

Forever is Forever

Her hand stroked his well lubed and rock-hard cock. It had taken a matter of seconds from her unlocking and removing his chastity belt for him to be as hard as he had ever been before. A year of being locked in a chastity belt with almost constant teasing tends to have that sort of effect on a guy.

He had been standing there for the last two hours, two hours of sheer frustration as his Mistress turned his cock into his entire world. She had stroked and sucked him almost nonstop for the entire time, lightening her touch at points to make sure he never got the stimulation he needed to push him over the edge into orgasm, just keeping him on the side of mind bending frustration.

He was dressed in her favorite outfit for him, a black latex maids dress with white frills and apron, a black latex hood, black latex stockings held up with suspenders connected to a tightly cinched black latex corset under his dress and black shoulder length latex gloves that fitted under the sleeves of the dress. Around his neck was a thick and heavily boned latex neck corset which held his head up and forced his eyes straight forwards. He had been fitted with an inflatable butterfly gag held in with a harness that strapped intricately around his head. He glistened under the dim lighting in what she called the 'play' room.

Thick leather cuffs were strapped around his wrists, elbows ankles and above his knees, each buckle finished with a small but sturdy padlock. Each cuff was connected by strong steel cable to the corners of a metal frame surrounding him, pulling him into a standing spread eagle like a perverted pupped but giving him almost no room to move. A thick leather belt was similarly fitted around his waist and both sides of this were also connected to the sides of the frame. He was going nowhere.

He was standing in a pair of ballet boots securely laced onto his feet and each was finished with an ankle strap secured by another of the strong padlocks, forcing his feet into a strict en-pointe position and leaving him without any hope of being able to relax. Most ballerinas trained for years to reach the level of flexibility to stand in such a position, but his Mistress had instigated a thorough and accelerated programmed of conditioning for him.

Several Months Before

From day one of his captivity he had been forced to wear high heels. She had told him she was being kind by starting him off with heels around three inches high. From there the heel heights had been increased on an almost weekly basis, much to his horror and despite his constant protestations. The shoes were always securely strapped on to his feet and finished off with at least one padlock to make sure he couldn't remove them, even as the temptation to find some respite became quite great for him. She had installed a treadmill in the play room where he spent hours perfecting his walk whilst she watched, cutting a crop across his rear at the slightest of mistakes. He quickly learned to walk with a real feminine sway and within the space of a few months was walking confidently in six-inch stilettos with her only needing to correct him a couple of times each session.

It was at this point she had introduced the seven-inch heels. Whilst his progress had been rapid to get to this point the seven-inch heels presented a real challenge to him and no matter what, he found it almost impossible to meet her exacting standards in wearing them. A few months previous he wouldn't have even dreamed of wearing heels, now he found himself trying to perfect walking in the most extreme of them to avoid further punishment. With the seven-inch heels it was as if he had gone right back to the start of his training. His Mistress had grown frustrated with the lack of progress too until one day she decided to address this.

She controlled him with heavy bondage for most of the time but occasionally she needed to move him to a different position or dress him in a way that bondage wouldn't allow. To avoid the risk of his escape she regularly administered doses of sleeping drugs, allowing her to do what she needed to him and re-restraining him before he awoke. It was after one such drugging that he awoke to find himself secured to the gyno chair, having, whilst unconscious, been dressed in a full latex catsuit. In his exposed position his Mistress had inserted a large inflatable enema nozzle into his rear and inflated it to its maximum capacity, locking it tight inside him. He was gagged with an inflatable gag with a tube running through it which was connected to a feeding bag. He struggled in his new position but deep down he knew this was fruitless. He had no idea how long he had now been held captive but in all the time he had never been left with a single weakness in his

restraints to exploit.

She entered his eye-line holding a cruel looking pair of contraptions which he had never seen before and wasn't sure of their purpose, but suspected he didn't want to find out either. Without a word she unlocked and removed the heels he was wearing. He was given only a moment's respite to wiggle his toes and stretch his feet before she began to strap his feet and legs into these new implements. Each consisted of a sturdy metal strip that ran from behind his knee to the tip of his toes and was gently curved to follow the contours of his calf muscles, ankle and heels and the arch of his foot. Along the length of the steel strip were a series of straps positioned to secure the strip to his legs and feet. At the heel there was a cup which seated his heel into the metal strip securely. As she secured each strap, he could feel his feet being forced into a tight and slightly uncomfortable pointed position, but as he was lying down this wasn't too much of a strain. Again, each buckle was secured with a padlock, removing any final chance of escape he might have had. Once she was satisfied with her work and that he was well restrained she addressed the nervous boy.

"You've shown some real promise in your development whilst wearing heels. To your credit I've been really impressed with how quickly you have taken to wearing some rather high heels. Considering your original protestations and reluctance at wearing heels I would say you've come a long way. But I've been disappointed that you've not managed to maintain this progress. I really want you to be able to wear the highest heels. I don't want to be embarrassed by a slave who can't master the art of heel wearing. What would my friends think if they thought I wasn't capable of training my slave to do as I want? So, for this reason I have decided to give you a helping hand in the matter. You will remain in this position for the next month. The outfit and restraints you are in now will not be removed at all in this time. Instead of wearing the seven-inch heels we are going to jump a level in your training, and you will be trained to wear ballet boots. The frames your feet are locked into are designed to stretch out the muscles required to enable this. My part time slave, Hannah, will attend to you each day to massage your legs and ankles to help facilitate this too. The latex suit will ensure that your muscles are kept warm for the whole process and will allow your muscles to stretch more easily. Under your suit I have also fitted some electro stimulation pads that will constantly work your muscles so they can develop in the current position and not waste away from underuse. As for your bodily functions these

will be taken care of. The enema plug is two way so I can fill you with whatever I need to but also remove the expulsions without any mess or need for you to move from your position. The feeding tube in your gag will provide you with all the sustenance you need. The feed includes high protein to aid with the muscle growth in your ankles. By the time we are finished you will actually have trouble walking in anything that doesn't have a super high heel."

She smiled at him as she let the words sink in. He was trying to struggle to get free. This took her back to the start of his training and captivity. He had fought her hard to begin with, not wanting anything to do with what she had planned for him. But gradually she had eaten away at his resolve with endless punishments and strict bondage. Now, with the realization that what she was doing to him would be permanent his fight seemed to return. She ignored his struggles and muffled pleas from behind his gag and began to unlock the ever-present metal chastity tube covering his cock and balls.

"I know you are grateful, but you really don't need to thank me." She said with a wink before she moved out of his eye line for a moment. "Now I have covered what we will do with most of your bodily functions, but one part remains, what to do with your pee. Well luckily I have just the equipment for that."

She held up a clear tube a few inches across which had a metal cap on the end. Inside were several rings spaced out along the plastic tube. The end cap was attached to a number of tubes running off out of sight to the side of the bondage table.

"You may have guessed by the shape of this that it fits over your cock. The tubes connect to a suction device that will allow any pee to be sucked away, keeping you nice and clean. But there is more. This device also has the added bonus that the suction can be programmed to keep you nice and hard the whole time. Isn't that great?! This tube here connects to a large tank of lubricant that will ensure you stay nice and slick the whole time. We don't want any soreness or rubbing now do we?"

As she said this, she began to rub his swelling cock. His arousal after months of constant edging and denial betrayed the furious desperation inside him as he tried to break out of his restraints. This was too much for him. He had always

harbored a hope that he would eventually escape this woman and go back to a normal life, but the thought that she wanted to physically change him to someone reliant on high heels made him frantic.

Slowly she lubed up his cock and slid the tube over it. The suction was already set on a very low setting and it steadily drew him into it over the course of a few seconds. In spite of his horror at what was happening to him the movement of the tube brought intense pleasurable feelings to him and he moaned involuntarily as the tube began sucking on his member.

She watched in fascination as the tube slid rhythmically up and down his shaft, mesmerized by the sight of his bulging cock as it strained within the clear plastic tube, pre-cum already flowing freely. Suddenly she snapped out of her reverie and took a stern look at him. "As I said, none of this is coming off for a month. Hopefully by then you will have shown me your willingness to walk in the heels I choose for you."

H was lost in the pleasure the tube was bestowing upon his cock. He had been locked in the chastity tube for several months. The only times it was taken off was for regular teasing sessions where he was always fully and imaginatively restrained whilst she edged him over and over to the brink of orgasm but never far enough to allow him the relief, he so desperately craved. The tube was working wonders and he felt the orgasm bubbling up inside his swollen and full balls. He was seconds away from finally cumming when suddenly he was hit by a sharp wave of intense pain shooting deep into his cock. He screamed a muffled scream into his gag as his whole body tensed inside its latex prison, straining against the unrelenting leather restraints that secured him firmly to the chair. Any semblance of an orgasm fading as quickly as it had arrived.

"Ah yes, I forgot to mention, the tube has a special built in set of electrodes programmed to detect any impending orgasm. As you near the point of no return a series of shocks will be delivered to your cock through an electrode built into your enema plug that will prevent any orgasm from occurring. It's quite a remarkable piece of kit really and as I understand it there has never been any unauthorized orgasms whilst using it, either in its testing and development or in its real-world use. It will just suck on you and get you close before denying you. Over. And over. And over again." She smiled a wicked smile at him. All he wanted

to do was rip off the clothing she had dressed him in and fuck her silly to teach her a lesson. Her smirk signaled that she knew this too, but his restraints were never going to allow it to happen. He was hers to do with as she wished.

He was inconsolable at the thought of this and that the next month would be spent like this. He had no idea how he could live like this but in his present state he had no choice. The next second felt like agony, let alone the minutes, hours and weeks that stretched out before him.

"Good. You are all set up here ready to go. I just need to switch on the enema and feeding programs and they I can leave you to it. Hannah will be in each day to see to your legs and make sure you are still enjoying yourself. I'm sure she will look after you well. And no, I'm afraid she won't be able to help you - I have the keys to all the locks, including this one which will secure the cock tube." She said as she fastened a final padlock between the base of the tube and a strap running across his waist. "She can't let you out or give you any relief. I know that she's a naughty little slut and I suspect that on seeing a nice toy like you restrained and helpless she may not be able to resist so I need to take precautions for your own good. We can't have you being taken advantage of in such a vulnerable position now, can we? She also knows how badly I will punish her if she doesn't behave. I am going for a little trip and have some things I need to see to so I will see you in one month's time. Just relax and have fun!"

Without another word she left the room, closing and locking the door behind her, leaving him in a state of disbelief before the sucking of the tube began to show its effects again and another orgasm began to build. At the same time a faint click which signaled the opening of the enema valve as three liters of warm lemon juice began to flow deep into his bowels. As she walked away, she thought she could hear a faint wailing but dismissed it as she took her suit case and headed off to the airport for a well-earned break.

Present Day

"Mmm, I really don't think I've seen your cock this hard ever before. I can feel your pulse through your cock and those veins are just bulging out so much." She looked up at him from her seated position between his legs and smiled a sweet smile at him as her hand continued to lightly stroke. Once she had secured him in

his standing bondage, she had removed his ever-present chastity tube and placed in onto the small metal trolley she had next to her. She was seated on a low stool in front of him, the perfect height to give his cock her undivided attention.

She took a bottle of lube off the trolley and slowly drizzled more of the lube onto his bobbing shaft before gently placing the bottle back on the trolley and returning to her delicate ministrations, working the lube smoothly along the shaft and rubbing around the bulging head of his cock.

All he could do was moan into his gag and hope that she would finally let him get the relief he so desperately wanted. No, this had gone beyond want - this was need now, he thought. But bound as he was there was no way he could enhance the sensations she was placing on his cock, she was in total control. She looked up at him.

"Baby, do you know how long I have had you all to myself? Hmm?"

He couldn't think, her hand continued to work over his shaft, and he could feel the need to cum building for what seemed like the hundredth time that day. She smiled.

"It's been exactly a year to the day. A year since I was kind enough to take you out of your humdrum life and show you a whole new world of possibilities. A whole year of fun and games with my own little rubber slut slave. You have had fun, haven't you?"

He continued to moan, lost in the possibility of pleasure. Deep inside, under all the conditioning he had endured there was a small glimmer of hope. Why was she focusing on the anniversary? Could a year mean he would be allowed that desperate orgasm as an anniversary treat?

"Sure, you fought me in the beginning. It's all been a bit new for you I know, but I think you have enjoyed yourself. This down here certainly seems to suggest you are having a good time."

She squeezed his cock harder and gave a single, firm downward stroke along the whole length of his shaft, sending shivers of pleasure right through him.

"I mean, how many guys out there get to have the daily undivided attention of a woman, or a group of women, if you include my female slaves, all to themselves? You are a lucky guy you know."

She watched him as she let go of his cock. He was desperately trying to thrust to get just a bit more stimulation, his mind lost in the need to cum, but the cables holding him to the frame were drum tight and barely allowed any flex at all.

She dropped her hands into her lap and looked up at him, her face changing a little. "But I worry that it is really just your cock that you are doing all this for. Do you really want to serve me or is it the hope of orgasm that keeps you going? You see, I want my slave to serve me because he wants to serve and please me, not because he thinks there is something in it for him. That's not unreasonable is it?"

She began stroking him again. Feather light but it was enough to get him closer to the edge.

"I've decided that I want to make sure you are serving me for me, not for this cock here."

She firmed up her grip, stroking him harder and longer, feeling him begin to tense up in her hand. He was seconds away.

"And if you don't feel that way at the moment, I'm sure you can learn."

Her stroking increased its pace again. She watched him as his breathing grew heavier and his head began to roll back as far as possible in its tight collar. His mind was racing as he felt the cum begin to move in his balls. This was the closest he had been to cumming for the last year.

"I've made a decision for you. For the both of us."

Just one more stroke would see it happen and he was so pleased at the orgasm he was about to have.

"Your chastity is going to be permanent."

She let go of his cock and stood back. He had frozen stock still as the words hit him like a ton of bricks. She couldn't begin to imagine what was happening inside him at that split second. She just stood and watched as he processed all of it. The sensations that had brought him closer than he could have dreamed were hammered flat in an instant by her announcement. She walked right up to him and looked him square in the face, addressing him with a tone so firm and powerful but delivered in a voice barely above a whisper.

"Understand me. Your cock will NEVER be touched again." She said this slowly and deliberately whilst looking him deep in his eyes.

Two seconds later she heard a noise that sounded inhuman. It came from deep within him, seeming to form from within his literal core. As it built, she took a step back. And then he broke. He screamed into his gag and thrashed in his bonds like he had never had before. Of all the tortures and torments, she had put him through in the last year she had never seen a reaction like this, even in his earliest training sessions when she was persuading him that he really did want her to do all these things to him. She was taken aback by his reaction, but she was smiling deep inside and had literally never been wetter in her whole life.

"I'm going to give you a moment to process what I've just told you. When I return you will have your new belt installed, Permanently."

She left him as he thrashed and screamed. She had never seen him so animated. As she got upstairs to the main house she was greeted by Hannah, an eager look on her face.

"Mistress, how did he take the news?"

"Now Hannah, I think you know the answer to that. How would you react if I told you that you weren't allowed to cum again?"

"I'd be very sad Mistress. I love to cum."

"I know you do. But for now, I want you to make me cum. Get down and lick me now"

Hannah immediately fell to her knees and buried her tongue deep in her Mistress's sopping wet pussy. It took moments before the first orgasm hit her as she imagined her slave boy still fighting for his freedom down in the dungeon.

A Few Hours Later

She had left him for some time to allow him to calm down and cool off. She also needed to make sure that she had all of the required equipment to make his chastity permanent. She had dressed herself in a long black latex nurse's dress, complete with apron and cap. High white stilettos with a delicate ankle strap adorned her feet and long latex gloves ran up her arms. Hannah was dressed similarly but in a pale blue color.

They descended the steps to the dungeon and opened the door to see him standing there, his bondage holding him in place completely. On their entrance he began thrashing again but she could tell that there was less energy in it this time. As she moved closer, she could see clearly that tears had run down the outside of his latex hood and his eyes were red. He looked at her in anger and she could hear he was trying to say something through the gag. He needed to speak to her, to persuade her not to do this. To offer up his genuine devotion to her. Anything but this.

Both the women ignored him and took on a professional demeanor, wheeling over a couple of metal trolleys and taking items out of cupboards at the side of the room as they arranged the items they would need, the Mistress giving simple instructions to Hannah. After a few minutes they were ready and Mistress seated herself on the stool in front of him again.

"Now, I want you to hold still during this procedure. I don't want to hurt you and if you get agitated or excited it will just make things more difficult and painful for you. The sooner we can do this the better." She said in a matter of fact tone, her playful demeanor gone, replaced by the businesslike manner her nurses uniform befitted.

"Hannah, the ice."

Hannah passed over a large ice pack which the Mistress then applied to his already shrunken cock. The coldness hit him hard and his cock shrank even more. Within a couple of minutes, it was very small.

"Now we need to move quickly nurse. We don't want him getting too excited from being handled. Pass me the tube and then you will need to fit the belt."

Hannah handed over a curved metal tube around four inches long with small holes drilled along its length. and a larger hole in the end. She then picked up a long piece of flexible metal lined by soft rubber and began to wrap this around his waist, fitting it under his skirt and just below the bottom hem of his corset above his hip bones.

Whilst Hannah began to fit the belt Mistress squirted a generous amount of lubricant into the tube and along his shrunken cock. She swiftly fitted the tube over his member, the small size of which made this a surprisingly quick job. At the top of the tube a piece of metal lined up with the front join of the belt that Hannah was holding in place. Working together they aligned the pins and holes and linked the two pieces together.

"Hold that in place, Hannah, whilst I fit the ball pouch."

The Mistress then picked up what looked exactly like a pair of metal balls made from the same material as the tube. She applied more lube and easily pushed both his large balls into the metal device. Pins aligned between the ball pouch and the back of the tube and, being careful not to pinch any skin, the two pieces were clicked together.

The Mistress then returned to the trolley and picked up a thin stainless-steel tube longer than the first one but of a similar curvature. After lubing this tube, she sat down on the stool and began to push it into the large hole at the end of the main tube. She soon found what she was looking for as the end of the smaller tube entered his urethra and she felt him jolt a bit in his bonds. She slowly began to push the urethral tube in, filling his cock until the wider flange at the end of the tube met the outer edge of the cock tube.

"Excellent, we are almost there. Now for the finishing touches."

She took a tube of something from the trolley and began to apply it to the edge of the urethral tube flange where it met the metal of the cock tube. Carefully she applied it around the entire join, making sure not to cover any of the holes or the opening of the urethral tube. She picked up what looked a little like an industrial hair dryer and turned it on, focusing it on the area she had just been working on.

"This is liquid metal. It's rather clever really. As it heats it begins to fuse with the surrounding material, forming an unbreakable bond but at a low temperature. When it's set it will look as if the parts were never separate. The reaction actually fuses with the existing metal meaning that once it sets it can't be melted again. Ingenious!"

He regained his mind after watching in horror at what she was doing to him and began to scream and thrash again.

"Now now. I know you are excited to get this finished, but we have a few more things to do before you are truly permanently in chastity. Right now if I released you, you would still be able to remove this belt."

This realization that there was still hope gave him a jolt of energy but his bondage really wouldn't give in any way.

Mistress then turned her attention to the join between the ball pouch and the tube, repeating the application of the liquid metal and heating it to set it.

"Almost there pup. All we need to do is fix the belt and the tube together and your cock and balls will be safely locked away forever. You'll be able to prove to me that your service is for me and not you then, won't you?"

He stopped his thrashing, realizing it was futile, deciding to try one last thing to appease her. Looking into her eyes he tried to beg. He hoped she could see that he was sorry, that he wouldn't take it for granted any more that his servitude was for her and not him. Anything to avoid being locked away like this forever.

She saw this and for a moment she knew exactly what he was thinking. With a

cruel smile she moved her lips close to his ear and whispered.

"This is it slave. Forever really does mean forever."

With that she moved down and out of his vision as he felt pressure on the belt at his waist as the liquid metal was applied. His sobs were intermixed with his Mistress's humming and Hannah's quiet giggles.