

Dungeon Museum

A week of chaperoning a class of high school kids around a bunch of museums and art gallery in Istanbul; what could be easier.

Especially with the fact that this was a History trip and I'm a PE teacher, so all I had to do was make sure we didn't leave any kids behind.

So, for the past 3 days all I had been doing was counting to 24, after 3 other teachers had counted to 24. I was dying of boredom and to make matters worse we were staying in a Hotel in Arnavutkoy, miles away from the center of Istanbul. So, my evenings were filled with unruly teenagers with nothing to do and the endless droning of the history / art faculty debating some pointless topic from the day's events. All I could think was 'Welcome to Hell'. 3 days down 4 to go.

I suspect that at some point during this evening debate regarding the Byzantines Empires my eyes had glazed over, and I had slipped into a type of coma as I hadn't even realized when Mr. Thompson was standing in front speaking.

I snap back into the real world and looked up at him apologizing and making the excuse that I was off in my own little world. He just nodded and then quite bluntly informed me that I wouldn't be required tomorrow. It turns out he had forgotten to include himself when working out the numbers for booking the tickets for tomorrow excursions that would take the group across the water.

Exhaling slowly trying not to give it away that I was in a state of ecstasy, I said I was a little disappointed, but I understood.

With that everyone headed up to their rooms at the outrageous time of 21:45 as they all needed to be up a 5:00 and ready to leave at 06:00. The group wouldn't be returning until late tomorrow evening.

I got back to room and flung myself on to my bed whooping with joy. I didn't have to get up in the morning and I had the entire day to myself. Thank you, Mr. Thompson, thank you.

I woke to the abrupt melody of angry car horns and rolled over to look at the clock. 8:45; I smiled and stretched making a happy groaning noise. The group should be over the water by now, my smile got bigger. I jumped in the shower and got myself ready to go exploring. I put on my brightly colored yoga pants, the baggy ones with the elasticated ankles and light linen long sleeve shirt. Enough to hide my athletic figure (I'd learned early in the trip that it was just easier to hide it then fend off the many Turkish suitors) but light enough to keep me cool in the mid-day heat. Finished off with my sandals and rucksack.

I'd finish my breakfast and was in the hotel lobby just about to head out when the tourist information sign caught my attention. I wandered over and routed through the English written pamphlets when I stopped and found myself staring at a stack of flyer for 'Yedikule Dungeons Museum'. I grabbed one and quickly scanned it; there wasn't much information and no photos. It looked cheap, but my curiosity was getting the best of me so off I went; it was only a 10-minute walk from the Hotel.

At first, I couldn't believe it, it was a huge Fortress; the 'Fortress of the Severn Towers'. I stared up at the huge crumbling walls as I walked around to the entrance where my heart sank. The entrance looked closed and the ticket kiosk looked like it had been abandoned for years. I walked up the stone walkway to get a better picture of the massive gates, so this trip wouldn't be a massive waste of time. I was stood next to kiosk about to take my photo when I heard a cough come from the Kiosk, I turned just as the window slid open.

I paid the entry fee and entered via a small door in the gate; I walk up a huge passage way into the immense courtyard. The place looked half abandoned and overgrown in places; only two of the towers were accessible and there were only a handful of people wandering around in a group led by tour guides.

After wandering around the corridors of the 1st tower on my own, reading the signs and absorbing the atmosphere the place, I decided to join one of the groups to see if the guide had anything to tell that wasn't written down on the signs.

It was a small group of 8 which was been led by a tall athletically built Turkish woman in her mid to late 40's. Luckily the tour was in English and our guide's English was excellent. She led us across the court yard to the other tower pointing out things as we went. She spoke very enthusiastically and was very knowledgeable about the history.

We entered the tower via large thick wooden door into a short passage-way which led into the center. We all stood silent staring up as we found that the tower was hollow, and sunlight was pouring in from the opening above us. I looked around and saw that all but two of the passages leading off from the center were blocked by padlocked metal gates.

Elif move to the opposite side of the tower from where we came in and took a large old looking padlock and torch from a small chest. The tour continued as Elif turned on the torch and we carefully made our way down the stairs into the darkness. There were several signs in different languages on the wall before we descended, I spotted the one in English 'The dungeon! Warning Do Not Enter Without a Member of Staff'.

We walked down a corridor with prison cells on both sides, there was no source of light down there. Elif turned off her torch to show how dark it was inside: A thin slither of light shone from the thin gap under the cell doors on our right but even with that, we could barely see a few feet down the corridor! The light turned back on and we looked at the heavy cell doors

each had a small door in at head height, so the guards could check on the prisoners without opening the doors. Elif opened one of these on a cell on the right and light flooded through. We each took turns to look into the cell and I saw that it was just a stone room with a small square window with bars high up on the back wall. On the side wall to my left there were shackles and chains attached to the wall. Elif closed the cell and then pointed to the opposite cells on the left and explained that they were in total darkness; extra torturous to be kept locked in complete darkness. I shuddered at the thought of been chained and locked in complete darkness; not with fear but excitement and arousal. I was so lost in my thoughts that I didn't notice the group started moving.

Elif suddenly stopped towards the end of the corridor and began tutting... "it looks like the guards forgot to lock their prisoner in!". I noticed then that each of the cells had a padlock keeping them shut. All, except one. Elif walked up to the door of the last cell on the left which was ajar and laughed. Then she took the lock she had picked up from upstairs that was hanging on her belt, placed it on the door and squeezed it shut. The group laughed with her as she explained that a lot of equipment in the dungeon was still fully functional, including locks. She showed us by opening the lock with one of the keys on her belt and then locked it again, saying that she would let whomever was stuck in the cell out after the end of the tour, to even more laughter. My heart was pounding in my chest. To imagine being locked in one of these cells as a prisoner, helpless, not knowing if I would ever be let out!

I snapped back to reality as the group began moving again. At the end of the corridor Elif pushed open a set of double doors and we all began to shuffle into the dark room. Elif moved to her right and began turning on lights set into the walls as she moved around the edges of the chamber. It was silent apart from the shuffling of feet as everyone in the group was shocked by the reveal of the torture chamber.

The chamber was immense with alcoves jutting off each with its own apparatus of torture. There was a St. Andrew cross, a giant wheel, stocks, judas cradle, and an iron chair. At the center of the chamber on a low platform was a rack. I was so aroused this place was like a dream to me. Elif explained what each device does with gasps of horror from my group. I already knew very well what they do; I had spent many many hours reading about them fantasizing what it would be like to have them used on me. Whilst everyone else listen I drifted off into my own little world feasting my eyes on everything here. In addition to the devices themselves there were an array of other implement such as a variety of whips and shackles hanging from hooks on the wall. But it was a pair of aguish sitting on a stool next to the cross that took my breath away.

Once again, I was snapped back to reality when Elif coming towards the end of her explanation stated that everything in the dungeon was fully functional and asked if there was a volunteer to help demonstrate them. My mouth was dry, and my heart was hammering, I could feel myself raising my hand. But suddenly Elif burst out laughing and said 'I'm Joking' which evoked

a nervous laugh from the group. I felt a wave of relief wash over me; was I really going to volunteer? Elif turned and headed back down the corridor and my heart sank.

As the tour ended and we returned to the daylight I watch the group and Elif head off to the main gate. But an idea had got stuck in my head; a crazy idea. I wandered around the castle courtyard for a few, watching the door to the second tower, and as I'd hoped, the man from the kiosk went in and emerged a few minutes later. I watch him cross courtyard heading to the main gate. I turned and went into the tower. I was right; I headed to the small chest and there inside was the padlock and torch.

I ran across the court yard to the main gate. The man was just about to go through when I stopped him. His English wasn't as good as Elif's, but I got all the information I needed.

The tours ran every 2 and a half hours, next one at 13:00 and lasts approx. 40 minutes. I looked at my watch, 11:20. I wandered around the courtyard for 30 minutes thinking about my crazy idea; I must be nuts but I just couldn't shake it. When would I ever have another opportunity like this? I looked around the massive courtyard and counted only 2 people, a couple heading into the first tower.

I headed towards the dungeon tower and waited. I looked around one last time and made sure that no one could see me and pushed the door open and went in.

My heart started beating faster; this is absolutely nuts. I headed to the top of the stairs and took a deep breath and exhaled to calm myself. Now or never; I made my way down the stairs, this time into darkness, holding on to the wall. I reached the dungeon floor and grabbed my phone from my rucksack and turned on its torch. I walked past the cells, the dim light from my phone doing little to help me find my way to the one that I needed. The one that was unlocked.

The door was ajar like before and I slowly pulled it fully opened the cell door. It creaked and was nervous that somebody might have heard outside. I stopped and listened – but there were no footsteps descending down to investigate. I breathed in – and walked into the cell. The little light from my phone lit up the small cell and I saw what I was looking for. A set of shackles complete with an iron collar was bolted to the cell's back. I walked over and knelt next to the shackles and placed my phone on the ground so that the light still illuminated the shackles. I check the shackles and made sure they opened and closed with ease; I found that both the collar and shackles had clips on them that once closed could have a padlock threaded through to stop the prisoner unlocking them. They were perfect for the plan I couldn't believe I was about to go through with.

I quickly made my way out of the cell and into the torture chamber and using the light from my phone scanned the wall for a light switch. I found it and with a flick the chamber was filled with a dim light. I took another deep breath to calm myself and I took off my backpack and

placed it on the floor. I put my phone on silent and placed it in. I looked around the chamber for a place to hide it; I spotted it, behind the Iron chair in the furthest alcove. I stuffed the bag behind the torture device and started to make my way back to the cell. I checked my watch, 12:25, okay I told myself plenty of time. I looked again at my watch and began to think; no medieval slave would be wearing a watch. If I'm going to do this, I'm going to do it right. I unbuckled my watch and placed it on the edge of the rack and check my pockets; my purse, passport, and lip balm followed on to the rack. I step back and looked down at my sandals; I through no slave would ever be allowed shoes. I knelt and unbuckled them and kicked them off; the stone was cold under my feet. One last check; jewelry! Ring, necklace and ear-rings added to the pile of stuff on the rack. I grab my rucksack from behind the chair and threw all the stuff of the rack in it and place it back in its hiding place.

I'm ready; I walk back to my cell and I realize how quiet it is the only noises I can hear was my own breathing, the pounding of my heart and the slapping sound my bare feet made with every step on the cold stone.

I enter my cell and pull the door closed until it is just ajar as before it creaks loudly as it's closed. The noise seems almost deafening and I held my breath and listen for the approach of someone coming to investigate the noise, but the silence returned.

With the door almost closed there was virtually complete darkness in the cell and I have to feel my way around the cell; running my hands along the wall and sliding feet across the floor until my foot touches cold metal. I turn and sat with back against the wall and grope in the darkness until I found the collar which hanging from the chain. I place the collar around my neck and close it; my fingers fumble with the clasp at the front until it finally hooks, and I snap it closed with a loud click. The chain holding the collar wouldn't let me move my head for more than a few inches from the wall; all I could do was either sit or kneel.

I run my fingers around the collar feeling the cold smooth metal until they reached the clasp again and I could feel the small loop of metal where a padlock would slot in and stop the slave, me from removing it.

Excited, I reached behind me to grab the shackles joined by a chain to the back of my collar. I carefully wrapped them around my wrists and snap the claps shut, securing my hands behind my back. Oh my god! I tried reaching for my collar but with the clasp being on the front I wouldn't be able to reach it.

My breathing was ragged, and I was trembling. I grabbed the chain that was hanging off the chain linking my wrist cuffs and followed it to the ankle fetters. The chain was quite short, and I realized I'd have to kneel for them to reach. I pulled my legs behind me and knelt on the stone dungeon floor, the chains rattle with every movement and I moaned with pleasure. My bound wrists just able to reach my ankles and wrapping them in the fetters as well; another 2 loud clicks trapping my ankles.

My god! I can't believe this is real. I can't believe I'm chained up in an actual dungeon. I can't believe I've done it to myself.

I shifted slightly to the rhythmic melody of the chains, but they forced me to remain on my knees on the cold stone floor. I'd only been kneeling for a few minutes, but I was beginning to ache already. I couldn't imagine the pain of been kept chained up like this for hour or even days. But that was the point, wasn't it; I closed my eyes. I felt the shackles clutching my skin and the cool air of the dungeon around my bare feet. I imagined myself as a disgraced noble, thrown into the dungeon to be subjected to horrors that nobody should ever have to face. To be broken and sold off as a slave. I leaned my head back against the cold wall; I began to drift off in the silence. I couldn't hear anything else in the dungeon apart from my breath, my heartbeat and my chains...

My eyes sprung open as I heard some faint voices and steps in the distance. My jailor was coming to lock me away. I saw a bright light making its way down the corridor. I sudden froze with fear; what if she shone her torchlight into the cell? It was too late to get away in would take several minutes to remove the restraints. I took a few deep breaths to calm myself and slow my breathing, I need to be as quiet and as still as possible.

I could hear Elif clearly now, she had stopped at the bottom of the stairs, retelling the facts to the next group of people.

It went quiet for a moment and the bright light of her torch went off, like she had done earlier with my group, so they could experience the darkness. But unlike earlier the light came back on quickly; and Elif's voice rang out once again 'My apologizes everyone it would appear that someone has left a light on, please remain here for a moment'.

Shit! I left the light on in the torture chamber and the door open; how could I be so stupid. Oh crap, oh crap, oh crap; Elif is going to know something is wrong and come looking. I heard her foot step approach and pass my cell quickly. Moments later I heard the door to torture chamber slam shut and Elif hurry past my cell back to the new group. Once again, the light went out and total darkness crept in. However, this group wasn't quite as mature as the one I had been with, as a couple of lads started making silly ghost noises. The torch light returned and after a few moment Elif got the group back under control and I heard them moving towards me.

My heart was beating faster and faster, so fast and so loud that I was scared somebody would hear it! I held my breath as they approached the door. This was the moment of truth. Would she notice that the door wasn't shut like it was before or hear me inside?

"It looks like the guards forgot to lock their prisoner in!"

There was a burst of laughter from the group laughed and I almost laughed with them. Yes indeed, someone did! Why not make sure the job is done properly and lock me in? Elif pushed the door, it creaked and closed with the loud bang.... Then an almost inaudible click!

Yep, that was it! I didn't even pay attention to the rest of Elif's usual routine of locking-relocking the door. I started getting completely immersed into the situation I was now in. I was a disgraced noble lady caught fooling around with a stable boy and had been sent here to be punished.

I interrupted my daydreaming when suddenly I could hear Elif's explanation of the various devices from the torture room next door. I was surprised at how clearly; I could hear her through the solid stone wall; It occurred to me that having prisoners listen to the screams of those been tortured whilst they waited their turn would be torture in itself.

Elif was starting her description of the rack which she took great pride in and... Then she suddenly stopped in the middle of a sentence with a Huh?

"Ah yes, not sure I've seen these here before, but it makes sense", I heard her say. "Prisoners were usually kept barefoot in the dungeon, so that it would be more difficult for them to escape, and also so that they would be easily recognized as prisoners."

Alarm bells started ringing; why was she talking about prisoners been barefoot....

Shit!!!! My Sandals!!! I left them next to the rack.

"These must be off our latest prisoner, who will be locked in one of the cells waiting for her punishment" Elif gave a little laugh which prompted laughter from the group.

I was stunned; did she know I was in here. She said waiting "her" punishment, did she know?

"Thanks for your attention! Let's make our way back now"

The group slowly left the dungeon. I heard them climb the stairs and I saw the light from the guide's torchlight slowly disappear until I was once again left in complete silence and darkness.

I stayed quiet and still for several minutes considering whether Elif knew I was here. Eventually I decided that if she had she would have come straight back down after taking the group out. I breathed a little easier and relaxed. I guess it's a good thing I was wearing a pair of simple medieval-looking sandals with brown leather straps and not, say, a pair of Nikes – those would be much more difficult to explain.

Right.... The man will be down shortly to unlock the door, so I can't make too much noise. I leant back and stretched my hand down to reach the clasp on the fetters. I managed to get my finger-tips under the clasp of the left cuff and I strained to pry it up. Eventually it popped open

but by then I was panting from with the exertion. I moved on to the right one which came unlocked with ease, so I moved on to the wrist shackles but stopped as I heard faint footsteps coming down the stairs. My savior coming to rescue me; I smiled at the thought of the 60+ year old kiosk man but then felt a moment of disappointment that it was the torturer coming to carry out my punishment. I stayed quiet and didn't move as I saw the shine of the torch light and footsteps heading down the corridor towards me. I held my breath but instead of stopping at the door the footsteps went past and I heard the door to the torture chamber open. I exhaled; what is he doing? I heard rustling in the chamber then the footsteps returned to the door.

Click... I heard the lock been removed and I held my breath again and didn't move a muscle. The door creaked as it opened a fraction; then 2 hands appeared around the edge and the door was pulled fully open.

I gasped and froze like a deer in the headlights. I couldn't see the person in front of me as the torch light was pointing directly at me. But there was absolutely no doubt they could see me kneeling in chains in a dungeon.

"Ha, I knew it would be you" It was Elif; she lowered the torch and after a few moments my eyes adjusted, and I looked up at her. She was smiling like the cat who had caught the canary. Which to be honest she had.

"I've been thinking about you since this morning's tour; just wait here a moment, don't move" was she joking??? I hadn't been able to make a single audible sound yet because of the shock of been caught. She left the cell and headed to the torture chamber, returning swiftly with a stool and bucket that rattled when she put it down. She places the stool directly in front of me and sat down.

"Normal I don't do the whole 'any volunteers' bit of the tour; it never goes down well. But I have this sixth sense about people like yourself. However, you are the first that has actual started to raise your hand when I asked" She laughed again; I just stared at her with what I can only imagine was the dumbest look on my face.

"So, that combined with the little things that have been happening. Light been left on, doors left open and sandals been left in the middle of the torture chamber; I kind of guessed that it might be you. Also, you may not have noticed but the floors aren't very clean, and you have left me a trail of foot prints. I wouldn't have noticed if you hadn't been barefoot". Her hand dove into the bucket at this point and pulled out my rucksack.

Oh God!!!!

She must have seen the expression on my face and very calmly lent forward and stroked my hair.

“Don’t worry nothing will happen if you don’t want it to” Her voice was very calming, and I felt myself relaxing a bit; which is weird considering I was chained up kneeling at her feet.

“That’s better. Now tell me, what is your name” she leant forward eagerly awaiting my answer as if this situation was completely normal.

“Liz” I stuttered in little more than a whisper.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you Liz, I’m Elif as you know. But you will call me Cellat, it means Executioner; the person in charge of torturing the prisoners”.

I stared back at her once again shocked. She just sat there and watched me patiently waiting for my response.

“Yes Cellat” I heard myself say,

“Very good. Unfortunately, we don’t have very much time as I will be bringing another tour though here in a bit. So, tell me what you are doing here Liz?”

“I just wanted to try the shackles and see what it would be like to be locked up” I blurted out.

“Yes, I can see that. But what was the fantasy running through your head whilst you were been locked away down here?”

“Erm...” My eyes darted around the cell as if looking for an escape.

“Don’t be embarrassed. The hardest bit is over, you’ve been caught; your secret is out. So, tell me; maybe I can help you make it a reality”.

I looked at her and realized she was right. I felt the stress draining away and started to feel a little bit more comfortable. I took a deep breath and....

“I dreamt I was a disgraced noble lady caught fooling around with a stable-boy sent here to be punished and broken”

Elif’s face lit up. “Well sounds like my sort of fantasy. In your fantasy are you rescued or....” I interrupted her.

“No.” Wow! I’d never spoken about this out loud before.

She smiled and laughed “So Lady Liz... are you ready to receive your punishment?” Her smile turned a little evil. But I looked in her eyes and I trusted her, and I wanted this.

She smiled and stroked my hair “like I said; nothing will happen that you don’t want to happen”.

“Then... I am ready Cellat.”

“Unfortunately, we don’t have a lot of time as I have to bring the next tour group through here shortly. So, Lady Liz, I will make you part of the attraction”.

The alarm bells started ringing again.

“Instead of being in this dark cell where no one can see you. How about we put you in one of the nicer cells. The one that our guest get to have a look into.”

A wave of panic washed over. “I can’t they’ll be able to see my face and take pictures, people will recognize me, and my life will be ruined; no, no, no I don’t want that to happen” I was scared.

Elif just smiled “Don’t worry they won’t be able to see your face. You will be wearing the scold’s bridle” She turned and pointed to it in the bucket. An iron muzzle in an iron framework that enclosed the head. A bridle-bit projected into the mouth and pressed down on top of the tongue to prevent the condemned from speaking.

I must admit it would cover my face enough to make me unrecognizable.

Elif turned to me and asked, “Do you have any tattoos or birth marks?”

“No Cellat. Why do you ask?” However, I was certain I already knew the answer.

“Because like you said we don’t want people back home recognizing you”. I gulped and stared back at her. “You mean I’m going to be....”

“Naked, of course... how else to you keep a disgraced lady”.

My mind was racing at a thousand miles a minute. I calmed myself. “Okay...” I said.

“Okay, what?” Elif spoke softly.

“Okay, I’ll do it... Naked with the bridle. But no photos, please” I begged.

It was almost as if I could see a light bulb go on over Elif head. She chuckled and then spoke.

“A choice then. No Bridle means no photos. Wear the bridle and photos will be allowed; I might even open the door, so they can get some close-ups.”

“NO... that’s not fair.” I squealed. I was scared but also very turned on by the idea.

“Fair” Elif laughed again. “It’s not meant to be fair; you’re a disgraced lady who is to be chained up while you await your punishment.”

She paused. "So, choose or I can let you go and we'll forget all about this."

"NO... I'll do it with the bridle"

"Very well then". With that Elif moved and knelt next to me and unlocked my shackled wrist and removed the collar.

I rubbed my wrists which were a little red and groaned as I unfolded my legs and stood.

I stood in front of Elif, who was nearly a foot taller than me; she was beautiful with a dark olive complexion with long black hair and had a strong athletic figure. I felt a little self-conscious at that moment; with my job I keep myself fit and have an athletic figure as well. But stood in front of Elif I felt smaller, weaker. I have very pale skin with lots of freckles and short cropped red hair (natural).

Elif looked me up and down. "Strip" she commanded.

I froze for a second before I grabbed the bottom of shirt and in a smooth motion pulled it up and over my head and dropped it on the floor next to me. What the hell am I doing was all I could think as I felt my hand slipped behind me and unhooked my bra. I pulled it off and dropped it whilst covering my breasts with my other arm.

Elif step forward and in a gentle but firm way took my wrist and pulled it away exposing my small delicate breast. She smiled seeing my hardened nipples and spoke softly.

"Oh my dear Liz, you're not going to be able to keep your modesty."

She ran her hands down my arms and rested them on my hips; her thumbs slid inside my waist band of my yoga pants and I closed my eyes. My breathing was heavy, and I was so aroused I was trembling; I opened my eyes and they locked them with Elif's; I couldn't understand what she was waiting for. "Please, do it" I heard myself beg.

With that Elif gave a quick tug downwards. She had managed to hook my panties as well, so I stood momentarily with my trouser and panties round my ankles. Elif had to bend and lift each leg to pull them off completely. I stood naked fighting the urge to cover my sex as Elif gathered my clothes and stuffed them into my rucksack.

She pulled something out of my rucksack and put in her pocket before throwing the bag to the back of the cell. I didn't say anything as her hand ran across my cheek and came to rest at nape of my neck. She tightened her grip and pulled me along out of the cell ordering me to pick up the bucket as we moved.

My trembling became shaking as I was led down the corridor by the scuff of my neck. My nerves had completely evaporated replaced with pure excitement and arousal. My head was

swimming and the sound of Elif's booted footsteps with the intermittent slapping of my bare feet on the cold stone drove me deeper into a daze.

Stopping outside the door to what would be my new cell Elif released my neck and moved in front of me. The familiar sounds of the large padlocks to the cells being opened brought me back to reality in time to see the door open with its loud creak.

The sun blinded me as Elif gently guided me into the cell and as my sight slowly returned I noticed how much warmer it was in there. The stone floor was warm under my feet which led me to notice how the position of the window kept the prisoner chained to the wall in direct sunlight for most of the midday heat. I couldn't help but wonder if it was design or a nice coincidence.

Elif rested a hand on my shoulder and turned me to face her. "Before we continue, we need to agree on some things. Do you want an authentic experience or just a beginner's introduction?"

I looked at her again with my dumb expression and replied, "I don't know what you mean"

"Well an authentic experience is once you kneel down by the chains you become Lady Liz and I will chain you up and punish you as I see fit; no questions, no mercy, no matter how much you scream and beg". She paused a moment to let it sink in, "or we agree a safe word and I go gentle on you".

I was formulating my safe word in my mind when a voice in the back of my head started screaming at me 'get on your knees, you pathetic slut; when are you ever going to get another chance to do this'.

I took a few small steps backwards into the light, feeling the hot sun over my body and knelt just in front of the chains and spoke as clearly as could, "I'm ready to accept my punishment Cellat".

Without another word Elif moved quickly to my side lifting the heavy metal collar and slipped it round my neck. I heard the clasp snap shut and Elif pull a padlock from the bucket and lock the collar on.

I moaned as the lock clicked shut. Elif pulled my hands behind my back and locked the shackles in place before having me kneel up so she could lock the fetters on my ankles. Once again, I was kneeling in the dungeon in chains but this time there was no way to release myself and even if I could I'd still be naked.

Elif moved in front of me and pulled the Scold Bridle out and calmly asked one last time "This is your last chance; once this is locked on you will be my prisoner. You will be viewed by the next tour and afterwards I will make you suffer".

I didn't say a word, just opened my mouth ready for the bridles bit. Elif smiled and slid the thick iron framework over my head. The faceplate came down over my nose and I felt the bridle bit on my tongue as it penetrated its way into my mouth. The back came down and Elif snapped the clasp shut and locked them with padlocks.

The bridle was a lot heavier than I'd expected and the bit pushing down hard on my tongue prevented me from making any sort of intelligible sound.

Elif stood back and admired her handywork. Then she moved back to my side pulling something from her pocket; I felt her pull my index finger on my right and push it against something smooth. What on earth was she doing I wondered; but was soon rewarded with an answer when she moved and stood back in front of me holding my now unlocked phone. A feeling of dread washed over me which must have been apparent to Elif as she gently said "Don't worry, I just thought you might like a few mementos of your trip to the dungeons" She smiled and raised the phone, 'click' as she took a photo of me kneeling in chains. '

"Oh, you can do better than that" She crouched in front of me. "Okay now. Head up, back straight, breasts out". She reached forward and tapped my thighs, "spread your legs, put some effort into it".

She was beaming from ear to ear and slowly I overcame the shock of been photographed and slid my legs apart. Elif took several pictures from different angles and I found the experience very arousing; so much so that Elif after putting the phone moved closer to me and ran her hand down over my breasts and stomach heading further down. My eyes widened as felt her fingers spread my labia and brush my clit causing a moan to burst from my bridled mouth. Elif continued to tease me, "I couldn't help but notice how wet you already are".

She began rubbing vigorously causing me to start panting and I felt sweat begin to form over my body. My body began trembling and waves of pleasure rolled over me until Elif pulled me closer and firmly pushed 2 fingers inside of me. My body shook violently as an orgasm was ripped from me. I could hardly breathe, and it felt like my whole body was convulsing in my rattling chains. Elif held me gently as it slowly past. I was exhausted and weak, but I was beginning to regain my senses.

Elif released me and stood, "You've made quite a mess haven't you" Looking down I saw the puddle of my own making.

Elif picked up the bucket and checked the cell before turning back to me and stating, "Hopefully it will dry before the tour comes through" Her mischievous smile returns as she walks out of the cell. The door closed with a bang and padlock rattled and clicked shut.

I shuffle to get comfy with little joy and lean my head back against the wall. Millions of thoughts running through my head.

I finally settle and my excitement returned with wondering and dreaming of what was to come...

Part 2

My mind wandered as I knelt in my bondage; I had played with self-bondage before but never to the point where I could not release myself in moment's notice and never with any chance of been discovered. But now I had leaped without thinking into situation that I realized was ridiculously dangerous. I did not know Elif at all and here I was butt naked in inescapable bondage awaiting punishment. How could I be so stupid? How could I let my curiosity override my basic common sense?

But even with those thoughts I could not help but feel my arousal begin to build. Elif had given me every chance to walk away but I did not, I couldn't.

My body was glistening and beads of sweat were forming and running down my front and back tickling as they went. I moaned with the pleasure of my torment of the unbearable heat from the sun coming through the small barred window and began to relax again.

It could have only been minutes since Elif had left but the pain in my knees had already returned with a vengeance; I shuffled to try and alleviate my discomfort but was only rewarded with the rattle of chains. With the heat and the pain, I prayed that Elif would return quickly to end my suffering; but instantly realized what that would mean and would have laughed if not for the bridal.

Praying for Elif's return to be shown naked and chained to complete strangers and then mercilessly punished on god knows which of the torture devices down the corridor. "God, I hope she comes back quickly" I thought as I felt my cheeks go red. I rested my head back against the wall and thought of the torture chamber. What will she do to me? Whip me on the cross, make me ride the Spanish horse, stretch me on the rack? That did it. I have always loved the idea of the rack and have made it the focus of many of my fantasies. God, I hope she stretches me. I suddenly became aware of the heat between my legs and feel my juices begin to run down the inside of my thighs. I want to touch myself so badly; this is absolute torture. I struggle, not to get free but to try and get some friction between my legs. All the thoughts of the heat and pain gone, replaced with the singular but impossible desire to cum. The chains rattle as I twist and pull at them.

I was so focused on my desire that I had not heard the footsteps coming down the hall. I almost jumped out of my skin when I heard the click of lock. I froze as the door creaked open.

Elif step in smiling at me and I felt myself breathe out, not realizing that I had been holding my breath.

“Well, the puddle got bigger” she laughed as she came to stand in front of me. I felt myself go bright red with embarrassment as I glanced down. There was no point denying it, this was the most aroused I had ever been in my life and Elif knew it.

I looked towards the door with a moment of realization that strangers should be stood there staring at me. But no one was there in the dark corridor and to my surprise I felt disappointed and grew even redder. Elif saw the look on my face and spoke unable to hide the amusement in her voice; “Oh don’t worry I haven’t started the tour yet”. She dropped a bag next to her which hit the floor with a loud crash. For a moment I was curious about the contents but Elif crouched down in front of me her fingers gentle lifting my chin, guiding it so I was looking straight at her.

“There are only a couple of backpackers waiting. So... I thought with such a small group it might be a nice idea to make it a more interactive tour”.

My eyes widen with concern as I considered what she meant, how was she going to make it more interactive than it was already; then it dawned on me.

“Yes, my dear, I’m going to see if they would like to help in your punishment”. Her mischievous smile had returned.

She reached forward and began unlocking the bridle, removing it carefully. I groaned as the heavy metal was removed.

“Thank you.... Cellat” Genuinely grateful for the little relief she had given me.

“Good girl, I wasn’t sure if you would remember what to call me” She said as she stroked my hair.

She continued “So what do you think. You were ready to volunteer earlier to help with a demonstration”.

“But I don’t have a choice Cellat” Speaking softly. “I’m Lady Liz. Chained up awaiting my punishment as you see fit” I look into her eyes and smile as I repeat the terms agreed earlier.

She gently caresses my face and give me a tender kiss on the forehead, “Very well, let’s get you ready, Lady Liz”.

Within a few minutes later Elif has released me from the cuffs and chains holding me to the wall of the cell and had me sit down with my legs stretched out in front of me.

I could have thrown myself at her and hugged the life out of her for that mercy; My knees were so sore. I groaned with pure relief and pleasure as I stretched my legs. She smiled at me “Enjoy it while it lasts!” the wicked smile crossing her face once again. I just smiled back.

Elif turned and dragged the heavy bag that she had brought in with her over and unzips it. I strain a little against the collar to see as curiosity gets the better of me but could only caught a glimpse of thick chains. Elif started pulling out a set of thick heavy metal cuffs; 4 cuffs and a collar. They looked like the ones hanging from the wall; dark and tarnished like they had been hanging in a dungeon for centuries. Except these were a lot thicker and did not have a clip to lock them. Elif was unscrewing a bolt holding the band using a key she had pulled from the bag. Once the cuff was unlocked, she moved forward and sat next to me and open the cuff with a squeak from the hinge. She looked at me said, "Wrist".

Without hesitation I placed my wrist in the cuff and Elif closed it; Elif smiled, "Perfect fit; it's almost like they were made for you". The cuff held my wrist firmly but did not cause any discomfort, except that it weighed a ton. Elif quickly took the key and began tightening the bolt and my excitement grew again as I realized that cuffs would be the ones that held me as I was punished. It took longer for Elif to put me in all the cuffs as the bolts took a lot of time to unscrew and then tighten and it occurred to me that if something was to happen, I wouldn't be able to get them off quickly or discreetly and that really excited me.

With the cuffs and collar on, Elif turned to the bag once again and took out several padlocks and 2 short lengths of chain. She locked the first chain between my ankles shackling me; the chain was only 12 inches long but was really thick and heavy. I lifted my ankle to test the weight and grunted involuntarily with the effort it took. Elif laughed and ran her fingers over the sole of my foot that sent me into spasm and made me squeal and beg, "NO!!! Please don't. My feet are really ticklish, and I can't stand anyone touching them". Elif look at me with a look of sheer joy and the vilest smile I have ever seen but simply replied, "Okay no tickling". But the way she said it sent a shiver of fear and excitement down my spine.

She finished by attaching a chain to the back of my collar that ran down to the middle of my back and then locked my wrist cuffs to the end. Elif inspected her work and stated, "Good, don't want you playing with yourself and wearing yourself out". I felt myself go bright red as the thought of playing with myself had been the only thought in my head for the last 10 minutes.

"The final touch", Elif announced as she picked up the scowls bridle. "Any last words?"

I turned and look at her and taking a deep breath I replied, "An authentic experience? No mercy".

Elif gently enclosed the bridle over my head forcing the bit into my mouth. She locked it and moved in front of me and stared into my eyes and said with a serious expression, "No Mercy".

With that she collected the bag and left locking the cell door. Once again alone naked and chain in my cell I looked to the small window and realized how hot it was. But at least now I could shuffle and sit it a shady corner of the cell. I leaned against the stone wall in the corner

enjoying the relative coolness and I began to doze. How on earth that was possible I don't know but doze off I did.

I have no idea how long I dozed for as time chained up in the cell seems to have no meaning; 5 minutes feels like 5 hours or 5 seconds when your mind begins to wander. No clocks or way to tell what time; only if it is day or night because of the light shining through the bars of the window.

I was debating whether to curl up on the floor and try to sleep when I heard the faint sound of footsteps coming down the passageway. I tried to focus on the footsteps but all I could hear was the pounding of my own heart in my ears; was I terrified or excited, I could not work it out. The footsteps came close and I could hear the distinctive clicking of Elif's flanked by the clomping of 2 sets of heavy boots. My mind jumped to the conclusion that the 2 back packers must be men, which was immediately followed by a movement of panic with the realization that I would be completely naked and at the mercy of two guys. But the moment past quickly to be replaced by a sudden heat between my legs as I became aroused once again.

The footsteps stopped outside the cell and I could hear them talking but could not make out what was being said. I was straining to hear so hard that the click of the lock almost made me jump out of my skin. I drew my knees up to my chest as if that would protect me from what was to come.

The door groaned as it opened and Elif stepped in. "Hiding in the corner isn't going to save you Lady Liz; come here and kneel".

I was frozen with fear and just stared back at her. In a swift almost graceful movement Elif strolled across the cell and took hold of the bridle and pulled me away from the wall. My movement was considerably less than graceful as I stumbled and fell in my chains. I landed in the middle of the cell, back in the fiery sunlight and instantly felt the sweat begin to form all over my body. My breath was ragged, and I groaned as I strained to bring myself up onto my knees; which is not easy with your wrists shackled behind your back.

Elif pulled my head back so we were looking straight at each other. "It will go a lot easier if you do as you're told".

She released my head and turned back towards the door where to my confusion stood two young girls (neither one could have been older than 21). "Please come in, as you can see, she is fully restrained." Elif coaxed them in.

They stepped in one after the other. The first girl was very tall and skinny with very short blonde hair and the second was much shorter and a little bigger with long black hair. Both were wearing the same outfit of a white t-shirt with cut-off jeans revealing their pale legs that

went down to their heavy walking boots; which is why I had got it wrong from the footsteps earlier.

Both looked utterly confused as they looked me up and down. The blonde girl turned to Elif and in an almost whisper said, "I didn't think you were actually been seriously; I thought this was part of the tour and it would be an actress in a costume." in a thick Scottish accent.

Elif in a very calm voice said, "Mai, Alice I told you the truth earlier; the pathetic creature before you is the former Lady Liz who was caught having an affair and is here to be tortured for her confession".

The black hair girl spurted out in a Yorkshire accent, "Actually tortured?"

"Yes Alice, if you would like to assist." Elif said in a very matter of fact way as if it was normal. But at least I could put names to my two new potential torturers. The blonde girl was Mia and black hair girl was Alice.

Alice who was still in a state of disbelief spoke again, "How do we know that you haven't just kidnapped this person?"

Elif turned to me, "Have you been kidnapped?" I shook my head vigorously to indicate no. "Would you like to be set free?" again I shake my head. "Do you want to be tortured and humiliated without mercy" I pause for a second not because of doubt but to ensure that both Mia and Alice are looking at me, and then I nod.

Elif turns to the girls and clarifies, "You see, she wants this. But for the purpose of roleplay we are going treat her like a disgraced whore. So, from this point on you are not to show her any kindness. Do you understand?" Both girls nodded.

Elif went on, "Are you two sure you would like to continue? We are going to hurt her and make her suffer. It won't be pretend."

Both girls look at me in the eye and nodded. Mia looked nervous and pale. But Alice had a big evil smile across her face.

Elif moved towards the door, "You two grab an arm each and bring her to the torture chamber and we will begin".

Mia moved to my left bent and gently took hold of my arm still looking nervous. Alice moved to my right and grabbed my arm roughly and whispered into my ear. "I'm going to enjoy this".

"So am I." was all I could think as I was pulled to my feet. Alice took the lead pulling hard and quickly causing me to stumble as the chain between my ankles forced me to take smaller steps.

Once in the passageway the girls flanked me and moved at a steady pace; I had to shuffle quickly to keep up. But I did not care as I had already slipped back into my little world with the sound of my feet slapping the stone floor and the rattle of chains. I now knew that it was both terror and excitement, but definitely more excitement.

We entered the torture chamber and motioned us into the first alcove on the left, where a low wooden platform sat up against the back wall with a set of stocks. Two thick heavy dark stained pieces of wood with 4 holes (2 close together in the middle and the other two at either end) set about a meter in front of the wall. Heavy chains were hanging down from the wall about two meters apart.

I was moved next to the stocks and the girls, my guards kept hold of me. Elif moves behind me, close enough so I could feel her breath on the back of my neck which sends a shiver of excitement and fear down my spine. She took hold of my cuffed wrists and I soon hear the click of the padlock. My two guards held my arms firmly to my side so even though they were no longer locked together I was still restrained.

They each move a hand on to my shoulder and with an unseen signal from Elif they force me down to my knees; they did it harshly and I yelp through the bridle as the pain exploded in my knees. My palms slap against the floor as I scramble to keep my balance, but no sooner than I was down they grab my arms again and pull me on to the platform.

I am dragged forward, moving from the hard-cold stone floor up on to the rough wooden planks. It is so hard on my knees! I feel sick. Panicked. I had to bite down on the bit of the bridle to stop myself from crying out. On the wooden platform they twist me, forcing me to turn and face the wall, which is inches from my face. I can feel the smooth wood of the stocks pressing against the soles of my feet before a hand took hold of my left foot, I strain to turn my head to see Elif guiding it into the one of the more central holes followed swiftly by my right. The strain on my neck begins to hurt so I turn back to face wall. I can feel the smooth wood against my shins just above the metal cuffs shackling my ankles.

Elif moves silently next to my left ear and whispers make me jump, "Don't move; I don't want to nip you", she moved away and I turn again straining to see her lowering the top half of the stocks. The clunk of wood on wood sends another shiver down my spine. My mind races with a single thought, 'My god; this is actually happening'.

Elif tightens the bolts holding the halves of the stocks firmly together. I wriggle a bit to test my new restraints and find that the stocks aren't very tight and I can move my feet around; but only by a cm or two. I try pulling my feet through the holes but am rewarded with a thud of metal on wood as the shackles collide with the stocks.

My right arm is yanked up and to the side and secured to one of the chains hanging from the wall with a padlock. Click.

There goes my left arm. Click.

Elif moves to my right and begin to speak as if giving a tour. “The first torture that this little whore will endure will be “falaka”; this is usually used as a form of corporal punishment rather than torture. However, it is particular suitable for this prisoner.” She looks down at me smiling and we keep eye contact as she continues. “Falaka consists of hitting the soles of a person's bare feet with a thin stick or cane.” I feel the color drain from face, as I realize how truly evil Elif. Mia speaks up from behind me, “Why is it particularly suitable?”.

Elif who is still looking straight at me replies. “For two reasons. Firstly, the prisoner here stupidly let on that she has extremely sensitive feet. I barely touched them whilst chaining her earlier and she beg me not to tickle them. A promise I will keep; but it would be a shame to not take advantage of them in some other way. Secondly, unlike most types of punishments this was meant to be more painful than it was to do actual harm, and the pain lasts for many hours; possibly days which would make it harder for the prisoner to try and attempt to escape.”

“Should we remove the gag so she can confess?” I heard Alice speak.

Elif replied with a little laugh, “No I don’t think so. There will be plenty of time and other tortures for her to confess.”

Elif moved close to my ear and spoke softly, “We don’t want this to be over too soon do we?”. Unable to speak I simply moaned in agreement.

I heard Elif move away with the clicking of her heels. She did not go far and returned quickly.

My heart was pounding, and I was breathing heavily in anticipation. But sudden my heart freezes with fear. I feel a thin stick been drawn across the sole of my left foot; it is gone but reappears on my right foot.

I am suddenly gripped by panic and every fiber of my being wants to escape. I am sure Elif can see my panic as my muscles strain against the chains and stocks. They watch me struggle and sweat knowing that any chance of escape is hopeless; all I am doing is wearing myself out. Eventually after what feels like hours but in reality, is seconds, I calm down. I am panting hard and feel like I could faint.

I am brought back to life when I feel someone’s breath on my ear. it’s Elif “Are you quite finished? I was going to ease you in but after that little display...” She’s gone.

Then I scream.

A single stroke and the soles of my left foot is on fire. I'd intended on showing strength and take my punishment with dignity, who was I kidding. The struggling resumes but this does deter Elif as my right exploded with fire and pain.

Elif changed tactics after her first strike; and alternates between each foot after each batch of 10 strokes.

But after the first batch of strokes to each foot it could not matter, I had already broken. I was a blubbering mess, who would have confessed to anything to make it stop. After the third set I was shaking uncontrollably on the edge of absolute despair and it stops.

I slump as my body gives out, the chains and my shackle wrists keeping me up right. Relief floods my body but can do little to quell the pain in my feet. I am sobbing uncontrollably, tears running down my face and body.

It takes a moment for me to realize that Elif is crouched next to me. She lifts my chin gentle with her fingertips to look me in the eyes. God, I must have looked a mess. She smiled and then I felt her other hand stroking my inner thigh. I half sob, half moaned as her hand moved between my legs spreading my labia. Elif gave a satisfied groan as checked my wetness. My body came back to life as she brushed my clit before firmly inserting two fingers inside of me. I let out a loud moan as she wriggles her fingers inside of me. I leant back pulling on the wall chains so could I shift my hips to allow me to fuck them. My feet are still on fire and throbbing, but all is forgiven. This could make me come. I scream, "Oh my God I want to come!" inaudibly through the bridle. But the fingers had disappeared; I look at Elif pleading with eyes not to stop but its soon clear that this was going to be just another torment.

Elif eyes have the evil look again, "No no no, you don't get that." My body slumps once again. She turns to look behind me and gesture Mia and Alice to come closer.

Panic returns in a flash as I feel thin sticks on soles of both feet. I turn my head to each side to catch a glimpse of Mai and Alice both tracing lines across my feet with canes. I shake my head violently to say no and I turn and stare into Elif's pleading for no more.

But I know it's hopeless.

Elif instructs them to start with light taps and gradually build up. I wriggle my feet and toes to get some relief from the attack, but it continues unaffected. I strain against the restraints as the thwacks get faster and harder. I am on the edge again but somehow this time it's different. Elif pulls my head forward to look at her but speaks to Mia and Alice.

"Each time I signal, you are going hit her as hard as you can". My eyes open wide in terror as they move from Elif's eyes to her hand. The assault continues on my feet, but I hardly notice as wait for the signal. I do not have to wait long, Elif's hand drops...

THWACK!!!

I throw my head back and my body goes ridged. I don't scream, I can't scream; it like I've had an electric shock. No sooner has it passed that Elif signals again

THWACK!!!

And again

THWACK!!!

The pain is coursing through my but this time instead of despair, it would bringing me to life. I am not screaming; I'm moaning. I keep thrusting my hips out with every strike. Until the final strike where something in me explodes. My head flies back and hips are pushed as far forwarded as possible. I can hardly breath and all I can hear is my heart pounding and the sound of rushing water. The feeling passes and I slump. It takes a second for me to regain my faculties but when I do, I hear Mia behind me sounding disgusted, "Did she just piss herself?". Confused I look down to find myself kneeling in a puddle. I look at Elif who is wearing the biggest smile I have ever seen. "No, she had a paingasm".

"A what?" Came a joint response

"A paingasm, it's an orgasm from pain. It would appear our Lady Liz is a true masochist. Not to mention a squirter. We'll leave her here whilst we get the next torture ready".

Elif leant forward and kissed me on the forehead and said, "I'm so happy you came to visit; we're going to have so much fun".

Elif got up and led the other 2 away before heading out of the chamber; Elif turned the lights off as they went leaving me in total darkness. It was peaceful and I felt strangely relaxed everything considering; the only thing that was disturbed me was a dripping. But I realized that it was my own juices trickling of the platform onto the stone floor.

My god this was good; I am glad I came too.

Part 3

I hung from my wrists in the darkness as my legs just could not support me. My body felt completely drained and for the first time I shivered; not from fear or excitement but because I was actually cold.

My body was soaked with sweat which had beaded and was now running down my body, it tickled a little bit as it ran down between my shoulder blades; made even more enjoyable by the fact that there was nothing I could do to stop it. My front was even wetter because of the

drool from my tortured mouth. The bridle kept my jaw in a constant state of discomfort but what was worse was this unending stream of drool running down my chest, over my stomach and pussy, before finally dripping off and mixing with the puddle between my legs.

I could not imagine what a state I looked, but that would be a lie. I'd been pleasuring myself to images of other women in similar states for years. But I could never have imagined the way this felt.

How had they made me cum from just beating the soles of my feet; not just simply cum but give me the most intense, explosive orgasm that I had ever had in my life. Elif had called it a paingasm; but that did not make sense, how is it possible to get pleasure from such pain. If someone had tried to convince me that it could happen, I would not have believed them, not for a million years. But here I am, sitting in a puddle of my own juices.

The thought of the pain brought me back to reality and I felt pain in my wrist, so I wriggled myself back fully onto my knees to give my arms a rest. As the pain lessened in my wrist, I became aware of the intense throbbing pain in my feet. I curled my toes that sent sharp needle-like pains up my leg and I gasped from the sensation. "Oh god, it's going to hurt when I stand up," I mumbled incoherently through the bridle, just to hear a sound. But the silence returned instantly, and I curled my toes again with another gasp. I started to think about the torture and the pain, not before long a familiar feeling and heat began to spread between my legs. I thrust my hips forward to try find some friction and pull on the chains knowing full well the in-futility of it. There would be no release until one of my tortures permitted it through either pleasure or pain; that thought only heightened my arousal and frustration.

I struggled in my bondage just to move what little I could as my whole body began to ache from the stress of the position.

"Don't worry, we'll be letting you out of that shortly," I squealed with shock as Elif spoke. I had been so distracted by my thoughts that I had not heard her approach.

She crouched next to me, pushing a loose hair out of my face. Her hand deftly moved and began unlocking the bridle. She lifted it gently and the bit slid from my mouth. I groaned loudly with what could only be described as ecstasy as the weight vanished and I could move my jaw. "Thank you Cellat, thank you so much." I meant every word.

"You are most welcome Liz; now drink up." Elif held a bottle of water to my lips and I began to gulp it down, not realizing just how thirsty I was.

I thanked her again. Her hand ran down my back, sending a shiver straight through me. "You are soaking wet my dear, but not to worry you will dry off quickly when we get you outside." She smiled.

“Outside!” I blurted out, as every muscle in my body tightened with fear.

“Of course; where else would a public whipping take place. But do not worry the gates are locked, so it will just be us four.”

I stared into her eyes and let the fear fade away. I smiled. “I’m not worried; thank you Cellat.”

“Again, you are most welcome. But before the others return, I need to make it clear this will leave marks; not permanent, but they will be painful and remain for several days. Do you accept your punishment Lady Liz?”

“Oh yes Cellat, I deserve to be whipped.”

Elif caressed my cheek and stared back into my eyes. “If the pain gets too much you can stop it by saying ‘I confess’, do you understand?”

“Yes Cellat, but I won’t confess.” Trying to muster every last ounce of defiance I had.

She burst out laughing. “I hope not.”

As if perfectly timed, I heard the sound of the heavy hiking boots approach. As they came through the doors Elif called out to them, “Are we ready to continue?”

Alice responded quickly and enthusiastically, “Absolutely, we did everything...” her voice trailed off as they saw me. “You’ve removed the head thing.” She sounded surprised, and staring at me as if she had only seen me for the first time.

Elif replied to her observation, “Yes, how else would we be able to extract a confession.” A smile exploded across Alice’s face. Mai stood quietly a few paces behind Alice and looked really nervous which drew Elif’s attention.

“Is everything okay Mai?”

Mai replied in a quiet voice, “Yes... I’m not sure I want to do this.”

Elif walked over to her and whilst taking her hand gently, she spoke softly, “You don’t have to do anything you don’t want to, and you can leave at any time; do you want me to open the gate?”

“No. No, no, no,” burst from Mai’s lips, “I... I just did not enjoy hurting her. I...” her voice faded.

Elif comforted her, “you don’t have to do anything; but do you want to stay and watch?” Mai nodded.

“Okay then,” she smiled at Mai and then turned to walk towards me. Swiftly she unlocked the padlocks on the chains holding my arms up, pulled them sharply behind my back, and locked them again. Alice and Mai appeared on either side, as Elif undid the bolts to release me from the stocks. No sooner had the top half of the stocks been removed, my would-be guards and torturers dragged me to my feet.

I hissed, as pain shot up my legs, from the soles of my freshly beaten feet. Alice giggled and pulled me closer to her to whisper, “Oh dear, do your feet hurt?” I turned to look at her only to be rewarded with a really malevolent smile.

“Bring her,” Elif commanded sharply.

Alice and Mia took hold of my arms, and we followed Elif out of the torture chamber. I did not resist and my guards held my arms more to guide me, than to drag me to my fate. We climbed the stairs slowly as the chain hobbling my ankles meant that I could only just lift my legs high enough for each step.

The light grew brighter as we ascended, and I felt like I was blinded when we stepped through the tower door and into the castle’s courtyard. Unable to shield my eye with my hands shackled behind me I bowed my head and focused on the smooth dark stone beneath my feet. The stone was hot from the heat of the blazing sun, and for the first few shuffled steps I bit my tongue to stop myself from crying out, as my soles of my sore feet got used to being fried.

Elif set a brisk pace and my guards pulled me along quickly to keep up; forcing me into a funny sort of shuffled run, as I had to take two or three steps for every one of theirs.

When I finally looked up, as my eyes adjusted to the brightness, I saw our destination. A small stone platform in the middle of the courtyard with two wooden pillars set about three meters apart. I had walked past it almost a dozen times during my visit but never paid it much attention. Now as we approach it fills my head with a mixture of dread and excitement.

We circled the platform until we came to a set of steps where Elif waited and ushered me and my guards up. The platform was only about two foot higher than the surrounding area but even that slight elevation would give a crowd a perfect view. Until that thought popped into my head, I had not really considered the full extent of my current situation. But now it hit me like a lightning bolt; I was stood in the middle of the castle courtyard, completely naked and in chains, about to be whipped. What shocked me the most was how easily I had arrived at this point; not once had I attempted to stop it.

A hand ran across my shoulder, sending a shiver down my spine. It came to rest between my shoulder blades and pushed me forward a few inches until I stood directly between the posts.

I realized that it must be Elif's hand, as my guards were still gripping my upper arms. Her fingertips run down my spine sending more shivers through my body and causing me to moan. The dread is gone, leaving me with just pure excitement and arousal.

The fingertips were gone, and my arms were pulled up slightly; I feel Elif working on iron cuffs on my wrists. Suddenly I felt air on skin and the relief from the weight of the heavy cuffs, as my arms fell to my sides. Elif circled me and came to stand in front of me. Without a word she gestures to Mai and Alice, who pulled my arms out to the sides, and wrapped thick leather straps around my wrist.

I looked closer and realized that they were the thick padded bondage cuffs I've seen online hundreds of times, but never plucked up the courage to actually buy. As soon as the cuffs were fastened, ropes leading to pulleys at the top of each post were connected. Mai and Alice moved to the posts and took hold of the other ends to begin pulling on them.

Within moments my arms are pulled above my head and I grunt as my body is pulled up straight. Elif steps close to me and runs her fingers over my body tracing a line down between my breast over my belly that is now stretched taut. My body was trembling uncontrollably and all I could think is "please don't stop." But as if reading my mind, she stopped, and took a step back to speak to Mai and Alice. "Keep pulling, gently, until I say stop."

I soon felt the cuffs start to pull on my wrists again. I strained as I was pulled up until my heels left the ground and I was forced to stand on my tip toes. "Stop," I hear Elif call, and I watch as the ropes are tied off around hooks embedded in the post.

I rolled my head back and looked up towards the blue sky as I groaned in ecstasy feeling myself completely suspended by my wrists. I felt the juices of my sex running down my legs; so aroused that a light breeze between my legs could have triggered an epic orgasm. But there was no breeze in the courtyard, just the sweltering heat of the mid-afternoon sun. I closed my eyes and imagined what a sight I must be. I looked down as I felt a tugging at my ankles and watched as Elif removed the metal shackles; quickly replaced by another set of the thick padded leather cuffs.

Mai and Alice moved swiftly and connected ropes to the ankle cuffs, then pulled my legs apart, spread-eagling me between the posts.

I was completely exposed; spread open to the world. I moaned softly as I strained against my restraints enjoying the creaking sound of the leather. I looked up and into Elif's eyes as she stepped forwards and once again, she ran her fingers down my body but this time they did not stop. My already trembling body started to shake uncontrollably as the tips of her fingers ran over my pubic mound and glided gently between my legs. I realized that I was breathing heavily, almost panting, as she spread my labia. I throw my head back and cry out in ecstasy as a tip of a finger barely grazed my swollen clitoris. It disappeared just as quickly and I groaned

with frustration; then I felt Elif's body press up against mine and her free arm wrap around me, holding me.

I look back at her; her face is only inches from mine. She smiled at me; not the mischievous grin, but a genuine beaming smile of pure joy and in that moment all I could think was how much I wanted to taste her lips. I craned my head forward to kiss her, but she leant back and giggled. The mischievous smile returns, and she moves her head so her lips are next to my ear and whispers, "No, not yet. Maybe later if you ask nicely. But now we are here for something else, aren't we?"

I gulp and simply nod.

With a smile Elif stepped back and turned away. I realized for that brief moment of her embrace that I had lost all sense of my reality. I had been so intoxicated by her that everything and not to mention everyone, had simply disappeared. But reality had returned, and I felt my body strain against the ropes holding me in position. My arms were beginning to ache, my legs shaking with the exertion and I was soaked with sweat as I slowly baked in the heat of the sun, but it felt amazing.

I watched Elif as she came back; holding a long black whip coiled up in one hand and in the other - weirdly - an empty metal bucket. She smiled at the confused look on my face and placed the bucket on the ground between my spread legs.

"We don't want you making a mess, do we?" I look down at the bucket, more to hide my face as I feel it going bright red with embarrassment. She could be right about that; I was already on the edge, but would I cum from the whip?

Her fingertip appeared under my chin and gently lifted my head. She leaned forward and kissed me softly on the cheek and my knees felt weak. She whispered into my ear, "don't be embarrassed; it's a wonderful, beautiful thing. Enjoy it." She kissed my cheek one more and moved round behind me.

Elif speaks up from behind as if she is addressing a large crowd.

"Lady Liz, you have been accused of participating in lewd and wanton acts. Therefore, you will be whipped until you confess your depravity for all to hear."

"So, here we go," I thought to myself as I hung, stretched out between the posts, my body shaking uncontrollably. I closed my eyes and did my best to compose myself, ready myself. Then suddenly the whip cracked nowhere near me and I squealed. The adrenaline and fear exploded from me as what I was expecting with all my being did not happen.

I hear someone giggling and look forward, to see Alice and Mai standing a few feet in front of my stage looking up at me, all of me. Mai stands silent but Alice is the source of the giggling as she is obviously amused by loss of my composure at the first crack of the whip.

I jump as the whip cracks again but manage to stifle my squeal. The waiting was torturous - even though it could only have been mere seconds - as my body refused to relax, as the anticipation of the first strike built.

Then it finally happened. I gasped and felt myself stretch and reach for the sky as what felt like a bolt of electricity shot across my shoulder blades. The sudden shock disappeared just as suddenly as it had appeared, leaving a stinging / throbbing line. I just managed to get my breathing back under control as Elif struck again. As she struck it seemed that the pain of the strikes wasn't as bad as the first; but then I concluded that it was most likely the shock / anticipation of taking my first lash that had heightened the experience.

Elif was now building up to a constant rhythm, that had me flinching with every strike; although I managed to maintain my composure and stay silent. The stinging stripes of the whip slowly turned to a burning sensation that was spreading across my whole back and was only briefly interrupted by the sting of a new stripe. The combination and accumulation of the sting and burning was becoming more and more painful. I was contemplated crying out; not to confess but to find some sort of release as I felt an energy build within me. But then it stopped. The relief was immense, the burning sensation across my shoulders and back felt as if I had been attacked by some sort of wild animal with razor sharp claws.

I sensed Elif move behind me and groaned deeply as I felt her hand caress my neck and shoulders, then gasp as it glided over fresh whip marks causing them to sting again. The hand disappeared and I felt her breath on my ear, and she spoke softly to me, "Now that we've got you all warmed up, we can begin." It takes a second for what has been said to sink in but as soon as it does my body begins to shake again. Elif wasted no time and did not give me another warning crack of the whip.

For the first time I heard the whip coming just a split second before it hits, sending alarm bells ringing in my head, which are immediately silenced as my world goes white, pain exploding through my body. My mind went blank and any composure I had evaporated as the burning sensation is now an inferno. I was screaming without even realizing it. The whip landed three more times; twice more across my back and then the third that sliced straight across my bottom sending me into a little dance with the limited amount of movement I have in a futile effort to escape the excruciating stinging in my rump.

I am still giggling away, when Elif is once again speaking softly into my ear. "Do you remember what you need to say to stop this?" I nod my head enthusiastically as I have not quite regained the ability to speak.

Elif continues asking, "What do you have to say? You need to speak so I know for sure before we continue."

"I confess; I confess to being a depraved little slut." I blurted it out, surprising both myself and Elif with a little improv. I could almost hear Elif's smile behind me and her tone became lighter as she asked if I wished to continue.

I'm virtually panting as I reply, "Oh yes. I want to continue. Please, please make me confess Cellat."

Without another word Elif was gone, and once again I heard the sound of the whip cutting through the air.

Elif continued decorating my back and bottom with more brutal stinging stripes. She also from time to time wrapped the whip around my body so the end bit into the soft flesh of my chest, sending fresh waves of pain to an until now unscathed part of my body. As she did this, I got a chance to see her handiwork, as I looked down at the thin red welts that are beginning to criss-cross my breasts. I stared and marveled at them, wondering what on my back and bottom looked like.

I did my best to control myself, but with each stroke of the whip, each crack and thud that reverberated through the whole of my body I descended further and further into what felt like oblivion. I no longer cared about anything else, just the whip. I couldn't hold back anymore, and the noises being ripped from me became louder and more visceral.

I was aware of everything that was happening, but I also felt like I was almost floating free. I could hear the voices in the background, the gasps from Mai, the appreciative murmurs from Alice with every strike of the whip.

I heard Alice utter the words, "she's a tough one, isn't she?" which felt like a wave washing over me. My back burned, stung, screamed with pain but I was smiling as the praise filled me and drove me on. It also sparked a familiar feeling which began to grow and spread between my legs. I knew and wanted what was coming; Elif had been right.

I was hurting, oh God was I hurting but I wanted more, needed more, craved more.

My breathing was getting heavier and my knees were giving out with every strike forcing me to dangle by my wrists. I could not stop the reaction, no matter how hard I wanted to stand tall. I felt utterly helpless which only fueled the feeling building inside of me.

Thud, thud, thud. Elif wielded the whip and hit and stung with such a beautiful rhythm. There was nothing I could do; so, I simply closed my eyes and surrendered to it.

“Oh GOD!” I threw my head back and screamed at the top of my lungs. It felt like I have an electrical current running directly through my vagina. It is pulsing through me and I hear the unmistakable sound of water splashing into a metal bucket. A picture of a waterfall bursting over a cliff came to mind. An intense pressure had been released, and it felt incredible. Once again, I was absolutely drained, hanging lifeless from my restraints, but Elif was not finished with me yet. The whip cracked, the pain ripped through me and I cried out. But also, pleasure exploded again between my legs; and the sound of the waterfall returned. Elif did not stop and the whip continued to find its mark again and again. With every strike I screamed and came, and my juices splashed into the bucket below. Now I was just a quivering, gasping, sweat soaked mess, hanging helplessly.

How can such pain become such euphoric pleasure? I do not know and to be fair at the time I didn't much care.

I did not notice at first that Elif had stopped. To be truthful I was not aware of anything going on around me for a while. But as my senses returned, I felt an overwhelming sense of relief that it was over; or at least I prayed it was. I knew there was no way I could take much more.

Thankfully, my prayers were answered, and Mai and Alice have climbed back up onto the platform and went to work loosening the ropes. They only loosened them enough so that I was no longer stretched up on my tiptoes, before they disconnected the ropes from the cuffs and helped me to the ground; they probably realized that I was barely able to stand at all.

I spaced out, as I sat sipping a bottle of water Mai had handed me, whilst looking at me with concern. I eventually registered the look and tried to muster the energy to smile back at her, as I felt every spasm and throb in my back, my bum, my chest.

She did not need to worry. I was happy and nothing could hurt me, upset me, make me feel bad, I was content. I had spent years fantasizing about stuff like this but never dared to believe it would ever happen. Now I realized that when I fantasized, I could conjure up the sound of the whip cracking, feel the sting and experience the pain that had had such an explosive effect.

Elif was busy packing away the ropes with Alice's help and I began to wonder if my captivity and punishment was coming to an end. Yes, I was sore, exhausted and time was running out before I had to be back at the hotel, back to reality; but I could not help but feel disappointed; I wanted more. There were so many things left to try down in the dungeon and mind jumped to the image of the rack, my ultimate fantasy.

I drank the last of the water as Elif came and towered over me. “So, have you had enough Lady Liz; or should we continue this back down in the dungeon?” My mind screamed Yes, but I hesitated for a fraction of a second. Elif crouched down next to me, as if sensing that I needed to ask something. Her hand stretched out and brushed some loose hair out of my face and waited patiently for me to speak.

In an almost whisper, "I would like to continue but... but what time is it?"

"It's just gone 17:10," Elif replied, and then asked, "Do you need to go?"

"NO! SHE CAN'T GO!" Alice, who had been standing just behind Elif, silent and unnoticed, cried out.

I, Elif and Mai just stared at her in stunned silence. Alice somewhat more meekly continued. "She can't go because she hasn't confessed yet."

Elif turned back to me with a quizzical look as if letting me know that it was up to me. I looked back at Alice, who is looking at the ground as though embarrassed by her outburst. "I need to be back at my hotel by 19:30 at the latest." I speak up, so to get her attention and she raises her head to look at me. I keep eye contact with her as I shuffle and bring myself up onto my knees. As I crossed my wrists behind my back, to show my submission, I smiled and said, "so, you have until 19:00 to get me to confess."

Alice beamed with happiness. I turned my head to look at Elif who I found also had a blinding smile; she leaned forward and kissed me on the cheek. I felt her hand run down my arm causing me to shudder; then I realized what she was doing as I heard the familiar metallic click, and my wrists were locked together.

She whispers in my ear, "Just over an hour and a half, to get you to confess; but what will we do for the spare hour?"

I drop my head to try and hide my smile and whisper back, "I'm sure you will think of something."