

Violet Lovedoll Part One

Chapter 1 - A Prisoner of Lust

I heard another sensual moan emerge from my gagged lips, its tone full of lust and desperation. My naked body trembled in the frame that imprisoned me. My cheeks, red and burning with arousal, felt the falling of a new teardrop. Like every other squeezed out by my dry and bleary eyes, it was full of wanton frustration.

Acting on pure instinct, I struggled briefly against my bonds, jerking my feet and pulling my arms against their restraints. But in my mind and heart I knew it was all useless. My limbs were no freer and my fingers no closer to touching myself. All it accomplished was to make me pant harder, and maybe release a bit of the frustration that I could no longer bear.

I wanted to die, to cry, to scream, to lie down, to flail about in uncontrolled insanity and to simply lose my mind. But I could do none of these things. I could do nothing except stand here in the same 'I surrender so fuck me' posture. My mind remained sane, enshrouded in a haze of lust but hyper aware of my torments. Even my tears had mostly run out, aside from a rare drop or two that my glands just filled.

My hands continued to be held at shoulder height. A chrome cuff locked around each of my wrists and held them at the opposite ends of a 3ft-long yoke. This was a steel bar that was attached to the back of my imprisoning frame, by means of a pivot that allowed my arms to swing up or down by up to 45 degrees. However, the little freedom it gave me was illusory and only served to mock me. I had tried frantically, on countless occasions, to bring my fingers to where they might do some good or even just touch my own body; but it was all in vain.

I leaned back against the rubber padded beam as usual, feeling that this would at least take a sliver of weight off my aching feet. The vertical metal beam had a square cross-section around 6in wide, rising from the ground until it reached behind my head.

A rubber-lined posture collar extended from just below the headrest to wrap around my delicate throat, keeping my head upright and prohibiting any attempts to look down at my own body. It also made breathing somewhat tricky, as contrary to the 'innocent' looking ball-gag between my lips, a pliable long phallus that poked down my throat filled my mouth. The deep-throating gag held two tubes within -- an air duct that allowed me to breath just enough, and a feeding tube that went down to my constricted stomach.

Down below, a wide band of rubber-lined steel wrapped around my waist, which had been cinched down to just 20-inches by an under-bust corset. The combination made even the slightest movement of my torso impossible, forcing me to stay stiffly in position before the vertical beam.

A second steel bar, not far off the ground and 30 in-wide, held my ankles far wide apart with its cuffs on the opposite ends. Like my yoke, this bar was also attached to the main beam through a swivel -- one that jutted out in front of the beam. It allowed the bar to horizontally rotate back and forth, though this didn't do me any good either. My legs were still spread just as wide, forcing me to balance precariously on top of my 6in stiletto heels, their straps buckled tight and locked around my ankles.

The vulnerability brought by my spread legs wasn't merely there to humiliate me either. A curved balcony protruded from the front of the main beam, perfectly positioned to line up beneath my crotch. From it extended three probes: a catheter into my bladder that made me feel like I was constantly peeing; an anal dildo/enema nozzle that felt like it filled my entire rectum; and last but not least -- a phallus that left my love tunnel feeling full but not stretched, then made up for this modesty by extending its realistic head so deep that it brushed uncomfortably against my cervix.

Combined with my crushing corset, these intruders left my stomach feeling unbelievably stuffed, with pressure coming from both the inside and outside. But the worse part wasn't that the dildos left me impaled, unable to get off these prongs that violated my most private parts. It wasn't even the fact that my legs

were forced to stay apart, neither able to hide my impalement from view nor able to rub my thighs in self-comfort.

No, it was the fact the vaginal and anal dildos both vibrated in a maddening way that was driving me absolutely insane...

...or at least, it made me *wish* that I had gone insane.

The vibrations had felt pleasurable at first, which might have been enjoyable had I not felt so utterly humiliated. But while they were strong enough to slowly bring me to a state of extreme arousal, they weren't powerful enough to make me cum. The strength of each vibrator also oscillated independently, just enough that I could neither figure out a pattern nor grow accustomed to them. By the end of the first day, I was thrashing against my bonds. But the end of the third I was alternatively screaming and begging into my gag for an orgasm.

How long has it been now? Enough for two weeks? Three? Standing here, helpless, day after day, while these tormentors teased me from dawn until dusk. I sobbed as I thought about my crotch and the intruders inside me that continued their sensual torture even now.

My hips contracted and pumped as much as possible, but with my torso held still by the corset, the marginal movements I achieved below were nowhere enough! My legs quivered nonstop as they were forced to stay spread, unable to do anything except to feel the steady trail of love juices that ran down from my crotch.

During my first day in this cell, they had also fitted me with a hood that left me completely blind and deaf to the world. Yet despite this, they somehow launched an unceasing assault of pornographic experiences straight into my brain! I watched innumerable fetish maids, bound damsels, and collared slavegirls, molested, raped, or just fucked senseless. The images and sounds were projected directly into the backdrop of my mind, making the act of shutting my eyes or other means of blocking it utterly useless. It felt as though I was a forced

spectator in every scene, while the entire time my bound, orgasm-deprived body screamed its desire to take those women's place.

The worst episodes for me were those where a helpless or crawling female submissive was forced to beg for penetration, as during this whole time the dildos in my pussy and ass worked nonstop to drive me into a sexual frenzy. I was forced to plead into my gag for hundreds, thousands of times during these scenes. The system could somehow tell if I'm begging properly, and rejection either brought a painful shock in my pussy, or an extremely disorienting shock straight in my mind -- both of these, I quickly learned to fear.

It wasn't until the second week when I learned that if I did everything 'right' and triggered no shocks from the system, then the vibrator would turn up at the end of the day until an orgasm ripped through me. But to go an entire day without punishment proved difficult as the machine seemed to react to strongly negative thoughts. Of the entire time I've been trapped here, I've only managed six days where I was allowed to cum!

After many hours of teasing each day, the entire frame would tilt back until it retracted into a padded rubber mattress. Only then did the torment between my legs stop, and the visual feed into my mind severed. On most nights I would spend hours weeping and struggling pointlessly as the fires between my legs refused to quench. But the exhaustion would send me to sleep eventually.

There was little choice but to embrace the sex-addled environment that surrounded me, despite the fact that my own body was left horny and rarely able to cum. It did not take long before even my dreams were filled with erotic scenarios, often based on what I had been forced to watch, except with unknown men raping me instead.

Then, just two days ago, this ceaseless training and brainwashing stopped. A stocky, bespectacled man in his forties wearing a doctor's coat came in to remove my hood and 'Congratulate' me. He said that as I had passed basic training, it was now time for me to be presented... whatever that meant.

Chapter 2 - Buying a Lovedoll

The sterile wall facing me and my cell suddenly lifted without warning, revealing a large glass panel that ran from floor to ceiling. Two men approached in the hallway outside. One was the stocky, bespectacled doctor who 'Congratulated' me, while the other was a tall, handsome man who slung a suit jacket over his shoulder and wore a loosened tie.

"She's quite pretty, isn't she?" The doctor spoke first as he eyed me admiringly.

"I'm glad I came to see firsthand. The photos just didn't cut it for me," the unknown man, who couldn't be older than thirty, answered in a satisfied tone. There was something familiar about him, however my overheated brain turned up nothing as the thought passed through my mind.

My face burned bright as I twisted pointlessly against my bonds beneath their gaze. The glass could have been tinted to keep me from noticing; it could have been made soundproof to stop me from hearing. But it seemed this cell was designed to make me feel like a zoo animal, pointed at, and discussed by the men outside.

Furthermore, the moment I laid my eyes on the men, I felt a strangely exhilarating feeling wash over me. A wave of heat seemed to spread throughout my body, originating from the still-simmering fire between my legs. I felt my body tremble and my pulse quicken, while my erotic, panting breath grew heavier.

'What is wrong with me?' A thought in my mind shouted. The mere sight of an attractive male now made my body crave sex, and the humiliation of being examined by them only seemed to make me want him more. I couldn't even take my eyes off the man before me!

"Notice her pulse, breathing, and arousal levels," the doctor pointed at something above the window with a chuckle. "She wants you to fuck her already."

"You've finished her training then?"

"The basics, yes." The doctor nodded. "As our product introduction mentions, we've installed a neuro-transmitter on the base of her skull in the back, right behind the cerebellum. This allows us to send digital signals straight into her brain -- such as playing videos directly into her visual cortex."

'So that's what was projecting those images into my mind,' I realized at last.

I wanted to touch the back of my head, to feel this device that had been violating my mental sanctum. But as I swung my hands up and down, with the yoke always forcing my other hand to go in the opposite direction, I realized once again that there was no way for my fingers to touch any part of body. The yoke's limitations simply forbade it.

"I wasn't aware such technology was available yet," the man sounded impressed.

"It's quite cutting edge, straight out of the research labs. We receive much of it through back channels with government contractors and corporate directors, whose heads have..." the doctor's lips curled into a scheming grin, "taken an interest, shall we say, in acquiring discounted or free products in return; not to mention all the experimental data we can offer. However, due to the fact this technology interfaces with the human brain, I'd reckon it'll be years, maybe even a decade, before it passes enough 'regulatory testing' for the government to legalize it. Obviously, we're not bound by such restrictions," the doctor chuckled.

"Benefits of being off the books," the man nodded. "But as you were saying about the training program?"

"Ah yes. We've conditioned her to feel arousal for bondage and submission, for imperious men and forceful behavior. Order her to do something and her first instinct will be compliance. Push her down on the bed and her body will feel weak while her desires spike." The doctor then chuckled, "I'd like to take credit for all of this, of course, but it seems like she was predisposed to start with, so the training went a lot smoother."

I wanted to retort, but all that came through the deep-throating gag was a frustrated moan. Yes, I know I'm submissive; rape fantasies and bondage fiction were not alien to me. But that doesn't mean I want to be converted into a...

An electric jolt went through my mind as the neuro-transmitter must have detected my negative reaction. It obliterated my whole train of thought, and left behind... not pain; there was no sensation of pain; but my whole mind, nevertheless, felt an awfulness that words failed to describe. My entire body

shook for a brief second, before my brain cleared away the shattered thoughts and began reconstructing a new awareness from scratch.

It started with how desperate my body needed sex and how much I wanted that attract man over the glass to fuck me...

"She's not going to just spread her legs for anyone, is she?" Said man asked, more curious than worried.

"No, of course not." The doctor waved his hand. "We'll be inscribing her eventual master into her consciousness in the final configuration. This is but a middle stage that helps with her other 'programming'. If you're familiar with the concept of psychological conditioning, think of the Skinner Box that's so well known in corporate product development, except only more intrusive and forceful. We've even started applying the standard package of conditioned responses during the days she spent sleeping; most of them are outlined in the booklet."

'Days'!? I had recovered enough to trembled at the thought. I was under the impression that I only slept long enough to rest each night, and simply experienced lurid dreams more often due to my constant state of arousal. How much time has it actually been since I was kidnapped!? How many days have they kept me in those virtual reality dungeons to be brainwashed?

"But her personality still remains fairly strong, and we could still go a long way to pluck the word 'no' from her vocabulary." The doctor went on. "The only reason we didn't is because customer feedback shows that some masters prefer to have a bit of fight left in their slaves, so we always wait for a buyer to settle before we make the final adjustments..."

"I'd prefer her to be a doll with some personality," the man almost stumbled over his words. Then: "it'd be boring otherwise."

'They're selling me into slavery!' I thought as my body trembled, partly with revulsion but partly with desire. I already knew this was likely the case; why else would they spend so much time and effort training my sexual responses? But to have it confirmed before my face, to feel my crotch tingle as they spoke...

I closed my eyes and felt tears of shame and self-pity roll down my cheeks.

"It seems you've made your decision then?" The doctor asked with a smile.

"Oh, I definitely think she's the one," the man put a hand into his pocket, the way men often did as they tried to suppress an unwanted erection. "Though do you have to apply the bodysuit that's described in the intro? It seems like a waste to..."

"It's required for our 'Ultimate Lovedoll' product line, and we do have standards to meet here at the XTC Doll Company," the doctor replied. "But trust me, you'll like her better that way. And you do get to choose the details of her integrated outfit, alongside hundreds of other options and accessories. For example, we could make her voice lighter and more girlish, or program her to beg for punishment whenever she makes a mistake, or..."

The doctor's joyful voice trailed off as the two men began walking away. I could have imagined it, but the other man seemed to give a slight wave to me just as he left. The sterile wall then lowered itself to block the window view once more, sealing my senses back inside the confines of my cell.

I felt my strength give away as my whole body sagged against my bonds. But I was still forced to stand in stiletto heels with my legs spread, still helplessly bound by the steel frame, and still endlessly aroused by the vibrators inside me.

All I could do was sob like the pitiful slave I was. I was being sold to a man who could now dictate my future at his whim, yet my feminine body couldn't help but feel warm anticipation between my legs, along with a throbbing desire to be owned by him.

Chapter 3 - Product Customization

The night after I was shown to my buyer, the doctor returned to my cell alongside two muscular men. With a beaming smile and a rub of his hands, he announced to me:

"Congratulations, slave! You've been sold to that man earlier for four million in US dollars! He must be quite taken with you. And to think that your master would be an attractive, fit young fellow. Don't you feel lucky slave?"

I didn't feel lucky at all. My only thought was that I wanted to lay down and feel that man's touch. After another whole day of being teased I didn't care if he was buying me illegally. I just wanted to cum so badly, to have him own and fuck me!

My moan came with a frustrated if begrudging assent, which was apparently enough for the system as it didn't shock me. Then, with a wave from the doctor, the two beefcakes stepped forward and began releasing me from my imprisoning frame. I couldn't take my eyes off their bulging biceps or their narrow abs as they worked around me. Their male scent seemed overpowering, and I was so horny that I wouldn't have minded... maybe part of me even wished... that they just gang-raped me right there.

As my wrists came loose, a part of me recognized that this was my only chance in weeks to escape. But what chances did I have, when my body stood exhausted and sore after a day of teasing, all while I was flanked by two muscular hunks?

I should at least be grateful that the chip behind my head doesn't seem to read detailed thoughts. Otherwise, it would surely have shocked me.

The last restraint -- the steel waist band locked around my corset -- came loose. The two men then gripped my arms and lifted me off the twin intruders impaling my crotch. I moaned as the long, penetrating dildos pulled out of me. They had been inside me for so long my nether regions now felt empty without them.

I staggered forward into the strong arms of the two men. My feet teetered on their high heels for another moment before strength left my body completely. I crumbled into the men's waiting arms like a doll with strings cut. Even my attempts to move my arms came to no effect.

Looking down, I saw the doctor duck his head into my vision. His face wore the grin of an evil mastermind.

"This is the remote control to your neurotransmitter." He shook what looked like a smartphone in his hand. "In addition to projecting sensory data into your head and modulating your responses, it's also linked to an implant on the top of your spine. What I've just done is disable all active muscle control to the rest of your body. Your organs will continue to function as they receive passive signals from your brain, but you can no longer move any part of your body below your neck."

'My god he really has turned me into a plaything', my thoughts ran aghast. There was now a *remote control* for my body! How much more degrading could it be than to be turned on and off by a phone app!?

"The effect is similar to those with spinal injuries." The doctor's face left my gaze as the men carried me out into the hallway. "However, the block is one-way, and you will continue to receive nerve feedback from the rest of your body."

As if to demonstrate, I felt his hand rub my exposed, raised buttocks. I gasped as he even dipping a finger into my drenched slit. However, I couldn't help my disappointment as he withdrew as quickly as he came.

"The neurotransmitter can also be programmed to automatically disable your muscle control when certain parameters are met. For example, if you leave the range of your remote. Currently it is set to the Wi-Fi signal in this facility. So even if you were somehow able to escape, you'll just drop paralyzed on the grounds outside."

My only response came as a tear slid from my eyes. I had already come to the realization that I couldn't escape. At this point he was just rubbing salt on my wounds.

After turning around a few corners, the men entered another room and put me down, flat on my stomach, atop a padded operating table. My air cut off briefly when my gag met the cushioned surface, but the doctor quickly adjusted this by bending my head back as far as my neck would allow.

I could hear equipment being sorted though and prepared, before the doctor re-entered my sight. He held a long, thin rod in his hands, one that ended in a flexible-looking plastic 'T'.

"You might recognize this as an IUD, or Intrauterine Device," he spoke cheerily. And I stared back, unamused, as I considered why they might wish to install a long-term birth control device.

"However, this one is special," he continued, his fingers spinning the rod as he did. "You see, rather than a receptacle that slowly releases hormones, this little toy here releases nanites -- itty bitty molecular machines -- into your system. They will settle inside your womb and convert your nutrient-rich uterus lining from a baby-making factory into a nano-robotics factory..."

My eyes ballooned in size. I screamed at him but with the long gag it was little more than a whimper. I couldn't believe they would... not just violate, but completely alter my body in such a profane...

The system did not like my negativity as an electrical jolt triggered inside my brain. My thoughts shattered in a most horrible manner that let me mentally stunned. I would have curled up into a ball if I could, but my body didn't listen to me. All I could do was stare back in tears as my head reassembled a new frame of mind.

By the time my awareness returned properly, the doctor had left my vision. I felt the two men spread my legs as a flat bar -- the top of the 'T' -- pressed into my love tunnel. With my body paralyzed I was helpless to resist as it teased my sensitive folds on its way to my womb. All I could do was moan in response, before it poked disconcertingly through my cervical passage and entered my womb.

The evil doctor soon walked back into my sight, his fingers spinning the thin rod -- having exchanged its T-shaped device for a thin coating of my juices.

"I'd say you rather enjoyed that!" He grinned as my lips trembled. I was afraid to focus my hatred for him in case the chip behind my head would notice and shock me again. Instead, a feeling of shame and self-loathing overwhelmed my emotions and simply made me want to die.

"You should be more grateful though," he continued. "Your IUD will become not only become the production center, but also the control center for a host of nanites that will modify you with the newest technological breakthroughs. Just think: no menstrual periods, no monthly cramps, perfect skin, faster immune adaptation, enhanced recovery during sleep. The nanites will even patrol your body to eliminate defective cells, which should make you immune to a wide range of cancers and viral diseases. Last and best of all, it will decrease your metabolism while helping to repair your DNA telomeres, which could extend your life to as much as three centuries! This treatment may be still experimental, but people are already willing to pay huge sums for just to try it!"

I groaned again. I didn't feel grateful at all. I was only twenty years old. To be preserved for up to three hundred years as a frustrated sex slave was like being trapped in an unending nightmare!

As he spoke, the two men turned me over to lay on my back. The doctor then pinched one of nipples and rolled it between his thumb and finger. A moan emerged from my lips as the nerve bundle returned to its fully hardened form, just like when I was still on the frame.

Next, he picked up a hissing suction tube, and fitted a small platinum ring over its end. I was appalled as he lined both up over my nipple, and my throat made a pained yelp as the vacuum pulled my flesh inside. He turned off the suction and removed the tube, but picked up a pair of special pliers that gripped my nipple without crushing it. He pulled until he was satisfied that the ring firmly squeezed the base of my nipple, before lining up a needle to the side and pushing it through a hole in the ring.

The pain was intense, and new tears flooded my eyes. However, he ignored my whimpering and pushed the needle through, until the tiny ball at the end met the ring. He then picked up another tiny ball stud, smeared a bit of glue in, and

capped my nipple piercing's other end. My nipple was now squeezed around its base by a platinum ring and held there by a barbell piercing.

I gritted my teeth as he repeated the process for my other nipple, which somehow felt even more painful. He then took the suction tube and a third ring between my legs, and horror dawned on me as I struggled to force my paralyzed body to resist. As the ring settled around the base of my clitoris, the chip behind my head detected my strong rejection. It fired another jolt into my brain. Yet in a moment of mercy in this cruel world, the crashing of my thoughts coincided with the piercing and relieved the worst of the pain.

Nevertheless, the flower bud between my legs felt the lingering ache of having its base pierced. Even worse, it was now squeezed by a ring and piercing that was impossible for forget. The constriction made my love button feel hypersensitive and tingly again, itching for attention just like when the double dildos had brought me to the edge.

The men turned me back over again, and I couldn't help but moan as my engorged nipples rubbed against the smooth, cushioned table. The two helpers soon unlaced my under-bust corset before pulling it out from under my stomach. Having worn it for so long, my midsection now felt unnatural without their compression and support.

The two men lifted my torso slightly as they began pulling what felt like a bondage harness onto my body. The harness comprised of narrow rubber bands of 1/4in thickness, and was made from a single piece of rubber without a single metal buckle or ring. It was also at least a size too small for me and had to be stretched to pull over me. With some heaving from the two men, the rubber soon grasped my bikini line, wrapped around the sides of my vulva, dug both between and around my ass cheeks, encircled my modest breasts, and formed an A-shaped halter outline that closed in an unforgettable rubber ring around my neck. The tightness of the harness would have made my skin bulge into the gaps between them, except these areas were covered by a thin polymer sheet that already felt like it was stretched to the limit.

I could hear labored breathing coming from the men as they finished. The outfit was tight enough that it exerted even their muscular strength to pull across my body. A machine of some sort was then used to close the long slit over my back. Now, my torso felt like had been squeezed into a bondage harness integrated into a short-sleeved leotard, which compressed down on me from all directions -- except around my breasts and my vulva. It was especially tight around the waist, and despite not being a corset it felt even tighter than the last as my lungs were compressed.

"Normally, our Ultimate Lovedoll series goes into a full bodysuit for body shaping," the doctor spoke again as the three took a moment to rest. "However, your master chose the new option that we're trying. The material you wear is waterproof, airtight, and doesn't let heat pass easily. Once your nanites spread through your body and begin their work, the special organic polymers in your outfit will bond to your skin through any pores, including hair follicles. It will contract further until it reaches its ideal, pre-programmed shape, and consumes any body hair in the processing making it impossible for your body to sweat. Eventually, it's skin-tight nature will be stretched to the limits, allowing your master to enjoy your soft, smooth flesh while protecting the perfect, blemish-free skin maintained by your nanites."

'This thing is going to grow even tighter!?' I couldn't help thinking. It already felt too small for me, and my lungs were once again forced to take short, gasping breathes.

As they finished their brief break, the men turned me over to lay on my back again. A mirror installed onto the ceiling show me my body, now constrained by a violet bondage harness. The polymer that filled its gaps, however, was entirely transparent, with a glossy shine over my skin reflects its presence. It left me naked to the eyes despite how squeezed my body felt.

They picked up what looked like a pair of opaque, white stockings with violet stripes running down the front and back like a seam. These were pulled up my slim legs until two-thirds of the way up my thighs, where a violet band of latex lightly squeezed my flesh. Despite the exterior appearance of glossy satin, the stockings' inside felt like the same polymer used in my leotard suit. Rubber

garters then pulled up to my harness/leotard both front and back, where they used something that looked like a handheld iron to meld them together.

Two pairs of white opera gloves followed next. They had the same appearance and material as my stockings, except without the violet 'seams'. The violet band of latex that lightly squeezed my upper arm closed around the edge of the short sleeves of the leotard-like suit.

I had a feeling that once my nanites melded all of these together, the only part of me exposed below my neck would be my sensitive upper thighs.

The doctor soon reached down and spread my labia lips. I discovered why this part of the suit was felt looser than normal when a slit revealed myself to run along the length of my crevice. My face also colored with humiliation as I noticed there was a short, inch-long platinum cord hanging from my clitoris ring, ending in a small cat-bell!

I had little time to think of the implications though as he soon ripped the sterile packaging off a new catheter and inserted it into my urethra. The sensation was as unpleasant as ever, and my eyes widened as I saw the catheter end in a tiny amethyst gem rather than any kind of opening.

A dildo came into the doctor's hands next. It was at least 7-inches long, complete with veins and a bulbous head that looked like the real thing. The only difference was that it was mostly pink for its upper 5-inches, with a transparent cylinder for the last 2-inches that stretched wider than the rest. It also had a curved oval plate on the bottom, also transparent and clearly meant to seal my love tunnel.

The doctor grinned evilly as he turned it on in his hands, and I watched with heated breath as the dildo contracted. The pink section began to vibrate in a low hum as it slowly withdrew into the clear cylinder, rotating steadily as it did, until its bottom pushed out from the base plate by over 2 inches. Then, the pink dildo slowly rotated back inside, until the phallus inside the cover plate grew from 3-inches back to its full 7-inches.

With this fucking dildo still active, he spread my vulva lips and pushed it inside. I moaned as I felt the lightly-vibrating and slowly-rotating prong enter me, with the

clear cylindrical part of it stretching my pussy slightly. As the cover plate met the polymer suit, my vagina felt a protruding ridge carrying the dildo's vibrations to tease the depth of my crevice.

The doctor pulled the hanging cord from my clitoris through a small and very tight rubber slit, while the cover plate seemed to almost glue to the polymer suit after a simple, all-around press from his fingers. I couldn't sense any air gap at all as the heat between my legs quickly began to rise.

"We made a three-dimensional scan of your new owner's fully erect penis and based the dildo off it," the doctor looked at me with his grin. "The phallus in you is narrower but longer, designed to train your pussy into giving him the perfect grip"

Just as he said this, the dildo slid into its full length, pressing disconcertingly against my cervix, and giving me the sensation of being fully penetrated. Then, as it began to rotate in the other direction and withdraw -- slightly faster this time -- I felt a light shock deep within my love tunnel that forced my muscles to contract and squeeze.

"The cover plate uses materials which display a passive electrostatic adhesion with your polymer suit," the doctor added as the two men turned me over again. "Once it touches, it sticks on like glue, forming a hermetic seal with your suit around your pelvis and torso for as long as your owner wishes. It can only be unlocked by the remote via a small electrical discharge."

I whimpered as the phallus slow-fucked my love tunnel. My juices and the heat of arousal steadily grew. However, neither could escape from the air-tight, water-tight seal around my crotch. And while I noticed another small gap behind my anus as their fingers stretched it, it would not remain open for long.

I felt something like a plastic bag being shoved through my sphincter first, pushed deep into my rectum using a thin, slightly-curving rod. The bag was then inflated inside me, and I moaned as I felt it balloon in the deepest part of my rectum before even pushing into my lower colon! The inward pressure from this growing python stretched well into my lower large intestine before it finally stopped.

The doctor's focus then returned to my sphincter as he pushed in a fat anal bead, followed by another... and another. A total of six filled me before a 2-inch, short buttplug that felt like a toadstool sealed my ass. The thin outer cover stayed nicely between my butt cheeks, where they probably sealed to my polymer suit in a similar way as my pussy cover. I felt something press in against this anal cover before the inflated bag in my rectum and colon deflated.

My breath panted deeply with arousal by the time they turned me onto my back again. The doctor pulled out the remote again and suddenly my anal beads turned on. Two of the beads began to vibrate on a moderate setting -- not overpowering but more fiercely than the phallus that was still slow-fucking my pussy.

"Since you must have questions on what we did, let me explain to you what's going to happen in your lower body," the doctor explained. "We discovered very early that Lovedolls who need to go to the bathroom are often a nuisance to their owners, while forcing them to keep it in can have unhealthy side-effects. Thus, we created a system that would control your wastes without burdening your body much. Your urethra has been sealed -- even though the catheter will probably make you feel like you're trying to pee constantly."

I moaned as this was exactly what I felt. And now he's telling me that despite what I felt I can't even pee?

"The nanites, over the course of the next day, will open a new channel inside you. A one-way tube will be assembled from your bladder to your rectum, where it will meld onto a special opening prepared on the waste bag now inside you. This organic polymer bag will bond to the walls of your upper rectum and lower colon. It can be used to house both liquid and solid waste for long periods without giving you cramps, and must be flushed by enema through your buttplug."

'Great, now even my shit and piss can be remote controlled,' I couldn't help think.

The vibrating butt beads and my slow fucking dildo had already driven my mind back into an aroused haze. I could feel the butt beads press against the flesh separating my front and rear tunnels, transferring some of their vibrations over to my pleasure zones. But insidiously enough, both intruders into my crotch ran on a random pattern. The dildo would change speed slightly after every thrust, while

the vibrating anal beads changed every ten to twenty seconds, always maintaining two out of the six active at any time. It created a diabolical combination that my crotch couldn't even grow accustomed to, and I would be squirming nonstop had my body not remained in paralysis still!

The doctor picked up a 7-inch pliable dildo next, except one ending in a pink ball gag and head harness which displayed its true purpose. His helpers unlocked and unbuckled the deep throat gag I currently wore, extracting its frightful length from my lips with my saliva dripping from it. The stomach tube came out last, and I was given only time to cough a few times before they stretched my lips open with two curved pieces of metal.

Using medical pliers, the doctor first inserted some kind of thick, silicone padding behind each of my cheeks. They were pink to match the color of flesh inside my mouth, and I could feel some kind of bonding agent as they stuck to my inside cheeks! He then pushed the new gag between my lips, this one with a realistic head and veins similar to the phallus in my love tunnel. It bent in my mouth and pushed into my throat just like the last one, with a thin hose that went down into my stomach and a separate duct for breathing through. Straps across my cheeks and over my forehead soon buckled it tight, and the 'click' of a lock in the back ensured that it stayed that way.

The doctor merely smiled but did not explain as he finished this time. Meanwhile his helpers began taking two halves of individual steel cuffs and clicking them shut around my wrists. They were followed by a 1in-tall steel collar, with small steel rings both front and back, that closed around my throat. All of them were padded on the inside and felt like they perfectly gripped my flesh.

The doctor tested this by trying to turn each of my cuffs or collar, but none of them could rotate or shift.

After that, the two helpers began putting me into another bondage harness, one more traditional -- made of nylon straps and steel rings this time. As the men turned me onto my stomach again, my legs were folded back and buckled into thigh cuffs with adjoining ankle cuffs in a figure-8 combination, thereby pinning

my legs in a frog-tie. My arms were also fed behind me, until the shackles around my wrists were pulled almost up to my collar.

A sturdy 'click' resounded as they locked two short chains coming off my wrist cuffs to the ring behind my collar. It wasn't too stringent as my wrists could cross and my arms weren't forced together, though it still pulled my shoulders back and forced me to stick out my modest chest.

All of the major straps on this bondage harness connected themselves to the anchor of a thick steel chain. One of the two beefy men then picked up this chain and used it to carry me. As the straps around me tightened, I felt my folded legs pull apart and slightly back, forcing my torso to arc a bit. Surprisingly, the weight was designed to distribute in a way that kept me mostly upright, slanted forward only slightly.

I was carried back into the hallway like baggage, through several turns until we reached another steel double-door. As it opened, an overwhelming scent of feminine arousal struck me. My eyes bulged as I saw four other women, each suspended from the ceiling by a chain and bondage harness like mine, squirmed and struggled against their bonds in midair.

A steady stream of moans came from their gagged and hooded faces, sealed without slits and only two tubes that descended from the ceiling-mounted machinery were attached. All four of them wore the full bodysuit they mentioned, with a glossy shine that covered every inch of the body below the neck to highlight the transparent polymer suit. A wire from the ceiling also plugged into the chip behind each head, while a third hose ran from each set of buttocks to a machine on the floor. Between their legs I could see a pink dildo screwing in and out through a transparent cylinder and cover, just like my own.

Knowing that they planned to leave me in here, I would have almost certainly tried to resist had it not been for the paralysis. Instead, I whimpered and shook my head until the chip jolted my brain to stop. The two men fed my chain into a hook in the ceiling while I was dazed, and by the time my mind returned to normal the doctor finally released the paralysis on my body.

I couldn't help but squirm and gyrate my hips in midair as the phallus continued to slow-fuck me. The vibrating penis and anal beads only further stroked my lust. The airtight seal around my pelvis was more effective than any chastity belt. It had turned my crotch into a sweatbox, unable to dissipate the heat that built up inside me and driving me into frantic desperation and need.

"Now that we know your master's preferences and choice options, it is time to begin advanced training while your nanites work their magic on your body." The doctor announced. "I suspect it will be much shorter than your first half, though no less difficult on your part."

He raised the remote control to my neurotransmitter implants and showed me the screen. On its top left corner was the bold text: "ORGASM DENIAL MODE."

I screamed into my gag.

"We discovered quite early that when women orgasm, a special signal is sent from the brain into the body," the doctor grinned. "It wasn't difficult to configure your spinal implant to block that signal."

I thrashed against my bonds, although all that came of it was some shaking of the chain that suspended me above the ground. But I couldn't picture that future hell that he painted for me. Several weeks without a SINGLE orgasm with this dildo fucking me the whole time? I'll go insane!

"Oh," he casually added. "Since all of our dolls have trouble telling the difference between dream and virtual reality, let me just tell you that your basic training actually took two months. Let's hope, for your sake as well as ours, that you do better this time. Because the sooner you finish and get sent to your master, the sooner he might finally allow you to cum!"

My muffled screams were drowned out as the two men stretched a rubber hood over my face. Two pads forced my eyes closed while rubber plugs sealed both my ears and my nostrils. Deaf, blind, and able to breathe only through the thin air duct in my penis gag, I fell light-headed as a stone dungeon formed in my mind and my torturous training began.

Chapter 4 - Sealed for Shipping

I had just come off another virtual training session. I was tied down beneath a table and forced to suck a man's cock for hours. He had his hand on the remote control to the phallus and anal beads inside me. Every time I did a good job, he gave them a brief surge of power. But every time I slowed down, or failed to lick, or refused to press his cock all the way into my throat, he hit the button to shock my pussy...

...Or maybe it was another lurid dream? I felt like I was going crazy, unable to discern the boundaries between reality, virtual, and dreamscape. Everything was about sex, submission, and bondage; everything blended together so easily.

Then, as my consciousness took hold of my body once more, I immediately noticed that something was terribly wrong. The fact I was blind and deaf, suspended and squeezed was nothing new. But I wasn't upright anymore. My body was horizontal now, and strained far worse than I ever remembered it!

No, I wasn't just laying on my stomach. I couldn't tell at first because my arms and legs have gone numb, but I was hogtied!

My arms were pulled behind and together by an armbinder until my forearms and elbows met. They were then lifted away from my back and into the air by what must have been a cord tied to my wrists. This pulled my shoulders far back, forcing me to thrust out my breasts.

My once modest breasts both felt much bigger than I last saw them. Those cursed nanites must have modified them considerably over the past weeks, and now they were large enough that I felt a constricting sensation around their base from the bondage harness in my suit.

My face was still hooded, although a new torment had been added to it: my hood had been tied back by something -- my jerk revealed a cord or so to my back. It left me with no choice but to raise my chin as high as I can.

Down below, my legs were still folded together, ankles-to-thighs, with my heels pressing against the back of my buttocks. My knees were also forced apart and my legs pulled back, forcing my torso to arc.

The combination was a fiendish posture, stringent enough to stretch my entire body to its limits. The only 'good news' was that it made the long gag slightly more bearable.

But my ill feeling didn't end with my extreme posture. Over the past few weeks my body had slowly adjusted to the skin-tight polymer leotard, to the point where I no longer felt compressed in every direction. It still squeezed my waist and pressured my skin, sure, but it had become a sensation that I could forget from time to time. Now, the pressure all around me was back, as though they had encased me in a new, full bodysuit. Even my thighs and upper neck, which had been previously left exposed, could no longer feel the cool air in the room.

...Though, they did feel cooler than the rest of my body.

A thought came to mind as I remembered a scene the neurotransmitter once showed me. It featured a slave girl forced into a transparent plastic bodybag which was then sealed and sucked dry of air. The vacuum seal forced the plastic to shrink down and grip the girl's every crevice...

'They put me inside a plastic vacuum bag!' I finally came to the conclusion.

Only one part of me was not clung onto by the plastic. My wrists were trapped behind me by the armbinder, but my hands remained 'free'. I could still move my fingers, wrapped only by the soft feel of skin-bonded gloves that reached up my arms. However, no matter how I tried, my fingers could do nothing more than scratch the walls of an inflated rubber bag. They had been confined inside and, with my wrists pulled away from my back, my 'free hands' were unable to even touch my feet or buttocks through the rubber bag.

In the end, what little 'freedom' I had only served to highlight how helpless I was.

Unable to bear the strain that my body was placed under, I struggled as best as I could by shaking my weight from left to right. My entire plastic prison shook with me, proving that I was still suspended above ground, just horizontally.

Then, as I thought about the coolness surrounding me, I realized:

'They've suspended me in water!'

From my experience in the past few weeks, I already knew: my suspended body held absolutely no chance of loosening any of these bonds. I would be kept in this stringent hogtie until they chose to release me.

"Subject recovered. Commencing feeding and cleaning," I heard a robot voice speak straight into my head.

I couldn't tell that they began pumping liquid nutrients through my gag's stomach tube until my belly started to fill. It didn't take much to make my flat stomach feel full now. My small bladder was also allowed to drain, not through the 'catheter' that blocked my urethra, but through some hole that I cannot feel and into the waste bag in my colon. The anal plug added to this pressure with a cleansing enema. I did not feel the water of course, only the bag in my colon and rectum swell before it all deflated.

The entire process lasted only a minute, before the voice spoke again:

"Feeding and cleaning complete. Subject ready to begin final training."

'Final training?' I wondered as the neurotransmitter projected a new scene into my brain.

My body was in a hogtie and hung in midair just 3ft off the ground. A sturdy chain from the ceiling carried my weight, while rough stone floors and windowless walls surrounded me. A plush red armchair had been placed just a few feet in front, and sitting on it was the man whom I had seen the other day, the man who had bought me.

Instead of a formal shirt and tie, he wore tight denim trousers and an unbuttoned silk shirt. It revealed his broad-shouldered, lean build, with toned arms and the

faint ripples of abdominal muscles. Though nothing comparable to the male body-builders the media kept glorifying, he was certainly fit and athletic looking. He sat in an armchair with his head slightly tilted, staring at me as though assessing my value.

"Hello slave," he began, his lips curling into an anxious smile as he spoke. "My name is Arthur Gallagher, but you will address me only as 'Master'. I have purchased you and become your new owner, which means that your body and mind are now my property for the remainder of your life. You have been placed into a container for slaves of the Ultimate Lovedoll series, and is being shipped to my home even as we speak. I shall be meeting you in some time. But until then, I want you to always remember me as you undergo your final training."

I could only whimper into my gag, knowing that I was helpless to stop any of this. 'Why do I want to stop this?' A part of me even asked, as I could feel my body grow hotter with the thought of becoming his slave.

After all, haven't I gone through all those hardships just for this coming moment? To become his slave? To earn my pleasure and reward as his slave?

"Is that any way to answer your Master!" I heard a synthetic male voice from behind me, the same one that existed in my other training scenes. My punishment activated as the phallus in my pussy unleashed a shock deep inside me.

I whimper louder this time. 'Yes Master!' I tried to shout into my gag. The system seemed satisfied by this, and it turned on the intruders in my pussy and ass. The phallus in my love tunnel began to vibrate as it slowly pushed inside me, rotating steadily until its tip brushed uncomfortably against my cervix. My trained pussy automatically squeezed around faux-penis as it then withdrew, rotating disconcertingly in the other direction as it did. Meanwhile, two anal beads in my rear passage began to vibrate, adding their contribution to my lust.

The vibrating anal beads turned on and off every few seconds, forcing my butt to squirm and shift them around inside as they tormented me at random.

Meanwhile, the vaginal dildo was just as devious as it changed speed with every pump. This diabolical lack of rhythm made it impossible to grow used to them by

even the slightest. I could only squirm and writhe in my plastic prison as the two phalluses teased and teased and teased...

'Oh god I need to cum!' My thoughts screamed, even though I knew my remote control was most likely still on Orgasm Denial Mode. There was no chance my brain's signal to orgasm could go through even when I grew horny enough. All I could do was hope that my master would turn it off when I arrive.

"Does it feel good, slave?" The voice behind me demanded, and I instinctively replied by crying 'Yes, Master!' into the gag. My dildo then gave me a brief shock as he replied. "I am not your master! Look at your master!"

I focused on the cool smile of my sitting Master before answering again: "Yes!"

"Remember slave, that you only have **one** master, and it is his cock that is plowing your cunt now! Remember that your dildo is based on his manhood, redesigned to optimally train your cunt into the perfect fucking hole to please **him*!*"

My entire body grew hot and excited as the thought that I was being pumped by my Master's manhood grew, even as his handsome face looked down upon me with a manly smile. Light tingles of electricity then began to stimulate my vaginal muscle once more, to loosen as his shaft drilled deep into me, then to clench as he pulled out from my depth, so that every drop could be squeezed.

I couldn't help but feel like I had taken another step on the path to becoming property. My pussy was being trained into the ideal fuck tunnel for him, and my body and even mind began to relish it!

"Now slave," the voice behind me continued. "Don't forget the other item based on your master's cock. What do you do when your master's manhood is in your mouth?"

Without hesitation, I began to suck on it. Countless scenes of oral sex replayed in my mind as I knew what my purpose was. But even this wasn't good enough as another shock came from my pussy.

"Haven't you been taught to use your tongue, slave!"

I hurriedly began lapping the underside of the long prod, feeling the faux veins while being forced to stare into the face of my future Master. My mind came to realize that I am being trained to perfection in this technique for a good reason -- so that I could do my best to please him.

"Remember slave, this is your final training. You will be kept like this, mastering how to squeeze your master's manhood and pleasuring his cock until you arrive in his possession. You will keep his image in mind at all times, even when you're given a break to rest! You will look forward to seeing him with every breath, every fiber of your body! Because only by pleasing him may you earn the reward that you crave."

I felt the pads pressing into my eyes grow wet as my tear flowed into it. I already knew they wouldn't allow me to cum, but hearing it only seemed to highlight my suffering. I could only hope to arrive at my master's place as fast as possible, so that I may please him...

Though at the time, I did not yet know how long the trip would take.

Aside from a few hours of break every 'cycle' to rest and sleep, I would be forced to stay like this -- bound in a stringent hogtie, suspended in water, teased in the ass, fucked in my pussy, sucking cock in my mouth, and all the while unable to orgasm -- for the next five days.

Chapter 5 - Rite of Ownership

How long has it been since I've been able to think straight? My mind was a constant haze of sexual need and helpless frustration. I hardly even noticed when my swaying increased inside my watery prison, a sign that the container outside was being handled. Only when I was tilted enough for my knees to contact a hard surface for the first time in weeks did finally, I notice.

Unfortunately, it only lasted for a minute before my prison righted itself again. They must have slanted me for a reason though, and as I continued to gaze upon my master's face in the virtual reality dungeon, both my body and my mind rejoiced at once: 'I must have arrived!'

My guess proved correct as, a few minutes later, my suspended, figure-hugging plastic prison was lifted from the cool water that had embraced me for days. My body, still bound in its stringent hogtie, was lowered onto a soft foam mattress.

"Slave, you have now completed your final training," the synthetic male voice behind me spoke as the twin intruders inside me powered off. "You will soon be meeting your new master. Remember: his pleasure is your pleasure, his joy is your joy. Serve him well, and your life will hold purpose. Serve him poorly, and you will be more miserably than any wretch."

I tried to nod my head against my bonds. 'Yes, yes, I will!'

My master's figure vanished as the virtual reality dungeon shut off, returning my senses to the pitch blackness and silence of my hood. At the same time, I felt the plastic bag that had imprisoned me for so long inflate and release my body, finally reducing the pressure to the more 'natural' squeeze of my polymer leotard.

...I should really start thinking of it as my second skin, as the bonded polymers certainly weren't coming off me.

I felt my master's large, strong hands for the first time as he pulled me out of my plastic prison. My body was laid down onto a giant, fluffy towel, and the cord that pulled my hood back was finally undone. My ankles came next, and my aching body sagged into the bed as my torso could finally relax from its tensioned arc at last.

I groaned into my deep-throat gag as he loosened my armbinder and pulled it off me. My limp, gloved arms simply plopped down onto my sides, useless after having been confined for so long. My shoulders could relax at last as well, though it felt like they had been permanently pulled back by my extended duration in bondage. My ankle-thigh cuffs, which had kept my legs in a frog-tie, came last,

allowing my slim, stockinged legs to finally stretch straight for the first time in weeks.

'I must present myself to Master,' I couldn't help think, even then.

I tried to sit up, tried to raise my torso using my arms. But they were still sore, aching, and failed to summon any strength. My body felt like a limp noodle, a puddle of goo, as I laid there on his comfortable bed.

The constriction around my head loosened, and I felt his hands as they slowly peeled the rubber hood from my face. The plugs in my ears and nostrils came out with faint popping sounds, a sign of just how long they had been in me.

"Don't open your eyes..." I heard his deep voice as he pulled the hood off me. I then felt a silky blindfold slip around my head. "Your eyes need to slowly readjust themselves, otherwise they'll be damaged."

I groaned into my gag and nodded. 'Master is kind.' I couldn't help but think, even as my insides grew warm and my crotch itched.

Still, I can't just lie here like a slug. I must present myself at least, to make a good first impression as his slave.

Was it fear of punishment? Or was it my lust and need that drove me? I no longer knew. It felt like this was the only way.

As he pulled my imprisoning gear off the bed to make more room, I exerted my meager strength to my arms and abdomen. I had enough to push myself into a very tilted seating posture. I then felt his rough hand on my shoulders, steadying me through the thin latex that covered my torso.

"Careful. Your body isn't ready to get up yet after such a long trip."

The straps of my gag harness unbuckled next, and he tilted my head back slightly before slowly pulling its punishing length from my throat and mouth. I could feel my saliva dripping from it as it left my lips. Though it left behind the inserts filling my cheeks.

As I cleared my throat, I did my best to kneel up. My legs folded once again beneath me. Then, just as I had been taught in simulation, I extended my hands and folded my torso over my lap in a full, Japanese-style sitting bow.

I felt the phallus and anal beads in me shift. The hermetically sealed polymers that bonded to my skin made it very difficult for heat to leave. As a result my crotch remained a furnace of lust, soaked in lubrication and desperate for a real man to penetrate me.

"M-Master," I heard my wispy voice, despite my best attempt to put weight behind them. "This slave is your property starting today. Please seal Master's right of ownership by ravishing this slave to your heart's desire."

I felt tears slip from my eyes as I spoke those words that had been drilled into me. There was no point denying it. This was me now.

"You should rest first. Then we can..." He tone was concerned, despite the obvious arousal in his voice. "You've had a..."

My entire trembled as he laid a hand on my shoulders. I wanted him to fuck me so badly. To plow me inside out, to finally let me have the orgasm that I'd been denied for so long!

"Please!" I begged, my entire body shaking with frantic need.

Master seemed to have understood from this. Before I could say another word, he pulled my chin up and I felt his lips pressing down onto mine. His tongue pushed in and I submissively allowed him to take charge, to claim his possession and plunder me starting from my lips.

He pulled my hands behind me again, one at a time, and locked the short chains off my wrists to the ring behind my collar. He then strapped my thigh and ankle cuffs back on, before locking them together to keep my legs into a froggie again.

He repositioned me to kneel near the edge of the bed before pushing my head down. I shook when my upper body squashed my enlarged breasts and hard nipples into the mattress. My knees pressed against the mattress to raise my butt

into the air, and the catbell that hanged off my clitoris tinkled to signal that I was ready.

Master showed me that this was appreciated as he grasped my hips with his hands. He took two ropes from the ceiling and secured them around my thigh cuffs. The pressure pulled my legs slightly apart while forcing my crotch to stay exposed in midair.

"Not my ideal position, but we'll make do," he commented. "I don't think you have the physical strength to manage anything more than this right now."

With a tingle of electricity from outside my crotch, I felt the oval plate covering my crotch loosen. Two streams of juices ran down my thighs as he pulled the soaked and dripping phallus out from my love tunnel. The tickle of cool air brushing against my nether lips after weeks of being sealed felt amazing and wonderful. The smell of my desperation filled the atmosphere in return, and I moaned as the tip of Master's manhood brushed along the depth of my pussy slit...

...Up and down... and again... and again...

"Master, please!" I cried out as tears spilled forth from my eyes. I've been teased for weeks already! Please don't do it to me again, here with the real thing!

Without any warning, he pumped into my waiting fuck channel with a deep and brutal thrust. The sudden, electrifying pleasure coursed through my entire body, arcing my back, and forcing a cry as I felt my master inside me at last. His manhood proved much thicker than the phallus that had been teasing me for weeks! My vaginal walls felt stretched, but its muscles clenched down in habit as he began to slide out of me.

He pulled all the way back to the entrance before pumping me again with a harder thrust. Again, my back arced and my lips cried out, but it wasn't enough. I needed him to go faster. To hammer my pussy again and again.

Master began to slowly accelerate as his manhood grew used to my love tunnel. His huge cock penetrated me again and again, thrusting with ever greater force and sending jolts of pleasure all over my body. My pussy welcomed him with

every push, before rippling muscles squeezed him as he pulled back. It was as though my vagina had become a pneumatic pump, and I heard him groan as he struggled to maintain the pleasure and not release so easily.

My weak knees trembled as they struggled to maintain some balance on the bed while he pumped me harder and harder. I felt as though my lower body was just a fuck channel, hanging in the air without any control from me as it was used thoroughly for his pleasure. My fingers struggled to grasp something as I felt the crest approach, but they could do nothing except claw at the air behind me. Then, as he pumped into me with his hardest thrust yet, my innermost flesh convulsed as an explosion of ecstasy crash through my being.

My awareness drowned in the tsunami wave of pleasure. My body spasmed and my back arced as though it was trying to outdo even the most stringent bonds. I hardly even noticed as he kept on pumping for another moment before bursting. And as his hot seed flooded my inside, I was washed away by a second climax.

It was too intense. To not have a single orgasm for weeks and then receive them back-to-back. My consciousness was overwhelmed as I passed out.

Chapter 6 - A New Life Begins

My mind stirred as I tried to shake myself from side to side. It was a habit from my training, when the stringent bonds allowed little movement. But I soon realized that I was no longer held in a frame or suspended in midair. Instead, I felt my limbs stretch over smooth fabrics as they stayed sunken in memory foam.

It was a shame that only my exposed thighs could fully appreciate the satin bedsheets and covers.

I soon discovered that one part of my body remained bound though. My arms were still sore as they had been pulled up my back this whole time. My fingers could brush the thick padlock that secured my short wrist chains to the back ring of my collar, but with my palms facing backwards they couldn't even wrap their fingers around it.

Still... this was a lot better than the armbinder.

I turned my body and squirmed until my torso was half-exposed from the satin sheet. A gasp came from my lips as I felt the phallus, which had returned to my love tunnel during my rest, withdraw slightly. The mildly vibrating shaft then pushed back into me with painful slowness, rotating the whole time and sending me the sensation of being literally screwed.

I shuddered. 'Why couldn't Master have left this off?'

Sitting up, I blinked to clear my eyes before looking down. The pink inner dildo didn't withdraw all the way out this time, which limited it to only the 2-inches of movement room behind my crotch cover -- instead of the usual 5-inch withdraw and insertion. Meanwhile, a single anal bead began to vibrate inside my ass. The combined effects were very distracting, disturbing even, and I could feel my love tunnel growing wet with need again.

The clinking of chains then took my attention: the front end of my collar had been locked to a sturdy steel chain, which coiled near the edge of the bed before climbing to an anchor in the wall above the headrest. Examining closely, I noticed that this 'anchor' was a steel bar joined to a wider steel ball, which was embedded behind parallel strips of steel that ran along the wall like a rail.

An itch grew in my crotch as I realized that with such a setup, my master could keep me chained indefinitely.

I swiveled my stocking-clad feet over the side of the bed and sat straight. This pulled the garter straps behind me to slide between my ass cheeks. My butt had already been cleaved by the embedded bondage harness though, as the polymer second-skin wrapped each buttock individually.

'I think my butt grew a little,' I couldn't help thinking. I certainly noticed that my breasts grew significantly.

I tried to stand up on my feet, only to fall back down as forcing my calves straight caused my ankle tendons to erupt in searing pain. Looking around, I soon found a pair of 6in high stiletto heels. A sigh emerged as I slid my dainty, stocking feet into them; they were better than nothing.

With my wrists locked behind my collar I could hardly close the ankle straps on my shoes. So, I walked carefully, dragging my collar chain from its high anchor until it slid down to a set of rails that ran across the ground. I shuffled towards the large, full body mirror by the dresser first. It's been so long since I've seen what was done to my body.

The slow, withdraw-and-insertion cycles of my dildo and the vibration of my anal beads made me constantly wiggle and sway my hips. And if that wasn't sexy enough, my shallow breath -- limited by the tightness of the second-skin around my waist -- came with faint moans and an aroused pant. It was as though I was a kitty in heat, kept purely to excite the males of my species.

'That's exactly what I am now,' a sad voice came in my head. 'A walking sex toy.'

The rest of me ignored the snide remark. There was no point to such a cynical comment. Besides... there was no denying that part of me has always wanted a Master to control my life. I simply sought that he be a kind and loving man...

As I reached the mirror, the first thing that I noticed was that they had kept my face mostly the way it was. My small lips did not suffer any collagen injections, nor my hair any wild dyes. My lashes did seem to grow longer and my features more delicate, but the few changes were mostly subtle. Instead of a slut makeover, my facial tweaks seemed to highlight a pretty schoolgirl look with a sense of naivety. My hair, which had been neatly trimmed to cascaded just over my shoulders, accentuated this alongside my aroused and blushing cheeks.

I opened my lips and looked inside my mouth next. The silicone padding that had been stuffed into my cheeks weeks ago was still there, camouflaged nicely with their flesh-pink color. Their presence made me feel like a chipmunk, though there weren't any effects at all on my face. It felt as though they had bonded with my inside cheeks as well as covering my molars, leaving my mouth restricted to just a narrow passage down the center.

If there was a purpose to this modification, I have yet to figure out what it was.

My body was still slim and somewhat petite. My entire torso and pelvis reflected light in a glossy shine. The polymer layer -- which had stretched tight and bonded to my skin -- didn't rub in the slightest. This second-skin left my body completely bare of hair and unable to sweat. Yet as my nose sniffed, I smelled a fragrant, lavender scent wafting off it. Its transparent nature also left my creamy, blemish-free skin completely exposed, except for the violet bondage harness integrated inside this polymer second-skin.

The harness began with a ring of rubber around my neck, which lay half-concealed by my gleaming steel collar. It squeezed just enough to be unforgettable, and from there rubber straps of 1/4in width descended in a halter-outline to my breasts. Whereas my facial changes were subtle, my breasts now featured fleshy, D-cups instead of the modest bumps I used to have on my chest. A rubber ring from the harness wrapped around the base of each breast, squeezing just enough to make them swell (though not restricting circulation). Combined with how my shoulders were pulled back by my wrist bonds, it forced my chest to thrust forward and jut out these enlarged breasts.

As usual, my second-skin pulled taut over them, and seemed to accentuate their softness and fullness with its glossy shine. The polymers also bonded to the platinum rings squeezing the base of my nipples, but left a hole where my always-hard nipples poked out. Sensitive as they were, they could feel every breeze in the room's cool air, and their pink color looked just begging to be teased.

The harness then descended from my breast rings both to the front and sides. In front, two vertical bands ran parallel on both sides of my belly button, before tilting into a V that joined just above my crotch. The bush on my pelvis had long vanished, and instead the V-shaped harness served to accentuate a new tattoo. An artistic pink heart outline with its sides wrapped in silver chains now marked the smooth flesh between my belly button and crotch. Above this pelvic tattoo stood the word 'SLAVE' in 1-inch-tall black ink, while beneath the heart wrapped the smaller text 'Property of A. P. Gallagher'.

My thighs squeezed together as I felt tingling before the dildo extended back into its depth. The transparent crotch cover and outer dildo left nothing to the imagination as it pushed apart my labia to reveal my love tunnel. I could feel my engorged clitoris and the platinum ring with barbell piercing that constantly squeezed it, not to mention the tinkling bell that pull through a thin, rubber slit in the cover and now dangled just below my crotch. An amethyst stud marked where my urethra was, though the 'catheter' there no longer served any purpose other than making me feel like I'm constantly peeing. Meanwhile I could just see how my pink flesh wrapped around the smooth outer dildo, as my love juices trailed down the transparent sides of the phallus and pooled beneath the covering shield.

The combination of the shield and my harness reminded me of a chastity belt. Except a real chastity belt would at least allow my sex to breathe! This one just sealed it off in a furnace of lust, until my Master felt the need to use me.

Two narrow harness bands pulled tight around the sides of my vulva, before they dove into the crack between my butt cheeks. Two connected straps also flung out to the sides, hugging the underside of my ass as they pulled back up to my pelvic bones. The result was that my buttocks -- which might have grown a little but not much -- were cleaved in two and both lifted upwards, as though offering a permanent invitation.

Various harness straps then joined above my buttocks, but left my back entirely bare, except for the tall diamond-shape ('<>') formed by harness bands running from my collar ring to the side of my breasts, then merged back together just above my ass cheek.

Compared to my jutting breasts, narrow waist, and plump butt, my slim legs and arms were hugged by innocent, pure-white charmeuse. The glossy satin-weave covered the layer of skin-bonding polymers, although the second-skin was so thin that I could still feel the smooth softness of satin. The stockings -- with its violet 'seam' front and back -- ran up to a latex garter band two-thirds up my thighs. They were connected to my bondage harness with two latex garter straps in front,

plus a W-arrangement in the back that hugged my buttocks. Meanwhile, my white opera gloves ran up to a similar elastic band above my biceps, which sealed into the 'short sleeve' of my polymer second-skin.

If their goal was to make me look like an innocent schoolgirl with the body of a dripping, horny slut, then they've succeeded in spades.

I made my way downstairs a few minutes later. It didn't surprise me that the master who paid millions for a girl owned a mansion. Though how the anchoring rails seemed to run everywhere was... unexpected.

Not that I was complaining. I had anticipated my life in a dungeon.

As I carefully laid my high stiletto heel upon the landing, I felt a large hand hold onto my arm and shoulder.

My face flushed redder just from looking up at his handsome, welcoming smile. My panting breath grew heavier and more aroused. It was as though his mere presence elicited lust in me...

No. There was no 'as though' about it. My body was definitely responding as my vaginal muscles clenched around the slow-pumping phallus deep inside. I had been trained go into heat at the very sight of him.

"Master?" My wispy voice gasped. The low volume of my voice, no matter how much emphasis I put in, was definitely a change.

"How are you feeling--?"

Amazingly, he then called me by my name.

Nobody had greeted me by name since I was kidnapped.

My lips trembled, and I felt huge tears roll down my cheeks as my heart ached over everything I had lost.

He pulled my shoulders into his strong arms, his warm embrace.

"It's okay... you're safe now--"

He called my name again, which only felt like another dagger had stabbed into my heart.

I couldn't go back to my old life even if I was freed. My mind and body had already changed too much. I had become a trained plaything, a slave conditioned to prioritize sexual urges over everything else...

'I could never be a normal girl again' -- this was a truth that I did not want to face despite knowing it in my soul.

"Please don't call me that, Master," I whispered between sobs.

"Wha... why? Isn't it your name?" He asked.

...Meanwhile a sword in his pants began to poke at my waist. My body instantly tensed up as I felt the urge for him to penetrate me.

"It was my name," I cried a moment later.

I wanted to push him away, but I couldn't. Not only was he my master and therefore should be obeyed. Not only was he my owner and thus could control every part of me. But he was also the only person still left to me in this life!

"But I can't be that girl any longer! So please don't say that name!"

My knees buckled as I cried. Had it not been for his support I would have collapsed onto the floor.

It took some time before he could calm me back down.

He had carried me to a comfortable lounge room in the back of his mansion, lined with floor-to-ceiling windows that displayed the creek and rainforest outside. There, he sat with me in the corner of a velvet sofa, and cuddled and caressed and petted me until I stopped crying and simply sat in a daze.

...A deeply aroused daze. He didn't remember to turn off the dildo inside me, and being so near him didn't help either. The polymer second-skin also proved to be

ultra-thin to the touch, and every caress he gave me sent ripples of unquenched desire across my sensitive body.

I really wasn't sure if he was helping... but the fact he cared warmed my chest.

...Even if it was his fault that they now carried balloons instead of my old breasts.

"So, what would you like to be called?" He asked when the awkward silence lingered on for too long.

"Whatever else you wish, Master," my response was lackluster, so I added the typical words that came to mind: "slave... pet... doll."

"I'm not sure I want to call you any of those. They make me sound like vile."

His hands caressed my shoulders, and I shivered as the heat inside my sealed second-skin grew.

"But... didn't you...?" I asked, trying to find a nice way to phrase the fact that he did partake in human trafficking.

"It's... complicated," he sighed. "Yes, I went looking for a slavegirl, an 'Ultimate Lovedoll' as their company calls it. But... I wasn't expecting to find you there."

I turned to stare at his face. His handsome, chiseled face.

My pussy clenched and itched again.

"You really don't remember me, do you?" He asked.

I slowly shook my head. Yes, he did look a bit familiar. But I couldn't recall anyone, even after trying.

"I don't blame you though," he added. "I was a graduating master's student in our university when you came for orientation. You were six years my junior, yet I couldn't help but notice you on sight. I don't really believe in love-at-first-sight, but I did remember you after the years. Call me silly or whatnot, but I recognized you again as soon as I saw your face on that company's catalog."

"So... since Master can't forget, he had to make me into his plaything," I replied dryly.

He sighed.

"I could punish you for that, you know... It's not fair blaming me. What else was I to do? Call the police? They have serious high-level connections in government, enough to squash a digital entrepreneur like me. Ask them to release you as is? They'd get suspicious, throw me out, and then find some way to silence me."

I did blame him. I wanted to blame him. Even though he was probably right, and I shouldn't. Buying me was the easiest, least risky method available to him; and four million was no small sum to offer for someone so young.

"Have we... actually spoken? In school?" I asked.

"Only a little," he snickered at himself. "You were lost. I helped you find where you were going. We chatted for maybe five minutes at most. Ran across you briefly the next day, then never saw you after that, except as photos on facebook."

He sighed again:

"Well, we can discuss all of this in due time. We have plenty of time ahead of us. But I do need to know what I should call you."

I looked down, feeling unintentionally submissive.

"How about... you give me a slave name?"

He was my master after all. He would be the pivotal figure in my new life. It was only right to ask him.

"If you insist." He answered before thinking about it for a moment. "How about... Violet?"

I looked down upon the color of the narrow rubber bands that made up my bondage harness, at the color of the cat-bell that tinkled beneath my clitoris. The

stove of arousal between my legs seemed to grow only hotter as I thought about this name.

"Then, I'll be Master's 'Violet' starting from now," I looked up at him, my eyes both innocent and sex-hungry at the same time. "Can I ask a question? Or three?"

"Shoot," he replied without hesitation.

"What happened to the old me? If you know?"

I hadn't intended for it, but there was a test in this question. If he really was as interested in me as he claimed, then he would have looked it up when he bought me.

He did not disappoint as he pulled out his smartphone. With a few quick swipes, he pulled up a local news article about how a 3rd year university student had been killed when her college apartment burned down.

"Your kidnappers disabled the smoke alarms and started a fire. By the time they cleaned it up, the bedroom had been so thoroughly burnt that they concluded your body had been consumed by the flames."

So, to my friends and family, I was already dead.

Another trail of tears fell down my cheeks. I guess this at least gave me closure -- my old life was truly gone.

I hurried onto my second question:

"Would you have let me go even if I could return to normal?"

He scowled at this, scratched his head as though he didn't know what he should say, before answering with the truth:

"Probably not. For you, I spent 20% of my net worth, including every liquid asset I had, plus a few loans. I'm not altruistic enough to shelf out that much in exchange for just a 'thank you kiss' in return. Especially not when I was interested in a Lovedoll in the first place..."

He looked a bit embarrassed to admit it. It would have been rather cute, if it hadn't been my slavery we were talking about.

My wrists jerked against the padlock trapping them behind my back, making the chain links and other steel parts clink.

"I can unlock that though," he reached out to turn my back towards him, but I shook my head with my answer:

"I'd rather wear it. It helps remind me that I'm Master's slave." My hands jerked again.

I didn't really mean it in the petulant way I sounded. Part of me did enjoy the cuffs, to be kept and totally owned by a kind man. To feel helpless as I wore his bounds.

Turning towards him with a teary smile, I said: "But thanks for being honest towards me."

"I may not want to simply release you." He wrapped his arm around my shoulders and pulled me close again. "But... I do want to make it easier on you than... all the other girls they sell. And I wouldn't mind having more than just a Master-Slave relationship if you get my drift."

From behind, my fingertips could just brush against the underside of his muscular arm. It was almost romantic, in a kinky, screwed-up sort of way, until the phallus in my pussy slid in deeper and forced a soft moan from my lips.

"If Master wants to make it easier on me, how about turning off the dildo inside me?"

"Huh? Oh..." he pulled the remote to my body out of his back pocket. "I forgot about that. Though..."

He swiped through some menus and, at last, the vibrating, slow-pumping dildo inside me came to a stop, along with the anal bead vibrator that had been on.

"Sorry, I can only turn it off manually for 10 minutes at a time," he added before showing me what looked like a 'snooze' button. "As long as you're awake and it's not your 'sleep hours', the system will try to operate on its default mode."

"Didn't y--Master choose that option?" Even as I challenged him, my training kicked in and insisted that I correct my address for him.

"No. I chose some options, but this wasn't one of them," he told me with truth in his eyes. "Basically, they asked me a really long questionnaire about all my kinks and preferences and asked me to be truthful so they can assess which options would fit me best. I usually have good experiences with psychological assessments when I take it seriously, so I did. They had thousands upon thousands of small configurations, so I only went through and looked for the ones I really cared about -- like a smaller polymer suit with white gloves and stockings. The rest I let them handle.

"In fact, I was reading through your maintenance manual when you came downstairs." He shook the smartphone-like remote before putting it down.

'Great, I now have a maintenance manual too,' I couldn't help but think.

"So that means... AHHH!"

I had tried to pick up the remote, just to look at my 'default settings'. But before my hands even touched the device, a painful shock surged through my pussy. Tears filled my eyes in an instant as this was probably the worst shock I've experienced thus far, and my hand jerked away from the remote as I fearfully eyed it.

"Honestly, you should have expected something like that to happen," he commented before pocketing the remote again, made slightly difficult by the bulge in his pants. "Of course, you can't touch your own remote."

I couldn't take my eyes off his tent. My mouth grew wetter as though it was lubricating itself. My training made me crave to take his cock into my mouth until he asked me:

"Did you have a third question?"

"Y-yes... what d-does Master expect from me?" I stuttered hesitantly, even shyly.

"I mean... you must have gone to purchase a slavegirl for a reason. You certainly seem well-off enough to get a girl normally."

It was kind of shocking, considering he was only six years older than me. He's young, rich, fit, and attractive. Why didn't he have a normal girlfriend?

He tilted his head, as though a bit uncomfortable with discussing this topic. But he responded anyway:

"I'm... a sadist; and not the usual type either. I don't get off on whipping someone or the typical acts of inflicting pain. In fact, that might have made it easier, because then I just need to find a masochist girl and I'd be set. But masochists enjoy and desire pain, which makes them... not acceptable for me."

I looked at him plainly. Both my anxiety and my curiosity rose.

I really didn't want to receive daily beatings, or something like it.

"To get to the point: I can only get aroused when girls cry. When they truly cry because they're miserable. It could be pain, frustration, sadness, loss, you name it. I find it super appealing, like I've suddenly inhaled drugs or something."

"Like when I was crying in the hallway?" I thought about how he prodded me with his erection.

"Yeeeah. Sorry. I couldn't help it then, even though you were clearly in distress, and I probably made it worse." His eyes gazed back into mine with sincerity.

"I actually read in your manual that they made your tear glands more productive," he continued. "That certainly came from my answer on the kink questionnaire. And apparently one of the means your system use to make you cry is... to keep you sexually frustrated by teasing you constantly."

'Hence why the 'default mode' is to constantly screw me,' my thoughts went back to the phallus between my legs. I have a feeling that this dildo would grow to be a

permanent object of my resentment in my new life. Yet, the same thought also made my thighs rub and my pussy simmer.

"Does that mean... I should expect daily torture sessions?"

I was only half-joking. What a messed-up relationship this was becoming already.

"You make me sound like the Spanish Inquisition," he frowned. "I don't expect it to be a daily thing. Maybe a few times a week I might do something, like hurt you until you cry, or leave you in extreme stress bondage, or... just treat you in some awful way. I *may* take advantage of your sexual frustration by using the orgasm denial mode. But I don't want to make you downright miserable all the time. You can roam the house freely when I'm working, and we can certainly do things like having dinner or watch a movie together every other night."

"I... wouldn't mind if you controlled my orgasms," I muttered, barely.

He looked at me incredulously.

I took a deep breath. He had told me the truth about himself. I should do the same. It was the only chance we might have of developing some kind of trusting relationship.

"I'm sure you remember that doctor at the facility saying that I was predisposed to bondage to start with?" I asked, and he nodded in return. "Well, he's certainly right in that I've always been submissive. My parents raised me to be an independent girl, but a part of me has always wanted to be owned by someone else. I used to read slavegirl stories to satisfy my sexual fantasies, and... chastity and denial has always made me really wet. The idea that my sex, my feminine body belonged entirely to someone else..."

I shivered as a wave of pleasure coursed through me at the mere thought of it. Then, as I looked towards him, his face wore a beaming grin that... kind of scared me.

'Maybe I said too much,' I felt my face burn.

"Well then, Violet. You're certainly going to get that wish," he declared. "In fact, I think I'll push that as far as I can. Denial is one of those things that can produce both misery and joy in equal measure. Perhaps we can both benefit!"

He sounded way more excited about this than I was.

But then, considering how unbearably hot and wet my pussy was right now... maybe not.

I leaned sideways and into his chest. "Please treat Violet as you wish, Master."

With one hand, he soothingly stroked my hair. With the other, he reached down and began to knead my breasts.

Soft moans emerged from my lips as his hands squeezed the smooth and glossy second-skin. The polymers were so thin that I could feel every muscle in his fingers, raising the heat across my creamy, sensitive skin. My breast looked like a melon at its peak of ripeness, ready to be enjoyed by him. I soon gasped as his fingers went to my exposed nipple, rolling the hypersensitive bud between his thumb and forefingers.

My clitoris was already itching down below. Ohhh... how much I wanted him to take me right now!

But it soon became apparent that he had other plans.

He lifted me from his chest, and put me down on the lush rug on the floor. He then left for another room, before returning with rope and a gag in his hands.

He bound my legs into a froggie: ankles tightly against each thigh, with a second cinch just behind my knees.

"Open," his order came next, and I obeyed as I looked up at him.

The wide, rubber-padded ring gag slipped into my mouth and behind my teeth. My eyes widened as I felt one of my teeth bend, while he pulled the straps tight around my cheeks and locked it with a 'click'.

I knelt on the floor facing him as he took off his trousers. He was soon naked below the waist with his manhood still half-hard. He pulled my head forward until my ring gag slipped around his partially-erect cock. It filled my mouth and I finally realized what the silicone pads were for. The implants narrowed my mouth to the point that any contraction of my cheek muscles would squeeze his manhood from the sides. In other words, my mouth had been modified into a second vagina to give him the perfect blowjob!

"I've been waiting to figure out what they meant by the chin implants," he remarked. "It's apparently part of their standard package now, so no, I didn't make the choice. For you though, it's unfortunate because you can't eat solid foods anymore. Even your front teeth have been replaced by rubber ones, so that they don't need cleaning and can't try to bite a master."

My eyes began to fill with tears once more. I had been premature in thinking that my lips hadn't been affected by any 'slut makeover' changes. Instead, my mouth had been turned into another fucking-hole, sacrificing my ability to enjoy food in the process!

I felt Master's manhood hardening inside my mouth. It made me feel even more miserable at having been turned into a living sex object. Yet at the same time... I also felt the heat in my body grow, and a sense of pleasure and purpose for being able to satisfy him while being so completely owned.

His rounded penis tip soon poked against the back of my throat. My gag reflex had become essentially nonexistent, though it was still uncomfortable.

He pulled out my remote next and began to swipe and select.

"Now Violet, I plan to spend the rest of the afternoon reading your manual, just so I don't miss something else. To keep you motivated, I've just started up your 'Cock Whore' program. According to the description, you'll be punished if you don't deep throat me every time, and also if you pull your lips off my penis. So, while I don't expect you to make me cum this way, I do expect you to pleasure me while I read.

"And... just to keep you entertained."

My fingers fidgeted uselessly behind my upper back as my intruders power up again. My dildo vibrated as it withdrew the full 5-inches before rotating back in. Meanwhile in my rear three anal beads began to tremble at once. My hips began to squirm and pump involuntarily as I reacted to the mechanical rape, my love tunnel already boiling in need of a proper fuck!

Then, just to leave me with no doubts, he turned the remote around and showed me the bold text: "ORGASM DENIAL MODE."

My teary whimpering only turned him on more.

And that was how I would spend the next four hours: forced to deep throat him while my body was driven to the edge and held there!

Even at the end, when he bent my waist over the sofa -- balanced precariously between my torso and frog-tied legs -- and pumped me until I was filled by his hot cum once more, he never deactivated the orgasm denial mode!

And thus, my life began as his slave Violet -- a Lovedoll totally owned by him.

Violet Lovedoll Part Two

Chapter 1 - The Perfect Toy

"Violet! I'm back."

I heard the hydraulics of the garage door closing as Master called out. The heavy downpour outside had masked the sound of his return until now. My feet scurried as fast as my precarious stiletto heels would allow. My neck chain jingled noisily as I made my way to the washing room hallway and the entrance from the garage.

Master had just taken off his dress shoes and put them away when I arrived. His eyes were exhausted but smiling as he met mine.

Closing the distance between us, he wrapped his strong arms around my thin shoulders for a familiar hug. "Dinner smells wonderful," he grinned at the aroma that filled the house. I had spent a good portion of this afternoon making his favorite lasagna, and as I leaned into the safety of his chest my lips smiled in response.

...At least, my lips tried to form a smile.

A pink rubber ball gag filled my open mouth. Its modest size concealed the pliable length that reached deep into my throat, far enough that it would have left any untrained girl gagging with endless nausea. The gag's harness included a chin strap and an inverted-Y that met above my nose to wrap over my head. Every strap was pulled tight, and a padlock behind my head ensured that I could not loosen them.

I could only make the most helpless moans as the phallus between my legs moved. The dildo reminded me of its presence as it rotated and withdrew a good two inches before pushing back into me. Its long shaft vibrated gently as it penetrated into my deepest, most private depth. I felt uncomfortably impaled as it returned to press against my cervix.

Despite the feeling of a newlywed housewife at times, my 'system' never once allowed me to forget that I was in fact Master's property. I was his Lovedoll, and therefore kept in a constant state of arousal and need. Lust filled my eyes as Master gazed upon me with pleasure and desire. His hands slid down from my bared shoulders to press against the smooth curvature of my corset-crushed waist.

My dress was one that mixed Victorian sensibilities with modern design. Floral embroidery decorated the silver-white corset that wrapped tightly around my torso, reaching from my hips to the off-shoulder neckline that exposed the tops of my rounded breasts. A tiered and layered white tulle skirt decorated with lavender laces and ribbons reached down to my 6-inch stiletto heels. Its A-line shape flared out from my sides, held up by a light and flexible crinoline that I wore beneath.

Master had said that since I was a 'doll', it made sense for me to be dressed up in the classic 'Lolita' style of fashion while I sat at home waiting for him. I rather liked the frilly cuteness of the dresses myself, though I would have preferred something a little less... constricting.

To put it bluntly: Master has a hardcore corset fetish.

Glancing down, Master admired my soft cleavage as my breasts rose and fell in quick pants. The full-bust corset that push my boobs up and together had been tightened down -- past even the ideal 18-inches! -- since this morning before he left. The crushing constraint forced my lungs to take only shallow, gasping breathes. A small padlock behind my waist ensured that I could not loosen the garment.

"Did you have a good day?" He asked kindly as he leaned down to kiss my gagged lips.

I nodded with another sensual moan. It had been a lazy Friday, and I had spent the morning since his departure reading and playing games, trying -- as always -- to distract myself from my crotch's constant need. It wasn't until mid-afternoon before I became mildly productive. Master's only demand was that I cook and clean, and I always tried my best to celebrate the start of my weekend with him.

...It would be another weekend during which he would torture my body until I was burning with desire, then ravish and rape me brutally to satisfy his needs. If I was lucky, I would be allowed to cum in return. Though I knew this was unlikely. Since my 'delivery' into his care six months ago, I'd only been allowed to reach orgasmic bliss thrice. The time between release was increasing too -- the last time I'd been allowed to reach climax was almost three months ago!

So why was I looking forward to this? Even I did not understand, but I could no longer deny the craving that my body felt. Was it just my submissiveness that drew pleasure from serving my Master's needs? Or did I also possess a hidden masochism that I never realized before?

My thighs rubbed against one another as my attention went down to my sealed and flooded crotch. My butt cheeks clenched against the trembling anal beads while my urethra was teased by the faint buzzing of a catheter plug. My pussy felt impaled as always as the long, vibrating dildo pressed against my cervix. Its randomized behavior always left me wondering when it would next withdraw before pressing back in to fuck me.

Master kissed me again, enjoying the moment this time as he bit on my upper lip. He then smiled with anticipation as he glanced at the nearby clock which displayed that it was already 8pm.

It was clear that he has had a long and busy week at work. I was his 'reward' to come home to and enjoy.

"While I'm famished, I think we should put you into your weekend bondage first." Master declared.

With his right arm still wrapped around my waist, he took my neck chain with his left hand and began pulling me along. I obeyed as my stiletto-heeled feet hurried along to match his brisk pace, knowing that I had no other choice.

I heard the chain's anchor slide along rails in the floor -- two strips of steel with a gap in between that ran everywhere inside the house. The steel ball anchoring my neck chain could slide through the rails with ease but could not be pulled out. It

kept me leashed at all times and limited my range of motion to within 6-feet of the rails.

My rapid movement made me gasp as my hips swayed with every high-heeled step. It made my dildo and anal beads shift inside me, rubbing my sensitive insides with every movement. But worse than both of them, were the piercings and rings stimulating my clitoris.

It was impossible to forget the constant squeeze of the collar-ring wrapped around the base of my clitoris or the piercing that went through it, which kept my pleasure bud engorged at all times. And as though that wasn't enough, the inferno barbell pierced vertically through my clitoral hood was curved to press nonstop against the swollen nerve bundle. It was impossible to avoid its rounded tip no matter what I did, and every step I took made it rub ticklishly against my itchy pleasure bud.

My fingers went to my crotch on instinct even though I knew it was useless. My soft-lavender nails could only scratch frantically against the smooth exterior of my upper chastity cover through my thin skirt.

It's not fair! I want to touch myself. No, I need to touch myself! To relieve the burning itch between my legs that refuses to go away. I just needed a finger or two, even just a pinkie! But the clitoral shield completely blocked all access to my itchy little nub. All I could do was to gasp and moan as I endured the relentless, hellish tease.

I was trembling and in tears by the time we made our way up two flights of stairs and into his bedroom. However, Master was grinning from ear-to-ear as his sadism enjoyed every tormented gasp that came from me. He removed the padlock behind my corset before unlacing me from the dress. As it loosened and fell to the floor, I stood before him unclothed but not naked.

My body still wore the violet rubbery bands of a bondage harness, which was integrated into a gleaming, transparent polymer leotard that bonded to me like a second-skin. My waist stayed at a constant 20-inches even without the corset, as the tensile strength of the second-skin kept my body molded to ideal proportions. Lightweight metal cuffs wrapped around my wrists with several thin chain links

dangling from each, meanwhile a lacy choker was removed from my neck to reveal a gleaming steel collar.

My arms and legs also wore long gloves and thigh-high stockings that reflected the glossy shine of silky white charmeuse. Meanwhile my small feet stayed arched on tippy toes almost like a ballerina, as the towering, ankle-strap stiletto heels attached to my stockings were permanent and could not be removed.

I was a Lovedoll that Master had paid millions to purchase: a high quality, low maintenance sex slave that was kept in constant arousal, always desperate to be fucked by him.

Moving behind me, Master took my wrists and pulled them, one at a time, up my back. My arms folded as I complied, before I heard a 'click' as the short wrist chains were locked to the back ring of my collar. My rear-facing fingers could brush the intentionally-thick padlock that Master delighted in using. But I could not grasp the lock, let alone insert and turn a key even if my fingers held it.

This binding always left me feeling utterly helpless, my hands only be able to claw at the empty air behind me. Meanwhile the bondage arrangement also pulled my shoulders back as my wrists crossed between my shoulder blades to lessen the pressure. It forced me to thrust out my rounded, garroted breasts like I was a sex-seeking prostitute.

My embedded bondage harness included two steel-cored rings that squeezed the base of each breast. They limited circulation just enough that my breasts throbbed from the constant swelling. It left them in an appealing shade of pink that gleamed from the polymer second-skin, which positively invited Master to grope and fondle me.

I moaned as my breasts felt every muscle in his hand through the ultrathin polymers. The constant squeeze on my boobs had increased its sensitivity, doubly so around my nipples which had been threaded through a collar-ring and pierced. The swollen buds were one of the few places left exposed by my second-skin, and I could feel every waft in the room's cool air as they tingled my inflamed nerve endings.

Master clipped an amethyst pendant to each of platinum U-clips anchored by my barbell nipple piercings. I could feel their weight as he gave them a light push that left them swinging. He then retrieved a thin but sturdy steel chain that was at least 6ft-long. It had a wide carabiner on one end, which he snapped to his belt. The other end of the chain split into three strands, which he clipped individually to my two nipple clips... plus the ring just outside my clitoral shield which was connected by a wire to my clitoral piercing.

He grinned at me again, knowing that I now had no choice but to follow wherever he might go inside the house. It was impossible to fight against the nipple leash, and even if I could, I would instantly lose the moment it began pulling on my clitoris. Perhaps even more humiliating was the fact the leash didn't even have any locks. Anyone with free use of their hands could easily release the clips, but with my hands locked securely behind me I couldn't do a thing about it.

Lastly, Master took the smartphone-sized remote that controlled my implants and toys from a bedside table. It had been left tantalizingly in my sight and reach all week, but would shock me if I even attempted to touch it. He scrolled through the options before selecting one, and I felt a wave of electric tingling pass through my polymer second-skin as it changed appearance.

Master had once explained to me, reading words fresh out of my 'manual', how the atomic structure of my polymer second-skin could be 'excited' by electrical currents to change appearances. Not that I understood -- I had been a girl in undergrad biomed before my enslavement, not a graduate physicist!

Looking at the full body mirror by the dresser, I noticed that my polymer second-skin had changed from transparent to a soft, orchid hue. The pinkish-purple gleam went well with the violet bondage harness that divided it into sections, and left me wearing a skimpy leotard like some science fiction eye-candy. The effects were amplified as two of the larger polymer 'panels' stayed transparent -- a tall diamond ('<>') in front and another in the back. This left my flat stomach exposed from between my breasts to below heart-shaped slave tattoo inscribed on my

pelvis, while the gap in my rear ran from beneath my collar all the way down to the top crevice formed by my rounded (and harness-lifted) butt cheeks.

Master's smile broadened as he eyes gleamed in approval. This was by far his favorite configuration for my polymer second-skin apart from naked transparency. My cheeks flushed as I realized just how much this made me look even more like a wanton slut. But Master only kept on grinning as he fiddled more with the remote like a boy playing with his favorite toy.

Well... I guess men had their toys as well, and I was a very expensive one.

My thighs pressed together as I felt wet, tickling trails slide down my sensitive skin. My upper thighs and shoulders were the only two other areas below the neck (apart from my nipples) not covered by my polymer second-skin. Master had switched my chastity shield from its hermetically sealed form to its 'leaky' mode. My cheeks grew hotter as I felt lust juices slide down my inner thighs and permeate the lavender-scented air with the smell of my arousal and need.

"You really are the best toy," Master leaned in and kissed my forehead this time. "Now come along. I'm hungry."

Chapter 2 - A Slave's Pleasure

Master jerked lightly against the chain as he led me from his bedroom back to the stairs. I felt the tug on my nipples, and even a faint pull on my ring-squeezed clitoris to start moving.

Going downstairs was always more intense than making my way up. I could do little to soften my high-heeled steps in gravity's pull, and the sway of my hips ensured that my filled pussy, stuffed anus, and trapped clitoris felt every movement. The constant ticklish rubs of the vertical hood piercing left my swollen love bud itchy to the point of madness. Meanwhile everything else between my legs tingled as the toys teased and shifted incessantly inside me.

By the time we made it back to the first-floor kitchen, I had become a teary, sobbing mess again. Had it not been for the gag, I would be begging incoherently for him to rape me.

...And yes, 'rape'. Master had long discovered that my pussy dripped the most when he manhandled me. The rougher and more forceful he was, the more aroused I became. Sex between us was never a gentle lovemaking. It was always 'rape'.

That didn't mean he was always barbaric in his treatment of me though. Even now, Master stroked my silky hair and calmed me with gentle words as he enjoyed my muffled, tear-stained sobs. He took delight in my envious gaze as he loaded a plate with lasagna before heading to the dining room. After laying down his food and pulling a chair out, his hand pressured me to kneel beneath the tablecloth.

It had become so routine that Master simply left a pink rubber cushion on the floor to help my knees.

As I gazed up at him from beneath the table, he selected an option on the remote to 'unlock' my gag. I tilted my head back as he extricated the deceptively modest ball-gag from my lips, followed by all 7-plus-inches of the pliable phallus that filled my mouth completely. Tears streamed from my eyes as the outrageously long dildo rubbed the sensitive top and rear tissues of my mouth as it came out. Strands of dripping saliva fell between the punishing gag and my lips as he pulled it away and laid it on an empty plate.

I had to cough and clear my throat a few times, not that I could say anything. He had pulled out the gag without unlocking the harness, which left a padded ring still stretching my lips open. Then, before my coughs had even subsided, Master inserted his erect manhood between my warm and wet lips. His hand then pressed my head until his penis pressed against the back of my throat. My implanted system detected this through my nerves and the neural-interfacing chip behind my head; it responded by automatically triggering one of his preprogrammed modes.

My fingers clawed uselessly at the air behind my upper back as my intruders intensified the movements. My dildo quaked as it withdrew before corkscrewing back inside to stimulate a steady fuck. My anal beads trembled three at a time while my catheter plug oscillated up and down in vibration strength. My hips began to squirm and rock involuntarily as I reacted to the mechanical rape. It made my clitoral hood piercing rub incessantly against my swollen pleasure bud.

The stimulation was maddening in its intensity, yet despite this, I knew from experience that it would never be enough to make me orgasm.

Months of training under that devilish 'Orgasm Denial' mode had left my body unable to climax without his help. I knew that my itchy clitoris and my tingling g-spot were the keys to orgasmic release. But the first was impossible to stimulate except for by that inferno barbell piercing which wasn't enough, and the second needed Master's manhood to grind against it. The thinner dildos that penetrated my love tunnel just wasn't enough even if their thrusts could be angled correctly. I know this because I've tried, countless times, during the hours Master was absent.

My attempts to cum always met the same results -- me crying into the bedsheets while my body burned with unquenched need.

"I've activated your 'Cock Whore' program," I heard Master voice with apparent satisfaction, knowing that I could no longer pull my lips from his manhood without the system punishing me with shocks in my pussy. "I expect you to keep me entertained while I enjoy this excellent lasagna that you've made for me..."

His voice was almost taunting. He knew I couldn't eat solid foods due to how they replaced my teeth with soft rubber fakes. Not that I could chew even if they hadn't -- my cheeks were stuffed by two silicone pads that bonded to the insides of my mouth. These 'chin implants' would squeeze against the sides of his cock whenever my cheek muscles contracted, effectively turning my mouth into yet another vagina to give him the perfect blowjob.

"...I know you're hungry too, so do your best to swallow as much as you can from me. If you do a good job, I've brought back some deserts that you can enjoy after you've had your meal."

I closed my tearing eyes as I began to pump and suck his erection with my wet lips. My tongue swirled around his penis head as I hungrily thought of the cum dinner that I'd receive. It wasn't a taste that I enjoyed but Master was right that I was famished. Besides, the thought of him feeding me only semen added to the flame of arousal burning within me.

"Gosh, you really have been trained well," Master soon grunted with appreciation. "And I love how the more desperate and denied you are, the better your oral skills become."

Master didn't see the fresh tears that spilled from my eyes as he said that. Was my oral aptitude only adding to my torment? Master had stopped penetrating my crotch on weekdays months ago as he mostly used my mouth to fulfill his needs. It had the extra effect of feeding his sadism as I could only cry without even the hope of quenching my lust. My only condolence was when he held me tight afterwards as I wept into his chest.

Now, with my arousal driven to the edge and my mind unable to think, I resigned myself to accept the hellish cycle of bringing my own denial through oral service. My focus was soon completely on Master's cock, as I sucked and squeezed and pleasure him as his dutiful slave.

I didn't know how long I had to work before Master finally came. As his sperm filled my mouth I cried with fresh tears of both joy and misery. I still wanted, wished, dreamed of an orgasm of my own, but happiness also filled me as I was at last able to bring my Master irresistible pleasure. The burning need that infused my body did not depart, yet I felt a different kind of 'afterglow' as I heard a deep sigh of satisfaction emerge from him.

With my lips still wrapped around the base of his cock and my chin touching his balls, I looked up with teary eyes and saw Master smiling down at me. I don't know when exactly things had begun to change, but Master's ecstasy had become my ray of happiness. Even though I was denied my sexual gratification and could only whimper as I wished for Master to touch my itchy clitoris or plow my tingling

love tunnel, I felt joy radiate from my chest as I basked in the abundance of his thick release.

My mouth did its best to swallow his cum. If only they could make the taste less awful...

Master took my remote from the table. As he fiddled with it, the tormentors in my crotch fell in strength until they returned to their previous setting -- the 'Default Mode' that kept me just teased enough to stay wet and horny. After pulling out his softened penis and reinserting the phallic gag back into my throat, Master then pulled on my chains for me to stand up. With my leash still linking my nipples and clitoris to his belt, I had no choice but to follow him around as he cleaned up.

As my sexual high slowly dropped back to a merely 'aroused' state, I noticed that my bladder was feeling full. I wanted to ask Master to let me go to the bathroom, but all I could manage behind my gag were incoherent moans. I could only continue to follow him, helpless, as Master put away the trays and dishes. There was no way for me to stop what happened next, and as the pressure in my bladder hit a limit and the valve over my catheter opened.

The accursed buzzing catheter plugging my urethra gave me a sensation of constantly peeing, but even its tease could not cover up the release of pressure in my bladder. Hot pee flowed into a tube under my chastity shield, and -- with the help of a tiny pump -- through my sphincter and anal beads to inflate the waste bag deep inside my ass.

My face burned in humiliation as I felt more tears slide down my cheeks. I could use the toilet when Master was away; the chastity shield would open a valve when it detected me sitting over water. But when Master was home, and I was bound like this? Everything would go straight into my ass for 'storage', and it often remained that way for days at a time.

After all, I was a Lovedoll. And 'dolls' were not supposed to burden their masters with the need for bathroom breaks.

"Done," I heard Master proclaim as he turned on the dishwasher. "Now, Violet," he grinned as he looked back at me. "How about a movie tonight?"

I returned a half-hearted nod. Movie nights could vary a lot, but most of the time for me they were a mixed blessing.

Master wrapped an arm around my bared shoulders as he walked me to his back lounge. He grabbed the cake box from the kitchen table and a jar of yogurt from the refrigerator before we left. The floor-to-ceiling windows revealed that it was still pouring outside. The sound of falling water I had long grown accustomed to hearing, as I could see the waterfall adjacent to his home just beyond his rear porch.

Master sat down in his favorite lounge chair and pulled me into his lap. My system detected our posture and automatically switched to a setting he had preprogrammed. My anal beads' vibrations went back to triple the 'Default Mode'. Meanwhile the phallus in my pussy began a continuous slow fuck instead of just the occasional. The shaft would withdraw from my depth in a painfully slow pace, before screwing back into me in a randomized, but always fast thrust that left me gasping. It would then immediately be restarting the withdraw... and cycle again... and again.

It wasn't quite as bad as when the system kept me on edge earlier, but it was enough to make me squirm in his lap while I found it impossible to focus on anything else -- even if it was a movie that I liked. A glance at my remote revealed "Custom Mode ON: Simmer" in the display. I wish Master didn't use terms like I was a goose being slow-cooked, though that's exactly what my body felt.

A moan emerged from my lips as I pressed my supple body against his muscular chest. My eyes glistened as they spilled forth fresh, frustrated tears. Master however simply grinned back with a sadistic joy in his eyes. He rubbed my hair lovingly before turning on the huge flatscreen television and selecting a historical drama. As the opening scenes began to roll, he took the yogurt jar and twisted it open.

I tilted my head back as Master extracted the obscenely long phallus from my throat again. I wished he would unlock my harness and pull out the ring gag along

with it, but I knew that was unlikely to happen tonight. Master rarely felt the need to let me talk during a movie night (according to him, I had no taste in film). Instead, he brought spoonful's of homemade Romanian yogurt to my lips and fed me through the ring gag.

Swallowing wasn't easy with my mouth forced open, but I've had plenty of practice.

Master held a strong dislike for what he called the 'industrial yogurt' that was sold in modern supermarkets. Instead, he made batches of yogurt himself, which I would have enjoyed even if the removal of my real teeth hadn't left them one of the few foods that I could consume. My other common options included smoothies, porridge, and chicken noodle soup. All of them had one thing in common: they didn't require me to chew.

I say 'options', though the reality was that I rarely ever chose. Most of the time Master simply decides what I will. I really enjoy this -- I've always had a fancy for dates that ordered for me.

It took a while before he finished feeding me my meal. I immensely enjoyed it despite the constant distraction from my crotch. After all, how many girls could claim that her man fed her dinner, spoon-by-spoon, several times a week? I won't ask how girls enjoyed that while being bound and teased mercilessly.

As Master put away the now empty jar, he opened the small cake box. The tres leches cake he brought melted on my tongue as he fed me -- one spoonful at a time of sweet, perfect bliss. Master knew that I hated the changes to my mouth that prevented me from eating most solid foods, so he often brought me back deserts like this to compensate. Tres leches, custard creams, fruity sponge cakes, even fluffy chocolate cakes. It was one of the ways through which he showed me his kindness, and I really appreciated it.

It did take much longer for the cake to dissolve since I couldn't close my lips. So as Master waited his fingers would play with my gleaming, polymer-covered breasts or roam my exposed, sensitive inner thighs. He then spoke with an amused tone as he watched me enjoy the soft desert; clearly, I was as much a distraction for him as my crotch intruders were for me.

"You know, I could have made my cum taste like cake for you."

I almost coughed out what was in my mouth. 'Don't ruin it for me!' I thought.

"Imagine how hungry you'd be for cock if it tasted like your favorite food group." He grinned. "I don't know how they might have modified your tongue, but that's what they claimed."

I blinked up towards him with my wet, lustful eyes. I didn't have to ask for him to interpret my thoughts of 'why didn't you?'

He then leaned down to whisper to me in a deep, husky voice:

"Because I wanted it to stay a chore for you, Violet, not a leisure. I want you to take pleasure in pleasing me. Not because it's a pleasure to do it for yourself."

I couldn't help but look down submissively in a silent, blushing response. Somehow, Master always knew exactly how to best make me feel owned.

More importantly, I knew his plan was working. More and more I found myself craving being held on the edge, teased to the dreadful precipice of orgasmic bliss but denied the ecstasy that I so craved. I longed to see Master looked down upon me with that proud, sadistic smile, often as I worked him with my mouth to an orgasmic release.

I'm sure my psychology friends back in college would call it Stockholm Syndrome. Their liberal voices would comment on how he was doing terrible things to me, and how I only bonded with him because of the rays of kindness he showed me in between.

Maybe that was true. Or maybe that was exactly how submission and masochism worked, and that it was in my nature to desire this. I didn't know the answer. But what I do know was...

Did it matter?

I didn't choose to be a sex slave. But now that I was, I wanted to make the most of it. And if my happiness happened to involve making my Master content first?

I was glad of it.

Chapter 3 - For Master's Sake

"Mmmhf!"

I cried into my deep-throating gag as a light shock in my pussy jolted me awake. The intruders in my crotch were beginning to move one at a time. The anal beads vibrated, the catheter plug buzzed, and the long but narrow dildo that kept me fully penetrated both trembled and occasionally fucked me. My hips squirmed under the onslaught of sensations, which only made that damnable clitoral hood piercing that rubbed against my ring-squeezed clitoris joined in on teasing me.

My breaths hastened into shallow gasps as I struggled to pull in enough air. Master always tightened my underbust corset to an asphyxiating 18-inches at night so his hands could enjoy my tiny waist. It hadn't been easy to grow accustomed to sleeping in, but I've learned to calm my breathing before I slept. However, 'calm' was the last thing I could manage with those toys rumbling inside my tummy while my corset squeezed from outside.

I jerked my hands, but they were bound behind me as usual. My wrist cuff chains were locked to the ring behind my collar, with my arms crossed and palms facing backwards so I couldn't tamper with the padlock. I had to rub my eyes against the fluffy pillows and blink several times to clear them. The sun's rays were peeking out around the blackout curtains, though the clock displayed that it was merely 7am.

Master insisted on rising early even on weekends. But rather than setting an alarm clock, he set my timer instead.

Another shock came from my pussy to encourage me to get going. It was stronger than the last and would continue to grow until I did what was expected of me. I reached my neck towards the bedside table until I slotted a small, steel protrusion into the center hole in my ball gag. A 'click' told me that its hooks snapped into the rubber ball, and as I pulled my head back it pulled out the obscenely long gag.

As I coughed a few times my dildo shocked me again. I groaned in protest, but my mind knew that it was useless. Machines and programs simply didn't have pity.

I squirmed back under the warm bedcovers and found my way to between Master's legs. His manhood was flaccid this morning -- no wood today -- and I had to reach out with my tongue and lick his cock several times before it woke up. I slipped my ring-gag over his hardening penis next. My head descended until I felt his balls against my chin and his pubic hair tickling my nose.

It wasn't easy doing all of this with my hands cuffed behind my back. But as with many other tasks in my life as a slave, I've had plenty of practice. This act was a morning ritual for me, though on weekdays it began as early as 5am. Master clearly believed that with a trained Lovedoll like me, there was no reason why he couldn't begin each day with a blowjob as his alarm music.

As my tongue swirled around his penis head, my crotch intruders began to intensify their tease. My anal beads were soon trembling three at a time while my dildo steadily fucked me. I knew I was being pushed towards the edge of ecstasy again. If I could see my remote on the beside table I knew its screen would display "Custom Mode ON: Broil."

A tear slipped from my eyes as my corset-crushed lungs couldn't get enough air while sucking his manhood at the same time. I wished that Master's didn't make it so hard for me but I knew I didn't have a choice. If I pulled off, my dildo would immediately begin shocking me again.

I felt Master stir beneath me as I pumped and licked and sucked on his cock. He was a heavy sleeper, so it sometimes took a while to manage. His member was soon hard enough to press against the back of my throat. I felt his precum ooze out as I focused my efforts on giving him pleasure.

Then, without warning, Master flipped open the comforter and exposed me to the cool, bedroom air. His hands grasped the sides of my head before pulling me off his crotch.

"Morning Violet," he smiled.

"Maaghhh!" My gag-scrambled greeting transformed into a scream as the phallus penetrating my pussy sent out a painful shock.

"Oops," Master noted as he rushed to find the remote before turning off my punishment. He then added as he saw the fear in my wet eyes: "don't worry, you were doing great. I simply have other plans today."

I groaned through my ring-gag in protest, my tongue tasting the precum already inside my mouth. Without his manhood my attention returned to the intruders filling my crotch. I was already close enough that I needed to cum, though I knew my orgasm may as well be on the moon insofar as my reach was concerned.

I was crying with frustration even as Master kissed my open lips. He had no problem pushing his tongue inside and taste my saliva mixed with his own precum. He then pulled back and gazed upon me as the pride and joy of his life. His smile warped into a sadistic grin as he reinserted my deep-throating phallus until its ball gag clicked into place.

"Yes, my sweet Violet. I'll be torturing you today," his eyes savored the dread in my gaze as he made the announcement.

Master wrapped a padded rubber blindfold around my eyes. I then heard a clink as his other hand reached to the headboard, where he left my leash clipped to last night. I yelped into my gag as I felt a jerk against my pierced and squeezed nipples. My legs rushed to get off the bed as soon as they can, but it was difficult to do blind and I soon felt the leash pulling against my clitoris.

'This isn't fair', I cried in my thoughts as I struggled to balance on my stiletto heels. I couldn't even protest with the gag filling my throat. All I could do was to focus on balance and breathing while following the tug of my leash on my nipples. Its other end held securely in Master's hands as he led me to his office on mansion's 3rd floor.

...At least I didn't have to go down the staircase.

I heard a familiar machine-like hum as Master stopped pulling my leash. I stood there squirming as my vaginal, anal, and urethra intruders continued to fuck and torment me. My swollen clitoris was unbearable itchy as the barbell hood piercing rubbed endlessly against it. As the noise faded Master jerked on my nipples again. He led me into the middle of the room until I felt a rubber-spiked, silicone dildo press against my smooth pelvis.

My head shook as I whimpered and cried. I'm sure Master understood my fear, but he did not relent any. Instead, I felt a web of silken rope being tied around me. It wrapped around my body and kept a tight grip on my corset as the ropes formed a Shibari rope harness. He also added a set of gemstone pendants to my nipples' piercing-clips, and gave them a swing so I could feel their shifting weight teasing me.

I felt a tingle of electricity around my crotch as Master unlocked my chastity shield's seal. My lust juices streamed down both thighs as he pulled the 7-plus-inch phallus from between my legs. With the cover removed, my catheter also stopped vibrating as the buzzing prick that pressed into it was taken away. Only my anal beads continued their torment while my front entrance was given a reprieve for the moment.

The break proved far too short as Master kissed me on the forehead before his hands wrapped around my corseted waist. My precarious stilettos left the ground as he picked me up and lifted me over the readied rubber phallus. My small pussy lips soon felt the prodding of a silicone bullet-head. Master shifted my position until the object stopped teasing my labia and poked into my slit.

I sucked in a breath as my body began descending onto this upright phallus. A small stream of drool escaped my gagged, whimpering lips and slid down towards my breasts. My labial lips were pulled apart as the silicone head filled my pussy opening. My vaginal entrance then began to stretch as gravity forced my crotch to impale itself. This dildo was much fatter than my normal companion and it stretched my love tunnel past my comfort's limits.

Then, as the smooth head of the invader pushed deep into my pussy, I felt its rim slip past my entrance and my lower lips wrap around its aggravating shaft. The sides of this huge dildo was lined with countless tiny rubber spikes buried between spiraling ridges. My tears were flowing nonstop as I felt every ridge, every spike scrape against the folds of my love tunnel as the huge dildo slowly sank into me.

After what felt like an eternity, my toes finally touched the floor. At the same time, I felt the dildo's head press uncomfortably against my cervix as it utterly filled me. My stiletto heels were still in the air as I stood in a ballerina's tiptoe. My body felt like it was being ripped open as I stood fully impaled with my weight pressed upon the thick shaft inside me.

For a moment I teetered on my toes as Master tied several ropes from my Shibari harness to attachment points hanging above me. My legs quivered as they strained to keep the rod between my legs from penetrating any deeper into me. But Master wasn't done yet as I felt his hand on my inner thigh. He forced my right leg to lift into the air, and I screamed into my gag as my left foot's stiletto heel touched the floor, with my body's weight now pressing my cervix against the impaler deep inside me!

To be penetrated **too far** was definitely not a pain any girl wanted to experience! My bruised cervix sent agonizing cramps throughout my abdomen worse than any during my teenage periods!

Master then wrapped some excess rope around my thighs and secured my right leg. It forced me to keep my legs at a ninety-degree angle with my right thigh leveled horizontal. He then pulled up my right foot until he locked the ring behind the ankle-strap to the ring behind my right thigh cuff. I was now stuck in a classic ballerina pose with one leg straight and the other bent sharply inwards, except without my arms for balance while my love canal was unbearably-stretched by a huge rod that impaled too deep inside me!

As though this wasn't enough, the rod then began to rotate slowly while the huge dildo joined my anal beads in vibrating inside me. Its spiraling ridges gave me the disturbing sensation of being screwed into without end. Meanwhile its

innumerable soft rubber spikes scratched and scraped against my sensitive folds inside.

"Violet, I have a lot of company work left to finish this week, and I want you to stand here like this, suffering beautifully for my enjoyment until I finish. I know it's very hard and torturous on you, but I promise you a reward tonight after I finish."

Tonight? Tonight!?! It was still 7:30am at most. Was he going to keep me like this until the sun sets? I whimpered and cried harder into my gag, but Master ignored me as he stuffed a pair of plugs into my ears. It isolated me from the room's sounds while playing only a recording of the waterfall outside.

Blind and deaf from my surroundings, I felt as though I'd been imprisoned inside a pitch-black cavern behind the waterfall cliff. Impaled by a cruel, rotating dildo while I was forced to stay in a ballerina's pose, I strained my left foot onto its tiptoes again to lessen the pain deep inside.

I could feel the steady trail of juices running down my left thigh. My calves were trembling as I struggled to stay on my toes. But my leg's strength simply couldn't endure. I had to land on my stiletto heel to rest even though it made the shaft impale me again. I could only bear the aching pain deep inside my femininity until I had the strength to lift my heels again.

There was no way for me to measure time's passage. My body was caught in a constant re-balancing act between landing my heel on the ground (and impaling my womb against the dildo) versus lifting my heel off the ground (and straining my muscles to alleviate the agony deep inside). I could withstand neither the strain nor the pain for more than a few seconds at a time, and soon I was effectively fucking myself against the porcupine dildo as I constantly shifted between these two options. All the while the phallus vibrated and rotated inside me, aggravating my insides with hundreds of tiny rubbery spikes.

It was by far the most horrible torment I've experienced.... how could Master be so cruel to me?

What felt like hours passed before I sensed something change. My rope harness pulled me upwards until my heels left the floor and my crotch lifted off the

impaling phallus. My body then tilted forward as the ropes leveraged my center of mass. I was soon flat on my stomach as my entire weight was left suspended by the ropes.

I felt Master's touch as his fingers grasped my left ankle and forced my free leg to bend. Its ankle-strap-ring was soon locked to the ring behind my left thigh band, resulting in both of my legs being trapped in a loose 'frog-tie'. Master's palms then wrapped around my corset-crushed waist to hold me in place. Anticipation dripped from between my legs as I soon felt his warm prod press against my love tunnel opening.

Master's manhood was rock-hard and throbbing as he plunged straight into my depth without any warning.

My pussy already felt raw from the impaler-dildo's forest of spikes, but Master hardly cared as he fucked me without mercy. Pleasure mixed with pain inside me as his tempo accelerated. His thighs slapped noisily against my bottom as his manhood began pumping my love tunnel with jackhammering intensity.

I cried into my gag nonstop as my consciousness grew faint under my corset's crushing constriction. My lungs were gasping for air as his cock spasmed inside me. The weighted pendants that swung from my pierced nipples added to my sensations as they pulled harder with every thrust. A gush of hot semen then flooded my innards as his sexual tension released into me.

His final thrust grinded just enough against my g-spot -- the vaginal walls behind my clitoral nerve -- that I orgasmed alongside him.

Three months. My first orgasm in three months! My whole body shook and rocked against my suspension harness as his palms held me tight against his spurting manhood. My mind was blown away as waves of raw ecstasy washed over me. I saw only stars exploding as my back buckled while lightning coursed through me. My entire being floated between the edge of consciousness and the realm of surreal dreams.

It was definitely one of the strongest orgasm I've ever received, and I was sure I passed out for at least a few seconds.

Yet, as my consciousness slowly returned, I couldn't but help feel that something was missing.

My entire body was tingling as I slumped breathelessly in my midair bondage. My consciousness was still in a haze as Master finished his brief rest and pulled his limping manhood out from me. He removed the lock linking my right thigh band ring to the ankle-strap ring, which allowed my right leg to stretch straight. My hopes for release rose as the rope harness tilted my body back down... only to turn to ash as I felt my labial lips make contact with the silicone phallus once again.

'No, please!' I cried into my gag, but Master could not hear me. My crotch was soon impaled on that phallic porcupine again as my other leg -- the right leg this time -- landed its toes upon the floor. My inner thighs itched as a mixture of cum and semen oozed out of my love tunnel and dribbled down the side. I knew that as the trails dried on my sensitive skin they would add to my torment, but unable to even shake my legs I could do nothing about it.

I felt Master's fingers let go, and I was alone in my isolation and torment again. My right leg should have been rested, but after that last orgasm it stood wobbling at best. I soon returned to my balancing act and thus fucked myself against the impaling dildo. Except my pussy was still hypersensitive after my recently climax, and it keenly felt every rubber spike from the whole forest that scraped against my insides!

'Please! Stop! I can't take it anymore!'

I could only scream in muffled moans as the uncaring dildo rod continued to vibrate and rotate and torture me.

It sank into me that this was the difference between me -- a real sex slave -- and those who merely played the role in BDSM relationships. I have no safe word, no get out signal. There was no recourse for me except to wallow in my misery and endure my Master's torment.

By the second time Master returned to fuck me, any normal girl would probably have ran out of tears. My orgasm came unwelcomed this time as I knew Master would just return me to the pole again. By the third time I was willing to do anything, agree to anything -- even sealing my pussy away forever -- if he would just let me off the impaling torturer. By the fourth time I could only sob incoherently as Master pumped me full again.

Five times. Master came inside me (and forced me to orgasm) five times. It felt like I was about to enter a catatonic trance when Master pulled out after his fifth orgasm and began to untie me. As he released me from the rope harness I collapsed into his arms and wailed unending into my gag. My entire body was sore and aching, with none more so than my painfully throbbing pussy and womb.

I don't remember much of what happened next, except that I spent the next hour or two crying into Master's chest. He kept me in his protective embrace and would soothingly stroke my hair to calm me. By the time my senses returned I noticed that he had already removed my gag and its harness. My chastity shield was also back on, though it felt weird that none of the intruders were teasing me.

"H-how long...?" I barely managed in a whisper from my lips.

"Seven hours. It was 2:40pm when I released you," Master spoke proudly before giving me a kiss on the forehead. "You endured well, Violet. And you endured more beautifully than I could have ever imagined."

I look up at Master's smiling gaze, my eyes curious as they voiced my silent wonder.

"Five times," Master responded. "I've *never* came that many times in less than a single day. I never even thought that it'd be possible for me given my... needs."

He then pressed his cheeks against mine with glowing praise.

"You deserve a medal."

A faint laugh emerged from my lips even as tears still brimmed in the corner of my eyes. My stomach still cramped and my insides were still hurting, but I can't deny that Master's unbridled joy had a contagious effect on me.

"I'm glad..." I spoke in my wispy voice, "that Master enjoyed my suffering. It makes what I had to endure... at least a little worth it."

"It really was terrible for you, wasn't it?"

I felt a tear slide down my cheeks as I closed my eyes and nodded.

"Please Master, please don't make that a regular torment." My sobs returned as I thought of the still-lingering pain deep in my crotch. "I can't bear it!"

Master nodded as he pulled me tight into his embrace.

"I promise. You'll only receive that when I **really** need to de-stress... or as a punishment if you truly fucked up."

Just as I never tried to ask him to avoid this terrible torture entirely, he never offered it either. Both of us already understood -- it was my role to suffer for his needs.

"Did your orgasms at least feel good?"

My thoughts returned to my raw pussy. The last few orgasms were downright painful. But the first one? The first one was sore yet still a blissful relief.

"...At first." I nodded faintly. Though even as I did this, a word of doubt crept into my gaze.

'But...' I was still trying to gather my thoughts when he replied for me:

"But you felt that something was missing?"

My body trembled as I knew the answer. I parted my lips but could not bring myself to say it out loud.

Then, as my eyes met Master's smiling gaze, I realized... he already knew.

"You missed that feeling of being held against the edge, didn't you?"

Fresh tears slipped from my eyes as I reluctantly nodded. My training and enslavement had molded my submissive nature until it now infused every corner of my body. To think that I'd actually crave for him to tease me without release... to feel the constant warm glow of arousal, the heightened sensitivity of my body as I desperately needed to feel him inside me...

I shuddered as I realized that my body really did miss that feeling.

"There's no need to feel bad," Master adoringly rubbed my head. "You're a good girl... and an excellent slave girl."

He then leaned in to nibble my ears before adding in a husky voice:

"And remember: good girls don't cum."

A soft whimper left me as I felt those words engrave themselves into my mind. I knew that I wanted to be a good girl for him, to be praised by him and to believe it without any doubt. However, did that also mean I have to sacrifice my future orgasms?

"But it's so hard..." I sobbed at the thought of not being able to cum for who knows how long.

"Don't worry, you won't have to do it alone." Master smiled as he continued to comfort me. "After all, your body belongs to me. And I'm the one who controls your orgasms."

He then kissed me again, on the lips this time as his tongue pushed inside to savor my taste.

I gasped suddenly as the intruders in my sore crotch started up. But as Master broke the kiss he quickly reached for the remote and stopped them again.

"You deserve a reward for the rest of this weekend." He said before putting aside the remote. "Let's have a soak to relax first. After that we'll replace your chastity shield and its plugs with the new one. It really is annoying to have to keep pushing that."

There was no way to turn off my 'Default Mode'. All Master could do was to temporarily 'snooze' it for 10 minutes at a time.

"But... I thought Master was going to reward me?" I asked, my eyes already fearful of what was to come.

"Oh the new shield isn't a punishment. It's simply more fitting to my tastes -- now that I know exactly what they are after a few months' experience and no longer need an algorithm to guess for me," Master grinned. "As for your reward, I'll pamper you properly tonight. Plus, how about a trip out tomorrow?"

My eyes lit up. I'd been stuck in Master's mansion ever since my arrival. I didn't think that would ever change.

"You're not afraid that I'll try to run away?" I teased.

"Mmmh," he pretended to think. "You know what -- I'll let you have a headstart tomorrow morning. Just to see how far you'd actually manage."

I shivered as a chill went down my spine. I really was Master's property and slave.

Chapter 4 - Craving for Ownership

I nuzzled against Master's neck as we relaxed outside. Both of us sat within a five-person hot tub built into one of the smoothed boulders that comprised the rear porch. I sat in his embrace, with my round buttocks and bared thighs across his lap. It left my shoulders exposed to the evening air -- one of the only parts of my body not covered by my polymer second-skin. I could feel the hairs on his arm as he wrapped them in a protective embrace around me, leaving me safer than I had ever felt while I was still free.

There was only one... no, two things missing, as I sat idling with my fingers touching my neck chain. The long, steel chain locked to my collar was still anchored to the end of a rail on the porch floor. It ensured that while I could visit (and clean) the porch even when Master was away, I could never leave its confines unless Master unlocked my collar chain.

"M-master?"

"Mmmh?" He answered with his eyes closed while his hands absentmindedly stroked and kneaded my breasts.

"C-could you..." I felt my face redden. "Lock my arms behind me?"

Master opened his eyes and looked upon me in adoration. He then repositioned me on his lap until he could grab each of my wrists and pull them up my back. My forearms crossed as he fed the short chains dangling from each wrist cuff through the thick padlock hanging off my rear collar ring. With a loud 'click', my arms were secured behind my back in a double hammerlock again. My palms' and fingers' backwards facing ensured that I could not unlock myself even if I had the key in my hand.

Next -- and without me even asking -- Master took the leash which had been left clipped to my front collar ring since this morning. The three separate strands from its other end were still attached to my nipple clips and the ring hanging off my clitoris. Master unlinked the carabiner clip from my collar and snapped it to a ring submerged inside the hot tub. Now I couldn't climb out even if I wanted to thanks to the leash's 6ft-length.

"Better?" He asked.

I nodded and nuzzled against his chest. I was helpless and under his total control again. Oddly enough, this made me feel far less anxious as I sat on his lap in this distant land.

Master once explained to me that we were in Brazil. His three-story mansion, with its floors stacked uneven, was built in a secluded valley community only a few hours from the coast. From his third floor windows I could just barely make out another home in the distance, its windows and walls concealed by the layers of foliage between us in the tropical forest.

I had no doubts that Master could keep me here, in secret, forever, if he desired it. I haven't seen or met a single individual aside from him in the past six months since my arrival. Master did lock me inside the cage beneath his bed on several occasions while he was at home, which might have meant visitors. I couldn't tell

as I was always left blind, deaf, gagged, and hogtied for hours each time, with my system left on 'Simmer' -- and once even 'Broil' -- to keep my thoughts fully occupied with my desperate need to cum.

I felt a tingle of electricity from my crotch as my chastity shield unlocked. Master's fingers brushed down my smooth pelvis before pulling on the edges of my shield. I moaned as the 7-plus-inch phallus slowly withdrew from my depth. My pussy felt oddly empty as he lifted the dildo vibrator from the water and left it on the hot tub's edge.

"Time to give you a thorough cleaning," Master grinned as I felt two of his fingers enter me. My gasps came interspersed between moans as he began to stir me up inside. His fingers wiggled playfully as he twirled them inside my pussy. I was soon breathing ragged as my arousal began to peak from his teasing digits.

"M-master, please..." I begged even though I knew this would never be enough. I might be able to cum from a finger fucking, but Master would have to focus on playing with my g-spot. So far, he had deliberately kept clear except for an occasional teasing brush. His intentions were clearly to return me to the edge but leave me just shy of an actual climax.

"Remember, this is what your body wants." His voice was husky as his breath tickled the back of my ears. I tried to deny it as I felt tears of frustration leak from my eyes. But I knew that Master was also right.

Yes, I hated this feeling of being kept on the edge, so close to the orgasm I need yet unable to reach. Yet... for reasons that I don't completely understand, my body also craved this warm feeling of arousal, of heated frustration and the denial of my needs. Even my dreams have longed for master to take me for his pleasure, while denying my own as he leaves me out hanging.

By the time my body began to tremble, Master decided that I had enough. His fingers left my pussy as his smiling eyes met my tear-stained gaze. My begging grew incoherent as I cried into his chest.

"Shhhh," Master quieted me down as his one hand soothingly stroked my hair while the other enjoyed the soft, fleshy mound of my left breast. "Good girls don't

cum." He reminded me again before enjoying my whimpers as my body slowly ebbed back from the edge.

'When will Master let me cum again?' I couldn't help but wonder as I wept in his arms, my pussy aching to feel stuffed again.

"Violet," Master asked in curiosity after my sobs gradually faded. "When did you first start having fantasies of having your orgasms controlled?"

"T-the... the first time I read a chastity fetish story years ago," I muttered. "I've fantasized about it ever since, and even bought a chastity belt of my own. But... it's just not the same to deny myself."

"No," Master spoke as he understood. "Your urge to be controlled isn't about denial; or at least, it's not **just** about denial. It's about the ownership of your sex and responsibility over your sexual needs." His lips then curled into a thoughtful smirk. "I believe you mentioned once that you had a conservative upbringing?"

"Yes," I answered in my wispy voice. "My parents demanded that I focus on my studies. They taught me from early childhood that a good degree was the gateway to all my wishes... a good life, a good career, a good husband. Dating was a waste of precious time in their eyes. They kept telling me that only a cheap, low-class woman would be driven by youthful lust."

Master smiled with sympathy as he heard my story.

"It's no wonder then. You were a girl with a normal girl's urges, yet your parents tried to shame you into denying them throughout your formative youth. Well, not that I'm complaining," his grin widened. "I don't mind being the 'low-class man' who keep forcing myself upon you -- your 'rapist', so to speak."

I felt my face grow scarlet with embarrassment as his arms hugged tighter around me.

"Master... I'm not blaming..."

"It's alright, Violet," I felt him press a finger to my lips as he looked upon me with a caring, loving gaze. "I want you to."

As I looked back with perplexed eyes, Master went on to explain what he meant:

"I want you to relieve yourself of your burdens. It's fine for you to think of all your sexual cravings and needs as desires that I forcibly imprinted upon your body -- because I've certainly done my utmost. It's fine for you to struggle and resist and not consent to my advances, since I'll just take what I need from you regardless. I want you to feel like you never had a choice in any of these matters, because it's true. And..."

His grin stretched from ear to ear as he added: "I think denying your body the pleasure it craves is the perfect way to reinforce all of this -- you're not in control, so you can't be the one to blame. No, you're a good, sweet, perfectly innocent girl. You're just also a damsel who is helpless to resist the sex fiend who imprisoned you, who keeps your body in a constant state of lustful need to fill his devilish desires.

"Am I wrong?" The 'sex fiend' in question finished with a disarming smile.

I shook my head as I leaned into his chest. My stomach fluttered as I felt a genuine sense of adoration billow inside me.

'Rapist', 'fiend', they were just words, convenient interpretations for us to use. In the end, what mattered was that Master truly cared for me... even if he also wanted to see me suffer for the pleasure it aroused in him.

"Master is kind, but Master is also cruel to me."

"Master," he referred to himself with a chuckle, "will make sure Violet stays a good girl and mold her into the perfect slave."

I felt his lips press down upon mine as his tongue forced its way in. My tongue soon bent to his will as he tasted and ravished my lips until I was breathless. The heat in my cheeks refused to leave as he enjoyed thoroughly tasting me.

I didn't even realize how faint my head began to feel when he finally announced: "Time to leave the tub, Violet. Otherwise, you really will simmer and cook."

Of course, I couldn't leave on my own. Master had to reach into the water and unclip my leash from the heavy-duty ring. He then hooked his fingers through the carabiner clip and wound my leash around his knuckle. Only afterwards did he pick me up between his arms and lifted me out of the water, as he stepped back onto the arrangement of flat boulders that formed his rear porch.

Chapter 5 - A Case for Chastity

With the adjacent waterfall still roaring in the background, Master brought me over to a rubber-padded double-lounge chair where a fluffy lavender towel lay spread and waiting for me. Water droplets slid off my glossy, transparent second-skin as I cooled in the humid air outside. Even my white, skin-bonded stockings and gloves had received a water-repellent treatment as water slid off them.

Only my head, shoulders, and upper thighs were directly exposed to the cool, moist air. The bared skin felt amazing as they vented steam from my heated body, all while the occasional cold-water droplet from the nearby waterfall splashed onto them.

The polymer second-skin that covered most of my flesh had many uses. It protected my skin from both the environment and all kinds of bruising. There wasn't a single rope mark remaining despite how he suspended me in midair just hours before. My flesh looked impossibly perfect while my body was kept at ideal proportions by the suit's tight, constraining squeeze.

However, the second-skin's biggest value was that it made me really easy to take care of: no scrapes, no body hair, no manual skincare, and almost no sweat. The claim was 'just rinse to clean', and the hermetic seal was so perfect that I couldn't even leak pussy juice unless he allowed me.

There was no doubt of its advantage for rich and busy men who kept slave girls as pets.

I watched Master with curiosity as he took a half-opened shipping package before returning to me. In the meantime, he had clipped my leash's other end to a thin beam supporting the arm rest. Between it and my ever-present collar chain, he would leave no opportunity for me to even consider escaping his clutches.

Master opened the rest of the package and unwrapped a new chastity shield and its attachments. My old one still sat on the hot tub's edge as my eyes flickered between them to compare. My heart quickened with anxiety as I eyed the new device designed to control my sexual needs -- it was impossible to overstate just how intrusive and demanding they were.

The new shield had a transparent oval plate just like the old one. Its appearance was likely configurable by remote, just like my polymer second-skin. It had the same thin extension in front which would dock with my permanently-installed catheter plug. There was also a second, longer probe between the dildo and the urethra prod.

The long phallus designed to plug my pussy seized my attention first. Unlike the two-section, piston-like design of my old dildo, this new one had a stiff, steel core that ended in a swollen, bulbous head. Its shaft was covered by a rubbery gel in translucent pink, lined with dozens of small, spiky protrusions that gave it the distinctive appearance of a sea cucumber.

And if that wasn't enough, there was also the probe just in front of the dildo -- a thin steel bar that curved away from the phallus as it rose, ending in a small, 1/2-inch steel ball that was clearly meant to press against the front from inside my pussy.

"7.3 inches long and a hint thicker, perfectly measured to press against your cervix just like your old one," Master happily noted.

"M-master," I was trembling as I asked in my wispy voice. "Do we have to switch? Can't I just wear my old one?"

I couldn't peel my eyes away from the new intruder in his hands. It looked even scarier than even the tormentor that I had grown accustomed to! Yet, despite my anxiety to being penetrated by it, I could feel my pussy juices drip as it grew

hotter between my legs. It's as if my body was already anticipating being penetrated by it.

"Of course, you do. I went through the trouble of customizing this for you, after all," Master spoke proudly as though this was a personalized gift. "Don't worry, these pricks won't hurt you," he smiled before demonstrating by brushing his hand across the dildo's surface. The gel protrusions bent under the slightest of pressure, but they sprang back as soon as his hand moved past.

Crouching down before me, Master pressed the springy steel probe against the dildo before leveling the menacing combo against my wet and slightly gaping vulva. I closed my legs and shrunk back from him as I whimpered "wait... please."

He looked at me in return as though I was a petulant child refusing to eat my veggies.

"You know this has to be done. Or do you want me to leave with both and come back in an hour or two?"

I rushed to shake my head. Already I could feel the growing irritation in my slightly-gaping love tunnel. Somehow the company that altered me had my pussy modified so that it *had* to be filled and sealed. Prolonged exposure to air would irritate my vaginal walls and made them itch terribly. Now that I was out of the water, I needed to be plugged. Otherwise, my love tunnel would soon feel like it developed a burning rash that refused to go away for hours, even after he sealed me again.

My experience from that one time, when I threw a tantrum and Master punished me by simply walking away, had been... unpleasant, to say the least.

I leaned back with reluctance and spread my stockings-clad legs towards him. My eyes watched as the dildo's cold, bulbous head nuzzled and parted the small, sensitive lips of my sex. I gasped and moaned as the shaft slid up inside me. My body trembled as I felt every prick lining the phallic shaft scraping against my sensitive flesh inside.

The spherical probe in front was especially noticeable as it entered me. Without Master's fingers pressing down upon it, its springy rod made it push away from

the dildo again. This made the probe press firmly against the front of my pussy as the shaft sank deeper and deeper into me.

Tears slid from my eyes as I groaned in discomfort while my body struggled to accommodate the new and lengthy intruder. However, Master did not cease the steady push of his palm until the transparent cover plate was right up to my labia, forcing the long phallus fully inside me. I gasped and moaned as the probing ball in front of the dildo settled into position -- right against my g-spot! Meanwhile, my body trembled as I felt the metallic head press uncomfortably against my still-bruised cervix.

I tried to shift my hips to find a more comfortable posture. But no matter how I moved, it was impossible to escape the relentless pressure I felt pushing against my most sensitive spot! My motions only made the prickly dildo rub and scratch against my insides.

"Ahh!" I pressed my thighs together and squeezed against the phallus inside me. It only made the ridges and pricks lining the dildo shaft more noticeable, but I couldn't help it!

Master then fixed the shield by tracing his finger along the edge and giving it an all-around press. My sex was locked behind the hermetic seal once more, trapping my juices and sexual heat inside with no possibility of relief.

Before I could even try to get used to the new intruder inside me, Master flipped me over until I was laying on my flat tummy. He parted my ass cheeks with one hand while slowly extracting my rear plug with the other. The thick toadstool forced my sphincter to stretch wide as its thickest section left my insides. But before my contracting anus could relax again, I felt another anal bead press against it from the inside and force my rear passage to spread open again.

One by one the thick anal beads that stuffed my rear passage left me. Each of them stretched open my sphincter before they emerged with an almost audible sound. Master had deliberately pulled out my anal beads at a speed that would leaving me gasping and moaning, but not quite enough to overload my senses even as my pussy clenched against its prickly new intruder. The combination soon

left me whimpering with need, as my body was brought to the ragged edge of an orgasm that I just couldn't reach!

As the last anal bead departed from my rear passage and Master laid the strand down, he picked my new plug from the box and brought it before my gaze. My eyes swelled as I immediately noticed just how much longer this one was! The device consisted of a stack of inch-wide fat anal beads just like before. Except instead of being a loose strand connected by rope strings, this set was mounted on top of each other, with tiny beads in between, along a flexible rod that exceeded 10-inches long!

"M-master?" my frightened voice betrayed my thoughts as I begged him to reconsider.

But Master responded with only a smile as his hand parted my butt cheeks before forcing the first of nine anal beads into me. As my sphincter closed around the one sphere, it grasped the tiny bead between them, before coming under pressure from the next fat bead as his fingers pushed them inexorably into me. One by one I felt my anal passage fill up until my ass was as full as any stuffed poultry. But I could feel the beads still resting against my butt that the whole strand was maybe only halfway in, and I began to beg and plead between my gasping moans:

"M-master... p-please! It's t-too much!"

Of course, Master did not heed any of my cries and simply ignored me. The pressure from his hands pushed the anal beads deeper into me than ever before, forcing them into the deepest crevice in my rectum which left me feeling utterly stuffed. The continuous pressure even forced several of the beads to worm up into my lower large intestine, which gave me with an incessant need to use the toilet and empty my bowels. Nevertheless, that would be impossible as I soon felt the anal plug after the ninth bead made its way into me, which blocked the exit point with its fat toadstool to ensure that nothing could leave. My lungs were heaving as much as my squeezed midsection would allow as Master pressed the long and narrow shield between my butt cheeks. I heard a 'click' when its front tip linked with my front chastity shield, followed by an all-around press along the

sides of my butt crevice. My rear passage was now hermetically sealed just like my drenched and burning pussy. I squirmed my hips as Master pulled me back onto my butt to sit in his lap. It made the new anal beads shift while the vaginal plug pricked and scratched against my insides. I couldn't even find a comfortable posture as I've never felt so utterly stuffed from the inside!

It was difficult to sit still with my pussy and ass filled to the brim while a metal probe constantly pressed against my g-spot. The countless tiny rubbery spikes that dug into my vaginal folds instilled an irritation deep between my legs, especially when I felt them press against the thin flesh where the anal beads pressured from the other side. I couldn't help but fidget my hips from time to time in an attempt to alleviate the growing itch inside my love tunnel. However, even the slightest movement will make the prickly phallus scratch and scrape against my fleshy walls inside, keeping me embroiled in a needy haze while an endless stream of tiny gasps and frustrated moans escaped from my lips.

"M-master," I whimpered as freshly-pooled tears slid from my eyes. My hands jerked reflexively against their bonds behind me even though I knew it was useless. "Oh my god, p-please! I need to cum!"

"Don't you always?" Master grinned as he pulled my nodding head into his embrace while he gently stroked my hair with his large palm. "This new crotch cover is designed to encourage you to sit still -- because the more you move, the more it will torment you. You'll have to learn to endure the incessant itch between your legs, my dear, sweet Violet. And also, to remember that you can only get relief when my manhood plows deep into you."

Chapter 6 - A Doll in Need

We were over an hour into the movie before it sank in that I had no idea what was going on. The film was one of those historical costume dramas that both of us enjoyed, with him liking the battles and politics while I enjoyed the dresses and the drama. But even as I sat in his lap which was covered only by a layer of fluffy pajamas, I found it hopeless to concentrate on anything other than the simmering need coming from the furnace between my legs.

It was impossible to forget how stuffed my ass was by the strand of fat anal beads, or the constant and unavoidable stimulation caused by the metallic probe that pressed incessantly against my g-spot. Neither of the two would lessen by the slightest margin no matter how I shifted in Master's lap, and the g-spot teasing was as maddening as the barbell that pressed into my clitoris -- as there seemed no way that I could avoid it!

Worse yet, the countless silicone pricks lining my vaginal intruder filled my love tunnel with an itch that could not be ignored. Those dull rubber spikes dug between my sensitive folds and seemed to grow more aggravating over time. It forced me to shift my hips every minute or so to change where the tips pressed against and use them to scratch the itch deep inside me. But the relief it offered was minimal and temporary at best, made worse by the growing arousal as the soft spikes scraped against my insides. With my crotch trapped behind an airtight and watertight seal, there was no way to even release any of the pent-up heat and juices trapped inside!

Yet, despite all of this torment, all the unquenched need building inside me, I couldn't help but feel that something was missing. It was a sensation that I had grown used to during the last few months, something that I craved yet couldn't quite put a finger to it...

As I squirmed again during a break in scenes in the movie, it caught Master's attention and brought his adoring gaze down upon my hot and bothered countenance. As he met my lust-filled eyes, his deep pupils filled with pride and adoration while he leaned down to kiss me on the forehead. However, my instincts took hold and I tilted back to meet him with my puffy, swollen lips. My body was already boiling with need, and I wanted to feel him inside me even if it was just his tongue.

Master barely touched my lips with the tip before pulling back with a teasing smile. I could almost see my desperation reflected back in his eyes and knew that he was purposefully denying me even this.

"Not so fast, my adorable little slut," he smirked at my needy expression. "Aren't you supposed to be watching the movie?"

I squirmed again in his lap.

"M-master I can't concentrate on anything with this thing in me!"

As Master leaned down again to tickle the back of my ears with his breath, he whispered in a deep and husky voice:

"That's the point, my cute little doll. You're not supposed to focus on anything other than how much you desire me and how you could please me. That should *always* be the foremost thought in your mind."

I could feel my entire face burning as he pulled back slightly with a smile. Master always knew how to make me feel like a good little slave girl whose body, mind, and soul was entirely devoted to his needs.

"And to think, I haven't even activated your new toys yet and you're already like this."

I squirmed again before finally realizing just what I was missing! The new intruders were stimulating and aggravating, no doubt about it, but they were also passive and sat inside me without the slightest movement of their own! Gone was the nonstop trembling in my ass from at least one of the anal beads, or the gentle vibrations imparted upon my catheter, not to mention the sporadic pumping within my love tunnel from the old dildo which would piston in and out of me.

A hope rose within me that maybe I could cum when Master activated the devices at last. The rest of me knew that it was extremely unlikely, considering how much Master enjoyed controlling my orgasms and how good my system was at keeping me just short of climax. Nevertheless, I couldn't help but feel a nostalgic desire for my old intruders and how they teased me from the inside.

In a way, they represented Master's "touch" and his attention which I perpetually craved. They were also a constant reminder that my body belonged to him.

"M-master?" My lips opened and I voiced with trepidation mixed with anticipation. "Are you going to activate my new toys then?"

With interest in his eyes, Master looked down upon me and asked:

"Do you want me to? I was going to let you take it easy for tonight."

"I-I want Master to t-treat me as he pleases," I said while squirming in his lap. My gaze glanced away as my cheeks flushed an even deeper shade of scarlet. I couldn't bring myself to voice my desires out loud... how could I have become such a denial slut?

But Master knew. He always knew. A broad smile spread across his expression. He pulled my slim body into his open chest and gave me an all-embracing hug.

"Violet, you have no idea how proud and fortunate you make me feel," he announced as his broad, muscular arms continued to squeeze me. It became a bit hard to breath, but I did not struggle against it. Only my finger grasped helplessly in the empty air behind my upper back, as my wrist cuffs were pulled much too high to let my hands touch the muscular arms which tightened around my narrow waist.

"I must warn you though," Master said to me as he finally loosened his embrace. "I had planned on waiting until Monday before activating your new toys, which would give you this weekend to become accustomed to your new intruders at least. These new devices won't be easy on you when I turn them on."

Not wanting to disappoint him now, I bit down on my lips and suppressed my anxiety before nodding. "P-please don't go easy on me, Master," I whispered with a slight tremble in my voice before burying my flushed cheeks into his chest.

"Please turn me into the perfect doll of Master's wishes."

I don't know why. But the more desperate to cum I grew, the more submissive and masochistic I became. My imagination was already running wild with desires for Master to turn me into a totally helpless prisoner incessantly tormented by my own body's needs. Considering how horny I was now, I probably would have agreed to anything.

Master stroked my hair twice more before leaning down to kiss me again on the forehead. He then reached towards the table before retrieving a new device. It

was a long, deep-throat phallic ball gag of the variety that I was already accustomed to wearing.

He leveled the pliable length of the pink rubber gag before readying it against my lips. The phallic extension of the gag looked somehow even longer than before, not to mention it had a bulbous head that would no doubt reach deep into my throat. Nevertheless, I parted my lips when he ordered "open" and felt the long, pliable rubber push its way into me. It wasn't until the swollen end of the phallic gag tickled the back my throat before I noticed the difference!

"Swallow," Master ordered, and despite my concerns I obeyed reflexively. The bulbous end was girthy enough that it couldn't simply slide into my throat. Its size made it feel like a lump that pressed against my tissues on all sides! I had to swallow again and again while he continued to push the rubber phallus into me!

Any normal girl would be gagging incessantly by such a violating intruder. Even with my gag reflex diminished by training, the pressured caused by this gag's sheer size made me want to throw up.

"As you might have noticed, Violet," Master noted nonchalantly. "This gag is both longer and more intrusive than your last one. Its length is a total of 10-inches, rather than the mere 7-inches of your previous gag. And its bulbous head..." he chuckled, "well you'll see in a minute."

I didn't need him to tell me it's longer! My eyes watered and my breathing choked up as the gag blocked my air passage. I struggled in his arms as he continued to push the snake further down my throat while I was unable to breath! I thought I was going to suffocate before the ball capping the upper end of the gag met my lips. Then, as I swallowed one last time out of reflex, I was able to pull in air again all of a sudden -- even if it both felt and sounded like I was sucking air through a straw!

My tears fell as I felt the bent gag maintained its pressure against the back of my throat. Its bulbous head had pushed so far that it reached the bottom of my neck and now pressed against the back of my voice box! I tried to groan but all that came was a faint, muffled whimper. The punishing gag silenced me so completely that I couldn't even protest with noises!

Master then wiped my tears away before he reassured me with a proud smile. He then began to pull the mass of harness straps attached to the gag across my head while explaining to me what had just happened:

"Your new gag has ducts inside it with precisely positioned openings on the deep end. One of them opens to your trachea and allows you to breath when the gag is fully inserted, while the other allows me to pump water and liquid food straight down your esophagus. You'll need to get accustomed to having your breathing limited by the gag's air duct, and I'm afraid that won't be easy once everything is enabled."

Master tightened the strap below my chin as he pulled the two bands that reached across my cheeks to the back of my head. I heard the lock engage behind my head with an audible 'click', but Master still wasn't done yet as he pulled an inverted-Y strap over my nose and forehead.

"Don't worry, your gag can still be removed so you can enjoy some real food. Though I'm afraid that its silencing is so harsh that it'll gradually distort your vocal cords. That means even on the occasions when I pull it out, you won't be able to speak properly like before. But don't worry, I'll provide you with alternate means of communicating with me soon."

I looked upon Master with a pitiful, tear-stained gaze. I wasn't sure how he expected me to communicate with my vocals impaired and my hands useless, but as his property I could only accept what he had planned for me. For a moment I couldn't help but regret asking him to do as he pleased tonight. On the other hand, I could feel my insides grow even hotter and my thighs rubbing together with need.

I could not deny that being Master's muted sex doll for the rest of my life, unable to even protest against my torments, had been a longtime fantasy.

'Why am I such a submissive slave,' I cursed myself in my thoughts.

"Now," Master rubbed my silky hair as he reached towards the smartphone-sized remote that controlled me. "For the moment you've been waiting for."

After a few swipes on the remote's screen followed by a single, lingering press, Master activated the multiple vibrators currently installed into me. The prick under my chastity shield that pressed against my urethra plug began buzzing, sending its tremors into the permanent catheter installed into me. Meanwhile two of the beads stuffing my anus started to quake fiercely, with one of the two randomly changing every 10-15 seconds just to make sure I couldn't grow accustomed. Both of these were sensations that I had grown used to before with my old intruders, except the new vibrations felt at least twice as strong as the old ones!

But neither of those two were nearly as aggravating as when the phallic sea-cucumber filling my love tunnel began to vibrate. Waves of tremors radiated outwards from this already uncomfortable dildo to the dozens of prickly rubber spikes extending from it. Since the soft, dull spikes had already dug deep between the sensitive folds of my love tunnel, the vibrations weren't strong enough to make them shift positions. However, it did make those spikes pass on their tremors to the tiny points of flesh that they pressed again, which made it feel like they were trying to dig even deeper into my vaginal walls!

My pupils swelled to saucers in an instant as I tried as hard as I could to object with a groan -- which was yet again reduced to the most pitiful whimpering noise. My hips began to squirm and gyrate on its own, as the new stimulation made it impossible for me to hold still. But just like before, my movements only made the teasing worse as the countless soft spikes in my pussy began to scratch and scap against my insides. Furthermore, both the probe pressing against my g-spot and the barbell pressing against my squeezed, swollen clitoris shifted mildly as I moved, teasing my two most sensitive places with a faint rubbing sensation that drove me absolutely wild!

'Please! I want to cum! I need to cum!' My mind screamed again and again but only faint whimpering emerged from my gagged throat. My body boiled against the edge of a tidal orgasm, yet it refused to cross over! My head turned instinctive towards the remote in Master's hands and stared at its screen.

Displayed on its upper left corner were the dreaded words 'ORGASM DENIAL MODE'.

I have never wanted to scream so badly in my life!

As the endless stimulation in my crotch continued unabated, it forced the unbearably hot and drenched furnace between my legs to new heights of arousal. The hermetic seals on both my vagina and anus made it impossible for my crotch to feel even a slight, cooling breeze. I could only rub my smooth thighs together in a pitiful attempt to satiate my lust; but of course, that did little if anything, leaving me with no choice except to jerk useless against my bonds and try to endure the torment that was driving me insane.

A nonstop stream of tears fell from my cheeks as I looked up at my Master, hoping against hope that he would either end the torment or rape me until I passed out. However, he only stared back with sadistic pleasure dancing in his gaze. It left no doubts that I was currently a toy that he enjoyed playing torture with.

"It's unbearable, isn't it?" He leaned down and spoke into my ears in a deep voice.

I rushed to shake my head in response, praying that he might take mercy on me.

"You should know that the stimulation you're experiencing now is intentionally excessive. Your new crotch ensemble is still missing a piece, and all I have to do whenever you deserve punishment... is to leave it off like this."

'But I've been a good girl today,' I whimpered as hard as I can against the gag pressing against my vocal cords. 'Please, please, PLEASE add my last piece and end this!'

The sadistic glint vanished from Master's eyes as he finally took pity on me. Reaching into the box, he retrieved what looked like a white, inverted-T steel bar and brought it between my legs. The device had three universal joints, each capping one end with an exposed ball-bearing.

Master's hands then forced my thighs to stop rubbing and pull apart. He brought the inverted-T bar between my legs and pressed a joint on the horizontal bar into a docking slot on the inside of my steel-cored left thigh band -- the same tight bands that squeezed my thighs 2/3rd of the way up where my stockings ended.

The exposed ball-bearing snapped into place with a 'click', revealing just how well the company that made me planned for future accessories.

Master then followed suit with the other connector, which soon clicked into place as well. My legs were now separated by a thin steel bar with self-adjusting segments, which kept my inner thighs between 1 to 2 inches apart. It prevented me from either closing my legs completely and rubbing my thighs together or spreading my legs in an attempt to better access my crotch. However, Master wasn't done yet as there was still a vertical bar that extended upwards from the horizontal.

I whimpered in protest as I saw where it was going, but I was helpless to stop him from clicking the joint into docking slot on the bottom of my chastity shield.

Almost immediately, the vibrations in my crotch dropped down by half. The urethra plug, the anal beads, and the spiky dildo all continued to tease me, but they shook at only around 50% of their previous intensity.

But the endless trembling of dull spikes against my vaginal walls was still aggravating. I couldn't help but squirm my hips after a minute of sitting still, and the new device between my thighs immediately reacted. The slightest shift of my legs twisted the short bar between my thighs, which passed the motion through the vertical bar and into my sealed crotch where it twisted the prickly dildo inside me!

I tilted my head and whimpered again as I stared at Master. But he merely smiled as he stroked my hair lovingly.

"As you might've surmised, Violet, the bar follows the trend of punishing you for any movement. Don't think I haven't noticed that you've taken a fancy to rubbing your thighs. This'll teach you to stop doing that unless you enjoy self-torture," his smile widened into a grin. "Now, I'm going to resume the movie. Try your best to pay attention so you can stop torturing yourself with your squirming."

I whimpered again. How am I supposed to take my mind off my crotch when I was being continuously stimulated like this? Worse yet, I was now 'torturing myself', as though he had nothing to do with it!

Sure, if I sit perfectly still, my prickly dildo won't move and my needs will be greatly reduced. However, the longer I tried to remain still, the worse that itch in my love tunnel grew from the pressure of the dildo's many vibrating spikes. It took all my focus to stop myself from squirming, but even then, I knew it was a losing battle. I managed at most a few minutes before the need to move my hips - and scratch my insides with those irritating spikes -- became overwhelming!

As my body shook with desperate need and more tears fell from my eyes, I couldn't help but begin a frenzy of squirming as I could no longer bear the sexual frustration that infused my entire being. However, every movement from my hips and legs transferred straight to that abominable spiky dildo inside me! My lust felt like a volcano on the edge of erupting, yet with the crotch seals I couldn't even vent some of the heat boiling inside me!

I tried to protest with a stream of groans, but the lump lodged deep in my throat turned them all into nothing but faint whimpers. I felt Master's hand on my head as he gently stroked my hair while his attention remained focused on the movie.

It was as though my desperate cries were nothing but a pleasant background music to him.

Needless to say, I had no idea what was going on during the movie's finale. My mind swam in a sea of arousal while Master continued to stroke my hair and knead my breasts as he finished the movie. By the time he was done, he turned the television off and lifted me to stand on my towering ankle-strap stilettos. I whimpered as I balanced myself atop the precarious heels, with every shift of my legs tilting the dildo slightly within me.

"Time to go to bed," Master smiled before turning towards the stairs. "Now come along."

As his hand tugged nonchalantly against my leash, it jerked the anchors which pulled against my nipple rings and clitoral wire. I whimpered in protest before scurrying after him, which sparked a frenzy of more whimpering as every small step twisted the bar between my legs and therefore made the abominable dildo writhe disconcertingly inside me!

Worse yet, the gag filling my throat made it hard to breathe, and my lungs were soon panting hard as I struggled to suck air in and out of the narrow duct. By the time I reached the stairs, my body was shaking all over while my head felt faint and fuzzy from a lack of oxygen.

I pleaded with my watery eyes for Master to take mercy on me. But he gave me only a moment to rest before he started climbing the two floors of stairs up. I protested again with a whimper but had no choice to follow him as the leash snapped tight and tugged on my nipple rings. With my hands cuffs high behind me I was helpless to put up any resistance.

If walking on flat ground was bad enough, the stairs just made everything ten times worse. I had to raise my leg as high as the bar would allow just to be able to bring my stiletto heel over each step, and then shuffle forward closer to the next step or otherwise my feet won't be able to reach. With every step up the bar between my thighs tilted upwards, forcing the dildo inside my pussy to push backwards and press its spiky surface against the thin tissues that separated it from my vibrating anal beads. It was impossible to alleviate the sensation of this prickly rod swaying inside me, always reminding me of my impaled femininity!

I was crying nonstop by the time we made it to the second floor landing. My trembling legs could bear it no longer and gave out on me. I leaned forward so I wouldn't fall down the stairs, but before I could hit ground Master's strong arms caught me.

"You're a good slave girl, Violet," he kissed me on the forehead. "You did your best tonight."

Cradling me between his arms, he carried me up the second flight of stairs and into his bedroom. He laid me down only after reaching his four-poster bed and its satin bedsheets. His hands pulled my collar chain anchor up to the rails above the headboard, while the leash that linked to my nipples and clitoris was clipped to a ring above me.

My body was still trembling and my breathing ragged as I tried to recover from the brief 'exercise'. The vibrators were still engaged in my crotch, and the aggravating dildo spikes forced me to squirm regularly. The strength of these

tremors fell by half again after Master laid me down in bed. Nevertheless, their teasing kept the fires of arousal burning in my flooded pussy while torturing me with the incessant itch that I could not rid of.

I pleaded towards Master with pitiful eyes as he took off his pajamas and climbed into the huge bed. He pulled me into his embrace and squeezed my breasts before pulling the bedcovers over us. He then kissed me on my gagged lips before turning off the lights.

I was still wondering when my vibrators would turn off so I could sleep when his husky voice whispered into my ears:

"I forgot to tell you, Violet, but there's a training program installed on your new equipment. It's designed to force you to accept your new toys, until you can no longer manage without them. Once the devices are activated, they cannot be deactivated or uninstalled for six months. This includes both your gag and your chastity shield, with only your anal plug able to be removed so I still have a way to rape you."

I immediately went into a frenzy of whimpering as my fingers clawed against the bedsheets behind me. Master can't be serious! He's saying that I have to sleep like this, with one anal bead still vibrating in my rear while my pussy and urethra remain teased by the faint buzzing? That not only do I have to learn to endure the rubber spikes that pressed between my sensitive folds day and night, or the steel probe that continuously pressured my g-spot, but I won't even have the opportunity to orgasm for the next half year!?

How could he be so cruel to me!?

"Shhhh, shhhh," Master comforted me while his arms held me closely. "It's okay. It's alright. I have confidence that you'll learn to endure it. Besides, isn't this the fantasy that you once described to me?"

His voice fell another octave as he described it to me in a tone that aroused me just from listening: "Just think: you're utterly helpless, you can't protest, you can't resist, and you can't escape. All the while you're left in a constant state of

desperate arousal, unable to gain release no matter how hard you tried. You can't rest. You can't beg. All you can do is bear it."

I whimpered again. Why was I such a blabbermouth whenever it came to pillow talk? I've been gradually revealing my fantasies to Master for months. He knows exactly how to use my deepest desires to torment me!

"By the time you finish training, your body will not only grow accustomed to, but addicted to being kept on the edge of orgasm," Master spoke as though it were already etched in stone. "You'll come to crave the feeling of being edged all the time, and I do mean *all the time*, even if it means suffering 24/7 as you remain in frustrated tears and desperate need."

"In other words, Violet -- what I seek is nothing less than your true potential. And by the time you finish, you'll truly become my perfect doll and slave."

Chapter 7 - Sensory Overload

"Mmmh!"

I woke up the next morning as Master released me from his embrace and stood up from bed. The shift in the foam mattress caused my legs to shift with it, which twisted the short steel bar between my legs. Such a movement would have been barely noticeable in the past, but the inverted-T bar passed it up between my legs and into the spiky dildo in my love tunnel. The rubber pricks scratched my most sensitive tissues, waking me in an instant and leaving me gasping.

My mouth was still gagged by the punishing long intruder that extended its lump all the way down to my voice box. My wrists were still cuffed high behind me and chained to the back of my collar. My breasts throbbed as usual from the constricting metal around its base and the ring that gripped my hard nipples, leaving them sensitive and keenly aware as the sliding satin sheets brushed across them. My trapped clitoris, always swollen and squeezed by its capture ring, reacted with a pulse of arousal that pressed back against the barbell of my clitoral hood piercing.

It was impossible to forget that I'm a sex slave, even in the moment when I first woke up.

My sealed love tunnel was still drenched despite the fact I just awoke. The constant pressure from those spiky tips of the still-buzzing dildo, which dug between my vaginal folds, left an irritation that I desperately wanted to scratch. I tried to squirm my hips to make the prickly sea-cucumber inside me move and scrap my pussy walls. However, I found that my body wouldn't obey me in budging even slightly.

As my mind grew in clarity, memories of last night gradually returned to me. I couldn't stop squirming after we laid down in bed, not just from the vibrations in my pussy, but also those of my anal beads and catheter which continued their mild torture through the night. At first Master shocked me in the pussy several times to get me to stop. But eventually he grew exasperated and used my remote to paralyze my body, through the neural chip implanted in my upper spinal cord.

Now, I have no choice but to lay there, helpless and horny, as Master vanished into the bathroom. The sound of water hitting surface was followed by the toilet's flush, then the faucet turned on as Master washed his hands and face. I expected that Master entered his morning routine and left me here to simmer again, only to be surprised when his visage entered my lower vision again with a huge yawn.

Master cast aside the satin sheets still covering me before redoing my leashes. My collar chain anchor was pulled down to the rails that ran besides the bed, while my nipple/clitoris leash was unhooked from the headboard and clipped to my collar. Master then took my ankles and pulled me to the bottom of the bed. His eyes were still sleepy and his expression nondescript, but the reason soon became apparent as I noticed the stiff pole sticking out between his legs.

My breath hitched in anticipation as I immediately recognized that his morning wood was more intense than usual. My pussy burned hot in anticipation even as I felt my glands adding lubrication to my oral tunnel. I'd been trained for months to suck his cock as my first act of every morning. It was a chore that I had long learned to enjoy and take pride in accomplishing.

But not today. Today I felt only the thickness of a rubber dildo that reached far too deep into my throat. Today Master flipped me around until my constricted breasts and collared nipples pressed into the memory foam. He then bent my legs under me until I knelt near the bottom of the bed, with my hands chained behind me to the back of my collar, my chin digging into the mattress, and my face tilted towards the pillows so that I could breathe.

I could feel my lust simmering across my entire body, knowing that Master was about to about to rape me to satisfy his morning needs.

...Except rather than an electric tingling between my legs, I felt it between my harness-lifted butt cheeks instead. Master had unlocked the electrostatic seal of my rear cover. He was not at all gentle as he began yanking the strand of anal beads out of my ass. My sphincter tried to close after each sphere's departure, only to be pulled immediately back wide open by the item following it.

I cried into my gag as his pull strengthened, resulting in two or even three beads departing my ass at a time! My pussy clenched against its thorny, still-vibrating intruder while my hot tears fell onto the sheets. The feelings of this snake being ripped from my ass so quickly was just too much!

Thankfully, it ended faster than it began as the last of nine anal beads left me. It left my rear hole gaping for a moment as my sphincter struggled to clench again -- which Master took full advantage of as I felt the head of his manhood press into me.

There was no gentleness at all as his large palms grasped my narrow waist and pushed his cock deep into me. He then began thrusting in and out of my rear passage, indifferent to the whimpers of discomfort that came from me. Master knew perfectly well that I disliked anal and only put up with the beads and plugs because I had no other choice. The reason was apparent as my insides cramped up in mild pain while Master continued to fuck in and out of me.

I still remember when I first complained to Master about this months ago. His response was: "you just need more training." I tried to protest back then but Master gagged my complaints away. The meaning was certainly not lost on me now as I felt his rod plunge in and out of me:

As his slave, I had no say on how he could use me to satisfy his needs.

With one last thrust deep into my ass, I felt his cock spasm before releasing a spurt of his hot seed inside me. He then leaned against my buttocks for a brief minute to rest, before pulling out and immediately began inserting a rigid sphere back into me.

I couldn't even get a break from being stuffed in the ass! The beads in my rear soon pressed one after another into me -- all nine of them before my sphincter closed around the thinnest part of the toadstool plug. Master's hand then pressed between my butt cheeks to ensure that the cover was sealed properly. My rear passage was soon left to endure the feeling of vibrating beads once more, except now several of them were also covered by his sticky cum deep inside me.

Turning me over onto my back again, Master smiled as he wiped away the tear stains on my cheeks.

"I hope that with a little more training, you can soon learn to enjoy that, Violet," he said in a satisfied tone. "Because that's all you're getting in the next six months, at least until your training program completes."

I whimpered as more tears fell from my eyes. I had forgotten about the half year training until he told me just now! My pussy clenched around its spiky vibrator as I wanted to feel him in my love tunnel so badly! But of course, that was impossible right now even if Master wanted to take mercy on me.

I felt the paralysis on my body lift as Master disabled it through my remote. He then helped me off the bed until I wobbled on top of my stiletto heels. My spiky dildo was once again aggravating me with every little movement of my legs. But of course, Master did not care as his arm wrapped around my back and pulled me into the bathroom and the shower stall.

Master unclipped my nipple/clitoris leash and snapped the carabiner clip at its end through a steel ring that hung down from the shower stall ceiling. He always did this simply to reinforce the fact I couldn't even leave the showers without his permission, as the ring was set just high enough to be out of my reach even when I had access to my hands. Meanwhile, I had to focus on balancing carefully to

ensure that I didn't slip on the smooth marble floor, which was rather hard considering that my feet were trapped in a set of 6-inch-high stiletto heels permanent integrated into my skin-bonded stockings.

Master let the water run until it was hot, then raised the lever so that it would send the water to the shower head. I cringed in preparation before the initial burst of cold water splashed onto me. Unable to dodge or move away, I became Master's tool for testing when the water temperature became just right.

As a flow that was neither too cold nor too hot sprayed over me, Master stepped up behind me and into the water's spray. He unlocked the thick padlock behind my back holding my wrist chains against the back of my collar. My arms fell to my sides for the first time in over 12 hours, a bit sore after their confinement up my back.

"You know the drill, Violet," Master spoke aloud as he pulled a plastic stool from the corner and sat down on it. Meanwhile, I rolled my shoulders to get more feeling into my arms before I grabbed the shampoo bottle.

Master liked it when I gave him a complete, top to bottom scrub down. It was one of the only times when he would allow me the use of my hands during the weekend.

So, I spent the next half hour washing his hair, his arms, his back, his chest, and finally his legs. I even gave a soapy rub to his manhood, which for other men was probably enough to erect their members again, but for Master it only left his cock half-raised. There was a time, when I first came into his possession, when my self-esteem might feel a bit hurt by this. However, it made sense when you think about it -- Master could only truly get off when I was crying misery.

It was only after I finished scrubbing every inch of Master -- even between his butt cheeks -- when he stood back up again. His first order of business was, of course, locking my wrists high behind my back again.

Stepping outside the shower stall door for a second, Master reached out to my remote control and pressed a few times. The intruders inside my pussy, my ass,

and my urethra all increased their vibrations, from a low, irritating hum to a powerful tremble that soon made my knees buckle.

I looked at Master with pleading eyes and whimpered pitifully, but Master only grinned in response. He had turned my entire system up to his beloved 'Broil' custom mode, but I had no choice but to suffer it as long as he washed me.

As Master started shampooing my hair, I shut my eyes and felt my tears falling from them. My body was already trembling as the vibrations between my legs quickly brought me to the edge. However, the toys detected this and adjusted their power accordingly, cruelly keeping me just short of an actual climax! After months of machine learning using my biometrics data, my system now walked the razor thin edge, its vibrations increasing and decreasing ever so slightly to the rhythm of my hips' every twitch, my pussy's every clench. Each time that inferno barbell stopped rubbing against my collar-squeezed clitoris, the catheter buzzer would pick up the tab to keep me just as stimulated. Every time my love tunnel clenched around the spiky dildo filling me, the vibrations would reduce just enough to keep me a hint short of what I need!

A pink haze enshrouded my mind as I moaned desperately into my gag. My tensioned body was kept on the very exact precipice of orgasmic fulfillment. I was so close I could feel the teasing touch of its absolute bliss, yet so far away as my diabolic system kept it just outside my reach!

And to make everything worse, I couldn't even sit or lie down with my nipple leash clipped high above me. No, I had to focus my wobbling, jelly legs to stand as best as I could atop my precarious stiletto heels, praying that Master would finish as soon as possible so this edging torture could stop!

Unfortunately for me though, it had only just begun. The hair was the straightforward part, where Master simply shampooed, scrubbed, rinsed, and then added conditioner. Next came the rest of me, and I could hear him hum with delight as he filled his hands with soapy bubbles before reaching out under my shoulders.

A stream of choking whimpers emerged from my lips as I felt his fingers tickle my armpits. I could not defend myself at all and even my laughter was being choked

by the phallus deep in my throat! Thankfully it lasted only a moment before Master moved on to my arms, elbows, wrists, and fingers. He washed the long silky gloves that were bonded to my skin before lifting my collar so he could rub every nook and cranny along my neck.

My back was next, which went by uneventfully except for a few pulls and pushes of my chained arms. However, after that came my chest, and Master ensured that each of my breasts received plenty of attention from his large, soapy hands. I welcomed it too at the start, considering how my garroted breasts were always throbbing and in need of his kneading fingers. But as I felt his thumb and index finger pinch and then roll my collared nipples while the rest of me continued to be held on the edge, the feeling of it all was just too much!

I screamed into my gag and squirmed as much as I could between his arms, but Master would continue to enjoy tormenting me for what must have been minutes! I couldn't help but twist and turn in a feeble attempt to get away, all as my itchy clitoris ached from behind its chastity cover -- it was straining so hard against the ring that continued to squeeze its base that it began to hurt!

By the time he finished and moved on to rubbing my midriff, I was simultaneously sobbing and trembling with a desperate, all-consuming need. I wanted to feel him between my legs -- his fingers, his tongue, his manhood -- not this endless teasing where it did nothing but torment me!

I thrashed and struggled in his arms... or as much as I could without slipping on the wet tiles with my thin stiletto heels. The jerking of my arms did nothing except pull my collar tight against my throat. Meanwhile my watery eyes begged Master with a desperate gaze, all as a continuous stream of the most helplessly-muffled whimpering escaped my phallus-stuffed throat.

It was too much! I couldn't take it anymore! The frustration from not just being unable to cum, but being denied even any ability to express or vent any of it!

Then at that moment, I felt a sharp tug on the ring-and-barbell cord which passed through my chastity shield to my ring-squeezed clitoris! My entire body seized up as a new wave of arousal swept over me while I already stood on the very edge.

Oh my god this is it... this is it!

I'm going to cum... I'm going to cum!

I felt a second tug on my clitoris, and then a third, all the while master returned his other hand to my right breast and rolled my hard nipple between his fingers. Yet despite the overwhelming sensation that surely should have taken me over the edge, I was still stuck on the precipice before the leap!

My frazzled brain couldn't understand. I should be there already! I should have orgasmed by now, perhaps even multiple times! Why can't I get over?

WHY CAN'T I CUM!?

Only a burning need continued between my legs, which left my love tunnel drenched and my pleasure bud aching! It was as though my entire body was stuck on the straining edge mere nanoseconds before a crashing tidal wave of orgasmic bliss!

Then, as though to torment me, Master leaned down until I could feel his hot, aroused breath against the back of my ears. His deep and thick voice whispered:

"You're on Orgasm Denial Mode, remember?"

I wailed into my gag. It's not fair. Oh god please I NEED to cum! I'll do anything!

Please just let me cum!

By the time Master finished washing me and turned off the water, I was an utter emotional wreck. It did not matter how stimulated I was, the neural-interface controlling me simply did not allow me to orgasm even when I did manage the rare chance of going over the edge. I had to be the horniest woman in the world at that moment when Master turned off the shower. My legs had grown so soft that I couldn't even walk or stand straight, and Master had to carry me out between his arms even as he whispered sweet, calming words to me.

Chapter 8 - Fashionable Control

I continued to shudder and whimper and plead even as Master set me down atop a towel and began drying me. Master then carried me downstairs and placed me on a stool at the kitchen bar. The inverted-T bar that connected my thigh bands to my chastity plug did bend forward, which allowed me to sit upright. However, this nevertheless pressed the vibrating spiked dildo inside my love tunnel against the thin flesh that separated it from my trembling anal beads.

My system remained on 'Broil' when Master prepared breakfast. I could do nothing but whimper and cry as I watched him make toast and scramble eggs. My body was held on the very precipice of an orgasm, yet denied and left to stew in frustration and need. Master would turn to look in my direction every few seconds with a cheery smile. It was a reminder that, as his slave, it was my duty to please him through my own suffering.

The savory aroma of breakfast reminded me that in addition to being horny as all hell, my tiny stomach was famished as well. Though master did not forget this as he tasted his freshly cooked food. With a mouthful to satisfy him for now, he opened a new machine on the countertop that I had never seen. Inside were three transparent tubes the size of toothpaste containers, each filled with a green substance that I could only presume is nutrient paste.

Master took one out, connected a short tube between the nutrient paste holder and my ball gag, and then began squeezing my 'meal' into me.

"Unfortunately Violet, since the gag is stuck on you for the next six months, this is all you can eat," Master noted as I felt the cool paste squirt straight down my throat. He took his time squeezing all the paste out, followed by a half tube of cold water, all as my hot, trembling body was kept on the brimming edge the whole time.

After he finished feeding me, Master sat down next to me and worked on the remainder of his own meal. Even as he spread honey across his toast, he would continue to gaze upon me with relish while I squirmed atop the stool in teary whimpers.

"I know it's hard, Violet. But you're just so beautiful when you suffer like this," Master grinned. "It's like your already perfect body and skin is glowing with sexual arousal. You don't even need any make-up with your cheeks flushed and lips swollen like that. All the pent-up lust has nowhere else to go except to radiate from you."

I could only whimper in reply. I'm glad, I truly am, that Master is enjoying me so much. But could I please get some relief? Or at least a break?

I can't stand it anymore!

"I know, it's unbearable," Master added. "But that's the point of this training. It's to push you past your comfort zone and force you to accommodate with what you otherwise cannot tolerate. Not that I expect you will ever get used to being held on the very edge... I set the 'Broil' custom mode based on what others specifically mentioned as unbearably arousing for their slaves. But as your training progresses, you'll also learn to endure longer and longer periods under it."

I frantically shook my head in protest. Master once subjected me to a four-hour period under the accursed 'Broil' mode as punishment, and I was almost delirious by the end of it. Could I really endure longer periods, especially daily, without losing my mind? I feel like I'm already going crazy!

Master only smiled in response as he finished his meal. Only after he washed his dishes and put them away did he finally turn off my 'Broil' mode. I shuddered as I felt the intruders inside me wind down to a lower intensity. It was still enough to keep me swimming in arousal, but at least it no longer held me against the very precipice!

Yet, even as the torment reduced, my body protested as I felt my love tunnel grip the spiky dildo tighter in desperation. The denial was palpable as even after an hour, my frustrated body didn't even want to retreat from the edge of bliss. My sexually-charged body needed to cum! Not to feel it slip away from me!

"You might have noticed Violet, but the old 'Simmer' custom mode is now the 'default' mode of your system," Master noted proudly. "Though you'll be glad to hear I've upgraded the 'snooze' options to give me more control. For the moment

though, it's time for us to get ready. If you remember -- I promised we would go out today."

I returned a few faint nods. I did hazily remember that. I also remember that master was going to offer me a headstart in trying to run away... whatever that implied.

"Now I must warn you," Master said as he helped me off the stool before wrapping his arm around my waist. "My world will be very different than what you imagined. There's a reason I've held off telling you for so long. But I think the best way for you to understand it to show you firsthand, even if that brings you tremendous shock."

I was barely paying attention as he pulled me alongside his stride. My scurrying legs quickly drove the spiky dildo between my legs into a frenzy of back and forth twisting, as there was no way to avoid twisting the bar between my thighs with every step. By the time we reached the foyer and faced his mansion's front doors, I was once again breathing as hard as the straw in my gag would allow.

Master then pulled the smartphone-sized remote from his pocket. A wave of electric tingling swept through my body as the polymer second-skin changed its appearance. I watched through the side closet's door mirror, as the transparent polymer leotard which hermetically sealed my torso transformed its appearance to a soft, orchid hue. It was the skimpy, scifi eyecandy configuration that he liked.

The gleaming pinkish-purple was divided into sections by the violet bondage harness that gripped me tightly. However, the two tall diamonds ('<>') panels that covered my midsections from the front and back remained transparent. This bared almost my entire back to open view, with the tips of the diamond running all the way from my collar to the top crevice formed by my rounded (and harness-lifted) butt cheeks. Meanwhile in my front -- my flat stomach, the amethyst piercing in my belly button, as well as the pelvic tattoo that marked me as a slave were all left in full view!

He can't seriously mean to take me outside like this!?

I turned towards Master and whimpered in protest; however, Master wasn't finished yet. He opened the closet door and took out a new, but rather oddly designed corset that I hadn't seen before. It was made of a semi-rigid, polymer shell, and could not be opened front or back. Instead, he placed it on the ground and lifted me into it. He then pulled it up my legs and with some difficulty, stretched its polymers over my hips before it settled around my waist. By the time he finished, I could feel its rigid edge pressing against the underside of my breasts.

Looking in the mirror, I saw that the corset had lavender satin covering my sides with a cute, pink ribbon on each hip. However, its front and back centers were completely transparent, with only another pink ribbon in the center below my breasts. The borders were an orchid hue that perfectly matched the current configuration of my polymer second-skin, completely blending in as though one. Below, there was a sheer black tulle skirt in hi-low style, though while it reached knee-length in the back, it didn't even cover my transparent chastity shield in front. Two lengths of satin in light purple gradient also fell down my sides, although I couldn't see how they served any purpose except swing about and draw attention to my legs.

In other words, this loose corset dress covered absolutely nothing, and I was wondering it served any real purpose when master took out my remote and swiped and pressed.

An electric tingling went through the corset before the whole thing started to contract. My eyes widened as I felt it squeeze my waist and press against my upper hips. Even the ring beneath my breasts grew intolerably tight as it dug into my skin. By the time the tingling stopped and the corset stopped shrinking, my compressed lungs were limited once more to a familiar gasping pant.

The corset might look like it was made of plastic and lightweight polymers at first, but whatever Master did made it as restrictive as any steel-boned cinch. I could still bend to the side or turn my waist, but the circumference of each cross-section would not expand no matter how much my belly muscles pressed.

"Just a hint below 18 inches, perfect," Master smiled as his large hands wrapped themselves around my sides. "This corset is from the XTC Doll Company. It's made of an advanced polymer that contracted by tightening its molecular bonds -- which means that the narrower it pulls, the stronger it gets!"

I whimpered as my panting chest struggled to breath. Between the corset and the narrow air duct in my gag, I had to concentrate just to get enough oxygen, and even then I felt faint-headed.

As I was occupied and tried to get used to my reduced air supply, master bent down to my crotch and fiddled with the inverted-T bar between my legs. With a press on my remote and several loud 'clicks' the bar detached from me.

'No wait!'

I had tried to protest into the gag, but all that emerged from me was a faint whimper. My eyes then swelled as my system immediately intensified its torments, driving the vibrators inside me to higher settings that rapidly turned my legs into jelly.

My knees buckled and my legs wobbled on top of the towering stilettos, but thankfully master caught me before I could collapse. He wrapped one arm around my tiny waist before leaning me against him. His other arm then reached into the closet and unlocked a box inside it. There, he put away the inverted-T bar he just removed from me and withdrew something much, much longer.

It was a gleaming steel pole nearly an inch thick and at least 2ft long, which he soon brought between my legs and snapped its top end to the recently vacated docking slot.

The vibrators inside me returned to normal. However, there was now a long bar attached to my chastity shield, and I whimpered in protest as he swayed its length between my legs which forced the spiky dildo inside me to move. At least I could squeeze my thighs together again, which I did as I endured the insidious scratching from the soft pricks inside my love tunnel.

This however brought my feet closer together, which was precisely what Master needed.

At the other end of the ankle-length pole were two small but sturdy rings attached left and right. From these rings came two short wire leashes, which Master soon snapped to tiny, little-used steel rings on the inside of my ankles. These rings were attached to the inch-wide, silvery bands that wrapped snugly around each ankle without any seam. I had just been hobbled by two 4-inch-long wires that linked to the end of a long pole from my crotch!

Master pressed the screen of my remote again and activated the new restraint between my legs. A bright red light came on near the top end of the pole just a few inches below my pussy. I had barely a second to brace myself before the inevitable began. The vibrations of the soft-spiked dildo inside me returned to its previous 'Broil' intensity. Except instead of distributing the increased tremors between the length of the spike-lined dildo, the anal beads, and the catheter plug, this time it was all focused in one place -- the round, swollen tip of the deeply-penetrating phallus that rubbed disconcertingly against my cervix!

I whimpered into my gag in dislike over this latest 'mode'. My legs were trembling, and I could barely stand straight as the fiendish phallus inside me tormented my deepest vaginal folds. Its constant and extremely discomforting rubbing against my cervix reminded me of how thoroughly I was penetrated. I hardly even noticed as Master disconnected the long chain locked to my collar which kept me anchored to the rails running through the house.

My knees were shaking, and I wanted to grab hold of something to hang onto. But my fingers could only claw against the empty air behind my back as my legs gave away for a brief second.

'Mmmpf!'

The impact of the bar's other end upon the wooden flooring sent a painful push against my cervix that immediately made me stand straight once more. I had no choice but to stand wobbling on my precarious stiletto heels.

I pleaded to Master with tear-stained eyes once more but he was all smiles and happiness. He grabbed me by my shoulders and forced me to stand straight in front of the closet door mirror as both of us examined my new appearance:

There were no doubts the girl that stared back at me was a sex slave. Her head was caught in a tight, black leather harness which kept a pink rubber ball gag filling her lips. Her neck was captured by a thick metal collar which had no visible seam and a violet rubber bondage harness extending down from beneath it. Her waist was squeezed down to asphyxiating proportions by a pretty, lavender corset which melded into the skin-tight orchid leotard that covered her body. Yet the figure-hugging polymers refused to even cover her midsection -- the long, diamond-shaped window revealed her pale flesh from between her breasts all the way down to the heart-shaped SLAVE tattoo, which permanently marked her flesh exactly between her bejeweled belly button and her armored clitoris.

However, none of that was as enticing as the steel bar that descended from between her legs. It began from her chastity shield which could just be seen beneath the hem of her front skirt. There, the transparent cover over her vulva completely revealed how her puffy lower lips wrapped around the pole that penetrated her love tunnel. The metal shaft seemed to reach through the shield and down her legs, though a close examination would notice that the entire shaft was trembling with vibrations! The lust juices that pooled behind the transparent chastity cover was apparent even before it leaked onto the steel pole, forming two glistening trails that ran down the shaft that impaled her between the legs.

The sheer black skirt and the satin that hung down her sides only accentuated the gap of pale flesh above her stockinged legs. It also brought more attention to the penetrating shaft and its little red light, which no doubt explained why both the bar and her legs trembled ever so slightly. The controlling bar reached all the way down to the rigid ankle cuffs/straps of her towering stiletto heels, where they were linked by punishingly short hobble wires that limited her gait to a total of merely 9-inches!

I looked back at Master and made another whimpering sound. The brief, out-of-body experience made me realize just how utterly humiliating yet deliciously helpless this outfit made me. It not only revealed, but brought more attention to how thorough penetrated I was... as well as how horny and needy my body was from all of this!

If I saw this girl and I wasn't bound like her, I would almost certainly be envious.

However, reality was also a little different, as I could not just see, but also feel the vibrations deep inside me and how the phallic head rubbed against my cervix. I couldn't help but rub my thighs against the bar between them, even though this only increased the faint movements of the spiky-lined dildo filling my drenched love tunnel as well as moving the tip that pressed against my womb's entrance.

The cycle thus continued, and I couldn't stop myself from adding to my own torments! It felt like being trapped in a slow, simmering torture that would never end!

"This, my dear, sweet Violet, is what you'll wear whenever we go out in my world -- both the corset dress and the controller rod," Master said lovingly before he kissed me on my hot cheeks. "It is the fashion style for sex slaves in my society. It does an excellent job both providing both decor, as well as keeping even the most rebellious slaves in control so they can't embarrass their Masters in public."

'What does Master mean by 'my society'?' I whimpered as I finally caught on despite my foggy mind. I really couldn't imagine what kind of 'society' Master belonged in to have slaves paraded in public while they were being mechanically raped like this.

Of course, Master couldn't answer since he never heard me speak a coherent word. For a minute he continued to enjoy my mirrored image and aroused whimpering. His hands snaked down across my corset until he grasped the bar between my legs just over the shield. Meanwhile his face buried itself in my neck and kissed the thin polymers over my collar bone.

I could feel how painfully hard my ring-collared clitoris was, or how the love bud ached as it pressed into the barbell of my clitoral hood piercing. My hips squirmed as I wanted his hand -- which couldn't be more than an inch away! -- to touch me there so badly. Nevertheless, all I could feel was the pressure of his hand against the chastity shield that sealed my flooded tunnel.

"If I hadn't promised to myself that I'd show you a new world today, I'd take you back upstairs and make you dance for me like this before ravishing you again." Master declared before kissing me on my gagged lips.

With a whimper I found myself wishing he would, even though I knew he would simply take me in the ass again. His tender touch in that moment contrasted so much with how he treated me with his toys. Yet even then I couldn't stop myself from melting into his arms, only to receive a rude awakening when the bar between my legs struck ground again with a painful thrust inside me.

After briefly enjoying me with his hands, master opened the front door to his house and pulled on my nipple/clitoral leash, forcing me to scurry after him. The punishingly short hobble between my legs almost made me trip on every other step. My new tormentor seemed to notice my motion and powerful vibrations centered on the deeply-penetrating phallic head lessened to its previous 'Simmer'.

Nevertheless, this was only replaced by the back-and-forth swaying as well as the side-to-side twisting of the long bar between my legs as I walked!

I was soon gasping nonstop, not just because of my need for breath but also from the numerous sources of stimulation between my legs. With every sway of my hips, I felt the scratching of several dozen silicone spikes against my sensitive folds, and the dildo's rounded head rubbing against my cervix deep inside me, and yet more movement from the probe that pushed incessantly against my g-spot, and the unavoidable pressure from the barbell that rubbed against my clitoris, and even the trembling anal beads that shifted inside my ass and the buzzing catheter that insisted on holding my urethra open!

One or two of that would have been more than enough. But with every one of my lower orifices filled and every erogenous zone rubbed on every step?

Oh, please Master slow down this is far too much!

I tried to take shorter, slower steps but the pull on my nipples persuaded me otherwise. It was impossible for me to not pull the short hobble wires taut with every hasty step, forcing the bar between my legs to swing forward while twisting sideways as the respective hobble ring pulled towards the front!

The tempo of my tiny steps made every movement between my legs far more intense than normal. The increased stimulation and frantic scurrying of my legs

combined to worsen the shortness of oxygen I felt. It left me with an odd sense of vertigo as I was forced to follow him in my 6-inch stilettos. It was as though I was tiptoeing on clouds even as my body swam in a sea of lust.

Master led me until after I crossed the house threshold. As I stopped behind him on the porch outside, the bar between my legs noticed that I was no longer walking and once more intensified the vibrations of the swollen phallus head that filled my depth and pressed against my cervix. I was caught in a predicament between a swaying-and-twisting dildo when I walked, or a deep-trembling, cervix-stimulating dildo when I stood still. And no matter what I did, anyone who saw me could see the pole between my legs and envision exactly how it tormented me.

Standing beside me, Master wiped away my fresh tears and tried to calm me down with soothing words. Then, he leaned in to whisper into my ears in a deep, smooth voice:

"Well Violet, here is the opportunity I promised you. You have thirty minutes to get a head start, and I'll punish you if you don't at least try at this little game."

My overheated brain had yet to process what he meant before master stepped back into the house and shut the door behind him!

Chapter 9 - Inescapable Torment

Did Master seriously expect me to try to run away like this? With my gait limited to 9-inches and my wrists chained high behind me? I couldn't even relax my breath as the long phallus penetrating my love tunnel trembled deep inside me while I stood still. And with a thick dildo down my throat, my ability to communicate was limited to faint whimpering!

But it was clearly a game that master wanted to play, and I had to at least try. Otherwise, who knows what he might do to me tonight as punishment!

A thought in the back of my mind imagined Master leaving me on 'Broil' as he goes to sleep. The image left me shivering with almost a desire to receive exactly that.

Almost.

Oh, why am I such a slut for denial? I knew without a doubt I absolutely *hated* being kept as close to the edge as the accursed 'Broil' mode managed, where even a single added touch could tip me over, but I wasn't allowed it! Yet somehow my body ached and craved the very thought of being kept on such a precipice.

It feels as though Master's training was transforming me. And the fact I had zero control over it both excited and deeply frightened me.

I mewled into my deep-throating gag with dislike as my thighs gripped the slick, vibrating intruder between my legs. I had no choice but to turn and face the rainforest, my fingers grasping at the empty air behind me as a reminder that my body was anything but 'free'. Nevertheless, I scurried forward with my feet and took my first steps into the world after being enslaved.

The rough stone pedestrian path was awful to walk on in my precarious stiletto heels. I had to carefully balance every mincing step while the spiky dildo continued to sway back and forth inside me -- rubbing against my cervix and scratching against my sensitive folds with its countless annoying pricks. My back would buckle every time the dildo shifted forward to push the parallel extension -- with its steel ball ending -- into my g-spot. Meanwhile each time it swayed back it would press against the vibrating beads stuffing my ass.

It was as though my every step had become a trial!

And to think -- just a year ago I had been walking so freely outside and enjoying the cool, fresh air. It was difficult now to even imagine how I might move again without restraints or the constant tease between my legs.

Just a few dozen yards of walking left me utterly breathless. I had to lean against a tree trunk to take a break and try to calm my heated breath. But the increased vibrations in my pussy resumed in the meantime. I was not allowed to 'cool down'

or even 'calm down'. And I could only groan in protest against the constant simmering in my drenched love tunnel.

By the time I reached 50 yards or so from the house I felt a change in the dildo. Its deep tremors began to increase even as I walked! I wasn't sure why at first, but as I continued to move away from the house the vibrations from the phallic head slowly intensified.

I stopped to look back to the mansion entrance, and there was still no sign of master. Clearly, I was to continue trying to 'escape'. Maybe Master set the dildo was doing this because I was too slow?

I hastened my hobbled pace and sobbed as the dildo continued to stir my pussy with growing intensity. I might have hit 100 yards of distance from the house when my vision suddenly plunged into total darkness while my ears were filled by pink noise. The prickly, vibrating sea-cucumber in my love tunnel also climbed a final notch and rose to its full 'Broil' mode intensity. I tried to turn back around and make my way back to the house, but my body seemed to have stopped responding. It was as though I was a doll with her strings cut, and I simply collapsed in the direction that I had been going.

There was nothing I could do to break my fall. The painful, hard landing knocked the air from my lungs. Though my protective second-skin ensured that my flawless skin wasn't harmed and it would be, at worst, a bad bruise.

Blind, deaf, and no longer having any clue which direction is which, I laid on the ground as the shaft between my legs shook with the seeming intensity of an earthquake. I tried to get up but none of my limbs would respond to me. Not that it would be possible even if they did: my arms were pulled high behind me in a hammerlock, and I couldn't even bend my knees due to that ankle-length control rod that kept my legs extended.

'Ohmygod ohmygod ohmygod.' I huffed for air as my love tunnel folds gripped the vibrating phallus with all their strength. I no longer even cared about how deeply discomforting the tremors felt on my cervix. My body was boiling with lust and desperation and my mind could think of nothing else!

'I'm almost there! I'm so close!'

'I'm abou... I'm so... I'm...!'

'Please! I want to cum! I NEED to cum!'

Streams of tears poured from my blind eyes as I already knew the truth: I couldn't reach orgasm no matter how much my body wanted it. All I could do was lay paralyzed on the ground while my arousal was kept on the despairing edge, ready to tip over into a tsunami of bliss yet unable to due to that stupid chip behind my neck!

Why couldn't Master have gone with something simple like a shock collar?

Time dragged on as I laid on the ground senseless and tormented. It felt like an hour had passed before I felt master's strong arms grasp me. He picked me off the ground as my vibrating dildo dropped its intensity back down to a 'Simmer'. My sight and hearing came back though I could see nothing but teary blurs.

Meanwhile my arms and legs were still restrained but could at least move again.

"Are you alright?" Master spoke caringly as he cradled me between his arms.

"Mmmh," I whimpered weakly as tears streamed down my cheeks. My body was still burning with need and my mind lost in a glowing pink haze, but at least I was no longer held against the absolute precipice to an unachievable bliss.

That was easily the worst experience I've ever had. Not even during my training had I struck such utter despair.

"You won't always be this tightly bound when we come out in the future. But you'll always wear a controller bar between your legs, and your system will do that if you try to run away from me," Master's deep, thick voice echoed in my ears. "Can you imagine being held like that, forever? Your consciousness will be trapped inside your own tortured body."

I didn't doubt his words. Yes, I might have entertained the thought of escape from time to time before, but never seriously nor expected to succeed in it. However, master's point in this 'little game' was to squash the thought completely.

I would be his sex slave, his 'Ultimate Lovedoll' for as long as I lived, and that was the end of it.

I nuzzled into Master's arms as there was an undeniable appeal to my fate. The very thought of his unyielding ownership made my insides flutter and melt. The thought of anything but inescapable bondage to him would have been a disappointment. As my owner, he had a responsibility to me in ensuring that I could not run away, thus endangering the safety that my bondage created for me.

"Your slave trying to escape?" I heard an unfamiliar male voice from a near distance. Mortified that I was seen like this, my head swiveled towards the sound and I saw a tall, muscular man in a Hawaiian shirt no more than 50 yards away from me.

He looked to be in his late thirties and had a rough build that could easily pass for a lumberjack. His large hand held onto the carabiner clip of a leash similar to mine, which he occasionally jerked to pull on the collar ring of his own slave. She was a cute and petite young brunette with her arms chained high behind her back and her mewling lips stuffed by a pink ball gag like me. She also wore a floral-pink bondage harness under a corset-and-skirt like mine, except her ruffled hi-low 'skirt' had a conveniently placed gap just behind her buttocks.

"No, she's fine," my master answered back. "It's her first time outside since she's been here, so I ordered her to try escaping so she'd learn the effects firsthand."

Meanwhile, the older man strolled towards us at a steady pace. His slave followed obediently behind him in small, scurrying steps, restrained by the same bar-and-hobble combo that I wore between my legs.

Master then kissed my forehead before he stood me back onto my trembling heels. "Just remember: your system is connected to the house's Wi-Fi network. You'll be warned if the connectivity drops, but if your system loses connectivity altogether, you'll be cast into sensory isolation and punished until I come to bring it to a stop. My watch also generates the same signal as long as I am wearing it, though it's considerably weaker so you'll have to stay close to me whenever we're outside."

I nodded anxiously as I carved into my mind a new commandment: that I was to 'stay near Master at all times when we leave his house'. The alternative was to be imprisoned inside my own body and tortured by orgasm denial until he recovered me.

My eyes watched as the other man continued to draw closer. Though only a part of my attention was on him while the rest remained on my crotch. From the moment that ankle length bar between my legs neared the ground, the spiky phallus resumed its vibrations as if I stood still. The round, swollen head inside me trembled intensely against my deepest folds and the entrance to my womb. The stimulation forced my thighs to clench together once more as it reminded me of how deeply I was impaled.

Then suddenly, the whole system shut off -- the catheter stopped buzzing, the anal beads ceased quaking, and the dildo especially stopped vibrating.

"I've snoozed your system for the next four hours," Master noted in a soft, calming voice. "This way, you can at least relax a little when we're not walking."

Unable to speak, I could only look up at Master and nod in gratitude. Although even halted, the spiky phallus between my love folds made its aggravating presence known. I couldn't help but fidget and squirm in my helpless state, even though it was my first-time meeting someone in public after my enslavement.

I didn't even notice, until they stopped just 5ft away, that his slave girl's skin was also covered by a transparent sheen. As our eyes met, I noticed her desperate and pleading eyes was similarly glazed with lust. Meanwhile her flushed and trembling body had been hermetically sealed inside an insulating, polymer second-skin and trapped in constant sexual frustration just like me.

There was no mistaking it. We were both 'Ultimate Lovedolls', forever imprisoned inside our second-skin and kept in simmering arousal for our Masters' convenience. In that single moment, I felt more sympathy and sorority with this girl than I had felt with any other female for years.

The girl even had a slave tattoo on her pelvis in the same spot as my own. Except hers looked more like an aristocratic crest and was... somehow giving off a bright,

pink glow. There were also three taut wires that descended from her front collar ring. Two of them pulled on her nipples with her every breath, while the third split around her belly button and slave tattoo, before merging together into a hole on her clitoral shield.

My eyes swelled as I recognized the dastardly setup. The moment her leash pulled tight enough to lift her collar ring, it would exert an unbearable pull on her nipples and clitoris. This allowed her to be controlled by a single chain, and any resistance she might otherwise attempt was completely futile and would be broken within seconds.

"Violet," Master's voice pulled my attention back, "meet our neighbors: Duncan and his slave Esme."

Esme dipped down slightly in what was unmistakably a curtsy. The fact that she couldn't use her arms for balance and how her feet stood on towering stilettos made it more impressive. She stopped just as the bar between her legs gently touched the ground. It showed just how well she'd been trained.

"Duncan was the person who introduced me to the XTC Doll Company," Master grinned. "Without him, we would never have reunited."

"Fate works in mysterious ways," Duncan merely remarked. "Are you just taking her out for a walk in the neighborhood for the first time?" He then chuckled. "Your little slave was frightened to see me. Clearly she doesn't realize this entire community is filled with our kind."

"That's because I haven't told her yet what 'our kind' is yet," Master replied. "But she'll learn -- I plan to take her to the other side today for the first time."

'Our kind'? Did Master mean this entire community was built by sex slave owners? But then what was the 'other side'? I had question marks in my eyes and it clearly showed as Duncan chuckled again.

"She's in for a hell of a surprise then."

"There's a first time for everything. And I intend to get her properly marked today." Master added. "Speaking of which, where did you get the genius setup

with her nipple and clitoral wires? It's much better than a leash straight to them. No chance of serious injury just because she tripped."

"It's actually an option offered by the Ministry of Slave Affairs. You can request it while you get the rest done for her," Duncan remarked as his eyes glanced to my pelvic slave tattoo, which marked me as Master's property.

Clearly it still wasn't 'proper'... whatever that meant. My hazy thoughts were still stuck on the words 'Ministry of Slave Affairs'. Surely, he couldn't be serious?

"Also, my condolences for your father. I heard about what happened to him. He died a hero defending our frontiers." Duncan said solemnly.

My eyes widened as they swiveled to meet Master's poker face. I knew him well enough to know that he only wiped away all emotion when his mood was sour and grim.

'Is that the reason why he was stressed yesterday?' I couldn't help wonder. I vividly remembered how he tortured me -- the hours I spent mounted on top of that spiky, rotating dildo, one far worse than the one between my legs right now, while my insides were extra sensitive from a fresh orgasm after months of denial...

Unable to speak or use my arms to hug him, I leaned into Master's side and nuzzled up against him. He tightened the arm wrapped protectively around me and a faint smile returned to his lips as he looked at me. I wanted to smile back but my gag made that an impossibility. I was glad that I could at least lighten his mood a little in moments like these.

"Thank you, Duncan. Father always was a stalwart guardian of our realm. If he only put in the same effort on being a parent," Master sighed. "In fact, I came to this world because I wanted out from the life he had planned all out for me. But now..."

'What does he mean by 'our realm' or 'this world'?' I couldn't help wondering. Which 'world' was he from then?

Meanwhile, Master scratched his ears before shrugging. "I think maybe it's time I went back. It's why I agreed when that tech giant offered to buy my company."

"I've heard about that too," Duncan noted. "I guess you'll be wrapping up here on Earth then. What about your home though?"

My eyes were incredulous at this point. Just *where* was my master from?

"I'd want to keep it if that's all possible," Master answered. "It'd be nice to come back for a vacation every once a while, especially for her," he then looked at me. "Just I'm not sure how realistic that is -- a house in the tropics require a lot of maintenance."

"The community has a service if you're interested," Duncan added. "You're not the first who has faced this issue. One of the community managers can take care of your house during your absence and rent it out to others of our kind on a seasonal basis. Profits are shared 70/30 and you can reserve your home for personal use, anytime, as long as you give a one month notice."

"That might be a good option," Master pondered aloud. "Thanks. I'll look into it."

"Don't hesitate to ask if you need help taking care of her in the meantime," Duncan nodded towards me. "I know you'll have a busy schedule in the months ahead."

"Thank you, I'll keep that in mind if I leave her behind. Though at the moment I'm still deciding if I want to bring her with me when I go up to America to finish the handing over of my company." Master replied. "There's also the option of sending her to my sister, who is holding the family estate until I arrive to take up the title. I'm sure she'll always accept another cute and helpless slave to play with," he chuckled.

'Take up the title? Family estate?' My imagination was growing wilder and wilder now.

Just who is this Master of mine?

Chapter 10 - Brave New World

After a good half hour of chatting, Master finally left Duncan behind and led me down a paved road in the tropical rainforest. I could just make out the obscured silhouettes of houses through the dense foliage. It was clear that everyone who lived in this community was rich.

Duncan wasn't the only slave owner either. We met several more as we walked. The slave girls were always sealed inside a polymer suit. Every slave was tightly gagged, had their arms bound behind their back, wore some kind of underbust corset tightened to asphyxiating proportions, and had an ankle-length pole between their legs with hobbles.

Furthermore... almost all of the others had a glowing slave tattoo just above their crotch.

As Master waved amicably towards one last community neighbor, he returned his attention towards me. His right arm wrapped around my tiny waist, as though to steady me as we walked.

Then he began to explain:

"Violet, I think it's time you heard the whole story from me. You might remember from when I first met you, I mentioned that apart from the fact I'm a sadist, I also have other reasons why I wanted a slave girl?"

I nodded. I had a mild memory of that, though I couldn't remember when he first mentioned it.

"You might have guessed from my exchange with Duncan. But I'm not from this world. More precisely, I'm not from Earth. Nor is anyone else here in this community."

My eyes instantly swelled into saucers. But if Master isn't human, then... who was it that I'd been sleeping with these past six months?

"Although, that's not exactly right either, since my ancestors **are** from Earth," Master frowned. "It's a long and complicated story. The gist of it is, my ancestors

started fleeing Earth around the time of the Roman Empire collapse, when they were prosecuted by Humes... the mundane, 'ungifted' humans who did so out of fear, out of prejudice, and out of superstition. The spread of Christianity, the rise of Islam, the age of Colonialism -- every one of these triggered a new wave of emigration from Earth, until there was none left by the late 19th century when their last bastion - China - fell to European influence.

"So my ancestors retreated through the old portals left behind from the age of fairykind, built by the otherworldly beings recorded by the Gaelic 'Lebor Gabála Éirenn', better known as the 'Book of Invasions'. They went to a distant, magical world, the mythical land of youth known in Irish legends as 'Tír na nÓg'. There we built our own society, unified and without wars, into what is today an interstellar dominion."

I could hardly believe it. As a fan of traditional fantasy, of course I've read stories from Celtic mythology before. They were full of tales about mortal humans who fell in love with a fairy and departed Earth for the Otherworld. However, once they left, they could no longer return to human society -- even trying to do so would result in grievous suffering and eventual death.

But who could ever have guessed that the old legends were real? That rather than humans and fairies, the tales might also involve mundanes and mages?

"We call ourselves the 'Magos', mages blessed by the gift of magic. You won't see us cast spells in everyday life often, thanks to modern amenities, but we *can*," Master said as he raised his right palm, fingers spread, and proved it to me as he conjured an orb of light in the middle of his hand. "However, we aren't a uniform society either. When we left, many of our ancestors brought mundane servants.

We were afraid their descendants might fear us and start the same witch hunts as those of Earth, so we enslaved them all. We called them, and you, 'Humes', as a way to differentiate us and remind us that we are not equals. And that is how slavery became widespread among our people, which remained as the accepted standard even today."

'So that's why Master had no qualms buying a slave like me,' I thought back to our first meeting. 'But if that were the case, why did you come to Earth?' I couldn't help wonder, unable to ask with the gag filling my mouth.

Thankfully, Master seems to have anticipated my questions as he went on:

"The people of Earth don't know it, but the solar system has already been reclaimed by us as part of our interstellar dominion. My people have infiltrated all the major governments on Earth, though not quite in the fashion those 'Illuminati' conspiracy theorists claim." He chuckled. "We Magos have perfected life magic and are essentially ageless for all purposes. So, we're not interested in war and revenge, nor does Earth have anything that we don't have already. So, we shelter Earth -- our original homeworld -- from the other races of the galaxy, and in the meantime people like me use this planet as a sort of... training ground, for more adventurous endeavors, like building our first enterprise or exploring our first world."

'And slaves,' I made another whimpering sound.

Did this mean Master was about to take me to an **actual** slave society? It would be just like here, in this community today, except I might see slave girls like me walking down crowded streets and leashed outside shops like pets?

It was frightening. Yet it was exhilarating at the same time. I couldn't help but rub my thighs together against the already dripping steel bar between my legs.

"I have to admit though: that XTC Doll Company that made you? They aren't in league with your governments on Earth so much as they're connected to my own. The company was started by one of my kind, and even uses a bit of our advanced technology. However, most of the people that work there doesn't know that, nor do the majority of its customers. Our own slaves have become docile after centuries of selective breeding for submissive traits. So, we also export sex slaves from Earth, for those who want to dominate a Hume with a... little more fight or personality." Master grinned at me.

'Great, now I'm an export good,' I thought sardonically. However, my pussy clenched around the spiky dildo inside me. The phallic intruder twisted and

swayed as I walked, forcing me to moan into my gag as though telling me that I should embrace it.

It's not like anything has really changed, I reasoned to myself. Master is still technically human, just with a few more tricks, a couple of unusual values, and a lot longer lifespan. My pussy certainly never noticed the difference between Earthborn penis or Otherworld cock. Meanwhile I was his property all the same, except I was no longer some criminal secret to hide but could be walked around in public.

A deep crimson flushed across my face. 'Ok, that I never bargained for...'

Master noticed my tremble and smiled as he saw my change in countenance: "Don't worry. I know you're one of those insecure introverts who is ashamed of your own sexuality. It's cute, by the way." He grinned before kissing me on the cheeks, his remark turning my flushed face into an even deeper red.

"Doll-type slaves -- that's one of the five official slave classifications in my world, by the way -- are meant to be kept in private quarters for most of the time. It's why you have such a limited roaming range. Though, since I'll be succeeding my father as the Baron of a frontier colony, you'll have to get used to being on display in social events every now and then, or even accompanying me on trips and expeditions. I don't think that's too much to ask."

I shook my head with a bit of hesitation. I still want to be a good slave girl for Master. That has not changed.

"The hardest part for you may be the fact that you won't be my only slave," Master added. "I have several other slaves back on the family home. The only reason I couldn't bring them here is because we have strict laws against bringing slaves from our world to Earth. So, I've had to place some of them in storage."

I shivered. How did such an innocent term like 'storage' sound so deviant to my ears? I could almost envision the girls kept in tight bondage in some confined space.

"With any luck, you'll meet a few of them later this week," Master smiled. "Iris was my first, a present from my father when I was only twelve. She's a 'Maid' type

-- her genes were bred for half domestic and half sexual servitude, and as such she'll take care of most cooking and cleaning chores at home."

I blinked. Did that mean I won't have my 'free' hours when I could work on household chores anymore? Would I just be bound on bed or in a cage, helpless and denied as I waited for my turn to be played with?

I looked upon Master with pitiable eyes, but he only smiled encouragingly to inform me that it was merely a future that I needed to accept.

"After that we have Aster. She's actually a Magos orphan who grew up as my family's ward, but voluntarily became a slave to my house because of her submissive nature. Aster is dear to both me and my sister as we grew up together. She also meets two classifications as a slave: she's both a 'Squire' and an 'Overseer'. You could say that she is a 'head slave' of sorts, who is responsible for not only disciplining, but also protecting slaves like yourself."

I shivered at the thought that I would be the slave of a slave! However, Master smiled as he rubbed my head to sooth my fears.

"Don't worry. Aster has a kind and gentle soul. She'll likely become an older sister figure to you."

He then kissed me on the cheek before continuing.

"Lastly, there's Lily and Rose. I've only met them twice. They're a pair of twins who belong to my sister, but she likes the idea of me filling them up with real cum every so often. I think they may be from Earth as well, but I'm not sure about the details." He shrugged.

"And here we are," Master said as we reached the destination he had in mind. It was a large, rusty set of steel gates built into the side of a cliff. It looked like some old, Cold War era fallout shelter that had been overgrown by plants as though it was being reclaimed by nature.

What were we doing here?

There was a door built into the gates but it was not only locked, but looked like it was rusted shut. Nevertheless, Master held his hand to it and within seconds, the door snapped and swung open. The metal hinges creaked as he pushed me inside. Before me was a run-down tunnel wide enough to fit three trucks side-by-side, with a nondescript stone wall on the far side.

I could hear the tapping of my heels echo as Master pressed me deeper into the mountain. The paved ground inside was much easier to walk on than the rough stone outside. Nevertheless, I was soon breathless as Master forced me to keep pace with him as he marched down this boring stretch. I had no choice but to scurry along with my hobbled feet. It didn't take long before my boiling crotch made me cry and whimper continuously.

Master finally slowed down as we approached the far end. There, he brushed along the walls with his hand until a door appeared in the stone, which he promptly pulled open. I couldn't believe my eyes as the fantastic tale, he spoke of, seemed to materialize before my eyes. However, nothing could have prepared me for the sight I found on the other side.

The small entrance hall we emerged into was nothing special. But beyond that Master led me down a hallway with a dozen glass cylinders on each side, each filled with a green-tinged liquid and large enough to fit a man inside. Just over half of these oversized tubes were occupied by girls at the moment.

"Think of this as a public storage facility," Master grinned to me. "Some are slaves kept here and trained while their masters are away, often as a form of punishment. Though four of them here are permanent residents." Master pointed out before he chuckled. "They were journalists or investigators who tried to uncover this community's identity over the years. In exchange they met unfortunate 'accidents' and received the scoop of a lifetime. I'm told that two of them were actually males at one point, but we don't use males as sex slaves, so they got the transformation treatment."

I could hardly take my eyes off these prisoners. Each of them had been bound inside a metallic body-cage that hugged their body like a leotard-like frame. These body-cages were then suspended from the ceiling so that every prisoner was held

in the middle of the cylinder, unable to reach the hard ground beneath them nor the glass walls to their sides.

Like all slaves, their hands were bound tight behind them, and their mouths were gagged by the end of a long tube from overhead. Their eyes were also covered tightly by a thick, rubbery half-hood that reached down to cover their noses and ears. Their cheeks occasionally twitched as though they were sucking hard on the protrusions between their lips. The reason became obvious when Master pointed out the wires which led to a clip piercing each nipple, through the sides of a ring that squeezed each bud. There was also a third wire leading down to their clipped and ringed clitoris.

"Each slave held here wears a special penis gag," Master noted. "Sucking on it stops the electricity that's running to their sensitive bits. The slaves here quickly learn to suck nonstop as a result, even when they're fast asleep."

I shivered with the thought of being imprisoned here as my eyes continued to stare. Between their legs came a series of tubes and wires as well as a long pole that descended to the ground. Short chains hobbled their ankles to the pole, though that did not stop any of the prisoners from jerking their legs. Each pole had a window which revealed the machinery inside -- a long rod which rotated in and out of their pussy, driving them wild in the process.

"I've heard that the longest resident has been here for thirty years already," Master said as he stopped before one of the tubes holding a struggling female. "Can you imagine, thirty years of being trapped inside, forced to suck nonstop while penetrated continuously at a pace just below orgasm?" He looked upon me with a smile that made me tremble.

I understood why they left this in 'publicly' accessible space. I could only hope I never give Master reason to leave me in one of these. Though even as I thought this another fact came to mind: What about the slaves Master owned? Have they been kept in 'storage' like this for months or even years? What if I needed to be 'stored' in the future?

I could only whimper as Master pulled me through another door. This time I found myself facing a large chamber that was almost empty... except for a

shimmering, oval screen of light in the center. As I followed closer, I could see that the upright ring was really a portal -- a window large enough to fit a small car which led to another world.

I could see a bustling street from the portal's blurry light. The stone buildings were built like museums, large yet with no more than a dozen stories unlike the skyscrapers on Earth. However, there were islands with their own construction that floated across the sky, while small groups of vehicles darted across the air in between. Even among the blur of pedestrians I could spot an occasional figure or two that were almost definitely alien!

It was truly the vision of a futuristic fantasy.

"What you see before you is a two-way portal to 'Ad Astra', the capital planet of the 'Magos Illuminate'." Master described. "It's not the first world we evacuated to, but it has since taken over 'Sanctum' as the hub of our interstellar empire. We're going there today to have you officially registered as my slave, as well as getting you a few other accessories."

Yet, before I would be allowed through, Master pulled out a thick, rubber blindfold and several other items, including my remote.

"Sorry, Violet. Our metropolitan regions have strict laws regarding slaves from Earth -- that is, first generation slaves who aren't nerve-stapled for absolute obedience. In addition to being bound helpless and completely under control, it is required by law that you be kept totally senseless of where you are."

I whimpered and even shook my head a little, but it did almost nothing to stop Master from simply tapping my remote. My sight plunged into darkness while my hearing was cut from the outside world and obscured by a calming, pink noise. Yet this wasn't enough as Master then began applying the accessories.

He attached the rubber blindfold to the harness already locked around my head. My ears were next filled by plugs, which filled my entire ear canal before each hooked onto an earlobe where I could feel its wires dangle like a drop earring. Last but not least, were two plugs that filled my nostrils; not that I could use them

to breath anyway with the fat gag blocking my throat, but it nevertheless made me feel even more sensory deprived.

Finally, as I felt a pull on my nipple rings and a faint tug on my clitoris, I scurried after Master into the brave new world as a blind, deaf, muted, and helplessly aroused slave.

I whimpered again as I felt the ground change to smooth tile beneath my precarious stiletto heels. Here I was, in a realm that few others from my world have ever set foot in, yet... I couldn't see. I couldn't smell. I could hear only pink noise and taste the dildo stuck deep in my throat. All I had was a sense of my footing as well as the pull of my leash and the touch of a breeze on my second-skin, not to mention the ever itching and burning between my legs as my tormentors teased me with every step.

If frustration could kill, I would have died so many times already!

Chapter 11 - Eternally His

It was easy to lose track of time when every sense except touch was denied. I could only feel the pull on my nipple and clitoral leash, which I sincerely hoped was still in Master's hands, as I followed on my precarious stilettos. But then, Master could have given my leash to another or attached it to mechanical lead, and I would never even know. The only other external influence I felt were my heels' footing on the flat, tiled ground and the slight breeze that caressed my cheeks, shoulders, nipples, and upper thighs -- the parts where my body was left exposed by its polymer second-skin.

Of course, this wasn't the same as not feeling much. My body was completely awash in sensations. Most of it came from the many items installed in my crotch, which remained stimulating even though they were 'turned off' on snooze: the long dildo that disconcertingly rubbed against my cervix and scratched my sensitive pussy walls with every step I took; the steel probe in front of the dildo which pressed relentlessly against my g-spot; the equally unceasing rubbing of the clitoral hood barbell piercing against my ring-squeezed clitoris; the fat beads that

filled my anus and the rigid stalk in my urethra that made me feel like I'm constantly peeing...

It only took a few minutes -- or so I presume -- before I was whimpering and crying nonstop. The punishingly short hobbles between my feet which limited me to a 9-inch gait forced me to scurry after Master's usual stride. Every step made the ankle-length controller rod between them twist and sway, which transferred straight through my chastity shield and to the spiky intruder inside my love tunnel. 'Master, please!'

I moaned as my vaginal walls squeezed against the phallus' soft spikes. The dildo twisted back and forth, back and forth. Its rubbery pricks scratched nonstop against my deepest depths. My legs trembled as my pussy clenched. My hips involuntary twitching only aggravated the rubbing sensation at my two most sensitive parts: the curved probe against my g-spot inside my love tunnel, as well as the curved barbell against my collared clitoris outside my pussy...

'Please! Stop! I can't take this anymore!'

Arousal, frustration, and exhaustion mixed together in a concoction that I could no longer tell apart. All I knew was that I wanted to slow down, to focus on these sensations in my crotch and hope for a chance to cum. However every time I even tried, my nipples and clitoris piercings would feel the irresistible pull of his leash.

I wanted to cry out to Master, to beg him to slow down, or at the very least hold onto me so I could still feel his presence. However, with my throat filled by a 10-inch-long rubber cock, all I could do was make helpless whimpering sounds.

'No. Please...'

I could only cry incoherently within my own mind, knowing that I was a helpless slave that Master could do with as he pleased. I had no choice but to try my best to keep up with his pace, even as the long rod between my scurrying feet and the inferno dildo inside me made the torture continuous and nonstop.

Hot tear slid down my cheeks as my entire body trembled with need. I could do nothing but to endure the unceasing torment, even as an ache suffused my feet, my legs, and my overstimulated pussy. It was easy to forget about how I was

supposedly in public in a fantastical new world, when I could neither see, nor smell, nor hear anything except pink noise -- all my attention was completely focused on my sore feet and the tormentor in my love tunnel.

How long has it been? Thirty minutes? Sixty? It certainly felt like we've been walking for hours before something finally changed. I felt the leash slacken and the familiar press of Master's hand against my corset-squeezed waist. It was such a simple sensation, but I almost burst out in tears and rejoiced as I now *knew* Master was still with me.

The air grew warmer as Master's hand stayed at my waist to guide me. I surmised that we must have entered a building, a fact I confirmed only when I bumped into a door that Master was still opening. We turned and turned again as we walked down several corridors before stopping. I then took a few steps onto what I presume was an elevator... assuming Master's world even had them.

Eventually we arrived at the destination, which Master let me know by kissing me on the cheeks and leaning me against a wall. I could feel my leash slacken as he left it attached to something on the wall behind me.

He then lined up the pole between my legs with something and I felt a shudder in my love tunnel as the ankle-length controller bar between my legs grew rigid. I whimpered and twisted as his touch left me, along with any inkling of his presence.

My legs tried to step after him on instinct, but the vertical bar and its impaling dildo held firm and refused to move by more than a little. My pussy pressed against the soft-spiked phallus, but it felt as stiff as a post that had been driven deep into the ground. As I brought my heels together to feel the base of the controller bar, I realized that's exactly what had happened. The bar somehow extended into a pipe slot in the floor. And I was now left standing impaled on the spot by a pole that rose from the ground all the way to where its phallic tip rubbed against my cervix!

I immediately understood why these controller rods were so ubiquitous among the slaves I've seen back in Master's community. There was no way I could move away from where Master had left me by even the slightest step!

Blind and deaf as I was, it felt as though Master had just left me there. He could be as close as 5ft away, but I had no way of telling this and it might as well be 5 light years. All I could do was stand on trembling legs where he left me, and try to not fidget so I could take the opportunity to rest as my intruders were on an extended 4-hour 'snooze'.

The time soon dragged on as I waited in the spot where Master left me. I couldn't see a clock, but I could still feel the minutes passing by. Five, ten, twenty, perhaps thirty minutes have passed now without an inkling of Master's presence. A dark pit opened up in my thoughts as I couldn't stop thinking... what if something happened and Master didn't return for me!?

It was the scariest thing since I arrived in Master's care six months ago. No, perhaps it was the scariest thing in my whole life. Even back when I was being trained at the company, at least I still felt the urge to resist and assert my independence. However, after months of time in Master's care, I had become completely dependent on him and the familiar environment he provided me. There was nothing I wanted more than the simple reassurance that either he was with me, or at least... that I was safely tucked away as his private property!

'Had I really changed so much?'

I couldn't help wondering as I trembled in the lonely darkness of my personal one-bar-prison. It was difficult to deny how completely my mental state had shifted over this past year: from that of an independent, college-aged girl to a slave utterly dependent on her master's wishes.

The thought cast a shroud of unease over me. It was one thing to be physically enslaved, but another to become a slave mentally and emotionally. It felt as though I needed to be always reassured and validated by him, to feel his ever-present dominance and ownership over me. I doubted I could survive alone today even if Master released me and somehow restored my body to normal -- the thought alone that Master might abandon me absolutely terrified me.

I was still pondering this thought when I felt Master's touch again. It was a simple brush of his gentle fingers across my shoulders, but it nevertheless gave me such happiness that I rejoiced with teary, relieved whimpers. He removed my leash

from the wall and reset the bar between my legs. He then wrapped one arm behind my waist to reassure me as he pulled me along.

I was led down another corridor and several turns, before Master stopped me and helped me into some sort of lounge chair similar to those found at a dentist's office. Well, not quite. It felt more like I laid against a slanted bed, one which had a wide gap in the back for my restrained arms and a foot-rest for my heels. The bar between my legs simply did not allow me to sit, not even on a dental lounge chair.

I could almost imagine Master talking to some assistant in medical scrubs. But I had no way to know as I could neither see nor hear. All I could feel was the continued presence of Master's reassuring hand on my exposed shoulder, even as someone or something strapped me to the slanted bed with multiple belts around my legs and torso.

Another quarter hour could have passed as I laid there and did nothing, except to occasionally fidget to scratch my itchy pussy with the dildo's rubber spikes. At least this was a reprieve for my body, and unlike back in the hallway I was continually reassured that Master was still with me. So, I did my best to relax and rest as I waited.

Then, suddenly I felt a foreign finger press against my nipple. There was something unfamiliar about it which instantly made me recognize that it was not Master's hand. I whimpered in my gag, but Master kept his reassuring hand on my shoulder. Meanwhile the new hands -- now belonging to a faceless doctor in my imagination -- unclipped the nipple and clitoral leash from my piercings.

My mind focused on how perky my nipples were and how hard my clitoris throbbed. All three nerve bundles were squeezed around their base by tight rings and horizontally pierced behind the most sensitive bit. My nipples were then left exposed by the polymer suit where they could feel every breeze in my environment. Meanwhile, my clitoris was imprisoned behind the hermetic seal of my crotch cover, where it was drenched by my trapped lust juices and itched with need.

I didn't have to wait long before the unfamiliar fingers returned. I felt a new wire leash being added to the D-ring piercing my left nipple, then my right. There was a tug on my clitoris as its wire, which reached through the chastity shield, was also attached to something outside.

I whimpered then as the doctor pulled on my left nipple until the taut wire pulled the entire breast upwards. There was then some activity at the front ring of my collar, before the assistant let go. However, my nipple leash did not loosen, and its pull left my boobs offset, with my left breast pulled upwards by at least 30-degrees! It was only then that I realized this must be the 'Ministry of Slave Affairs' that Duncan spoke of, and I was now receiving the same leash setup as Duncan's slave Esme!

The unknown doctor repeated the same on my right nipple leash, and soon both my breasts were pulled upwards by taut wires to my front collar ring. Now, with every breath in from my corset restricted lungs, I could acutely feel the rise of my chest as the pull on my nipples tighten just a bit further. Knowing the weight of my D-cup breasts and how it bounced slightly when I walked, the tugging sensation would surely grow stronger when I stood up to move!

However, the doctor wasn't even done as I soon felt a similar tension on my ring-squeezed clitoris, which felt pulled away from my body by the wire that went through the clitoral shield. The process took much longer as they somehow melded it to a longer wire. This was then worked into my polymer second-skin, split in a diamond-shape around my flat stomach along the inside edges of my rubber harness.

Before long I could feel activity at my front collar ring again. The unknown hands adjusted the wire until my clitoris felt a faint, tugging sensation. However, this outward tension on my love button soon became persistent, as though my pleasure bud was forced to stand straight the whole time. It removed any possibility that my clitoris could lean away from the pressing of my clitoral hood piercing, which left the constant pressure from that tiny, curved barbell on my imprisoned flower bud even more prominent!

'Oh god!' I squeezed my thighs together but could do nothing to reduce the irritating sensations on the center of my lust. 'Is this how Master intends to keep me all the time?'

The tingling and itch on my needy love button grew. The constantly feeling of my clitoris being pulled away from its hiding spot while a round, steel ball pressed against it... it was fiendishly arousing and there was nothing I could do about it.

Yet, I still haven't felt how controlling this setup was, until I felt an upward pull on my front collar ring. As the ring rose into the air and away from my body, it pulled simultaneously on all three of the wires that led to my nipples and clitoris. The pressure pulled my nipples even higher into the air, forcing them to bear an increasing proportion of the weight from my breasts. Meanwhile, the wire to my clitoris didn't build tension as quickly --the way those strands separated in a diamond-shape around my tummy seem to give it more elasticity. But what pressure that did build quickly grew unbearable, as my pleasure bud was stretched to the limit and the pain grew exponentially!

I shook my head wildly and began whimpering into my gag in a frenzy. My Master clearly took this as a sign that the new restraints were working and thus stopped pulling. My front collar ring fell back to my chest and the taut wires returned to their 'normal' tension. Master then calmed me by placed a gentle kiss on my gagged lips.

However, as strange and bothersome as it felt to have all three of my sensitive bits pulled towards my throat, it wasn't as unusual as what followed. A hot, tingling ache began to fuse into my smooth pelvis, which happened at exactly where I knew I was marked by the heart-shaped 'SLAVE' tattoo!

'No... it's hot... it burns!'

I squirmed and twisted in the 'chair' as the heat grew and grew and grew. Master pressed harder on my shoulder as though trying to reassure me, but it did nothing to alleviate the ache that soon transformed into burning pain. It soon felt like I was being branded between my crotch and my midriff by a hot iron! Except the searing metal seemed to reach deep into my flesh and burned my very being!

At last, Master had enough and must have used the remote. My body beneath the neck instantly stopped moving as I was paralyzed. I could do nothing except whimper and cry as the searing heat continued for what felt like minutes. Finally, the pain began to abate, and what lingered behind was a deep, tingling ache.

'What did Master do?' My thoughts complained as I felt my tears fall from my rubber blindfold.

My mind was still hazy with pain and arousal, but my imagination nevertheless managed to run amok with lust. It always came back to the pubic tattoo that I saw on the other slaves. They all looked like an artistic combination between a heart and an aristocratic crest. But even more than that, it always **glowed** with a pink light, and with what Master told me I could not help think in one direction:

'I must've been marked with a magical brand for sex slaves!'

Before my mind had an opportunity to work through this realization, I felt more activity at my collar again. Though this time it did not touch the ring that my nipple/clitoral leashes were attached to. I could feel something pressing against my collar from both sides. Then, the collar shook as something clicked into place, and I felt the contact of cool, leather padding as my collar's weight increased.

'They've added another layer to my collar.' I realized.

The upgraded collar covered roughly half my neck, while its weight doubled to ensure I could never forget its presence. With my hands still trapped behind my back in a loose reverse prayer, I felt the collar's added girth with the backs of my fingers.

'It's almost an inch thick!'

I was still trying to feel out the collar when I felt something that would change my entire world.

It was Master's voice. Except I didn't hear it from my ears. No, my ears were still plugged and covered and filled with pink noise. Yet Master's voice rang clear as day from within my mind!

'How is he speaking to me?' I couldn't help but wonder. I was in total sensory isolation, yet his words rang like the voice of God straight into the sanctuary of my thoughts!

Master's voice came again while his other hand brushed my hair soothingly. I felt him squeeze my shoulders at the same time as though in confirmation.

'Magic isn't fair!' I thought to myself.

The effects of this new communication medium were immediately apparent to me: Master could completely deny my hearing yet still give me orders with perfect clarity.

I heard Master chuckle in my mind.

I whimpered and squirmed in half-hearted protest. Considering I already hadn't talked to another person in months, this news didn't bother me as much as I might have expected.

Still... he was right that there are disabled people who have learned sign language to communicate. 'But why would I learn secretly?'

Master seemed to chuckle.

My arousal spiked again as the thought of being able to talk only with Master made me feel even more owned. I was clear that Master was tightening the grip around me more and more, to the point where I was dependent on him not just physically, but mentally as well.

I soon felt the 'dental lounge chair' I lay on begin tilting upwards, while my body was still strapped tightly against it. The chair rose until it was almost upright, and I was mostly standing on my towering heels again.

Thankfully, Master did not forget to release the paralysis on my body.

The return of gravity on my squeezed and swollen breasts really made my nipples feel strained. My boobs remained upward-pointing, perhaps by as much as 15-degrees, which was held entirely up by the taut wire between my collar and my two nerve bundles. With every breath I could feel the force pulling my erect, ring-

collared nipples grow and wane. It became a steady, arousing cycle that I could not escape.

'I already have too many sensations stroking my lust!' I complained in my thoughts.

"No such thing," Master replied rather smugly. "Besides, with everything else focused between your legs, I thought your breasts needed a little more attention!"

As he spoke, I felt the thick padlock that linked my short wrist chains to the ring behind my collar being removed. My cuffed wrists were grabbed by Master's other hand. Meanwhile the doctor easily removed the wrist chains and rear collar ring... which I remembered as being welded on.

'More magic...' I thought as I felt additional pressure on my wrist cuffs before their weight increased. Another layer had been added to them just like my collar.

"Alchemy spell, to be precise" Master noted as though smirking. "Don't worry, your newly upgraded collar and cuffs are never going to come off. They're made from a composite metal that makes them especially resistant to compositional tampering."

I felt something new being extended from the back of my recently enlarged collar. It took a moment, before Master passed my wrists, one at a time, to the unfamiliar hands. The doctor then attached the sides of my wrist cuffs to the locking joints of a short, horizontal bar about 3-inch long. It hung from the back of my collar by a vertical bar to form another inverted-T.

The horizontal bar was also bent slightly with its ends facing the sides of my back. This proved necessary as the ball-tipped joints were more rigid than I expected. They kept my tight wrist cuffs -- and by extension my hands -- facing away from each other to the left and right of my back. I struggled against their limiting confines but quickly realized that while my fingers could touch, they could not even grasp together due how my palms faced away from each other.

'Is this really necessary?' I thought just as the vertical bar began to retract. It pulled my wrists further upwards until the backs of my fingers could brush against my collar.

I whimpered as the strain soon grew excessive and forced me to pull my shoulders back as much as I could. My arm jerked and twisted in resistance to this stringent reverse-prayer that left them with almost no freedom. But there was nothing I could do as my palms were faced backwards and my fingers could only scratch against thin air. Only my unbound elbows left my arms any rooms to move, but all that allowed was for my limbs to squirm behind my back like some sort of captured fairy wing.

"Yes." Master replied. "This bar is more restrictive than your wrist chains before, sure. But it's also necessary as unlike the old setup, this one will allow you to lock your own hands behind your back -- at least once you get some practice. That allows me to leave your hands free and set certain conditions for when they must be locked up again."

It was only then when I caught onto something. 'Can Master hear all my thoughts?'

"Yep! At least, all your coherent thoughts. The subconscious and nonsensical ones get filter out. But as long as I'm in direct contact with you and my attention is directed towards you, you won't be able to consciously think of any sentence or word without me hearing them. That being said, if I don't pay attention to you, then you can scream all you want in your mind, and I won't hear a thing. I'm also told that whenever 'Broil' mode is activated, none of your thoughts will be considered 'coherent'."

I shuddered as I realized what this meant: if I bothered Master too much while we're together, he might keep me on the edge just to silence my thoughts.

'Do I also hear Master's then?'

"Of course not, that would be stupid," his voice answered in my head. "You only hear if I form a thought directed at you. After all, you're **my** slave. Your mind, just like your body, belongs to me, not the other way around."

In other words: even my most secretive aspect as a woman, my mind and heart which hid behind the mask of my ego, had been laid bare and stripped naked for Master to see.

I squirmed as I felt my crotch heating up further. 'Master always does this to me!' I thought before I could catch myself.

Master replied with a chuckle. "I'm glad I always make you feel so aroused. That being said, good job bearing with the pain when we changed your pubic tattoo. Not that you had any choice, but you are now officially and *properly* marked with a magical slave brand -- though it won't become fully active until your training finishes six months from now so I can rape your sweet little pussy again."

'What does the brand... do?' I was almost too scared to ask.

"Quite a lot of things, actually," Master began to explain. "Some of its basics take effect fast than others. For example, you might notice the sensations between your legs slowly growing stronger?"

I nodded. The difference was so small at first that I barely even noticed it. But as Master talked to me, the feelings of being teased seemed to be growing. With every squirm of my hips and clench of my pussy against the soft-spiked dildo, the sensation of its girth stretching me, and the scratching of its pricks seem to intensify. It was almost as though the dildo was growing wider and spikier and filling my pussy more than ever before!

"That's actually the magic increasing your body's sensitivity," Master explained. "The exact effect varies from slave to slave, but I believe your skin's sensitivity to touch will increase by somewhere between 50 to 100%, and between one-third to half that for your already hypersensitive sexual organs."

'You're kidding me!' I thought as the probe pressing against my g-spot and the barbell that rubbed against my clitoris felt more prominent than ever.

Then suddenly, without any warning, the scratchy, spiky dildo filling my love tunnel rotated out by two inches before screwing back into me until it pressed disconcertingly against my cervix. My back arced and I cried into my deep-throating gag as I felt the aggravating pumping sensation in my pussy before

being fully penetrated once more. My motion in turn tightened the new collar-to-clitoris wire by just a hint, which pulled on my aching love button and exposed it even more into that metal barbell installed into my clitoral hood!

I almost collapsed as my legs turned to jelly under me. The long bar between my legs hit the ground and the painful push against my cervix was agonizing! I screamed into my gag as I tried to fall sideways, but my body was still bound by straps and belts to the upright 'chair'.

"A simple demonstration," I heard Master's smirking voice over my sobs. "I'm sure you can tell just how much more intense everything feels -- especially with that spiky, training dildo."

'That was horrible!' I retorted in my thoughts.

"A bit sudden, I admit. But don't worry, you'll get used to your new level of sensitivity," Master said as though this was a fun game while patting me on the shoulders and rubbing my head. "Besides, the real benefit is this..."

Master brushed his fingers down my back through the gap in the seat, and my body trembled as even such a simple sensation felt so... intimate! My breath caught as I felt Master's hands dive between my legs, rubbing my inner thighs which felt almost as arousing as my outer pussy lips! His hands then roamed upwards over the taut, thin polymer second-skin covering my flat stomach, gliding over my nerves before cupping the underside of my breasts. My panting breath hastened until it was ragged and trembling. I could not have been more aroused compared to yesterday if Master dipped a finger deep into my love tunnel!

The feelings grew apparent as my whole body began to tingle with sensitivity. It was a feeling that I was quite familiar with -- every inch of my skin felt raw as though freshly shaven by a new razor blade! I could keenly feel every square-inch of the polymer skinsuit that bonded to me, and even the slightest brush of his fingers atop that filmy-thin layer brought a shiver of need to my body.

"I'm told it's an absolutely amazing feeling," Master spoke happily as I twisted and squirmed in his very fingers. It was as though he was molding me like a master

potter handled soft clay, shaping my every twitch and sway to exactly the way he wanted it.

"The brand also gives a plethora of bodily maintenance benefits," Master added.

I could barely pay attention as his large hands roamed all over my sensitive body. There wasn't a single part of me that he couldn't excite me with a single touch or caress!

"But the biggest item is that the mark carries my arcane seal, which is a pattern defined by my mana signature. Anyone with the right spell or scanner will be able to determine that I own you. The brand is non-transferable, so you'll be my slave for the rest of your life. In fact, since it acts as an anchor that propagates my life magic... it means that as long as I don't die, neither will you. And since you're months past your twentieth birthday and that's the fully mature age for females, your appearance will stay this way for as long as you live."

I couldn't stop my eyes from ballooning even with the blindfold. Even as my body continued to squirm under his roaming hands, my thoughts rang: 'Master just turned me ageless as though it was nothing at all!'

"Yes, you're effectively immortal now," Master confirmed. "The galaxy is far from being completely safe, as my father's death shows. But as long as I don't get killed, you'll stay a slave forever... as **my** lovely sex doll, to be more precise."

My breathing rose sharply as the implications of this were just too much to take in. I had come to terms to being Master's slave for an extended lifetime, sure. But... 'forever'?

"Hopefully," Master added as I felt him kiss my forehead. "Just think of it as you've been cast down to hell for your lewdness," he joked. "And now, a sadistic devil will be tormenting your hypersensitive body with your own sinful fetishes for eternity."

I was trembling nonstop now.

Was this really what I bargained for?

No, actually, since I didn't 'bargain' for any of this. I never had a choice when I was kidnapped and had my death faked. I never had a choice when my body was modified into a lovedoll and trained as a slave based on Master's preferences. My only choice was that I had accepted Master and slowly, gradually opened up to him.

I had revealed to him all my deepest, darkest fantasies. And one by one, he turned them into reality even though I would have blanched and walked away at the mere thought of my increasingly torments. He had pushed me deeper and deeper into sexual slavery, against all of my resistance and uncertainty. I knew for sure that without his persistence and insistence, there was no possible way that I would ever dare to go this deep into my rabbit hole of fantasies.

But that brings up the question once more... was this what I wanted all along? To be forever trapped as Master's sex slave and love doll, in a way that not even time and age could pull me away? Maybe, just like everything else, it was an inevitable desire from the path I settled into. I might not have acknowledged it --certainly not on my own-- but perhaps a part of me wanted it all along.

I squirmed as the hot and bothersome itch between my legs intensified. The drenched furnace between my thighs certainly had no doubts that it wanted this. The tingling sensations all across my body seemed to agree. It was only my mind that still held on as the last bastion of my previous existence.

A thought came to my mind as I remembered that Master no doubt heard all of this. Yet he hasn't said a single word...

"I can't tell you how to feel about this whole thing, even if I can manipulate your senses and everything physical you feel," Master confirmed while demonstrating as he kneaded the underside of my breasts. "Nevertheless, it is you who has to make up your own mind about how you feel towards all of this. In the end, I can only guide you along and give you a push."

Master was right in that regard though. All he did was guide me along my fantasies. He pushed me down the rabbit hole that I was fascinated by yet was too frightened to enter. Nothing he did --well, apart from revealing the fact he's sort of an alien-- was ever completely against my expectations. Things have

certainly escalated quickly over the last few days, but apart from the haste I couldn't completely say that I didn't want any of it.

...Has it only been three days since he arrived home on that lazy Friday when I had made lasagna for him?

"Yes," Master noted with a chuckle. "I really have put you through a lot this weekend, haven't I? My apologies for making you feel so overwhelmed. I guess my decision to sell the company and leave Earth really lit a fire under me."

As Master spoke, the faceless doctor unbuckled the straps holding me to the upright bed. They were removed one by one and soon, I was left to stand on my own in an alien world that I could neither hear nor see. It reminded me once again that I was so far into the realm of my fantasies that I no longer even knew where I was or how to go back. All I could do was lean in the direction of my leash until Master caught me and pulled me into his safe, warm embrace.

I guess, in that sense, it didn't matter whether I truly wanted this or not. Maybe I secretly desired this outcome, or maybe it was more than I bargained for. However, none of that seemed to matter anymore. Because just like when I arrived in Master's life after being turned into a love doll, I had only two choices:

I could accept it and place my trust and faith in Master to continue guiding me down the path of my personal fantasy and sexual need, or I could reject it and be pulled forcibly into a life and a world that completely overwhelmed and terrified me.

And, just like before, the answer seemed apparent to me.

I pressed myself further into Master's broad, warm chest while he wrapped his strong and muscular arms around my trembling shoulders.

'M-Master?' My thoughts rang hesitant even in my own mind.

"Yes, Violet?"

'I-I... V-violet be your obedient slave and service you for eternity.'

"Yes, yes you will," his fingers gently brushed my hair.

'P-plea... please treat Violet as Master wills.' I squirmed in his embrace and my body reminded me of all the intimate devices installed into me to keep me under his complete control. 'But please don't break me,' my thoughts added in private, though there was no way for me to keep it from him.

"Don't worry, I'll be sure to care take of you," Master reassured with a loving squeeze. "My lovely slave Violet."

Chapter 12 - Everlasting Fantasy

That night, as I sat next to Master in our bed back on Earth, I felt his arm muscle wrap around my shoulders and pull me into him.

I was no longer deaf, as my ears could hear the soothing sound of the waterfall outside his house once more. I could also hear the soft press of keys on his laptop, as he continued his preparations to depart the world that I grew up on. However, my eyes were still blindfolded which kept me in my personal darkness, while my system was no longer on 'snooze' and had returned to tease and torment me.

With my wrists locked high behind my back to the rear of my heavier, upgraded collar, I could do nothing but lay at his side and endure the vibrations from the intruders that filled my lower orifices. The thick anal beads that stretched my anal passage quaked two at a time at random, while the urethra catheter stuffing my pee-hole buzzed away nonstop. The long, prickly dildo was worse than both of them as it filled my love tunnel. Its tremors rubbed against the entrance to my womb while its rubbery little spikes dug in between my vagina folds.

'It itches...'

Master had replaced the ankle-length controller bar with the inverted-T bar that connected my thigh bands to my chastity shield. It easily translated any shift of my legs into twitching from the dildo buried deep inside me. I was trying hard to hold still to not feel the torment of the other pieces. However, moving was also the only way I could scratch the irritation growing deep inside my love tunnel thanks to that abominable dildo's forest of tiny rubber spikes!

'I can't take it anymore--!'

My body went into a frenzy of squirming. My thighs twisted the bar between them left and right. It rotated the prickly dildo impaling me from side to side, grinding its spikes against the depth of my itchy, vaginal walls. More sensations joined in as I also felt the probe that pushed against my g-spot move with every sway of my hips. Meanwhile the barbell that pressed against my needy, ring-collared clitoris rubbed against the hypersensitive nerve bundle.

'I'm so close...!'

My gasps rose to a hasty, aroused pant. My shallow, quick breathing made the new wires from my collar pull against my ringed and pierced nipples with every exhale. I could feel my body nearing the precipice as I squirmed in his arms. However, I also knew there was no way I could cum!

'No... please!' I cried as I tried desperately in futility to bring myself over the edge.

Hot tears rolled down my cheeks as I finally forced myself to stop moving. Only then did the rubbing against my g-spot, my clitoris, and the spikes scratching away inside me, stop. My arousal would then be able to cool slightly from its frenzy, even though there was no way to dissipate the heat from my crouch.

And as I held still and endured the vibrating phallus deep inside me... the itch deep inside my love tunnel began to rebuild.

It was a cycle of sensual torture that was impossible to escape from. The 'Simmer' default mode might not be as horrid as the 'Broil' mode which kept my whole body on edge, but the predicament it forced upon me was no less frustrating. Furthermore, it had been many hours since our return when the 'snooze' ended. The endless torment had left my body burning with desperate and unquenched need.

I whimpered once more and leaned my overheated body against Master. I wish Master would stop working and turn his attention to me, to tease me with his long fingers and ravish me with his thick manhood. My trembling body ached to feel him inside me, even if it was just his fingers to toy with me!

Yet, it surprised me when Master pulled me tighter into his embrace while I heard the sound of his laptop being shut. Clearly, he had finished his work for the night. And after putting away his work-related items, he pulled me into his lap and his hands began to play with my polymer-encased body.

I felt his breath behind my neck as his hands kneaded my ringed breasts. His thumbs and forefingers each squeezed one of my exposed nipples and rolled them between his digits. I groaned against the long and intrusive gag filling my throat but only an airy whimper emerged. My hands tried to grasp at something, anything behind me... but with each wrist locked high up my back, my gloved fingers could only claw against his hard, muscular chest.

I was completely helpless in his hands and his every action reminded me of this.

Master nibbled on my earlobe while his left hand continued to play with me. Meanwhile his right hand left my breasts and the sound of the TV turning on soon came from the distance. Another minute passed as Master probably selected whatever he wanted to watch. But instead he soon pulled off the blindfold that had been keeping me in darkness.

As my eyes blinked away tears of frustration and tried to get used to the room's dim light, I noticed a familiar figure on the large TV display.

It was me.

More precisely, it was me from a few months back, lying next to Master in his four-poster bed. My arms were locked behind me in a stringent armbinder, while my eyes were covered by a thick blindfold. Master had left the bedcovers off me, and my naked figure was completely exposed under the transparent sheen of the polymer second-skin. The slight tremble of my body did reveal how the old phallus that filled my love tunnel had been slow-fucking me during the recording.

My cheeks on screen were glowing red and my lips were puffy and gasping. It was clear that my intruders had been left on an elevated mode for quite some time. Yet my body seemed content as it sunk into his memory foam mattress like a giant slug. Occasionally my thighs would squeeze and rub against each other. My love tunnel was clearly flooded but it had been left sealed in its steaming furnace,

unable to leak any juices or release any of its pent-up heat -- just like my sealed pussy was right now.

"M-master..." the blindfolded me on TV spoke weakly with a breathless gasp. "How long are you going to keep me like this?"

"Why? Don't you like it?" I saw Master lean down towards me before he kissed my old self. His palm stayed on my cheeks as his gentle fingers caressed me.

"I do... but..."

"Be honest, Violet. Tell Master how being held like this makes you feel."

"M-master... it makes me feel... so owned," I began in a wispy voice, barely audible behind my feverish gasps and moans. "I can't think of anything except how much I want Master... I'll do anything for Master's attention. I want Master to toy and play with my body, to rape and ravish me in any way he pleased. I want to take Master's manhood inside me and give him pleasure, even if it's just with my mouth and lips."

Master then leaned in and whispered huskily:

"Do you enjoy being kept like this then?"

"Y-yes... I do." I whimpered.

"Do you wish you could be kept like this more?"

"Yes. P-please." I breathed out.

"That's not how you beg, doll."

I moaned as Master reached over to the control device and raised the intensity of my torments by another notch.

"I want to hear you tell me exactly what you want. Describe to me your fantasy," Master added.

"M-master," the me on screen spoke between ragged breathes. "P-please always keep your doll in a helpless state of lustful need... so that Violet's thoughts could

never depart from thinking about pleasing Master. So that my body would always crave for Master's every attention and touch. Even if Violet begs and cries... please Master don't relent or relinquish your firm control over my every need."

It was only then that I realized that this video must have been recorded at least three months ago. It probably after Master had allowed me to orgasm after keeping me in denial for sixty-two days. I was clearly still in the afterglow of multiple tremendous climaxes, though Master must have replaced my chastity cover immediately afterwards and left me on 'Simmer' for some time. The combination of that post-sex mind-glow and the returning arousal of my body always sent me to the depth of my masochism...

In hindsight, I didn't even realize that I was being filmed at the time, as I did not remember divulging such thoughts on camera. But then, it was clear from Master's own movements on film that he was not holding it. The shot's angle seemed like it was installed on one of the four-poster bed's pillars.

"Of course, Violet," Master answered as he continued to cup and caress my glowing cheeks. "Is there anything else you'd like to ask while we're at it? Tell me, what are orgasms to a good girl and a good slave?"

"M-master..." The me on video hesitated for a second despite how lust-addled my mind must have been. "A g-good girl shouldn't be able to attain pleasure for herself. A g-good girl should focus on only their Master's needs..."

"So should a good slave girl be able to fulfill her own needs by cumming then?"

"N-no." My prior self shook her head in a dreamy, frustrated voice. It was as though my lust had finally pushed me across that final barrier of logic.

I could feel the pit grow in my stomach as I watched myself on the screen repeat the motto Master often taught me:

"Good girls don't cum."

"That's right." Master replied approvingly as he stroked my silky hair. "So, what *should* a good slave be like?"

"A g-good slave should only be able to gain relief through their Master's pleasure," I watched myself say. "So please, Master, please train me until I can no longer fulfill my own needs. Please train me until I can only achieve gratification through Master. Please deny my orgasms more and more until I can only experience them through Master!"

I shivered as I heard my own voice beg for my ultimate fantasy -- to not just be enslaved, chained, and kept in constant arousal, but also to be denied my own orgasms until I could only experience them vicariously through Master's pleasure. It was based on accounts I had read from stories and other slaves' online journals: how they would be satisfied by their Master cumming inside them, even as their bodies remained deliciously horny.

I had always wished that it was me, that Master would train me until I could be like that.

Even the idea of a clitoridectomy appealed to me, if it hadn't been for the fact that snipping off such an important body part made me squeamish. The idea that I would be trapped in the curse of permanent denial, my body screaming for the sexual pleasure it could never obtain. I would only be able to briefly relieve my aching needs by pleasing Master until he came inside me. All other times I would be stuck there, consumed by erotic desperation from a need that could never be met.

It was like a romantic dream and an impossibly-potent aphrodisiac at the same time... even though I knew I would surely hate to live it.

"You truly are the perfect girl for me, Violet," Master answered on TV in his deep voice. "A wonderful doll and slave."

The short recording then ended.

'Master?' I thought as I looked towards him with a worried gaze.

"It's exactly as you would like," Master answered with a satisfied smile. "Your final six months of training is designed to fulfill this ultimate fantasy -- without even the need to remove your clitoris. Instead, your love bud can remain as it is a key part of keeping you aroused and in desperation."

His hand reached out to my remote and I gasped as the toys inside me intensified. He then pressed against the smooth, polymer-covered flesh of my lower pelvis. I whimpered into my throat-gag as I felt the pressure of his hand push the walls of my love tunnel against the intruders that filled me. It was especially noticeable where the flexible, ball-ended probe inside me grounded into my g-spot. The tighter squeeze where the vibrating phallus head met my cervix also left me shaking.

My breath trembled as I felt my body approach the edge of climax. I instinctively closed my eyes and focused on his fingers against my smooth pelvis and left breast, as well as all the sensations teasing my erogenous zones. Soon I found myself back at that precarious edge that I had encountered this morning. I was once again shivering nonstop and howling into my deep-throat gag with intense need.

'P-please! Let me cum!'

I begged for Master even though I knew he could no longer hear me. The 'Broil' setting cut the mental telepathy to one way: from him to me only, though, now, even that wasn't used. My thoughts were now considered 'incoherent' and unworthy of his attention. I could only squirm and moan and beg him with my pleading eyes.

"Per your final training program, the 'Orgasm Denial Mode' cannot be turned off during your next six months." Master explained with a knowing grin. "By the time your training completes half a year from now, you'll have forever undergone yet another change. You will no longer be able to reach the brink unless your g-spot, your cervix, and the nooks and cranny between your vagina folds could be teased simultaneously. And even when those conditions are met, it'll be difficult for you to overcome the conditioning of being kept on edge."

My eyes were filled by horror and desire at the same time. Was he serious? I looked into his gaze only to see smiling confirmation: "Basically, you'll find it impossible to orgasm from being fucked normally, not even when I spurt my seed inside you. Only the intruders locked into you now will be able to push you past the brink. However, your newly upgraded collar has been programmed to keep

the 'Orgasm Denial Mode' on whenever your pussy is sealed, even after your training period finishes. So, it will never allow the neural signal to pass the chip installed into your spinal cord while your plugs are locked into you -- and that means you can never have an orgasm again, ever."

I moaned as my glassy eyes filled with tears. It was nightmarish to think that I would never cum again, that I would always be kept as horny and desperate as I am now. Yet even as my mind filled with anxious dread towards the future, I could feel my body growing hotter and more excited than ever before.

"Last but not least," Master continued with a grin that clearly enjoyed my terrified reaction. "Even if we were to have the chip reprogrammed, there is your new slave marking." He said as his hand touched my pelvis where my slave tattoo had been modified earlier. "In addition to its other functions, the magical brand imprinted upon you carries a potent curse -- one that is worn by all sex slaves in my world and is impossible to dispel. The curse makes it impossible for any slave that has experienced orgasm once to reach it again. It is meant to reinforce how, as a sex slave, your sole purpose is to please your master, and not your own needs."

I really didn't need a 'double guarantee' that I couldn't cum by myself! However, Master simply stroked my hair before kissing my forehead. His soft gaze was full of pride for how I suffered in his grasp.

He reached for my remote again and turned off the 'Broil' mode. My intruders returned to its default 'Simmer' in keeping me horny but not agonizingly close. My attention now felt the hot tears sliding down my cheeks as I came to realize that my fantasy of 'permanent denial' was being brought to life.

'Master,' I thought now that the telepathy should be active again. 'You really...?'

I trembled as my arousal slowly left the brink and made its way down. It was difficult to describe the disappointment that now infused my body every time this happened. It was as though my body increasingly *wanted* to be kept on the torturous edge. And this feeling seemed to only heighten as I came to the realization that I would no longer orgasm.

"Yep. I really did fulfill your ultimate fantasy." Master grinned from ear to ear. "And I'm telling you now, so you'd remember it during the six months' training ahead. I want you to understand, even when you're crying from hours of being kept on the brink, that you can never have an orgasm again. I want you to remember that this is the eternity you wished for, that the only orgasmic bliss you can experience in the future is mine."

My tears were now streaming nonstop from my glassy eyes. However, my lips trembled as they formed a faint smile around the ball gag. I knew what I had sacrificed and that I would hate my torturous moments in the future. Yet I could not help but feel a sense of joy from wholly committing myself to Master's pleasure as his slave.

'Master?'

"Yes?" He stroked my hair with an expectant, proud gaze.

What else was there to say? I had always dreamed of being the ultimate slave girl. Now, there was no longer any other choice open to me.

'T-thank you... for guiding Violet down the path of her fantasies.'

Master smiled as he wiped away my tears. However, the slight stream flowing from my eyes continued nonstop. Even my attempts to stop crying came to naught.

"It's okay to feel sad for what you've had to sacrifice, Violet." Master comforted me. "Just remember that even if you regret it or hate it, that it wasn't ultimately your choice. It might be your fantasies, but it was me, your Master, who forced you down this path. You might have dreamed of being a permanently-denied slavegirl, but it was me who pushed you along and turned you into one -- and in that you never had any choice."

My smile broadened a little as I nodded and nuzzled into his chest. Master always knew how to be my pillar of support. Was it any surprise that I had grown to become so dependent on him?

As the night was drawing late, Master pulled me down into the bed-cover and turned off the lights. A harrowing six months lay ahead of me while he prepared to leave. I could hardly imagine what kind of life I'll have once he took me to his otherworldly estate.

"Violet..." Master then asked as his fingers gently traced across my still-simmering body. "If you could go back to that time during your university orientation, when you were lost on the campus and approached me for help... would you still ask me as you did? Knowing everything that would come of it?"

As I closed my eyes, my memories returned to the trees and stone paths of my campus from before I'd been kidnapped and turned into a love doll. I was so free back then, journeying from building to building without a single chain or shackle, talking and laughing among others without anyone or anything to hold me back.

Yet, I was also insecure, shy, full of concerns and worries. I was always wondering how I looked in the eyes of society: if I was good enough, if I performed well enough, if I could have a decent job or a good life in the future.

Well, not anymore.

I no longer had any doubts of my place in this universe. It might not be easy. It might deeply frustrate me just like my arousal and need have been for the past hours. But there was now a certainty in my being that I knew I was where I belonged.

'No.' I voiced my thoughts knowing Master was listening in. 'No, I wouldn't change a thing.'

I would have still smiled and asked and talked to him, even if I knew -- subconsciously, of course-- that one day I would sit in his lap as a helplessly aroused doll and his eternal slave, trapped forever to suffer my permanent denial fantasy.

The End