedient and most masochistic member of their household. The fourth member, a tall redhead named Carrie, was standing rigidly in the corner, her body cast in clear plastic resin. Jake had loved the idea of a slave completely controlled, yet able to experience time, unlike the Hole. He had devised the encasement for long term use. Tubes, like used in the Hole, kept Carrie alive, though their more high tech design make them far less evident. What was left was a naked, pierced and corseted girl trapped in perfect and stringent spread eagle, like a bug in clear plastic. She had no ability to hear or speak, of course, but her eyes remained alive as she watched the world go by around her. The difference between Carrie and the other girls is that she chose this fate, signing up for the role, then picking her own date of release through random draw. A two sided clock set into the resin near the top edge, visible to both the room and to Carrie, counted back, while

another date remained the same. She had a little less than six years to go.

Mark wondered when they were going to bring up Amy and Tawney. It had been three years since Mark had made Amy his rubber doll, and only six months after that when he realized that he was bored with her. Three months before that, Jake had announced he was going to put Tawney in the hole. He had removed her from the rubber doll role as Amy had replaced her, and it took her two months to return to some sense of normal. It was Tawney who heard about her coming stint in the hole. She had only recovered for three days when Jake had told her, and though tears streamed down her eyes, she didn't argue. Even as he fitted her in the cage, she was quiet. Mark knew then that she had accepted her fate.

Jake suggested they put Amy away as well, while they focused on the twins and new girls. A second Hole was created and after a year with Amy as his rubber doll, he put her in the cage and lowered her back down. Both Tawney and Amy had been stored away for over four years now, and though they were kept alive with machines, Mark was sure that Tawney might be permanently affected. Amy, though rubberized, must have realized what had happened,, considering her immobility and lack of use. It wasn't until she was down there for a few months that Jake admitted Mark could activate a speaker in her ear plugs and talk to her. Mark jumped at the chance.

"Hello, Amy," he said into the small microphone, watching the infrared camera outside the box. It only showed the steel, but it helped for him to have something to look at. "I bet you're wondering what happened. Well, I know I promised one or the other, but I lied. I did make you a rubber doll, as you know, but I got tired of you. You're in the Hole now, in case you couldn't tell. Jake and I are going to keep you down there for a long time. It's sort of an experiment, really. You see, we don't think you've truly been broken. We think you are resigned to being a slave, but haven't truly accepted it. So we're going to give you some years to think about it, alone in the Hole. When we take you out, we may just have to keep you as a rubber doll since you may not be good for much else, but at least you'll be broken. Don't fret. You can live alone down there with the knowledge that you have company. Six feet through the stone behind you is my sister Tawney. Jake decided to store her away as well. Now just relax and enjoy your little metal box. I won't speak to you for a long time, if ever again. Just remember that I warned you back at school, that slavery to me and

Jake wouldn't be easy. Now you realize I was right." He flipped off the switch, plunging her back into silence.

He could almost swear he hear a blood curdling scream before he switched off the camera.

The End

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