



Chapter Two

She sits on the bed next to my contorted body, continuing to stroke my head, and I pant through my gag for breath. I can just see her red nails brushing ever so slowly against my leather-encased cheek.

“Unfortunately the trial is two to three years away. Of course, we all know that means: with delays, it’s going to be three years! So I am going to have to look after you for quite a long time.”

That’s monstrous! I’m staring at three years of horror! My brain fires, but there is nothing but desperate and useless struggling, an adrenalin-fuelled mindless hysterical panicking response—anything to escape from the leather harness I am trapped in. Despite my best efforts, the device merely creaks a little, as if to insult and humiliate me. I can barely move...and now Officer Diana has moved even closer to me.

“I know it’s a little uncomfortable at the moment,” she says, her voice imitating empathy but not being convincing. “But that custom-made set of leather restraints is really very secure. Even if you struggle against them diligently—morning, noon, and night for three years—you will not succeed in freeing yourself.”

Yeah, well, tell me something I don’t already know, bitch?

“In fact, honey, I am going to give you that very opportunity! I am very generous that way. Are you surprised? Happy?”

At this point I try to scream into my gag, to form some sort of understandable word of refusal, of denial. In response, she gently places her fingertip on my nose.

“It’s for your own good, really, and I have no real reason to set you free from the harness. So I am afraid that you’re just going to have to get used to it.” Her hand strokes my body along my ribs, and then suddenly she viciously squeezes my breast—as if it were a stress ball. Then she hooks two fingers into the harness strap going under my left arm and pulls the strap firmly, moving me closer to her, if that were possible.

“You might think you’re restrained tightly now,” she whispers in my ear, “but actually his harness can be made really, really tight—so tight that you can’t wiggle about at all, not even an inch.”

I try to pull away, to wriggle out of her grip. Again I make an effort to scream, to shout, but again I’m completely defeated by the enormous, evil-tasting, rubber gag occupying my entire mouth. Frustrated, angry, and frightened, I try to let my eyes show this sadist just how much I don’t want to experience this situation. And her reaction is, once again, to run her other hand along the strap,

“Yes, honey, good and tight is proper and right. When I am finished with you, you simply won’t believe how tight this little leather prison will get.” She reaches down, grabbing my mittened hand, and traces the line of my fingers held inside the restraints. “These mittens keep you from fidgeting, and they really suit you. They’re so cute, and so effective! When I was assigned to be your protection detail, and then first saw you, I immediately envisioned you bound just like this. And, you know, it might be happenstance, or it might be fate, but I had one of these lock-down harnesses in my boot from a previous witness program. Of course, I needed to get it modified just for you, so that it could be much more snug, you see. I am able to make this one so much tighter, now it has been custom refurbished for your measurements. You won’t believe how I will be able to bend your body, but I will, and after I’ve removed all the slack you’ll have nothing to do but admire what your body is capable of doing, under my guidance. And I’m so going to enjoy it”

She looks at me with what I can only describe as a predatory glare, and squeezes my thigh—and then to my revulsion she actually succeeds in moving even closer to my bound body. She has a hand on my compressed legs, now, and moves it over to my feet, tracing a line up my arched toes and pinioned limbs.

“It won’t take us very long, honey, to get your harness adjusted to the point that your big toes are touching your elbows. Won’t that be nice?”

Oh my dear god! I begin to pull my legs desperately, trying to move away from my tormentor, to effect some escape. Of course, there’s no way to lessen, let alone break free of, the hog-tie! I can’t get my big toes free, the straps are far too tight. *I am caught like a fish on a line.* I have absolutely no way to resist her demented and sadistic carnal impulses.

There are only Diana and myself in this room, this prison. Only the two of us hearing her terrifying words. Whoever she reports to, they’re not going to be paying any attention to what goes on here. No...no one is coming to my rescue; no one is going to help me....

Diana pats the mattress and grins like a Cheshire cat on crack cocaine. “Now in this wonderful, private little safe house there is only one bed. Yep, this one, the one you’re currently all bound up and gagged and lying on. So I confess that we will have to share.”

She rolls me onto my back. I look up at her, desperately shaking my head from side to side. I would rather sleep on the floor than to suffer whatever indignity she wants to do to me. But the posture collar is very high, and there’s a short, very heavy chain connecting the massive metal collar atop my leather neck brace to a massive bolt sunk into the wall above the bed. I can’t see any key for it, or in fact any lock at all. *That’s it!* My mind tell me. *That’s the final piece. There’s no way to escape this mad psycho bitch.* Even if I was free from the harness—and that’s a huge *if*, I am bolted to the wall. I am merely Diana’s helpless plaything.

When she speak again, her voice has a creepy, seductive tone to it.

“Now it’s just us two girls, and you don’t have to be shy. So, well, you won’t really need your clothes, do you? So that’s why I stripped you naked before I harnessed you up. And, you see it, makes it so much easier to give you a sponge bath, for example, to keep you nice and fresh. There’ll be lots of sponge-baths, honey. All those clothes of your would just get in the way, would you agree?”

I’ve been waiting for you to confess to that, you pervert. Even if I can’t do anything about it. Diana reaches out and runs her hand between my legs, two fingers gently stroking me between my labia over the strap that viciously bisects them. I moan into my gag in both fear and desperation. She grins and taps the front of my gag with her finger tip, just the edge of the nail.

“Now, don’t think that I will ever let you get a word in edgeways. You see, I don’t have to un-gag you if I don’t want to. There’s a force-feeding port at the front of the hood. When I was entertaining my last guest, there was so much begging, and at some point I couldn’t listen to any more of it. So for our time together you get to keep that very special accessory, and in return I promise I won’t complain about getting the silent treatment. I know, right? Aren’t I generous? You won’t run the risk of saying anything silly that would force me to punish you even more harshly.”

This time, I try to overcome the tyrannical domineering gag with all my might. I scream so hard into the gag that I almost black out. Diana seems to think that this is rather a little humorous. Then, as I watch helplessly, she is reaching for something.

“I think, honey,” she says sweetly, faking concern and consideration, “that you’re still making a bit too much noise. But don’t worry. You see this little dual pin security key? I turn it a little...just tiny bit for now...and it causes your gag to swell up a bit more. It’s based on an old fashioned gag that was called a ‘pear of anguish’. Isn’t that a hoot?”

To my utter terror she inserts the key into my gag. It gets larger...I mean scarily larger...very fast as it turns. What previously seemed unbearable was only a prelude to my current predicament. Oh my god—it is really agony!

“That was only two little turns, my little poppet. But it can go all the way up to twelve turns of expansion! So there’s plenty of room to play around some more!”

I pull on my arms, desperate to get them free of the leather straps and inflict serious damage to her body. Nothing. I glower at her! *Big fucking deal, but I need to do something.*

“Don’t look at me like that, darling. We both know this is for your own good”!

She holds my head and moves the pronged key forwards again. *Oh god please don’t! No more! I’m already beyond desperate!*

“You sure you want to give me that look? Marvellous! I’m delighted that you want to test your gag. Give me a moment, and I’ll get it nice and snug for you!”

Every turn made the infernal thing so much worse. I can sort of imagine how a fish feels when it is hooked. I cannot move my jaws, which are now spread impossible wide. *TMJ surgery, here I come!* Diana watches me, stroking my chin, looking up at the ceiling.

“Honey, let’s be clear. This place is sound proofed anyway. So, keeping your mouth filled and stretched is more for my peace of mind. What I want is to keep you nice and quiet and serene.”

The cruel bitch does another turn of the key in the equally cruel device, and suddenly my jaw goes completely numb; My eyes have teared up with the physical stress and my emotional state. Diana notices, and bends down and kisses me over the gag!

“There you go, honey, your first day and you’re all the way up to four key-turns. That’s a terrific beginning. I’m figuring it’ll be merely a week to get it all the way up to twelve turns. The last girl took nearly a month...but I have

good reason to believe that with you I can do much better!”

I can't imagine my mouth and jaws surviving like this for any length of time. Surely it's not going to be possible! An then Diana slaps me violently on my bottom, grinning broadly and evilly. I can feel her palm hit the base of the plug that spreads my anus and fills my rectum, constantly wobbling about inside me. It is unpleasant as well as humiliating. So large and very hard to ignore—but not as crushing and soul-defeating as the gag. Diana smiles full of mock sympathy and her hand pats the plug again...perhaps 'pat' is too gentle a word. My asshole burns.

“Don't worry about making a mess, honey, I've already gotten you all plugged and catheterised. Every day you're going to get the full treatment, to keep you nice and clean. A hot soapy enema to fill you up inside, after which I'll leave you to percolate for a few hours, to make sure it really cleans you out. Actually, I am going to give you a big one before you get to sleep at night, and another one first thing in the morning before we do anything else. It will be the same with the catheter: a little back-fill with some soapy water and you're going to be really bucking against those bonds, desperate to pee.”

Fucking sadist! I'm so lost, so doomed! How will I ever be able to handle this, day after day...year after year!?

“Not that you can ever get away from me, honey,” Diana adds, as if being sympathetic. “With the right mix in your bladder and your bowel you're going to really test that gag. The key will always be right where I can get it. Should be quite entertaining; I suspect watching you need to alleviate your predicament will be something I never get tired of. I already gave you a rather thorough clean-out while you were sleeping off the chloroform.”

That little statement alone fills me with intense dread, and suddenly I notice an aching in my guts that I hadn't been paying attention to before.

She moves me round so that I can watch what happens next. Diana starts to slowly strip down, peel off her clothes like a stripper, very slow and sensuous. The first thing to come off is her blouse—those large breasts, barely contained in her underwire bra!. Then her skirt—flaring hips, long legs encased in stockings, a camel-toe inside her panties. She pauses to strike a few poses. Then Diana removes her high-heeled shoes and slowly, one by one, unhooked the garters and pulls off her stockings, then places everything on a chair. Her bra follows—to my amazement her big breasts barely dip as the support is pulled away. Her garter belt follows, and finally her tiny, green, lace thong. She is now thoroughly nude...an astounding body. She advances on me like a starving woman looking at a bountiful buffet, and begins by running a hand over my right breast, perhaps half the size of hers, squeezing tightly.

“Now, how shall we pass the time, honey, on this very first of what will be a very long and very personal relationship? I know! How about some tickling, groping, and edging?”

I immediately panic one again, my poor bound, humiliated body desperately trying to avoid her molestations. But of course my screaming and struggling is all for naught. I cannot prevent her from running her hands over my breasts and pressing herself against my bound body.

Diana rolls me over onto my stomach and shifts her position so that she is behind me. She has positioned me so I can't see what she is doing, and that worries the crap out of me! There is the sound of a metal box rattling, followed by a thump of rubber and leather hitting the mattress. Her hands start cupping my buttocks, and although I still instinctively try to pull away, she is pretty much on top of me and fully in control.

“You do know, don't you honey, you have a rather gorgeous, bouncy ass. And I have a rather large strap-on just sitting around unused—actually, it's right next to us a I speak. It's telling me that it's begging to be rammed into your tight little rear. Smashed in so hard that you're going to try to bring down the walls of this room with your delicious screaming, while I commence with initiating our somewhat one-sided romance, but it will be a long-lasting romance my dear.”

She slowly waves the intimidating item in front of me. It's made from black, stiff rubber, and has to be at least thirteen inches long—perhaps more!—curving slightly upwards just exactly as a man's penis would. My panicking

perception can't quite grasp every feature, but I do note in terror that there are spiralling rings of rubber spikes, from the tip to the end. And the very tip is graced with what appears to be a large spiky ball. There are patches of rubber bristles, too, and I intuit that they will feel like a giant bottle brush being worked into my rear.

It looks like an implement more suited to beating a confession out of victims, rather than engaging in anal congress with them. I can see the other end of the harness, too, and a device jutting out in the other direction that is clearly more suited to bringing pleasure than pain—something meant for Diana's body, of course.

I am left in a blind, screaming, desperate panic, as the monster is moved out of my field of vision. Maybe, I think, at least she might release my bondage by some degree while she has her way with me. I hope that might give me an opportunity that I can use to escape.

Diana is behind me, and I can feel her press down, her weight on my back. The next instant the blindfold is back, placed over my face, and there are a couple of *clicks* as it is locked in place. I am overcome with fear, plunged into disquieting darkness. Diana is fiddling with the harness as she slips her own dildo into her vagina. A moment later she releases a few catches on my knees, and my legs helplessly separate into a frog tie—she won't have to release me from the harness to play with me! With my toes pulled back like this I am not going anywhere and, really, I have no possible way to resist her. *Oh how I want to kick her right in the teeth now.* Wait...she is doing something...I can hear a few straps being tightened up. My sadistic 'protection officer' is presumably donning the harness that will dispense both pleasure and anguishing pain. *Ecstasy for her but at my expense.*

I am going to experience something more violating than a hundred back-to-back tax audits. This has not been—and will not be—my day...

There is no foreplay, no build-up. I can feel the intrusive girth of the anal plug I have been forced to retain, the one previously loaded in my ass, already being pulled free without any tenderness. She just yanks it out. Diana gets ready, holding onto the harness gripping my hips and manoeuvring me round. I try to protect myself by clamping my knees together, but she is kneeling there, wedging her body weight between my knees, keeping them forced apart. Her thighs are rubbing against mine forcing them wide. I scream yet again into the hugely expanded gag, as I can feel the tip of something massive and slickly lubricated held against my sphincter, the tip it feeling like the size of a tennis ball but covered in blunt rubber spikes! I tense up as much as I can, bracing myself for what is to come. I tense up as much as I can, bracing myself for what is to come, as the tip of the monster rests against the entrance to my body.

Diana bends down, her giant breasts pressing against my back. She has one hand on the straps, the other on my throat.

"Let me know if you don't want to play...hello...honey?"

Noooooo!! I scream into the gag at the top of my lungs, but very little comes out. My throat and jaws feel horrible with the strain. Diana, meanwhile, waits patiently for just a moment until it's clear I don't have any more breath to scream, just to mock me.

"Well, I can't hear anything," she finally announces, "and I want to be clear that muffled begging doesn't count. Not at all. So, I guess, sweet thing, you are eager to try out all the little games I have in mind. Don't worry, honey, I won't show you any mercy. Not one little moment of leniency, all through our little games...and we'll play them every day!"

The entire punitive member, covered with big rubber spikes and bristles, pushes against my opening. And without any further delay or taunting she thrusts the whole thing home, slamming me into the mattress! Filling my rectum and ravaging my sphincter! it is not fucking appreciated by my body or my brain, to say the least! After a moment of shock at the excruciating pain and the sudden complete occupation of my rear hole, I begin to desperately struggle to get away, to un-impale myself. I am fighting against my leather prison, howling my lungs out.

Diana uses her hips to pull out a few inches—god, this makes things burn!—and then smashes home again! She

reaches round to cup my breasts, hard...tight.... The gag steals every cry of pain that I manage to utter.

“There! You see how effective the harness is? You can’t do anything at all, honey, strapped up like this. No matter how hard you struggle, you’re mine, just like this, for the next three years!”

My body is contorted in agony. *Oh god oh shit oh please pull it out. Please! Pleaseplease please...!* And then I can feel the straps shift, and I suddenly realise what she is doing! The bitch is holding onto the straps and pulling them tighter as I struggle, and meanwhile she fucks me mercilessly with that barbed monster! She powers into me again with a thrust of her hips, and the strap wrapping around my elbows is yanked even tighter. I am sobbing into the gag. I can’t take it. *She is going to break me physically and mentally!*

With each movement, my tight little prison is getting even tighter., and the pressure on my abused spine grows. I am begging into the gag for her to stop or slow down. Diana, of course, does neither, focusing on her own pleasure. Having set up the harness as she has, she is definitely on the better end of the deal. The strap-on has two ends, with her pussy full of something rather less painful and more pleasurable. She is getting close to orgasming, even after such a short time abusing me, stretching my insides around the enormous rubber column.

Another violent pull, and she manages to get one of the harness straps one notch tighter, *How much more of this can there be before she crushes me!* The lubricant is not capable of making it easy for her monstrous toy to move in and out of me. My muscles are crying out in agony, my tendons straining against the harsh position. And then once again she resumes her chatting, even as she impales me, filling me deeper and deeper. Her voice is seductive, husky, and intimate—as if I were her lover and not her prisoner!

“Honey,” she whispers to me, “it’s entirely okay with me if you don’t like lesbian domination, or anal punishment fucking with my ‘Discipline Dominator’ set up just for you.” She slows down her pumping through my destroyed anus and into my completely occupied rectum, and begins to twist my nipples, clamping her fingers onto my breasts as if they were alligator clips, adding more pain and humiliation to the mix.

My bowels suddenly decide they want to admit defeat, and immediately I feel the urge to eliminate. But of course nothing’s going to come out. I am completely, thoroughly, occupied...owned...dominated....

“I won’t hold it against you, sweetie. After all, we are going to be together for such a long time. So I understand that it might take some time before you become more accommodating to our new relationship!”

Diana continues to ream my ass raw. I’m still trying to scream, reacting to each plunge into me. I am twisting and contorting against my bonds, desperately trying to find for some avenue of escape. But, alas, there are none to be found, the bondage is flawless. I have absolutely no way to stop her using me like this, my bound body folded and incapable of escaping her advances. Twisted monster that she is, the evidence so far is that she won’t stop of her own accord.

And then...and then...she gasps in pleasure and delivers another merciless thrust, and I am still forced to listen to her demented ramblings. *You fucking bitch!*

“Oh, honey, it’s soooo good, real good. Something special. I’m simply going to love fucking you up your arse whenever I want! You know what they say, honey, you have to keep at it. You know, that old ‘try, try, and try again’. Persistence is the key, honey, and we will certainly be persistent. We have all the time we need....”

I can’t take it! I can’t I can’t I can’t....

Her hands are back on the straps dragging the harness ever tighter. “That’s right, darling...we can keep trying again and again, until you learn to love taking my bitch tamer up your cute little arse.”

I doubt that very much! I The size of the monster is splitting me apart. My anus burns like hell, and my rectum is stretched beyond recovery. I can’t take it, but she won’t stop! The next thrust is hard and fast knocking, all the wind out of me. As I gasp and scream in protest, she manages to slip one of the buckles even tighter. My entire body hurts like hell, unable to move an inch. Diana is a demoness sent to torment me!

“Get it through your lovely little gagged and blindfolded head, honey...we have all the time in the world!.... Oh...I think...I...am...going...too....”

And then I feel her throwing her head back, and she screams in orgasmic bliss, arching her body as she mercilessly thrusts the strap-on in and out, fast and recklessly, while I struggle against my creaking leather prison. She hasn't one single ounce of care for my well-being, past keeping me helplessly bound in her protective custody, that is. I am like a fly wrapped up in a web by a spider.

I sag into the mattress, battered and spent, trying to relax my body as much as I am able. But it is over, the rampant assault seems to have finally stopped. My body is so sore...I can feel ever single aching muscle pleading to be given a rest.

And more than anything, I need to expel the monster. And I need to empty my bowels!

Diana merely grins and pats me on the head, her own voluptuous body beginning to relax in post-orgasmic softness. And then she whispers words that terrorize me from head to foot!

“I wouldn't relax too much, honey. Honestly, did you really think it's over for tonight?” She makes tut-tutting sounds in her throat. “You're so naïve, my little one, but you will learn. We've got at least two more rounds to go before I am usually satisfied....”

'At least'?!.... Oh god help me help me!

“You see, the truth is I am one very horny bitch, and I really get off on this. So listen very carefully, honey. I hope you're ready, because this time I'm not going to go easy on you. I was gentle...even considerate...the first time. Yes, it's true my sweetheart. Remember how I eased you into your new position.”

I start to squirm in my bonds again, begging almost mindlessly into my gag as I hear her lubricating the monster as it protrudes still stuck in my anus, getting it ready for its second performance of the night. She called the first fucking merciful, gentle. *What the hell am I about to suffer?* A moment later I can feel her grabbing the harness straps and pulling me into her irresistible terrifying embrace. The enormous textured shaft slides right back up into me. My arsehole burns as it is forced to stretch again. *So much for her attempts to lubricate the thing....*

“Oh, and I almost forgot: I also like to give my guests a wake-up fuck first thing in the morning! Just after the first brutal punishment enema of the day. Nice and deep and *really* hard, to set them up right for the day ahead. Honey, you will learn to like it, I'm sure. Don't think I haven't noticed that you need to relieve yourself really badly. Of course you do. But it isn't going to happen. Not tonight! What you like or dislike, what you want or don't want, really doesn't matter at all from now on. You're going to take every inch of this spiky bitch tamer in your wiggling, fuckable rear. Every time I have the itch to dominate you and I need to scratch it. Again, and again, and again. Day after day after day. You and your incredibly erotic arse are going to become one very accommodating little fuck-toy, and there is absolutely nothing that you can do about it. In sum, my lovey, you're going to be my little bondage bitch, for the next three years....”

Noooo!! Oh god noooo!! I scream into my gag, uselessly, again and again. *No...no...noooo...nononono!!!* But she grips my harness, and her assault on my insides resumes, and my spasming muscles beg for a mercy that will not come. One of her hands clamps over my nostrils, and so she suffocates me as she fucks me raw. There will be no mercy. I fucking belong to her! Entirely hers. Lost!...

...And so yet another star witness has been installed in safety from everything and everyone. Locked up in the secret sound proof bunker, sequestered behind reinforced steel and concrete. Safe from everyone for a very long time...well, everyone with the exception of the protective custody officer. But surely that is really a small technicality! The corporation that was stalking her will never think to look there. It never has....