

VOLUNTEERS

Pippa Mower and her best friend and lover, Carrie Stein were in their mid-twenties, both single, attractively blonde, financially independent and sexually liberated and since buying a large, remote farmhouse set in almost a hundred acres of heavily wooded countryside, they'd shared many erotic adventures in the privacy of their shared home and the land around it.

Of the two, Carrie was slightly more confident and outgoing and it was she who, most of the time, preferred the dominant role in their games of bondage and subjugation, while Pippa was content with her part as the submissive. Over the course of two years, their enjoyment of the games led them on to more and more extreme and restrictive bondage, until both were capable of spending extended periods of time confined in the fetish gear they loved and at the mercy of the other.

It was Carrie who found the new web site and as she and Pippa read through the text that emphasised inescapable bondage, absolute submission and total subjugation, they realised that they had only scratched the surface of what bondage and domination could be. They had never considered steel and titanium as bondage materials, but as they looked at pictures of manacles, chastity devices and harnesses that more than lived up to the promises in the text, it was obvious to them that a whole new area of adventures had opened up. Then, they came to the section dealing with what the site referred to as Ultimate Restraint System and saw that *this* device was designed to be used in conjunction with numerous piercing's to lock the items into position on the wearer's body and could be supplied with remotely-controlled arousal and discipline options.

The discussion between Pippa and Carrie went on into the small hours of the morning and the outcome was that although both of them were keen to get the other into the incredibly restrictive bondage that was available, neither was prepared to be pierced or wear the restrictive and controlling devices unless the other agreed as well. So, in the end, it was decided that they both would.

After lots of telephone conversations and e-mails, followed by two visits to their home by the helpful and enthusiastic female owner of the supply company, a Miss Strong, the girls placed orders for two complete sets of Ultimate Restraint Systems, and asked her to arrange the piercing's that would form an integral and essential part of their new toys.

The process of getting all their piercing's done was somewhat painful and extremely embarrassing, for they, of course, had to be nude as they endured the repeated application of the doctor's needle. Each took comfort from the other though and their shared discomfort as the doctor ignored their nakedness and calmly and professionally dealt with the task at hand. After it was over, Carrie and Pippa each displayed a total of no less than seventeen piercing's in their bodies, ears, nasal septum, four in each tongue, a pair in each nipple, one at the navel and clitoris and two in each outer labia, every one lined with a small but strong stainless steel grommet that couldn't be removed.

Some two months later when their numerous piercing's were fully healed, they were ready and eager for their adventure to begin. True to her word, Miss Strong, a tall, elegant brunette, delivered both restraint systems then spent some time explaining the function and operation of each piece of the equipment she had built for them.

"Ladies, you understand, of course, that your devices are designed for extended wear?" she asked finally, "**And**, that once they are fitted and their locks closed, you will not be able to release yourselves

without this special key? If you lose it, there will be **no** way for you to unlock the internal catches, you see. I suggest you keep it somewhere safe."

Carrie took the key she offered and grinned.

"We will," she replied, reaching up to hang the key on a hook screwed into one of the two massive oak beams that supported the ceiling, "but just in case of accidents, how do we get loose if we do happen to lose it?"

Miss Strong gazed calmly at her.

"You don't." she said flatly, "You specifically requested top-of-the-range Ultimate Restraint Systems and these are the very best. I know, because I designed them myself and I would be extremely disappointed, not to mention astonished, if you managed to free yourselves at all. But, to answer your question, I am on-call twenty-four hours a day and can be here within hours to attempt to release whichever one of you is stuck."

Carrie and Pippa stared at her, then looked at each other to seek reassurance that they both still wanted to go ahead.

"Well, I will if you will, Carrie." Pippa said finally and her friend nodded and turned to Miss Strong.

"Yes, we understand thank you, and we'll definitely be careful." Carrie confirmed, "We've thought about doing this for ages and as you can see, we're both quite sure that it's what we want."

"Then it only remains for me to congratulate you on your decision," Miss Strong smiled warmly, "and hope that you will both soon come to appreciate the quality and efficiency of my products." she turned to leave, then turned back, "I hope you won't mind me saying this," she added diffidently, "But these devices are rather complex and

demand careful fitting. If you like, I would be happy to stay and assist. That way, I could be sure you were both completely satisfied with your purchases."

"Oh. Well ... yes, that makes sense." Carrie agreed, "What do you think, Pippa?"

Pippa hesitated for a moment.

"We'd have to be naked, Carrie." she pointed out softly, "I don't know ..."

"I quite understand, Miss Mower." Miss Strong nodded, "If you would rather not, then that's perfectly all right."

"Oh, come *on*, Pippa!" Carrie, always the extrovert, smiled at her cautious lover. "We had to be naked for our piercing's and that was a male doctor. Don't tell me you've become shy and bashful all of a sudden?"

As ever, Pippa went along with her lover without further argument and in a few minutes, both girls were completely nude and ready to be fitted with their new equipment.

Miss Strong began with Carrie, enclosing her waist in a bright red titanium corset that lifted and displayed her breasts without covering them and reduced her normal waist measurement of twenty-four inches to a relatively comfortable twenty -one inch circumference. Carrie loved what it did for her figure and Pippa was equally impressed, making no objection as Miss Strong helped her into her rather less vivid black version and compressed her waist to the same size as her friend.

The colour-matched ballet-boots came next, their eight inch heels forcing the friends onto the tips of their toes and forcing their feet and legs into a straight, near-vertical line that made their calves and

ankles ache from the unaccustomed strain as they tottered uncertainly around the room. But, they looked fantastic and even Pippa had to admit that the stunning sight of her almost endless legs was well worth the discomfort.

She wasn't quite so happy with the tall, rigid posture-collar that kept Carrie's neck and head immobilised with her chin lifted so high that she couldn't look downwards and she saw that her friend couldn't even turn her head once the locking rings had been slipped through the grommets in her pierced ear-lobes and clicked shut.

If it hadn't been for her agreement with Carrie, she might have refused the application of her own collar, but how could she back out with her lover already locked into hers? Their waist-belts were straightforward, a wide titanium band secured over the narrowest part of the corset with an internal catch through the grommeted piercing in their navels; this left exposed by a tiny, circular cut-out in each under garment.

The belt was equipped with locking fixtures for their chastity devices; carefully-shaped titanium plates that fitted over their permanently-depilated bellies. Each one covered clitoris, labia and anus under a snug, guaranteed tamper-proof shield before narrowing to a thin, smooth strip that bisected their bottom cheeks, then rose to the rear of the belt and another locking device.

Like the belt itself, internal catches of the crotch cover plate located themselves into the four stainless steel grommets pierced through their labia, ensuring that it could not be removed without the key. How they could be called chastity devices when there were machined access holes at the clitoris, sex and anus, Pippa was still not quite sure.

At Miss Strong's suggestion, the titanium rods that contained the remotely-controlled arousal and discipline functions were not

installed at that point for it would be better, she suggested, to wait until they were both fitted with the breast and nipple restraint portions of their URS's.

It took several uncomfortable minutes for each of them to have these next parts of their restraints fitted and adjusted, but when it was done, the two girls gaped at each other then dissolved into giggles.

"Oh, Carrie!" Pippa panted, "You look incredible! Just like some sort of Amazon warrior, ready for battle."

"Me?" her friend retorted, "What about you? You've always wanted bigger boobs and now you've got them."

With their posture-collars making it impossible to lower their heads far enough to get a clear view of their own bodies, they tottered into the bathroom to use the full-length mirror and stared in rapt fascination at their reflections. In place of the smooth, soft curves they were familiar with, their breasts now gave the appearance of being almost completely spherical and noticeably larger than they had been before, jutting out from their chests under the compression of a pair of inch wide, linked titanium bands that cinched the base of each globe and squeezed the taut flesh forwards and upwards.

To complete the warrior image that Pippa had commented on, four flat, narrow, equally-spaced titanium straps formed a very tight cage around each breast, meeting at the apexes in a polished circular disk of titanium. These had a hole at the centre, allowing their nipples to protrude and each lower piercing was used to accept a thick locking pin that held the nipple under tension. Slowly, Carrie reached up to touch the tips of her breasts, then gasped.

"What is it? What's the matter?" Pippa cried in sudden alarm, then saw the expression in her friend's eyes.

She knew that look.

Carrie was sexually aroused.

"Oh, wow, Pippa. That's fantastic! My nipples are so sensitive, you wouldn't believe!" Carrie exclaimed, her eyes gleaming as she brushed the tips of her fingers over her captive, fully-extended nipples a second time. "I could make myself come just from doing this and if you did it to me ... well ... Go on, honey, give it a try and see if you feel the same."

Pippa did and as a jolt of electrifying arousal speared through her breasts, she understood exactly what her friend meant. Their eyes met, imagining the devastating torment and pleasure that each could and doubtless would impose on the other and as their voices dead-heated in claiming, "Me first!" the bathroom rang with happy peals of laughter.

When they returned, Miss Strong smiled and nodded as they told her how delighted they were with the breast restraints, then asked if they also wished her to continue to assist with the gagging devices and the complete arm and leg bondage systems.

Inevitably, it was Carrie who immediately said yes, eager to experience the full range of options, and, carried away by her lover's obvious enthusiasm, Pippa agreed without a second thought. Forewarned by Miss Strong's web site that anyone who intended to wear her Ultimate Restraint System would require exceptional flexibility and stamina to cope with the extreme bondage they were designed to provide, Carrie and Pippa had prepared by spending hours every day on yoga-type exercises designed to increase the suppleness of their limbs. These sessions had been followed each evening with the far more entertaining and rewarding pastime of devising and putting into practice increasingly stringent methods of binding the other into immobility and defencelessness.

It turned out to be time well-spent because without it, neither Carrie nor Pippa would have had a hope of achieving what Miss Strong called the back-prayer position.

Mrs Strong took her time with Carrie and this was slowly achieved in full measure. Her arms were positioned together, high up behind her back with the palms pressed together. Her wrists were rigidly clamped by a wide titanium band and her now useless fingers pointed up rather than the more normal and much easier downward direction. Next, she attached a telescoping titanium bar to Carrie's wrist-band and connected it to the rear of her posture-collar, then pushed the arms together and upwards. The bar ratcheted into a shorter and shorter length, automatically taking up the gain.

Even after all the practice to prepare for the back prayer, Carrie was forced to call a halt when her extended fingers reached a point high up between her shoulder-blades and she was no longer able to endure the relentlessly increasing strain on her arms and shoulders. Miss Strong understood completely and expressed admiration for Carrie's efforts and fortitude, assuring her that she had done exceptionally well. It only needed a little time and determination before it would be possible for her fingers to close the two-inch gap and actually touch the collar itself; the ultimate goal, but unfortunately only achievable by a very few people.

When it came to her turn, Pippa was sure that she wouldn't be able to match Carrie and was astonished and secretly delighted when, with her arms and shoulders burning painfully from the acute tension, she felt the tips of her fingers brush against her own collar.

Miss Strong was amazed and delighted; freely admitting that she had never known anyone to succeed on the first try and she heartily congratulated Pippa on her remarkable flexibility. The praise went some way to alleviating Pippa's considerable discomfort, but not as much as the envy that Carrie wasn't quite able to hide. The

knowledge that she was actually better than her friend at something decided Pippa not to ask to be released unless Carrie asked first.

Taking the girls' lack of complaint as permission to continue, Miss Strong moved next to their leg restraints, asking Carrie to move her feet wide apart. She fitted each of her ankles with wide cuffs then took another thick, metre-long, telescoping spreader-bar and snapped it into locking universal mounts on the cuffs. Once locked to the end fittings of the spreader, Carrie was of course prevented from bringing her feet together, but Mrs Strong then fitted a second set of extremely tight cuffs and a shorter bar above her knees, so that Carrie was left with her legs forcibly spread and her crotch hopelessly vulnerable.

Still basking in the glow of her success with her arm-bondage, Pippa wasn't about to tarnish her minor triumph by hesitating and before Miss Strong could even ask, had spread her legs wide and allowed her own cuffs and spreader-bars to be fitted and locked in place.

Facing each other across the room with their all-but-nude and apparently armless bodies strictly confined and displayed by gleaming titanium fetters, the two helpless friends stared at the results of Miss Strong's efforts, delighted and excited by the physical realisation of their shared dreams and fantasies. With eyes soft with love and desire, Carrie whispered to her friend and lover.

"You look absolutely gorgeous, Pippa darling. So beautiful and defenceless. I want you, honey and the moment I get loose, I'm going to lick and suck and fondle every last inch of your body until you beg for mercy. Then, I'm going to take you and make love to you until we both come like we've never come before."

Pippa flushed with delicious embarrassment at Carrie's declaration of intent, then grinned at her lover.

"Hang on a second, Carrie!" she retorted spiritedly, "Who says that you're going to be untied first? Maybe it'll be me and then it won't be you doing all those things to me, but me doing them to you! And, maybe when I've done them, I may decide to do them all over again. So, what do you think about that then?"

"Mm, yes, I see your point." Carrie smiled broadly, "Well, I suppose if that happens, I'll just have to lay back and enjoy it. Exactly the same as you'll do if I'm released first, but even if I'm not, just remember one thing, honey. Sooner or later, it'll be my turn and I shan't forgive or forget!"

"Revenge is sweet, eh, darling?" Pippa giggled, "That seems fair enough. OK, it's a deal and I'm looking forward to it already."

"Me too!" Carrie chuckled, then winced, "I'll tell you something, though. I'll be relieved to get these spreader-bars off. With my feet this wide and in these heels, it's impossible to walk and my ankles and calves are giving me Hell."

Pippa was about to sympathise and agree when Miss Strong intervened.

"Oh, I assure you ladies, it is entirely possible to walk in heels that high." she said firmly, "Even with spreader-bars like those you are both wearing. My other slaves do it all the time and you will both quickly learn to do the same. It only needs the right encouragement and that is something I am extremely good at providing."

Carrie frowned in puzzlement as Miss Strong walked towards her with the gagging device in her hand.

"What are you talking about?" she asked, "Pippa and I *aren't* slaves. We don't have to walk in these shoes if we don't want to."

"Is that so, Carrie?" Miss Strong smiled, "And what makes you think you are not a slave, you silly girl?"

"Because I'm **not!**" Carrie insisted, her cheeks flushed with annoyance at the mocking tone of the question, "We're not. Either of us. And you can't 'encourage' us, as you put it, to do anything we don't feel like doing, so don't even bother to try."

Her eyes widened in alarm as Miss Strong gave a tinkling laugh.

"You know, Carrie, I'm really going to enjoy enslaving and training you to serve. I love breaking girls who think they're tough and seeing them crawl on their bellies to lick my boots. Let me introduce myself properly. My name is Mistress Delia Strong, but from now on, you will simply address me as "Mistress", as my own slaves do on the rare occasions I permit them to be un-gagged and have granted them permission to speak."

For long seconds, Carrie gaped in disbelief, her mouth open with shock and in those frozen moments, Mistress Strong strode forward and took a firm grasp on Carrie's long blonde hair. Carrie screamed a long, shrill, "Nooooooo!" and tried to twist away, then screamed again as her hair was tugged painfully and Mistress Strong cooed.

"Open your mouth, slave, or I shall become annoyed with you and you **really** won't like that."

"Oww! Ouch! Let me go, you bitch. I'll murder you when I get loose!"

After a second cruel yank, Mistress Strong released Carrie's hair, but instantly transferred her attentions to the blonde's transfixed right nipple, her thumb and forefinger gripping the swollen bud and squeezing hard. Carrie's eyes bulged as a mixture of pain and arousal shot through her breast and as she gasped in anguish, Mistress Strong chuckled with amusement.

"Oh, I don't think so, slave. You won't be getting out of your URS for a **very** long time. Quite possibly never in fact, but, even **if** you are eventually freed, it certainly won't be before you've learned to obey and how to beg to be permitted to serve as the full slave you will have become."

"Never!" Carrie groaned, "I won't obey you! I won't, I won't!"

Mistress Strong smiled, then snapped.

"Wrong, slave!" and gave Carrie's nipple a sharp twist, her eyes glittering with pleasure as the helpless girl squealed shrilly. Then she twisted it again. The fifth time she did it, Carrie surrendered, her eyes spilling tears of pain and dreadful humiliation as she whimpered brokenly.

"Stop!!! Ooh please! Please stop, M-Mistress. I-I give in and will o-obey you. No more, I b-beg you, Mistress."

"How very disappointing!" Mistress Strong frowned and released Carrie's nipple. "I thought you were supposed to be the tough one, but you're just a soft, submissive little pussy-cat like your girlfriend. What a shame. I enjoy a challenge and I was hoping you'd fight back much more than that and give me the pleasure and satisfaction of breaking you."

Carrie stared numbly at her and trembled in horror as she realised that the woman was genuinely disappointed not to have an excuse to punish her even more severely.

"Open your mouth for your gag!" Mrs Strong commanded peremptorily.

And as the gagging device was lifted to her lips, Carrie opened her mouth quickly, knowing that if she tried to resist, it would only earn her more pain. With firm, well-practised movements, Mistress

Strong inserted the thick, hollow, titanium tube into Carrie's mouth, pressing it down and back until the locking catches engaged with the four piercing's through her tongue and the smooth, polished face-plate fitted snugly over her cheeks and cupped her chin.

"Bite down hard, slave." Mistress Strong ordered.

Carrie obeyed and her teeth sank into the dense, neoprene-rubber padding that formed a protective flange around the tube. She winced and tried to protest as the titanium strap was tightened behind her neck until the internal catches clicked shut, compressing her face from chin to nose in a vice-like grip. She was appalled to hear only wordless, animal-like grunts and whines emerging from the tube between her teeth. With her tongue pinned to the floor of her mouth and its grommeted piercing's now locked to the tube's restraining pins, speech was impossible. Mistress Strong chuckled at her futile attempts to communicate and Carrie felt an icy chill ripple through her belly with the realisation that she wouldn't even be able to beg for mercy when she was punished again!

She was horribly afraid she would be.

The moment she heard Miss Strong announce that she already had slaves of her own, Pippa felt a horrid foreboding sweep over her and as she watched and listened to the heated exchanges that culminated in Carrie's ruthless punishment and enforced surrender, she knew in advance what was going to happen. It was like watching a film she'd seen before. She desperately wanted to intervene and save her lover, but her body and brain seemed paralysed by the awful inevitability of the disaster being played-out before her and she couldn't move or speak as Carrie was gagged into helpless impotence.

As if in a dream, she saw Miss Strong turn towards her with a second gagging system in her hand and issue her command.

"Open your mouth, slave. *You're* not going to give me any trouble, are you?"

To her complete despair, Pippa heard her own voice reply humbly.

"No, Mistress. I am your slave and will obey."

Miss Strong ... their new Mistress, smiled with pleasure.

"That's a good little slave." and patted Pippa's cheek as if she was a favoured pet. "Now, open!"

The touch of her hand broke the spell that held Pippa in its grip and as she stared past Mistress Strong's right shoulder and her eyes met Carrie's terrified gaze, she cried out.

"I love you, Carrie and I'm sorry, so very, very sorry!"

"That's quite enough out of you, slave!" Mistress Strong snapped and pushed the tube deeply into Pippa's mouth to put an end to the brief moment of tenderness between her two captives.

Irritated by what she saw as defiance, she pulled the gag-strap tight and ensured that it was securely locked, then seized both of Pippa's exposed nipples and gave them a cruelly-hard pinch.

"That was just a reminder, slave." she said coldly, ignoring Pippa's agonised whine, "The next time either of you attempt to speak without my permission, I shall whip the pair of you until you learn to behave."

She watched the dawning horror and fear of her words fill the eyes of her two prisoners and gave a mocking laugh.

"What's the matter ... ladies?" she sneered, "Surely you didn't think that a little nipple pinch was the worst punishment you'd ever get, did you? Believe me, you'll soon realise that that was nothing

compared to what some of my clients enjoy doing to their slaves. If you end up being sold to one of them, you'll wish you were back with me."

Pippa and Carrie screamed in unison as they heard the appalling news of what their eventual fate was to be, then fought wildly to escape their bonds, but as they had been warned, the Ultimate Restraint Systems they now wore were totally inescapable. No matter how frantically they writhed, jerked and twisted; their caged breasts swaying and jiggling as they struggled, neither could even begin to loosen the implacable grip of titanium on their limbs.

Mistress Strong waited with folded arms until Pippa and Carrie's efforts weakened and their screams turned to sobs and tears of terrified misery, then continued as if there was nothing at all unusual about condemning two clearly unwilling captives to a lifetime of enforced bondage and sexual slavery.

"I expect to make a very satisfactory profit out of you two." she said casually, "Blue-eyed blondes are always popular for the far-Eastern market and fetch top prices. Although neither of you is as beautiful as some I have sold, the fact that you are obviously lovers and will be offered for sale as a pair, should create a lot of curiosity. And curiosity, my foolish little slaves, is what brings spoiled, bored, rich girls like you to my web site and enables me to make a great deal of money. My clients are wealthy enough to indulge their taste for inflicting punishment and sexual bondage on helpless women, but find that the laws and customs of their countries make it difficult or even impossible for them to act on their impulses with local females, and that's where I come in."

She paused and chuckled softly, "You'd be surprised how many young, pretty, intelligent girls find my site and order bondage equipment from my company. All I have to do is wait until one comes along who meets my requirements of living alone, having no

close family or nosey friends, and who can go missing for at least a week or two before anyone starts to get seriously concerned. Sound like anyone you know? It should, for I've just described you two.

"By the time your disappearance is investigated, if it ever is, the trail will be stone-cold and you'll be long gone. No tracks and no traces. Your house will be undisturbed and even your bank accounts untouched because I don't need your money. I'll be paid by your new owner and as slaves, you'll have a lot more to worry about than that."

She glanced at her wrist-watch and frowned.

"Hmm, I'll have to be going soon. I have an appointment with another customer."

Pippa and Carrie stared at her, their eyes filled with sudden hope at her words, clearly thinking that Mistress Strong could hardly go away and leave them helplessly bound and gagged, but they were mistaken.

"I shouldn't be gone for more than three or four hours." she told them casually, "It's a fitting for a young lady who already has a Master, so she won't be joining you. A pity, really, because she's quite lovely and deeply submissive. I could make a lot of money from her, but that's life and I'll still have you two."

Carrie tried to scream as Mistress Strong took a short chain from her briefcase and snapped the clip at one end into her nose-ring, but her scream turned into a gasp of pain as the woman gave a sharp jerk and forced her to stumble towards Pippa. For her part, Pippa was too numb with shock to attempt to resist; her mind unable to deal with the horrifying fate to which she was condemned. When Mistress Strong clipped the other end of the chain to her nose-ring and she found herself face-to-face with her lover, she could only stare into Carrie's terrified eyes and see her own fear reflected back.

Mistress Strong returned to her briefcase and selected a longer chain and three heavy padlocks, then glanced around the room as if searching for something.

"Ah, yes!" she nodded, "Perfect!"

Carrie and Pippa winced and squealed as she clipped the longer chain to the centre of the one linking their noses, then forced them to totter over to the massive post where Carrie had hung the key to their bondage devices. Reaching up, she passed the chain over the hook holding the key, then pulled and as the chain tightened, the two helpless girls were drawn upwards and closer by their nose-rings until their bodies were stretched to the limit and pressed together with their bound breasts and thighs touching.

She clipped the chain to itself, then bent low and reached between Pippa's gaping thighs to hook the hasp of the first of the heavy padlocks through the clitoris-rings of her helpless captives ... and clicked it shut. She let it drop and stood back, smiling as muffled wails confirmed that the lock's considerable weight was making itself felt in the right places, as did the other padlocks when she used them to fasten Pippa and Carrie's nipple-rings together.

"I suggest you keep quite still, slaves. Otherwise it will be rather painful for both of you." she chuckled cruelly.

It was advice that neither of the captives could heed as she fetched the titanium rods, and, after lubricating the massive shafts, slowly thrust them into Pippa and Carrie's bodies, giving each shaft the quarter-turn that locked it into the bayonet fittings on their chastity devices and ensured that it would remain securely embedded.

As each rod sank into their sex and anus, the two helpless girls screamed and writhed in frantic anguish, but they were mercilessly penetrated and filled by the cold, hard, unrelenting metal. Their

futile struggles only caused them both to be punished as the chain and padlocks tugged painfully at their piercing's

"And now I have to leave you," Mistress Strong grinned cruelly, "Don't worry about showing me out. I can find my own way and I see you're a bit tied-up at the moment. Have a nice day! I'll be back later with a nice travel-crate."

With a mocking wave, she was gone.

Wide-eyed, the two cruelly-bound girls gazed helplessly at each other, realising that any effort to escape would only cause more pain and suffering to them both. They were utter prisoners and without the key to release themselves, feared that they were doomed to slavery and sexual subjugation at the hands of whoever paid the highest price to Mistress Strong.

Slowly, their eyes lifted to the hook over which Mistress Strong had looped the chain to their nose-rings ... the hook with the key still dangling where Carrie had casually hung it to ensure it couldn't be misplaced. It was just a few inches above their upturned faces, and a million miles out of reach.

Big, hot tears of despair and misery welled from terrified blue eyes and trickled slowly down across their titanium-gagged lips to splash on now painfully distended, cinched breasts as the full horror of their plight swamped Carrie and Pippa's brains.

To their appalled disbelief and horror, the rods in their bodies began to vibrate and thrust back and forth as if they were living, flesh-and-blood, instead of inanimate metal and wires and electrical circuits!

Incapable of resisting the devastating stimulation being transmitted directly into the delicate and sensitive tissues of her anus and belly, each girl shuddered and squealed as her body responded instinctively by releasing a gush of juices that lubricated her sex,

thus easing the path for the vibrator to ravage her even more deeply and thoroughly. There was no escape and no relief. First Pippa and only seconds later, Carrie, was sent hurtling into powerful and unwanted orgasms that confirmed just how helpless they were and how terrifyingly easily they could be controlled and forced into sexual submission. They both knew then that they were doomed to endless slavery, just as Mistress Strong had told them they would be.

To reinforce that horrifying knowledge, stinging strings of awful electric shocks jolted through their bellies as the discipline function of the controlling rods was brought into operation. For ten, seemingly-endless seconds, Pippa and Carrie screamed dementedly and jerked in pained anguish as Mistress Strong exerted her absolute power by torturing them without even being present. At last the shocks stopped and were replaced by renewed arousal that would inevitably force more climaxes and submissions from them.

It was a cruel, utterly convincing demonstration of her ability to punish or reward as she chose, and as the two whimpering girls realised that any attempt to resist or disobey her would bring instant, merciless retribution, they could only gaze helplessly at each other and hope that they would be able to meet the standards of perfect obedience, perfect submission and perfect service that their Mistress, and, eventually, their new Owner, would require of them.

Their shared dream of ultimate restraint had turned into a living nightmare, and as each confronted the dreadful reality of the fate that they had unwittingly brought on themselves, soft wordless moans of anguish and fear together with ever-increasing sexual arousal marked the end of their freedom.

It was the beginning of their new lives as the total slaves they had unwittingly "volunteered" to become.

