

Links To Scenes:

- [First Chastity](#)
- [Larger Plug, Cock Squeezing Tube](#)
- [Balls bagged, cock banded, stretched](#)
- [Cock Stock Beating](#)
- [EstimTorment](#)
- [Come Along](#)
- [After Escape Attempt](#)

Chastity Belt Training Center

CHAPTER ONE

Kent's dick was hard and his head was beginning to clear. It was the pain, the unrelenting pain that made him shed the cloak of unconsciousness. He couldn't really tell which part of his body hurt the most, but then he couldn't move a muscle to cut the pain anyway.

"Get that thing off my dick," he finally screamed hoping one of the Hill sisters were near enough to respond.

There was no answer and with his leather half mask he couldn't see whether he was alone or just being ignored. The mask did not have any eye holes and only the slightest hint of light reached his corneas from the open chin and mouth area. I should never have taken this damn job.

It was the job experience that, in part, told him where he had been pinioned. He could feel the weathered rock face of Lotus Peak under his mostly exposed ass cheeks. As he moved he heard the telltale sounds of the eagled position.

Thank God the sun was coming up. It was cold at night on the desert at this time of year and the only garment he had on was that thing they had called his chastity belt. They had somehow pulled his cock and both balls through the small hole on the crotch piece. Now he could feel the throbbing pain of too much flesh pushed through too small an opening.

The pouch they had laced around his cock and balls was also too small. His stiff member had been pulled painfully back toward the rocks using the cock

leash attachment on the tip of the pouch. He hadn't wanted to fuck this badly since he was living with Amelia, the ex-wife he never should have married.

The belt locked around his waist and thighs to painfully torture his large member. He couldn't figure why his dick had stayed so hard for so long. I could never keep it this hard before, and that was when I needed it! The crotch strap had an additional torture device. He had been rammed with a foot-long artificial dick in his asshole.

He wondered what else the sisters were carrying in those heavy packs that he had to carry all the way from Landfair Valley. The locking leather wrist and ankle straps they used to tie him to his own rock climbing stakes would not give. The sisters had to be professional dominatrices. Thinking back, that was the only way it all fit together.

It was almost two weeks ago to the hour. He had just stepped out of the shower when his cellular phone rang. She couldn't have known he was naked then, too. Could she? She didn't waste much time with preliminaries then either.

"Are you the one running the ad in the L.A. Times?" Susan had said.

"Yeah, every Wednesday and Friday. I teach rock climbing and supply a guide service for trips in the Joshua Tree National Monument and the East Mojave National Scenic Area."

"Well, that's just what I need if you are any good?" Her question was more of a demand. "I'm good, miss. If you like I can give you the ranger station number for the Young Valley Campground and they will tell you about my work." He used his best business courtesy. I really need the work.

"You sound pretty impressed in your own work anyway." Her tone seemed to take exception with the glimmer of assertiveness hidden in his voice.

"Well, miss, you have to, sort of, know you're good or you wouldn't want to climb some of the walls we have up here." Even though he had recently moved out from the city he knew a slightly country polish to his vocal style would turn the trick. "Look, my sister and I have some property, a mining claim, really, that belonged to our mother. We've never been there, and we would

like to go check it out," she said revealing the nature of her rather abrupt inquiry.

"I don't think I really understand," he said hinting for some more information upon which he could quote his fee.

"Well, you see, it's up in that new East Mojave Scenic Park, and we are told you have to climb some rocks to get to it." Her tone was definitely guarded. His information would be limited to that which he would need to prepare for the trip.

"Where's it located?" Kent asked.

"It's called Compass Valley. At least that's what my mom called it. It's not on any map I've seen."

"Where's it near?"

"It's near Landfair Valley?"

"Which direction, West?"

"No, I think it is almost dead East of Landfair Valley and due north of the Fort Piute ruins."

"I know the area. There are some pretty steep faces there."

"Have you ever climbed there?" Susan demanded.

"No, it's really pretty rugged there and there aren't any day camps nearby as jump off points."

"Would you be willing to take us in there?"

"Sure, how many days would you actually need in the Valley, once we've made the climb?"

"Probably about five."

"We will need about three days in and three days out. I think you would be better with my weekly rate. With two weeks we would have some time to get you trained, in case you wanted to go back in later alone."

"Training? Susan asked with an edge to her voice that gave the slightest hint that she was not in total control of this conversation."

"Rock climbing training."

"Oh, yes. I thought you meant... Never mind. We have done some, but we are not experts. I understand it's very steep on both sides of the climb," she said arranging the fee and meeting points for their expedition two weeks hence.

"Nice to meet you both," Kent had said. Nice! Very nice, indeed. Two mighty foxy ladies.

"From your ad I expected someone older," was all that Judy could muster. She couldn't know that Kent had this effect on most women. Nor could she know that most let him work his will.

Both parties seemed to pause to examine each other. Kent had a ripped muscularity that suggested more a basketball player than a bodybuilder. He was strong and tan and the ladies seemed to want to take a new accounting. When they met at the Hole-in-the-Wall campground he wore only his worn climbing boots and blue jean short-shorts. He wore a bandanna as a sweatband to keep his blond hair off his deeply tanned skin.

"I think the best place to use as a jumping off place is the old ruins at Fort Puite. We can leave the vehicles there and they will be safe," he said ending the awkward silence.

"Sure, we'll follow you," Susan said turning her muscular frame toward their new utility vehicle.

Kent couldn't decide which he liked better. Susan looked to be the older sister. Twenty-seven, maybe to her sister's twenty-two. Susan's blond hair

and tanned body showed off her tight build and lean muscles. Judy's dark hair and cover-girl frame seemed to bring sophistication even to the open desert. Damn fine.

Kent anticipated the abrupt character changes of the sisters as they started out from the base camp. He had noticed the animated conversation the two were obviously having in the van as it followed his 4 X 4 truck. A strong willed pair, but Susan seems to be the de facto leader.

"We've got a lot of stuff that has to be carried. Since we're paying so much for your services, we're expecting your help," Susan said starting to take control of the team. Her tone was definitely an order. She didn't frame the conversation as a request. "If we can get the stuff to the base of the climb, we can use ropes to get it from the stages of the climb," he said trying to reassert his leadership as at least the guide for the trip.

"But that's a lot to carry up and over that range on mountains. The vertical climb alone is probably more than three thousand feet."

"You signed on for the trip. You've deposited our check so let's get with it," Judy said stressing the contractual aspects of the agreement.

Kent went silent and surveyed the mounds of bags they were determined to take into Compass Valley. There was a large backpack for each of the three. The small pack, he normally carried, could be tied to the bottom of the larger pack. It was going to be a ball buster. At least ninety pounds to carry in the ninety degree weather.

Until they reached the vertical climb he could carry one of the duffel bags under each arm. If each of the sisters could handle an additional duffel bag, a piece they could get the equipment to the base of the actual climb. He could use a series of ropes and some sort of relaying system to get it all to the top. It was going to be a bitch.

"I know you're a jock, but do you think we could take a rest for a minute," Judy said after about an hour of hard walking from their parked cars.

"Sure, I'm sorry. I guess I got all this loaded and I was afraid to set it down," he said recovering from his initial reaction to the work load.

"What's the matter, Mr. Big? I thought you were supposed to be used to these expeditions into the desert." Susan barked in an obvious effort to relight the anger between them. "I guess I'm just in a little better shape than you two are," Kent said being purposefully judgmental.

"Well, we haven't really seen what kind of shape you're in, have we Judy?" The conversation was making a dark and unusual turn.

"Er, what do you mean?" he asked, not really sure the comment was meant for his ears.

"As long as you've gotten those packs off, why don't you take the rest off," Judy said in her best sexy ingenue voice.

Kent had been harboring longing feelings for his clients' bodies, but he never expected them to make the first move. He looked them both in the eyes for direction. It didn't seem possible that they would both want him. What luck! "By the look of those tight shorts, you're packing quite a rod down there," Susan coaxed, returning Kent's gaze.

"I'm, ..., where are we going to do it?" Kent managed to articulate, not quite sure of his own powers.

"There may not be anything there, Judy. I think he's stalling." The game definitely had its dark edges.

"Some people are all talk and maybe he is just stuffing his jock with dirty socks." They were talking to each other but their eyes were on Kent.

"Okay, but I sort of want to see what you've got, too." he said knowing he had to regain the initiative in the conversation or face an uncertain future. "You first. I think we paid for this, don't you Susan." Her voice had the dual tones of a demand and a promise.

"Well, look at that. It wasn't socks, was it?" Judy said pointing to Kent who had removed his shorts and underwear.

"Do you think it will fit?" Susan said talking to her sister as if Kent couldn't hear the conversation.

"I don't know. Why don't you get it out of the pack?"

"Here, Kent, try this on," Susan commanded throwing Kent a wrapped package from one of the duffel bags.

"What's this?" he asked looking kind of stupid standing in the hot sun with only his climbing boots and socks on.

"Open it."

"I don't understand. What is it?" he asked after he had thoroughly examined the leather configuration of straps and belts.

"It's your chastity belt," Susan said as if he should have known from the beginning. "Mine. I mean, what is it for?" he asked letting his voice turn to pure inner thoughts. What is this, something from the middle ages.

"Put it on. Let's just say we would feel better if your hot rod was locked away for a while." The order tone was asserting itself in the conversation. "I thought you, ... I mean, I didn't start this. Let's just forget it. I'll put my pants back on." "I would feel better if you wore the chastity belt. I mean I don't want you to give it to Judy and not me, if you understand."

"It doesn't really appeal to me. I mean, it looks uncomfortable."

"You mean we are not worth a little discomfort?" Judy said again turning on the charm.

"Well, it's just... "

"Put it on. Now!" Susan snapped while touching Kent's virgin white ass cheek with a cattle prod from her pack.

"Hey, that hurt like hell," he said voicing a hollow protest.

"Are you going to follow orders, mister?" Susan asked with the visual help of the prod she still had posed near his body.

"Well, okay but what about this thing?" Kent asked deciding for the moment to keep his customers happy.

"That's the butt plug. It goes up your ass."

"Shit, I'm not going to wear that." Kent's voice had a new rebellious nature. I'm not going to have any rubber dick up my ass.

"Oh, yes you will," Judy said punctuating her explosive sounding order with a crack of her bullwhip that cut a path around Kent's waist.

Kent managed to hold back any further comments. He had lost control of the situation. He needed time to think this through. He did a half squat and inserted the long fat penis shaped butt plug in his virgin ass. It hurt like a red hot poker up his newly violated shitter.

As he fastened the waistband he tried not to pull the adjustments too tight. Each adjustment would make the plug increase its penetration. There was some hope that he could later remove it when the sisters slipped off to sleep.

The unit had a series of rings for his penis. Although he had never seen such a device, it appeared obvious how he must insert his still limp member to "fill out" the various elements. When he started, he realized that he would have to hurry. As the rings were tight around his scrotum, balls, and cock shaft they restricted the blood flow. What a hard on, and I can't even use it!

"Here, you've got to tighten it up." Judy said grabbing the buckles of the belt. "We've got to put the locks on and that means everything has to be very tight." "We've got to make sure that belt is separating those pretty ass cheeks and know that plug will poke your prostate gland with every step." Susan said with that hint of knowledge that said Kent hadn't been their first conquest.

"And we want to see those little rings cut into that long pole of yours."

"Now you can get those packs back on and put the duffel bag straps over your shoulders. Those rings on the side of the waistband are for hooking these," Susan said holding up a set of special handcuffs.

"Since you're in such good shape, you won't need to take the packs off to relax like the rest of us."

"But don't worry, even if you get tired, that dick of yours is going to be rock hard. That's a promise."

The sisters kept their promises. The rest of the day proved that. Kent worked like a pack animal to carry their supplies from the jumping-off point to the base of the climb. Except for the biological necessities, which were heavily supervised and critiqued, they kept him a prisoner of the chastity belt. One sister would sleep while the other watched their prisoner.

The night they reached the base of the rock face was different. The sisters both thought they would need a complete night's sleep to make the climb the next day. The solution was simple. Kent was spread-eagled and pinioned to the rock wall with his own climbing stakes. Damn, it was cold. They've got to get up and release me soon.

CHAPTER TWO

"Purple dick, he's got a purple dick. What's the matter slave. Is it too cold for your little thing?" Judy asked to awaken her immobile servant.

"Just release me and I'll take care of it myself," was Kent's pitiful request. I hope it will actually come off. It's so damn hard.

"We don't want the little thing to freeze off. After all, we might just find some use for it," Susan snickered tugging at the chastity belt straps a little.

"Can't you just let me put on some regular clothes?" he asked trying to find a way to peek below the tight fitting leather mask.

"We do want you to change clothes. We are a little tired of looking at that little thing. We had thought it might grow into something but..." Judy mocked.

"If you will get this mask off me and unlock the manacles I will change into whatever you want."

"I'm afraid you're just like a baby. We will have to make sure we take care of your clothes down there. You just might lose control when we least expect it." Susan rationalized.

"We had better make the change now," Judy said handing Susan the keys to the various locks that kept the belt carefully in place.

"Yeah, just relax yourself, if you can," Susan said, "and we'll make the change in your outfit."

Kent knew it was fruitless to resist. He had hoped that he could do away with the painful reminder of his casual advances. They weren't going to let him forget. His hopes were complicated by the mask that he still wore. It prevented even the slightest glimpse of what might be in store next.

The sisters unlocked the waist belt and two thigh straps that held the belt to his very male midsection. The rings that were painfully present around his cock shaft, balls, and scrotum were hard to remove. He was hard and full and the rings were definitely meant to be removed only when his member was limp. The sisters made no pretense of being careful or tender.

Once removed his dick began to take on a healthier red tone. The purple of the heavily blood gorged of the night time hours was gone. He was also very happy when the deep butt plug was removed from his once inviolate hole. It seemed like the muscles around his pucker hole had been spread for so long that they forgot how to return to their normal closed position.

"Hey, what are you doing?" he asked when they started to fit him for a new device of pain.

"Just, shut up and wait. It'll be plain enough in a minute," Susan shouted returning to the job she and Judy were doing on his tortured mid-parts.

The first new pain he felt was the new butt plug they were introducing into his rear port. The widely stretched muscles offered little resistance, even though the pain was quite intense. The new device made no pretense of looking or feeling like a prick. The device had a special taper that was designed to use the pucker muscles own natural closing power to hold the device deep in the prisoner.

He thought the device would rip his ass in two right at his manly shaped crack. The pain seemed to double, redouble then double again. His screams were purely fright sounds with no resemblance to words.

Finally, the widest point of the long device had slipped past the tender sphincter muscle. The pain intensity dropped only to be replaced by a frightening new reality. If he allowed the muscle to close fully the pain in the front of his abdomen went off the meter.

"Now, this will keep that little pecker of yours out of trouble," Susan said shoving his long hard penis into a rubber cunt like device attached to the new day use chastity belt they had planned for Kent's suffering on this day. Kent was so well endowed that the normal sized device was soon full of hot flesh. The perfectly shaped device would have been hard to ignore by its sensuous feel alone.

"I thought I was going to be free of something like that." Kent muttered in some sort of vain hope that he could regain control of the situation.

The new chastity belt had a large strap that went between his legs to painfully spread his cheeks for a better view and to hold in the large anal plug. The waist strap held the artificial cunt in place vertically while the thigh straps held it in place from side-to-side. The unit was there to stay and there would be no pleasurable movements to reduce Kent's suffering.

The belt had a pump unit attached which Judy quickly used to harden the rubber vagina around Kent's tortured dick. She watched the tension in Kent's abdominal muscles as she added air to the unit. With each stroke Kent's large tool was forced into a smaller and smaller space. She knew from experience that he would react when the proper crush pressure had been added.

"God, please. No more. That hurts like hell. Please ease off a little." Kent said whimpering like a baby. Are they going to leave me with any of my manhood? "We're going to release you now.

We haven't got much time if we are to climb all the way to the top today," Susan said ignoring the pain and suffering as if it were a normal occurrence with her.

"Thanks, it's good to be able to see again," Kent said as the half mask was removed. His face flushed with shame as he saw the new device that imprisoned his manhood. "Just lay still while I release these wrist manacles. We made them quite tight and I can't get the locks to open if you put too much pressure on them."

"I was beginning to think my muscles would never be flexible enough to climb again," he said stretching his arms. "And my dick is so hard but I can only use it in a plastic cunt."

"When I release your ankles, you had better put the boots back on. I think your feet have swollen during the night," Judy said matter of factly.

"You aren't really going to make me climb with this, this... " he said pointing at the tight-fitting torture device.

"Call it a chastity belt. That's what it is. It is designed to keep you from having a climax. Let me hear you admit what it is," Judy said.

"Chastity belt, then. I mean what if someone saw me climbing up there with only this on," he said revealing a little too much about his threatened manhood. "They would think that someone finally got your oversexed hormones under control." "I'm serious. This is embarrassing. Don't you think the fun's over. You made your point."

"You haven't even begun to get our point. That belt stays right where it is, and if you don't stop talking about it, we might just forget you need to use the bathroom now and again."

"You're not going to tie my hands to the, er, chastity belt, are you?"

"To what?"

"Very well, to my chastity belt."

"We know you will need your hands and feet to climb the rock face. We will only tie your hands to the belt when they are not needed for the work we have planned for you."

Kent had planned the ascent earlier. He never took on an assignment he had not at least visually scouted before. Puffnif Mountain was a series of almost vertical faces on all sides. The face he selected offered a number of resting places where his non-expert climbers could catch their wind. These mid-ascent areas could also be used as relay points to be used for their supplies. "I'll ascend each leg with one or the other of you. The other will stay below and help set up the relay for the supplies. The two of us who ascend will have to pull the supplies up on a rope and assist the other in ascending alone. Is that okay?"

"It's alright with us," Susan said taking the leadership.

"Which one of you wants to go up with me?"

"I'll start with you," Judy said. "If I get too tired, we can trade off." They started up the mountain with surprising speed. Kent found that the girls were both familiar with the basics of climbing and both were very strong and able to find the energy for the vertical ascent.

Kent found that the ascent was harder than he expected because of his own body's distraction. As much as he tried to put aside the strange equipment he was forced to wear, he was sexually aroused. Deep inside the rubber cunt that covered his groin there burned the fire of extreme desire.

He couldn't really understand what it was that made him so aroused. It had been a long time since he had enjoyed the every night-companionship of a wife or girlfriend. After the divorce he had not seemed ready to take on a permanent relationship. The single's scene had gotten so much more complicated since the advent of HIV positive and negative.

He knew he should have fought harder to regain control of his body, but somehow it seemed that there was something worthwhile. Both the girls were attractive, he rationalized, and both seemed to have a special quality he had been seeking. The mountain range was a series of cliffs and spires that rose from the valleys on both sides as a barrier to travel. It took all day to make the almost three-thousand-foot climb. Their only rest was the short break they took for lunch. Kent's arousal seemed to drive him to move the group up the steep rock face.

"That's your Compass Valley," Kent said when they reached the top near sunset that evening. He felt the reaching of the top was an achievement, but it was not the climax he really wanted.

"Yeah, you can see where the old airfield was," Susan said out of breath both from the view and the physical drain of the climb itself.

"The what?" he said having trouble with the return of the leadership mantle to the sisters. "The airfield. You don't think they climbed the fucking mountain every time they came in, do ya?" Susan snapped. Man, you need some of our training in the worst way. You don't talk to women that way.

"I hadn't really given it much thought. When the mine was open, they probably brought the ore out by burro. That was pretty common back then," he said showing his usual lack of deep thought on relevant issues.

"I didn't mean the mine really," she said somewhat bewildered by the drifting tone of his voice.

"What did you mean?" Kent asked out of total confusion.

"Oh, I'll explain it all when we get below tomorrow," she said dismissing any further conversation until after the base camp had been established and they had eaten what passed for dinner.

"I'm tired," Judy complained. "We had better get him ready for the night." "No, please. I was afraid of that. You're not going to stake me out again for the night, are you?" Kent asked more as a protest than a real inquiry into his fate. "If we did, it would serve you right," Susan said expressing her continued indignation about his conduct.

"But I will freeze to death up here. It will be damn cold tonight," Kent said with a voice that revealed real fear. Kent realized they could do what they want with him, and he could not stop them.

"And then we would have a hell of a time getting down the other side to Compass Valley," Judy said admitting that he was needed for the moment, and he would have to remain their prisoner for the immediate future.

"Good, then I'll just sleep in my sleeping bag over here." His weakness flashed with each new attempt to reassert his control over his penis.

"You won't get away that easily. We'll need to find you a little extra equipment that will assure us that you will be here in the morning. Susan, will you get the chastity harness?"

"Sure. Do I need to get the whip or the cattle prod?" The question was really a query for Kent, but Susan didn't expect him to answer directly.

"Are you going to be a good boy and let us put you into this new equipment?" Judy had always been more direct.

"Look I'm really too tired to put up a fight. I really won't leave you here, but if you want assurances, I won't fight it."

Susan took the keys from the ring she had attached to her waistband and unlocked the locks on his chastity belt. She had to open the air valve on the inflated rubber vagina as his penis was imprisoned by the pressure in the unit. He knew he was still rock hard. "The plug stays right where it is," Susan said giving Kent a dominating glare that dared him to make an issue of anything. The plug seemed to be a physical reminder of the sister's dominance over their new slave.

Kent had made a decision not to fight it. He really didn't know why he made the decision. He made a feeble internal rationalization to blame his physical exhaustion, but he knew differently. Was he really hooked on the pain? As Kent stood motionless, the sisters worked on his body. Through the small hole in the broad rawhide crotch band, they pulled his hard penis and balls. They attached the rough leather outer sheath and tightened it until the

penis was totally immobile. The crotch strap easily held the plug in his now constantly violated ass.

The waistband was almost a foot and a half wide and thus practically extended to Kent's muscular pec nipples. As they pulled the roller straps tight in the back, they heard most of Kent's breath being forced out. The back of the chastity belt had four manacles for Kent's arms.

Kent's elbows were drawn together and strapped to his mid-back. It was so tight it almost seemed like his breastbone would break open from the spreading pressure on his shoulders. Kent's wrists were then locked into the wrist manacles which were attached to the chastity belt just above his butt plug.

"How am I supposed to sleep in this thing? It hurts like hell!" he screamed from his newly trusted up position.

"Your training hasn't taught you how to deal with pain, has it?" Susan asked another rhetorical question she really didn't expect Kent to answer.

"Let's just put him in the sleeping bag," Judy interjected. "I'm really too tired to start training him tonight."

Kent knew he should have tried to asked what this 'training' was all about, but he too was tired. Thank God this job will only last two weeks. And when it's over he was never going to see these broads again.

CHAPTER THREE

Kent was horny and he couldn't do anything about it. The nightwear chastity belt kept his dick hot and hard, but he couldn't have any pleasure. His arms were pinioned behind his back, and he couldn't even think of masturbating.

Sleep had been hard to come by. He was in pain from the belts and bindings but there was more. He had never wanted to have sex like he did now. Was it the sisters, or just Judy? Maybe it was that tight body of Susan's.

Hell, he didn't know. It could be the fact that he was a prisoner of two dominant women.

He had tossed and turned all night trying to find a comfortable position. He had tried to get his dick either to shoot for relief or relax to ease the sexual needs he felt. Useless. His prick literally throbbed with every heartbeat and seemed to constantly get harder. He tried to mentally relax as well. This was a limited assignment, wasn't it? He had only signed on for two weeks. That wouldn't change, would it? He knew what their agreement said, but he wasn't sure it meant anything. Would he be imprisoned for a longer period? Would he even resist the choice?

There was also the foreboding. He knew that the sisters were holding back on him. He knew it on the phone the first day and he could still feel it. There were those glances and whispers he knew went on just out of his hearing range. There was something waiting for them in Compass Valley, and today they would start their descent.

"It's time to get up, slave," Susan said to start out the day. "Roll over so we can unzip you from that sleeping bag."

"And you are going to take me out of this God-awful thing?" Kent asked as he rolled to expose the zipper to his captors.

"Yeah, that's quite a tamer. I'm glad you enjoyed it," Judy said smiling at his obvious discomfort.

"We find that one makes the slaves appreciate their regular daywear," Susan said tugging at the stuck zipper of his worn sleeping bag.

"I've had nothing but cramps in my shoulders and back all night."

"Maybe if you get your obedience training in control, we won't have to use such strict devices." Judy said as if Kent had just entered some sort of new lifetime pursuit.

"If you will stand up and stay still, we will release you from this restraint and allow you to wear your new chastity belt," Susan stated.

"Anything to get this damn thing off," was Kent's response.

He got to his feet although it was difficult with the wide binder band around his calves. He had no choice but to stand perfectly erect. The wide waistband seemed to want to cut into his skin if he didn't suck in his stomach and keep his head and neck erect. The two wide bands that pinned his arms and hands behind his back exerted a great pressure on his shoulders and he found that an overly proud display of his pecs was the most comfortable position. The position seemed to release the most pressure from his upper body, but it was not without its problems. Keeping his body erect pulled tightly on the crotch strap that went between his bisected ass cheeks. The huge plug that had not been removed for more than twenty-four hours seemed to be pressed even deeper in his once virgin ass.

The rod up his ass was not the only pole that was on fire. As Kent stood erect awaiting the next torment the sisters had planned, the course leather penis pouch was taking its toll. In this position his penis seemed especially pressed. The small hole that forced both balls and his cock to share on the crotch strap cut into his scrotum. The wide outer penis cover became tight and unyielding in this position and the rough inner rawhide rubbed his tender foreskin.

"I thought you were going to get this thing off me," Kent said overly aware of each passing second.

"Look, don't make me mad or you'll really find out what wonders I brought in all that gear we've been carrying." Susan delivered a knee kick to his balls to punctuate her rule.

"No, please. Don't do that. There is already too much pressure down there." "I'll bet you wouldn't mind the pain if you could just do a little hand job to the old tool." Susan laughed looking Kent straight in the eyes.

Kent knew that his pent-up arousal showed on his face. It was the single strongest feeling he had at the time so he was not surprised that they could see his ardor. It was hopeless. The chastity belts, which the sisters seemed to have an endless supply, all seemed perfectly designed for their primary task. They made him horny without the possibility of satisfaction. "Suck those shoulders back so I can unlock these straps," Susan said. Judy had brought a

duffel bag with a new leather device for Kent's tortured mid-section. Kent couldn't look. He knew he would soon feel all too intimately the rigors of the device. He tried to enjoy each release as they unpinned his wrists, then his elbows, and finally started to remove the penis prison. It was all Kent could do to remain silent as they ripped his fully gorged cock and balls through the small crotch hole.

"The plug stays," Susan said motioning for Kent to take a long-needed pee. Kent wanted to protest but he wasn't really used to discussing his toilet needs with female companions. He wasn't ready to accept their control over his most basic needs. He took the pee as unobtrusively as possible. His cock was still fully hard, and the stream arched out like a fire hose trying to reduce an inferno.

"Turn around here and I'll put this on your little thing," Susan said not really allowing him to fully release his pent-up liquids.

The new daywear chastity belt was deceiving. At first it appeared to be just a locking waistbelt and a narrow crotch belt that had a small ring through which his penis was forced. The narrow crotch strap had the immediate and unhappy consequence of forcing the plug even deeper into his ass. The problems of this belt were new. It was the attachments. The damned attachments. First was the narrow leather band with various snaps along its length. When the snaps were properly mated with one another the band formed a tiny figure eight. The problem was that his balls had to pass through the two holes of the figure eight. The balls were separated. Painfully separated.

Each ball now had its own identity. Its own painful profile. The sisters were ready with a pair of matched leather bags with neat rawhide draw strings. The sisters were brutal as they pushed and poked each ball into the small bags. When the draw strings were pulled and tied, Kent had to take a very deep breath. It hurt like hell.

"Maybe these will remind you of the heavy load you have to lower to the valley floor today," Susan said showing Kent a third leather bag.

This one really looked too big for either his cock or balls. Kent didn't realize, however, that much of its size was due to the five pounds of lead shot

which was stored in a sealed inner compartment. The bag had a wide leather band at the top which they used to secure the unit to Kent's balls. The two painfully sensitive globes were pushed inside and the band was strapped around the top of the stretched ball sack.

"We're almost through. We only have to deal with your pitiful pole here," Judy said really trying to bait Kent into a fight he could not win.

Kent thought the new weight on his balls would rip them off his body. With the horny passion he felt, he reasoned, this might be better. The balls took the full weight of the new add-on appliance and quite literally they 'hung-in-there'. The new fire actually helped Kent ignore Judy taunt.

The sisters now seemed intent on ringing every inch of his pole with small rubber rings. They all seemed about half the size they needed to be for a firm fit. Each seemed like it would pinch and cut into the tender skin until it divided the flesh into two bloody pieces.

When the rings had all been placed on his penis shaft the sisters added a new leather device. It was like a laced leather condom. They put the device on his complete shaft and carefully laced it tightly against the rubber rings. Three additional straps made the device complete. They locked the unit on the shaft tightly at the base, tip and middle.

The sisters were now ready for the final painful touch. Using the ring at the tip of the leather penis shaft cover, they tied his front arching shaft to his high waistbelt. The force pulled and stretched the shaft as if new length could be attained by a simple stretching action. The pain was intense and it was compounded by the weight that had been added to his balls. His penis shaft was unable to move under the strong upward force. The rubber rings inside forced his flesh to follow the dictates the sisters had designed. The balls hung loose allowing gravity and any small motion at all to cause a painful stretching action on his dick. Shit, this really hurts. It's going to be a very long day.

"It's a long way to the valley, so you had better start getting us down," Judy barked as they stepped back to view the Compass Valley below their perch on

Puffnif Mountain. "You know we are going to have to repel down the Sampson Ridge Gap," was Kent's back to business reply.

"We're ready if you can get into the seeing of it," Susan goaded.

Kent wanted to slap back a challenge. He knew his latest penis torture device was going to make the trip down more than a little painful, but he couldn't let them know he feared the pain. He knew that knowledge would only give them the power they wanted. He couldn't let them know how much pain they were creating. He had to control the pain and not let them know how damn much it hurt. He started about the task of getting the packs ready for their trip down into the valley. There were too many packs, and he couldn't really understand why they had brought so much. He knew now that some of the gear was packed just for his benefit, but it didn't seem logical that there was so much stuff they were going to need. He would have to repel down the steep rock face to the small ledge that sat precariously about halfway to the valley floor. Using the roles and pulleys he had brought for the purpose he could lower the gear and his captors to the ledge. He knew that it would take the better part of the morning to make the descent to the ledge. He wanted to get to the valley floor by late afternoon, but it would be a tight schedule.

It wasn't the heavy responsibility or the physically demanding traverse that kept Kent worried. It was the painful load he had on his most personal appliance. He didn't want to think of the hours that would pass before any relief would be possible. He knew the day would demand his complete physical and mental attentions. Would he be up to the task?

It was when Kent started to repel down the first face that he realized the diabolical nature of what the sisters had done. As his body arched across the cliff to find its way to the halfway point, his balls took an entirely different arc. They felt like they were going to be ripped from his body with each torquing motion. As his feet took momentary positions against the rock before each airborne glide down the mountain the lead weight tested the shock absorbing nature of his stretched prick.

He almost lost his grip as the first wave of pain swept over his midsection. He looked down to see the consequences of even a small mistake. He managed to hold onto the ropes as he had been trained all those years ago, but the fire

in his cock and balls would be something he would never forget. His love of rock climbing usually allowed him to remember each descend with infinite detail; however, this trip was just a firestorm of pain.

It took most of the morning to get the sisters and their gear to the halfway point. He was mildly surprised that the girls could use the ropes to make their own repelling descent to the lower ledge. They also managed the pulley system well to get the gear to its safe storage on the ledge next to him. He would probably have been more in awe of the girls had it not been for the many surprises they had already dealt his body.

The conversation they had at lunch was just a blur with the pain Kent had now developed in his prick. He was not ready for small talk, and he was genuinely worried that the second descent to the valley that afternoon would somehow end in a disaster. He was beginning to doubt his manhood and other abilities. He knew the girls were planning new tortures for him once they reached the valley, but it seemed only a distant threat.

The worries he had proved unfounded. Although the violent pain he suffered with each jump down the steep rock face persisted, there were no major problems getting the girls and the gear down to the valley floor. When everything was done, he propped himself against a Joshua Tree and tried to take a rest.

"We're going to take a little look around," Susan said before he had much time to think about the day's chores.

"Don't get too far away. We should make camp here before it gets too late," was Kent's answer.

"You just stay put and we won't be far away."

"Okay."

He thought about trying an escape from what had become a major ordeal, but he didn't really think he had the strength to climb that rock face in his current condition. His second thoughts were of the device that imprisoned his dick. He could take it off and that would really feel good. He would have to masturbate, if he did, because his desire was so high. He didn't want to admit

it, but he was afraid to do either. Maybe he was actually becoming hooked on the pain.

CHAPTER FOUR

"We found it, Judy said when the sisters returned to the base camp. "I'm sorry. You found what?" Kent asked.

"We found the Modesto Mine. You know it's what we were looking for."

"I thought it was just a mining claim."

"It was a working mine, but that was before our mom had it."

"Before?"

"She turned it into a training camp."

"A what?"

"Get packed up and we'll show you."

"Yeah, it's too late to attack the mine today," Susan added. "It has been almost twenty years since it was in use, and we need to be sure it's still okay inside. We did check out the small office building and it will be perfect for the night."

"Twenty years?"

"It was closed down when they opened the new runways to the Las Vegas airport in the seventies," Judy said.

"You lost me on that. How does Las Vegas Airport figure in on this?"

"There was a small airfield here. That's how they got in and out."

"You don't think everyone had to repel down the damn mountain do you?" Susan snapped.

"The airfield was shut down when the FAA ruled that the landing pattern was inconsistent with good safety at the Las Vegas field," Judy continued.

"So, the mine still has something of value to mine?" Kent asked.

"Not really..." Judy said.

"You've rested long enough," Susan interrupted. Get saddled up with the packs and we'll head for the mine office."

As with all of his conversations with the sisters, the conversation had turned ugly. He was hot, tired and horny. His cock and balls remained at full attention with the pain his chastity belt continued to provide. He didn't look forward to walking with his weighted balls swinging in the air, but he was ready to find someplace to bed down for the night. Maybe since they had reached their destination, they would ease up on him a little.

The mine office and the entrance to the mine itself was about a mile's hike. Kent was determined to keep quiet about his discomfort. Well, hell, it was really more like severe pain, but he wanted to be strong. His bruised balls swing forward and back with each labored step. The lead weights exerted their full force on his stretched rod and his whole member burned with a painful fire he had never felt before.

"We'll need to get him ready for the night and then get some wood for that old potbelly stove," Susan ordered to make a plan for the remaining daylight hours. "Wait, I can't really take much more of this. I have gotten you to your destination and I'll get you out, but can't we reach some sort of agreement on all this?" Kent pleaded in a voice that didn't suggest he believed it would have any effect.

"We want to be sure you'll stay around for a while," Judy said. "We want to show you the mine tomorrow."

"Won't you release me from all this stuff, and I'll just sleep over in the corner."

"We're going to release you alright. We figure you're a little too full of shit for us anyway," Susan added.

Kent knew immediately they were not making some sort of reference to his lack of talk. With the huge plug still up his ass he really needed to take a shit.

The two days he had his ass sealed had taken a definite toll and he wanted to find a quiet bush he could use. He hoped that this time he would be allowed the most basic privacy of the wilderness. Kent stood quietly while they slowly released him from his heavy chastity belt. It seemed to take forever and the rock-hard arousal seemed to increase as their very female hands worked on his most private parts. The outer layer didn't really give Kent much relief but once the weighted ball sack was released, he began to feel the difference. The pain abated but he remained hard as a rock. Inside his shitter he could feel a volcano building.

They removed the two ball compression sacks and all the blasted rings that were, by now, cutting into the already tender flesh. Releasing his cock from its stretching position worked to decrease the frontal pain but make the pressure inside feel all the more acute. As Judy worked to release his pressure, Kent felt a strong desire to have sex with her.

"When we release this butt plug, you're going to need to go pretty badly. We know you will be back because we have all your clothes," Susan smirked.

"And you wouldn't want to miss the next act would you," Susan chimed with a glint in her eye that Kent read as raw desire.

Susan released the belt that held in the plug, and it came out with a blast of the pent up pressure. Kent would have to immediately deal with his basic inner desires. Without a further word he took off from the mine shack office with a trot.

As Kent stood nude in the doorway of the mine office, he immediately wished that he had made a different decision. He didn't want to return to the kind of domination that had been the hallmark of the trip to date, but he felt a sense of responsibility. He wouldn't leave the sisters out in the desert. He had taken on this assignment, and he would finish it no matter what the price.

"I see you're back." Judy said.

"But his thing still hasn't grown."

He wanted to lash out at the sisters, but he realized his dick had suddenly become hard again. They were working on some sort of chain device he knew meant trouble for his body. His mind visualized new pain but his prick had come to full attention. He suddenly knew why he had come back. "My damn dick loves the action!"

"This is for you. Come over and stand here," Judy beckoned.

"But, I can't..." he pleaded moving into the suggested position.

"That was an order, Mister," Susan ordered with a crack of her whip to punctuate her sentence.

"Please, please... I just can't..."

"Get the head harness, Judy. We've got to end this noise."

Susan cracked her whip and motioned for Kent to kneel in front of her sister. They ignored his pleading cry as they strapped the heavy leather headgear in place. The unit had a strap that went over the top of the head to connect a neck strap that was locked with almost choking tightness. There were two additional straps that went around the head to lock a gag and blindfold in place on his head. The huge gag quickly silenced the slave by making talk a penetrating experience.

The blindfold kept Kent from further viewing the proceedings. A wave of fear passed over him as he realized that he was again under their total control. The control this time would be hard to fight. He could not anticipate their next moves. He suddenly heard the snapping sound of metal against metal. The headgear had a metal ring at the top that the sisters had attached to a chain. The chain went through a pulley on one of the rafter beams.

"Stand up or we'll rip your head off," was Susan's order.

He did as ordered, and they pulled the chain tightly to lift his heels just off the rough wood floor. The sudden shock made Kent scream but even he was surprised how little sound escaped the deep gag. His nude body began to shake in anticipation of new horrors the sisters had planned. His dick seemed

to be the only part of his body that wanted more. It was rock hard, and aroused and ready.

"You get the manacles and I'll do the leg irons." Susan ordered with a voice that was calculated to cut into Kent's manhood.

It had the calculated result. Kent didn't fight them as they put the devices on his hands and legs. Susan pinned his arms behind his back with a pair of stiff iron manacles. These were made of flat metal bars that had been bent at the ends to form small wrist openings. The twelve-inch midsection kept the wrists tightly pinned in place while it allowed virtually no wrist motion.

The leg irons similarly appeared to have come from the early twelfth century. They spread his ankles so they were about eighteen inches apart and tightly pinned in a pair of stiff metal leg stocks. The new position made Kent strain to keep his balance by putting all his weight on the balls of his feet. Damn, if he could only see what they were doing.

Kent heard the sounds of more chains being used. With his prick hard and full it was hard to judge the direction of the various noises, but they seemed to be working all around him. There were chain sounds to the left and chain sounds to the right. First it seemed overhead then near the raw wooden floor. There was a heavy foreboding of pain to come. "This is pretty hard," Judy said as she grabbed his cock in one hand and his balls in the other.

"If it were only bigger, we might find something useful for it to do," Susan said. Kent groaned with the anticipated excitement of something he knew he should fear. He wanted his dick to shoot in the worst way. It had been hard for days and the pent-up pressure was tremendous.

"Maybe this will help it." Susan said as she started to put Kent's dick in a new device. You could see a wave of anticipation come over Kent's shivering body as the words sank in. Judy pulled outward on his cock and balls as Susan fixed the device to the base of his balls. It was an old-fashioned cock stock. It consisted of two pieces of two-by-fours each with a small semi-circle cut out. The two pieces were hinged at one end and had a padlock at the other. The semi-circles formed a tiny hole through which Kent's cock and balls were threaded. The pain was immediate and intense. The stock forced Kent's large balls to a crowded space in what remained of his ball sack. It felt like each ball

had been put in a vice and the screws had been turned to near closure. Kent thought the sudden pain would make him squirt the fiery load he had been holding for so long, but that was not what his controllers had in mind. As soon as they had put the lock in the hasp, they stopped all hand contact with his throbbing wand. The depression he felt knowing he could not ejaculate was, perhaps, a greater trial than the pain itself. The sisters, in any case, had additional torments planned for his body.

The blindfold prevented Kent from seeing what the sisters were doing with their seemingly never ending supply of chain. They took the chain and connected it to the rafters about ten feet on either side of Kent's shoulders. Each length was then connected to a special hook on the two upper corners of the ball stock. The sisters now screwed stout hooks into the floor about ten feet on either side of Kent's feet. These hooks soon sported chains that were connected to the bottom corners of the ball stock.

Kent could feel the new tension in the ball stock. It seemed as if it had been made impervious to his little changes in balance. Even his normal breathing pattern seemed to act to pull his balls against the unyielding hole of the ball stock. If this was how they meant for him to spend the night, he would not be able to dare sleep.

Kent should have been more conscious of the sounds the sisters were making. His only thoughts seemed to be of the joint pain and pleasure he felt in his big cock. He wanted to find a warm cunt to shoot his wad into. Judy came immediately to mind but why was she torturing him this way. He decided that he must try to calm his ardor and relax his tension. If he did not, he just might rip his cock and balls from his body.

"Is this what you wanted?" Susan asked as she arched a masterful stroke of her cat-o'-nine tails against his imprisoned cock and balls.

"Or maybe it's the bullwhip that more reminds you more of your long slong." Judy said as she took a bullwhip to his back and shoulders.

Kent screamed so loudly that he could even be heard above the muffling qualities of his stout gag. The sisters were masterful in their timing. He first felt the cat on his penis and reacted by pulling away from the cock stock. Just

as he reached the maximum the chains would allow without tearing his prized flesh from his body, the bullwhip ripped into his back and shoulders.

The sisters knew their trade. The chains were adjusted to generate the maximum pain with each combination of strokes. Their trained hands delivered blows timed to keep his body off guard and in a continual retreat from the pain; a retreat the chains would prevent from ever being complete. Kent lost all track of time and place. He could only remember that his pain was caused by the Hill sisters. He was their total slave.

The stinging pain to Kent's penis acted to bring it to new levels of arousal. It was bigger and longer than it had ever been. It seemed to develop a hard wiredness as a defense against the measured cat strokes. The color went from a soft pink to deep red, then to a reddish shade of brown. The veins seemed to stand out in defiance of the whip and the bloody stripes of red that were appearing around the shaft and balls sack.

Suddenly, the whole mood of the training session changed. Kent could feel himself coming too close to the edge of climax. He wanted to shoot, but he also feared what might happen if he did. He had never since his early adolescence had a climax other than in the embrace of a woman. He felt that the current climax was not within his control. He had always had the upper hand. Not this time.

"I knew we were bringing him along too fast," Judy said.

"Damn you, you are never to have a climax. You'll pay for this," Susan yelled. Kent realized he was in the midst of the biggest climax of his life. The first pumping strokes seemed to be powerful enough to pump semen across the world. There was something wrong. He was losing it. He was losing consciousness. The pain had won and without the remotest potential of pleasure present, Kent passed out. His lifeless body strained against his bonds. Bonds that were designed to take his weight without any serious permanent damage to their slave.

CHAPTER FIVE

The fire burned inside the potbelly stove and in Kent's imprisoned penis. Although he could not see the stove, he could feel its radiating heat as he awoke to find himself still locked tightly in the stock and head harness gag. He was facing the stove because the warmth only affected the front side of his body. The back side was cold, and he wished he had the sleeping bag of the night before to keep him warm.

The desert was cold at night and his nude body could feel the effects of the exposure. The penis that he once thought of as his instrument of pleasure was burning with the pressure of the stocks and the injury of the earlier whipping. It was probably, he thought, that pain that had brought him again to a state of consciousness. The more he thought about the pain the wider seemed its impact. His back was now screaming for some sort of treatment against the whipping of the early evening.

He suddenly realized that his dick was hard again. Had it ever gotten over its aroused state during the whipping? He didn't know. There was a memory of an ejaculation, but it was surreal. Was it a dream or just a distant reality? He didn't know. There were a lot of things he didn't know, and he realized he was in the worst trouble of his life.

"Ready for some more?" Susan asked from her comfortable bed before the stove. Kent flinched from the surprise of her voice. As he did the cock stock took another bite of his hard meat. He wanted to cry from the pain, but he didn't dare. The sign of weakness would have just been an invitation for more of the treatment he had undergone the night before.

"We'd better get him ready for the day. He has a lot of work to do on the runway," Judy said getting out of her sleeping bag.

Kent visualized her nude body, but he could not see it because of the tight fitting head harness. It didn't matter because they were both dressing as they talked. "We'll need to check out the mine before we take him inside for training." Susan said donning a totally leather outfit made up of a pair of short shorts and a plunging leather bra. "You get him ready, and I'll fix something to eat on this primitive stove." "Okay. Fix something fattening, I think this is

going to be a busy day." Susan removed the ball stock from Kent's flinching body. Her moves definitely indicated that she had performed the task before. She knew how to jerk and pull on the device to make the most of its biting pain on her slave. The unit was soon off but his dick was still what the kids call a 'woody'. It was a full hardon. She was careful not to remove either his mask or the leg and wrist manacles that kept him quietly awaiting her next move.

The first thing he felt was a large object being pushed up his ass. It felt like it had the diameter of a beer can at its widest point, but it must have been less. It seemed that it was going to be too long to fit inside his abdomen, but somehow, she pushed until it all went inside. The unit had a taper at the end that allowed the butt hole muscles to contract around the unit and drive it further up his ass.

Once inside he heard her using some sort of pump to inflate the sealing butt plug. It seemed to grow both inside and outside his red and sore hole. The unit seemed designed for a permanent installation. It was useless to try to expel it as his hole would not open any wider. The muscles tried to push the unit back, but the only result was a piercing pain in his ass muscles.

Next, he felt a wide belt being strapped around his waist. She seemed to anticipate the exhale cycle of his breathing to tighten the unit to its minimum size around his abdomen. Soon he felt an attached strap being pulled between his legs. Before it could be attached to the waist belt, his fully erect cock and balls had to be threaded through an extremely small hole in the strap. The process was brutal.

Kent heard several clicking sounds as the unit was attached to his body. They were not trusting to chance. The unit was being locked onto his body. Susan quickly took her strong hands to his cock and balls. With one seemingly skillful movement she compressed and molded them to fit inside a small cage of heavy steel wire. The unit felt like it was the size of a child's play teacup, but it may have had to be a little bigger to hold his compressed member.

The sudden compression made Kent sick at his stomach with the pain. He hadn't felt such a feeling since he had been kneed in the balls during a high school football game. His head seemed unable to get its balance. If his body had been free to fall to the floor, he might have fainted a momentary faint. The

searing pain cleared to a terrible throbbing. "He's about ready for work," Susan said as she started to remove his headgear and manacles.

"It'll take all of four days to clear that runway. It has been almost fifteen years since there was any maintenance done to the property," Judy concluded.

"Wa, ..., what kind of work am I supposed to do?"

"From now on you are to speak only when you are answering a direct question from one of us," Susan demanded.

"But I, ..." Kent said before he felt the fire of the cattle prod on the soft cheeks of his belted ass.

"You will not speak, or we will stop everything and punish you so you will never forget again. Do you understand?"

"Yes, but that hurts."

"Pain will be your companion. Slaves trained in the Compass Valley only know pain. And you are to address us as mistress."

"But, I ..., ouch."

"What did I say?"

"Yes, mistress, but I didn't sign on to be your slave."

"It was all part of the bargain as far as we are concerned.

"We'd better get him started," Judy said to terminate the discussion.

They took Kent outside and showed him the outline of the old runway. The many years of neglect had left only a pile of rock markers here and a few stakes in the ground there. The ground was level and it seemed to have been left without the normal marks of the desert flash flood. They gave him some short-handled garden tools and told him to clear the brush from the runway. He felt like a sixties California Bracero working in the hot lettuce fields of the Imperial County. The short-handled tools the sisters had managed to hide in

their packs required him to bend at the waist to uproot the brush he needed to remove. It was back breaking work, but his only real suffering was from the compression of his still aroused cock and balls. They were a neat package inside the chastity belt. A package that stayed hard and full.

The sisters went about their task of looking into the condition of the mine itself. They told him they would be watching and checking on him at irregular intervals. If they found him resting, they promised, he would be whipped until he again passed out from the pain. The sister's cruel ways were still fresh in his mind. He knew they would do it.

He thought about escaping their wrath by hiking out of this valley of suffering, but the odds were against him. He also did not want to walk into the nearest civilization wearing a primitive chastity belt. The Mojave was a powerful desert. Without his climbing tools and gear, he might never find a route out of the steep valley. Even if he did find a route, he knew he would not make it the four or five days necessary to reach the nearest water supply. Kent worked quietly all day clearing the runway. They were right. It would take several days of busting labor to get it ready for a plane. Still, the work was better than the punishment he had to endure at the mine office the night before. The sisters were real bitches. He had to avoid their wrath.

"The mine checks out okay," Susan said breaking Kent's concentration on the brush and the afternoon sun. "You can come inside and see what the old training camp was like."

Kent was waiting for a direct request for him to speak. He had decided to make the best of this ordeal and hope it would end when he returned them to the outside world. He shouldered his tools like a slave and followed the sexy blond.

As they entered the mine the first thing he noticed was the heavy steel door. Susan carried a key and unlocked the door that must have weighed close to a thousand pounds. Slaves locked inside would not have been able to leave without a key. It was like the security system of a state prison. Once they were inside, she closed and locked the door. He knew he was her prisoner.

The halls had numerous stations for slaves to be manacled to the walls. There were rooms dug out from the narrow passages that held what looked

like medieval torture equipment. One room had a visible glass case where various whips and paddles had obviously been stored safely away from the years that had passed since their last use on a poor slave's body.

"Welcome to the dining hall," Judy said when Kent and Susan had finally reached the large common room of the old mine.

"We have some dinner prepared for you," Susan said. "And we will have to do something about that sunburn."

Kent had not even realized the burn his body was showing. He, after all, had been out in the sun a lot but never this long without some sunscreen. The pain he felt in his body, he realized, was a confused pain. He hurt from the almost constant assaults that they had served on his body since he had started the assignment. He also felt the strong sexual arousal that the pain had somehow heaped on his body each time the sisters had upped the ante. His skin did hurt, but it seemed trivial next to his hopeless imprisonment with these bitches.

They motioned for him to eat at the large table that stood in the center of the room. Their conversation immediately turned to each other, and no dialog was directed toward Kent. On the one hand he was happy not to be in a verbal dueling match with the sisters. On the other hand, he knew it was a test of their orders that he was not to speak unless ordered to do so.

The time for rebellion seemed a light year away. He knew that there would be a time to rebel and again take control. That time, his body said, was not now. The food was good, and he needed the nourishment. He had finished almost the complete meal before he suspected anything. It may have first been the lingering chemical taste of the beer they served that served notice of his doom. In any case, it hit like a steam roller.

As he fell to the floor and passed out, Kent knew he had been drugged. His quick mind only had a moment to realize that a new horror was beginning. It must be a special horror because they wanted him out cold before they set him up for the new pain. He wanted to scream out, but there was no one nearby to hear his plea. His body gave into the drug, and he took a break from his nearly constant pain.

He thought he was blind. He was conscious or was that correct. He began again to feel pain and it was intense. The reality was spoiled by the fact that he couldn't see. He could feel, so he must be awake and conscious again, but he couldn't see. Always before when the sisters had attacked him his arms and legs had been pinned or manacled in some way but not this time.

At first Kent remained quiet. He needed to think. The pain he normally felt on his dick and up his ass were gone. He was still hard as a rock, but he could not feel any artificial device taking its toll on his prized possession. His whole body hurt. More precisely all of the skin of his body hurt. He remembered the sisters' plan. They said they would 'treat' his sunburn. His courage was returning. He had to know what the real nature of his situation was. He moved his fingers against the side of his hips where they had been resting. He tried to feel his own skin and its burning with his fingers. There was something preventing his investigation. He was wearing something on his hands. There was more. He was wearing something on his hips. He, in fact, was wearing a complete body outfit.

He slowly moved his hands to explore what they had put on him. It was tight fitting. It made his body burn. It was slippery to the touch. It was a rubber suit and a thick one at that. As he felt with his hands, he realized they had sealed him from the outside world in a girdle tight rubber outfit that covered his body from his head to his toes. He wanted to pull it off, but he could not get a grip on the heavy slippery material.

The sisters watched quietly as Kent sat up and explored their latest addition to his body. He discovered the two small holes that allowed him to breathe through his nose. He felt for eye holes, but there were none. His fingers studied his mouth area, but he could not find the reason that something big and round was keeping his mouth spread open.

He suddenly discovered the holes that allowed his nipples to protrude into the open air. He was visibly shaken by the discovery. He paused and could not continue his search until he thought about the meaning of the exposure of his tits. Suddenly, his hands moved to his groin to find his rock-hard cock and balls were also enjoying the open air. Next, he found his butt hole was also

open and ready for whatever the sisters had in mind. "I think it fits rather well," Judy said.

"We really didn't know what size he would need," Susan answered.

"It's always best to err on the small size."

"Yeah, that rubber can be stretched to cover almost anybody."

"Stand up. We need to get you ready for the night. We're tired from all the work we've done."

There were still some drugs in his system. As Kent tried to get up, he realized that he was not too steady on his feet. The sisters quickly grabbed him by the elbows to help him to his feet. Subconsciously, he had wanted to put up a fight, but the body was not willing. They would have their way with him, and he could do nothing to stop them.

Before Kent could give the whole event much further thought his wrists and ankles were tightly bound in leather manacles. They first pulled his arms up and out with the cables attached to his wrist manacles. He looked like a holy roller praising the Lord with his hands and arms raised to the heavens.

They next worked on his feet. They took them one at a time. Susan pulled each foot out away from his standing position while Judy hooked the manacle to a floor hook that stood ready for the purpose. He was completely spread eagled and tied to the floor and walls of the mine shaft. His black rubber suit seemed to follow each subtle muscle curvature of his athletic body. The suit was really too small for its captive. Much too small!

Kent tried to scream into his ball gag as Susan attached tit clamps to his exposed nipples. They were the alligator clip type with a special tightener that she screwed tightly to be sure the sharp teeth bit into his flesh. His chest was flaming with pain. It seemed to take almost fifteen minutes for the devices to be connected and tightened to the level of pain Susan had in mind. "Get me that wet rawhide in the bowl over there," she asked. She tied the rawhide to first the right tit clamp, then the left tit clamp. She was very deliberate in her motions. The knots had to be perfect. They must not slip even the slightest

little distance. She tightened the last knot to be sure that the tits were being pulled with the maximum force possible without a direct ripping of the skin.

"This will tighten on its own as the rawhide dries," Susan said in a half-feigned attempt to instruct her sister on what was going to happen. "It doesn't dry very fast because it is so damp inside the mine."

"It has all night to get its job done," was Judy's reply."

"That's right. We won't need him until the morning."

They next began to work on Kent's hard penis. The days of constant erection had made it long and full. The sisters' calculated goal of torture had made the organ reach new levels of length and girth.

"Get that oil stuff," Susan said.

"Which one?"

"You know which one."

"The 'good' one."

"Right."

Using a special oil, she first rubbed Kent's entire exposed organ. It had two immediate effects. First, the organ became slippery and ready for the new devices the sisters had ready on the table nearby. Secondly, the oil was felt like what the old football trainer used for a sprained ankle. The rod started to feel first warm, then hot with the chemicals planned effect. Judy handed Susan the narrow tube of steel mesh. Kent's dick slid slowly into the tube as they applied a heavy pressure to the tube.

The design assured that every part of the prisoner's penis would be in contact with the metal wire netting that made up the tube. The tube throbbed gently up and down as the new blood pressure made the prick try to escape its new restriction. The sisters next took a pair of locking ball cuffs from the table. These single cuffs were much like the handcuffs a law enforcement officer would use to subdue a prisoner. The cuffs were individually snapped around

Kent's two balls so the balls would never be able to escape the device until a key was applied to the locks. The sisters attached each ball and its cuff to a separate hook on the floor in front of Kent's body.

Kent groaned as they pulled and stretched Kent's ball sacks out to meet the pull of the chains. Kent tried to relieve the pressure by arching his back and bending his knees to give his body a forward lean. The sisters had anticipated the move and only tightened further the bindings to make the balls stretch to the maximum degree.

The sisters now moved to Kent's ass. They had selected a stainless-steel butt plug for his ass. It was not as long as some of his previous anal partners, but it was much fatter than any that had been inserted before. The sisters first inserted some sort of chemical suppository in his ass. It seemed like a long time before they thought the chemicals had done their job.

They inserted the plug carefully. The device had to go completely inside with only the small metal wire remaining outside Kent's violated rectum. Kent could feel the device slip into a wedging position just inside his Sphincter muscles. It was damned uncomfortable, but at least this time he could feel his asshole muscles draw to their normal closed position.

"Get the computer," Susan said motioning to a box like device on the table. "Did you charge the batteries?"

"I used the solar charger all day."

"Good, there should be enough power to run it for several days."

They positioned the device they called 'the computer' on the floor between Kent's spread legs. They first attached the wire coming from Kent's asshole to an interface plug arrangement on the side of the box. Next, they took another electrical cord and attached it to a plug in device attached to Kent's penis tube. "We'll see you in the morning or when we need you again to work on the airfield," Susan said not really expecting even a grunt from Kent.

He did, however, try to communicate by grunting and screaming into his gag. It was either an act of defiance or an act of sheer pain. Not even Kent knew which. "He wants to say pleasant dreams," Judy said in reaction.

"And thanks for letting him become the first slave of the new 'Hill Male Restraint and Training Center,'" Susan said laughing as they left Kent alone in his new cell. He knew the conversation was at an end when he heard the heavy metal door slam shut and the telltale clanking of a key being turned in its lock. He knew he would never be able to sleep in the tortured position in which they had left his body. If he moved a quarter inch his balls would be pulled from his body, but it took every possible muscular effort to keep the position that reduced the strain even the slightest little bit.

The rubber suit was hot to wear. The sunburned flesh underneath seemed torn by the constant pressure of the suit. The cuts and bruises from the previous nights' whipping seemed to be coming to a new life of pain. The head and pressure must have had some sort of sinister effect. The only pleasure, if you could really call it that, was his constantly hard prick. The wire cut into his flesh as the chemical oil treatment made his rod a torch of fire.

It seemed like an hour before Kent could accept his situation. He was even giving a thought to sleep as his torment took a new direction. In his heart he had accepted the excitement the sisters made his body feel. His mind was beginning to develop a method to cope with the constant pain. Kent had accepted a level of constant pain that would have scared Kent to death only days earlier.

The computer made no sound. It was just the time. The events had been programmed long in advance. The sisters knew their jobs very well. At the programmed time the current was turned on. First, there were a few microseconds of current to the butt plug, then came the longer, but still short current, blast that was sent to Kent's prick. The whole event lasted less than a second, but it hurt like all holy hell.

Kent's ass muscles did a violent contraction pulling the high voltage butt plug even deeper into his ass. He jerked back and almost ripped his balls from their attachments below his cock. Then the voltage moved to his cock and there was the dual sensation of searing pain and near ejaculation. It was pleasure and pain all mixed together to form one unified sensation. He lunged, of course, and his balls were again subjected to a near ripping torque. Then there was nothing. As soon as it started it was gone. Kent knew it was not over. It would come again. It would hit when he least expected it. He would

have the same inner conflict of pain and pleasure. Maybe the next one would bring about ejaculation. That was how it had been the night before. Maybe that's the way it would be from now on. Kent would have to wait until the next programmed cycle. He was not disappointed. They came often if not regularly. He began to realize that there would always be the pain and never the pleasure of ejaculation. He remembered the sisters' words. It had been a mistake the night before. He wanted it tonight, but would it ever come?

CHAPTER SIX

Somehow Kent made it through the next day's work on the airfield. The heat was unbearable, and the chastity belt made his prick burn with desire. He didn't really want another training session like the previous night, but the sun was taking its toll on his body. Please, let them have a change of heart. I want to make love.

"I thought you might be ready to finish for the night," Susan said in a seductive voice from the edge of the runway. "I brought the keys so you can get out of that chastity unit. "Eh, if you have something like last night planned, I would just as soon stay out here and work a while," Kent said in a pleading whimper.

"I thought you and I could have a little fun tonight," she said continuing the enticing tone in her voice.

"What about Judy?"

"We'll have to let her think you're still in training. I'm the older sister and I get first choice."

"Give me the key and I'll take this damn thing off. What do you have in mind?" "We'll have to get inside and have dinner before we can have any real fun." "But won't Judy know ..."

"Not if you put on this," she said throwing Kent a bundle of leather straps. "What is this?"

"It's called a pony rig."

"A what?"

"A pony rig. Get it on and I show you how it's used."

Kent looked skeptical but he really had nothing to lose. He could, he thought, shed the chastity belt and put on the new equipment and not be much worse off. Maybe this babe was softening to his charms. There might be a chance for fun after all. His dick was full of desire and it needed an outlet.

He put the unit on as she instructed him how it went over his body. There was a butt plug that looked like a fat hard rubber version of a cork screw. He felt a lot of pain as he had to insert it deeply in his own ass, but once in place it wasn't as fat and unpleasant as the normal chastity belt plug. His cock and balls had to be stuffed into a small leather bag affair that was too small for even a single ball. Somehow, he got everything inside and the ring locked in place. The rest of the unit was a series of straps that went around his upper thighs, midsection, chest, shoulders, and biceps. There was one locking hasp just below his rib cage that had to be locked to keep the whole unit in place.

"This isn't going to fit. It's too small."

"Oh, you have to get on your hands and knees to lock that. You get down and I'll lock it." He did as she asked and sure enough there was just enough length to the straps to lock them in place. The problem was that he could not get off his hands and knees. The straps were meant to make the hands and knees position the only possible position for his body. He was beginning to understand why she called it a pony rig when she started to add a new appliance to the unit.

"This is called the tail," she said attaching a feather like extension that hung out his ass like a carefully groomed pony tail.

"I don't really like this too much..." he said trying to change the plans she had for the night.

"We have to get inside and make it look normal to my sister."

"I know but ..."

"We'll need this, too."

"What's that?" he asked now totally dejected from his earlier high.

"It's a bridle. I'll need it to hold onto when I ride you inside."

"Shit."

"Come on let's put it on."

"But I, ..."

"Open wide."

As his mouth opened to protest again, she quickly inserted the bridle bit in his mouth. The bit had a long piece of metal that went halfway down Kent's throat. It immediately stopped all conversation. Although Kent turned his head to give a facial protest to her new moves, he let her lock on the bridle without a further protest. She got on Kent's back and rode him all the way back to the dining hall room of the mine. She was a rough rider. She used the bridle to start, stop and turn Kent at will. She seemed to be putting on a rodeo show for her sister, yet Kent did not see her until they reached the dining hall. Kent was humiliated when she tied the reins to a chair like a horse being tied to a hitching post.

The deep cork screw butt plug seemed to work Kent's anal cavity with a fierce butt-fucking motion Kent hated. The straps also had a design meant to work Kent's imprisoned penis. The small compressed mass was pulled and ripped from side to side and from front to back as he was taken for his jaunty stroll to the mine. "I think I'd like to work on the slave tonight. Maybe you can finish that book you've been reading.

"Are you sure you can handle him alone?"

"I got him all saddled up by myself. I think I have what it'll take to keep him in line." "Don't let up on him. He didn't make as much progress as I would like to have seen on that runway today."

"I'll whip him into shape."

Kent was confused. It sounded like Susan was really taking his side. He would love to dip his rod into her hole. There was something he didn't think was right. Maybe it was just his last few days of 'training' that made him worry. Maybe things were about to change. His prick was waging a mighty battle with his mind to make the decision fall on the right side.

Judy soon left the dining hall for her room and Kent knew the test of Susan's sincerity was about to start. She made motions for him to wait while her sister completed her journey to some yet undetermined destination within the mine. Susan seemed to be waiting for all chance of their discovery to evaporate with the distance Judy was placing between herself and the dining hall. "I'll just ride you down to my room where we should be quite safe," Susan said again untying Kent from his 'hitching post.' "We'll make it look good just in case she is watching."

She was rough on Kent. She used her heavy boots to dig into Kent's side when she wanted him to move along and she damn near ripped his neck off turning him through the maze of tunnels that led to what was supposed to be Susan's private suite. Kent tried to look down each darkened corridor for any sight of Judy but there was none. Either Susan was being too careful, or the younger sister was a master at hiding in the shadows.

They reached the room and it looked like something out of eighteenth-century America. There was a heavy bed, an upright closet affair, a chest-of-drawers and a vanity. The room looked freshly cleaned and made up for a romantic interlude. If Kent's prick could have become harder the gentle female smells of the room would have certainly provided the stimulus.

"I'm afraid we'll have to use these," Susan said as she showed Kent a set of ankle and wrist cuffs that were attached to the bedposts. "We won't get them too tight, but in case Judy were to ..."

Kent studied Susan's eyes carefully. She seemed sincere and he was certainly ready to dip his dick into her cunt. If there had been any thought process possible above his basic bodily needs they might have warned caution. Kent nodded his head in approval as she started to release him from the bridle that had acted as a gag for so long.

"I've gotten everything unlocked so you can get into my bed and wait for me. I want to freshen up."

"Okay," was Kent's reply.

"Don't forget to lock on those cuffs. That will protect us from my sister's wrath if she happens by."

Kent got onto the bed and without reservation put the ankle restraints around his ankles and his wrist cuffs around his wrists. The chains that were attached had plenty of slack and he had no trouble taking a comfortable position after they were firmly attached. The chains ran through some sort of pulley arrangement in the corners of the bed, but Kent didn't pay much attention.

He watched carefully the door to what Kent assumed was the dressing area and bath. The door was ajar and he heard sounds like she was washing and dressing. His dick was hard without the fetters of the chastity belts he had to endure during most of his time with the sisters. He could smell Susan's beautiful body in the next room and his anticipation increased.

"I'm ready," he called out.

"I'm coming."

"You don't need to put on clothes for me."

"How's this?"

She entered the room in a low-cut black lace bra and matching bikini pants. The net was so thin he could easily see her ample nipples and her inviting cunt.

"What's with that position?" she asked abruptly.

"What position?"

"You took the male dominant position."

"What do not mean?"

"The way you locked on the restraints."

"I don't understand."

"You took the male-on-top position," she said grabbing her whip from the dresser top. "I just did what seemed natural. I ..."

"We haven't taught you anything."

"I don't ..."

"You are the slave here, and I am the mistress!"

"But I thought, ..."

"You thought it was back to the usual."

"No, I just thought you wanted my ..."

"You men always think what you have to offer is all we women will ever need. "I could change to be on my back if you give me a key to these?"

"I have a better solution," she said starting to turn a crank at the foot of the bed. "What's going on?" Kent protested.

"You'll see."

The pulleys holding the chains attached to Kent's limbs started into action. The once generous slack was decreasing. Kent found he had to give up his comfortable bed positioning and lay flat on his stomach. His arms and legs

were being drawn to the corners of the bed and he was becoming the center of a very special attraction.

"Hay wait! I'm sorry I took the wrong position but you didn't tell me."

"You were told you were our slave. What do you think that means?"

"I don't know, but I thought you wanted to make love."

"What I wanted is really none of your business. If we have sex it would be for my pleasure only. I would never make love with a slave that would imply he was to have pleasure, too," she said starting to turn a new crank on the side of the bed. "What's going on?" Kent asked as the bed frame and Kent's stretched body began to rise up above the mattress.

"We'll get you turned over where you should be." she said flipping Kent and the bed frame over until he was facing up from the bed. "You aren't the first man who thought he could have the upper hand."

"But I ..."

"You wait here while I get something from the dispensary," she said as Kent had been lowered onto his back on the bed.

A wave of fear swept over Kent. He had let his belated sex drives get himself in deep trouble. As he lay on the bed with his arms almost pulled out of their sockets he knew she had him under her total domination. She was gone for quite a while before she returned with a big stainless steel needle affair similar to what Kent's dentist used before a wisdom tooth extraction.

"This is for your dick," she said Knowing the fear that would bring to her victim. "No, please. I'm sorry I offended you, er, Mistress. I won't ..."

"Shut up. You'll get what you deserve," she said inserting the needle into the base of Kent's cock.

"Oh God, that hurts. Please stop, Mistress, I'll do anything."

Although Kent tried to move his dick out of her grasp, Susan took firm control of the situation. She held his hot hard dick in one hand and the needle in the other. With careful precision she made injections every half inch up his dick and at three places in each circle around his trapped prick. The full six inch needle reservoir was soon emptied into his hungry dick.

The injections stung as the needle was inserted and then burned like a mountain wildfire as the clear liquid was injected into the flesh that could not offer any resistance. Although Kent was hardly in a position to count, she inserted and injected Kent's penis at forty-eight separate locations. Kent had never felt such pain in his rod.

"Cut it off, I can't stand it. Just cut it off. I can't take any more of this."

"Oh, isn't that just the way with you men. When you think you don't need something you just discard it. Well, you've got that miserable little thing and you're going to keep it. I want to show you how much it can hurt and how I can use it for my pleasure."

Susan stood at the end of the bed and slowly removed her clothes. Kent's prick burned, but he still wanted her. He started wondering what she had planned next for his body. He knew what he wanted but he expected only pain and disappointment. Her beautiful sun bronzed body was tight and her breasts were like fresh mellons waiting for their first tasting of the new season.

Susan glared straight into Kent's eyes as she mounted the bed. Her beautiful sexy cunt was dripping with liquid desire. Like a cowboy ready to ride a caged bronco, she lowered her warm slit over Kent's up stretched pole. At first she just settled in and watched as Kent realized who was in charge.

Kent immediately realized what liquid they must have used in the injections to his prick. His dick was numb. He could not feel the warm voluptuous cunt that had mounted his rod. He had his dick in her cunt just as he had dreamed but he could not feel a thing. His rod had been injected with Novocain. Damn, I'll never be able to shoot in this condition.

"This is the way it should be. I will receive my pleasure from your piss pole but you will not be able to feel a thing."

"That's not fair."

"Quiet, slave."

Susan slowly worked her body up and down Kent's ready dick. The process was brutal but a pleasure for Susan. She worked her body to more than a dozen climaxes before she tired of the game. Kent's dick remained completely numb until very near the end. He was afraid to show his excitement as the feeling became to come back. The lady, however, was an expert and timed her last climax just before Kent was ready to shoot.

"No, please you can't stop now," he whimpered as she got off.

"Oh, I'm not going to stop, but you're not going to get your rocks off today."
"Just a little more. I've been hard for days. I need it."

"You are to be hard just in case we need you. You are not to enjoy sex."

"But I, ..."

"I guess you need a little lesson in what kind of trouble your little squirt gun can cause if we ever allow it to squirt," she said reaching into one of the drawers in the nearby dresser. She found a rubber enema nozzle in the drawer and inserted in Kent's asshole. He protested while she pumped the inflatable head up inside Kent's ready rectum. It hurt like hell and Kent didn't know what to expect next. She returned from the dispensary with the answer. She carried an enema bag that was the biggest thing Kent had ever seen. It was almost three feet high and almost two feet wide. It took a good deal of strength to hang it on the bedpost in plain view of Kent.

"They say it holds five gallons. I've never tried it, but my slaves all say they are full after it's only a third empty. You will be pregnant with water not unlike the way you men leave your women most of the time. Have a pleasant night."

With that she opened the valve to the bag and Kent could feel the liquid flowing down his enema tube into his ass. He immediately tried to strain and push the tube and its liquid from his hole. It was no use. He would have to lie

quietly while the contents slowly drained into his pain whacked body. As Kent spent the entire night in too much pain for sleep, he had but one thought. I must escape Compass Valley tomorrow.

CHAPTER SEVEN

"Hold it all day?" Kent protested to no avail as the sisters forced an inflatable plug up his enema filled ass. The enema bag that was full the night before was empty now. Its contents were safely tucked away inside Kent's pain whacked midsection.

"This stainless steel unit may be a little small for you. We got it before we knew your exact size," Judy said with a glint in her eye.

"It may be for the best. You are going to need a little more force to hold in all that liquid," Susan said clinically.

Kent had reached a new psychological low. It was clear that the sisters had nothing but training and punishment in mind for him. He could no longer hope that some sort of mutual attraction would mellow their hard edges. His abdomen, that was once trim and athletic, was now big and protruding. They had called him pregnant with water. He preferred to think of it as a premature beer belly. He had to get relief.

"Well it's the desert and you need to carry several gallons of water for a hard day's work in the desert."

"If he works straight through, he should get that runway close to ready."

"We're on schedule. The air drop with our other supplies won't be until day after tomorrow."

"May I speak?" Kent finally asked giving up all hope that they would open a conversation with him. He had to get some of his load reduced.

"There will be a time for slaves to talk," Susan said to Kent before she returned her attention to Judy. "We'll have to get with our training if this miserable retch is to be ready when the first group of paid trainees arrive."

"He can be released now. I'll take him down for his morning meal."

"Don't waste too much time. He'll need most of the day to finish that runway." "Come with me, slave."

Judy started down the tunnel toward the dining hall and Kent followed. The steel chastity control unit, as they had called it, was very tight. It was a simple design with a steel locking belt unit and a welded crotch unit that went between his legs. This terrible unit held the inflated butt plug up his ass along with the enema he had forced to endure for most of the night. The small solid cup unit pressed his cock and balls into one small, neat package. The space was made smaller by his strongly erect member.

"You have permission to speak," Judy said as they reached the dining hall. "It seems to me you really don't need me here anymore."

"You signed on until we climbed back out of this valley."

"But it sounds like you have a plane scheduled to fly in and ..."

"That has nothing to do with you."

"But they are bringing in new trainees and I really don't want to stay part of ..."

"The other trainees are paid guests. They will be trained and returned to their wives or girl friends."

"But I ..."

"You are needed here and you haven't been trained to the level we want."

"But that was not part of my deal."

"Deals change."

"No, I didn't ..."

"You have to be flexible. After all we are the ones with the keys to that belt." Kent finished his breakfast without further words, but that did not mean that he had given up. He worked unenthusiastically for the rest of the day on the runway. His mind was trying to put together an escape plan. He had to get certain supplies before he could hope to reach civilization. He also had to find some way to get out of the terrible chastity belt. He couldn't face anyone the way he had been forced to dress.

There were problems with all of his midsection's organs. His cock and balls had suffered so much abuse they were actually sore to the touch. Any motion that caused any activity for either his cock or his balls meant a fiery kind of pain he had never suffered before he met the sisters. The large watery load he was now carrying was a burden he didn't think he could carry up and over the canyon rim.

He had made a special effort to locate an area of the runway that was far from the mine entrance and in a line that had its view partially blocked by the mine's office building. Using what he hoped was a visual cover from the view of the sisters he had tried to remove the chastity belt. The hardened steel was too much for the limited and primitive tools he had at hand. He had also tried to find a way to squat where he could release part of the load he held inside. The plug was well designed and sufficiently inflated inside his now constantly violated rear. No amount of special motions or squatting made any difference. Every drop of his load remained painfully present in his pregnant gut.

He finally formulated a plan. He couldn't go into civilization in his current condition and nor could he climb the canyon walls without his climbing tools. The trick was actually quite simple. He had stored his cellular phone in the pack just in case there was a problem. The area was close enough to L.A. that their cellular system covered even this remote desert area. The cell system was even used for those roadside emergency boxes along the interstate highways.

If he could get his climbing tools he could just make it to a safe ledge by dark. He could wait it out in the cold for the night and climb to the top the next morning. He would call one of his friends and ask them to come after him. He

would have to think of a story to explain his semi-nude condition but there had to be some part of the plan to work on as he went along.

"Are you about ready to call it a day?" Susan asked trying to re-establish the rapport they had the night before.

"I've only got a little more to do," he said trying to stall his return and resist her obvious attempts to suck him in again.

"I'll wait for you to finish."

"I'll be inside in a few minutes. You have to start trusting me."

"You mean you have accepted your position as our permanent slave."

"I guess." It was Kent who was now trying to suck someone in.

"Don't be too long. There is another training session on my sister's agenda." He waited until she had disappeared into the entrance to the mine. He crouched low and ran along the ground to the office. He was hoping that his climbing pack was where he had left it days before. His only luck of the entire trip was in front of his eyes as he peered in the window. He looked for any signs of the sisters and went inside. He was so intent on getting his gear he didn't think much of the creaking noise the door made as he went inside. He checked the pack and his cellular phone. Both were there as he hoped. He checked the phone and the batteries were okay. The signal strength meter was too weak for his little half-watt portable to hit a cell site but it would be okay from the top of the mountain. He put the pack on and headed out the office door.

"Where do you think you're going?" Judy yelled.

"I thought you had accepted your position as our slave."

The sight of the sisters outside the door was more than he could bear. He didn't attempt to expect the sisters to catch on to his plan so soon. He had assumed he could reach some ledge of the mountain the girls couldn't climb before they discovered he had escaped. He only had one chance; he had to cut and run.

He started across the desert at a full run. He wasn't his normal athletic self. The chastity unit was definitely not designed with the freedom of jogging shorts. He also underestimated the amount of energy that had been sapped from his body by the continual punishment he had endured. The extra watery load he was forced to carry was an added deterrent to a speedy run. "I'm glad we brought the whips," Susan said as the sisters started after their errant prisoner.

"You stay to the left and I'll stay to the right. That way we won't hit each other." The sisters were much more athletic than Kent realized. They didn't get off to the same fast start as Kent's fear motivated for him but they were never far behind. Kent seemed to quickly lose his edge and the sisters got into whip range. They concentrated on his ass at first. They knew they had the advantage and were making a game of the chase.

"Leave me alone. I just want to go back. I won't tell anyone of your training camp." "We need you here," was Susan's response.

"Stop that. Just leave me alone."

"We've got you and we're going to keep you here. You are our very first Hill Male Restraint and Training Center slave."

They continued to play with Kent by hitting his ass with their whips. Later, Susan wrapped her whip around his chest and pulled up. The force spun Kent around and he fell forward on his over stuffed stomach. He was down and he had failed at his attempt to escape. Kent hurt. His full load was painful as he fell, but worst yet, he had lost. The sisters had captured him and make him their slave once again. He thought his dick was going to burst out of the belt with his new reinforced slave status. The sisters made him horny but he knew he was never to enjoy sex again.

His head was positioned so he could not see what they were doing. He didn't need to see them, however, to know he was to receive a new form of punishment for his escape attempt. The sisters had taken turns with him on a twenty-four hour basis for almost four days. Their plane had come and

dropped the remainder of their training gear and their camp was fully set up for business.

He wanted to scream out but he couldn't. He continued to wear the leather punishment hood and its interior ball gag. His head and arms were in a set of punishment stocks that made him bend at the waist to expose his now over punished ass to the rigors of the sisters' whims. The searing pain had been almost continuous, but now Judy was working on his ass with some kind of ass spreader device. He could feel the two spoon like blades being inserted in his raw and violated asshole. The blades were in the hands of an expert and she applied the constant necessary pressure to open his ass to its maximum dilation. When she was satisfied with the opening she removed it quickly only to refill the void with a large wooden cone. The cone had a point at one end that tapered toward the other end which was almost eight inches across. There was no hope of getting that big an object in Kent's ass. Judy didn't care about the pain or the physical damage it might have caused. It was just a physical impossibility given Kent's bone structure. She got it far enough inside to cause massive pain and to add to her next painful punishment game. "You cannot escape from this training center, and if you try again the punishment will be ten times the little test run we have played out on you these last few days," she said as she grabbed a large wooden paddle from the nearby table.

She tested its weight in her hand then took a good swing. The shot landed squarely on his ass. The heavy wooden cone was driven ever so slightly deeper into Kent's ass. The paddle had more than a hundred small holes drilled in the flat surface. They were just right for the normal tightness of an athletic male ass. The flesh was forced into each hole as the paddle struck causing a nice round blister to be formed.

Judy liked her handiwork. The nice round dots seemed to go well with the previously applied whip welts. The scarring would be visible for years. The pain and bleeding itself would cause suffering for at least a month and the slave would learn a needed lesson. She knew her slave was about through this phase of his punishment. His screams had dropped to simple resolute whimpers.

It was time to remove the punishment mask and see if the slave had adjusted his attitude. As she did, she noticed the bleary look that said he had been crying for the better part of three days. It took some doing to get the ball

gag out of his mouth. The pressure of his jaws had almost bit the hard rubber ball into pieces.

"Are you ready to mind us?"

"Yes, my mistress."

"Will you try to escape again?"

"Never, my mistress."

"What should I do with you now?"

"Anything you want, my mistress. I am your total slave."

"If I release you, will you go to your cell and rest?"

"Anything you say, my mistress."

"And I want you to put yourself in this chastity belt."

"Yes, my mistress."

"Can I trust you to be sure it is tight and secure."

"I will only be thankful if there is great pain, my mistress."

"Good. Go to your cell."

CHAPTER EIGHT

Kent's dick was hard, but he had locked the belt in place with a vengeance. His whole body hurt from the punishment he had been forced to accept. He couldn't take anymore. There had to be a way out of his suffering. There were physical limits. The days since he had taken this assignment had been nothing but embarrassment and pain. He didn't like that part. The time, however, had been one of sexual excitement.

He had to find a way to stop one or both of the sensations. They were tearing him in half. He couldn't take the two stress factors any longer. He was glad to escape to his cell for a little time to contemplate his situation. He laid down on the hard cot that was the totality of his cell's furnishings. He wanted to think of his future but his mind seemed drawn only to his past.

His cock was hard then, too. He could not, however, bring his body to any position that approached a position of rest. It was his fear of the whip that made him follow their instructions. He had sat on the floor exactly where he was told to sit. Susan had only to crack the whip once in the air to get his attention to her orders.

It was Judy who quickly fastened his wrists and ankles to the rings that had been mounted into the rocky floor. At first he didn't mind the disabling position. At least this time he was not pinioned in a position that nearly pulled his arms out of their sockets and made his hips burn from the unnatural force. He could actually sit and enjoy the firm bodies of his captors. Amazing.

"This is what we call a come along," Judy announced as she started working on his hard cock and balls.

Kent couldn't really tell how the new appliance was going to work from its unattached look. To him it was at first only a set of steel rings attached to tempered small link chain. They installed the appliance on his cock and balls without much major pain. Kent's only surprise was the amount of time it took to get it in place.

It was actually three pair of interconnected rings. Two rings were placed around each of Kent's balls and the excess ball sack skin was pushed out. The final pair of rings were worked down Kent's long hard rod until they were both at the base near the other ball rings. The short tempered steel chains that attached the rings together required that they all be close together. The chains all hooked to a central leash ring that Judy attached to a steel cable.

The cable went through a pulley in the ceiling right above Kent's prick. Then Judy made a simple hand motion to Susan, and Kent knew his situation was about to change. The cable went through the pulley to a hand winch on

the nearby wall. Susan began to turn the well oiled crank and the slack in the cable soon was a thing of the past.

"Wait, please, that hurts like hell," was Kent's first protest.

"You are going to have to get a rise out of that little thing," Judy said smiling at Kent's obvious distress.

"But I can't stand up with my hands in these cuffs." he pleaded.

"They call it a come along because you will find a way to keep your prick from falling too far behind where we want it," was Susan's thoughtful comment.

Kent had to lift his midsection off the floor by using his arms and legs as a crazy kind of brace. The rings seemed to pull against one another with his cock and both balls in between the opposing force. His cock felt like it was between the blades of a dull pair of scissors. He wasn't sure how much pressure he could stand before the skin parted, and he lost the last seven inches of his rod.

For his balls, it was another problem entirely. The rings seemed to tighten around his balls to make them a prisoner of his own skin. The rings seemed to draw the ball sack tighter around the balls and it felt like he had been kicked in the balls during an unprotected football game. The pain was so intense he felt sick at his stomach. He had to find a way to keep the tension off the male come along.

Kent somehow managed to arch his back and work his arm and leg muscles to a position with his outstretched cock and balls more than three feet above the ground. At this level Kent seemed to be able to merely keep enough height to relieve the pressure from his cock and balls. The sisters were carefully watching his facial expression as he worked to follow their lead. When Kent finally looked comfortable, Susan turned the crank another full turn.

"Oh, God. You're going to pull them off. Shit, I can't take ..."

"If we pulled them off, it wouldn't be a great loss. We really have no need for your cock and balls," Susan said without a noticeable show of emotion.

"Ease off just a little. I can't keep this position for more than a few seconds at a time."

The sisters watched as Kent seemed to work every muscle in his body to make his dick raise a fraction of an inch. The position was not sustainable and he would have to recede and accept the painful payment. His fear was real. He did not want the device to pull his dick from his body and every failure led to a new attempt to release the pressure. Kent was in agony.

"I want you to repeat after me," Susan said as she took long bullwhip in her right hand. "I am your lowly male slave."

"What is this shit ..." he said just before the first severe stroke hit his chest and wrapped around to the middle of his back."

His muscles arched to meet the whip and release the pressure of the come along, then he fell back. It was like the fire of his chest had been transferred to a red hot poker that was being shoved down the small canal of his piss rod. His mind lost all thought for a moment. There was only total consuming pain. Then the reaction came. He knew he must again lift his body or risk losing his prize.

"I, ..., I am your ..." he managed before the next whip stroke wrapped around his legs and butt. "God, I can't keep ..."

"You're going to have to comply with my wishes. Slaves can't think. They must follow orders without any thought." Judy said.

"Repeat. I am your lowly male slave," Susan repeated in a galling monotone.

"... male slave, Kent managed through the storm of pain.

"I am on this earth only to serve your needs," Susan continued punctuating the statement with two rapid stripes of the whip."

"I am ..., oh, God help me ..., on this earth ..., shit I can't stand this ..., ONLY to serve your needs."

"I will obey your commands instantly and totally."

"I will obey, oh ..., your commands instantly and totally ...shit."

"You will never try to escape."

"I will never, er what, try to ..." he said as he suddenly passed out from the pain.

As Kent now lay in his cot he subconsciously started to make the promise he had been unable to make during the actual training. "I will never try to escape."

The pain was certainly fresh in his mind. His training had started with several days of intense effort. That effort was just a blur punctuated only with high points in his suffering. His constantly rock hard prick was a silent reminder of those high spots and his mind seemed destined to relive each one agony-by-agony.

It was probably later that same day when they took him to the plugging post. He shut his eyes to try to block out the memory of the incident, but it was hopeless. He had only hours before passing out from the pain of that whip, and with it again in Susan's hand he wanted to follow orders carefully.

"Bend over and grab your ankles," Susan said ready to add an imperative with her toy.

"Please, I'll do it. Don't hit me."

"You were not told to speak," she said sending the whip to coil around his waist.

"I mean, may I have permission to speak, Mistress?" Kent asked.

"You are to bend over as ordered and nothing more," Judy said impatiently.

As he complied Judy locked his arms and legs together with a set of interlocking cuffs. He was forced to keep his ass high in the air and his head down. He remembered an earlier admonition to raise his head. He looked and felt like a total sex slave.

"Back up," Susan ordered.

"But, I can't ..." Kent said without thinking.

"Silence," was Susan's response that joined the whip in making an impression on the new slave.

It was hard for Kent to move with the restraints but he slowly shuffled his feet until he had backed up to what appeared to be a short metal post firmly anchored to the rock floor of the mine. As he peered out from between his legs he saw Judy get a black metal object from the nearby cabinet.

The object was a cold steel butt plug. It looked like the biggest plug he had ever seen. It had a long shank and a wide base that guaranteed great discomfort. The plug was attached to some sort of mounting device complete with adjustment knobs Kent could only assume meant additional suffering.

"Oh, please, my mistress. I have had so much back there. It is so tender. Please, can't you ..."

"Will you never learn to keep silent?" Susan snapped giving his body two fast swipes with the bullwhip.

"Stand still while I put this in," Judy said as if he had made only a token protest.

The tenderness of his rectum was only minimized by his new lack of muscle tone in his anus. What once would have required a major effort to insert up his ass was not an easy and swift move. Although the pain it caused did not diminish with the new ease of entrance, the butt plug was soon firmly up his ass.

"Could you help me on this?" Judy asked.

"Sure. I'll take the right side."

The sisters physically lifted Kent's ass into the air about two inches to insert the plug's mounting arm into the post in the floor. It fit perfectly and forced Kent to stand in his toes with his butt high in the air. The plug and post almost disappeared between his ass cheeks and legs leaving his hefty male ass cheeks posed for a new adventure.

"Get the brine," Susan ordered.

"It's over here and the paddle has been soaking in it all night."

Judy removed the paddle and Kent realized it was a long handled job with a hundred metal spikes evenly spaced on his broad surface. He wanted to protest, but he assumed this would only bring on a greater wrath of the sisters. He set his teeth firmly together and prepared for the onslaught.

He was not surprised this time. The two took turns paddling his exposed ass cheeks. The plug post held him in the perfect position for a total cheek paddling. With each stroke they dipped the paddle in the brine to make the surface hard and allow his ass to be coated with a heavy salt. The spikes on the paddle pricked his skin with every stroke, and the salt entered the wounds almost instantly. His ass was on fire.

It was almost two hours after the sisters had stopped delivering blows to his rear that Kent realized he was alone. The raging pain made him recede into himself. He was determined not to break any of the rules. He had to find a way to remove himself from the continually osculating pain. It was no longer a matter of conforming to the sisters' orders. He would conform, but he had to do more. He had to find a way to make the whole thing stop.

As Kent lay there on the cot he had to admit, at least to himself, that he had not found a solution. The pain had not stopped at the plug post. He had stopped his disobedience. He had accepted his role as a silent servant, but it had not made any difference. He could not forget the time he spent in the body bag, he thought he would die.

"You have an attitude," Susan had said. "You don't realize that we are the best thing that ever happened to you. You somehow think your place is somewhere else."

"You will want to be at our beckon call if you ever get out of this," Judy said only hinting at what they had in mind.

"Anything my mistresses want," was Kent's mechanical response.

"Just stand at attention," was Susan's response.

As he stood they worked their devilish bests on his body. They first put his hands in a pair of padded leather mitts. These were locked together behind his back. His fingers and hands were out of the action. Kent did not realize how important this would become as they added each new device.

They had a large supply of very large alligator clips. Each was almost two inches in length and about a half inch wide at their base. As Kent stood, the clips became an integral part of his body. They located the largest of his ass blisters and managed to seat the sharp alligator clip teeth into this soft flesh. The long whip scars across Kent's tightly sculptured abdomen were another perfect location for the painful clips.

He remained quiet as they worked further on his body. Judy managed to place three clips on each of Kent's well built pecs. The sharp teeth cut into his nipples. Kent had to redouble his resolve to keep quiet as these clips were added to their new adventure in agony. Had it not been for the crescendo of pain that had developed, Kent would have assumed that his balls would be the next target.

As they started on his male organ he could not hold back a sharp groan of pain. Somehow, he prevented any real forms of communication from leaving his lips as they put clips on each ball and up the tenderest part of his hard rod. As was always the way, the pain overpowered all thought his brain could generate. He had to follow the mindless script of obedience he knew would soon be ordered.

Before they put Kent in the body bag they connected each clip with a strong narrow gage chain. Before they had finished tightening the chain, Kent

could feel the clips being pulled from his body with the flesh still tightly held in the grip of each clip. He could not move his body in the slightest without one or more of the clips taking a new rip of his flesh.

"You had better fight your way out of the bag before the afternoon sun makes its presence felt," Susan said as she left Kent and his body bag outside the mine's main entrance.

"Since you can't seem to accept your role as our slave, you are going to have to make it on your own. If you can make it on your own, you can go free."

He had struggled for hours to free himself from the heavy rubber body bag but the effort had failed. He thought he was going to die in the afternoon sun as the temperature inside topped the 130 degree level. The unforgiving rubber would not rip even though he tried desperately to force it. The alligator clips tore his body with each move he made and his hands were useless in their pinioned position.

"Oh mistress, please let me out and take care of me," had been his response when he finally heard one of the sisters come to his aid near sundown.

"Are you ready to be our total slave?" Judy asked as she opened the bag.

"Yes, mistress. I am helpless without you, and I need you to take care of me."

"You know that means total obedience to our every command?"

"I understand and I will obey without even wondering why I have been asked."

"There will be lots of pain in your life. You are expected to never be pain free. Do you understand this?"

"Yes, my mistress. The pain you give me is a privilege."

"And what is your body for?"

"My body is for your service. I will do anything for your pleasure."

"And what do you receive for this?"

"Nothing. It is an honor just to be able to serve you and your sister."

"So, you shall not receive pleasure from our enjoyment?"

"I am never to have a climax. My satisfaction is not important. A woman's pleasure is the only important thing in this world."

"What is that thing for?" she asked pointing to his erect penis.

"I must keep it forever at attention for you. I shall have it under your control at all times."

"And what if you fail to keep it under control?"

"If I ever have a climax I will deserve to be punished."

Kent wanted to sleep but the thoughts of his training would not let him get any rest. He was sore everywhere and he still had the raging desire to bed one or both of the sisters. He was sure of what the rules were for the slaves of the Male Restraint and Training Center, but he was not sure he could make it as their personal sex slave.

CHAPTER NINE

"Do you want to fuck?" Judy asked as she stood in the doorway of Kent's cell.

Kent didn't know what had caused him to awaken and stare at the now open cell door. He had experienced a fitful night of pain, but it wasn't the pain that had made him look in Judy's direction. It was not her actual voice that had awakened him but with his dick in its current condition, he couldn't give the enemy much of his reasoning power.

"Yes, of course, er, I mean... yes, of course, if that is what my mistress wants." his voice churned out without much real thought.

"Then put that on," she said pointing to a pile of items she had placed on the foot of his cot. "I will be waiting in my room at the end of the north tunnel."

"Yes, my mistress, I will do as you ordered," came his response almost as if his mind had not been in the thought loop.

"I've unlocked the padlock on your chastity belt. You had better not take too long getting ready."

He suddenly found himself alone. The cell door was open, and his painful midsection device was unlocked. His mind still had the faintest workings of its past. He realized he could unlock himself and try to make his escape. It was a new page in his life. He briefly thought of the chances he would be taking if he tried to escape. The pains he had suffered as the only slave the sisters had to train was enough to make the escape option a real one. He had thought of the trouble he would have getting out of the various chastity devices they had made him wear. That had been a deterrent to escape in the past, but now as he looked at his dick he saw the locks were all open and ready for his escape.

He was sure that Compass Valley was nearly impossible to escape for the slaves that must have been prisoners at the camp in the past, but it was different for him. He knew how to climb the steep valley walls and he had brought all the tools he would need to escape. He also knew that if he could reach one of the tops of the valley's steep walls he would be within range of his mobile phone. Perhaps the sisters had not found it in his pack gear.

Almost like his body was in remote control he started to act. He got up off the cot ignoring the painful bruises and gashes his body displayed in mute testimony to his severe training. He removed the chastity belt that held his fully gorged cock and balls. It wanted action. He pulled the extra wide tapered plug from his once virginal hole and stood for a brief moment totally nude in the cold chamber.

He knew he should run, run as fast as he could. As if possessed, he picked up the garments Judy had left for him to wear. It didn't take long to realize

just what she had wanted him to dress as. The outfit was a French maid's outfit. It was against his every instinct to dress as a woman, but if that was what Judy wanted, he would comply. He wanted Judy, and had since his eyes had first spotted her wondrous body.

He didn't let reason interfere with his life. Least of all did he let his reasoning power analyze why he was following Judy's command. He didn't accept the premise that he had been trained to follow orders without hesitation. That, of course, was very possible. He couldn't let his justification be the massive lust he held inside for the two sisters.

His total reasoning power was left to the task of figuring out the garments he was to wear. They were different and he had never had to arrange his thoughts around the dress code of a French chambermaid. If he let his mind be completely dedicated to the task he wouldn't have to think of anything else.

He selected the bras first. It was a device made for a man. He could see that its very design was meant to push his muscular pec into the all too feminine shape of a woman's breasts. It was strapless but the heavy padding and wire underbracing pushed his chest into a rather feminine position. It would have been just uncomfortable had it not been for the remaining whip stripes that had torn away at his upper chest. He looked for the panties. He expected something tight and uncomfortable. There were none. The only remaining undergarment was a combination girdle and garter belt. It was designed to fit high on his hips to create the so called hour-glass waist. It had almost two dozen hooks that had to be fastened and it was too small. It was way too small. Each took a new effort to exhale all the air in his lungs. The v-shaped taper of his strong male body was being transformed.

He next tackled the close mesh hose that were part of the offering. They didn't seem to want to fit over his well developed calf, hamstring, and thigh muscles. It took a strong effort to pull them over his legs and find their mate with the garter belt straps. The straps cut deep gorges in his glutes as they cut across his shapely male ass.

It was decision time. He had to decide what would be the next garment to force over his now almost totally transformed body. He could put on the maid's dress or the high heeled boots. The maid's outfit looked too small and

he was sure it would rip if he tried to bend over for the boots with it tightly buttoned in place. It had to be the boots.

His strong feet had never worn anything with more than a half inch heel and these had an eight inch spike that laced tightly to just below the knee. He wished his feet had not grown to their size twelve proportions as he looked at the large number four in the interior heel of the boot. He sat on the edge of the cot to work the small boots on his large male sized feet.

He was sure he would cut off all circulation when the boots were in place so he first just worked his feet into the shoes of the boot. The lacing could wait. They hurt like hell as he tried to get his balance on the new boots. It would be a different kind of balance, but he thought he would be able to walk carefully down the hall.

He pulled the tops around his calves and suddenly realized how tightly they would have to be laced to make the leather meet as the manufacturer must have intended. These were boots that had never been designed for the male body. He wished he had not logged so many hours hiking as he struggled to lace the boots over the muscular calves.

When he finished, he took a few steps across the room to be sure he could endure the pain that seemed never ending. He could feel his hips shift as if transformed into female hips as he struggled to keep his balance and avoid looking like a geek. His dimpled ass swayed with a very feminine swing as the garter belt straps cut their swath across his once hard muscles. It was the time of acceptance. The maid's dress was all that remained of the required uniform. It was as if Kent's last drop of masculinity was drained as he picked it up and pulled it over his head. He was not used to zipping a garment up his back. Like everything the sisters had trained him to do, this seemed foreign. Unnatural.

Although he was tightly corseted and his chest had been prepared for the deep plunging neckline, it was hard to get the zipper up without a lot of deep breathing. When he finally had the zipper all the way up, he turned around as if looking for a full-length mirror to use in examining his pitiful plight. There was none. He would not have been proud of his looks if he could have found a mirror. The black lace outfit gave his once manly body a very feminine look. He had an hourglass waist. His breasts were not huge, but they were certainly adequate to make a show of the deeply plunging neckline. The short, laced

ballerina style skirting gave his hips a wider pluckier female image. As Kent looked down at himself, he saw a woman.

What Kent could not see was what was below the lacy skirt. It was not designed to completely cover the hips. Below the skirt Kent's wiry hard prick arched out like a fishing rod at a catfish pond. Anyone with the total picture would immediately know that Kent was a man structured to wear a woman's clothes. Kent had his dick, but the rest of his manhood was gone. Kent tugged at the garment, but it was going to hang its way.

As he pulled the blond female wig over his head, Kent's mind was confused. He was drawn to Judy by the promise of sex; the sex he had for so long been denied. As Kent stood dressed as a female slave he somehow knew he had to take the part like an actor on stage. As he took his first few steps toward the cell door he tried to make his hips and legs carry the part his dress depicted.

If Judy is to want me, I'll have to present myself the way she has ordered. It only takes a little effort to be what she expects. Kent's thoughts transitioned smoothly into a stately model's walk as he turned down the corridor toward Judy's room. There was no thought of making an escape.

"I see you've worn high heels before," Judy said as Kent pranced into her chamber. "No, my mistress. I am just trying hard to please you," was Kent's sheepish reply. "I'll bet you had French maids' dreams when you were a kid." "Er, yes, but ..."

"I know, your dreams had French maids coming into your suite at The Ritz and falling in love with your big boy penis."

"Sort of, but ..."

"I don't want to hear about your childish fantasies. You are my slave now, and the reality is quite different," she said pointing toward the bed.

"Do you want me in your bed, my mistress?" Kent asked in disbelief.

"Yes. Isn't that what you wanted?"

"You said I could fuck you," he said as he mounted the high bed postbed.

"It was really a question I asked," she said matter of factly. "I asked if you wanted to fuck?"

"Oh, I do. And I am ready except for these silly clothes."

"They don't cover anything essential."

"Er, okay. Whatever turns you on."

"Well then, I want to use these," she said holding some handcuffs.

"I've never done it, er, that way but I will try anything." he said offering her his right hand for her first cuff.

"And this one goes here," she said hooking the other half of the handcuff to the right bedpost.

"That's going to make it a little hard. And I'm really quite good with my hands." "We'll just have to try it that way some other time. Give me your other hand." "Okay, but I won't be able ..."

"You'll do what I say, not what you want!"

"Yes, of course, my mistress, but I thought ..."

"Slaves aren't allowed to think. So, you just be quiet while I get ready. Kent did as she asked. He was sitting on his knees in the middle of the large bed with his wrists cuffed to the bedposts. He quickly realized that sex, as he had done it in the past, was going to be a challenge. He tried to move his legs as far away from the bed posts as possible and he spread his legs in anticipation of Judy slipping her warm body below his.

Kent's body was in such wild anticipation of sex with Judy that a large drop of pre-cum had formed on his throbbing dick. He seemed to be staring into space in some sort of dream world when Judy re-entered the room. He didn't notice the fact that she had taken off her tight fitting leather outfit. He didn't

notice that she was nude except for a special device she had gotten just for Kent.

"Are you ready?" she asked watching for Kent's reaction.

"Yes, I'm ready for ..." he said as he turned toward Judy.

"I put this on just for you," she said as she noticed Kent's eyes make contact with her body.

"What the hell is that?" he asked in disbelief of what he saw.

"Well let's just say it is the length I would want if I were to be its receiver."

"But, I thought ..."

"I as if you wanted to fuck. I didn't ask if you wanted to fuck me."

"But I just ..."

"I am going to fuck you," she said putting both hands on the large artificial penis she was wearing on the special penis harness strapped to her shapely hips. "It's only eighteen inches long and two and a half inches wide, but I think you will know you have been fucked."

"God no, not that, please, I'll ..."

"You just assumed that I had finally succumbed to your massive muscular charm? Didn't you?"

"I thought we were, I mean, ... I wanted to ..., please I'll do anything ..."

"Silence, slave."

"Oh, please, mistress ..."

"Silence!" she demanded as she mounted the bed and took a position behind the slave. Kent had not realized but as he had positioned himself for Judy to take the female inferior position, he had actually made her new job

easy. The semi-straddle position he had taken exposed his rear hole to the huge rod she was now positioning just outside his once virginal body.

"We have been increasing the size of your butt plug so you would be able to handle what we have always called the big rammer."

Kent caught himself just as he was going to speak. He wanted to protest, but he knew it was useless. He had his hands locked into a position that made any fight almost futile. Damn, I should have escaped as soon as the cell door was unlocked. I could be half way up the first pitch by now.

"He wants to take a peek inside," Judy said pressing the head of the rubber penis against Kent's once strong sphincter muscle.

"Oh, God," Kent said before he could stop himself.

His ass had been worked by the chastity belt butt plugs for so long that the new violation set about a fire storm of protest from his ass nerves. He knew immediately that he was going to have to make the strongest effort of his life to hold back on his thoughts. He knew if he spoke she would only take that as an excuse to inflict more pain. He had suffered all the pain his body could take.

"The man always wants to push ahead," Judy said as she pushed the head past the ass muscles that once held Kent's rear as inviolate.

"Oh ..., oh," was the least Kent could manage as the two and a half inch pipe took its full width in his once personal anal channel.

"You guys always want to push ahead," Judy continued. "But you don't know how it can feel just to hold tight for a moment."

Kent's ass was burning like a desert fire storm. The sudden entrance had its effect. There was an overload. Kent's ass could not have absorbed any more pain. And Judy knew this fact. She waited with the head of the penis just inside his ass muscles. Most of the rod's eighteen inches still waited its turn at Kent's waiting hole.

"Please, no more," Kent pleaded once the initial rush of pain had passed. "It's time to rush ahead," Judy said ramming the pole as far into Kent's ass as his flesh would allow.

Kent screamed a group of sounds reserved only for the scariest horror movies. Words didn't come. They might never come to fully describe that pain. The pole seated a full twelve inches of the beer can width rod up his ass. Somehow the ripping and rending of the skin and flesh had stopped the rod from further depth.

"Please, I absolutely beg you ..."

"Silence. It looks like we need a little blood as a lubricant," she said taking a new tack at ramming the rod home in Kent's ass.

This new thrust met little resistance. Kent's ass had no more resistance to offer. The new thrust caused the full length of the rod to penetrate Kent's ass with the strong leather of the harness belt slapping loudly against Kent's parted ass cheeks. Kent erupted in a series of screeches. The pain was intense. The pain was the worst he had ever experienced, and his only defense was the emotional release of shards of horrific noise. His mind could not have found words even if they would have made an impression on his attacker. Involuntarily, his body tried to find a course of least resistance to the constant pressure of the rubber dick. It didn't help.

Had Kent been in less pain he might have realized a new emotion was entering the scene. The rubber dick that was up Kent's ass was actually a double headed dildo. The other head was deep inside Judy's cunt and with each thrust the dildo moved to deliver pure pleasure. It was the pleasure Kent had sought when he entered the room, but it was never meant to be Kent's prize.

With each stroke that brought rivers of pain to Kent's ass, the dildo delivered a stimulating thrust to Judy's hot box. The first several strokes were likely more motivated by her desire to give Kent's ass major pain but as time passed it was different. She found the rhythm her body needed to move her slowly toward a satisfying climax.

As Judy began to receive personal enjoyment from the violation of Kent, the stroke pattern shifted from low to second gear. Judy began to breathe more heavily and her natural joy allowed the soft sounds of a female in the throws of a sexually gratifying experience. For Kent the increased pumping action brought new levels of pain and Kent's sounds went to an uncontrolled sob.

The lady was in control. She allowed the rhythm to follow her needs, not Kent's. She drifted into a sexual frenzy and the stroke speed again changed. She had shifted into the last slow final drive to her climax. The strokes into Kent's ass increased in both frequency and intensity. Kent's pain could not crest until Judy's enjoyment had peaked. Judy had entered her soft sob stage as Kent's eyes began to flutter with its flirtation with unconsciousness. Kent's pain was almost to the maximum level he could bear and Judy hung near climax. Finally, it came. Kent slumped forward in the relief only unconsciousness could bring and Judy felt the waves of her climax start over her body like the after waves of a force five hurricane.

Kent had been fucked and this was the only kind of sex he would ever have. His pain was so great he never realized that he was being used for a much more sinister motive. He never realized he had been ravaged just to give Judy the passing joy of a sexual encounter.

CHAPTER TEN

The Training Center was ready for its first plane load of supplies to be delivered. Kent was exhausted from the hours of runway clearing and general repair work the sisters had demanded of their now obedient slave. Susan had credited Judy with breaking Kent with her reverse seduction. They had placed him in one of their long-term total male organ control units and he worked a twelve hour day without a word of resistance.

His new garment included a rubber pants affair that functioned as an undergarment. The unit kept a plug and enema unit up his ass so they could control when he took a shit. His penis was also catheterized and piss controlled. A thick leather chastity belt held the plug in place and kept his penis contorted in a shape that made his constant erection very painful.

The girls had Kent under their control. He seemed to almost anticipate their every wish and followed orders most often without a word of conversation. At first his sudden acceptance of his slave-for-life position seemed a bit artificial. The sisters were suspicious, and they discussed how they could test his real motivations.

The two tried almost every trick they had been taught by their mother; however, Kent passed all test with flying colors. Since Kent was their first slave to go through their training at the new Male Training Center, they had no way of really verifying his loyalty. "You can turn in early tonight," Susan said as she escorted Kent inside from his work on the runway. "There will be a lot to do when the supply plane arrives tomorrow morning."

"Yes, Mistress Susan. As you say."

She too was tired. Although it had been planned that she have Kent service her that night, she just wanted to hit the sack. She followed Kent to his cell and swung shut the barred door just as she had so many nights before. The sound the door made was a little different but neither she nor Kent noticed the difference at first.

Susan continued down the hall to her chamber stopping only to pick up a snack at the newly refurbished dining hall. She thought she would take a little nap before dinner. It was Tuesday and that meant it was Judy's turn to prepare their meal. A cooking slave would be one of their top priorities when they got the camp running, but for now they had to do it themselves.

Kent sat on the edge of his cot and took off the sandals they had at long last allowed him to wear along with his 'male control' unit. They helped a lot in keeping the rocky soil from cutting his overworked feet. The strap on the left sandal had come unwoven between the toes and he wanted to do a little repair job before he went to sleep. It didn't take long to fix.

Kent was soon up and walking about the cell to test the strength of his reweaving job. As he looked down to see the way the sandal was holding up, he noticed that the cell door was ajar. He quickly realized that Susan had swung the door just a little too hard when she had tried to close it. The metal against metal bounce had prevented the spring loaded brass lock from locking when she closed the door behind Kent.

This was his chance to escape. He could not blow it. Although his first urge was to run like hell, he realized that they would find him missing when they served dinner and that would not give him enough time to affect his escape. He was learning at the training camp. He would not try to outrun the sisters in an even race. He needed a head start.

He started looking around the cell for something that would help him with his escape. He subsequently found a small rock that he could use to wedge in the lock to give the appearance of being locked when they came to bring his dinner. He had to do some customizing work on the rock to make it fit tightly in the lock. He didn't want the door to appear unlocked, but most of all he didn't want to accidentally lock the door and kill his own chances of escape.

"Here's your dinner," Judy said when she brought in the dinner tray about two hours later. "Are you okay? You look funny."

"I'm just tired, my mistress," Kent said in a nervous voice.

"Well, okay. I'm going to leave the tray dishes for the morning. I guess we are all tired tonight."

Kent nodded his head not wanting to try his hand again at acting like nothing was in the works. He quietly ate his dinner as he listened for Judy to finish in the dining hall and go down the hall for the night. He wanted to be sure both sisters were in bed for the night before he started his escape.

He had not heard a noise for almost a half hour when he decided it was time to move out down the hall. He moved swiftly to the mines entrance and quietly opened the door to the freedom he sought. The door usually had a loud squeak when it closed so he made every effort to close it slowly and quietly. Not a sound was made.

He crossed the small clearing to the mine office and went inside to retrieve his backpack. He had not really seen the pack since his last escape attempt and he was hoping they would have put it back without paying much attention to its contents.

He found the pack in one of the closets. He squatted low on the floor to keep out of sight as he reached inside to check for his cellular phone. It had to be there or he would never make it back to civilization. It was there but it did not light up when he turned it on. The power switch had been bumped into the on position and the battery was dead. He panicked for a moment before he remembered the extra battery. It was in the bottom of the pack and it worked fine.

If he could get to the ridge he would be able to place a call for help. That was all that stood in his way of freedom. He put the phone back in the pack and lifted it to his shoulder. There was something wrong. It was not heavy enough. He looked inside and realized that most of his pitons had been removed. There were a few left and he would have to make the best of them. They would have to keep him from falling during the climb.

On the outside of the pack, just as he had left it, he found his hunting knife. He took the knife out of its scabbard and looked at the sharp blade. The leather that held his chastity appliance in place would be no match for the hefty blade. For days all he could think about was the removal of this device. He wanted to free his asshole from its huge plug, and, more than anything, he had wanted to masturbate.

He thought about the climb he had ahead. It would not be an easy one to make at night especially and with the desert's nighttime temperatures. He tried to justify his thoughts. The chastity belt would offer a bit of warmth from the cold. The rubber undergarment he wore, after all, was quite hot to wear. He didn't really have the time to cut off the belt. He needed every moment to effect his escape.

As Kent returned the knife to its scabbard he knew he was justifying his decision with all the wrong reasons. He didn't want to admit that the sisters were a turn on for him. He didn't understand why but he really didn't want to cut the chastity belt off his body. He couldn't face a life of the torture the sisters would give, but he wanted to remember the turn on that he felt just a little longer.

Once outside again Kent made the best of the dark moonless night. He quickly found the necessary star to find the direction he would need to take to return to the cliff wall he had used to enter Compass Valley. This was the

easiest wall to climb, and from the top his cellular phone should be able to hit the cellular transmitter site at Kappa Kelly Mountain.

"The slave has escaped," Susan screamed.

"What ..." Judy responded still in a half sleep.

"I finished my book and went to make a final check for the evening, and he was gone." "Did I leave the cell door open when I put him inside?"

"I gave him dinner and the door seemed locked. I told him I wouldn't do the dishes until the morning when I slid the tray through the tray slot."

"Well, he's gone anyway, and we've got to get him back," Judy said starting to get dressed for a search of the facility.

"No one ever escaped the valley floor when mom had the camp."

"Yeah, but this guy is a trained rock climber. He may be able to make it out of the valley."

"We had better find him. We'll need to search the mine first, then see if we can pick up his trail outside." Susan said taking command.

Kent had to make a decision. The rock face was dark. There was no fresh wash of the moonlight to make the features visible. He would have to rely on his memory to remember the best path up the cliff. That he accepted. He was, after all, a professional rock climber, but the slow picking movement up and over the face would be hard if he could not see the surface above.

He had a flashlight with a strap to wear on his brow but it would be dangerous to wear it. If he used the light he would be visible across the valley floor. He didn't really think his escape would be noticed until the morning, but there was always that chance. If he didn't use the light he would not be

able to judge the best placement of his hands and feet as he moved up the wall. Decisions. Decisions.

He made a quick calculation. The face was going to require four pitches to reach the top. He would have to cross the face four times before he could use his cellular phone to call for help. Only with the light would he be able to climb the wall safely. Only with the light would he be able to move with the speed he would need to find safety. He counted his pitons carefully. If he used them sparingly he could place one safety stop on the first two pitches, and two each on the upper more dangerous pitches. With any of the placements he could still take a very nasty fall. Hopefully, the distance of any fall would not be too great to recover and return to the climb. He couldn't think of this. There wasn't time.

As he started up the first pitch he couldn't help but realize that his dick was still rock hard from the excitement and the chastity belt he still wore. Maybe it would act as an incentive. Somehow the chastity belt had to remind him of the need to escape this valley. He had never been so aroused for so long, but the sisters were really cruel. He had to escape.

"These look like his tracks. They are fresh and we didn't work in this area yesterday," Judy said as the sisters swept the trails around the mine and airfield. "They seem to be headed toward the rock face we used to get down here," Susan said reasoning verbally.

"That figures. He probably figures he can climb that as soon as the sun comes up." "Wrong."

"What?"

"Look," Susan said pointing to the east.

"What is it?"

"It looks like a light."

"Are you sure it's not just a reflection?"

This is damn hard work, Kent thought as he picked his way across the second pitch. He was afraid to admit his own fear of the night climb. He should have had more pitons to do the job. The rope needed to have more spikes to be sure any fall was a recoverable fall. He was almost fifteen feet above his latest safety spike, and that would mean a thirty foot fall if he made even the slightest mistake.

He carefully reached above his head to find a small crevice to use as a finger hole. He first brushed away the loose rock dust and sand he found on the edge of the slot. It wasn't very deep but it would have to do. He slowly transferred his weight to the finger tips that filled the small crevice. He could still transfer the weight back if necessary. Hold just a moment to test the grip. Decision. He had to move on.

He found a new position for his other hand. He carefully cleared it and tested it for safety. Now he had to find a new position for his forward foot. This was dangerous. He looked down with the flashlight. He saw a protruding rock but it would be a long stretch. There was nothing else. At least there was nothing else he could see in the eerie half light. He would go for it. Shit. It was just too far. His legs were fully extended and only his big toe was able to reach the planned foot position. Could he hold it? He was not in the best shape. He was going to lose it. He would have to get a better bite on the ledge or he would not be able to hold his weight. He took a fresh deep breath. Somehow that seemed the best thing to do if he was going to fall.

He pulled with his uphill biceps. He had to stretch just a couple of inches more. It seemed impossible. It hurt like hell but he was determined. He eventually felt the tension release that told him it was now or never. He kicked hard to gain that extra couple of inches. His foot rose above its position on the ledge, but would it come down with a better footing grip? He made it.

"He looks like he's about a third up to rock face," Susan said as they jogged to catch up with Kent.

"And he's got the climbing equipment."

"Not all of it."

"What do you mean?"

"I put most of it in this pack the first day we were here. I figured he would try something like this, so I left him just enough to get himself in trouble," Susan continued becoming out of breath.

"In trouble?" Judy asked barely able to hold a conversation in her winded condition.

"I've got most of the pitons and safety equipment and it will be easier with two of us to do the work."

"I'm sure not anxious to climb that at night."

"We'll have to. We can't let him escape. He could ruin the whole thing."

"I still don't like it."

"Remember, that is why we took that rock climbing training in the first place. We discussed just this possibility."

"But still ..."

"What's that?" Susan asked pointing to the rock face.

"What?"

"The light."

"Yeah."

"That's a strange pattern."

There was only a little distance to go, and he would have this pitch knocked. He figured he would have to make it about ten feet to the right and up about five feet to safely take a rest position on the large crevice that bordered the face he had chosen. Once there he could spend another piton as a safety valve just in case, he made a misstep. He was tired and needed a moment to rest. The day of heavy work was taking its toll.

It was time to move his training foot. This was the easy part of his movement. This time he planned to use the small plateau he had found for his leading foot just a few moments ago. It was wide enough to hold the whole ball of his foot and it had held fast when he had used it to make the last giant step on his leading foot.

Experience told him just how far to move his foot. He couldn't really see the foot for placement, but that wasn't necessary. He had made a million such steps in his climbing life. There was no reason for this one to be different. He knew the odds, and yet he had that feeling. He had that feeling of foreboding.

There was really no time to analyze his fears. Fears had to be conquered. He had to reach safety before the sisters awoke. He didn't want to have a race on this rock wall. Decision time. A decision just like the others that had brought him safely to this point on the pitch. Just a little more and he could put in a piton and take a much deserved rest. It happened so fast. It seemed like he had gone from slow motion to super high speed motion in a fraction of a second. He missed the foot position. He let his weight shift too soon to a foot that could not hold the pressure. He had the falling sensation. He tightened his hold of the two crevices that had served as hand holes. He tried to pull with his biceps and triceps. His lead foot started to fall. Its ledge could not take the extra weight and, it crumbled under the new force.

"It looks like he's fallen," Judy said.

"Yeah, and that was a long fall."

"He seemed to just start slipping down the face." Susan said as they approached the bottom of the rock wall Kent had climbed.

"But after the natural swinging motion ..."

"Yeah, he seemed to go limp."

"I didn't see him hit his head on anything," Judy speculated.

"Yeah, but he must of ..."

"You don't think he's tangled in his rope?"

"No, it looks like he hooked the rope to his chastity belt."

"That's a classic."

"What?"

"If he's alive he owes it all to his chastity belt," Susan chuckled.

"I don't really think he is going to care what broke his fall. He looks seriously injured."

"Do you think we can get him down ourselves?" Susan asked almost as a warning.

"I hope so."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Kent was dead, at least that was his first thoughts when he began to receive the first messages of consciousness. Those messages were all pain messages. Kent had come to accept them, but in this case they were not expected. He remembered the fall. He had only started to slip at first, but as he could not find any crevices to grab and hold on to it became an uncontrolled fall. He had hit his head, and although it didn't really hurt that badly he had lost consciousness.

As he remembered his first thoughts were that of a hospital. It wasn't the feeling of a hospital as he had ever known one. It was dark. It was hot. He was in great pain. He had to figure out what had happened to himself but there were few clues. There was the heavy smell of rubber and leather. He could feel straps and bindings across his body. There were straps across his face and head. His eyes seemed to be uncovered but he could not see. The straps held a large gag in his mouth. The gag also had a feeder tube attached that Kent could feel going down his throat. The straps went under his chin and across the back of his head and it seemed as if a great part of his body's weight was being carried on these head straps.

His arms were pinioned behind his back in a long single leather punishment glove. His palms were together and there was a binding around his wrists that kept his lower arms firmly mated to one another. Additional leather tongs bound his elbows together and the pressure seemed destined to pull his shoulders out of their sockets. The leather glove held his whole arms in a painful prison behind his back. There was no chance of removal since the glove was attached to his thick leather collar.

His shoulders and chest were covered with crisscrossing straps of leather matted together by heavy chrome plated steel rings. The purpose of the strapping was easy for Kent to understand even without seeing its construction. Kent's training had taught him one thing. The sisters would always have something up his ass and his cock would always be in one of their devilish devices.

He was wearing an enema catheter and a penis catheter. The sisters were in control of his most basic functions. He had his now normal feeling of needing to ejaculate. It was a severe urge but it would, he knew, remain unsatisfied. He knew he had been pumped full of some uncomfortable liquid load in his ass but he could only wait for the sisters to allow its release. He hurt and he was on fire with desire.

His ankles and knees were also bound together with some sort of leather bindings. He had been immobilized and the most painful methods seemed to have been chosen. Kent knew he was alive somehow, but he was again the painful captive slave of the Hill sisters. They had their slave in a complete tight fitting body bag.

"I can see from the new motion of your body on the harness that you are awake," Susan said starting to remove the head mask portion of Kent's bindings.

"We don't really have a hospital bed here at the training center, so we had to improvise something to keep you quiet while you recovered." Judy added as she watched Susan do her work.

"Your little escape attempt cost you dearly," Susan barked.

"We kept you unconscious for almost two weeks so you would heal and be ready for your punishment."

"I thought you had learned about punishment here."

"Every time you break a rule, open your mouth when you should not or fail to make one of us happy with your conduct ..."

"You will be punished."

"This is where you will be staying for the rest of your life."

"And we will always punish you for the slightest mistake," Susan said finally releasing Kent from the feeder gag in his mouth.

"I won't do it again mistresses."

"You're damn right," Judy said glaring at the newly chastised slave.

"Please, I've been punished enough. I hurt from my head to ..."

"Don't whimper. I can't stand a slave that whimpers," Susan demanded.

"I'm sorry, Miss Susan, but I ..."

"That will be enough talk." Judy said inserting a new feeder-less gag in Kent's mouth. "You will now be punished for your escape attempt." Susan said terminating the discussion.

Kent's eyes show the fear that he felt. He knew that his escape would have to be a success or there would be all hell to pay. He didn't know if he could stand another session like those the sisters had delivered in the past. He could only watch as they prepared his body for their next assault.

The sisters removed the tight-fitting leather body bag that had made up Kent's 'recovery unit'. As they did it was obvious that Kent's weight was being held by his head harness. The heavy overhead beam fully supported Kent's weight and his legs were almost two feet from the floor. The heavy leather single glove kept his hands from resisting the sister's calculating acts. His legs were also pinioned in a manner that they could not fight the upcoming attack.

They first removed the butt plug and catheter unit from Kent's once proud male parts. They quickly removed any notion that he would be allowed to receive his punishment without new pain to his cock and hole. A new device was soon applied to his groin area. The unit consisted of a series of small rings that went around his cock, balls, and scrotum.

To the painfully tight metal rings a steel appliance was attached. At one end of the appliance there was a massive butt plug. Kent almost bit his gag in half when they forced the cold steel up his ass without the benefit of a lubricant. The other end of the bar contained an additional ring. Using a chain that they attached to the floor, the device was secured to put massive pressure on Kent's cock and balls.

"You can release his leg straps while I get these straps off his chest and back," Susan ordered as the time of actual punishment seemed very near at hand.

"I want the first blow," Judy said extending her guilt about the escape.

"We'll both get our turns. He let us both down and he has to pay!"

Kent knew this was going to be the most severe punishment of his life. Mentally, he told himself that he had to be strong and resist the tendency to let the sisters know of his pain. That was hard to do. His body started an uncontrolled shaking as he waited for the first blow to strike.

Judy took the handle of the long bull whip and positioned herself at whip's distance from Kent's once virgin rear. She had used the whip many times and she made a purposeful gesture of cracking the whip near Kent's head. The violent body motion she saw suddenly went into high gear. The mental games were working to give the physical punishment an added impact.

Slowly and deliberately, she let the first blow strike Kent's tight and muscular ass. The sear of pain was like a fire brand. Kent tensed his muscles and swung his knees to his chest in reaction. The tethering appliance on his balls resisted the motion. The bar was firmly tied to the floor and it worked as a pivot on a fulcrum to drive the plug into Kent's ass.

Kent let out a scream that filled the room even with the gag tightly in place. The sisters looked at each other with obvious pleasure. He was getting what he deserved, and they would make a proper slave out of Kent after all.

"You will never try to escape again," Judy said dealing another bruising whip strike to his naked, and now bleeding ass.

As if he had no control, Kent again worked his legs to resist the blow and the result was a wrenching pull on his balls and a deep stroke of his new butt punishment device.

"You will never even think of returning to the outside world."

Kent let out a new piercing scream that his gag could not seem to suppress. A second scream followed almost immediately as his balls and hole suffered the consequences of his involuntary actions.

"Let's see how you like this," Susan said as she moved behind Kent with a new device of pain.

She was carrying a red-hot branding iron that had been heating on a nearby stove. Using heavy gloves, she moved the single lettered branding device against Kent's right ass cheek. Kent's body reacted immediately with a cycle of violent motions that almost tore his balls from his body. He started a pattern of screams that were only partially muffled by the gag.

"The 'S' is for slave." Judy said as she again swung the whip to bloody his left ass cheek.

"Don't worry he'll know what the 'S' is for because I have the rest of the letters. I'm going to put S-L-A-V-E right here across his chest." Susan said as she engraved the letter S above Kent's right tit.

Kent's whole body was on fire. The pain filled each and every crevice that made up his being. He still wanted to have sex with both of the sisters, but he knew that would never happen. He knew that he would never be given the chance to use his hard male rod again, and it was overflowing with desire. He burned from the whip blows and the new humiliation of having the word S-L-A-V-E burned across his chest and ass.

"Don't forget to balance his ass." Judy said adding another whip stripe.

"What do you mean, sister dear?" Susan said in feigned questioning of her sister.

"You need to put another 'S' here," Judy said laying a whip stroke to his left ass cheek. "How forgetful of me." Susan said as she branded his left cheek. Kent didn't know what it was that was keeping him conscious. The pain was unbearable, and the intensity should have guaranteed his passing out. Kent was full of painful sensations. The pungent smell of burning flesh swirled around his head. Oh, his burning flesh! His nerves traced the three painful 'S' brands on his two ass cheeks and above his right pec.

The sisters knew that they didn't have much more time. They had to finish their training before Kent passed out. They kept up their jeering chatter as Susan added the L-A-V-E to Kent's chest to fully spell out Kent's official title. Judy managed to work Kent's back and legs with the whip, averaging two whip blows per letter of the new SLAVE brand.

Kent finally passed out.

"Get the first bucket," Judy said as she noticed Kent's untimely inattention. "Wake up. You can't go to sleep on us now. We're just getting good." "Repeat after me," Judy said as she added a whip blow to restore his attention. "You are our slave."

"What, ah, er, I am your, what, er, slave."

Judy added a whip blow.

"Your purpose is to serve us."

"My purpose is to, no, please not another ..."

"What?" Judy demanded as she brought a long strike to both red ass cheeks.

"My purpose is to serve you two."

"And you will not ever again try to escape or otherwise cause us trouble," Susan droned as if unaware of Kent's pain.

Judy delivered another blow.

"I will not try to escape or cause trouble. Please, no more."

"You will never speak unless you are spoken to by Judy or myself."

"I will not speak unless one of you speaks to me."

Kent passed out three more times. Each time he was revived, and new blood was drawn by the powerful blows of the whip. The final cycle was the longest. Kent's prick became exceptionally hard and full. His pain seemed to transfer to his dick. He became mentally aware of his arousal, and he hoped he would suddenly ejaculate. It was this hope that kept Kent awake for the last forty-five minutes of his training.

Finally, Kent passed out for the last time. The sisters knew he could not be revived for more training. As they got ready to leave the slave to slowly regain his consciousness, he ejaculated.

"Look at that," Judy laughed.

"Yeah, he must have had a quart of semen stored up in there."

"And he passed out before he could enjoy the sensation of its release."

"That will make him all the better as our slave. As long as he doesn't get to shoot, he will need it all the more."

"We're going to need him soon."

"Yeah, the first training group should be here about 10:00 AM."

CHAPTER TWELVE

It was almost two months before the second group of slaves arrived at the Compass Valley Male Training Center. Kent knew the rules. Kent followed the rules. He heard the bell ringing in the main hall. It was time to get up and dress to meet the new trainees. They did not know what was in store for them, but Kent knew what was expected of him.

His cock and balls were as hard and ready as ever in the constantly present chastity belt. He reached to the cabinet next to his cot and got out the extra appliances he was expected to wear on new slave days. He laced on the small high heeled patent leather boots. He had licked and polished them the night before. He had to be ready to serve.

He also laced on the tight leather training bras. He knew his nipples had to appear bigger than normal from the pressure of the straps. He also knew that his tits had to protrude in case one of the sisters felt I needed to have a little tit punishment. He made a final check. He was ready for the new slave reception. "Let's go." Judy said.

"Yes, mistress."

"Susan has the new slaves marching in from the runway right now."

"I'm ready, my mistress."

The two entered the reception hall just before Susan and the new slaves arrived. They, as usual, were wearing their street clothes, leg manacles, handcuffs, and ball gags. They seemed to never be able to accept the fact that their lives had taken a severe change. A change that would only mean pain and suffering. "Line up along the white line that we have painted on the floor. And listen up. I'm going to show you what is expected of you while you are here in the Compass Valley Male Training Center. This is my sister Judy, and you will follow her orders just as I have told you to follow mine."

"This is Kent," Judy said. "He is here to show you what will be expected of you during your stay."

"First, a word about escape. Do you see the 'S' on Kent's ass and the word S-L-A-V-E on his chest? This is what you will receive to remind you of your visit here if you try to escape."

"As my sister may have told you on the way out on the plane, there is no escape from Compass Valley. The valley walls are all very steep and even professional rock climbers, like Kent here, have found it impossible to escape. Isn't that right, Kent?" "Yes, my mistress."

"Bow for the new slaves."

"Yes, my mistress."

"And go over so they can see your chastity belt."

"Yes, my mistress."

"They will have one of their own shortly."

"I know, my mistress."

"You have been sent here by your mistresses because you refuse to recognize the female domination order of today's society. You will not leave until we feel you have learned to act in a wholly acceptable fashion, like Kent has just demonstrated."

"Kent," Susan said. "you know you were a bad boy this morning?"

"Yes, my mistress."

"So, you will have to be punished?"

"Yes, my mistress."

"Come here."

"Yes, my mistress."

"I'm going to put these sharp tit clamps on each of Kent's nipples. Do you like these clamps, Kent?"

"If they are what my mistress wants, I want them, too."

"Are they painful, Kent?"

"I deserve the pain, my mistress."

"Kent will have to wear these until either my sister or myself take them off. He knows if they are not still there when I come to take them off there will be a more severe punishment."

"You are all here to serve us. If we ask something of you, you will immediately comply. Come here Kent," Judy said.

"How may I serve you, my mistress?"

"Bend over so I can remove your butt plug. Assume the position."

Kent walked briskly to Judy and turned his ass to her and bent over to hold his ankles. "As you have requested, my mistress."

"Only my sister or I can remove your butt plug like this," Judy said taking a key from her pocket.

"Thank you, my mistress. My hole is yours to use as you desire," Kent said looking up to Judy from his head between his legs.

"And we are the only ones to get pleasure from your body," Judy said strapping on her double dildo belt. "You will never receive pleasure here in Compass Valley." "Nor will you ever receive pleasure from your mistresses when we return you to them after your training sessions in this valley."

The new slaves all started a collective groan as Judy inserted the long rubber artificial dick up Kent's ass. They stood in near panic and total silence as she slowly worked herself up to a completely satisfying climax as Kent struggled to maintain his composure and stable position as the object of her hot desires.

"We will now be taking each of you to your individual cells."

"You will find one of the chastity belts like Kent is wearing on the cot in your cells. You are to put them on." Susan said.

"We will be coming round to do an inspection, so do it right," Judy added.

"For most of you, this will be a rest day before you start your training. Some one or more of you, however, will certainly try our patience in some way."

"Whoever that turns out to be will be sorry. Isn't that right, Kent?" Judy asked.

"Oh, yes mistress. I know how you can punish men who don't mind."

"Would you suggest that they mind?"

"Oh, yes mistress. It is far less painful."

EPILOG

Susan and Judy believe in advertising. Once every six weeks they run a single ad in the Los Angeles Daily Roster . It is one of those new advertising mediums that allows you to run your ads free so your respondents can call in on one of those costly 900 numbers to answer your ad. Today's ad reads like this: **TOTALLY CONTROL HIM-Complete training camp for only ten men available. Today only. Call now and be prepared to pay dearly for guaranteed results.**

Ask for Ext. 2231.