

# Samantha's Cage

## The First Day

For the hundredth time in the last hours, Samantha wondered if she'd made a huge mistake. As she stared through the thick bars of the cage in which she sat, the enormity of her choice was dawning on her. Fifty days, that's what she'd signed up for, but now that only a few hours had passed, that time seemed like an eternity.

The cage itself was a cube, about three feet in each dimension. Samantha was 5'3" so she could not stand up, but could almost extend her legs. That was something anyway. Each bar of the cage was an inch thick rectangular steel bar, and bars ran both horizontally and vertically, creating a grid of four inch squares. The bottom was likewise a grid of bars rather than a solid floor, making it impossible for her to sit without the steel corners jutting into whatever part of her bore her weight. Currently, she was sitting cross-legged with her ankles resting in a gap and her butt cheeks resting on a bar. It was the most comfortable position she'd found. She wondered how she was ever going to be able to sleep.

She had no idea how much time had passed since this morning when her confinement had begun - it felt like many hours, but she had no way to tell for sure. She surveyed her surroundings, yet again, for what it was worth. She'd already inspected the cage itself thoroughly. The only non-uniform aspects were the small 1 foot hatch in the middle of one of the sides and a water bottle affixed near the top of the cage. The hatch was much too small to act as an exit but, when open, could be used to pass in something larger than could be passed through the bars. It was currently locked from the outside and she couldn't see the locking mechanism from inside the cage. The water bottle was the kind that she'd seen with pet cages, the water container was attached upside down to a straw that she could suck to get water. The fact that she was being watered like a pet rabbit was another source of her looming doubt about this entire venture.

The cage itself was elevated on legs about a foot off the ground. On the ground beneath the cage was a small drain pipe. The cage was sitting in the center of a small nondescript room. The walls, floor, and ceiling were all bare concrete. There was a single door on one wall acting as the room's only entrance, although there was no handle on the inside, and Sam had not yet worked how it could be opened. There was also a hose faucet near the base of one of the walls. Even if she somehow escaped the cage she currently occupied, she doubted that she would get any further the larger room. The walls were unadorned and the room itself was dimly lit by

fluorescent bulbs in the ceiling. Aside from her breathing, it was completely silent. She closed her eyes and tried to let her mind wander, but it always shot back to the burning question: "What was she doing here?"

One day earlier, Samantha had driven to the place where she was now confined. She had driven her car, following the directions she'd been given once she got off the highway, navigating increasingly remote country roads until she arrived. When she arrived at the estate, she'd stopped and rung at the gate barring the drive. "Private Property" and "No Trespassing" signs displayed prominently. Moments later, the gate opened for her and she drove a mile or so down a long drive. It had been twilight as she pulled in and almost dark when she arrived at the house. House was too modest a word, she thought, a mansion really. It reminded her of an old English estate, like the one in Downton Abbey with enough space for huge gatherings, guest wings, and servants quarters, more than a place for a single person to live. As she exited the car rang the bell at the front door she half expected a formally clad butler to show her in. Instead it was just him, Mr. Woods, that greeted her warmly at the door. "Welcome, Samantha, please come in."

Mr. Woods had encouraged Samantha to arrive the night before. He had plenty of room for her to stay the night, he'd said, and they had to get started early in the morning. Their arrangement, he reminded her, began at 6am sharp, and she would need to be ready before then. She'd agreed, and didn't regret it. He had a sumptuous dinner prepared that they ate together in a small but dining room. He disappeared into a kitchen somewhere to return with each course, a tuna tartare as an appetizer, a delicious kale and walnut salad, beef wellington as the entrée, followed by a rich Crème Brulee. He paired a different wine with each course, and she was full, and warm, and drowsy by the end of it. They made small talk during the meal. Neither she nor he brought up the reason she was there.

It was already after 10 by the time they finished eating. After clearing the final dishes, he returned to the dining room but didn't sit.

"Well," he said, "we do have an early morning tomorrow, so I should probably show you to your bedroom."

"Yes, I suppose so," she replied. Just a hint of nervousness struck she thought of what would come tomorrow.

The guest suite where she was spending the night was, as with the rest of the house, spectacular. A soft king sized bed dominated the bedroom. An attached bathroom was fully stocked with expensive bath salts, lotions, shampoos and conditioners. There was a sitting room as well, with a table and a sofa. It seemed excessive for the short time she would actually be staying there.

"I suggest setting the alarm for 4:30," Mr. Woods suggested. "That will give you about an hour to get ready and have breakfast. I'll be by at 5:30 sharp." Samantha nodded. Despite her nervousness, the bed was so comfortable and the delicious dinner had sated her so completely, she slept soundly until the alarm sounded far too early.

Groggily she rose, and realized she smelt coffee. In the sitting room of the suite was a decanter of coffee and a cloche under which was a fresh butter croissant, a small fruit plate, and a glass of orange juice.

Samantha prepared for the day as best she could. She took a long warm shower, making sure she was freshly shaved - legs, armpits, and pubic region - since she knew that Mr. Woods would be seeing her naked (that thought made her shiver with both excitement and trepidation). Then she dressed in the clothes she'd packed in an overnight bag, just jeans and sneakers, and a comfortable tee-shirt with the logo of her alma mater. He had said to dress comfortably and casually. She picked at the fruit and the croissant, though nerves left her with little appetite. She could still back out, she told herself, that was part of the arrangement too. But she didn't move.

At 5:30am, precisely, there was a knock on the door. She opened it for Mr. Woods. He too was dressed in jeans, but wore a neatly pressed collared shirt and a sport coat. He was carrying a gym bag with him.

"Time to go," he said chipperly. He smiled. "Unless, you've decided against." She shook her head no. "Good," he said, "then come with me."

She followed him through the mansion, which seemed more and more labyrinthine as they progressed. Finally, they proceeded down a hall that appeared to be a dead end. They stopped walking and almost immediately though, the wall proved to be a hidden elevator door. They continued into the elevator and started going down.

Some seconds later, they were on a lower floor - how low, Samantha could only guess - and the elevator door opened again to reveal another hallway. The ornate woodwork and plaster that decorated the upstairs halls gave way to a bare concrete walls and floor. The air was cool and dank. "Go ahead," he said, "fourth door on the left." She walked ahead of him. There were doors on both sides of the hallway, about 20 feet apart. They were closed and she saw no handles on any of them. The fourth doorway on the left was open, and as she turned to look in the room, her heart jumped in her chest as, for the first time, she truly saw what was in store for her. She almost turned away then to tell Mr. Woods that the deal was off. That she couldn't go through with it. But the part of her that had started this venture. The part of her that had always fantasized about being a captive, about being caged like a prisoner, overcame her fear. She stood at the door staring at the small cage that would be her home for the next fifty days.

"It's beautiful no?" He asked. Again, Samatha was not able to voice a response. She continued staring.

"Okay," he said, "We have 15 minutes, and it will take some time to get ready. You'll need to undress now." She complied, and he watched. Samantha was thin with strawberry blond hair that was long and straight running down her back. Her face was lightly freckled.

She began with her sneakers and socks. Sitting on the floor and untying them one-by-one, and rolling the socks together. She removed the tee-shirt next, and then her bra, exposing her breasts. Her breasts were not huge, but she was a skinny girl and they were ample for her waif frame, and they rested perkily on her chest like two large oranges. Her shoulders and breasts were also dotted with freckles. Finally, she pulled down her jeans, folding them neatly to set next to her shoes and shirt while only in her panties. And finally, blushing intensely, she removed the last of her clothing, set her panties next to her bra, and stood completely naked in front of the man who would be her captor.

"Good," he said approvingly. "Now, you know our agreement, but I'll remind you of some of the details as we're getting very close to the beginning. You'll be in the cage for fifty days. Once the cage is locked, it will not be unlocked for any reason before that time except for a grave medical emergency." She nodded. "You will be my captive and will obey me throughout the time. I have the option to make your time as pleasant or as unpleasant as I choose, correct?" Again she silently agreed.

"Now, you're to be kept naked except for any attire at my discretion, correct?" Yes. "I do have something that I'll be having you wear. He reached into the gym bag and removed a roll of medical tape, and two tan objects. "I have some thumb-less mittens for you, he explained." Hold out your right hand and touch your thumb to the palm of your hand. Confused, she complied. He began to wrap the tape around her hand, wrapping it completely from the wrist and around her thumb and her four extended fingers. The wrapping was tight but not so tight as to be uncomfortable. He taped the ends of the wrapping job together. "Left hand," he said, and he repeated the wrapping job.

She now had a good idea of what was happening and was sure that she did not like it. Her hands were going to be restrained so she couldn't do anything with her thumbs. More like paws, she thought. He picked up the first tan object, which was actually a bulky mitten, and began working it over the secured right hand. Once it was worked on, he tightened a strap to secure it firmly at the wrists. He repeated with the left hand. Besides preventing her from doing anything requiring manual dexterity, Samantha also saw that the bulkiness of the mittens would prevent them from fitting through the four inch squares in the cage, effectively preventing her from

stretching her arms through the cage.

At that point, if she was less shocked, she probably would have called off the whole thing. Instead, she felt herself being urged into the cage. Once she was fully inside, Mr. Woods had removed a power tool from the gym bag and started riveting the final panel of caging onto the open side. The only way out, Samantha realized, would involve removing those rivets. She shuddered once more.

He looked at his watch and announced. "Perfect timing! It's 6am now. We have 50 days to spend together this way. Personally, I think you look spectacular in there."

"Thank you," she said, not knowing how else to respond. She'd already realized that the lack of solid floor was going to be a constant problem and was shifting around from her knees to her butt, learning that leaning against the sides was equally uncomfortable. Finally, he removed the water dispenser from the gym bag and installed it to one side of the cage. "Whenever you want a drink, just suck on the straw," he explained. His tone was still upbeat, and he continued to smile. "I think now I'll give you a little bit of time to settle in. I'll be back later on for lunch." And with that, he picked up her clothes and threw them into the gym bag along with his tool and the roll of tape, turned his back and walked out of the room, the handle-less door shutting quickly behind him.

"Wait!" Sam yelled, panicking a little bit. "Wait, don't leave me like this!" But the door was shut before her words were complete. And hours passed. One other thing she quickly learned was that the mittens that now confined her hands had a very rough sandpapery texture meaning that if she touched herself too hard it scratched uncomfortably. In particular, this meant that she couldn't easily masturbate, which was one thing that, at first, she had assumed would be a good way to pass the time. Instead she had nothing to do but wait for her captor to return, and hope that he didn't have any more tricks up his sleeve.

When Mr. Woods returned, Samantha was still cross legged. She opened her eyes when she heard the door open, and her nostrils flared and mouth immediately began to water when the scent of delicious warm meat wafted in with him.

"Hello, Samantha," he said, "hope you've had time to get comfortable, learn your way around the place." He chuckled. He set down a folding chair and took a seat. In his left hand, he held a plate with a hoagie in his left hand, which Samantha was eying greedily. She hadn't felt hungry until he walked in but it had been hours since breakfast and now she was famished.

"I suppose so." She replied. "How long has it been? It's hard to keep track of time."

"It's a bit past noon now, so about 6 hours," he said.

"It felt like days. Maybe, would it be possible to have some music, or a book or something? For when you're gone? To help pass the time?" She thought it was a reasonable request.

"No, I'm afraid not." He said evenly.

"Why not?" she whined, "what about just for a little while?"

His tone got sterner. "If you're going to just whine and ask me for things, I'm not going to even talk to you. I'll just eat my sandwich and leave."

That put an end to it. Samantha was worried that he'd said his sandwich and not referred to her food. She was also hesitant to ask now, in case that would cause him to get even angrier.

"I'm sorry," she said, "I won't ask anymore."

After that, his tone returned to normal. He started chatting with her, asking her about other things in her life, what she planned to do after their deal, about her family, her hobbies. She asked him things as well, realizing that if the conversation ended she might be left alone again. He ate the sandwich while she salivated, desperately hoping that he had more food somewhere for her.

After some time, he got up from the chair and walked over to the hatch side of the cage. He opened it. Samantha felt elated, he must be going to pass her food. Instead, he said, "Well, I'm going to have to get going soon, but I'd like you to suck me off before I go. He unzipped his pants and maneuvered his semi-erect penis into the cage.

Samantha was too startled, at first, to react. "What?"

"Get on your hands and knees. Move your head over here. And suck my dick until I ejaculate in your mouth. Understand?" He didn't raise his voice. He simply spoke each sentence as if he was explaining something to an idiot. He continued. "Our agreement was that you would follow any instruction I gave you in the cage. Now I'm instructing you to do this and I expect you to follow my directions."

Her mind was racing, but she didn't really see an alternative. For one thing, she had agreed. For another, what would happen if she refused. Would he withhold her food in that case? Would he make things even worse for her? On the other hand, despite the suddenness of the command, going from a pleasant conversation to this with no transition, she found that she was aroused.

Maybe he would let her get off after she was done.

She maneuvered herself in the cage so that her head was level with his member and began her job. She'd given blowjobs to boyfriends before, but she had never given one while the man was standing up, she on her hands and knees. Her vagina was wet and aroused by the time he blew his load in her mouth, and she swallowed it out of hunger as much as anything else, almost savoring the salty and somewhat bitter bouquet of her captors cum.

He zipped himself up and turned to go. "See you for dinner then," he said, and walked towards the door, picking up the folding chair on the way.

"Mr. Woods?" Samantha asked, pleaded, "am I to not have anything to eat?"

"No." He replied, "You get fed at dinner time. You're not burning many calories in there anyway." He turned again to go, but Samantha spoke again, "Um, I really got hot there, um, pleasuring you, but these gloves make it so I can't... you know."

He cut her off. "Yes, you're not to come unless I decide it." He paused before continuing. "You've made several requests today. I want you to realize that you will get exactly what I decide to give you, when I decide to give it to you. So I think you should stop wasting your breath." Then he walked out of the room, the door shutting quietly behind him. Once again, Samantha was alone.

She drank some water from the straw to clear the taste of cum from her mouth. She realized she had to pee and, having no alternative, squatted above a gap and pissed on the floor. The urine pooled towards the drain below her, and she was glad at least that it was mostly getting removed. She had nothing to wipe herself with, and she supposed that there was nothing she could do, so she resumed her cross-legged pose and began the process of waiting. This time, along with her breathing, her stomach was growling audibly to break the silence.

Hours passed. After her butt started to ache from the bars relentless pressure, she had shifted positions so that she was half lying on her left side, but propping her torso up with her arms. The door opened and Mr. Woods entered. He had again a folding chair, and was also carrying a soup bowl and spoon, and a newspaper. She looked up at him. By this time, she was desperate for something to eat, and was afraid to think that the bowl wasn't for her. She also feared to ask in case that made him decide otherwise. Instead, she waited for him to act.

"Good evening, Samantha," he said pleasantly. "I hope you're starting to get adjusted by now." He sat, and unfurled his newspaper.

"I'm starving," she said. "But I suppose otherwise it's okay. I never imagined that the time would go so slowly. I think that's the biggest challenge."

"Yes," he chuckled. "I can only imagine. But I expect that you'll figure that out too. I know by now that you're a smart girl. I figured that I could read you some of this newspaper before dinner since we chatted a lot already today."

"Okay," she said. She wanted to eat, but she didn't know if he would read to her afterwards, and any sort of mental stimulation sounded welcome at this point. He proceeded to read aloud some of the articles, and she listened. At college she hadn't really followed politics much, and frankly found it boring. But listening to stories about candidates in Iowa now was a welcome diversion, even though she didn't really know who most of the candidates except for Hillary Clinton were.

After he'd finished reading he picked up the bowl and spoon. "I suppose you've waited long enough. I'll feed you now. Get your face over to the hatch." She complied, not even shocked that he was intending to feed her like an animal rather than let her feed herself. He sat by the hatch, she opened her mouth, and he spooned a bite into her mouth. She almost retched. The substance that he'd fed her tasted absolutely disgusting. It had a mushy texture and was so bitter she could barely swallow it. "May as well get used to it," he said as she was grimacing visibly.

"What is it?" she asked, not sure if knowing would make it easier or harder to choke down. She knew that she needed to eat.

"Mostly kitchen scraps, blended together into a mush," he replied, "carrot tops, potato peels, stale bread. Some supplements to make sure that it's nutritionally balanced. It's actually very healthful." She supposed that didn't sound too bad. After the initial bite it became easier to swallow and he spooned the remainder of the bowl into her waiting mouth. When the bowl was emptied, she didn't feel at all full. She couldn't see how the small meal she'd be given was sufficient to hold her over 'til breakfast, and she was sure that Mr. Woods wouldn't be sympathetic if she said anything.

"Well," he said as he put down the food dish and stood up. "Now I'd like you to turn around and stick out your ass and pussy as much as possible. I'm ready for a fuck before calling it a night." Samantha was immediately excited that she might get some release. If he was actually going to fuck her, maybe she'd get to cum. She turned around, and, on her hands and knees with the cage, pressed her backside up to the opening as far as it would go.

"Ever been fucked in the ass before?" he asked, as, with no warning, one and the two fingers were roughly inserted into her asshole?



She cried out from the initial shock, but was able to answer. "No. Not until now, I suppose." Her last boyfriend had asked for anal a number of times, but it had always been a non-negotiable no. She had no interest. Now there was no negotiation and she was whimpering while Mr. Woods pumped rhythmically, having removed his fingers and inserted his throbbing penis. She could tell he had used some sort of lube, for which she was grateful.

In hindsight, she supposed she could always have crawled forward and moved her holes too far in the cage for Mr. Woods to reach. At the moment though, the only option she considered was succumbing to his desire and hoping desperately that if she was pleasing enough he might give some attention to her frustrated pussy, which again had become wet and engorged. Soon enough, he withdrew from inside her and she felt his load deposited on her back.

"See you tomorrow," he said, and with that he picked up the items he'd brought in and walked out of the door which quietly closed behind him.

Tears had welled up in her eyes and she was sniveling a little bit. Her anus was throbbing and painful, and her arousal had once again gone unfulfilled. She also had to shit. Without any other options, she shit on the floor below her and the rank odor filled her nostrils, causing her to gag. She almost threw up the paltry amount of mush that had passed as her dinner, but was able to keep it down. Eventually, the odor diminished or she got used to it. The hours continued to pass and she reassumed her cross-legged pose. She noticed that her shins were slightly bruised from being fed and fucked on her hands and knees.

Then, without any warning, the lights went out and she was alone in the pitch black. That was the final straw for the day. She began to sob uncontrollably.

## **The Contract**

Samantha tried to sleep. There wasn't enough room to lie flat, but she could curl her legs to her chest and use her arms to cushion her head to get comfortable enough. She couldn't sleep for too long without waking up and having to readjust as unrelenting steel pressed cruelly into her naked body. This was the longest that she'd been without clothes since she could remember, perhaps ever, she thought as she struggled fruitlessly to find a comfortable position.

She was lying as best she could after her restless night when, as suddenly as they had gone off, the lights came on. She was relieved that at least she could once again see her surroundings, as unremarkable and unchanged as they were. She sat up, pissed and shit on the floor, had some water, and began to wait. Her stomach was growling again. She now had absolutely no idea of what time it could be. She knew it was her second day in the cage, but whether it was 3am or

noon, she could not have said. Maybe Mr. Woods would tell her when he came. She realized that seeing Mr. Woods was the only thing she had to look forward to that would break the monotony of her situation which had already become oppressive. She continued to wait.

Sometime later, the door slid open and he entered. A wave of excitement hit Samantha and she smiled as he entered. "Good morning Mr. Woods."

"Morning Samantha," he said. "I trust you had a nice night." He was carrying a number of items that he proceeded to set down and organize.

"Not really, to be honest," she replied. It's hard to sleep in this thing. "And it when the lights went out it was so incredibly dark, it was like being blind." She watched him as he set down a neatly furled hose and began to attach it to the faucet in the wall. He propped the large floor squeegee in one corner of the room. He also set down a plastic bucket, but she couldn't see what was inside it. She asked him what time it was, but all he would tell her was that the lights were programmed to go off at 10pm and on at 6am. She had no way to tell exactly how many hours had passed between 6am and now.

"Head to the hatch, please," he ordered. She complied, not sure what he would do, but desperately hoping it involved breakfast. Instead, when he walked around and unlocked the small opening, she saw he had in his hand a bowl of water and a toothbrush. He dipped the toothbrush in the water to wet the bristles, applied some paste, and told her to open up. He proceeded to brush her teeth. The paste was a basic baking soda formula and tasted awful. But Sam was actually quite happy that he was taking care of this. The thought 50 days without a tooth cleaning was one she was happy not to entertain. He instructed her to rinse and spit and closed the hatch.

Next he removed a new full water bottle from the bucket and replaced the bottle installed on the cage which by now was nearly empty. He then turned on the water faucet and turned the hose on Samantha. She shrieked as the cold water drenched her and while she tried to curl up to minimize the area that was getting soaked, there was really no way for her to avoid the drenching as he maneuvered the hose around the cage for a thorough soaking. He stopped the flow of water and instructed her to stick her ass up. Shivering she did as she was told, hoping that by cooperating she would minimize whatever was to come. He paid close attention to her asshole and pussy, knowing that she hadn't been able to wipe herself.

While she sat there shivering, he attached some sort of dispenser attachment to the hose nozzle and turned it on the soaking girl once again. This time a thick soapy foam came out of the hose and coated Samantha. "We'll let that sit for a few minutes, and then rinse you off," Mr. Woods stated blithely. "Being locked in a tiny cage is no excuse for being filthy, right?"

Samantha nodded and shivered. "I suppose there's no hot water," she said, resigned to the inevitable no that followed. He rinsed her off and then used the squeegee to push the water, along with the turds that Samantha had shit out over the last two days into the drain pipe. Samantha and the room that held her were now clean. Having no towel, Samantha continued to sit wet and shivering.

As he squeegeed, he once again made small talk with Samantha, which actually helped her take her mind off of her discomfort. She desperately wanted to ask him for food, but feared that her asking would anger him.

"Head to the hatch," he commanded once again, upon completing the cleaning. "Now I get to eat," thought Samantha, relieved, but she was disappointed once again. He opened the hatch, unzipped his trousers, and presented her, once again, his member to pleasure. Like yesterday, he came in her mouth and she swallowed the deposit, grateful for anything in her belly, unhappy that, once again, the climax was not mutual as she remained frustrated.

He zipped up, locked the hatch, and began to reassemble his cleaning items, unhooking and furling the hose. "Whelp," he said, "I've got a busy day today, so I'll be on my way. Don't go anywhere. I'll be back later."

Once again she was alone as the door slid shut. No food. She drank water to try to feel full, but it gave her only momentary relief before her stomach started begging again for real food - even the unappetizing mush she'd been given last night. She set in for a long wait, thinking back about how she had ended up here.

It had all started at the beginning of the winter semester, Samantha's final semester before graduating with a mechanical engineering degree. She had a job offer for out of college that didn't start until October, and she didn't yet know what she was going to do for the summer. She didn't want to go back to her parents and she didn't have the money to travel around for the summer, as many of her friends were planning to do.

One night, when having drinks with a few of her girlfriends, they'd gotten tipsy - well, maybe more than tipsy to be honest - and started talking and laughing about sexual fetishes, S&M, dominatrices, and so on. One of her friends, Mandy, had spontaneously logged onto a fetish classified site with a made up account, and they started looking at some of the ads that were posted, masters looking for slaves or slaves for masters, invitations for very specific sorts of sex games. The girls ogled the ads and giggled at the most outrageous ones. There was one ad in particular though, that excited Samantha in a way beyond their general titillation. It was an ad seeking an attractive young woman to spend an extended period of time as a captive in a small

cage. The terms were negotiable, said the ad.

At the time, Samantha had said nothing and they continue browsing and gawking at a lifestyle completely foreign. Later, however, the ad gnawed at Samantha. Although she had spoken of it to nobody including her closest friends or any of her boyfriends, being trapped in a cage was a fantasy of hers. A compelling fantasy that she turned to whenever she was alone with her vibrator. She had always assumed that it would stay a fantasy. But what if, she thought.

Unable to free her mind of the nagging interest, she created a new account on the site and looked at the ad again. It was still posted. And then, to her own surprise, she responded. She asked for more details - where would they be, what would happen while she was a captive, and how long was an "extended period?"

Less than a day later, she received a reply, suggesting that she meet with a man named Mr. Woods to discuss further. Since she still had classes and had limited means, they agreed to meet near her. The meeting was set for an upscale restaurant in Samantha's college town, one that she had never been to as the price was prohibitive.

Their reservation, it turned out, was for a private room attached to the main dining room, normally used for business meetings. When the hostess led her into the room, a handsome man, perhaps in his early forties, rose to greet her. He was slim with dark brown hair and grey eyes that made his gaze seem very intense. He extended his hand. "Samantha," he said, "pleased to meet you. I am Mr. Woods." He was wearing a perfectly tailored suit making Sam, herself wearing her favorite dress, feel underdressed.

It was there that they made their agreement. She explained that she had time to kill between graduation and the start of her job, spoke awkwardly of her fantasy of being a caged prisoner, and said that she saw this as possibly an answer to both. Mr. Woods listened attentively and was encouraging, somehow making her feel at ease as she divulged her odd desire for the first time to another person.

Samantha had first suggested a week as the amount of time, but Mr. Woods had dismissed that as too short. He'd suggested the entire period between graduation and her new job. Eventually they'd compromised and arrived at 50 days. They established that Samantha would be naked for the duration, unless he provided any clothing. They established that Samantha, as a prisoner, would obey Mr. Woods' commands during the time of her imprisonment. Mr. Woods, for his part, would ensure that Samantha's basic needs were met, and that he would let her out in the case of a medical emergency. At Mr. Woods' insistence, they also agreed that at any time, Samantha could request to have her time in the cage doubled and that he would keep her for that additional time. Samantha had chuckled at that one as she knew she'd not be asking for more

time. She'd wanted a week and already been negotiated up to over seven. Finally, she decided that either one of them could back out at any time up until the moment of the start, which was set to June 1 at 6am.

A week later, a courier arrived with their agreement for Samantha to sign, which she did, knowing that nothing was really binding until the moment she went through with her crazy idea.

She'd gone through with it, and now she thought that she would either go crazy with boredom or starve to death. He had agreed to meet her basic needs, which included food. But, she supposed, he hadn't agreed to give her much. She was certain that he would cite that loophole if she confronted him about it.

At one point, she began to feel certain that he was not coming back at all, and a small bout of panic overcame her. It felt like she'd been alone for a day or more now. But her brain told her that it couldn't have been that long. She hadn't had to pee enough times for a full day to have passed, she told herself. The minutes dragged by, as she had no stimuli to overcome the oppressive boredom that had crowded out her gnawing hunger and the physical discomfort of the cage as her primary concern.

Eventually, hours later, Mr. Woods returned with his folding chair, newspaper, and bowl of foul-tasting mush. Like the previous day, he read her some news articles, fed her what felt like far too little, and finally fucked her asshole, ejaculating on her back. She was beginning to resign herself to not being allowed to get off.

Once again, he collected his belongings and made for the door. Right before he exited, he stopped and turned. "I realize I made an error last night when I said that asking for things was useless." Samantha perked up - perhaps he was going to give her an opportunity for a perk after all. "According to our agreement, you can always ask me to double your time in the cage, and I must oblige."

"I think I'll pass on that one," she replied sardonically. "Two days already feels like a year. I think fifty will be more than enough."

"Well don't hesitate to change your mind. It would bring me great joy should you choose to extend your stay with me." With that the door slid closed behind him, and Samantha was left to wait for the hours to pass until the absolute darkness that would envelop her and the longer hours of darkness before Mr. Woods' next visit in the morning.

She sighed. "Things could be worse," she told herself, though at that moment she could not really think of how.

## **Samantha's Decision**

The next days proceeded as before and Samantha settled into a dull routine. Mr. Woods cleaned her each morning and left after receiving a blowjob. She would then be alone for endless hours with nothing but her wandering thoughts. In the evening, her captor would return and read her the newspaper, feed her, and fuck her ass. After a few days, she had grown accustomed to the anal penetration and it no longer hurt as much. In fact, it had started to feel quite pleasant and was one of the things that she looked forward to every day.

Mr. Woods, her captor, was clearly interested in tormenting her as well. He had all of the power, and she had none. One day, near the end of the first week, he'd entered the room at dinner time and begun the routine. He asked how she was doing, gave her the news. Instead of feeding her though, he immediately instructed her to turn and present her asshole, which he fucked with his usual enthusiasm. After zipping his fly, he told her that she wasn't getting fed. That it was nothing she had done, but he simply felt like not feeding her that day, but that she would probably get some food tomorrow.

Samantha could do nothing but whimper, as one of the few pleasures of her day had been denied and she now looked forward to a long night and following day of severe hunger pangs. She had just started getting used to her current one meal a day schedule and had stopped feeling starving until a few hours before she was usually fed.

A day or two later, after brushing her teeth, he clipped her toenails as well. He then had her extend her hands out of the hatch, handcuffed them both to the side of the cage and proceed to remove her mittens, cut her fingernails and wash her hands, before carefully taping her thumb back to a useless state and putting back on the mittens.

Some days after that, he arrived in the morning, changed her water bottle and brushed her teeth as normal. When she took a sip to rinse her mouth, she spit out the liquid immediately. It wasn't water. "It's piss," explained Mr. Woods, calmly. "You'll be drinking that from now on. Don't worry, it's quite sanitary and hydrates as well as water." Samantha begged him to reconsider, but when the door slid shut behind him, the bottle of piss remained. When she was thirsty she drank it, leaving her with an acrid aftertaste in her mouth, and a crushing sense of humiliation. For some reason being forced to drink urine made her feel more embarrassed, even, than she had previously being fucked, cleaned, and treated more or less like an animal by Mr. Woods.

At some point - she'd lost track of the exact number of days - she woke up with menstrual cramps. She hadn't thought about having her period, but she now assumed that she'd just have to

bleed onto the floor. It had been several days that she'd been drinking piss. Sure enough, when Mr. Woods observed her menstrual blood on the floor, he did not provide a tampon, and continued on his routine of getting sucked off and fucking her ass without comment.

Several days later, as Mr. Woods arrived for Samantha's morning cleaning, he asked her if she knew how many days had passed. She did not. "Today is the beginning of your twentieth day," he said. "Not too bad, thirty to go." Samantha had hoped that more time had passed, but wasn't too surprised given the way time passed slowly. "Here's the thing," he went on. "As I reminded you earlier, you still have the option to extend your time to 100 days. And I would be very elated if you chose to do so, as I think that this cage suits you very well."

"No thanks!" Samantha interjected. "You may like it, but I'll be glad to be free again. And not forced to drink piss and be able to eat something that tastes good."

"Well, hear me out Samantha," he went on. "I certainly respect your decision either way. But I did want to let you know that if I only get you for fifty days, I'm going to make your last twenty-five absolutely unbearable. Beyond anything you've experienced. And I'm afraid that that will make the time pass even more agonizingly slowly than it already must be."

Samantha was very concerned. "What are you going to do to me then."

"If you'd like to find out Samantha, all you have to do is wait five more days. But if you don't want to find out, then I suggest requesting more time. I'm happy with either option, getting to spend more time with you, or having fun making things really unpleasant."

"But if you don't want to find out, then I'd suggest asking for more time between now and then. Food for thought, anyhow."

And with that, he was gone, leaving Samantha alone to think. What would she do? She had no doubt that Mr. Woods was an accomplished sadist who could make 25 days seem like an eternity in Hell. Things were bad enough for her as they were.

He fed and fucked her that night and said nothing of the morning's conversation. Nor did she. Neither spoke of it the next morning or evening either. The morning after though, she'd made up her mind. She would take the time. It would still give her enough time to start her new job, she'd realized, and, despite the occasional extra torment, she was able to handle the routine that had been established. "Wonderful," was Mr. Woods. "I am very pleased." With that, instead of four weeks to go, she had 11 more to endure.

## More Time

A few days later, while clipping her finger and toenails, Mr. Woods announced that it was time for a haircut as well and bade Samantha position her head near the hatch. To her shock and dismay, rather than giving her a trim, he produced an electric clippers and proceeded to shear her hair, leaving her with a close cropped buzz cut. Her beautiful reddish-blond locks piled on the floor below her. Samantha had had long hair as long as she remembered, and the sudden cutting was shocking and humiliating to her at once, and as he finished, she couldn't control herself and began to whimper quietly, and tears began to trickle down her cheeks.

"It will be easier to keep it clean this way," he explained, "now that we've decided to extend your stay."

Some days after that, after having fed her and fucked her ass in what had become their routine, he flatly told her that the amount of light time would be reduced to twelve hours a day. From now on, he explained, the lights would go out immediately after he left for the night and stay out until he returned to tend her in the morning. Sam pleaded for a reason, knowing that this she couldn't sleep twelve hours a day and not knowing how she'd cope with the increased sense of isolation this would induce, but the only reason he gave her was that he wanted to and she had no say in the matter.

In complete pitch blackness now, half of her time, Sam's mornings began with her fixating on the direction of the door, waiting for Mr. Woods' return and with it the return of sight. Her days were spent with the inevitable knowledge that after a brief interaction with her captor, she would again be returned to darkness.

A few days following the reduction of her light, he gave her a new ultimatum. "In 10 days, we'll be at your new halfway point," he said. "You can ask to double again, to 200 days, or spend your last 50 significantly less pleasant circumstances."

She was shocked. "But you said if I doubled to 100..." she objected. "I said that I would make things unbearable for you if you didn't ask for more time. I made no such commitment not to do any particular thing if you did. Now I'm making the same offer for doubling again. But it's totally up to you."

After leaving, Samantha decided that she had to stay steadfast this time, and accept whatever he had cooked up. She had to leave here in time to start her new job. With more time in darkness, she already felt as if she was starting to lose track of time and her sense of life outside the cage, and she feared that adding another 100 days, more than three months, could start to make it difficult for her to get back to her regular life. She was already starting to worry that she would



have trouble walking once out, as it had already been over a month since she last stood upright.

The next ten days passed uneventfully, following Mr. Woods' routine. As of the fiftieth day, neither of them had acknowledge Mr. Woods' warning. When he entered the room that morning, he proceeded as he normally did each day, hosing her down, replacing her drinking bottle with one refilled with urine. He then clipper her toenails and unwrapped her hands to clip her fingernails as he also did periodically. After reapplying her bulky mittens however, he produced a pair of wrist irons and told her to place her hands behind her back so that he could attach them.

Was this his new torment for the rest of her time? she wondered. Knowing there was no sense in trying to resist, she allowed him to fasten the metal D-shaped cuffs around her wrists. They were fastened together with a very short length of chain, no more than a couple of inches, ensuring that her hands were now secured behind her. She realized that this would make sleeping especially significantly more difficult as she would no longer be able to rest her head on her arms and would have only the thick bars of the cage as a pillow.

He left her without an explanation and she spend the day accustoming herself to her new bonds. Overall, she decided, she would be able to cope, though the additional loss in mobility was certainly going to increase her discomfort.

When Mr. Woods returned in the evening, he brought with him, in addition to the usual bowl of gruel that he fed her, a gym bag. It stayed on the floor, unopened as he fed her the unappetizing meal that she'd grown used to. She began to position her asshole to the hatch to be fucked as normal. It was more difficult with her hands behind her as she now had to support her full weight on her shins and knees instead of being able to rest on all fours while being fucked. Instead of taking her as normal though, Mr. Woods moved towards the bag and unzipped it. "Ah Samantha," he began, "since it appears you opted not to extend your visit, so I will now make good on my promise to you."

Startled, Samantha exclaimed, "I thought the handcuffs were..." He cut her off. "Goodness no, Samantha. The cuffs were going to go on no matter what. Now I will show you what I've got cooked up." He produced from the gym bag a large black leather item. "This is a training mask," he explained. "I normally use it when I'm breaking in a new slave. I've been lead to believe that an extended time in it is quite the ordeal" Samantha realized that it did look like a full head-covering mask with a thick buckle to fasten it around the neck. There were no eye or earholes, she noticed. "It is designed for total long term sensory deprivation. It covers the eyes, and then I'll be applying an additional light-blocking blindfold" - he reached into the bag and pulled out padded blindfold that could be attached to the mask with additional buckles. "The mask itself has padding over the ears to block any sound, and I'll be inserting additional ear

plugs to ensure that you are completely deafened."

Samantha was beginning to panic. This is not what she'd expected. To be completely blind and deaf? For seven weeks? Her heart was pounding and her mind was racing.

Mr. Woods continued, as he produced a large ball gag from the bag. The gag was not wholly solid, but was actually bisected by a hollow tube. "For the entire time you'll also have this pretty girl in your mouth, to prevent any talking. The tube you see here is a feeding tube that we'll be using from now on to feed and water you. Finally, he produced from the bag another plastic tube. This is a breathing tube that I'll install as well to make sure you don't suffocate should your nose get plugged up.

Samantha was pleading "No, please, no. I can't... you can't... please don't." Mr. Woods was implacable. "Once the mask is fully installed, I'll be tightening out the binding on your arms and securing your legs in place so that you'll have only slight mobility. That will make it easier for me to feed you when I come by and reduce the chance of your accidentally hurting yourself or bumping out the tubes." From his pocket he produced a pill bottle and removed two tablets. "This is a mild sedative," he said. "I'll have you take it while I'm getting you ready. It will make things easier. You will take it," he said, "one way or the other, and I will have you secured before I leave today."

Samantha was now desperate and panic had overtaken her completely. "Please, she said. I'll do anything you want except that. I'll ask for more time, just please don't do this to me," she begged. "Sorry, Samantha," he replied, "you had your chance. You can, of course, ask for more time, but now that's going to me more time in the mask, not more time out of it."

"Please no," she was weeping openly now, "I'll ask for quadruple time, I'll do anything." Mr. Woods paused. "Quadruple time, would be, at this point, 400 days, he said. That would be over a year. Are you sure?"

"Yes, yes, anything, 400 days," Samantha rambled, sensing faint hope. "Okay," he agreed. Ask to stay here for 400 days and we can avert this situation."

"Yes, please keep me here for 400 days," said Samantha. "Very well," Mr. Woods replied evenly, "it's a deal."

He left, and Samantha, immediately plunged into darkness, sobbed, unbelieving that she had just signed away more than a year of her life to her confinement, yet relieved that she had avoided the terrifying alternative. As she began to calm, another terrifying thought rose to her consciousness. What will prevent him from threatening her with the mask again when her time

neared? In her panic, she hadn't made him agree to that and she realized that now she had merely postponed her horrific fate.

## **A New Bargain**

Time passed with agonizing slowness. The discomfort and humiliation associated with her current situation were mere nuisances compared with the torturously slow passage of time. Samantha used her occasional grooming and periods as markers, estimating that he cut her nails every week or so, and re-shaved her head every three or four weeks, along with her period once a month. At one point, she estimated that she'd been Mr. Woods' captive for four months, but she had no way to verify that and Mr. Woods demurred when she tried to confirm. Mr. Woods told her that since her stay had extended so long, he would not be able to spend as much time with her each day. He continued to read to her some evenings, but others, rather than spending much time with her in the evenings, he would simply feed and fuck her, and leave without making conversation or answering any questions she might ask.

"Merry Christmas, Samantha," he greeted her one morning. She was taken aback. Was it really Christmas? That meant she'd been locked in her tiny space for over six months. It also meant that she was less than halfway through her ordeal.

"It's really Christmas," she asked.

"Yes, he confirmed. I hope you got me something nice," he added mockingly. "Sorry, you didn't make my Christmas list," she answered. He laughed. "That's too bad," he said evenly. I got you something. He produced from the inside pocket of his sport coat a pair of leg irons. "I think you'll look very attractive with these on," he pronounced. In her position, she knew that she could hardly prevent him from shackling her legs, confined, and her hands already restrained behind her back. She could already imagine the additional discomfort of losing yet more mobility. She backed into a corner and struggled weakly while he worked through the bars to attach the chains. "Please don't," she whined, knowing that it would have no effect. When he was done, her ankles were chained together with just a short length between them, about two inches or so. It was going to make it yet more difficult for her to stay comfortable, she could tell, though she supposed she'd get used to it just as she'd adapted to her hands being locked behind her.

"You may not appreciate your present," he said, "but you do look very lovely in it." Samantha was not grateful for the compliment and said nothing. After giving her gift, he proceeded as

normal, washing her and receiving his daily oral pleasuring from Samantha. She had to struggle more than normal to move in the cage and position her head appropriately, but she complied with his demand for his blowjob as normal, despite her newest discomfort. She didn't see what choice she had in any case.

As she suspected, he never removed the ankle chains.

Their routine continued until two months later, he gave her a "Valentine's Day" present, which was cutting her light from twelve hours a day to nine. Going forward she was now spending more than half of her day in complete darkness. She learned that time passed most quickly when she focused on nothing, so she spent her time in a meditative state, letting her mind free from the cage that encased her body.

Shortly after Valentine's day, Mr. Woods announced gave her the news she expected yet feared most. That she had to decide soon whether to ask for an extension or face the final stretch of her time in the isolation mask that he had threatened her with before. This time, though, she had decided to offer an alternative, as desperate as it might be.

"Spare me from the mask and let me out of the cage, and I will be a slave for you. You said before that you have other slave girls. I could be that for you as well."

"It's an interesting offer," he conceded. "I'll consider it."

That evening, after finishing his daily routine of feeding and sodomizing her, he told her that he had considered her offer but could not accept it as it. "First off," he said, "I couldn't consider letting you out early. I plan to stick to my end of the agreement, and as it stands now, your last day in this room is July 5 and not a day earlier. Second, I don't really need an extra slave girl right now, as I've just recently brought in a new one and am occupied with training her and will be for the next several months."

Samantha's heart sank. She had expected that he would accept her offer and had no plan B. Mr. Woods continued. "However, I could probably take you on in a year or so, so if you ask to double once more, up to 800 days, I can agree that I will not force you into the mask during that time and will take you on as my slave upon completion."

"Another year and a half!" was all Samantha could think of, but at the moment. "What about less time than another 400 days?" Samantha asked. "Then you could have me as a slave sooner."

"No," said Mr. Woods calmly, "my offer is final and you have 30 seconds to accept it. I don't

really need you as my slave, you see, so you're bargaining from a weak position." Then he started counting down. "Thirty... Twenty-nine..."

"Yes, fine, I agree," sighed Samantha, realizing that she'd gotten the best agreement she could. She also realized that she was now committed to being with Mr. Woods indefinitely. But at least she'd found a way out of the cage and spared the terror of the awful mask.

## Changes

Shortly after they had struck their newest bargain, Mr Woods arrived as usual for his morning visit, but this time he was not alone. Following him into the room was a woman, who, by all appearances, was his slave. Her blonde hair was buzzed to just a quarter inch. She was naked except for thick gold-colored metal collar around her neck, and her wrists were each connected to a ring at the front of the collar by about an foot of gold chain, restricting the mobility of her hands and arms. Her gaze was lowered, focusing on the ground in front of her rather than looking straight ahead.

"Good morning Samantha," I'd like you to meet my slave. "Since you're going to be here for much longer than expected, it's not really practical for me to continue visiting you every day. This slave will be taking over for me for the purposes of your morning cleaning and evening feeding. She's not permitted to speak, so there's no point in trying to chat her up, but please try not to be too difficult for her."

"So, I'm not going to see you anymore?" Samantha asked. Even though he was the source of her discomfort, his visits were the only distraction from the monotony. If his slave was not going to even talk, then Samantha expected things to get even more tedious.

"I might drop by occasionally, if I feel like a fuck, but your asshole's gotten a bit stretched out anyhow at this point. Couple of other things - the lights will be out from now on, except when the slave is tending to you. And also, we're reducing your meal size slightly. You probably won't even notice the difference, but I thought you'd like to know."

Samantha didn't even protest. She knew it would be fruitless, so she simply tried to choke back the tears that were welling up despite her best efforts.

"I'll leave it to you two then," and with that Mr. Woods excited. The silent slave girl attached the hose and sprayed down Samantha as normal, having to bend awkwardly with her arms chained as they were. Squeegeeing the floor was equally as awkward as the slave girl was restrained from making long pulls on the squeegee to push the water to the drainpipe.

As the slave worked, Samantha observed her more closely. In addition to her collar and wrist chains, her ankles were chained together with enough give for the slave to take short steps, but certainly not enough to run or walk quickly. Her body was completely hairless except for the closely buzzed head hair and eyelashes. She had large round breasts that jiggled slightly as she went about her duties. Her entire body was criss-crossed with marks some faint and some fresh, that looked to have come from a whip or a cane. Samantha wondered if this is what she'd become once she became another of Mr. Woods' slave girls.

Once the slave was done her work, she turned to the door without so much as looking Samantha in the eye, and as she exited, the door slid shut and, as promised, the lights were extinguished, leaving Samantha in pitch blackness.

Time continued to move agonizingly slowly. Every day, instead of Mr. Woods, the slave girl performed her duties, leaving Samantha the rest of the time to wither in pitch black isolation. Sometimes she tried to converse with the slave, sometimes she screamed at the slave at the top of her lungs to say something to her, but the slave never once acknowledged Samantha's attempts.

## **The New Slave**

Samantha believed that she was having her 25th period since being Mr. Woods' prisoner. And by her calculations, that meant that her time was nearing the end. She had had plenty of time to mentally check and re-check her arithmetic. Although she did not know the exact number of days, she was certain that she couldn't have more than a month left before her new life as Mr. Woods slave girl would begin.

That same day, when the lights came on and the door opened, it wasn't the silent blonde slave that had been tending her for the last year or more, but instead Mr. Woods himself entered the room.

"Mr. Woods!" Exclaimed Samantha. Perhaps she'd miscalculated and today was the day.

"Samantha," Mr. Woods replied, "you're looking pale, but otherwise still a joy as ever to behold."

"Is today the day?" She asked hopefully.

Mr. Woods chuckled, "not quite yet, but I appreciate the eagerness. No, I've dropped by to introduce you to my newest slave, who I've been training for quite some time. Now that she's

fully trained, I've sold that old one to a harem. Honestly, was starting to show her age. My new slave will be tending you from now on."

He turned back towards the door, and clapped his hands twice. Into the room shuffled a girl, eyes downcast, who was groomed and chained in the same way as the previous slave. Completely nude except for her collar and wrist and leg irons, and totally hairless save for closely buzzed head hair. This girl's hair was reddish-blond, almost the same color as Samantha's.

When Samantha saw her she literally gasped and exclaimed "Laura?" The slave girl did not respond, but Samantha knew that it was her younger sister.

"Yes, this slave used to be known as Laura," said Mr. Woods, "but she doesn't respond to that name anymore. It seems as if the girls in your family have a similar submissive streak. The second she turned 18, after you were already living in this room, she was already searching for a stern master to train with. And I was lucky enough to find her and take her in."

As with the old one, this slave isn't permitted to speak, even to her sister. She'll be carrying on the routine, just as the old one.

For the first time since her entire ordeal began, Samantha was not able to contain herself. "You bastard!" She yelled, "what have you done to my sister. This wasn't part of our deal." And she turned to Laura, "Laura, it's me Samantha, talk to me. You don't have to be here with this monster."

But neither master nor slave seemed moved by Samantha's outburst, and Mr. Woods, simply walked out of the room without commenting or looking back. The girl formerly known as Laura, as best she could in her chains, sprayed down her wailing sister, cleaned the mess beneath her on the floor, and left her once again to the darkness.

Each day, when the new slave came to tend to Samantha, Samantha tried to reach out to her, begging her, screaming, joking, cajoling, anything to get her sister to speak to her or to at least acknowledge their sisterly bond with a shred of tenderness. But it was for naught.

## **Last Day**

"Well, Samantha," Mr. Woods said, "I thought it would never come, but today is the day. You've been in the cage for 800 days as per our agreement. And at this point, also as agreed, you now belong to me as my slave..

The months of near complete isolation had left Samantha's mind bleary, and she struggled momentarily to even comprehend what he was saying to her. "You mean, I get to come out?" she asked, suddenly realizing that she could be getting free.

Thoughts of walking on grass and soaking up sunlight crossed her mind, thoughts of seeing another person besides her captor and his silent and seemingly mindless slave girls, of eating something other than the putrid gruel she'd been fed for the last two years.

"Oh no," Mr. Woods replied, "that's not the case at all, my slave. As my slave, you do anything I want you to do. And I intend to keep you here for the rest of your life."

"What? Wait! no! You can't," she cried frantically, thrashing at the bars and running into

"Quiet slave," Mr. Woods said sharply. Samantha eventually stopped thrashing, though tears continued to stream down her cheeks.

"Here, take this," he handed her a pill. "It will help you calm down." She swallowed the pill, wondering absently what it was that her new master had given her, but too distraught to ask.

"Good," Mr. Woods said. "Once the sedative starts kicking in, I will in fact be opening the cage one last time. It will help me get you properly attired."

"What?" she asked, confused.

Without comment he left the room, but returned shortly with a cart, containing contents that Samantha could not quite make out.

First, from the cart, he produced an enormous ball gag, the one he had shown her when she had first seen the awful mask. Samantha could not imagine fitting in into her mouth. "You'll be wearing this from now on, since I'm about sick of hearing you whine and complain about things. As I described before, you'll have a feeding tube and breathing tube so we don't have to bother removing it at any point."

Next he produced a thick black collar with a metal ring on the front. "Every good slave needs a collar."

Samantha's fear was tempered by an almost overpowering drowsiness brought on by the pill she'd been made to take, and she displayed almost no reaction.

"Once the tubes are inserted and the gag is in place. I'll be adding some bonds to your arms so



their restrained elbow to elbow and wrist to wrist behind your back." He held up two pairs of metal cuffs that he intended to use. "I'll also be reducing the give on your leg irons so that your feet are cuffed together completely. We don't want you moving much in order to make sure the feeding and breathing tubes stay in place.

I'll also be inserting a catheter and an anal tube to collect your waste, and once everything is inserted for you to breath, eat, and excrete, I'll be attaching solid metal walling to the outside of this cage, enclosing it completely from the outside.

I'll be assigning one of my slaves to take over your cleaning and feeding, pouring food and water down your feeding tube and emptying out your piss and shit bags. You won't even be able to see each other once the box is sealed off. The only thing you have to do is live."

Samantha's mind was screaming, but her body was held limp by the drug. She could listen to her fate being described to her and literally could not even attempt to resist. She lay limp in the cage as her new cruel master unriveted a side of the cage that had confined her for the last two years, and would for the rest of her life. Her brain urged her body to struggle, to put up a fight, as he began to ease the fearsome mask over her head. Her world went dark as the mask's thick pads covered her eyes. She felt the thick collar of the mask clasped shut around her neck.

She couldn't resist as a tube was carefully eased down her esophagus and another down her trachea. Her mouth was forced open wider than it had ever been before as her new permanent gag was eased in forcing her jaws wide open, and then strapped tightly behind her head.

Next her hands were un-cuffed and her mittens removed, those bonds replaced tighter and unyielding new metal bonds. She experienced a shooting pain in her upper arms and shoulders as they were pulled together by the tight bonds closer than they could comfortably go.

She was set on her knees and, as promised, her ankles were cuffed together so that it was almost impossible for her to move into a comfortable position. Her head was pushed down and the collar was strapped to the bottom of the cage with a two foot strap so that she could not raise her head higher than that.

It felt like burning as a catheter tube was inserted into her urethra to collect her urine going forward and another tube was roughly inserted into her ass. Both tubes were secured in place.

And finally, as the sedative was beginning to wear off, she heard clanking of metal and power tools running as solid metal 3x3 walls were attached to the outside of the cage in which she'd already lived for over two years. The front and back walls had two holes each through which the tubes were threaded through.

Once five of the walls were attached and only the front remained, Mr. Woods lowered himself so that he was face to face with his newest slave. "One more thing. Of course, you could try to spend all your time trying to force out your feeding tube in order to kill yourself. Or you could try banging your head against the steel and doing it that way. But just wanted to let you know that as soon as you're dead, your dear sister will be taking your place in here, so for her sake, I wish you a long and fruitful life."

She could not answer. Her jaws felt like they were on fire from being stretch so cruelly by gag, and her arms were aching acutely already. She was sobbing uncontrollably at the point that her world went completely black as the final wall of the cage was attached.

Time passed. Occasionally, she felt her esophagus swell uncomfortably as some sort of liquid, water or food was administered to her feeding tube. The rest of the time was a sea of nothingness as she lay trapped, knowing that the only thing she could accomplish for the rest of her life was to live and do absolutely nothing else.

## **Epilog**

Later that same day, Mr. Woods led Samantha's sister to his study and ordered her to kneel. Another man was already waiting in the room when they entered.

"Slave," said Mr. Woods, "I've sold you. This is your new master, and you are to obey him now. I have a new girl myself waiting in the basement to begin training, and I have no more use for you." He attached a lead to her collar and passed it to the other man, an older portly man, with a shaved head and a short black goatee. The slave girl's eyes had started to tear up, and she was trying not to cry. "She's all yours, it's been a pleasure doing business as always."

"Likewise, Mr. Woods," replied the gentleman. Then to the slave, "Come on, cunt, let's go." She rose, sniffling, and he led her out of the office by the leash.

Mr. Woods then proceeded to the basement where a naked girl, newly committed as a slave lay shivering on the concrete floor of the cold dark cell where she had been kept for the last 36 hours. Time to start training.

The End

