

## My Ellie

The electric blue BMW convertible pulled up before the old salt box home. The woman who stepped out brushed the wrinkles from her impeccably tailored white business suit. She looked at the house. Its unkempt yard full of weeds and peeling paint made her smile.

Expensive heels clicked on the cracked walkway up to the house. She rang the bell and waited patiently for the old man to answer the door. Perhaps he's changed his mind, she thought. I might have to have the police drag him out after all. Although it would make a scene, it would delight her to see the troublesome old man humiliated in front of his neighbors.

She was almost disappointed when the door opened. The man who answered was eighty-one years old. He had to look up slightly to see her cold blue eyes. She was impressed at how he had cleaned himself up. A clean shave, neatly combed hair, and fresh clothes, made him quite presentable. She was glad the judge who had declared him incompetent for her hadn't seen him like this.

Holding a sheet of paper out before her she said, "Mister Rach, I have the court order. You are now officially a ward of the state. And I am your court appointed guardian."

"So now you're here to drag me off to some geriatric concentration camp," he answered sourly.

The woman's reply was honey sweet. She could be gracious in victory. "Now Mister Rach, Forest Manor is a lovely facility. You'll make lots of new friends there. And you won't have to struggle to keep this old place up anymore."

"My Ellie and I shared this home for forty years," came the plaintive response.

"Now Mister Rach," she said with just the edge of an odd steel in her voice. "You promised me that if I didn't involve the authorities that you'd let me drive you over to your new home. You're not going back on your word, are you?"

The old man let out a long sigh. "No, I guess not. Still, I'd like to have one last cup of tea in my old house before I," he choked on the words "leave it forever."

Seeing her cue, she put a comforting hand on his shoulder. "I know this is hard, But it's really for the best."

The old man seemed to brighten, "Miss Williams, would you join me for a cup of tea?"

She put on her best fake smile, "Call me Diana, we're going to be great friends you and I; And I'd love a cup of tea." She glanced surreptitiously at her watch. She could do this and still get him to the home before ten. Back to the office before noon and list his property with the realtor by one.

As she walked the long hall to the kitchen, she noticed two suitcases by the door. A good sign, if he was already packed. He'd put up a good fight, but now had come to grips with the fact that he'd lost.

Ed Rach pulled out a chair for the woman who had upended his peaceful existence. He already had two cups with tea bags prepared and hot water in the tea-kettle. He'd carefully spooned sugar over the powdered medication in the bottom of the cup.

As he poured the water he told her, "The key to a good cup of tea is to add the sugar first. That way the hot water dissolves it quicker." With slightly shaking hands he carried the two cups and saucers to the table.

He sat down next to her and raised his cup, "To old times and new beginnings," he said.

Diana raised her cup, touching it gently to his and said, "Hear, hear!" She winced slightly at the sweetness of the tea. If he has this much sugar in his tea, I'm surprised he's not diabetic, she thought.

She let her mind wander as the old man reminisced about his old life and his wife, what was her name? Oh Ellie, that was it. She murmured some vague pleasantries about what a wonderful woman she must have been.

She wanted to get going. So, she gulped down the last of her tea in an effort to get the old man moving. But he was taking his dear sweet time. She was tired and the room felt like the heat was turned on. "Awful warm in here," she muttered.

Ed watched the woman finish her tea. She was pretty, in an ice princess sort of way. Reminded him of that ice girl in the Disney film he'd seen. Same blue eyes, same silver blonde hair. He was waiting for the moment when she'd realize something was wrong.

Diana couldn't stand the heat anymore. She needed some air. She pushed herself up from the table, only to find the room spinning crazily around her. She saw the old man jump up to catch her and thought, should he be moving that fast? Then darkness fell.

Ed kicked back his chair when the woman stood up. He slipped his arms around her as her eyes rolled back in her head. Gasping, he eased her to the floor. "Bitch is heavier than I thought," he grunted. He checked her pulse and respirations. They were good. His sleeping pills had done the job.

Getting the right dosage had been a challenge. First crushing the time release capsule and taking it himself, to judge the effect. Then increasing the number of crushed tablets and seeing how long before he was unconscious and how soon he'd wake up-if at all. He knew that he had something in the range of an hour before she woke up. He had a lot of work to do.

Diana rose to consciousness like a swimmer rising from the depths. The light was too bright, shining in her eyes. Then the strange stiffness in her neck, the gagging sensation in her throat, the heaviness in her arms and legs.

A muffled voice calling to her, "Easy Miss Williams, this will take you a few minutes to get used to." What was wrong with her hearing? Why did her skin feel so tight? She felt the old man help her to a sitting position. That's when the true horror of her situation hit her.

She looked down at a body clad in bright red latex. High heeled boots on her feet were crushing her toes. Her ankles were shackled together with black leather cuffs, a short chain between them. A short black latex skirt at her waist was topped with a wide leather belt. It had gleaming metal rings spaced evenly about. Her hands, also encased in the red latex, were cuffed to the belt, giving her only a few inches of movement.

Her head and upper body were similarly encased in the tight-fitting latex. Her long blonde hair was pulled into a ponytail and fed through an opening in the top of

the hood. Around her neck was a wide collar. It prevented her from turning her head to see the man who supported her. She tried to cry out, but her mouth was filled. The very act of yelling made her gag.

“Careful now,” said the old man. “That’s a pretty-long dildo on the end of that gag. If you make yourself vomit with it in there, you’ll choke to death.” He paused, “Not that you’d be a major loss to the world.”

Diana was seized with panic. She struggled against her bonds, trying to pull her hands free. The man eased her gently to the floor. He stood back to watch as she flailed about helplessly.

“It took quite a while for my Ellie to get used to that outfit,” he told her. “You’re going to get the crash course. I hope you’re a fast learner,” he said as he left the room.

Diana’s biggest fear was the gag he’d stuffed in her mouth. The phallus was right at the back of her mouth. It wanted nothing more than to slide down her throat. Using her tongue, she pushed it slightly forward. She then clamped down on it with her teeth. As long as she could maintain her grip it wouldn’t gag her.

She sat up looking for a means of escape. The boots on her feet were ridiculously tall. It was unlikely she could walk in them, never mind run. Instead, she began scooting herself across the floor. If she could make it to her cell phone, she could dial 911.

Inch by inch she moved over the outdated linoleum floor. The strap of her purse hung down from the table. By stretching to the limits of her shackled hands she just caught it. The Coach bag tumbled to the floor with a heart stopping crash.

Diana searched frantically through her bag. She couldn’t find the phone! Could she have left it in the car?

The old man’s voice came distantly to her. “So, looking for this?” he asked, holding up her phone. “While you were out, I opened it with your fingerprint. Created myself a password. The director of that old age death camp sent you a text, asking what the holdup was. Want to see your response?”

He held the phone before her. On the screen was a message, ostensibly from her, "Couple issues came up. Going to move his relocation to Monday. See you then."

He stood up, slipping the phone into his pocket. "So that gives you and me all weekend to get better acquainted."

Ed dragged a metal pole bolted to a wooden platform into the center of the kitchen. Diana's eyes widened as she saw the large black dildo on the top of the post. "The first thing," he told her as he stepped behind her "is to teach you how to walk in those boots. They're called 'ballet boots' by the way. They have an eight-inch heel and keep your toes pointed like a ballet dancer. Ever do ballet? Hope so for your sake."

He slipped his arms around her waist. With a grunt he hauled her to her feet. She staggered at first and would have fallen if he wasn't holding her. She struggled, but quickly realized that would only send them both crashing to the floor. Instead, she let him guide her as she tottered toward the ominous looking pole.

When he had her positioned with her knees either side of the pole he said. "I'm going to uncuff your ankles. "Think you can stand if I let go of you?"

Diana could only grunt in response. She wobbled precariously as he let go. When he unlocked the chains from her ankles, she moved her legs apart slightly to improve her balance. The stiff posture collar prevented her from seeing what he was doing. But she felt his hands lift the little skirt, felt a tug of a zipper being pulled and then the cool air on her exposed pussy.

Ed grabbed a tube of lubricant. He slathered it liberally on the dildo. Halfway down the pole was a wing nut. He loosened it, allowing him to raise the pole to the proper height. He grabbed Diana's waist belt with one hand, raising the pole with the other.

Diana jumped when she felt the cold thing touch the lips of her pussy. It was only the hand hanging on to her belt that kept her from toppling over. But she pulled against him, trying to shuffle away from the thing.

"Hold still, you stupid bitch," Ed snarled. "This is going in one way or another. So, you decide how much damage you want it to do."

For an old man, Diana found him exceedingly strong. She realized that he could probably hurt her badly if she fought him. With a whimper of protest, she stood still. "That's better," he said calmly. "Now inch forward a bit and spread your legs."

She did as she was told. Diana shuddered as she felt him spread her folds. A moan escaped her as the large head slipped inside. It rose inside her, filling her completely. It advanced until it met resistance, then backed out an inch or two.

The old man stood up, groaning at his worn-out knees. "This is called a mannequin pole," he told her conversationally. "With those boots on you can't lift your leg high enough to get off of it. And if you stumble well, it's going to hurt. This will teach you to stand up straight and walk in your boots."

Diana stared in horror at the old man. Did he really mean to leave her like this? Already her feet were cramping from the cruel shoes. From deep in her throat came a plaintive "Ohhh, heese". It was the closest she could come to, "No, please" with her teeth locked around the gag in her mouth.

She watched as Ed went to the stove. She stared incredulous as he brewed himself another cup of tea. Ignoring her whines of protest, he settled himself at the table.

"So, by now you are wondering how an old codger has all this kinky stuff," Ed said as he sipped his tea. "Well, for the duration of a long and happy marriage, my Ellie and I were the kinkiest couple around. She loved being my sub. And I loved being her dom. That outfit you're wearing used to be hers. She was a little smaller than you. But latex don't care."

"A couple things you may have noticed that need explaining," he went on conversationally. "You may have noticed that your hearing isn't too good. That's 'cause I stuffed earplugs in your ears before I put your hood on. It'll keep you from getting distracted. But it makes it harder to hear my commands too, so you'll really have to pay attention. I always felt bad when I had to punish Ellie. But I think I'd enjoy it with you."

The look on the man's face told Diana the truth. He would enjoy punishing her. What she had to do was try and hold out until someone noticed her missing. Would they believe the bogus text he sent, she wondered?

She watched as her captor got up from his chair. He walked over to her, placing his hand between her breasts. "That collar you're wearing is called a posture collar. I'm sure you've noticed that it is pretty restrictive. Keeps you from turning your head or looking down." She could feel him pushing gently on her chest, forcing her to fight to maintain her balance.

"It means that you can't even shake your head 'yes' or 'no'. So instead, you're going to grunt when I ask you a question. One grunt for yes, two grunts for no. Do you understand?"

Diana said nothing. She wouldn't give him the satisfaction.

"Answer me, slave!" he shouted as he delivered a stinging slap to her thigh. Diana yelped as the impact jostled the pole inside her. Staggering, she pinwheeled her cuffed hands to avoid falling and impaling herself on the pole.

"That's your first lesson," he told her. "Answer when I speak. Do you understand?"

Fighting back tears she grunted once. *Yes, she understood.*

"Do you understand that you are now my slave?"

Diana hesitated, saw his hand begin to move and quickly grunted once. She told herself that she wasn't really his slave. She was only humoring him until help came. But what if help didn't come? What else would she do to placate him?

"Have you noticed your nipples?" he asked conversationally as he moved his hands towards her breasts. "The only openings on this catsuit without zippers are the two openings for your nipples." He brushed his hands lightly across her nipples, sending a little tingle through her body. "The openings let your nipples pop through. They tend to get very sensitive," he said as he gave each one a tweak.

Diana squealed as he pinched her. With so many other discomforts she hadn't even noticed the cool kitchen air on her exposed nipples. But the pinch told her that they were swollen little buds, pressed through the tight latex.

"Would you like me to stroke your nipples, slave?"

She grunted twice. *No.*

He smiled at her. "I can either stroke your nipples or spank your ass. Which shall it be? Spank your ass?" he paused. Two grunts. *No.* "Then stroke your nipples?" One hesitant grunt.

Diana closed her eyes as the dry, callused fingers toyed with her nipples. She could feel warmth building inside her as the pleasure centers of her brain switched on. Unconsciously she eased herself down on the dildo. A shudder racked her body. It felt so... Her eyes snapped open. What was she doing? Angrily she tried to twist herself away from his touch. She might be a captive, but she didn't have to play his sick game.

The old man laughed, "Caught yourself having a little fun, did you? My Ellie was the same way at first. But she came around. I guess it's time to get back to work." He fished in a pocket and brought out a pair of clamps. "Ever seen these before?" he asked. "They're called cloverleaf clamps." He stepped in close, slipping an arm around her waist. Holding her tightly, he reached up and closed the clamp on her swollen nipple.

Diana let out a shriek of pain. She hardly heard him when he told her, "The interesting thing about cloverleaves is the more you pull on them, the tighter they get." By way of demonstration, he pulled on the chain. Diana saw stars as he tugged on her nipple.

"Now this is what you might call a training session," he said conversationally. "It'll help you learn how-to walk in ballet boots. You're going to step your right foot forward and your left foot back," He instructed. "That'll let you pivot on your pole. I'll walk with you just to make sure you don't topple over. That might be uncomfortable," he said with a wink.

Diana watched as the old man stepped out in front of her. In his left hand was the end of the chain clamped to her nipple. She watched the chain straighten as he took up the slack. The message was clear; move or have your nipple yanked.

Gritting her teeth against the gag Diana slid her right foot forward an inch. That was the easy part. Next, she had to slide her left foot back. She wobbled dangerously as she did so. She let out a whimper as the pole inside of her pressed against her.



Stabilizing herself Diana tried again, right foot forward, left foot back. This time she didn't wobble as much. If her captor was satisfied with her performance he didn't show it. He just kept leading her with that chain.

By the time she had made a three hundred and sixty degree turn around the pole Diana's calves were on fire. In addition to that she could feel every ridge and vein on the hard rubber phallus inside her. While the rest of her body protested her vagina was sending signals of delight.

After three rotations on the pole Diana could stand it no longer. Slick with her own juices she stopped. Ignoring the clamp pulling on her nipple she clamped her knees around the pole. Panting against her gag she eased herself down until the tip of the dildo bottomed out inside of her.

Flexing her hips, Diana moved herself up and down on the pole. She had only an inch or so to play with. But it was enough. Gasping in time to her movements she let the growing orgasm build inside her. Her mind wailed in despair at this self humiliation. But her body was in command. And it didn't care. There was only a need to be fulfilled.

The orgasm passed leaving her shaken and humiliated. She closed her eyes, not wanting to see the old man who stood before her. The posture collar didn't even allow her to bow her head in shame. The muffled sound of his voice came to her stuffed ears.

"Hehe, nothing like a little ride on the pole to take the starch out of a woman," he chuckled. "It took a little longer with my Ellie. But she wasn't a princess like you. Then again, I had years to train her. You're getting the crash course."

Reaching down, he loosened the screw that held the pole in place. Diana let out a moan as the dripping wet dildo slid out of her. She might have fallen if he hadn't been there to support her. She let herself be turned toward the kitchen table.

"Time to get to work, slave," he told her, "walk over to the table. Pull out the chair and sit down."

The idea of getting off her feet was all the incentive Diana needed. Carefully she toe-walked across the kitchen. She wobbled, but found if she bent her knees slightly it gave her a bit more stability.

Reaching the table, she grabbed for the chair. Her hands were still chained to her waist. But there was enough play in them that she could move her hands in an arc of about twelve inches. She turned and eased herself down on the chair. A sigh of relief escaped her as she took her weight off her tortured feet.

Ed fished in a bag he had left on the floor. He pulled out several items that Diana didn't recognize. Setting them on the table he said, "Spread your legs, slave!" When she hesitated, he delivered a slap to the side of her face that made her ears ring. "I don't have all day to waste. Do as you're told the first time," he growled.

Diana blinked the tears from her eyes. She spread her legs, feeling the cool kitchen air on her still wet pussy. She watched with trepidation as the old man knelt before her. There was a tug as he pulled the zippered opening to one side. She felt him press something cold and sticky against her inner thigh. He repeated the process on the other side. All Diana could do was give him an inquisitive grunt, "Mmmh?"

In response to her query the old man said, "It sucks getting old. Annoying aches and pains fill your days." He paused to grab a little egg-shaped toy from the table top. "But being old doesn't mean you stop learning," he said as he spread her lips with his fingers. He pushed the egg inside her, ignoring her muffled yelp at his intrusion.

Diana felt him work the crotch zipper closed before he stood up. Not one for toys, she had only the vaguest idea of what he had put inside her. With a growing feeling of dread, she watched him pick up two remote controls from the table.

"Take this for example," he said as he waved one of the remotes before her. "Wireless connectivity, multi-function remote." He pressed a button. The little egg tucked up inside her began a steady whirring that made Diana jump in her seat. "My Ellie would have loved something like this."

He held out a second remote. "But the same technology can be used for other purposes," he told her. "If you've got a bad back, a remote-controlled TENS unit can give you blessed relief. Little bursts of electric current fatigue the irritated nerve endings." He paused with his finger over a button. "But you want to be careful where you put the electrodes." He pressed the button.

Diana squealed as a jolt of electricity shot across her pussy. She clamped her thighs together, doubling over as her muscles spasmed uncontrollably. As wet as she was from her recent session on the pole, the current from the gel pads on her thighs found an easy path.

As suddenly as it started, the electric torment stopped. A click of the other remote and the egg went silent as well. Diana sat on the chair, her body quivering in fear and anticipation. She did her best to blink away the tears from her eyes. She barely heard the old madman as he spoke to her.

“So, you see, at any time I can give you pleasure or pain with the touch of a button. But just sitting here and watching you twitch would be boring. And I know you’re a real go-getter. No sitting around for you, no sir!” He waved his hand around the kitchen, “So you’re going to be my little rubber maid. You’re going to clean up this place for me.” He pointed to the sink full of dishes, “You can start there.”

Diana glanced at the pile of dishes in the sink. She narrowed her eyes at the old man, wishing him dead. Her reward for that minor defiance was a mild tingle of electricity dancing across her skin. She jumped involuntarily. The message was clear, “Get to it.”

As Diana got precariously to her feet the old man reached out. She flinched as he reached for her breast with its nipple clip. “We’ll save this for later,” he told her as he released her crushed nipple. Her initial reaction was one of relief. Her nipple had been getting numb from the constant pressure. But relief turned to dismay as blood rushed back and desensitized nerves sprang back to life.

Seeing her distress gave Ed a gleeful smile. “Sometimes there’s no right answer in this world,” he told her. “But let me see if I can help out a little.” Before Diana could react, he had put his hands on her waist belt. He leaned into her, planting his lips on the offending nipple.

She tried to push him away. But with her cuffed hands she couldn’t get any leverage. As he began to suck, she nearly fainted from the weird combination of pain and pleasure. She managed to stay on her feet, just barely.

Ed waited until he heard her moan before he stopped. He released her, patting her on one latex clad cheek. "Get your chores done, slave. Then we'll have some real fun."

Diana teetered towards the sink with an icy lump in her stomach. Just what would "real fun" be? She shuddered to think.

She had just reached the sink when the vibrator inside her began a slow throbbing. A muffled yelp of surprise escaped around the dildo strapped in her mouth. Steadying herself against the sink she tried to ignore the sensation.

The chains on her cuffs gave her just enough slack to turn on the water. Every time she reached for a plate or glass she was reminded of her captivity with a tug at her waist. Added to that was the difficulty of seeing what she was doing with the posture collar on. She had to bend at the waist to see into the sink. But then she would have to straighten up to reach for what she wanted.

Diana tried slowing her dishwashing down. No sense hurrying on to the "real fun". But a snap of current across her pussy let her know that dawdling would not be permitted. She had to grip the sink for a moment just to let the current induced spasm pass.

Through all of this, the vibrator kept up its low steady rhythm. It wasn't enough to push her into orgasm. It was just enough to make her think about it. Almost enough to make her want it.

When the last dish was done (he even had her dry them) he ordered her to the hall closet. There she found an old upright vacuum cleaner. Her next task was to clean the floors.

Just getting low enough to plug in the machine was a challenge. With her hands chained at her waist she couldn't bend over enough to reach the outlet. She opted instead for a squat, keeping her body upright while she flexed her knees and hips.

Halfway through the maneuver the toe boots got the better of her. She lost her balance, toppling over backwards. As she landed on her ass, she could feel the egg jostle inside her. The dildo gag pushed deeper into her mouth nearly making her retch.

“Clumsy slave,” the old man cackled. “That’s going to cost you.”

Diana squealed as the electrodes on her thighs sprang to life. Pulses of electricity raced across her crotch, causing her to twitch uncontrollably. She whimpered against her gag as the current was lowered. But it didn’t completely stop. The repeated zaps felt like someone was slapping her clit, over and over.

“If you want it to stop I suggest you complete the task at hand,” he told her.

Diana still held the electrical cord in her hand. She knew her captor wouldn’t stop until she did as she was told. Biting down on her gag to keep from whimpering she rolled onto her knees. Shuffling forward she reached out with her shackled wrist. As the plug went into the outlet the e-stim unit went silent.

“Well done slave,” the old man crooned. “Now here’s your reward,” he said as he pressed a button on the vibrator’s remote.

The little egg tucked inside her went to work at a manic pace. Diana felt a rush of heat suffuse her body. On her knees as she was, she could easily reach her latex covered crotch. She pressed her hands against her sex, hoping to still the growing arousal there.

Ed watched her with sharp, gleaming eyes. Like a hawk watching a rabbit, he waited for just the right moment. When Diana seemed just on the edge of orgasm, he cut the vibrator off.

Diana let out a strangled sound that was half sigh of relief, half growl of frustration. She was saved the humiliation of being forced to cum at the whim of the old man. But her body wanted the release of an orgasm. The ache between her legs and the urge to rub her hands there let her know it. She was glad the latex hood covered the flush of embarrassment from her captor’s eyes.

When the old man ordered her back on her feet Diana struggled to comply. But with the ballet boots and shackled wrists there didn’t seem to be a way to get back up. After several fruitless attempts she heard him say, “Here, let me help you.”

The old man got up from his chair. Unable to turn her head, Diana watched him as he reached for her head. His hand found her pony-tail that protruded from the top of her hood. She squealed as he pulled upward.

With her head aching from the hair pull Diana struggled to her feet. He held her there until she steadied herself in her toe boots. The crazy old sadist gave her an extra tug for good measure before returning to his chair.

Picking up his two remotes Ed told her, "Get to work, slave." He punctuated his command with a snap of electricity across her sex.

Diana let out a muffled yelp before shuffling over to the upright vacuum. Latex clad fingers found the power switch. The machine started with a dull growl as it beat the carpet. She started to push the machine before her.

She hadn't used a vacuum in several years, having decided a cleaning lady was a better idea. Now she found that her current distressed state offered particular challenges. She had hoped to use the machine to steady herself in the torturous boots. But the posture collar prevented her from seeing where she was going. Bumping the power-head into the sofa earned her another sharp jolt from the electrodes.

To see where she was going Diana had to tilt her upper body forward. After a few unstable moments she found that by bending her knees she could balance out. This caused her backside to present itself in what must have been a provocative manner. She watched with revulsion as the old man rearranged himself.

"God," she thought, "Can that old man still get-it-up?"

A sudden vibration from inside her warned her that she had other things to worry about. The old man was toying with the vibrator remote. The whirring little intruder was jumping from a mild throb to an intense buzz which made her want to clench her whole body around it.

Diana tried to ignore the growing arousal within her. She soon realized the pattern of the vibrator. It became more intense as she pushed the vacuum away from her. When she pulled it back, it was a dull throb.

She tried to give herself a break by pausing when she brought the machine back. But the old man saw through that ruse. He rebuked her with a jolt from the tens unit. "My Ellie used to try that," he said fondly. "Back then my answer was a slap on the butt. Gotta love new technology."

An eternity later Diana had finished cleaning the floor. She wasn't sure what hurt more: her feet or her hyper stimulated vagina. The old man even made her put the vacuum away in the hall closet, more walking on her crushed toes.

When she closed the closet door, shutting away the machine Diana found the old man had a dog lead in his hand. She could do nothing as he clipped it to the ring on her collar. It was a new level of humiliation as he tugged on the chain. "Come along, slave," he commanded.

He led her across the house, making her walk at a pace that had her panting with exertion. Diana balked when she saw the bedroom door. She did not want to go in there. The pull on her collar told her that she had little choice in the matter. The message was clear; walk or be dragged.

He stopped her at the edge of the bed. Diana felt him fiddling with the little latex skirt. A moment later it was falling down around her feet. Still clad head to toe in latex she shouldn't have minded. But somehow she still felt as if she was being stripped.

"You did such a good job with the cleaning that I'm going to let you rest your feet for a bit," he told her. "You should say 'Thank you Master' for that."

Diana responded with two sharp grunts. *No*. Almost instantly her pussy was spasming with a jolt of current. She toppled back on the bed, curing up in a vain attempt to reach the sparking electrodes. Through her gag she whimpered "Hank hoo haster."

The torment stopped with those words. "Now, scoot yourself to the middle of the bed," he told her.

Using her heels and elbows Diana moved herself to the middle of the bed. She watched in horror as the old man climbed up on the bed to straddle her. She heard the rattle of chains as he reached over her to the top of the bed.

“I’m going to chain your hands to the top of the bed,” he explained. “If you struggle, you’re going to get hurt,” he said as he held up the remote. “Are you going to be a good little slave?”

Diana’s crotch was still tingling from her last TENS session. She gave one weak grunt. She could feel the turn of the padlock at her waist. He released her left hand, only to pull it up above her head. There was the faint snap of the lock closing as she was attached to the bed. The process was repeated on the other side, never giving her a chance at escape.

Her ankles still wore the leather cuffs that shackled her earlier. Ed ran a length of rope through the D rings of each cuff. Diana thought he would tie her legs to the footboard. She was surprised when he ran the rope up to the headboard instead.

Surprise turned to consternation as he took the slack up on one of the ropes. Diana tried to curl her leg against her thigh as the line tightened. But the old man stood up on the bed. He pulled up on her ankle with one hand while he hauled on the line with the other.

Diana struggled fruitlessly as her foot was pulled up towards her head. The other leg got the same treatment. Once both legs were in the air the ropes were tightened even more until her body was folded in half. Her feet hung in the air, almost level with her shoulders. She could feel her backside lift off the bed.

He left her folded in that awkward position for several minutes. Diana could not turn her head to see what he was doing or use her muffled hearing to gain a clue. But she soon had her answer. The old man leaned over her. In his hand he held a large paddle clad in black leather.

“This was my Ellie’s favorite,” he said as he showed off the paddle. “It would turn her bottom a delightful shade of pink. And oh, how she howled! The neighbors must have wondered why we always had the TV so loud.” He chuckled at the memory. “They probably thought we were deaf.”

Diana thrashed in her restraints. His intention was clear. He was going to hit her with that thing. Although she could wave her feet in the air it did nothing to help her exposed rear end.



“You should try to relax, Ms. Williams,” he told her. “It hurts more if you tense up.”

Despite the trapped heat inside the latex Diana felt a chill as the old man began making slow circles on her butt cheeks with the paddle. She whimpered, “No,” into her gag.

“Since it’s your first time I should probably go easy on you,” he said as he continued to stroke her with the paddle. “But I won’t.”

Even though she was expecting it, the first strike of the paddle made her scream. Without the gag the neighbors would have surely heard. Tears welled up in Diana’s eyes, part pain, and part humiliation. The second strike on the other cheek came soon after.

After three strikes there was a pause. Diana’s bottom felt like it was on fire. The old man was stronger than he looked. Through the fog of pain, she heard the old man speaking to her.

“This sort of thing should be instructional,” he told her. “It’s normally a corrective action. My Ellie used to make mistakes on purpose just to get a good session going,” he reminisced. “So, I want this to be useful to you, my dear. Every time the paddle strikes, I want you to think, ‘I will never take advantage of the elderly again.’ So, let’s get back to it!”

Diana jumped and screeched as the paddle went back to work. She thought of what the old man had said. But with each strike of the paddle, she said in her mind, “I’ll get you for this.”

She wasn’t sure how many times he hit her. In the end she was just numb. Perhaps her lack of response made him stop, or maybe he was just tired out. Either way it didn’t matter to Diana. The pause only caused her to think, “Now what?”

Her answer was not long in coming. She felt his hand take hold of the catsuit’s crotch zipper. She felt the teeth popping as he opened the bottom of her suit. The zipper was long, running from just above her vagina all the way to the crack of her bottom.

“Oh my, you’re so very wet down here,” he said as he slid his hand between her legs. “Could it be that you are enjoying this?”

Diana felt a tug as he pulled the egg vibrator from inside her. She shuddered as he said, “I think we can find something better for in there, don’t you?” His hand dropped down running over her pussy and down to her anus.

“Now this hold doesn’t look like it has ever been touched,” he said as he ran a moist finger around her anus. “Is this a virgin butt hole, my dear?” he asked.

Diana tensed as she felt him press against the opening. She could feel his finger pushing inward. She tried to clench her muscles, keeping his probing finger out.

“Now, now Ms. Williams,” he chided her. “My pinkie is going in. But there’s bigger things to come. I suggest you relax so it doesn’t hurt so much. We don’t want you damaged, now do we?”

Whimpering, Diana tried to relax. She had no doubt that he was more than happy to hurt her. As she eased her muscles, she could feel his finger push past her sphincter. The pressure was bad, but he slid in smoothly. She realized with a growing horror that he had lubricated his hand with her own vaginal juices.

Diana tried not to panic as she felt him working his finger back and forth, massaging her opening. The finger slipped out, only to be replaced with another one. She realized he was upsizing, stretching her with each finger on his hand.

Suddenly there was something hard pressing against her rectum. Diana let out a squeal of distress as the old man forced it past her sphincter. She almost sighed with relief when the tapered end slid into place, trapping its bulbous nose inside of her.

Leaning over her the old man leered. “Never been butt plugged before my dear?” he asked cheerily. “The first time is the hardest. I know it was for my Ellie. But by the time you’re done I think you’ll like it.” He held up a small remote. “And here’s the best part,” he said as he pressed a button.

Diana gasped as the butt-plug began to vibrate inside her. It stimulated her in a way she had never felt before. She strained against her bonds, tried to shake her

head 'No' against the posture collar. Her mind rebelled even as her body welcomed these new sensations.

While she struggled, Ed went to the head of the bed. He untied the ropes holding her legs in the air. One after the other he lowered them, securing them instead to the foot of the bed. In short order Diana had gone from being ass-up to spread-eagle.

Diana watched out of the corner of her eye as the old man stripped off his clothes. She was shocked to see the man sporting an erection. Wasn't this guy like eighty years old?

"Surprised to see my little friend?" the old man asked as he rolled a condom down his engorged penis. "There's a pill for everything these days," he chuckled.

She watched in horror as the wrinkled old man climbed up between her legs. She closed her eyes. She could still hear his voice as he told her, "Now I'm going to fuck you, just like you tried to fuck my life, bitch."

Diana shuddered as she felt him slide into her. He eased himself in gently, slowly filling her. He paused, letting her feel him inside of her. Then he pulled back and quickly slammed himself into her with a force that made her scream into her gag.

After the initial violent thrusts the old man eased off. Perhaps he didn't have the energy for a sustained assault, she thought. He instead fell into a steady rhythm sliding in and out of her. With every thrust she felt his dangling testicles slap against her.

She could feel his hand slide over her latex covered skin as he rode her. Felt the fingers find and tease her exposed nipples. It was all too much. The vibrating anal plug, the prior session with the egg vibrator and his chemically enhanced manhood overrode her mind's revulsion. Crying out against her gag, she came, her muscles clenching around him as he continued.

Diana sucked greedy lungfuls of air through the mask's holes. Her body's reaction had mortified her. What would have been the happy afterglow of post orgasm was replaced with a sense of humiliation. And still the old man was thrusting into her, turning pleasure into discomfort as overworked nerves tried to recover.

She was almost on the brink of another orgasm when the old man stopped. She could hear his heavy breathing as he lay atop her. Good God, she thought, what if he dies here? But her fears were ungrounded. He rolled off of her, stopping only to give her wet opening a quick slap with his hand.

“Thank you, Ms. Williams,” he told her. “That was delightful,” he said as he donned fresh clothes. “Although I can’t keep up the way I used to. I’m going to introduce you to someone who can.”

Diana tugged at her restraints in a panic. He was going to bring someone else in her to use her as well? She watched out of the corner of her eye as he reached under the bed. A strange looking device emerged. It had a motor with a long shaft mounted on a board. And was that a big dildo at the end?

“I’d like you to meet Robbie. My Ellie named him that after a character in a movie. Long before you were born, I’m afraid. Anyhow,” he said as he carried it to the end of the bed, “ol’ Robbie has got stamina.”

Diana felt the board slide beneath her legs. She struggled as first one leg and then the other was untied from the bed and strapped to the board. She shuddered as the large phallus brushed up against her labia.

“I’m not sure you need any extra lube, seeing how wet you are,” he told her. “But I’m feeling generous today,” he said as he squirted lubricant all over the dildo. He stopped and looked at the bottle. “Oh, silly me,” he said. “This is the stuff that heats up over time. Oh well, we will just have to go with it.”

A thumb screw on the shaft allowed the dildo to be advanced. Diana started to thrash as she felt it pushing into her.

“Now, now Ms Williams,” he said. “Robbie can be really rough if he’s not properly aligned. For the sake of your pussy, I suggest you keep still.”

Diana had visions of the fucking machine tearing into her sensitive flesh. It was all the incentive she needed to keep still as the old maniac finished setting up the machine. She felt it slowly push into her as he fine-tuned the shaft’s travel. Then it receded, but not far enough to leave her body.

Seemingly satisfied, the old man stood up. "There," he said, "almost finished." He turned to retrieve the cloverleaf clamps he had used on her earlier. Giving each nipple a quick tweak, he affixed the clamps to her nipples. A thin cord was tied in the center of the chain that connected the clamps. He led that down to the machine's shaft, where it was tied to the adjustment screw.

Diana was just blinking the tears from her eyes that the nipple clamps caused when she heard the old man say, "Ready my dear?" She had only a moment to prepare herself as he started the machine. The push rod slid the dildo deep inside of her before sliding back out. As it reached the end of its retreat the string to her nipple clamps tightened, pulling her nipples.

"So," he said to her as he stopped the machine, "final explanation time. The plug in your butt is battery powered so it will only last a couple of hours. But I've got Robbie hooked up to a light timer. He'll go on and off at different times to keep you entertained." He paused to let that sink in. "Oh and you remember those electrodes on your thighs? Well, that has an AC port on the controller. It's also hooked to a timer. Nothing like a little pain to go with your pleasure, I always said."

Diana watched in horror as the old man leaned over her. She let out a whimper as he lowered a latex blindfold over her eyes. "I'm going to leave you here like this for the authorities to find," he crooned. "But don't worry, you won't really be alone. I'm setting up my laptop at the end of the bed. I'm going to live-stream you on Youtube. I'm willing to bet you get quite a following."

His voice faded, leaving her alone. She was blind, mute and nearly deaf. She tugged against her bonds wondering which device would kick on first.

The old man whistled to himself as he walked down the hallway. He picked up his two suitcases. One held his clothes. The other was filled with cash. When the young lady at the courthouse tipped him off about the committal proceedings against him, he had moved quickly, putting a reverse mortgage on the house and liquidating his assets. He would live out his days on the beaches of Mexico, just another American retiree.

Ed stopped at his driveway. He looked at his old Ford. Then he looked over at the shiny BMW convertible. He smiled, fingering the keys in his pocket. *Why not go in style?* he thought as he shuffled across the lawn.