

Batteries Not Included

Athena saw the huge box in the centre of the living room as soon as she arrived home from the last day of her job. What it contained was the only reason she had been working in the first place, and now it was here! Quite literally, it was a long held dream come true. Her Master had allowed that if she wanted what the box contained badly enough, he would fulfil her desires, but she herself had to earn the money to pay for them. Now, the object of her dreams and reason for all of her hard work had finally arrived!

She hurriedly took the groceries into the kitchen, then, to prolong her enjoyment of what was to come, carefully put them away. Half an hour later, with trembling legs, she approached the large box. A note from her Master was taped to its top.

Slave Athena,

You should not attempt to put any of this on until I get back, one week from Thursday. You've waited over two years for this, so another 10 days won't kill you.

Your Master,

Richard

She mused over the letter.

“He didn't really order me NOT to. He didn't use the words ‘I order you not to ...’”, she rationalized to herself, carefully opening the heavily taped seams. “Anyway, he won't know. I'll just put everything back in its place when I'm done walking around in it for a while.”

The idea of actually wearing it made her incredibly warm and wet and under the snug confinement of her bra, her large, sensitive nipples hardened into what felt like two small stones when her fingers traced unthinkingly to the front of her blouse and gently massaged them. No! She couldn't wait! It was unfair of her Master to ask her to do that!

“But he's your Master!” A small voice at the back of her mind stated unequivocally “He can do what he likes, no questions asked.”

“He won't find out ... that's all.” she said aloud. She'd made up her mind and would just try on a few pieces. “I'll bet that's why he let me out of my chastity belt! He's testing me.” A sly smile crossed her lips while she peeled back the last of the tape holding the top flaps of the box closed.

Athena was normally confined in a chastity belt 24/7/365, but before he'd left for this latest trip, her Master had relented and freed her of it. The initial thrill of being under its stringent, unrelenting control had quickly lost its luster and being required to wear it had now become a routine and thoroughly disliked part of her life as his slave girl. Since being released the previous evening, she'd re-energised her libido and indulged once more in a wild bout of solitary pleasuring, quite literally unable to stop herself.

She'd met him three years ago and shortly after, her growing love and the way he controlled her, convinced Athena that she most definitely wanted to become his slave on a permanent basis. One of the consequences though, was that he'd immediately insisted that she begin wearing a chastity belt full-time and so her journey had begun. As the months of being locked into it passed, Athena had come to crave more and more intense

sensations and with her libido on constant high alert, she'd quickly learned how to get under the crotch shield by doing a full spilt. Despite having been ordered not to, she'd masturbated frequently, although she felt guilty each time she'd violated her Master's orders, but then one day he'd caught her and she confessed in tears to all of her violations. Until then, her dream of a complete metal Bondage Suit had remained a deeply buried fantasy, but with her confession, the concept had flooded out and she'd described it to him in minute detail - all of it polished and enhanced from her continual fantasies about the Suit. She'd dreamt of a full, restrictive, and totally controlling enclosure for her whole body, but never really formalized her thoughts, only holding them as a forever unattainable dream.

"And you say this would completely stop your disobedience?" he'd questioned intently, staring deeply into her eyes.

"Yes, Master!" she hiccupped in a tearful whisper, "I'm sure it would. And too, I'd want it designed so that I couldn't get out of it or get at myself unless you permitted it." Why had she told him that? It wasn't like he'd not have figured it out himself.

"That goes without question." he stated ominously.

"Yes, Master!" she whispered, casting her eyes to the floor, but then she'd perked up and cried, "But Richard ... oh, ah, Master, I'm sorry! Master? I've always dreamed of being totally controlled, as you know."

"Of course, Little One. That would be the case, if the Suit is created ... but in the meantime you're an awful slave." He stated flatly, his expression frozen into a disapproving frown.

"That hurt!" she pouted, looking at the floor.

"Good! The truth does hurt sometimes! Maybe you'll start behaving from now on and stop making me punish you!" he said seriously.

Athena sulked quietly, looking down at the floor.

"I didn't say no." he said quietly.

"You'll ... you'll have it made for me?" She cheered up immediately.

"No ... " He said, watching her when she deflated, the spoke again. "You will."

Athena squealed with delight and hugged him hard, forgetting all about her slavery.

"I'll design it," he smiled, "and create all the operating systems and parameters, but, I'm going to insist that you work to pay for it. The minute your job gets in the way, the deal is off."

"Yes, Master!" She bubbled happily with the realization that one of her most cherished and secret fantasies had suddenly come within reach.

"The first thing we'll have to do is get a full set of body casts made, to do this done properly. I want your Suit to fit you tightly, and most importantly, very very securely. It's going to take a while, but it'll be done right and everything to do with your Suit will be done in your name. What you will have no say in, are the control of the design and functions. Those belong solely to me."

"Yes Master! Anything!"

“You betcha, anything.” He paused, “Remember the old adage, Slave Girl: ‘Be careful of what you wish for. You just might get it.’ I’ll arrange for the first casts to be made next week.

“Now, as to the other arrangements ... I’ll loan you the money to get the project underway and completed, but, you’ll pay it all back and not see your Suit until then.”

“Oh yes, Master! Thank you, Master!”

And so, the deal was struck.

She’d finally finished paying for the Suit with her last check ... nearly \$50,000.00 in two years, and had now quit her extremely well-paying programming job, for he’d informed her that the Suit would be delivered this afternoon.

Before she opened the top layer of the box she quickly stripped out of all of her clothes, including her bra and panties, then there, staring back at her, surrounded by a grey foam liner, was a startling, shining metal likeness of her face. Athena’s breath caught in her chest at the sight, but it was a lifeless face, bereft of emotion for the eyes were natural, but mirror finished, almond-shaped orbs, while below the sculpted nose, the lips were slightly parted, as though waiting for a kiss. In their middle, inset between them, was a small, capped hole, about the diameter of a pencil; obviously there for drinking and feeding. Next to the face piece in a large, separated compartment was the hinged-together front and back halves of the helmet together with a plastic bag containing a folded, black rubber shape.

She extracted the gleaming helmet and looked at it, her entire body trembling while she inspected the strange creation. It was nearly three mm in thickness, split in half, crossway between the ears, virtually invisibly internally hinged at the top, and with semi-hidden, mating hinge jaws on the inner sides. Surrounding the heart-shaped opening for her face were others, also on the inner side, to which the face panel itself would mount.

She picked up the face mask and turned it to look at the inside. Where her mouth should have been was a pair of complex looking, rubber-coated, steel appliances and she remembered with a shiver that they were designed to clamp onto both of her upper and lower sets of teeth, while at the same time, the thick rubber gagging pad would fill her mouth completely. A longitudinal hole went through its centre, matching that between the lips, and so being able to drink or eat liquified food while she wore it would be straight forward. Athena knew she could be force-fed whatever he decided she should be required to eat while in the Suit and this measure of control sent an additional shiver down her spine. Surrounding the hole was a series of what looked like electrical contact pins and when she looked into the interior of the mask again, she saw that they’d mate to a ring with a matching set of receptacles.

‘Whatever on earth were they for?’ she wondered to herself.

The gag pad had hidden talents of which she was not aware and when she did discover them, it would be far too late for her to avoid what happened.

The second set of fearful devices projected from within the pocket for her nose: the nostril tubes and breath control appliance. It consisted of two, triangular, closely spaced, quite uncomfortable looking, long rubber shapes, and another shivering fit shook her when she realized that these were designed to project far up into her nose and head, then be sealed in place! She trembled again, remembering his insistence that both the mouth-filler and nose assembly would be an integral part of the design, or the deal was off. She looked more closely and saw that surrounding the area for her each of her eyes was a soft black silicon rubber cup, but she didn’t look closely at the lenses ... and should have.

The inner side of the face piece, as well as that of the helmet, was coated with the same black rubber that comprised the mouth filler, but this liner was textured with small ridges; each raised edge being tipped with hair fine strand of silver. On the top, back, and sides of the helmet, she saw points of light shining through hundreds of tiny holes that had been drilled through the steel cap and assumed they were to allow her hair to emerge from the helmet, but she didn't know how in the world she'd manage to get it to come through. Her heart caught in her throat. How long did he intend to keep her locked in the Suit? The question both terrified and thrilled her all at the same time, then she saw that at the top, back, of the rear portion of the helmet were what looked like a large grease nipples. These would be covered by hair once it emerged from the helmet, but seemed like such odd things, and she had no idea what they were for.

A small piece of paper fluttered from the opened helmet when she lifted it completely out of its snug compartment and Athena picked it up then scanned it quickly.

HEADPIECE INSTALLATION INSTRUCTIONS

1. - Before the Helmet and Mask can be closed over the head and face, the Fitter must first install the Flex-E-Neck tube around the Wearer's neck.

She looked in the box, and under the hole the mask had come out of was a piece that looked like a long neck with large swivelling rings mounted at the front and back. The rear one had a 3 metre length of sturdy chain welded around the ring, this coiled in its own pocket and at its other end, a large, opened lock was welded smoothly onto the last link. Athena shivered at the sight, but lifted the collar and its chain out and looked at them, then flexed the tube to find that it moved the same way as her neck, but with quite limited mobility. It was split down the back and she could see small, short, arrow-headed pins closely set on all of its edges. These, she saw, were designed to go into mating fittings in the lower section of the helmet when it was closed, and the upper edges of the chest and back pieces when they were mounted. Each end of the neck piece was similarly equipped, so that when closed fully, it would form a full, thick, steel collar complete with an integral leash already attached.

She reached down and squeezed one of the arrow heads and discovered that the thick blades could be compressed with some difficulty, then they snapped back out to their fully opened configuration when she released the pressure. There didn't appear to be any means of making them do it on their own, and so once inserted in their fittings and the blades being opened, the joint thus formed would, apparently, be unopenable.

"Cool!" she murmured, shivering at the thought of him closing the devices onto her body and head.

There was a protrusion along one side of the joint and this she found, could be pressed flush with the back of the neck and sides of the helmet, but wouldn't stay down when pushed in.

She tried to find out why this was, reading further.

2. - Install the neck piece by splitting it open, then, bringing it backward, position the opened ends at the back of the Wearer's neck. Press the two halves together, then slide the locking pin into the hinge jaws.

'Ah! That's the locking pin release!' she thought triumphantly.

Athena followed the instructions, feeling the cold links of the chain trailing down her back, then once the halves were aligned, she pulled a long steel rod about as thick as a coat hanger from the box next to the opening that had contained the collar and slowly inserted it into the hole at the back; much like an oil dipstick for an automobile. Once in place, the halves were held together and she took her hands away.

When she leapt up to look at herself in the mirror an amazed gasp hissed from her throat when she saw the beauty of the thing, and at the same time with a delicious shiver, felt the commanding, weighty drag of the attached leash. The collar tube was exactly the shape of her neck, but in bright, polished steel ... and an uncomfortable two cm too high. The barely detectable bands of the neck tube allowed it to flex and twist, but that took some effort and wearing the collar she realized, could easily become a chore. How much of a chore and hindrance it would be she had no idea ... but soon would. She saw that if she pushed the lock into the back of the neck piece, she'd be unable to remove the pins holding the thing together and thus be fully fastened into it. Feeling the protruding lock behind her head, she made sure not to push it home, even though assuming that the keys were somewhere inside the box, but didn't want to force her luck. However, she ignored the voice of caution that was still yammering in the back of her mind, intent on getting some sort of immediate rush from the wearing of only a small part of the Suit, even if it was only a temporary one. When he returned from the trip and she climbed into it for real, she knew she'd be totally controllable ... especially being leashed, even though she'd already be wearing the Suit. Athena didn't think she'd mind that, but with her usual impulsiveness, wanted to get into it immediately, regardless of his command to wait. She looked around the room and saw the long chain he normally kept her on; it coiled in the corner by hall to their bedroom. When they were at home he insisted that she always be leashed and so it was normally locked to the back ring of her chastity belt's waist band. However, she wanted to feel its controlling tug on her neck, just like a true slave girl ... and right now! Without a second thought, she pulled the links of the collar's attached leash through her fingers to its end, then snapped the heavy, integrated lock closed through the end link of her regular house chain. A shudder of excitement shuddered through her body and she tugged on it for a moment, enjoying the sensation of control it exerted.

A moment later she went back to the box and retrieved the helmet and mask pieces, then together with the instructions, picked them up.

3. - Insert the Sound Elimination System/Ear-Plugs into the Wearer's ears. A full seal is attained when a click sound is both heard and felt by the Wearer.

Athena found the small plastic bag, opened it, and took out the thick plugs, feeling their surprising weight. On the outer end of each was another small pair of electrical contacts and she giggled nervously at the thought of what they could be used for. She was certainly young enough that she didn't need hearing aids, but didn't realize that this was not the intent of the plugs at all. With a shrug against the resistance of her high collar, she tilted her head to first one side then the other, and, after brushing her hair aside, inserted them as per the instructions, pressing firmly until she both heard and felt a small click. Each seemed to expand a lot and she felt a funny, momentary discomfort. Nearly all sound in the room disappeared!

4. - Position the back portion of the Helmet at the rear of the Wearer's head, cupping it, yet keeping the front portion raised.

5. - Seat the pins of the back portion into their holes in the top of the Neck Ring and press down firmly.

Athena did so and felt small, sliding clicks when the arrow-headed pins found their holes, slipped deeply into them and the blades of each snapped fully open again. The back of the helmet cupped her skull comfortably, then after arranging her short hair around her head under the helmet, she bent her head forward and read the next part.

6. - Swing the front portion of the Helmet down. The Wearer will be required lift the chin for this half to move into proper position.

7. - Press the front half backwards until the side pins fit into the rear portion's fittings on both sides of the Helmet.

8. - The Wearer's chin must remain raised until the bottom edge of the front piece is slightly above the top of the Neck Ring. Pressing backward on it, at the same time, lower the head.

9. - The Face Plate/Mask may now be mounted to the inner hinge joint on the right side of the facial opening and swung open to the 'rest' position.

She carefully followed the directions and slipped the front portion into position, feeling a delightful shivering and flexing deep in the pit of her belly when the vibrations of the frontal arrow heads of the helmet snapped into their receptacles on the back portion, then seated securely into the top edge of her neck tube when she lowered her chin.

On both sides, wide, thickened portions of the front half had slid back over her ears, further limiting her ability to hear and she felt the ear plugs shift slightly when they connected to fittings within the sound deadening thickness. She was now completely deaf and began to experience the full effect of the skull-encasing helmet, then shuddered yet again from the sensation of the close, tight covering of her entire head. Without a second thought, she picked up the shiny steel mask, mounted it properly, then swung it off to the side.

10. - Place the locking pin in the side-mounted hinge joints, until almost fully seated. To complete the mounting process, press completely into the upper hinge portion.

Reaching into the box, she found the pin and did as the directions ordered.

11. - Detach the Oral Block and teeth clamp appliance from the inner surface of the Face Mask.

12. - The entire mouth appliance must now be fitted into the Wearer's mouth, then the Wearer must bite down on the Filler Pad, compressing it firmly.

13. - Tighten the clamps on both upper and lower sets of teeth by employing the Allen wrench provided. This is accomplished by sliding the long end of the wrench between the teeth and cheeks, at top and bottom, on both sides of the mouth.

14. - Locate the end of the wrench in its socket and turn until very tight.

15. - The Fitter must now revisit each set screw to complete the final tightening. The proper degree of grip is achieved when the Wearer cannot open the jaws; i.e. the clamps do not release from the Wearer's teeth.

16. - Confirmation of final tightening will be indicated by means of a small click being felt by the Wearer and Fitter, upon each screw being tightened to its fullest extent.

17. - Detach the Breathing Control (nostril) Tubes. These must now be fitted into the Wearer's nose, then be properly seated and secured.

- This is accomplished by removing the assembly from its internal fitting, then inserting the tubes simultaneously into the Wearer's nostrils as far as they will go, or until the joining loop and helmet mounting mechanism rests firmly against the outer portion of the Wearer's septum.

18. - Using the Allen wrench provided for the Oral Block, insert either the long or short ends into the securing fitting. Turn counter-clockwise until the first 'click-stop' is passed.

- This will result in a firm grip on the Wearer's septum. Further tightening is at the option of the Fitter, but will not be possible after turning one complete revolution beyond the second 'click-stop'.

At this point, there was a large gap to the bottom of the page, but Athena disregarded it and turned to the next page of detailed instructions.

19. - The Face Mask Panel may now be closed. All seams will meld into their joints around its periphery and the frontal fittings of the Oral Block appliance and Breath Control Tubes will lock into their sockets on its interior, upon full closure.

20. - *Place the rubber cap over the top of the helmet. Attach the hose of a standard household vacuum cleaner to the fitting of the cap and turn on the machine.*

Athena read the instructions several times to make sure she understood them, then decided to give the whole thing a try. Now, she knew what the wad of rubber was for. Fitting the Oral Block device into her mouth was troubling, but the filler was actually quite comfortable, even when she bit down hard, for it had a trough for her pierced and grommetted tongue to rest in. She slipped the long portion of the Allen wrench into the pocket of her right cheek, next to her upper, back molars and felt for the socket it was supposed to fit into, then, as instructed, continued to bite down hard on the mouth filler. She quickly twirled the wrench and felt the clamps grip her upper teeth firmly on that side. Now that she'd sensed where the hole was located, she swiftly repeated the process on the left, feeling the upper portion of the mouth pad press firmly onto her palate.

She paused for a moment and eased her bite, only to discover that the pad remained firmly sucked into contact. It wasn't truly unpleasant, just ... different. She shook her head and thought, 'What the hell! May as well do this right!' and bit down again, this time harder, until the rubber pad spread out to engulf her teeth and at the same time, force her tongue gently into the slot. When she did, the slippery side flanges slid slowly underneath and virtually immobilized it, almost making her retch. Again, she slipped the long end of the Allen wrench into her mouth, this time on the lower right and in seconds the screw-in fitting was as tight as she thought it would go. She moved to the left side and repeated her actions, then, went around the four screw tighteners in succession and cranked them hard, until each gave a distinct click. Apparently, she'd done it correctly, for when she strained to open her jaws, nothing at all happened and her tongue could barely twitch! She'd sealed her mouth shut and rendered her tongue useless for anything ... almost. A small smile played over her full lips, for she knew that all she had to do to take the thing out, was to slip in the wrench and loosen the set screws. Easy! No sweat!

Now, it was time for the nostril tubes. These were a little more worrisome, but the heavy little fitting came off its mounts on the inside of the mask quite easily, then she raised the wide, triangular shapes to her nose and began to insert them.

'Damn!' she thought, 'these things are really uncomfortable! But, I guess it's better that I put them in rather than have Master fumble around and hurt me. At least I'll know what to expect when he does it.'

Athena pressed gently on the fitting and felt the tubes slide by the flexible, fleshy part of her septum, then further past the more rigid cartilage and deeply up into her sinuses. They began to hurt, just as the wide loop joining them at the bottom pressed firmly onto the outer flesh of her septum, but before she chickened out, Athena picked up the Allen wrench again, fitted its long end into the socket she'd read about, then quickly twirled it with her fingers. It spun easily for the first five revolutions and inside her nose, small, sharp-toothed, gripping strips pressed snugly into the sensitive dividing flesh of her septum. It clicked once. Unthinkingly, Athena turned it another three revolutions, one past the second click-stop, and pulled the Allen wrench away. Immediately after the second click-stop had been passed, the pressure of the gripper strips increased dramatically, their sharp-edged teeth pressing fully and deeply into her flesh!

If she could, Athena would have made a howl of pain, but the thing inside her mouth only permitted a small, hissing whine from her dilated and invaded nose. Frantic from the continuing burn, her eyes filling with tears of pain, Athena stuck the end of the wrench back into the tightening hole and tried to loosen the grip, only to feel it

spin freely, having no effect! She shook her head, tears of distress spilling down her cheeks, hoping she'd somehow be able to free herself of the uncomfortable nasal device, but everything she attempted over the next minutes met with total failure. She couldn't get the thing out of her nose, and when she pulled on its mask mounting bracket, it hurt horribly! She gave up for the moment, for the pain seemed to be fading, and decided to see how it all felt with the face mask closed fully. She could still breathe easily (but noisily) through her nose and that was reassuring.

Athena lifted the instructions again and saw a large, blank area immediately below Step 18, but thought of it as a printing error. What she didn't notice was the narrow band of light adhesive along the top of this space. Her inattention to this seemingly tiny detail was to have devastating consequences.

Reaching to the side, she swung the face mask around, then with a deep, gasping breath, slowly pressed it onto her face, closing her eyes. The cold rubber interior settled gently against her flushed skin, but did not close completely, even though she felt the internal ridges press lightly onto her face. It seemed as though they were formed to match her facial muscles, as in fact they were. She pushed harder and felt the steel panel come into full contact all over her face, its ridges pressing more firmly yet, but still, it hadn't closed all the way! Around her eye sockets, Athena felt a very gentle pressure from the rims of the soft interior cups, finding the sensation strangely erotic, then inhaled fully again, and with both hands splayed, fingers spread over the outer surface of the mask, braced her neck and pushed very hard.

The fittings on her oral cavity block, as well as the one at the bottom of her nose, snapped solidly into their corresponding mounts on the inside of the face mask, making the nostril thing briefly become even more painful when the gripping strips inside were forced to slide further up along her septum. The damned things seemed to clamp her flesh harder and made her eyes fill with tears of discomfort once again. If possible, she'd have yelled loudly from the increased pain, but after a moment it again seemed to fade and she thought little more of it. Athena became engulfed in an erotic, shivering fit when the mask slid into its joints on the helmet with a series of soft clicking sounds from the arrow-headed locking pins around the edges. Her face twitched slightly and she felt the interior ridged surface settle more firmly, freezing her expression. She was in! However, that wasn't quite the end of the imprisonment arrangements for her mouth! A short pin in the trough for her tongue had already slipped into the grommet in it, and when the face mask was fully seated, a small collar on the end underneath sprang fully open, locking her tongue in place. When she tried to swallow, her tongue dragged painfully and a second later, this pin was pulled upward into the body of the gag, pinioning the muscle securely! Athena shrieked in horrified surprise when this happened, but couldn't release the now securely captive muscle and when she automatically tried to drag it free, pain was her only reward for the attempt to escape.

A moan of intense sensation hissed from her nose and when she opened her eyes, it was to discover the other, until now, concealed feature. Although the eyes looked innocent enough from the outside, there were only extremely narrow vertical slits in each lens, not a fully opened iris! The effect of these was that she could now only see in a narrow, closely-defined forward arc from each eye! To view anything beyond these arcs, she'd have to turn her whole head on the collar, fighting its built-in resistance, or turn her body. Too, she couldn't easily look down because of the high, uncomfortable steel that tubed her throat, having to bend forward at the waist to see her feet! Not only that, but her vision had been dimmed to a cool blue by the coloured, thick quartz lenses.

For a few minutes Athena revelled in the sensations of the fully closed helmet and face mask, experimenting with its severe limitation of her sight and movement.

'This is friggin' incredible!' she thought distractedly, twisting her head slowly from side to side and bending her neck to the limits of the high collar.

She wanted to see what she'd look like with her hair coming from the helmet and so fitted the rubber cap from the box over most of the as yet, so she thought, unlocked sections, then plugged in the vacuum and attached its hose.

She switched it on, and immediately felt her short hair being pulled up and out through the holes in the helmet and although wanting to squeal with delight, was utterly muted by the device now locked so deeply and securely into her mouth. It was then she that made her fatal mistake. She reached up and attempted to adjust the helmet halves to sit slightly more comfortably on her head, but when she did, the suction from the vacuum snapped the front and back pieces of the collar, helmet, and face mask their final fraction of a millimetre together. There was a series of subtle clicks up the sides of her head, down the back of her neck, and around the face panel! The locking pin's arrowheads had sprung fully opened inside their fittings! Athena felt rather than heard this happen and the already pressing mask suddenly squeezed even more tightly into her facial flesh! Her neck was similarly gripped very snugly by the collar, right down to her shoulders.

Athena's heart froze.

Her hands clutched frantically at the helmet, only to find that it was now frozen into place, glued tightly to her whole head, face and neck! With horror, she realized that the gag pad, teeth clamps, and nasal tubes were now very securely locked into her face and there was no possible way she could get at them! Her fingers moved desperately to the place where the neck and headpieces met, but it was immediately apparent that they'd had been married securely together and despite pulling and fighting ferociously, she could not separate them! A frightened squeak escaped through the nostril holes and again she tried to reopen the face piece, but it too was locked fully onto the helmet. Panic-stricken and with mushrooming claustrophobia, she ripped off the rubber cap and her deep auburn hair spilled out from underneath.

'I've locked it! Oh shit no! I've locked it!' She howled in her mind, hands shaking, fingers trembling and fluttering on the front of her face. She felt nothing.

Athena searched the back of her steel-tubed neck by touch, looking for a way to disengage the lock, only to discover that it had become as smooth as the skin of a newborn and she was unable to even tell where it had been! The neck-to-mask/helmet connections were now also smooth and seamless to the touch! She couldn't hear her panicked breath whistling through the hole between her lips and nostril tubes while trying to feel her way out, but at least she was still getting air. Athena momentarily gave up trying to feel for the release catch, then stood and walked to the mirror in the front hall. Just as she reached it, her leash snapped tight, drawn to its limit.

The sight she saw through the one-way, quartz eye coverings and vision-limiting slits was unbelievable! She'd been transformed. From just above her shoulders to the top of her head there was only the visage of a polished, chromed woman; one with a long, gleaming chain leash leading tautly from the back of her neck into the room behind. Yes it was her face, but now there was no emotion in it; no fear, no panic, no tears. But there were tears, and they flowed freely behind the expressionless steel. There was something else missing as well and she studied her dimmed image through the thick, distorting lenses, then discovered what it was ... seams! There appeared to be none! The areas where the neck piece, mask and helmet joined to each other were imperceptible. There were no rattles, no clicks, or clanks of slackness ... anywhere! It was as if they were one piece and always had been! The sight was made all the more surreal by her hair spilling out from the top of the steel head, just as if perfectly natural and she reached up, grabbed a handful, then pulled. Yes, it was still hers, for she could feel the tension on her scalp, inside the tight helmet.

In growing horror that she would be unable to extricate herself, Athena tried to scream. All that emerged from the shiny helmet and face was a very faint, wordless, muffled cry.

The keys!

Were there any? If there were, she had to get them out of the box, for she knew she'd go insane if she couldn't get out of the helmet and mask. Surely, they'd been packed in a separate envelope? As more time passed, the mask seemed to press ever more firmly into her face, freezing her sensitive facial skin into an emotionless stillness. She couldn't even change her expression! This wasn't what she'd imagined! It was awful! Athena felt as if she had been replaced ... trapped inside a metal being, a thing that needed her to give it life, yet would hide her own humanity and vibrancy from the world, forcing her to remain silent and accepting while it took her life as its own. She ran back to the living room ignoring the drag of her leash, hands plastered to the sides of the helmet, pulling, pressing, and tugging, but failing to budge it.

Once again she noticed her vision was darker, with everything she saw tinted a cool blue by the quartz that covered and concealed her tear-filled, begging eyes from the outer world. She continued to feel the eye cups pressing gently into the sensitive skin around them even more intensely and there were a thousand sensations and a million feelings she experienced while running her hands over the helmet, exploring the place where the metal ended and her skin began. The steel pressed gently down onto her shoulders and collarbones, but she couldn't slip her fingers beneath the edges, anywhere!

What had she been thinking when she'd begged and said she wanted this? It had been a horrid mistake! She couldn't keep her hands off the steel that encased her head and face, but not out of fascination, rather she was near to hysteria to find a release, nothing more. There weren't any ears on the helmet, although it had thickened sections on the sides of her head and so, combined with her now locked-in ear plugs, it eliminated all sound. The radio had been playing quite loudly, but now she couldn't hear it!

There was another, hidden feature to the helmet. Along the inside, thin, gel-pack, conformal batteries were fitted into the sides surrounding the humps over each of her ears; these designed to power certain functions she would soon begin to fear and hate with passion.

Athena dropped to her knees in front of the box, trying to look inside through the narrow vision slits that so limited her sight, pulling out other metal body parts, amazed at how her neck and head flexed even though she felt the constant restriction with more than a little panic. Here was a forearm, a calf, the breast plate, the back, and 6 sets of differently sized and formed, cuff-like rings and swivels. Next, she found the two teal, 15 cm heeled, platform-soled shoes that would cover her feet, if she ever agreed to wear this stuff again. He'd designed a robot ... a fem-bot, and she was the person to be locked inside and give it life.

Athena reached what she thought was the bottom of the box, finding nothing that looked like any sort of key, then grabbed the instructions again, only to find that the pages were now thoroughly mixed up. In desperation, she again put the heels of her hands against the neckpiece at her collarbone and tried desperately to push it up and off, but it didn't move, seeming only to suck itself tighter onto her head and face! Again and again, she attempted to scream from the overwhelming sensation of captivity, then claustrophobia began to overwhelm her while she mindlessly struggled to get her head out of its imprisonment. Athena began to cry even harder behind the lifeless, thick, quartz eye coverings and automatically reached up to try and wipe her tears away, still attempting to find the release procedures through their blur. Her trembling fingers met only the impenetrable material of the thick lenses. For the next 30 minutes she scanned and re-scanned the instructions, but now there seemed to be complete paragraphs missing, as well as other large gaps in the text she hadn't noticed before she'd put the helmet and mask on. She wondered if the eye covers permitted her to see only certain colours, like the decoder rings of her childhood, because now all she could see were the instructions on how to install the equipment ... nothing about how to get it off! Would he have done that? Had the instructions been printed with an ink she couldn't read once she was locked inside the helmet and face mask? It seemed that if she held the paper just right, it was possible to make out the ghosts of words or paragraphs, but she couldn't read them! Then, she discovered two paragraphs that just about sent her over the edge into screaming hysteria. The first read:

The entire Discipline and Isolation Suit must be COMPLETELY fitted to the Wearer prior to removal being attempted. ANY pieces already installed, CANNOT be removed until such time as the FULL Suit has been completely locked down.

Which meant that in order to get out of her hellish entrapment, she was going to have to get all the way in! The next paragraph she read was even more scary than the first:

In order to ensure that the Suit remains fully secured to the Wearer, it has been designed in such a way that it will be NOT be possible for the Wearer herself to remove it, without the proper keys and assistance of the Fitter.

“Oh, God!” She wailed, terrorized at what she had done.

Her mind descended into a whirl of disjointed, shattered thought while she slowly came to understand the true depth of her troubles. What she already wore would remain locked onto her until such time as he granted permission and gave his assistance for its removal! The space for the paragraph below appeared blank, so she couldn't tell if it had text with clues on how to gain release or not, but she had to assume that other measures had been taken to ensure she couldn't get any of the equipment off, unless he permitted it. Just as she'd requested ... then insisted!

She was caught!

He was going to find out she'd gotten into the Suit before he'd said she could. Athena grabbed the head piece again and gave it another series of violent yanks, trying to scream.

“Get off of me! Get off of me!” but it came out only as a faint “Ghmm um um eee! Ghmm um um eee!”

'This thing is completely evil!' she wailed in her mind. 'And he's going to punish me ! I know it!! I'll have to put it all on when he gets back in 10 days! Oh God! Ten days in this steel head! Maybe even more, because he'll probably just leave me in it to remind me who's boss!'

It was then that her descent into true slavery began.

Zzzaaapp!

The shock at the base of her neck was distressing, but more than that, it surprised and scared the hell out of her. The thin batteries along the sides of the helmet had begun to unleash their considerable power.

“Mummmph!” Athena howled, startled.

The first shock was minor compared to the one that followed, 15 seconds later.

ZZZZZZZAAAAAAPPPIPPP!!

“MUMMMMPH!!!” she screamed unashamedly, jumping up and again tearing frantically at the metal that imprisoned her head, pressing firmly onto her face and clamping her neck. Athena distractedly felt her leash swing behind her, then, remembered something ... something she'd half-read in the scattered pages of instructions.

She started grabbing up the paper and again began frantically scanning through them.

ZZZZZZZAAAAAAPPPIIIII!!!

“MMAAAARRRMMMMPH!! AAAARRRRMMMMPPHH!!!” Her response was another automatic scream. The shock had been on the sides of her head!

Athena dropped nearly all of the pages, but what she was left with in her shaking hands revealed the text she was searching for:

Failure to complete a full installation of the ENTIRE Discipline Suit within 10 minutes will result in an series of electrical shocks to the Wearer. These will escalate in strength and duration until all of the Suit’s components are fully and securely installed. These shocks are intended to encourage and remind the Wearer that compliance with these directions is MANDATORY.

The Wearer MUST be completely dressed, locked fully into the Suit, within 30 minutes, once ordered to dress in it, or, if ANY portions have already been fitted.

A horrified, wailing moan hissed from inside the mask. Now, Athena knew she was going to have to put the whole thing on right now, not in 10 days, as she’d thought!

She knew where to start, for the instructions were explicit. All of the Suit’s extremities but her hands had to be locked on first, proceeding from their ends toward her torso. Athena picked up the shoes with dread and loathing, beginning to hate the complex and compelling prison she had wrought for herself, but, for the moment, there was excitement also. She’d gambled and lost her ability to choose and her Master had won, again. Although she was thoroughly scared by now and no longer wanted to play this terrible game; even after working so hard and spending so much money to get the Suit, she began to realize that she’d gotten in too deep ... far too deep. He’d warned her, but in her eagerness to enjoy the sensations of captivity she’d craved so deeply, she’d blundered ahead anyway, but not envisioning this! She’d had something different in mind, softer, more loving, more co-operative. Apparently, these aspects were not part of the plan and she was going to be compelled, like it or not, to clothe herself in a Suit that was to become a very personalized prison. How much so, she still had no idea.

ZZZAAAPPPP!!! ZZZZZZAAAAAAPPPIIIII!!!

“Ouch! Oooowww!!! MMMGGGPPPHHH!!! Shit! Shit! I don’t want to put it oooooonnnn!” she wailed into the gag, shaking with fear and anger at the compulsion she’d subjected herself to.

ZZZZAAAPPPP!!!! ZZZZAAAAPPPP-ZZZZAAAAPPPP!!!

“EEEEAAAAGGGGHHHPHHH MMEEAARRAGGGPPHH!!!” Athena howled and flung her head as wildly as the tight helmet and her high, restricting collar allowed, feeling the needling agony suddenly transfix her scalp and, much, much worse, her face and nose!

Gasping from the pain, but mostly from the fear of what she was about to do to herself next, Athena with trembling fingers, fitted the correct wide cuff and swivel around her right ankle and locked it, then the 15 cm high heeled, stainless steel, platform-soled boot. It slipped into the bottom edge of the ring and fastened to it with barely felt little clicks then inside, she felt her toes slide, separately, through small loops, holding them gently. She mounted the locking pin, then pushed the bar at the back of the heel inward until feeling another soft click. The shoe portion tightened around her foot and at the same time, felt her toes immobilized when the loops snaring each one pulled them firmly down onto the sole! Gasping from the intimate and unexpected binding sensation, she tried to move her foot. The boot was very snug and fully-locked around it, and to her ankle cuff/swivel joint, covering the end of her long leg completely in heavy, gleaming metal. The boot’s end came to an uncomfortable point and her arched foot was raised so high she couldn’t wiggle it in any manner. The left

one went on the same way, then she fitted the below-the-knee cuffs and next, the calves. Long, springy pins slid easily into their vertical slots on the back of each calf piece, and with subtle clicks, locked everything together. The two mm thick metal was sculpted to fit her leg and each piece fit like a second skin, although they seemed a little bulkier along the insides. Next came the hinged, flexible knee joints, and above them, another set of wide cuffs that clamped very tightly just above them. The thigh tubes fitted easily onto the cuffs, but she had considerable trouble getting them closed and when she finally managed it, her legs were squeezed firmly along their full lengths. Over the last two years, he'd required that she get many casts done to get the size just right and whoever had done the work had made a wonderful job of it. Far too wonderful!

ZZZAAAPPPP! ZZZZAAAAPPPP!! ZZZZZ-ZZZZ-AAAA-PPPPP!!!

“EEEEAAAGGGHHHMMMMPPPHHH!! EEEAAAARRGGGGHHPPPHHH!” Athena howled in agony, weeping wildly, albeit silently, her mind in a whirl of disjointed thought. “Oh please, please! Don’t make me go faster!? This is hard enough as it is and I’m so scared!”

Her heart trip-hammered in her chest while she worked to get the other pieces fitted to her limbs then locked in place. For the moment she was no longer worried about putting herself into the Suit ... all she wanted was for the awful shocks to stop ... as was intended. They were strong and getting more so with each new piece she locked around her body, increasing the surface area of skin that was subject to the electrical encouragement.

She stood after fastening the thigh pieces, then hurried to the mirror to examine what she'd fitted to herself so far. It provided another stunning image. Presented to her in the glass was the picture of an expressionless steel face attached to a luscious female body, wearing hip high, gleaming, 15 cm high, heeled steel boots. The metal of the thigh pieces rode up over her full hips, their upper edges showing deep grooves and more locking pins of the same type that joined her neck piece and the helmet. When Athena walked, she experienced some resistance and restriction to the movements of her legs, but overall it was still relatively easy to get around.

ZZZZAAAPPPP! ZZZZAAAAPPP-ZZZZAAAAPPP-ZZZZAAAAPPPP!!!!

“EEEEAAAMMMPPPHHH! EEAAAEAEAHPPPHHHMMMM!!” the weeping scream she tried to make was instinctual and heartfelt. In despairing frustration she stomped a silvery foot on the carpet, but felt only the vibration, hearing no sound at all.

The arms of the Suit took somewhat longer. Wide wrist bands were first and each snapped snugly shut around the fine bones then locked securely, severely limiting her ability to twist each hand. She slipped her lower arms into their opened sleeves, then closed them into the same compressing and unyielding confinement her legs were already subject to. The flexible elbow joints were next then came the above-the-elbow cuffs. These were as wide as wrist ones, but were even tighter, squeezing down with firm intent and efficiency, firmly constricting her flesh and the under-laying tendons. The upper arm sleeves mounted easily into these cuffs, and at their top edges, their swivel joints snapped onto the neck piece/collar. Her limbs, other than her sweating hands, had become sealed within the shell!

Athena tested every added piece, hoping she could get it off once its lock had been pushed down, but, as she knew was going to be the case, none could be removed once fastened. Her fear grew deeper and deeper with every addition, for she was slowly and deliberately making herself disappear beneath an impenetrable metal skin; one she now knew she'd utterly incapable of escaping once it was fully fastened. Each time she looked at herself in the mirror, she could see the human woman, herself, vanishing beneath unyielding metal.

Each of the new pieces interconnected to the previous ones already securely fastened in place, and once the pins had been forced into their recesses, they couldn't be accessed. She quickly discovered that her freedom of movement was becoming noticeably more restricted, and now, even moving her arms had become difficult. The cuffs by themselves made her feel incredibly bound, but combined with the compression and weight of the tight

steel sleeving, and the limited ability of the stiff joints to twist, flex, and rotate, she was beginning to truly fear what she was being forced to do to herself. However, she was permitted no choice in the process and had to complete it!

The wide waist band swivel was easily fitted, but she hesitated before pushing it fully closed, hating the thought that she'd soon wear a corset she could not remove, no matter how uncomfortable it became. Just before getting shocked, she sucked in her stomach as far as possible, then compressed the two halves until she felt the subtle clicks. Immediately, Athena felt the wide waist ring crush her belly into quivering, rebellious submission. It was a corset! The wide band wasn't completely featureless though, for on its inner surface she felt a deeply pressing protrusion nestle uncomfortably into her navel, then, when she looked in the mirror, saw a pair of heavy, formed brackets sticking out from the front of the waist piece on either side of where her navel would normally appear. Each bracket was separated from the central ring by about 20 cm, nicely rounded and polished, and both had a reinforced hole about two cm in diameter set into their ends. Although she wasn't aware of it, these apertures lined up with each other. Athena briefly wondered what they were for, then, feeling a clicking vibration beside and behind her, reached around to discover a substantial ring, like those on the front of her waist and collar, hanging from a strong mount at the back centre of the cinch. A further inspection also revealed one on either side of her waist, just above her hips.

Athena next picked up the back portion of the chest piece and bent forward, struggling to fit it to the waist cinch then mate it to the bottom edge of the shoulder piece. The formed plate was unjointed and so held her upper body erect and motionless; coming around her rib cage and under her arms where it connected to the shoulder swivel joints on the upper ends of her sleeves. Athena attempted to bend her upper body forward, but could only manage it by doing so at her hips, for she was held firmly from waist to neck by the shell-like back piece; it connected solidly to both her shoulder piece/collar and her corset!

'Oh God!' she thought despairingly, *'Now I have to put the rest of it on!'*

For the moment, the front of her body remained naked; her breasts able to move as freely as she'd always felt them doing when not wearing a bra in the past, but Athena knew she would now have to pick up the front half of the chest piece and fit it into the gap between her corset and shoulders. She was terrified and didn't want to do it, knowing that once locked on, she wasn't going to be able to feel anything other than captivity inside her casing! That thought sank in hard, but fearing the next set of shocks to surely come if she didn't continue with her dressing, Athena quickly picked up the frontal covering, then bent forward to allow her breasts to fall into the deep cups. With a shock, she felt each of them enter the central aperture of some sort of rubber donut, then, when she pressed harder, felt her bulging flesh slowly slide through the holes. Once their bulk had been forced through, the frontal chest plate slipped more snugly against her body and within the cups that now covered and imprisoned her, she felt her breasts begin to swell with sensitizing blood, thanks to the rubber rings around their bases, now constricting the organs gently. She stood with a gasp and tried to wriggle herself free of the hidden, internal snaring. Athena didn't like the constriction of her breasts, but, nevertheless, she pressed the steel bodice down into the groove on the upper edges of the corset, then arched backward slightly to get the top to mate into the bottom of the shoulder piece; along the sides of her chest to the back portion, and to the joints on the upper edges of the sleeves. With deep terror and misery Athena felt all of the sliding joints come closer together, knowing that if she didn't do it quickly, she'd again be punished by the implacable shocks.

The finality of what she was doing to herself suddenly struck her fully, and with a strangled shriek of terror she straightened her body, frantically attempting to twist herself and remove this final imprisonment of her chest and suddenly supersensitive but now totally untouchable breasts. Unfortunately for her, those were precisely the motions required to seat every edge and activate all of the locking pins. Each of the joints; top, bottom, and both sides, sealed themselves together with a series of deadly, final clicks.

Terrified by what she'd done to herself, Athena frantically attempted to pull away the uncomfortable, rigid breastplate, starting to hyperventilate at the idea that her upper body was completely and uncomfortably locked

within the Suit and that she'd no longer be able to touch, caress, or even gently massage her own flesh. Beneath the unforgiving steel, she felt even more deeply imprisoned when she tried to inhale for a wild scream, for it seemed that the casing was squeezing her into submission even more! When she did, it was only to find that her expanding chest was severely constrained, limited firmly by the rigid upper body covering, together with the tight waist band of her completely unforgiving corset, but that wasn't the end by any means!

She was certain the shocks wouldn't kill her, but they were becoming horribly painful; meant to discipline, and enforce her Master's will. He wouldn't cause her any serious, lasting harm ... would he? She tugged and pulled at the metal that covered her chest, but it had locked down ... fully.

It was then that the next terrible feature of the Suit made itself apparent.

Until this point, Athena's breasts had felt somewhat loose within their cups, but that was about to change dramatically. Around the base of each fleshy mound, tight against her chest, she suddenly felt a narrow band begin to slowly tighten, constricting them even more than they already were, into blood-engorged, super-sensitive balloons within their soon tightly compressing cups! She sobbed and tried wildly to writhe herself away from the horrid constriction of the thin metal straps gradually garotting her, fingers clawing at the large metal shapes that defined her femininity, but nothing she did had any affect! The slow constriction went on until she felt that her breasts were being severed from her chest, all the while screaming with increasing terror against her superbly efficient gag. Finally, the snaring nooses stopped their advance and Athena was left standing in gasping discomfort, feeling her breasts and nipples seem to be filled almost to bursting by the blood trapped within them. She dropped her arms and hands to her sides, gasping from the terrible discomfort of the snares now deeply embedded in her flesh, unable to get at or loosen them, and with every trembling breath she now drew, felt her swollen flesh inflate even more, adding to the flood of indescribable sensations she was experiencing. Athena was allowed to rest for only short seconds, then the Suit became active again.

Horribly so.

ZZZZAAAPPPP!! ZZZZAAAAPPP!!! ZZZ-ZZZAAAPPP-ZZZ-ZZZAAAPP!!!!

“EEEEEA AAAAARRRGGGGHHH!!!! AAAARRRRHHHH!!!” Athena convulsed in a fit of howling pain, her still uncovered hands and fingers flying up to scrabble uselessly at her armoured, and untouchable chest, for the shocks had started once more, but this time they were concentrated to flow fully through each compressed, engorged, sensitive, yet untouchable nipple and breast! The electrical energy pulsed remorselessly in needling waves, its intensity seemingly magnified a thousand times and causing the entire mass of each feminine mound to shiver and shudder within its steel cup. Athena couldn't tell if it was just her increased fear, or if the levels of the current had increased, but she knew while she clutched at herself, that she couldn't get the horrid things off! Certainly, they were perfectly shaped, but her flesh itself was completely untouchable! Then, she stared into the mirror and saw small fittings set into the metal of the steel nipples sticking out. What the hell were they for!?

ZZZAAAPPPP! ZZZAPPP-ZZZAAAPPP-ZZZ-ZZZ-ZZZAAAPPP!!

“MMMMAAARRRGGGGHHH!!! EEEAAAGGGGHHG!!! MMMPPPHHH!!!” Athena screamed in hysterical tears, fingers clawing again at the unyielding shapes on her chest while she tried frantically to twist herself away from their all-encompassing grip.

'All right! All right! What do I have to do now?' She howled in despair inside her mind, wondering why she was being disciplined again.

Then, it came to her.

The bottom, panty portion. She had to put it on too! In shuddering tears and out of breath from her continual attempts to shriek, she picked up the next piece of the Suit, the one that would imprison her crotch and behind. Effectively, it was another chastity belt, and in horror she knew that once she put it on, it would seal the whole outfit to her body, and she wouldn't be able to take any of it off!

It had two, shiny fittings strategically placed on the inner side of the blank steel strap of the pubic area and the metal there was definitely thicker, completely inflexible. Athena deeply feared completing her outfit by putting on this piece, wishing desperately that she'd listened to her Master and obeyed his instructions, but with deep foreboding, stepped into the panty portion. It looked just like a full bikini bottom, but in metal. With a fearful shudder, she reached down and pulled it up, then tried to fit it to the leg and hip swivels at the tops of her chromed boots. For some reason, nothing would lock in place, nor could she get it to reach the bottom edge of the corset/waist cinch and swivel. A deeper fear pierced her heart and she knew that if she couldn't lock this piece on, the shocks would surely start again. She didn't know if she could handle any more of the electrical torture to her imprisoned breasts or head and according to the instructions, she still wouldn't be able to get the other pieces of her Suit off!

Athena fought and struggled to bring the metal panties up then connect them to the waist swivel/corset before she was subjected to another series of shocks, but was unable to get the piece to seat on the bottom edge of the swivel, even though it was a very tight fit. Her crotch and buttocks, as with all her other body parts, pressed tightly against the metal, but the panty portion still wouldn't attach and lock, and so she was forced to go over the instructions one more time. She'd laid the papers in the box and when she picked them up, noticed an as yet unopened smaller carton. Athena prized it out of its foam nest then opened it to find two, curved and chromed phalli contained in other foam forms. One was nearly 10 cm long and over four cm thick! The other was also curved, resembling a narrow cone with a wide, flanged base.

Athena's heart sank, then began to beat wildly within her chest. She knew instinctively, now, why the crotch piece hadn't locked! She delved into the disorganized instruction papers once more, and a moment later her fears were confirmed when she saw the Title and words of the next section.

FITTING OF CHASTITY APPLIANCES

The vaginal and anal appliances **MUST** be connected to the crotch strap of the Lower Body Shield, before it will fully lock to the other portions of the Suit.

The vaginal appliance is constructed in such a manner that liquids and other bodily wastes may be easily expelled through the valving arrangement. A cap has been provided. Similarly, when the appropriate hose is connected, the Wearer's body may be thoroughly flushed, lubricated, or have medication applied.

The anal appliance is designed in the same manner as that of the vaginal insert. It is equipped with a removable core and this must be withdrawn, once fully inserted, to permit the application of high colonic irrigation (flushing) enema's, or the elimination of bodily waste.

Removal of the core is accomplished by twisting the exterior cap one quarter turn in either direction. This will result in it being freed of its interior locks. The core may then be extracted.

The cap can be detached from the core by turning it a full, counter-clockwise turn.

A short retention chain will have appeared, upon removal of the core, and it must be fastened to the one-time-only lock at its end.

The vaginal cap must also be fitted at all times, other than for bladder movements, or the other processes and applications listed above.

Separate hoses are included for attachment to the exterior seats of the aforementioned valves to maintain ease of elimination.

The insertables hadn't been included in the configuration she'd just tried.

She'd never really used a dildo, but now she was going to have to accept a butt plug as well! Oh sure, she'd played with a vibrator from time to time in the days before Richard had begun to insist on her wearing a chastity belt, but she'd never imagined that one day she'd be subject to having one locked inside her body! The thought that once she'd inserted it, she'd be unable to take it out, made her almost swoon with mixed arousal and horror. Nevertheless, she knew she must do precisely that.

Athena picked up the shaft designed to penetrate her sex and examined it, unsure if she could do what she knew she must. Then, she stared down into the crotch of the bikini bottom and inspected the wide, uncomfortable looking steel strap that would pass between her thighs. There were two sets of three holes each in its central area, and Athena knew what they were for when she looked at the bases of the dildo and butt plug and saw that both were equipped with a trio of projections. There was a thick hollow one at their centres and each had a different locking/positioning pin arrangement to ensure that the dildo and butt plug couldn't be interchanged on the strap. She looked again at the holes running through their centres and knew the only reason they were there was ... she shook the thought off. However, it came back immediately and after she reread the paper, understood fully that both had been designed to be worn for extended periods. At this point she knew there was no turning back and she would be incarcerated in the Suit, like it or not. With a shudder of misery she pressed the base of the dildo onto the place for it in the crotch strap.

CLICK!

It seated firmly and when she pulled on the rigid prong, could not get it to release. With trembling fingers she picked up the butt plug and tried to affix it also. It was mounted on a swivel and took her a few seconds to line up the holes, then it too snapped into place.

CLICK!

Athena stared down at the evil protrusions, both now held securely on the 5 cm wide strap that would soon come up between her legs and a low moan of despair hissed from her nose for she was thoroughly terrified of what she would feel once they were inside, but, knowing she had no choice whatsoever in the matter, she took a tube of gel from the bottom of the smaller carton and slathered the stuff liberally over them, then her lower orifices.

Already wet, even though badly scared, she began to slide the thick, front shaft into her sex, sucking air hard through the holes in the faceplate. She brought the crotch guard up slowly, then felt the tip of the butt plug nuzzle at her behind.

'Oh, God!' she thought erratically, gasping in terror, 'I don't know if I can do this!'

Gritting her teeth and biting down even harder on the mouth filler, she pulled up firmly on the steel panty, writhing her hips slightly, and felt the nose of the butt plug slide deeper and deeper into her bowel, painfully distending her virgin sphincter. At the front, the huge dildo moved further into her sex and she gasped from the skewering sensation of her loins being penetrated so thickly. At last, the widest part of the butt plug's conical shape slipped past the muscular ring of her sphincter and the muscular ring slipped closed around its narrow neck. Athena sighed with the relief of it being all the way inside and felt it pressing gently on the thin layer of flesh between her lower openings. Oh damn, it was uncomfortable!

The waist swivel and panties still wouldn't meet. However, when she tried to remove the panty, she discovered that its hips and legs had already locked into their grooves around the tops of the thigh pieces! The bikini bottom wasn't coming off. She sat slowly and carefully on the couch, trying to think of what to do next, and was completely surprised when the top of the panty at the back slid into the bottom grooves of her corset and its locking pins joined with a series of barely-felt clicks. What was worse though was the thick, formed wedge that had slipped into her cleft, spreading her labia widely, and at its top, the little interior bubble that covered and pressed firmly into the flesh around her clitoris! She could feel it there, but no matter how she writhed her belly, the small dome that was designed to isolate the nubbin of her femaleness could not be shifted! Athena reached down and pressed the front closed easily, then with a heavy heart, pushed on the sides of the panty, irretrievably setting the locking pins. When she stood, the full effect of the Suit being completely sealed around her began to make itself felt. Her body and limbs, except for her trembling, sweaty hands were contained in a tight, thick, unyielding metal covering. From top to bottom, she, the person Athena, was almost gone.

She felt around the waist, but, as had been becoming ever more apparent and distressing, she knew her sense of touch had been nearly completely removed and she could not get any tactile sensation, other than the feeling of unrelenting compression and imprisonment in her Suit.

There would be no masturbating while she wore this thing, and she had no idea how to remove any of it! Athena squirmed as much as she was able within her carapace, shuddering from the deep filling of her belly, wailing silently and wordlessly with the realization that these new sensations couldn't be escaped. Now that she was completely inside the assembled Suit, she had to await the return of her Master, remaining inescapably encased until he returned. She strutted slowly into the bathroom, feeling the deep twisting and writhing of her inner organs around the thick shafts in her belly and gasping shudders ran through her body while she tried to accommodate herself to their unending sensations. Under her mask silent tears trickled from her eyes. She was aroused, but there wasn't any possible way to satisfy herself, and she'd be kept like this until she was released! Athena stood before the floor-length mirror to see what she could of her new self.

The reflection was so astounding that her hands flew to a mouth that couldn't gasp, for, staring back at her was a gleaming, metallic woman. Athena blinked inside her tight helmet and mask, but the figure in the mirror didn't show any facial movement or emotion; only an enigmatic, Mona Lisa-like, slight smile curved the lips, as if her Suit was pleased that the deed was almost done and could not now be undone. The chrome girl appeared to be alive, but the one inside was a silenced, deafened prisoner. Athena desperately wanted to scream at that face, but the clamped-on teeth guards and the formed plug blocking her mouth, with her tongue locked to it held her in total silence. The over all effect of the Suit's appearance was very erotic and despite her terror, made her become even more wet and horny while she looked at herself. Under the steel crotch cover, her internal muscles convulsively gripped the rigid shaft penetrating her loins and she gasped with trembling arousal while her hands and fingers trailed down, only to slide uselessly across the blank steel that covered and imprisoned her sex. She shivered with the thought of being held and penetrated so closely and deeply by the chastity belt, then moaned fearfully through her nose, feeling nothing but a faint vibration when she tapped on the steel covering. Under the crotch band, her interior muscles convulsed again around the thick intruder locked into her belly and another more heartfelt moan of distress hissed from the steel-covered face.

Oh, God! She wanted to touch herself down there so much!, but nothing she did allowed this to happen and she was going to be kept an absolutely sterile prisoner by her Suit; as was her initial desire.

Seeking some sort of sensation, anything!, her hands rose to the breast cups and pressed on them. Nothing! Her prison was absolute! It did not hold her in one place in space, but it did keep her separate from the rest of the world and deprive her of her own humanity! Her hands descended to her crotch once more and traced across the metal delta, desperate to somehow stimulate herself manually, but many minutes later she gave up. It was no use! She couldn't feel a thing with her fingers; only the hugely intrusive shaft within her imprisoned sex and the other thick phallic member in her bowel.

It was then that the next set of shocks galvanized her into action.

ZZZAAAPPPP! ZZZAPPP-ZZZAAAPPP-ZZZAAAPPP!!

“EEEEEA AAAAARRRGGGGHHH!!!!” Without thought, she knew what was required of her. There was only one part of her body still visible ... her hands. Now she had to put on the gloves and seal herself fully into the Suit. She reached out and slowly picked up the heavy coverings, shuddering with terror of having to wear them, knowing that once they were locked on, she'd lose all sense of touch and any ability to extricate herself.

There was a steel sheath for each of her fingers and thumbs and at their ends, small slits for her nails that would allow them to grow, then be trimmed, once beyond their tips. The tight, individual finger and thumb tubes were only slightly flexible, and over the back and palms, scaled, covering pieces ensured that her hands were completely covered by irremovable steel. She slipped her right hand into its prison, wriggling her fingers to get them all the way in, then squeezed the upper portion above the bulge of her thumb muscle and felt it snap into its locks on her wrist cuff. Oh God! She could barely flex her hand and it was almost impossible to make even a loose fist! She lifted her hand in front of her face and stared at the steel glove, terrified to put on the other one, but there was to be no hesitation permitted and again she was disciplined by the electro-shock!

ZZZAAAPPPP! ZZZAPPP-ZZZAAAPPP!!

With a silent howl of misery, she slipped her left hand into its glove and slowly, reluctantly locked it on.

She was in ... a full prisoner.

Weeping softly under her expressionless mask, Athena turned to leave the bathroom, for she could no longer look at the thing she had become. It scared her far too much, but suddenly, she had to pee! As rapidly as she could, Athena went back to the carton and mess in the den, then dug around for the hoses. She found them a minute later and rushed back to the bathroom. With trembling fingers, she forced the metal fitting on the end of the thinner hose into the gleaming small mount at the centre of her crotch and felt its connection, deep within her body. When she looked in the mirror, the long, woven metal, obscene tube hung from her metal-covered crotch, then with a humiliated shudder she released her bladder and held the other end of the hose over the toilet. A strong stream of urine pulsed through it, hissing into the bowl and she sighed with relief, feeling the insidious pressure within her belly slowly ease, then laughed shrilly within her mind at the image she knew she presented. She was peeing, just like a man!

Athena disconnected the hose, then looked with some distress at the other. It was a thicker woven metal covered hose, over 60 cm long, with a gleaming metal fitting at one end. Twisting awkwardly, she reached behind herself, sensed the cap between her steel-bound buttocks and twisted it slowly to the right then felt a vibration far up within her body when the core was released from its locks. Athena pulled outward and the thick shaft slowly slid out of the plug, leaving the body of the huge device still locked inside her bowel. Holding the piece up before her eye portals, she grasped the shaft and twisted the cap until it released, then looked back into the mirror and saw that between her legs, two short, finely-linked chains now dangled freely, the small hooks on their ends designed to clip through the loops on the outer sides of the caps, as the instructions had indicated. It took her many tries, but she finally snapped them into place.

Feeling the urge, a foolishly embarrassed flush suffused her steel and rubber-covered, immobilized face and she picked up the thick hose then pushed hard on its gleaming end until it snapped into the fitting between her buttocks. She sat on the toilet and the rush of departing waste eased the other insistent pressure inside her body. It took some moments before she could get the hose to release, but eventually it came free, and without conscious thought, she took it to the sink and flushed it thoroughly with soap and water, then put it into a Ziplock bag and dropped it into the bottom drawer of the vanity. She shuddered with an unknown emotion, knowing that this process was now an unavoidable part of her daily routine. Athena felt the vibration of the

heavy cap on the end of its chain, clicking when it swung against the backs of her steel-encased thighs and , reaching behind, she grasped it with difficulty then pushed it into the fitting and twisted it until it snapped securely into place.

“Oh God!” she wailed within her mind, misery at the situation growing in leaps and bounds, “I’m locked into this for 10 days! I can’t stand it!!! I don’t care how much trouble I get in, but please, please, please!! Let him come home sooner!”

Athena thought about calling her Master, but how would she communicate? She couldn’t tell him what had happened, thanks to gagging herself so thoroughly, and she was locked out of the computer so that she couldn’t even e-mail him! Athena was permitted to use the machine, but only when he was in the room with her and had used his password.

Her feet hurt from being kept captive within the platform boots, and she wondered how much more they would hurt after 10 days? She raised one steel-clad leg and tried to massage it and her aching calf muscles, but her metal nails only slid uselessly across the surface of the unyielding thing holding her foot at such a severe angle. Her calves seemed fuller than before, as did her thighs, upper arms, and forearms. Why was that?

“I can’t stay like this!” she wailed to herself, “I just can’t!” The shocks had finally stopped, but at what expense? It had been less than two hours since the Suit had been assembled and fully locked on, and already she was beginning to go crazy, for she had never felt so confined, or had such little control over her body before. In addition, the dildo and butt plug were slowly driving her mad, especially when she walked, and it seemed as though every couple of minutes she clutched frantically at her crotch, then at her breasts, desperate to remove the evil appliances from their deeply disturbing penetration and grasp of her very soul and femininity. Of course, she could not release the strap that held them so deeply inserted between her legs, nor did her attempts to release any other portion of the Suit meet with any success. The panty was her newest and by far the most effective chastity belt, and she was completely stopped, as was the intent.

The metal Suit now flowed over her in one continuous piece, and each time she passed a mirror she froze, then fought to keep her panic in check.

'What have I done? What have I done?' was all she could think ...

After 12 hours of trying to suppress her reactions, she couldn’t fight off hysteria any longer and fell to the floor in a writhing, silently screaming heap, attempting to rip and tear at joints and seams she could no longer feel, but her struggles were useless, for the thickness of the nail shields was such that they couldn’t even locate the fine joins, let alone get into them. Only tiny, hissing breaths from the hole between her slightly parted metallic lips and those for her nostrils told of her hysterical, gasping squeals inside the helmet, until after an hour of useless struggle she had to give up. Exhausted, crying softly yet again, but silenced utterly, she fell asleep on the living room floor and didn’t awake until her bladder told her she needed to relieve herself again.

Completely disoriented and unused to the all-over compression, Athena stirred restlessly, finding it difficult to move, encased in a rigid shell she couldn’t shed, and her mouth was filled with something she could not push out! When she groped for it with her hands, she couldn’t get at her mouth. Athena tried to get herself into a sitting position, but her legs were slow to respond, and she couldn’t hear anything!

“What’s happened to me?” Her mind whimpered in a whirlpool of terrified discomfort while she sat up and examined the parts of herself she could see, only to find that her body was indeed totally covered with steel, all the way to her fingernails! She clawed frantically at the impervious metal that covered and imprisoned her, but it refused to yield. The memory of what she’d done suddenly flooded back and she began to weep once more behind the sweetly serene metal face mask, her shrouded shoulders jerking against their snug envelopment when she buried her metal-masked face in metal-gloved hands.

Her frustration built up again and she tried to scream.

“I want this thing fucking off! Please! Please!! PLEASE!!!”

An observer would have seen a metal-covered girl sitting cross-legged, arms stretched down, her hands clenched into fists, leaning forward and straining against her encasement, but would have only very faintly have heard a whistling, small, pitiful noise.

“Mump wmpuh sss ing munmmng ‘ffff ‘eeee! ‘Ease! ‘Ease!! ‘EASE”

She grabbed the heel of one foot and struggled to pull it off, but the huge steel dildo and butt plug buried within her belly and behind, pressed in unnatural ways against her internal organs, forcing her to stop struggling, breathing hard. Her chest attempted to expand against its unforgiving corset, but nothing on the outside indicated her fight for deeper breaths, nor the rising and falling of her chest. Only small, sharp hisses taken through the mouthpiece and nostrils of her oppressive, tight mask indicated that there was a real live person inside the armour. A crazy thought occurred.

“I’ve been hermetically sealed! Flavour basted, and cooking in my own juices!”

Under the face piece, she attempted to laugh, hysteria again beginning to steal around the edges of her thoughts, but Athena only felt her jaw muscles surge uselessly against the tight vices clamping them closed on the mouth filler and wept even harder, raising her arms to grasp the headpiece once more. There was no slack anywhere! No loose joints and no room at all between her skin and the inside of her imprisoning shell. The only thing she could feel was the tight rigidity of her metal skin, the intruders stuck so deeply and securely inside her body, and the incredible discomfort of her inflated, untouchable breasts. The thing she felt most though was the oppressive pressure of the mask on her facial skin, for it allowed her no relief from the sensation of total enclosure.

“This can’t be happening to me!” she screamed to herself, ever more horrified that she could do absolutely nothing to escape her self-imposed confinement.

Athena’s mind dissolved once more into chaos while she held the sides of her metal helmeted head, trying to pull the steel casque away from its tight contact with her skin. She could see her reflection in the darkened television screen while she struggled, and it was an incredible sight, watching herself, knowing that she was the robot-like thing fighting to get parts of itself off. Athena could see a cut-away image of the thing in her mind’s eye and it showed her beautiful face, trapped under the motionless metal features, forced to conform to the inner surface of the uncomfortable ribbing and freezing her features, while the visage on the outside remained smooth and utterly serene, refusing to let her go. The metal girl outside still smiled enigmatically, while the one inside fought, wept, and struggled; yet always failed to free herself.

Thirty minutes later, she had calmed enough to find that the only sense not dulled or cut off was that of smell. Although she’d wet herself, she couldn’t smell anything. That one fact spoke volumes. If liquid couldn’t get out without using the hoses, then the Suit was waterproof. It didn’t have any visible locks, and what there were, were hidden and totally beyond her reach and control. She thought about calling a locksmith, but then realized she wouldn’t know what to tell him ... or how.

“Tools! He has tools in the shed outside! Saws and stuff! I’ll cut this damned thing off!” she thought with sudden but only momentary hope.

Athena had almost forgotten that she’d leashed herself and so was unable to leave the house or get to the workshop ... and what if the shocks started again? She trembled at the idea of the severe electrical torture lancing through her captive, super sensitive nipples breasts once more. The most recent ones had been

extremely painful and almost impossible to endure ... and, God forbid, what if the dildo was electrified too? She moaned at the concept and covered her shielded crotch with trembling, metal-gloved hands, digging frantically, trying to somehow get at the huge, rigid, and very uncomfortable shafts locked into her belly.

No! Best not to attack the Suit. It had her, and she knew it was designed to keep her. She could exert no control. She was controlled!

Athena stood and walked to the bathroom, but just after she entered, her leash snapped tight again.

“Oh Jesus! The damned leash! How can I get away?” She moaned into the appliance in her mouth, realizing she didn’t even know if there was a key for the lock she’d closed! Sobbing with renewed terror at her plight, Athena stalked back to the den, her every step laboured and each movement a constant reminder of where she was ... and that she couldn’t reverse it. She shuddered at the knowledge and kept touching herself everywhere, looking for a flaw she knew she wouldn’t find. Even her navel had been reproduced in steel inside, uncomfortably filled by a protrusion on the inner surface of the corsetting waist ring!

Athena felt uncomfortably damp against the interior of the crotch shield, but there was no way she could get at herself. The Suit was a far worse control and restraint device than her chastity belt had ever been! Then, she remembered the nipple on the top of the headpiece. She felt under her hair and her metal covered fingers clicked against it. Maybe that was a tool she could use?

She walked carefully back out into the living room and read the instructions again, but there was nothing there. Athena dug through the packing materials and discovered that what she’d thought was the bottom of the carton, was in fact another separate compartment. She opened it and found more layers of equipment; two hoses and a cannister arrangement, as well as a third, larger diameter hose and adaptor. The longest of the hoses had a fitting on one end that looked like it would match the nipple, and at its other, a connection that mated to one end of the cannister. The other hose was loosely screwed onto the opposite portion and its free end looked as though it would connect to a garden hose.

She pushed the fitting on the long hose onto the fitting on top of her head and found it to be an exact fit, then pulled it off again and looked back inside the box for instructions. There, in the form left by the hose, was a sheet of paper. At least there was some documentation with each piece.

WASHING INSTRUCTIONS

1. - The shorter hose may be attached to any sink faucet or garden hose.
2. - Open the cannister and place two soap tablets inside. Close the cannister and screw on the hose from the faucet.
3. - Attach the longer hose to other end of cannister, then the free end to the fitting at the top of the helmet.
4. - Turn on water supply and adjust temperature.
5. - Allow the soap within the canister to completely dissolve, then rinse for 5 minutes.
6. - Drainage will occur through the heels and toes of the foot wear, and through the finger tip nail slots. All drainage holes are one-way valves, allowing liquid to pass only outward.
7. - Place two pellets from the ‘Medical/Conductive Tablet’ box in the cannister, then flush the Suit once more with warm water, until the pellets dissolve completely.

8. - Maintain pressure for 5 minutes to ensure a full coating of the Suit's interior and the skin of the Wearer.
9. - To dry the interior, first unscrew the water supply hose end of the cannister.
10. - Attach air feed hose to a hair dryer, then connect the other end's adapter to the opened cannister.
11. - Turn the hair dryer onto its lowest setting, or use the 'air dry' option.
12. - Drying will take 1 to 2 hours.

Athena took everything into the bathroom, then stood in the shower stall. She loaded two soap pellets into the cannister, then connected the hose and adjusted the temperature of the water flowing into the Suit. As the instructions had said, the run-off came out of the small drains at the heels and toes of her shoes and she felt very strange, standing with a hose connected to the top of her head, but the flowing water was the first sensation she'd experienced, apart from the steel against her skin, since the whole thing had begun the day before.

The warm water flooded down over her head then seeped slowly into her eye cups, filling them with the soapy solution even while it was being forced through the rest of the Suit. She'd forgotten to close her eyes and they began to burn immediately! Athena howled into her gag, her blunted, unfeeling fingers scrabbling at the outer sides of the eye covers, trying frantically to wipe away the painful sensation while she danced erratically in the tub. Of course, locked into the helmet and mask, she could do nothing but suffer until her tears diluted the solution and in desperation attempted to tug the still pressurized hose off the fitting at the back of her head, but it wouldn't release and she wept unashamedly within the trap of her Suit. The water continued to flow into her prison and she could only stand and let it happen. In short minutes, her skin was completely covered.

Athena stood in the shower stall for almost an hour, being washed like a piece of clothing, feeling even less human than she had before while the water flushed down the inside, tickling her body when it found temporary thin gaps between the casing and skin. She'd wanted to open her mouth and allow water in, but her lips remained pressed tightly into the face of the mask, and its jaw cup held her mouth firmly closed on the filling rubber device, to say nothing of the tooth clamps also holding it shut. She could gain enough space inside the steel casing by exhaling and inhaling to allow water to run into places where her skin against the steel wouldn't normally have allowed it, and also sucked in her belly minutely under the compressing steel waist cinch. At last, she turned off the faucet, and stood patiently until most of the water had seeped away, then followed the steps indicated for the 'Medical/Conductive tablets'. Finally, she was ready to be dried and disconnected the washing hose, then when the cannister was split open, plugged in the adaptor from her hair dryer and felt warm air begin to be forced through her Suit, over her head, body, and limbs, and in time her skin absorbed the remaining water.

Near the end of the process, another scary thought came to her ... If he wanted to punish her even more, he could easily subject her to ice cold baths and she'd be completely unable to escape them or even protest! He knew she hated coldness, and so it was more than likely he'd use that tactic also as a means of discipline.

After the hours taken to accomplish the Suit shower, Athena sat in the living room, feeling clean but as though she was merely an animal while she fearfully stared out through the narrow vision slits, having to twist both her head and body to see only the smallest portions of the room. She soon found this was a tiring and miserably controlling experience, for no matter how she moved, the Suit and its total command of her body and senses was a constant sensory imposition that she could not avoid nor escape. She awkwardly inspected the trailing length of chain that tethered her, knowing she couldn't escape it either, and a state of shock and depression consumed her, for everywhere she went, her Suit went, and she now knew there was no way to get it off. At one point, she'd tried to dress in some jeans to conceal some of her metal covering and thus make herself feel at least partially human again, but couldn't get her legs into their pant legs, thanks to the platform-heeled shoes locked onto her feet. She'd quickly given that up, and a skirt or dress, when she tried them, looked silly, and so

for the moment she sat on the edge of the couch, hands folded in her lap, weeping once more in silent despair from the hopelessness of her imprisonment within her metal skin.

'I'm not going to make it.' she thought despondently, *'I'm going to go utterly insane in this thing, and it still won't let me go! Please God, I need a miracle! Once I get this thing off I'll never put it back on ... ever!!'*

The hours passed slowly, even though she finally got up and began tidying what her leash would let her reach of the house. She was going to have to live within its length for at least the next eight days. When the sun went down, Athena found herself once more sitting on the floor in the den, staring listlessly at the TV's flickering images, but unable to hear a thing. One of the Suit's many hidden options had been turned on as soon as the Suit was fully locked ... the noise elimination system. Now she was prohibited from hearing even her own stifled breathing and weeping, or anything else. When she'd first noticed, her hands had flown to the sides of the helmet and pounded on it, wrenching it back and forth to somehow try and regain her hearing, but nothing happened. Certainly she felt the impacts of her metal-gloved hands, but no sound at all, and so she remained enveloped in deep silence. Hours later she fell over onto her side and lay in misery until she'd cried herself to sleep again.

... The court was filled with strange faces, people she'd never seen before. She sat huddled in the defendant's box; unaware of the crime she was accused of, but clearly, she sat accused. Next to her sat her lawyer, his face gray, fuzzy, and unseen.

The Judge's gavel came down with hard, resounding reports at each blow: BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! as though he were forging out some evil justice from his seat above the courtroom.

"Athena Barth!" he roared.

Her lawyer nudged her, and frightened, she stood to face him.

"You have been found guilty of all charges against you! Do you have any final words in your defence before judgment is passed and your sentence executed?"

She looked to her lawyer for guidance, and saw it was Richard! She'd be saved! Surely he wouldn't let anything happen to her? More confident with him at her side, she began to speak.

"Your Honour? I'm not aware of the charges against me! Could they please be read once more?"

"Young lady," The Judge looked at her impatiently, solemnly, "do you mean to tell me that you have sat there for the entire length of your trial, and not listened to a word said, either in the allegations made against you by the prosecution, or those in your defence?"

She didn't know what to say! She was on trial, yet didn't know what the charges were! If she had been here for the entire time, then why didn't she know? Athena was terribly confused by the situation.

"Very well, but if you are only now listening to what has been said about you, then you are in deep trouble indeed." The judge scowled. "You have been charged with multiple counts of Disobedience to a Master's Lawful Commands!"

Athena gasped in terror.

"That's right, young woman! It is a very serious charge, and in as stated, there are numerous counts of this crime against you!"

Athena shook her head frantically. Somehow the charge seemed exceptionally heinous, and she didn't want to be guilty of it! Severe punishments were meted out for disobeying one's Master, and she was incredibly afraid of what was going to happen to her. But, Master was defending her wasn't he? She allowed herself to relax, just a bit.

"As her Master," the judge said looking at Richard, "what sentence do you feel is appropriate for this insubordinate young woman?"

Athena looked down at him and smiled tremulously, but he didn't smile back, and her own faltered.

"Life imprisonment, your Honour," he stated calmly, "in her own specially created Discipline Suit!"

She started to speak.

"What?" but all that came out was "Wh..." and her mouth filled with something huge.

"Judgment has been passed!"

Athena suddenly found that she was having trouble moving.

"So be it! It is the sentence of this court that Athena Barth be sentenced to life imprisonment as recommended by the defence ..."

She turned to face the Judge, but sensed immediately that she had been encased in something rigid and unforgiving. Her vision dimmed until everything was tinted a cool blue and details seemed to fade away. The room was suddenly darker and her clothes stiff and rigid, then she felt herself perched on very high heels! She had been wearing flats just a second ago!

She looked down to see why her shoes had changed and saw a long, silver, tapered leg, seamlessly attached to a metal, high-heeled shoe, effectively a steel boot! Her eyes followed her leg upward to discover that her outer clothing had disappeared and that the boot was attached to a metal-coated hip and pelvis! Next to that, resting on the table, was a metal-coated arm and hand! Her new covering seemed to be made of chrome, and covered her entire body!

"... without the possibility of parole or pardon!"

Her head snapped up, with the horrified realization she had suddenly been placed in a steel Suit that was her own personal prison!

"Life????? Oh NNNNOOOOO!"

Athena desperately wanted to escape her fate and tried to say something in her defence, but found that her mouth was fully plugged already and she couldn't even move her jaws! She needed to tell the Judge and court that she'd never, really, taken advantage, that she had not truly disobeyed her Master! However, she'd been convicted, sentenced, and was already being punished! She was to be gagged forever!

"The Convicted Felon is now free to leave this Court. She is granted freedom to go where she wishes subject to her Master's desires and control, however, she may never be freed from her Restraint and Punishment Suit!" The judge pronounced harshly. "No appeal is permitted and a retrial is denied! This case is closed!"

“Nnnnoooo! WAIT! PLEASE! I’m only 23 years old! LIFE in my Suit is too harsh a sentence! How long is a life sentence if it starts at 23 years of age?! Ohhhh ... Ggggoooddd!!!”

Richard said something to her ... but she was rushing to the Judge’s bench, her movements stiff and restricted. She fell to her knees before the high podium, hearing them hit the floor with hard clunks heard even through her metal armoured ears. He looked down at her with pity but no forgiveness.

“Miss, it won’t do you any good, now. Once judgment has been passed, it cannot be reversed! Bailiff! Remove this felon from the court!”

She struggled to stay. If they put her outside, then it would be final! She’d be stuck inside the horrid thing that so limited her every movement and freedom! Two bailiffs appeared, grasped her by the arms, then carried her from the room and down the hall to the front door of the Courthouse. In the halls, people pointed and snickered at her predicament. Athena was not only trapped, but deeply humiliated, and knew she’d never be able to hide her embarrassing Suit. People everywhere would see it and laugh at her stupidity.

The guards reached the doors then opened them and dumped her without ceremony onto the steps. As she had imagined, people on the street also stopped and stared while she lay in an untidy heap and she blushed inside her carapace, but none could see her deep embarrassment or streaming eyes. Some pointed and whispered to one another, then, as she’d known they would, began to laugh. Parents drew their children close and hurried by as if she was some sort of plague carrier, or might try to abduct one. She was deeply shamed, but stood as quickly as she could and tried frantically to get back inside. The doors were locked. She turned, crying and terrified, to survey her surroundings, and there was her Master standing three paces away, looking at her.

She walked the short distance to him, tottering on her new, high heeled boots, then knelt, desperately wanting to ask him “Why?” but, fully gagged inside her helmet, she could not utter a sound.

“Maybe next time you’ll obey me!” he said in a flat, emotionless tone, then reached out and grasped the chain from the back of her neck. “Come!” his voice echoed along the street and she felt the sharp jerk of his ownership when the links to the back of her neck snapped tight ...

Athena awoke, struggling and wailing wildly into her gag, fighting against the nightmare, then slowly became aware that it had not been only a dream. To her continuing and consuming horror she discovered that she was still sealed within her Suit and her pleadings for a miracle had been denied! She curled slowly into a foetal position and wished, oh so foolishly, that she could suck her thumb, but felt only the huge appliance in her mouth, enforcing silence.

That day she only got up to go to the bathroom and drink, and each time she moved, the vibrations from her metal shoes hitting the hardwood floors were carried up her legs as unending reminders of her encased state. Adding to her misery and reinforcing the message of her total captivity, she had to constantly rearrange her chain leash, or when she unthinkingly walked too far felt it jerk harshly on her throat, reminding her of her status and humiliating her even more.

She became ever more conscious of the huge invaders filling her belly, for with every movement or small pace she took, they seemed to writhe within her loins, reminding her of their presence, until Athena could not stop the silent howls she wanted to give voice to while the sensations of their intimate, torturing presence grew greater with each passing hour. Her vaginal muscles shivered in desperate need, trying to clamp onto the huge, slick length of the dildo, but it did nothing other than remain fixed within her belly. The anal plug also remained rigidly positioned inside her bowel, twisting slightly when she walked and pressing deeper yet when she sat. The control she was subject to was, as intended, all-encompassing, and she was conscious that every orifice of her body was plugged and controlled by her incredible Suit.

She got very hungry and found she could force pureed food or soup into the hole in the face mask by using a large basting syringe, embarrassing as the process was. There was plenty of food within her reach, so at least she wouldn't starve.

After a week, the horror of her situation had begun to wear off slightly, but in the meantime, she'd ruined every knife and any other potential tool she could find within the length of her leash, trying to pry off pieces of the Suit. None had worked, and each time she attacked it, the Suit immediately punished her with agonizing electric shocks to her vagina, clitoris, and breasts ... then, to her horror, the shocks continued for additional long minutes after she'd stopped ... at increased strength! This reinforcement of her lessons was so strong that if she was standing, she immediately collapsed into a silently writhing heap on the floor, screaming and begging mindlessly into her gag for the disciplining to stop. When it did, her gloved hands fluttered frantically back and forth between crotch and chest, trying to somehow grasp the punishing metal coverings and pull them off, but of course it was always impossible. The intense waves of shocks drove her to near madness while she twisted and flailed uncontrollably in mindless desperation to somehow escape. She sometimes even managed to crawl to the end of her chain and fight wildly to get free of it, but nothing absolved or freed her from her harsh lessons. Even if she'd not been leashed, she was still incapable of fleeing or avoiding the intimate torturing of the Suit, having been turned into only a silently screaming and dancing marionette. So intense and seemingly endless were these sensations, that Athena lost total track of time, then returned to awareness to find herself laying on the floor, limbs still trembling in reaction to the punishments the Suit had exacted. All she could do was howl and beg in her mind for it to stop... but it never did.

Eventually she ceased any further attempts to escape and decided to wait until he came back. She couldn't possibly go outside dressed as she was, and the leash wasn't long enough anyway. Even if she'd been able to get off it and outside where others could see her, she believed someone would be disturbed enough by her appearance to try to rescue her. If that happened, gagged as she was, Athena would be unable to tell them how she was being so cruelly electrocuted inside the Suit while they were trying to get her out! She would go utterly crazy, she knew, and was pretty much convinced that all efforts at rescue would fail in any case. When she reviewed the instructions for the thousandth time, they warned in a large, bold, typeface that the wearer could not remove the device, nor could any other person without the correct key and opening sequence. She was well and truly sealed inside, at least until her Master returned ... she thought. She berated herself for endless hours, unable to stop lamenting.

'Oh, God! If I'd only left the damnable thing in its box! But no, I had to try it on ... and he knew I was going to do it! And when he gets home ... will he just let me out?' She asked herself countless times, and the answer was always a resounding 'No'! She'd begged and pleaded for her Suit and knew he'd make her wear it. That thought frightened her to near insanity, but the question was at the back of her mind the whole time. The reason the Suit was designed as it had been was to allow her to eat, drink and expel waste, yet all the while remain an enclosed, fully-controlled prisoner. That was what she'd wanted ... and now wished her dream had not come so horribly true.

She knew how her Master's mind worked and past experience had shown that when she asked for something and he gave it to her, it came with a price and all the implications that could possibly be imagined. She, though, foolishly, had never fully thought through the consequences of her actions and requests, and as a result, had often suffered greatly for it ... precisely as she was doing now. He was a man of his word, and Athena knew without doubt he would ensure she got to enjoy her Suit ... in the fullest possible way. Already, it had revealed some terrible extra's she'd not imagined or requested. Athena knew she was fooling herself, thinking that her imprisonment was only going to last 10 days, and if she didn't like it, that was going to be just too bad.

His attitude had always been that she could leave any time she wished, but it was her guess she would leave with her Suit remaining fully and irrevocably locked on. It was the only thing she owned now, and if she protested his treatment of her and threatened to leave, she had no doubt that he'd kick her out dressed just as she was! She would not be allowed to return and the record would show that the Suit was indeed hers. There was

written proof that she'd approved its design. No, even if he said it stayed on for a year, then she'd have to tough it out. It was her only chance of getting free.

Athena decided to clean up the mess of scattered tools and foam forms that had lain around the room since she'd first put the helmet on, for she at least wanted this area of the house to be presentable for his return. He expected her to keep the place neat and organized and understood she was already in his bad books, but tried to minimize any punishment he'd exact. She put the forms and other paperwork together with the intent of packing them back into the box, for presumably he'd want to read whatever instructions there were, even though she could see no text that told how it was to be done. He'd need them to get her out, when he finally decided it was time.

She got the box and began to place the forms and other materials neatly inside, the whole time straining against the resistance of her metal skin, then, her hand clacked against a long, plastic envelope taped to the inside, at the bottom of the carton. With hope flaring, she ripped it free, then held it out in front of her face. Her metal-clad fingers trembled while she opened the thick plastic holder, then slowly unfolded the sheets of paper inside. Any chance she thought she might have had to get free flickered and died when she read the pages with growing fear.

The words she read through tear-blurred eyes were unequivocal, but she read and re-read them with terror growing ever stronger. There was no doubt that she would remain precisely as she was until released by her Master and Athena knew he was extremely unlikely to free her without demanding a substantial period of discipline being exacted, and she would have to suffer it silently with no possible way of escape!

IMPORTANT INFORMATION!

Battery/Power Data & Re-charging Procedures

MAIN BATTERY DATA

The Locking System batteries and circuitry are completely separate from the power supply for this Suit's other options: i.e. sound control, vision control, gag power and disciplinary functions.

All batteries supplied with this Suit, are of the hi-capacity, Lithium-Ion type and may be recharged several thousand times before needing to be replaced. Re-charging time will vary from five minutes to one hour, depending upon the remaining charge. Batteries are located in the platform soles of the Wearer's shoes and a secondary set is mounted within the helmet, surrounding the ears, along the sides of the head.

Recharging receptacles for all batteries are located at the back of the balls of the heels.

When fully-charged, the batteries will power the Suit's functions for seven to 12 days, dependant upon usage of the systems, before requiring replenishment.

Charging of all batteries is mandatory, and the Suit has been designed with software that will ensure charging is completed fully and properly.

CHARGING PROTOCOLS

The Wearer should be aware of the following programmed and recharging requirements.

1. - The software provided monitors battery charge at all times.

2. - When battery power levels descend to twenty percent (20%) of maximum charge level, an initial alert will be given to the Wearer. This alert will consist of a thirty (30) second long, low level series of pulsating shocks to the Wearer's breasts and nipples.
3. - The recharging cables must be connected to the receptacles at the Wearer's heels within five (5) minutes. If this is not done, the alert will be repeated at increased intensity, every thirty (30) minutes thereafter.
4. - When battery power levels have reached eighteen (18) percent of maximum charge level, a secondary warning alert will be given to the Wearer. This will consist of a two (2) minute long, low-middle range series of shocks to the Wearer's breasts and nipples, in addition to low level shocks from the vaginal probe and clitoral electrodes.
5. - Recharging procedures must commence within three (3) minutes. If not begun within this time, the alert will be repeated at increased intensity and duration, every ten (10) minutes thereafter.
6. - During recharging, the Wearer will receive 'pleasure stimulation' until the battery charge attains one hundred percent (100%) of capacity. At the same time, all sound and vision equipment will cease to operate.
- It is recommended that the Wearer be laying down, unless otherwise supported or restrained, during a charging period, due to the extreme sensory stimulation and the denial of vision and sound input that occurs during the re-charging process.
7. - Termination of the charging process will be signalled to the Wearer by means of a loud 'beep' sound in the ear plugs, in addition to a one (1) minute long system test of all disciplinary circuits, this calibrated at twenty percent (20%) of system capability. The charging system may only be disconnected after this test has been completed, then the Wearer may proceed with normal duties.
8. - To avoid the automatic disciplinary measures, it is recommended that the Wearer be encouraged to connect the cables provided for charging each night, before resting, removing them upon awakening.

Athena read the sheet five times, shuddering with the thought that she literally had to keep her disciplinary equipment fully capable of torturing her, or be terribly punished for not doing so! Another strangled cry of misery hissed from her nostrils, when a second page fell away from the first and she saw the large, printed words at the top. Their message was utterly clear

EXTREMELY IMPORTANT !!!

LOCKING SYSTEM - BATTERY INSTALLATION

The Fitter of this Suit, **MUST** follow the directions immediately hereinafter, **PRIOR** to final closure of the face mask onto the helmet/head piece.

Athena's heart leapt into her throat and a gag-strangled shriek of horrified realization hissed from her nostril holes and she collapsed to the floor in a deep faint ...

He rattled his key in the lock, not really surprised to find it open, and with a muttered curse, stepped into the entrance foyer, locked the door, hung his coat, then walked quietly down the hall to the den. He opened the door and found a colossal mess. Strewn about the floor were all of the kitchen knives and anything else that could possibly be employed as a prying tool.

Some of the furniture had been splintered to matchsticks, and the floor was awash in books tumbled from their shelves. All of the drawers in his desk and file cabinets were opened and their contents had been flung across the floor in wave upon wave of tumbled paper. He turned on the light to dispel the darkness of the evening, and it was then he saw Athena. He stood rooted by the door for long minutes, taking in the destruction, then, the desolated figure sprawled on the floor in the far corner ... at the end of a gleaming chain leash.

Athena was slumped untidily, the chromed figure of a woman utterly defeated. Her face was hidden from his sight, for her metal gloved hands were curved into a concealing cradle over it and although he could not see it, he knew without doubt that her entire head, face included, was securely locked inside the gleaming metal covering.

She moved slightly every few seconds, rocking slowly back and forth with the softest of pitiful, desolated moans wafting through the nostril holes of her mask.

Richard smiled grimly, for he'd read all of the instructions for the Suit. A duplicate set had been supplied to him before it had been delivered to the house, so he knew that Suit held Athena an utter prisoner, just as the creator had said it would. She'd responded to its delivery exactly as he'd imagined would be the case and shook his head sadly while he walked to where she sprawled. There was no doubt she was weeping inside her helmet, but not a sound, other than faint, soft, kitten-like mewling could be heard.

Sometimes her training was harsh, but experience had taught him that it was the only way she learned. When he spoke, she had to listen, or face the consequences. Richard stepped in front of her, but she didn't look up and he knew the reason why, then within his pocket, he touched a button on the remote control unit, restoring her hearing.

"My, my! Look at how pretty you've become!" he said quietly.

He knew she'd have no trouble hearing him thanks to the securely locked-in ear plugs. However, all other sounds were removed by the built-in silencing effect of her helmet. Sitting on the floor, Athena silently sobbed harder when he spoke; his words being the first thing she'd been permitted to hear in 10 days. Her steel-covered body was racked with convulsions, breath whistling in and out of the holes in the faceplate.

He bent and lifted her chin until the blank, gleaming orbs of her eye covers faced up and he knew she could see him. Athena tried to turn her head away, terribly afraid of what was to come, but with slow deliberation Richard gently ran one hand over her steel face, then down a slender leg.

Inside, Athena wanted only to feel that hand on her body, but blind panic hit her again. She grasped his hand and pulled it to her face, then obviously, started sniffing it. It was the closest she could get to him now.

He lifted her face to his once more, and this time she let it stay.

"Are you ready to begin obeying my orders?" he asked of the serene, steel visage.

She nodded slowly, then gestured frantically at her body. It was the first time he'd seen the Suit assembled, and it was a stunning piece of work. Even the places where her hair flowed from it were spectacular. She was an awesome sight, and he marvelled to see the metal shell brought to life, containing its prisoner so eloquently. His soft and feminine slave girl had disappeared completely; replaced by this awesome steel woman.

"I don't understand, Athena." he mused aloud, but he did. He knew exactly what she was trying to say around the implacable appliances that kept her mouth locked securely closed around the gag pad.

Next to her on the floor was a piece of paper, and her finger, trembling visibly, pointed to it. It had come from the plastic envelope she'd found while cleaning up. Richard picked it up and read it ... again.

EXTREMELY IMPORTANT !!!

LOCKING SYSTEM - BATTERY INSTALLATION

The Fitter of this Suit, MUST follow the directions immediately hereinafter, PRIOR to final closure of the face mask onto the helmet/head piece.

READ ALL INSTRUCTIONS BEFORE INSTALLING THIS UNIT!!!

ALL locking systems for the ENTIRE Suit, require power from THESE batteries in order for the release function to be engaged. To ensure locking system security and integrity, these batteries are the ONLY power supply for the locks, and MUST be installed in their cheek pockets, in the Face Mask unit BEFORE it is closed and locked.

That power supply HAS NOT BEEN INSTALLED!

DO NOT lock the face mask to the helmet until these power cells have been installed!

The Face Mask may be closed without the power cells being installed. HOWEVER, if this is done, NONE of the locks can then be opened, having no power to activate the Locking Control Unit.

Richard looked back at her to see the expressionless, mirrored lenses concealing Athena's staring eyes, but he, of course, could not see them, hidden behind the oppressive steel mask and blank quartz eye ports. The steel, of course, was impenetrable, concealing her immobilized, contorted face and the brilliance of the lenses over her eyes was only one-way, permitting Athena to look out at the world; even though severely restricted in her vision by the thin vision slits hidden within the quartz. No one could see in and observe her begging and desperate eyes. He knew she was hoping for a miracle.

"You didn't put the Locking System batteries in, did you?" he asked quietly.

She slowly shook her head and stretched out one beautiful, silver-cased arm, then gradually uncurled her steel entubed fingers. In the palm of her metal glove were two, small, thick, round batteries; these the diameter of a 25 cent piece and 3 times as thick.

'How long had she clutched them?' he wondered?

How long, making sure they remained safe and protected from loss, even now that it was too late? Obviously, they'd been locked out of the Suit, and Athena had been trying desperately to somehow get them inside. He stood, shaking his head and backed away a few steps. She crawled to him, steel knees sliding over the hard wooden floor, then hugged his leg in desperation and he could feel her fearful trembles within her private prison. He'd hoped she'd listen and obey, but deep down, he'd known she wouldn't. Now she was going to have to pay the price ... fully.

"It belongs to you now." he said quietly, looking down at her. "I'm afraid, Athena, that, truly, there is no way to get you out of it. You know what it does if the sensors detect an unauthorized attempt to remove a portion of the Suit. If I try to get you out of it, you and I know it will torture you quite mercilessly and efficiently, so I'll not even make the attempt."

She nodded her head slowly, then it gradually bent forward and her upper body shook with suppressed sobs at the terrible hopelessness of being kept constantly imprisoned.

“Athena, I made sure that the design was virtually fool-proof, but you’ve managed to bypass all of the precautions. Now you have to live with the fact that you’ll have to be kept a prisoner inside it for, a long, long time to come ... the rest of your life.

“I don’t want to see you tortured any more than you already are by having to wear the Suit, so it’s batteries will have to be recharged regularly and I’ll ensure that that takes place.”

At those words she shook her head as violently against the resistance of her collar as she could, dragging at the chain leash that kept her tethered. That she wore it, and that it was fastened to her regular house leash didn’t surprise him either. Thanks to it being welded to the back ring of her neckpiece, she’d be unable to escape the fact that she would always bear a controlling chain from this point onward. The only thing he could release was the lock at its end and she’d soon find that her leash would be shortened as he saw fit.

Athena still knelt, clutching his leg harder, shaking wildly, then brought her steel gloved hands together in a praying gesture before him, silently and pitifully begging him to release her from the terrible things locked around and into her body. He looked down at the golden haired head bowed submissively and penitently in front of him, knowing she had willingly, although only at first, condemned herself to her fate. When her silent pleas for release were not met, she fumbled clumsily with his zipper, then his belt, intent on undoing his pants for she was trying everything she knew to seduce or excite him, in the desperate hope of being able to break down his resistance and get him to reveal some secret way out of her self-created and administered Hell. Unfortunately for her, as he’d explained, there wasn’t one.

He took her hands. The metal was warm from the contact with her skin.

“You can’t have that any more.” He said gently. “Without the batteries in place for the Locking System, Athena, even I can’t open the Suit. You’re going to have to get used to the idea that you’ll remain locked inside it.

“As I’ve already said, I don’t wish to see you disciplined anymore than you already are, or other than when I feel that you need correction. You’ve earned a Discipline Session just by putting on the Suit without my express authorization and that will come soon enough, but for the moment we’ll just get re-acquainted.”

Athena again shook her head as hard as her collar and helmet permitted, frantic desperation flaring within her mind. She had hoped ... prayed ... that he knew some trick to extricate her, but now she knew he was as helpless as she to remove it, without the locking system batteries being in place. She fell onto her back on the floor before him, thrashing and flailing madly on the carpet in a hysterical desperation to somehow free herself, her steel-encased fingers beating and scraping on the thick metal covering that encased her, but she could only scabble uselessly at her breasts, the shield over her crotch, and her face mask ... anything of herself she could hold in her metal-gloved hands, but all remained perfectly secured.

For a few minutes, he watched impassively while she once more uselessly strove to escape her imprisoning Suit, knowing that all the while, inside, she was screaming mindlessly to be freed. At last he grasped the chain to the back of her collar and pulled her to her feet. As strong as he was, the weight of the Suit and the woman it contained surprised him. Just the Suit’s weight alone, despite being spread out over her body, was a punishment all of its own, and one that she could never escape. Athena stood quietly and submissively before him, wobbling uncertainly on the thick platform soles of her high heels, but the set of her shoulders told him she was still sobbing, truly afraid, now that he’d demonstrated even more of his power over her.

“It’s too late for crying about your situation, Athena.” he said calmly taking the key from his wallet and releasing the lock joining her Suit leash to the house one.

She slumped into his arms; the fight out of her, for now she was totally defeated. He took the batteries from her hand and tossed them into the trash with a metallic set of clinks. They were useless now.

Tomorrow he’d take her down to what used to be their basement ‘playroom’ and there, she’d be locked inside the large, fully functional cell he’d had built three years before, just before they’d met. Initially, she’d been kept in it when they played and for disciplinary purposes, but the barred enclosure had a fearsome purpose now. It was no longer to be a place for games of bondage. Now it was going to be employed for true imprisonment. At the time it had been built, he’d ensured it was concealed from the remainder of the basement and so Athena would from this point on be kept in it as a true, but secret, prisoner. No one would be the wiser about her existence there, thanks to the fact that she was an only child and both of her parents had died before she met him. Neither would there be any inquiring relatives, for what few there were, were all still back in some remote Greek town, and, after moving in with him, she’d gradually drifted away from all of her girl friends. Even her work world had not been a source of acquaintances and neighbours, remote as they were and so didn’t present a problem either. They didn’t socialize and no one even knew they lived together. Athena was quite thoroughly alone in the world.

He’d joked often about keeping her there in solitary confinement; occasionally punishing her like that for a day and night and she’d hated being kept in the silence with only a bread and water ration, but now, thanks to being imprisoned within her bizarre steel Suit, she’d have to be kept there. He couldn’t allow her to be seen clothed as she was. For a moment he thought carefully about how Athena would be restrained once she resided in the cell, then made his decision. Just to reinforce her state of captivity and for obvious security reasons, her leash would be locked to the wall ring over the cell’s bunk and although long enough to permit her to move within the confines of the large cell, it would be shortened to the point that she’d be unable to reach out and touch the barred front wall, or get anywhere near its door. Despite her already severe state of isolation and imprisonment, he had no intention of allowing her even that small solace. As fully-gagged as she was to prevent any verbal protests or sobbing pleas for release, and incapable of displaying any emotion through begging looks, he knew it would be easy to keep her confined as he desired.

Richard drew out the remote unit that, unknown to Athena, he’d used to activate the sound deadening and elaborate discipline capabilities of her Suit. It also controlled all of the Suit’s other features, only some of which she’d experienced so far: the milder discipline and control procedures. He touched a button and at her wrists, above the elbows; her thighs below her knees, and at her ankles; thick, telescoping rods dropped out of their recesses in the slightly fattened limbs. Each was strongly hinged at its mounting point on the Suit and he moved quickly to his listless prisoner and forced her arms back around her body. The thick, short rods from the above-the-elbow cuffs snapped together with a solid mechanical sound, then he pressed her upper arms closer together behind her back. A heavy, clicking, ratchet noise came when the rods telescoped into each other and her arms were kept pulled tightly behind her back, elbows nearly touching. Next, he pulled each of her forearms around her metal corset-narrowed waist, then threaded the longer rods from her wrist cuffs through the steel loops on either side of the centre front of her cinch ... the ones she’d puzzled over when she first put the piece on. These were also quickly pushed together, joining with a solid click, holding her hands off to the sides of her waist, completely useless!

Athena was slow to awaken to what was happening to her limbs, but as realization set in, fought the new arrangement wildly for a moment, then stood silently, looking at him with unchanging, serene indifference on her steel face. However, inside the helmet, she’d begun screaming silently into her gag when her bondage was so casually and easily increased. He knelt quickly then joined the short rods between her thighs, forcing her legs away from each other, and, while she remained in shock, dropped his hands to her knees and pushed them even further apart. The next pair swung up from her calves and joined to each other just below her knees, spreading her legs even more. Another pair flipped down and a moment later, the ones between her thickly-cuffed ankles

were also joined, leaving Athena to stand with legs spread forcibly and vulnerably apart. Now, no matter what she tried, she'd be unable to bring them together, although she'd be able to shuffle along in a slow walk because of the limited swivel ability of each joint.

Suddenly, full awareness of her restraints came and Athena renewed her violent struggling against her suddenly increased bondage, struggling frantically to escape it. Richard watched his prisoner carefully, then caught her when she lost her balance and started to fall. He held her in his arms for long moments while she attempted to come to grips with the fact that she was not only a prisoner within the Suit, but too, she had been rendered completely helpless by its other equipment! Her shoulders heaved in increasing waves of heart-rending sobs, but at last, many minutes later, she calmed and once more stood waiting for whatever was next to happen to her.

“Come!” he said loudly.

Her head followed the line of the freed chain to his hand, but she didn't move. Richard snapped the leash, then walked away until it sprang tight, coming around her neck from the rear fastening on her collar. Only then did she begin to shuffle after him in a weird, wide-legged pace enforced by the leg spreaders.

After several minutes of glacial progress, on a route that should have taken only seconds, he and Athena reached the large kitchen. He pulled her to one side, then reached up and short-chained her to a wall ring so she couldn't move away from what he planned next and it was the work of short minutes for him to prepare a meal for his slave girl. He reached into a drawer and brought out a flexible, amber rubber Y tube then plugged its tail into the hole between her lips, and lifted a water bottle into a wall bracket and inverted it. From the top of the bottle, now the base, another tube led to and was plugged into one arm of the Y, it remaining clamped off for the moment. At this point, the microwave oven made a beep, signalling that the thick, gelatinous, and nourishing soup had been heated to body temperature. He partially emptied the contents of the ceramic bowl into the large basting syringe Athena had already used to feed herself, placed the plunger in the barrel and plugged the syringe end into the still-dangling arm of the tube.

He released the clamp for the water bottle and it began to gurgle in slow bubbles into the hose to her mouth, then he slowly depressed the baster's plunger, forcing the soup along its hose also. In a second both were filled, then the mixture began to be forced into and through her mouth-filling pad and be deposited at the back of her throat. Athena flung her head as wildly as she could, but the hose remained securely attached to her mask and she was unable to remove them, thanks to her bondage. She had to swallow or choke. Her sense of self-preservation quickly triumphed and within the steel that tubed her throat, she swallowed convulsively. For the next 10 minutes, she was compelled to both eat and drink, knowing that unless she did, she would soon suffer dehydration and malnutrition.

Inside her Suit, Athena wanted only to be left to herself, but the forced-in water and soup soon changed her despondency into a pointless rebellion. She could do absolutely nothing to halt or avoid the embarrassing process, but at last it was done and the hateful equipment was disconnected. He left her still chained to the wall, helplessly watching while he prepared a wonderful smelling steak dinner for himself, then sat at the kitchen table and devoured it with gusto.

Athena's mouth watered around her gag, he knew, because she could faintly smell the delicious scents of the cooking, but she'd not enjoy eating while remaining locked in her Suit: another completely unexpected and awful result of being forced to wear it. More tears of regret clouded her dimmed vision and she struggled against her bonds in hopeless rebellion, fingers clenching uselessly at the ends of the thick bar that separated her wrists so widely.

By the time he'd finished cleaning up, it was late in the evening. He unlocked her shortened leash, then, taking another chain, clipped it to the ring on the front of the collar, beneath her chin, leaving the rear one to trail down her back and along the floor behind when he led her to the bedroom. She was taken to stand beside the king-

sized bed, then he disappeared into the en suite bathroom to return a moment later with another long set of hoses, these similar to the ones she'd had to use to eliminate her waste. In his other hand he carried a large pail, it covered by cap with a fitting on either side.

He knew her eyes followed him, what little they could behind their thick lenses, while he approached and set the pail down beside her, then uncoiled the hoses. Unable to avoid it happening, she felt him release the two caps on her Suit's crotch band, then plug each hose into its fitting. Now, her bladder and bowel movements could take place without soiling the bed. Athena stood, silently shivering with humiliation before him, then with both hands, he pushed gently down on her shoulders, forcing her first to sit on the edge of the bed and finally, fall back onto its duvet. She lay quietly, staring up and occasionally seeing her Master through the narrow slits while she shifted slightly, trying to get comfortable. Having her arms drawn behind her back and secured there was embarrassing and humiliating enough while she stood, but this was immeasurably worse, and terribly uncomfortable, even on the soft mattress. It was impossible for her to obtain any ease no matter how she rolled and twisted, and she hated that her legs were kept so vulnerably and invitingly spread! He removed her front leash, but immediately pulled her back-of-the-neck one tight, and locked it to the sturdy ring in the headboard. The removed front leash was immediately connected to the central joint of her ankle spreader, then he tugged until it too hummed with tension ... and locked it to a ring in the foot board.

Athena was secured for the night, but she still rolled restlessly against her chains. He decided to take her to the next level of restraint and retrieved her remote control, then lightly pressed a button until he heard a soft, yet sibilant hiss from her nostril holes. Although she'd slowly begun to accept her newest bondage, it was with horror that she felt the amount of air she was permitted to breathe become smaller and smaller! A tremulous wail of panicked terror hissed from the partially-closed nostril holes while she struggled to inhale and she rolled even more frantically against her bed chains. Richard's voice came faintly into her imprisoned ears.

“Slave, your air supply has been reduced to the level you need for sleep. If you continue to struggle, you'll faint from oxygen starvation. Settle down and you'll get enough air.

“Now, I'm going to show you some other tricks that have been built into your little prison. First, there's this ...”

Her vision disappeared completely leaving her floating in a totally black void of nothingness! His voice came again.

“You've always given me a hard time about providing oral sex, Athena, and don't think I didn't notice your reluctance about performing. So, there's this neat trick built into your mouth piece ...”

To Athena's stunned horror, she felt the gag begin to swell within her mouth, forcing her jaws more tightly into their clamps, then, a thick, saliva-slicked phallus began to slide slowly back and forth ... into her throat and with each thrust, the depth it sank to grew greater and greater! She retched from the horrid penetration ... one that she had always passionately hated, but now she had no choice at all! The awful monster that had lain dormant within her mouth continued to rape it and her throat without pause or pity.

“Isn't that a nice training aid?” he asked sardonically, knowing full well of her loathing for what was happening. “I'll leave you alone to enjoy it for a couple of hours.

“The next thing you hear, after I stop talking, will be me wishing you good morning. The area's of the helmet over your ears have noise cancelling systems built into them, as you've discovered, and so eliminate all external sound. But, before I sign off, you should know that during the coming night, you are going to be punished for your disobedience.

“What you've so far experienced has only been about 5% percent of your Suit's disciplinary capabilities and intensities. Tonight, you'll learn more about them. Sweet dreams Slave Girl.”

For Athena, locked helplessly inside the Suit and helmet, all sound disappeared into a black hole, leaving her to exist alone in silent, depthless bondage, beginning to wonder if she really existed. For the longest time, nothing at all happened, other than the slow, inexorable penetration of her throat, and she began to accustom herself to taking only long, slow breaths between each plunge of the thick phallus.

Beside the bed, he quickly undressed, plugged the recharging cables into her heel receptacles, then slid under the covers. The computer monitoring and controlling the discipline functions of her Suit would ensure she was properly looked after during the night, and he was prepared to be awakened by her silent and frantic thrashing when the sessions took place ... every two hours.

Reaching over, he drew another pair of thick hoses from under her pillow, then plugged the bifurcated end fitting of the first into the nostril holes of the mask. It was a line from a set of large compressed air tanks and ventilator in the basement and ensured that she continued to breathe: but only the set amounts of air. The second hose was a water line. Her throat would need some sort of lubrication after being made raw by her suppressed screaming during the disciplining soon to come, as well as the continual raping by the penis gag. She twitched slightly when he made the connections, then settled back to quiescence, only her steel-gloved fingers clenching and twitching at the ends of the thick bar separating her wrists. Within her silent, utterly black world, Athena felt the additions of the hoses to her mask, then tried to will herself to sleep, but the complete lack of sound or light was horrifying and she was deeply fearful of what the Suit was going to do to her during the coming hours.

She was utterly alone, held away from the rest of the human race, a complete prisoner and even her Master, whom she knew to be laying beside her, was untouchable and unreachable! Bitter tears filled her eyes in the Stygian blackness and she slowly and silently wept for her lost freedoms and dreams. Eventually, her terror ebbed, for its intensity could only be sustained for short periods and finally, the combination of utter silence, no light, and her emotional upheavals of the day past caused her to fall asleep in her inescapable, steel cocoon.

At her side, her Master had already fallen asleep, snoring loudly, but encased in her Suit, Athena was unable to hear him. Sometime later in blackness, she came awake with a start, listening intently for long moments, hoping to hear something ... anything, and wondered if she was awake or just dreaming again.

Then ... it began.

At first there were only mild trills of shuddering electrical current through her uterus and vagina, and she felt her internal muscles quiver and clamp around the, rigid, deeply-ribbed dildo, commanded by the pulses. The rhythmical waves began to arouse her, then, incredibly, her nipples erected to more of the same type of excitation, set in counterpoint to what was happening in her loins. Athena instinctively attempted to cross her thighs and somehow stop the intimate attack, only to feel a painful needling stitch itself through and along her lust swollen labia! She attempted to scream for it to stop, her arms surging against their secure bonds; hands clenching and trying to grasp at open air while at the same time still trying to cross her pinioned legs, but they remained widely and securely separated, no matter how frantically she twisted and rolled against her chains, making her feel horribly vulnerable, even though totally encased. It was a paradox, and she couldn't understand it, but then, to her horror, the strength of the electrical stimulations passing through her breasts and nipples and those in her metal-shrouded crotch began to slowly escalate until she felt as though her tumescent flesh was being pierced by red hot needles! At the same time in her belly, another agonizing maelstrom was building to a climax, for the dildo and butt plug had simultaneously begun to vibrate fiercely, twisting and writhing at the same time! Her body automatically and instinctually began to buck and squirm when the shocks came closer and closer together, ever more arousing and painful.

Athena tried to draw a deep breath to scream, only to have her air supply remain at its constant, restricted level, but then her torment was added to even more when the phallus in her mouth began once more to penetrate her throat! She bit hard on the thing, only to have it unleash a horribly convulsive series of electrical shocks each time it began to slide deeper into her gullet! This was only one aspect though! Deep within her armoured loins,

both the vaginal dildo and the butt plug slowly began to extend and inflate! Effectively, she was being raped by the machines fastened into her body and there was nothing she could do to stop or avoid it! The slow pulsations, penetrations and inflation/deflation cycles remained constant for a long time then began to climb higher and higher, driving her into a sexual Nirvana. Athena writhed hopelessly against her thrumming chains, desperate to escape the tormenting and tantalizing sensations; her muscles straining and thus adding even more endorphins to her slowly dissolving awareness of herself. She desperately wanted a sexual release, but the sensors built into her Suit sensed the tell tale onset and stopped all of the stimuli to leave her hanging in frustrated dismay, still receiving the disciplinary shocks through her breasts and nipples. An insane scream of sheer animal-like need hissed into her air hoses and she fought madly to get that final trigger, but was unable to find it. For the longest time, she lay in silence and blackness while her arousal slowly subsided to be replaced by bitter frustration. This was but the beginning of her Discipline Session.

The dildo and butt plug remained fully extended and inflated and she was uncomfortably reminded of her femaleness. Then, it all began again and in short moments, the concentrated, sexually-centred sensory storm began to overwhelm her senses, for that was all she could feel! She had no sight; no hearing! Unconsciously, Athena saved her breath, then tried to give a full-bodied scream, but the gag pad blocked it completely, and she herself didn't even hear the tiny whimpers that got lost in her air and water hoses. Nevertheless, her throat swelled and she tried again and again to howl in horrified arousal and misery at what she was being subjected to; the most intimate and sensitive parts of her female anatomy being tortured! The most terrible thing about it though, was that all were being done to her in utter silence and blackness by an uncaring computer! Nearly mindless from the surging and semi-paralysing bolts of sophisticated electricity, Athena rolled violently against the strictures of her bed chains, frenziedly struggling to escape what was being done to her body. Nothing stopped it.

The throbbing, unending horror continued to assault her in increasingly violent waves, teasing and tickling her intimate flesh, making her fling herself madly on the bed against her tight, secure tethers. The worst of the disciplines was the trickling, tickling shocks administered to her shuddering clitoris under its steel cap and she became increasingly crazed with a desire to rub the sensitive nodule and ease the torment it was being subjected to. Suddenly, a sizzling series of electrical shocks zipped through this nexus of feminine sensation and she surged maniacally, thrashing madly in failed attempts to tear away the torturing devices locked onto and into her body. She rapidly built too high an oxygen debt, then sank into a full, deep blackness. The computer, sensing from the Suit's pick-ups that she had fainted, ceased her discipline and timed-out for the next two hours. Richard awakened again when she began to struggle against her restraints and watched the silent, violent, futile antics of his slave until she collapsed, desperate to escape her punishment. He smiled grimly, turned out the light, and went back to sleep for a couple of hours, when Athena was taken down the same path once more. Twice more he observed her paying for her foolishness and disobedience, and she, terrorized beyond fear, awaited her next session of discipline in quaking horror.

At last the night was over and in the early hours before dawn broke, he released her from the bed bondage, then immediately took her to the basement cell. Once he had her inside, she was immediately leashed to the wall by her collar, her arms and legs remaining still fastened as he'd fixed them the previous evening. He added two other chains from the wall ring; connecting the first to the ring at the back of her waist and the other to the central link of her ankle spreader, ensuring she couldn't reach the barred front wall of the cell she would now call home ... for the rest of her life. He next connected her sanitation hoses, then her air and water/feeding lines, and stood back to inspect his metal-encased prisoner. Her serene steel mask stared calmly back at him in the silence of the cell, while under it Athena begged hysterically against her gag pad that she not be abandoned. Of course he couldn't see her pleading eyes through the thin slits within their gleaming quartz lenses.

"Athena," he said with deadly, quiet intensity, "this is where you'll spend most of the rest of the time I own you. I want you to walk out to the ends of your leashes and lean into them. I have to make some final adjustments. Do it!"

She shuffled awkwardly forward until her neck leash snapped tight then he went to the wall and shortened the waist and ankle spreader tethers until the strain was equally distributed between all three, so that if she tried to approach the barred wall, they'd all snap tight at the same time, reinforcing to her that she was securely leashed.

Athena sank to her knees before him with a metallic clatter and slither of chain, her steel-gloved hands struggling to free themselves from their long, rigid separator bar while she attempted desperately to beg him for freedom.

"I can't have you up and running around the house and property dressed like you are, especially when I'm not here, so ... you'll stay as you are now for the next three weeks, just to reinforce your status and get you used to your restraints. It'll be endlessly boring I'm sure, but that's part of your price of disobedience.

"Eventually, I'll permit you some external stimulation in the form of controlled access to the internet, or perhaps some small amounts of sound and vision, but for the next fortnight you'll be kept blinded and deafened 98% of the time.

"Once you're allowed access to the computer, you'd best be careful of where you go. Your Suit's discipline capabilities are now cross-connected to the computer's monitoring programs and it will punish you, quite severely if you go to sites that are on the prohibited list. You'll discover which those are when you're punished for visiting them.

"Eventually, there'll be an occasional day that you'll be freed of the elbow and wrist restraint bars, although you'll always wear them while sleeping. If you attempt to access too many of the prohibited sites when you're allowed on the 'net, you'll spend days, and perhaps weeks or months, wearing them 24 hours a day.

"There's another means of discipline that you'll soon become acquainted with. I plan to suspend you when I feel you need it. You can see those chains from the ceiling in the back corner there and the small stool beneath them. You'll stand on the stool, and the chains will go to the sides of your cinch and the ring at the back of your collar. Of course, your cell leashes will remain fully fastened to you at all times, including when you're suspended.

"When the stool is taken away, you'll be unable to touch the toes of your boots to the floor and so you'll be sitting fully on your plugs. That's all that happens. You'll just hang there, more than likely blinded and deafened; unless the plugs are activated for a discipline session, then you'll find that your life gets quite ... ah ... interesting. One further thing ... if you are hanging there and still able to both see and hear prior to your discipline, you'll lose both sight and hearing just before it starts.

"I'll not punish you further, Athena." he smiled grimly at her, "You've already done quite a good job of that by dressing yourself in your Suit. It will execute whatever discipline processes its programming has been set to perform, and, as you have unfortunately become aware, there is no escaping them. Be advised that that rules of your new existence are quite harsh and exacting, Athena. You must obey any instructions issued to you without pause. If you do not, the punishment will be instant and harsh.

"Oh!" he said, "There's one last addition to the Suit's equipment I have to make."

Athena remained kneeling while he left the cell for a moment. When he returned two minutes later, he carried a thick coil of black hoses and two thick cables in his hand, then came to her.

"Hold still while I connect these." he said quietly. "They won't hurt you. At least not just yet."

Unable to bend her head to any great extent, she only felt a heavy click at the tip of each breast cup, and wondered what was being done. She briefly saw his hands pass through her limited visual range, uncoiling the

thick hoses, then a brief series of vibrations from her neck leash. For a few minutes nothing further seemed to happen, then he reappeared before her.

“There!” he stated grimly. “Now you’re completely hooked up to your discipline system. You’ll discover the function of those final additions in due course. For the moment, Slave Girl, that’s about all I have to say. I’ll look in on you later this evening, so you might as well get used to the idea that you’ll be alone in here for long periods.

“Bye!”

He turned and walked away from the steel clad woman kneeling silently on the polished, grey, concrete floor, then swung the cell’s door closed behind him and locked it securely. Turning for one last look, he saw that she’d collapsed to the floor, laying on her side and curled as best she could into a pitiful ball of misery, jerking her limbs against their bars and chains while her body shook with harshly-suppressed sobs of terror at what she’d done, having created and sentenced herself to a self-inflicted Hell on Earth. A moment later, he’d closed the outer door that hid the cell from the rest of the basement.

Athena’s sight and hearing disappeared completely.

She turned her head and stared into the blackness, in the direction of the barred door clicked, but didn’t hear or see it closed. Athena continued to lay curled as best she could in the deathly silent blackness, struggling against her bonds, feeling their security and knowing now she was going to pay an extreme price for her foolishness and curiosity. Eventually she struggled back to her knees and slowly manoeuvred herself to where she thought her bunk was, then, when she found it, levered herself up and lay back on the mattress as best she could. Her night had not been restful in any way, but one of unmitigated terror and silenced screaming so that laying there in isolation she fell asleep within minutes. Her sex pulsed with desperate need and the things now gently, insistently, vibrating within her belly acted to tease her unmercifully. One of her many new punishments was that she was to be kept constantly aroused, but always left unable to satisfy herself, unless permitted a release by her Master. Those orgasms would be few and far between, while she gradually faded from his life and became no more than an automatically cared for and disciplined prisoner.

Later in her endless night, her eyes snapped open in the blackness.

Her distended nipples were being firmly and cyclically suckled! At first, it felt pleasantly stimulating, then to her horror, the sucking became harshly stronger and stronger! Her arms and hands tensed against and under their restraints when she unthinkingly attempted to bring them up to tear away the leech-like things fastened to her distended but armoured breasts, but nothing happened! She couldn’t get her hands and arms free from their wide spread helplessness beside her body no matter how frantically and desperately she struggled, and yet the suction and release of her throbbing nipples continued without stopping! In her belly, the vibrations of the plugs grew in intensity causing her to writhe demonically against and within her Suit and restraints, hysterical to escape the sensations beginning to overwhelm her thoughts. Nothing she tried to do had any affect, other than to add the witch’s brew of her own endorphins to the bio-chemical stew that was rapidly driving her crazy with lust and she shrieked mindlessly into her gag, only to feel the horrid phallus within her mouth begin its rape again! Then, the dildo too and the clitoral electrodes began to tease and titillate her! Athena climbed towards an orgasm, only to suddenly be convulsed by a severe series of shocks to her nipples, breasts, clitoris and vagina! They were so strong that they over-rode all sensations of pleasure and she dropped like a brick from her cloud of arousal, screaming insensately and thrashing like a caught fish. Sometime during her struggles she’d fallen to the floor and crawled along it as far as her leashes allowed and now flailed at the ends of her chains, blind and deaf while the Suit exacted its first of many discipline sessions to come. The effect of all this being done to her was far more than Athena could handle either physically or emotionally and she collapsed on the floor, completely spent.

This time the computer didn't punish her, but still kept her hearing and vision completely turned off. Awakening a long time later, she wept bitterly behind the steel mask clamped so firmly and uncomfortably onto her face. She'd thrown away the rest of her life she so carelessly! She cried too for the beautiful young body she had, now imprisoned within a steel shell that no one could remove. It would not be the last time she cried herself to sleep beyond the arms of a Master she could no longer touch, and the final thing she remembered, on that morning so long ago, were the words of a distant dream, replaying in her head.

Life Imprisonment and Punishment.