**Julie’s Epic Adventures in Life**

**"The Meeting - No Words Required!"**

It was Happy Hour and the customers were just beginning to filter in from their daily routines to sit down and have a cold one and watch a little psuedo pornographic "art", go-go and strip dancing, ala Julie style. The Happy Hour shift started with B.J. doing her thing in her usual wanton and sexy way in the bright orangish red bikini top and bottom.......whirling around the poles on the raised stage, pole clasped firmly between her slim, white legs with a high on the pole start and a slow twirling slide to the floor of the platform.

"Damn", Julie thought to herself. "That bitch has got to be gettin it off with that pole....I'd go nuts with that thing stuffed up against my pussy twirling round like that and sliding down that god damn pole." "Phew!" "It's no wonder they call her B.J.!" "That's probably all she can do after a night of THAT!"

The song ended on the juke box and another started. Julie remembered that that was number three for B.J. and that she had to start pumping her dance songs into the box pretty soon 'cause she was up next with her set of three. She walked over to the Juke Box slowly in her see-through wrap, scanning the customers to see who she'd focus her attentions on this time up. "Boy, she thought, these guys look dead!" "This is goin' to be a damn tough shift!." "Almost as bad as her hookin' days in Parkersburg at the 'Club' before Johnny came along and knocked her up and then slipped her out of the place."

As Julie stood at the machine she thought back about Parkersburg and Chris, the Club Boss and his bitch, Hilda, who kept the girls in line. And, when they didn't stay in line, set em up for a session with Chris in the special, frightening room in the basement.

"God", she thought, "I'll never forget the first time I fucked up and that bitch dragged me down there....NEVER!"

She leaned against the wall and closed her eyes, thinking back to that terrible night when that big drunken son of bitch from the Shell Refinery over in Belpre had snuck up behind her at the bar and about twisted her tits off. When she stopped screaming at him and thought she had him calmed down some, he rammed his hand into her crotch and shoved his index finger up her ass as his thumb went up her pussy, panties and all, and started to literally lift her up off the stool that way. Thinking quickly, she had grabbed a beer bottle and smashed the big dumb bastard over the head, screaming her head off the whole time. Goddamn that had hurt as he tried to close his index finger and thumb together while they were driven deep in her ass and up her cunt with her pants wrapped around them. When the beer bottle hit him, he dropped like a rock.

The next thing she knew, Hilda was all over her ass, twisting her arm behind her back and slapping the shit out of her face.

Hilda shoved her arm up behind her back to her goddamn neck, bent her over almost double at the waist and marched her out the back door toward the stairs leading up to the "party rooms" and down to the basement. "Oh God, If I'd known what was in that black vinyl covered room in the basement with the mirrored ceiling and about all that 'equipment' sitting in the room, I'd have let the son of a bitch shove his fuckin fist up my ass, never mind a little old finger and some black panties", Julie thought.

The memories flowed back with increasing detail, igniting fear in her brain and making her break out in a cold sweat (and starting the juices flowing in her pussy, much to her dismay). She stood up against the wall and let her mind race back to that night.

Hilda, instead of hustling her upstairs to chew her ass out and slap her around, wheeled her past the stairs leading to the party rooms upstairs and hustled her down the stairs and into a room she had never seen before, across from the foot of the stairs, and had only heard fearful rumors about from the rest of the whores in the place. They didn't talk about it much and didn't care to, or so it seemed. She'd always wondered why. That night she found out...in spades!

Hilda stripped her house coat off her and ripped her top and panties off almost in one motion with Julie still practically doubled over standing on her feet and her arm shoved up behind her back almost to the top of her head, now.

"You goddamn dumb whore!" screamed Hilda, "How many fucking times do I have to tell you I handle the assholes and you don't ever, ever hit em with anything unless they ask you to, UPSTAIRS!.... and then only after they've paid double for the S&M Scene trick!" "I'm tired of this shit from you!" "When I get through with you down here you are goddamn sure goin' to remember that, you little Delaware whore.....and when Chris, "The Rammer" finishes with you, after I get tired, you won't do shit unless you ask me or him first; bet on it, bitch!"

About then Julie suddenly realized it was damn warm in that room. And dim. It seemed like it was a hundred and twenty degrees. As she looked around from her upside down position she saw ringbolts in a cloth vinyl padded floor of pure white mats with buttons holding the mat down in that upholstered look. But as her eyes wandered back and forth she saw a lot more. There were two big rings, one inside the other, one on a pivot up into the ceiling and down into the floor and the other on pivots or shafts through the first one extending out sideways either way midway between the floor and the ceiling. She couldn't see well with her goddamn hair hanging down all over, but she saw that the inside ring had little D-Rings welded to it all the way around it's circumference about a foot or so apart (D-Rings were something she learned about later and would never ever forget!). The two gimbaled rings (like the frames of those spinning gyroscopes they use in airplanes, boat compasses and the like) were HUGE; they were at least, if not more than, eight foot in diameter, very sturdy, just standing there one inside the other in stark stainless steel majesty like some abstract or modern art painting.

As her clothes were shredded from her she spotted another object off in the corner sitting on the pure white matted floor. It looked like a chair of some kind except that it had an outline like a human body and leather straps dangling down from it everywhere she looked. The straps were riveted or bolted to the sides of the human figure outline of the chair so that they ran between heavy stainless steel rods that defined the out line of the human figure and they ran on the under and back sides of the "chair" and the buckle end and loops to insert in the buckles dangled down off the rivets or bolts on the front of the back and legs of the "chair" and the top of the "seat" and arms. "what the shit is this place", she'd thought, and "what the hell are they going to do with me?"

She didn't have to wait for long to get her answer, she remembered.

Hilda quickly walked her, bent double, over to the "Chair" and slammed her into the seat with her arm still crammed up to the top of her head. She slammed her other arm down on the leather straps running across in between the two stainless steel arm rods and quickly buckled one of the many straps over her forearm and another over her upper arm. She jumped to the other side of the gleaming stainless steel chair and did the same trick with her other arm. It was then that Julie looked up and saw the mirrored ceiling and black walls - BLACK VINYL PADDED WALLS! And back behind the gimbaled huge stainless steel rings standing out in stark reality, she could vaguely see things hanging on the vinyl wall. LOT'S OF THEM. She couldn't see em well, but they looked like straps and balls and hoods and whips and all sorts of kinky shit. About that time, she remembered, Hilda slammed her lower leg into one of the "Chair's" legs in front and buckled it in tight. She repeated the process with the other leg and then continued up to the seat where she buckled her thighs in tight with 4" wide leather straps attached to the chair so that her thighs sat on the bottom riveted part of the strap and they came up through her thighs, right in front of her pubic hair covered crotch, and only fractions of an inch away from it. When Hilda had buckled the thigh straps, her legs were an integral part of the steel rods and leather straps that encased part of her legs. The stainless steel rods on the insides of her legs ended right in front of her pussy while the outside ones went up her outside upper leg(s) past her hip(s) and on up her sides behind her upper arms and on up over her head and joined together there. Next came a huge, wide strap (it must have been 8 or 10 inches wide, at least) which was pulled across her flat stomach and navel and buckled so tight it almost took her breath away (and, of course, it ran across her lower back behind her, also). Then came the straps across the upper and lower part of her chest above her pert little tits, which by now were sweat covered with her nipples sticking out like peaks on a mountain, and just about as hard as the mountain's rocks.

She was about to say something to Hilda, she remembered now, when Hilda slammed another leather strap across her mouth; but this one was different. It had a ring in the middle of it and as Hilda pulled the hard stainless steel ring and strap arrangement across in front of her mouth as if to buckle it on the other side, Hilda punched the center of the wide tummy belt so hard Julie's mouth flew open. In one swift motion Hilda pulled the strap/ring combination deep into Julie's mouth so that the ring was completely behind her teeth, held there by the straps cutting painfully and deeply into either side of her mouth and jamming her mouth wide open with the ring just inside holding it that way. Julie remembered she started to scream and protest and Hilda simply walked to the other end of the room and got a ball with a leather strap through it, came back, wrapped the strap around behind her head over the stainless steel rods that bracketed either side of her head, spun the ball around so it was in her mouth, walked behind and buckled it down tight.

Julie remembered vividly the ball being jammed into her mouth so it sat in the stainless steel ring that held her mouth open wide. Christ, she was scared! She begged, she mumbled, she cried, but not a word came out; and meanwhile, Hilda had gone ahead and wrapped a wide strap over her neck and buckled it and one across her forehead and buckled it, TIGHT! It was then that Julie realized she was being strapped into some goddamn kind of steel body frame chair with the stainless steel rods running along the outside edges of her body, legs, arms, and head, complete. Hilda went back over her arms and legs and torso and connected MORE straps so that Julie had a leather strap over just about every six to eight inches of her body and was about a quarter to a third covered with tightly buckled down straps from head to foot.

When Hilda was done, she stood back and looked at her handiwork, then walked over to the far wall and came back with weird looking glove like things, four of them with two buckles and laces about where the wrist would be and a huge three inch strap sewn to the top or back of the hand portion and a buckle sewn to the palm. She jammed them on Julie's hands and buckled each of the two small straps after lacing up each "glove", (actually a mitten). The process was repeated with Julie's feet, using form fitting, soft leather boots made the same way, like the mittens; soft boots or something, Julie remembered.

Then Hilda pulled the big straps on the gloves and boots forward and ran them over the stainless steel that looped around front of Julie's feet and hands in from one steel rod on one side to the other rod on the other side. Hilda pulled each of the four straps tight and buckled them into the sewn buckles on Julie's Palms and the bottom of her feet so that her hands and were stretched out straight from her arms and her feet pointed like a ballet dancer.

Then and only then did Hilda stop and relax. She looked down at Julie with pure hate and absolute lust in her eyes and said "welcome to Hilda's 'Palace', Julie, you bitch!" "You are sitting in my masterpiece that I developed when I got tired of you whores trying to kick the hell out of me when I was working you over and and which I also developed because it makes you totally helpless and completely at my mercy." "But you ain't seen nothin yet my pretty!' "This little 'chair' you're sittin in is much more than a chair" and with that she tipped the "chair" forward so that Julie was hanging from it, her stomach horizontal, looking at the floor, her head horizontal, on her knees. She manuevered the elbow part of what Julie had earlier thought were just armrests for her arms, on each side, so that Julie's arms straightened out instead of being bent as they were when she was strapped into this thing and and so her stretched hands and finger tips pointed straight down at the floor and the hoops at the ends of the the hands touched the pure white vinyl cushioned floor. Hilda walked around behind and in a short while Julie's legs spread out so her knees were about two foot apart. Julie remembered she heard something lock or snap as her knees were spread and locked in that position. The next thing that happened to her was her head being raised up and back as the frame along her neck was unlocked and pivoted so that her neck was pulled back and locked in position. Now she was on her hands and knees with her head raised up looking forward toward the dimly illumniated wall full of strange looking devices...that "kinky" stuff.

Julie stood by the Juke box shivering, thinking about being stark ass naked in that black room with it's mirrored ceiling and white vinyl matted floor, tied immobile - tied hell......strapped into a goddamn human shaped frame that held her like an "Iron Lady" of old but with one big difference. Her whole fuckin body had been exposed and her tits hung down between the chest straps. But the thing that brought back memories of terror and fear and, at the same time, made her juices flow down her vaginal walls, asit still did.............NOW!......................, was the way her pussy and asshole were sticking out as she was immobilized with her arms and hands straight down, on her knees, lower legs and the tops of her feet pulled back to the frame so her toes were pointed backwards.

As she shivered and her juices flowed, leaning up against the wall in the little Go-Go Lounge years later, she remembered vividly what Hilda did next.

"Well, honey, you're mine now until I give you over to the Rammer and then you'll find out why the bad girls named him that." "His name's really Chris, but the 'Rammer' he definitely earned, as you will soon find out!" But you won't ever again call him by that name or any other but MASTER, nor will you call me by any other name but MISTRESS, in front of either of us." "What you call us when we aren't around is your business, but after tonight and tomorrow and tomorrow night and for as long as it takes, we're MISTRESS and MASTER to you or you stay in that fucking training frame and in this room FOREVER, Bitch!" "Understand?"

Julie remembered she couldn't answer Hilda, ...M I S T R E S S!... because she couldn't move a muscle and she was gagged with that big ring in her mouth and the ball in the ring. She remembered that she blinked at Mistress several times and Mistress nodded ever so slightly, and then slid her hand up under Julie's hanging pert, pointed small breasts and carressed them and ran her finger tips over the nipples making Julie shudder and the erotic feelings begin to flow from her breasts down to her pussy which was already starting to get very very wet, both from sweat and from her vaginal juices.

Mistress continued to carress her tits, Julie recalled, and as she did she started telling Julie that this was the last night they'd ever look that way again. That made no sense to her until Mistress explained that Mistress and Master were going to "fix" her so she could be strung up by her nipples in the future, ANY TIME THEY WISHED IT. Julie stood against the wall next to the Juke Box and rubbed her arm over her breasts, feeling the little gold rings under her bikini top where they ducked into and out of her nipples. "That was years ago", she thought, "and I still have them there!" "God they feel good", she thought, "but they didn't THEN." "I was scared shitless, sweating like the whore that I was, after a twenty stud gang bang, down in that hot basement room, dripping sexual juices through my sweat."

Julie's mind floated back to that night, again, and with her arm rubbing over her golden ringed nipples, she once more drifted back to a recollection of what Mistress had done next. Hilda went to the wall and came back with two dildos about as big as Julie had ever seen before (she'd seen much bigger since!) and, with an almost gentleness, Mistress shoved one in Julie's upturned, doggy fashion, ass and one in her now flowing pussy (not really flowing because pussies don't flow,...Cocks do, pussies don't..., but really well lubricated!). Julie felt Mistress turn something on and her Pussy and Ass came alive as the twin vibrators started to work at low speed. It felt good, she remembered; the twin, artificial, vibrating male organs had been stuffed in her nether holes to the hilt, barely sticking out; she had felt that,.......really well!

She watched attentively as Hilda walked by her to the wall on the other side of the gimbaled rings and took down a small whip of some kind with wicked looking, short leather strands hanging from it. Mistress walked up to her and held the whip by it's handle so the strands hung down in front of Julie's eyes. "Ever seen a 'Pussy Whip' Julie....."Slave Julie".....?" Mistress asked. The answer was eye blinking again. It was the best she could do. Mistress smiled and walked around behind. The next thing Julie heard ....Slave Julie.... was a whirring sound followed by the tips of the "Pussy Whip" striking her pussy, her asshole, her asscheeks and her underbelly and thighs as it whipped around in it's vicious circle.

As Julie stood up against the wall next to the music machine here years later she remembered how Mistress had continued to whip her pussy and asshole with that thing as the two artificial cocks buzzed away in her vagina and ass canal and the smell of sweat, pre-orgasm juices and pure raw leather and steel permeated her nostrils. She remembered that she started to sweat even more and the water dripped off her as the whip swished round and round catching the folds over her clit as it went up toward her underbelly. And she remembered how, despite everything she could do to prevent it, which physically was next to nothing, she had slowly built to the biggest, pain wracked orgasm she'd ever had as the frame she was bound to vibrated with her attempted contorsions from the orgasm's crest. The whip never stopped, though, and in a few minutes she was back up again, only this time it hurt like hell as she built up to it but the orgasms peak gave brief exploding and intense pleasure followed by severe pain and cramps all over her lower body and up into her insides themselves. And each time the orgasm subsided, Mistress reached down and turned up the speed another notch on one of the vibrators.

Standing here now she couldn't remember how many times that happened but she remembered the pleasure and the infernal pain that always came with it. It went on for what seemed like hours and she couldn't do a thing to stop it. Pussy whip, notch up on the vibrator(s), orgasm, pleasure, blinding pain, then start over again and again and again.

As Julie stood there next to the Juke box, she thought about how after that long, long session with Mistress and Master, she had never again been able to have a "normal" orgasm in normal fucking unless someone pulled hard on her nipple rings or whipped her pussy while she was trying to get off.....except for one other way...when she had a big hard loving cock in her mouth, kneeling on her knees with the guy standing in front of her with her hair wrapped in his fingers and him pumping her mouth back and forth on his cock. That got to her, too. But after that night and the days and nights that followed, pleasure and pain were to be forever wed for her and never to be seperated.

"Julie! You going to stand there day dreaming all day or are you going to play your fuckin songs, bitch?"

It was B.J. and the music had stopped and the stage inside the U-Shaped bar was empty. "Oh Shit," Julie thought. "Let's get our act together, woman.....NOW!" She plugged the quarters in the machine, punched in her "numbers" and started back behind the leg of the bar's "U" between it and the back wall and mounted the stairs to the stage. As she turned toward the mirrored back wall behind the stage, which ran all across the wall, from it's floor to it's ceiling , she was again reminded of those goddamn hellish (but never to be forgotten, and perhaps, even appreciated, if not loved and feared at the same time), days in Parkersburg, West Virginia and her very first Mistress and very first Master, and the first, long nights and days in their "care" as they brought her to a lifetime understanding of her formerly hidden sexually submissive underpinnings and deep seated sexual cravings to be dominated by the right "MASTER", (and, sometimes, but not often,....MISTRESS! "That fuckin' Johnny 'saved me from myself and them', the son of a bitch," she thought. "But he never took the rings out of me, did he?", she mused. Nobody ever would, for very long; not even Julie....pretty, sexually submissive and subservient,... ....Slave Julie....for she had grown to love them as a part of her sexy, if somewhat "different" body and mentality.

"I wonder if I'm going to find the right man tonight?" she thought. And by right she knew exactly what she meant....A MASTER.... who understood....Slave Julie and her REAL NEEDS AND DESIRES... some guy who could be tender and loving and yet could put her through her "paces" and make her AGAIN feel what she had felt that night and the nights and days that followed in Parkersburg.

She looked in the mirror on the wall as she started to gyrate her ass and move her little tits back and forth, and out of the corner of her eyes, she could see a tall, heavy dude with a beard and mustache looking back at her in the mirror. She turned her head away and went throught her routine all the way to the end of the song and then stood there looking in the mirror at "him"....was he a Master? Did he understand? He had kind eyes but he looked big, mean and forceful......."We shall see, my kind eyed big brute of a friend".....she loved big men and beards because her first Master in that basement room in Parkersburg had been and had both........"we shall see....when I get through these next two songs, what you are indeed made of and why"...."you may be the guy I've been looking for ever since Parkersburg".

End of Part I - Chapter

----------------------------------------------------------------------------

**JULIE'S PAST - PART 1 - CHAPTER 2**

**MEMORIES OF THE PAST FLOW BACK AS Julie HUNTS A "NEW" MASTER**

With her eyes focused on the mirror, staring at the moustached and bearded big guy at the back right end of the U-Shaped bar, Julie started her second number........a Beach Boys tune she loved. She whipped into action, whirling around the stage in her pale blue bikini top and pale blue bikini pants, but keeping her eyes glued to the mirror all along the back of the stage and locked on the sexy big guy. She never looked at him directly, but, instead always through the huge mirror. She noted, (and so did her body as it continued to become more sexually aroused and sexually stimulated), that he was locked onto her eyes and never took HIS eyes off them.

She wriggled her ass at him; she shook her pert little breasts at him; she, literally, used every trick she'd learned since she left the farm in Delaware to get him to look at her BODY,........but he never took his eyes off her eyes, no matter what she did. As the song came to a close she couldn't help comparing this tall, large framed, bearded male to that huge, handsome hulk and hunk of a man, who had so "forcefully" and permanently entered her young life, in that strange basement room, in Parkersburg, that fateful and punishing night, years ago as she remained bound in leather straps, gagged and suspended between stainless steel body forming and shaping rods, on her knees with her arms and hands locked straight down toward the floor, her legs spread wide, with the rubbery, hot, now wet, vibrating, at first sexually satisfying, twin male "engines" buried deeply and thickly to the hilt in her hurting, but very wet, female sexual passage and up her stretched anal canal.

Hilda.....MISTRESS HILDA!.... had left the room a L-O-N-G time ago and the twin, pseudo male organs were still running rampant, at their highest possible setting, deep inside her protruding and sweat coated body, driving her to one ogasmic peak after another, all be it farther and farther apart, as her sexual recovery period got longer and longer and the pain wracking, post orgasmic contractions and spasms lasted longer and longer before subsiding to allow her to start her build up to yet another swelling, mind engulfing, orgasmic orgy of pleasure followed by yet another "round" of EXTREME pain. How many times, she tried to recall now, had she "come" in that position down there in that steaming hot, black vinyl walled room with the white vinyl floor mat, mirrored ceiling and gimbaled stainless steel "artful" rings firmly pinned into the reflecting ceiling above, into the padded white floor below and into each other, with all those dimly illuminated, rather vague looking, strange "tools of the trade" hanging on the far, ominous, black wall behind them?

As her selected third tune started, Julie swayed sexily and wantonly back and forth, staring carefully and continuously into the mirror and, thus, into those kind but firm eyes that stared ever back at her, just as constantly, almost lovingly, but with a smiling and knowing quality about them and their owner that told Julie this was no "ordinary" male. No, this one knew her inside out without touching her, without saying a word to her! And he knew she was somehow "special", (she could sense it), just as she knew the same about him!. KNEW IT! He had that masterful but gentle quality about him that, late that one night in Parkersburg in that basement room, had driven her wild with passion and with the mindless, unreasoned desire to please in any way that she possibly could..........TO OBEY AND SUBMIT!....and to love, to lick and lave, to suck and devour, to be fondled, to be licked, to be sucked, and to be thoroughly filled and stuffed full of her MASTER as she had been driven to incredible heights of sexual satisfaction in ways she had never dreamed possible, as she was carefully put through one new "experience" after another, while begging and moaning for still more.

As Julie locked the potent memories in her mind, reminding herself of the "stakes" involved, her eyes stayed locked to the gentle stranger's eyes as she danced and swayed her wanton sexually wicked best, and her mind, once again, drifted backward in time and over all those many intervening years, to the tepid basement room in the whore's club in Parkersburg to re-create and embellish the first time she'd ever met such a man.............A MASTER..........her OWN very special FIRST master!

She recalled that she had just been coming down from an orgasmic peak that fateful night in that basement room in Parkersburg, shuddering in her leather straps and stainless steel "Iron Maiden" frame, when she first heard the padded but firm foot steps behind her on the soft, white, matted, floor. Her head was raised up, eyes staring ahead and locked in that position that had forced her to stare forward at the large, almost majestic, stainless steel, gimbaled rings that occupied the darkened center of the room, with all those frightening instruments of as yet unexperienced bondage and punishment that hung dimly suspended from the far black, vinyl wall beyond the rings. The wide leather strap that tightly stretched across her forehead and had locked her head between her framing stainless steel rod "captor", the painful stainless steel ring in her mouth just behind her teeth that anchored her mouth in its opened and vulnerable, straight ahead position with it's complimenting ball gag and leather strap pulled deeply and securely into the ring and her six inch wide leather neck strap that anchored her neck in its entirely immobile position and had not allowed her to turn her head even a fraction of an inch to see what was causing the sounds she had heard. She had tried to look upward into the mirrored ceiling but, all she been able to see was a downward view of the stainless steel gimbaled rings in the center of the large room and a different downward, dimmed view of the masses of leather straps, whips, hoods and other objects she had seen very infrequently before in her young and budding twenty years, even considering that two of them had been as a paid prostitute in this very place! WELL PAID!

Suddenly, a gentle set of fingers, belonging to the mysterious noise maker, touched the sweat covered, rounded curve of her buttocks and gently moved back and forth through the beaded rivers that had been pouring from her body for what seemed like an eternity. The fingers slowly glided over her straining behind and slid gentlely, carefully and purposefully along her hip and forward across the ten inch wide leather strap that held her shuddering abdominal muscles rigidly locked to her outlining "maiden's frame" of stainless steel rods that held her rigidly in its firm confines until, finally the hand had reached the base of her sexually arroused and swollen, down thrust, tingling breast as its muscles spasmed in time with her post orgasmic tremors.

The hand paused, and then slowly decended down the sweat covered outer slope of her then twenty year old, small but shapely breast, moving ever downward and so tantalizingly across the hanging small mound until in caressed the rigid, now tingling nipple in the center. The finger quickly withdrew, leaving Julie with only a phantom sensation of its former presence and then, suddenly, she felt finger tips brushing across her BOTH her hypersensitized nipples. Gently; Lovingly; with an ease and a touch that drove her wild with sexual excitement and longing; and even wilder with curiosity. This had to be another woman. No man could touch a woman like THAT! There wasn't a male alive who could do what those fingers were doing, she had thought, as the fingers once more withdrew.

The mysterious fingers returned and settled gently into the back of her neck just above the encasing six inch neck strap and moved upward through her now sweat drenched hair to the the middle of the back of her head where the ball gag's strap was firmly buckled in place. The fingers began to loosen the strap ever so slowly. As it loosened, and the large rubber ball with its center piercing, leather, restraining strap started to move out of her mouth and out of that very painful stainless steel ring that rested, relentlessly up against the roof and the bottom of her mouth just behind her wide open and very useless as well as completely "harmless" teeth. Julie took a deep breath through her now unplugged mouth, feeling and savoring the cool air flowing around the retreating ball and it's soaking wet leather straps, as she listened and waited and watched to see who this mysterious, gentle stranger was.

The ball gag was lifted away slowly as Julie detected it being laid carefully on the floor near her. As that sound retreated in her ears and died away, she felt something very soft coming forward over her forehead and down toward her eyes. As the obvious device lowered, cutting off her vision, she smelled leather, NEW LEATHER, and felt a soft sheepskin like texture begin to encase her eyes and blindfold her. "Oh, damn", she had though, "I'll never be able to see who's doing this to me now." The soft blindfold was tightly buckled behind her head, over her sweat matted hair, as the gentle hands and their even gentler fingers retreated yet one more time. As she strained to listen, Julie heard the clear and unmistakeable sound of a zipper being done or undone and the sound of human flesh rubbing against its leather encasement, followed by padding, bare feet on the white matted floor as they advanced around her right side and stopped in front of her uptilted, riggedly framed and very immobile head.

A finger rimmed her wet wide spread lips and then slide inward to gently caress her languid, motionless and long unused tongue as it lay inside the stainless steel ring that kept he mouth propped open in what had to be a most obscene and inviting way. The advancing finger moved over her tongue, then back to her lips, then back to her tongue until, in utter frustration and frenzy, she began to lave the finger WITH her tongue and caress it back as it had caressed her tongue and her lips. This went on for a long, long time and as it did, the vibrating, long loving, twin male artificial "engines" in her behind kept up their constant rhythm and she started to build slowly toward yet another orgasmic peak. As the sensation grew in her lower belly and spread upward across her tightly strapped middle, a set of fingers began to gently enclose and tightly squeeze her left nipple, rolling it between them, firmly, but gently. The fingers moved to her right nipple where they repeated the motion and then retreated. Suddenly, the finger in her mouth slowly retreated and was gently replaced by an unmistakeable object of some considerable size. "My God", she thought with a start, "IT'S A MAN!"

The fingers that had been teasing and caressing her propped open, obscenely, spread, sexy lips, and the wet languid tongue within, suddenly touched her left breast and moved incessantly downward until they were teasing her left nipple just as the others resumed squeezing and teasing her right nipple. As they continued their gentle, squeezing and teasing of her rigid, sensitive, multiple orgasmic stimulated nipples, her lips felt the slow, steady advance of a hot and engorged rigid male organ as it's head slip over her bottom lip and onto her tongue. As it had advanced and passed through the mouth bracing stainless steel ring, Julie recalled that she had quickly resumed her licking and laving with her tongue. Only, this time, she was not attending to a mere finger. This time, she was savoring, laving and licking the REAL THING. She rolled her tongue across the head of the slowly advancing male organ and slid it under the rigid edges of the obviously circumcised head and then slowly rolled her tongue from one side, down under the head and back up the other side as far as she could, and the started back around again.

As the sexy, huge member very slowly advanced into her mouth, through the ring and over her flicking and caressing wet tongue she felt it relentlessly moving toward the back of her mouth and her throat. Gently, it began to retreat from her mouth, sliding back out through the ring. With the automatic reaction of a true "lady of the evening", she curled her lips down around the retreating shaft as tightly as she could and rolled her tongue back and forth, from one side to the other of it and across it's bottom as she began to suck on the now tightly lip enclosed forward part of this maddening huge male engine of love and procreation. She sucked on it and laved it with her tongue until it once again began to advance toward her throat; and as it continued she began to moan and gurgle deep in her throat to give the possessor of this fleshy engine a sign that she wanted more of it deep in her mouth....No, not her mouth.......deep in her throat. She sucked him and teased him and licked him and moaned her assent as he slowly acknowledged her efforts by moving ever further inward and toward the back of her throat. All the while, her suspended nipples were being played with, rolled and squeezingly and tightly caressed with a twin set of gentle talented fingers and the incessant twin vibrators were stirring her twin lower canals to yet another bounding, screaming orgasm. As these five engines of passion drove her higher and higher, she moaned louder and louder, emitting gurgling sounds deep within her throat, inviting him ever onward and into it's warm depths and "grasp".

As the turgid and rigid head of his advancing shaft slide over her laving tongue and touched the roof of her mouth at the entrance to her throat, she took a deep breath, closed her airway and moaned louder as her tongue urged him forward as her throat began to open to receive him. The smell of his arroused male scent had been strong in her nostrils as that deep breath had flowed inward to her lungs.

The head slid into her throat and began its journey into a land only a "lady" of Julie's "profession" had total knowlesge of and could skillfully, totally and unerringly provide. A land of contracting throat muscles that normally would be used for quite another and less savory operation, induced, usually, by a finger in a bath room. Julie ovaled her mouth still further and tightened her lips on the middle of the long thick shaft as her throat received the head and began automatically to contract and convulse around it. The shaft advanced further and further into her mouth and down her now rhythmicly contracting throat until she could feel the tickle of male pubic hair on her nose and against her super sensitized nostrils.

As the distinctly arroused scent of the male owner of this huge, invading and pulsating organ wafted upward into her airless nostrils, her body took over completely and began milking the shaft with tongue, lips and throat muscles in a series of microsecond spaced contractions and complimenting attentions that brought a train of flesh encased male sperm across Julie's sensitive and trained tongue. As the hot fluid streaked over her tongue and approached the head, Julie tightened her lips rigidly around the base of the shaft and bore down on the throat encased head with all her restrained might, griping him tightly and milking him with rippling muscles. The hot stream gushed out into the contracting throat then down toward her inner belly as she moaned ever louder and began the tell tale signs of yet another crashing and mind bending orgasm. As the sperm flowed into her swallowing and contracting throat, the incessant fingers tighted down on her nipples with exceptional male strength and squeezed them and rolled them until they were almost flattened.

The blinding pain in her nipples streaked downward across her sperm filled belly and met the freight train of a monstrous and quaking sexual orgasm streaking upwards from her vibrator penatrated anal canal and stuffed and tightening sexual passage, and screamed forward out of her now super-sensitized female folds' upper reaches and its now thoroughly stimulated and arroused small releaser of female orgasms to contract muscles and tendons through the length and breadth of her body. As the two trains, one of pain and one of pleasure, met in the reaches of her contracting belly muscles, her throat and tongue and lips went wild with motion and attention to the now gushing male organ lodged deep in her contracting throat and wet hot mouth with its laving tongue and ovaling, contracting lips and cheeks. Julie's moaning became the love song of a sexually satisfied female in the throes of providing the ULTIMATE male pleasure.......the deep throated ministrations of the male organ.... not a mere "blow job" but the talented female mouth's SUPREME attention to the male organ and the ego of the male mind.

And then, as quickly as it had occured, it was over and the turgid, still rigid, huge male member was withdrawn from her throat and the head was sliding across her tongue toward the portal of her ovaled lips back through the bracing stainless steel ring to exit the safe harbor of whore Julie's talented mouth and throat. As it withdrew Julie exhaled and drew in another pungent gulp of male scented air and tended to laving the last vestiges of sperm from its rounded head, until it popped out of her mouth with a sound similar to a champaign cork leaving a bottle of vintage Rothschild's.

Only then, did the crushing, yet somehow gentle, fingers release Julie's flattened nipples. As they did, the pain screamed back for brief instant and then slowly radiated outward and retreated across the expanse of her hanging, sweat drenched breasts. The vibrators droned on and on and the pain settled into her body from head to foot, from the tips of her glove encased stretched fingers to her leather encased stretched toes.

She listened, trying to hear the male owner of the huge invading cock she had serviced so well, but all she could hear was the panting of her breath, the incessant flesh muffled humm of her twin lower canal invaders and the pounding of her racing heart.

"Julie, you stupid Bitch!" "The songs over!" "You goin' to dance all night with no music, you dumb cunt?"

It was B.J.! My god, I've danced clear through my song, Julie realized. With a start, she realized she was staring into the mirror on the back of the platform at the face of the handsome, bearded stranger at the end of the U-Shaped Bar. His pale blue eyes were locked on hers and as they smiled with a frightening firmness, the very tip of his tongue rolling around his now ovaled mouth. Since he was facing the mirror, no one else saw what he was doing, but Julie did.........Julie SAW IT AND BOLTED FROM THE PLATFORM, DOWN THE STEPS AND INTO THE BACK ROOM, SLAMMING AND LOCKING THE DOOR BEHIND HER AS SHE SANK INTO THE CHAIR IN FRONT OF DANCERS DRESSING TABLE AND MIRROR.

She looked down at her pale blue bikini pants and saw a growing wet spot turning the center of the crotch darker and darker and darker. She ignored that and leaned back and let her mind drift off and back to a younger, panting, hurting, Julie in a Parkersburg whores den basement. Then, as now, her panting breath and pounding heart, subsided slowly until all was calm except the slow steady humm of the twin vibrators.

She listened for a telltale sound of her obviously satisfied male invader and heard none. Then, above the vibrators and her pounding but slowing heart and subsiding panting breath, she heard the sound of leather on leather; the telltale sound of two legs rubbing together in leather pants. In fact, she thought she heard several sets of these sounds, simultaneously.

Without any other sounds or any words and without warning, she felt her knees and lower legs leave the floor and the motion of her body upward and forward toward the center of the room. She could feel a gentle swaying in her downward pointed breasts and nipples and then she heard a "click" and her left leg straightened out at the hip and at the knee and pointed straight back from her body and then rotated until it was pointed backward and outward toward the left at an angle of forty-five degrees to the axis of her body. Then a "Snap". The right leg repeated the motion, beginning with the tell tale Clicks and ending with the maddening Snaps.

Another "Click" and then her bent back head and neck were rotated forward until the top of her head was once again pointed along the axis of her body and forward and another "Snap". And then, yet another set of Clicks and her arms swung forward and upward until they too pointed along the axis of her body, above (out in front of?) her head and then were rotated outward to either side to an angle of forty-five degrees, each, to her body's axis. And two more "Snaps".

There, encased in her outlining stainless steel "Iron Maiden's Frame" and a host of leather straps that bound her immobil into it, Julie found herself moving forward in a splayed out, spreadeagled position, face down with a set of humming vibrators up her over worked ass and cunt with the sound of leather against leather coming from the vicinity of tips of her fingers and toes.

And then, she felt the steel rods around her hands and fingers and to which her gloved/mittened fingers were extended toward and strapped to, bump something equally metalic and the forward motion stopped. A flurry of "Clicks" followed by "Snaps" ensued along with the sound of leather on leather moving along both sides of her body some short distance away. And then the Clicks and Snaps ceased and the leather on leather sounds retreated and a heavy metal door clicked shut and there were sounds of it locking.

Suspended in midair, facing downward, the sweat dripping from her over worked, pained and tired body, she listened attentively for a sound..........ANY SOUND.........BUT HEARD NONE! Only her breathing, the pounding of her heart and the low, incessant hum of her two long lodged, bodily invaders. Nothing else.

Suddenly, a gentle finger settled on her soft under belly, and another. They slowly slid through the sweat coated skin below the 10 inch wide belt that anchored her belly to the "Maiden's Frame" and into her brown, sweat covered pubic hair and ever downward through it to the upper cleft of her female folds that covered her sex. The fingers paused over the now very sore center of her womanly passions and desires to tease it and roll it between them, ever so gently and slowly and carefully widen her slack sexual "lips" as they continued onward until they grasp the end of the vaginal invader, still humming away, and with a sudden motion and a slurping "pop" the infernal buzzing imitation male engine was out of her love canal and buzzing in clear air. Then it stopped.

The fingers returned, this time at the base of her upward pointed sweat coated back. They marched through the field of sweat to the crack of her behind and spread the cheeks of her buttocks ever wider as they progressed toward her anus where they stopped at the anal invader, humming away in her inards. As before, there was a sudden motion, followed by a much less slurping but still wet sounding "pop" and the rear imitation male invader was heard in clear air and then ceased it buzzing noise.

The fingers returned to her under belly and with them the obviously large hands of their owner. They reached under her from behind and between her wide spread legs and began to rub and massage her lower belly below the wide restraining belt, where her muscles hurt so badly. They kneeded and massaged and advanced slowly down into her pubic hair and then turned sideways and began to massage her inner thighs at the juncture of her sex, working ever away and back toward the knees.

As she hung there in midair, Julie thought about that big hand balling into a fist and the other hand spreading her wide open as the fist moved ever forward into her wet, well used, abused and stretched vaginal passage until the rigid, balled hand was rammed tightly and thoroughly up inside her stretched passage beyond the wrist and the hand was uncurling to allow the fingers to caress the nouth of her smooth cervix and massage the walls of her insides. But the hands retreated and the silence returned once again. Now ALL she could hear was her heart pounding and her breath whistling through the stainless steel iron ring in her mouth and past her lips.

Then, after a long wait, the fingers returned, this time to place the ball gag into the stainless steel ring inside her mouth, and then buckle it tightly behind her sweat soaked head, over her matted hair. When she had felt it approaching her mouth, she had ovaled her lips and tried to wrap them around the edges of the ball, but the straps drew the corners of her mouth back and prevented that entirely. The fingers moved upward on the back of her head which, like her back, faced upward toward the ceiling, not backward, and they found the buckle of her blindfold. Tenderly they unbuckled the leather blindfold and lowered it from her eyes. She looked downward and saw the white mat and the bottom arc of one of the stainless steel rings in her field of vision. To the right side she could see a pair of large, obviously male, bare feet, with leather pant legs extending up from them. She could see nothing else.

The huge stainless steel "mounting ring" had shuddered as its attached, totally suspended and totally encased sweating, twenty year old female's body reacted to what its mind finally registered and began to protest.

Julie WAS MOUNTED, SPLAYED OUT AND SPREADEAGLED, FACE DOWNWARD, ON THE MAJESTIC AND OMINOUSLY BEAUTIFUL "RINGS"..........WITH HER SWEATING SPREAD SEX TOTALLY EXPOSED AND OPEN...........THEY HAD BECOME HER " MOUNTING RINGS"!!!

As Julie leaned back in the dressing table chair, panting and her heart pounding, she propped her feet up on the table and closed her eyes to savor the memory of her shock and surprise in that fateful basement room in the Parkersburg whores den that night (or was it now DAY?).

Julie, sitting in the dressing room in a Go-Go bar, contemplated with anticipation, the memory of what she had next experienced in that long, long ago and far away time.

End of Part 1 - Chapter 2

----------------------------------------------------------------------------

**JULIE MEETS THE HANDSOME "MASTER OF THE 'RINGS'"**

**Part 1 Chapter 3**

Suspended from her "Maiden's Frame" of Stainless Steel in a host of tight leather straps, Julie had observed that the white, vinyl matted floor looked to be about four or five feet below her, though that observation didn't really matter much since she was helplessly suspended, face down with that pair of bare male feet and leather encased legs off to her right, toes pointing toward her, and there was NOTHING she could do about it but LOOK. The ball gag was back in her mouth, seated in her obscenely propped open mouth (damn that ring had hurt her mouth!), and she was again speechless as well as immobile.

Suddenly, the bare feet and legs moved and she heard another one of those "Clicks". She could feel her head begin to lower toward the floor and her feet rise toward the ceiling as her immobilized body began to rotate about her middle. The floor and it's gleaming, white, vinyl mat came ever closer to her head as her "mounting ring" rotated in a wide, downward circle and her sweat drenched hair started to hang downward over the straps that bound the stainless steel ring and the ball tightly and painfully into her mouth. She focused her eyes on the stainless steel arc of the outside ring that passed at 90 degrees to her body, below her and, soon, the intersecting ring was out of her field of view as her head passed above it.

Her body paused as the rotating motion ceased for a while. Julie gazed outward across the black vinyl walled room with its white vinyl matted floor and, for the first time, saw a large door at the far end of the room, also vinyl covered and now closed tight, sealing her and her sexual tormentor in the room alone, all by themselves, or so she had presumed.

In her upside down position she could see a portion of the mirrored ceiling at the far end of the room and not much else. The room, in that direction was plain and very blank. Hanging there in the tight, all encasing stainless steel frame, her legs splayed out and spreadeagled toward the mirrored ceiling near which her stretched and pointed leather encased feet pointed their equally stretched , tightly tensioned pointed toes, Julie strained to look upwards from just above white floor along the sweating, smooth plane of her suspended, naked body, through heaving, sweat covered breasts. Her arms, equally spreadeagled and splayed out, pointed their extended and leather entrapped fingers toward the white expanse of the soft looking vinyl matted floor. The huge steel rings were nowhere in sight, nor was her sexy attendant whom she had yet to behold in full. She remembered that she had been confused and fearful as the familiar objects she had seen previously were no where to be found in her field of vision.

The blood rushed to her head and she could feel her face becoming flush as it drained downward from her legs and lower body (which were upward, now) into her downward pointed head, arms and upper body.

As the terror mounted and her strained mind raced, (thinking about being suspended this way indefinitely), her body began to slowly rotate once more, arcing around in the same direction. As her obscenely spread legs began to rotate downward back behind her and her outstretched arms began to rise, more and more of the mirrored ceiling came into view, and with it an ever increasing panorama of the total room and it's contents as revealed by the ever present and growing mirror above her. As her face rose in that steady arcing motion, she glimpsed her first view of her upper body in the mirrored ceiling and promptly inhaled a huge quantity of air through her flared nostrils. The bizzare sight stunned her into a numbing realization of her total predicament.

She was indeed spreadeagled obscenely, and in a stainless steel frame that outlined her body with wide straps binding her tightly to it. The frame, in turn, was connected to one of the huge gimbaled rings by stainless steel chains that passed through D-Rings welded to the edge of the frame and extended outward from the frame and her body to the circumference of the ring where they were attached to D-Rings welded to her "mounting ring" at regular intervals. Her spreadeagled body was, indeed, the focal point of a series of radial chains except that there were none between her spread arms and their pointed fingers. As her body slowly rotated to a horizontal, face up, position, she noted that there also were no gleaming chains between the ninety degree spread of her legs, thus, leaving her obscenely displayed sex, open and vulnerable in the apex of her widely splayed legs. OBSCENE, she had though. Sexually degrading and totally obscene! As she slowly exhaled and gazed with continued amazement at her outstretched, strapped and encircled body in its present helpless horizontally face up position, she got her first glimpse of the owner of the sexually teasing and strong fingers that had put her through her paces earlier; AND...the owner of that now "well serviced" male member that had so recently enjoyed the deepest reaches of her very talented mouth to its fullest.

He was standing outside the ring between her hugely spread legs, his hands resting on the gleaming "mounting ring" that held her spread horizontally looking face up......staring resolutely back at her in the overhead mirrored ceiling. His pale blue eyes met Julie's eyes for the first time and he smiled. From what she could see in the mirrored ceiling, he was partially bald with sandy, light brown hair, a full but neatly trimmed beard with the broadest shoulders and biggest chest she had seen on a man in a long long time. He had on a pair of tight, full length leather pants, otherwise he was naked and extremely well tanned.

Her "Mounting Ring" was at a level even with his smooth, almost hairless chest, just about in front of his nipples. In his right hand, resting up on her "Ring" was a black box of some sort.

She saw him press the box with his finger and instantly there was one of those "Clicks" and her body and the "Mounting Ring" started to rotate horizontally in a counter clockwise direction. As she and the ring slowly rotated she got yet another quick glance at the dimly lit black wall behind her bare chested, sexy tormentor; that equipment ladden wall with all the bondage and punishment equipment shelved and hanging on it..........and then it had rotated out of her field of view.

She kept her eyes locked on his in the mirrored ceiling as she slowly swung around in a half circle, until finally, the top of her head was pointed directly at him and he was between her ninety degree outstretched arms, although still outside her "Mounting Ring". She heard a "Snap", saw his finger move up off the black box and felt her motion cease. He took his eyes off hers and ducked under the ring between her arms and gazed down into her eyes directly. "God he's handsome", she remembered having thought as she gazed up into his pale blue eyes. His eyes sparkled and seemed to smile down at her. He raised his empty left hand and brushed his finger tips gently across her leather restrained forehead and back up into her sweat matted and coated hair. Then he lifted his hand forward and ran a finger from the tip of her nose along it's length up between her eyes and across her forehead into her hair and then lifted it off her head and let his arm drop to his side.

He ducked back under the "mounting ring" and walked to the dimly lit, ominous, equipment wall which was almost out of her view. She heard something rattling and, soon, he returned with a wheeled cart with drawers in it and some bottles on top of it. Some of the bottles had what looked like those hospital straws in them.....the ones that bent in the middle as they came up out of the bottles. He reached under her head and unfastened her ball gag strap, then slowly lifted the gag up out of her mouth. Then he reached over toward the side of her face and undid the strap that held that painful, ever hurting stainless steel ring behind her teeth, resting against the roof and bottom of her mouth and propping it obscenely open. As the strap loosened, he lifted it upward. She cooperated by opening her mouth as wide as she possibly could. In the mirror, she saw the strap and ring arrangement begin to rise out of her mouth. When it was gone, she closed her mouth, for the first time in hours and hours, and sighed a great sigh of relief. She looked up into the mirror and saw he was smiling back at her. She started to open her mouth to speak, but he frowned and put his finger vertically upright in front of the center of his lips. She heard no sound, but understood the gesture for "be quiet".

As she watched him in the mirrored ceiling, he reached down and took one of the strawed bottles off the cart top and raised it up along side her face. He pointed the straw down toward her mouth and she took it between her lips and sucked on it. Cool fluid flowed into her mouth and toward her throat. She swallowed and sucked more liquid up through the straw, back down through it's bent elbow, through her pursed, sucking lips, into her mouth and then down her thirsty throat into her belly. She stared directly into his eyes the whole time and he stared back, smiling.

Finally, she heard a gurgling sound coming from the bottle and the fluid ran out. He removed the straw from her lips, returned the bottle to the cart top and picked up another one, repeating the previous process.

After four bottles had been exhausted, he ceased feeding her in this strange way. Each of the four bottles of liquid she had consumed had a different taste. Two of them tasted like gatoraide. The other two tasted somewhat like a milkshake. She was about to thank him when the ball gag suddenly appeared in his hand in front of her face and he pressed it firmly into her mouth and buckled the straps tightly behind her head. He stepped back and, simultaneously, she heard another "Click". Slowly her feet and toes descended and her head rose as it moved upward and forward; upward toward the other stainless steel ring which arced majestically over- head, a pin eminating from it's outer edge up into the mirriored ceiling. As her head approached the ring she lost sight of it, but not before she realized that is was at least two inches thick and round in crossection. "Pretty sturdy", she had thought. "I wonder why so big and thick?" (Later, Julie would find an answer to her silent question......an answer she would never forget and the recollection of which would do strange, sexually gratifying things to her submissive body as it struck terror into her very soul in the years to come).

There was a "Snap" and she stopped moving, stretched, NOW, from floor to ceiling, upright and grossly spreadeagled as her leather encased finger tips stretched toward the ceiling and her outspread legs and their leather encased toes pointed toward the floor. As she had been rising, her handsome, blue eyed, bearded and silent tormentor had appeared in front and slightly below her eyes. She could once again see the black vinyl covered door and its receiving wall which was behind the handsome stranger who was now facing her. He bent over at the waist and then stood up and stepped backward. As he moved farther back she saw that he was dragging a half circle portion of the mat. He dropped it and returned, repeating the previous maneuver and dragging another half circle of white mat back and dropping it. As he walked back toward her, he angled off to her right.

Julie heard a noise over her head, but with her head anchored in the frame in an upright position perhaps two or three feet below the ceiling, she was unable to see where the noise originated.

He came back into her field of view and stood placidly in front of her gazing slightly upward into her eyes. He smiled, reached forward toward her with his right hand and inserted his fingers in the crack of her sex and spread her wide open. He looked back up into her eyes from but couple of feet away and smiled at her. She understood. Embarrassed she tightened her bladder muscles and a golden stream began to flow profusely until, about a minute or two later, she was empty and it died to a dribble. He released her spread nether lips, turned his palm up and patted them gently, stepped back, then moved off again toward her right. She heard a squeeking noise and, suddenly, a fine spray of warm water descended from the ceiling above her head and upward from the floor below, totally engulfing her in it's cooling mist.. He returned and stood in front of her as the water misted downward and shot upward to bathe and cleanse her bound, strapped. rigged body. The water grew warmer until it was soothingly hot as it struck her body and the ran down in rivers toward the floor. He walked back off to her right and returned with a small hose and nozzle in his hand. He aimed the nozzle at her and squeezed the handle. The stream of water that resulted hit her between her outward thrust bare breasts, stinging a little, but not greatly.

Her bearded, handsome "attendant" played the stream downward until it was striking her lower belly just above her pubic hair and then he lowered it and let it massage her sex as he played it up and down her crotch, kneeling down to assure that he got up under it with the tingling, pleasant stream. He arced the stream down her left thigh and then back up across her hair covered crotch and sex and down the right thigh. He repeated the process a half dozen times and then stood up and raised the stream up across her under belly, across her ten inch wide belly restraint, to the middle of her chest and then swung the stream outward toward her right nipple where he gently circled the stream for a minute and then moved across her chest to the left breast and nipple and repeated the process. Through all this, the mist flowed from the ceiling down over Julie and the streams rose from the floor to strike her legs and body. The hot, soothing "bath" went on for about ten minutes until he shut of the noozle, walked over to her right and the squeeking sound was heard once again and the water ceased and the noise above her head repeated itself.

Julie, could not see herself in the mirrored ceiling in her spreadeagled vertically upright position, but she had imagined that she glistened with beads of warm water, all over her firmly bound body.

She heard one "click" and then another one and her head began to lower and her feet began to rise as she rotated clockwise at the same time. When the twin "Snaps" final sounded the ceasation of her downward and sideways rotating motions she was again horizontal, face up, but cross ways with the long axis of the room instead of lengthways. The wall with all the very dimly lit bondage and punishment gear was to her right and the door to her left.

She looked up and could see her bearded "friend" standing by the cart smiling back at her in the mirrored ceiling. He wheeled the cart over toward her head on the right and then opened a drawer and began to remove objects from it and lay them on the top of the cart. He picked up what looked like a pair of forceps and a long thin needle-like shaft, ducked under the her "mounting ring", and suddenly his face appeared above and behind her head and he looked down at her and smiled.

His large hands and arms reached up along both sides of her head to hover above her left breast, where his nimble fingers placed the tips of the open forceps down over her left nipple and then closed them tight over it from above. A blinding burst of pain hit Julie as her eyes beheld, in the over head mirrored ceiling, her left nipple crushed between the jaws of the closed forceps. In his right hand appeared an ominous long, hollow and pointed needle. He aligned the needle so that it was pointed at her left nipple and the forceps from the direction of her right breast and began to press it through an opening in the head of the tightly clamped forceps.

Julie WENT WILD WITH MOANING, GURGLING PROTESTS AND RUBBER BALL STIFFLED SCREAMS AS THE NEEDLE ADVANCED THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE FORCEPS, THROUGH HER LEFT NIPPLE AND OUT THROUGH A HOLE IN THE TIP OF THE FORCEPS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF HER CLAMPED NIPPLE AND CONTINUED UNTIL IT WAS STICKING OUT OF HER NIPPLE AND THE FORCEPS ABOUT TWO INCHES TOWARD HER LEFT, WITH THE REMAINING TWO INCHES STICKING OUT ON THE OTHER SIDE.

As she regained her composure and the pain subsided slightly, she stared in disbelief and fascination at her needle punctured nipple. A little drop of blood had appeared on either side where the needle entered and exited her nipple at the tip or head of the forceps. She had heard of "nipple piercing", but never in a million years would she EVER have believed that she'd EVER see her nipple pierced as it now, quite obviously, was. Nor would she have EVER consented to such idiocy and destruction of her fine, twenty year old figure. She attempted every motion and sound she was capable of to register her displeasure and disapproval to this sandy haired, bearded, broad shouldered, tanned SAVAGE who had just ruined her for life!

But he paid no attention to her and, instead, withdrew the needle and inserted a stainless steel pin or shaft where the needle had been, released it, and screwed a tiny little ball on the now leftward protruding, bare threaded end of the shaft and took his fingers off the shaft entirely when the little ball was firmly screwed onto it. He released the forceps, opened the jaws so they were beyond the ends of tiny "barbelled" shaft through her left nipple and withdrew them upward toward the ceiling in one continuous motion.

Julie remembered having stared up into the ceiling and back down at her pain engulfed left breast and the deeply reddened, tortured nipple with the steel mini-barbell stuck through it right to left across her and over her left breast. It wasn't very big, that mini-barbell, but it surely WAS.................THERE!

As she contemplated the new ornament in her left nipple, with an ever increasing, sickening feeling in the pit of her strapped stomach, the hands and arms returned around the sides of her face and the same forceps once again descended over her right nipple and clamped down tight. She went crazy with moans, gurgles, rubber muffled protests and restrained "almost" motions as the forcep tips closed and clamped and the long thin needle approached her RIGHT NIPPLE. She was screaming and protesting to high heaven, still, when the needle passed through her trapped and now skewered right nipple and reappeared, heading toward her left breast and the room went dark and everything went black.

When she came to, Julie remembered that she was in a head up, feet down, vertical, position and it was quiet and very very dim in the room, almost dark, but not quite.

SHE AWAKENED WITH A START!.........THE STRAPS THAT HAD HELD HER RIDGEDLY INTO THE "MAIDENS FRAME" WERE.....GONE! THE DAMNEDABLE STAINLESS STEEL RING AND THE BALL GAG WERE BACK IN HER MOUTH, BOTH PROPPING IT WIDE OPEN AND PLUGGING IT TIGHT AT THE SAME TIME.

She attempted to move her head and found she could roll it around and that it was free to move in any direction she cared to move it. She lower her chin to her chest and looked downward. There, through each nipple, were those skewering "barbells" out on the ends of her pert, small twenty year old breasts. Had she not looked, she thought, she probabaly would not have felt them there, except for a very dull ache in each breast. She also sensed the same sort of "ache" between her legs in her crotch but she could not see down there at all and the mirrored ceiling was no help at all in that regard, especially with it so dim, almost dark, in the room. She rolled her head backward and looked upward at the ceiling and was startled to see her face looking back at her from the mirrored ceiling between her widely out-stretched arms, which were in the same position, but unrestrained except for her gloved/mittened hands which now were wrapped around stainless steel "trapeze rings" and buckled closed over the "trapeze rings" to her palms. The "trapeze rings" were, in turn attached to her two inch thick outer "mounting ring" and several of it's spaced D-Rings by clamps or clips of some kind. As she stared upward, she realized that all the straps were gone and so was the "maiden's frame" and she was suspended simply but effectively by her gloved/mittened hands. She pulled upward on her right leg as she stared at herself and found that her feet were still encased in leather, toes pointed and bound outspread as before to the "mounting ring" or so she surmised.

As she gazed upwards into the mirrored ceiling she suddenly realized that there was a new, small, stainless steel ring in each ear, high up in the cartilidge of each ear and.........,OH MY GOD!.....A SLIGHTLY LARGER STAINLESS STEEL RING IN HER NOSE LIKE SOME SOUTH PACIFIC SAVAGE! The shock of her realization and the effect on her mind instantly caused tears to roll down her cheeks and deep sobs to heave her body and her now pierced breasts. As she continued to stare upwards in utter disbelief, she saw that her hair had been combed out and up into a ponytail on top of her head and was thrust through a wide, tight leather band and braided over and around a stainless steel loop or ring just above the leather band so that the top of her head was "crowned" by a leather-ring-hair affair that now was as much a part of her head as her own hair and just as attached by virtue of the fact that her hair was bound into it and around it in an almost permanent, tight fashion. So tight, in fact, that she could feel the pull of her hair upward by the leather strap and ring and it raised her forehead and eyebrows in the process.

As she gazed upwards in increasing shock and dismay, her body broke out in a running sweat. She was now like a spreadeagled "sex-freak" in some sex orgy show she had once heard about but totally disbelieved as pure fantasy. THIS WAS NO FANTASY. She could see and feel it, exceedingly well. TOO WELL! IT WAS Julie... ......AND......Julie WAS........"IT"!!!

As the awful realization of her altered state sunk in, the damnedable "Click" sounded and she rotated backward, head going down and feet coming up. As the inner ring rotated she looked up into the dim ceiling and observed herself thoroughly spreadeagled, naked except for her restrained and stretched hands and feet, rings in her nose, her ears, her nipples, and......OH MY GOD,.........RINGS IN HER PUSSY LIPS.....FOUR OF THEM.....TWO ON EITHER SIDE OF HER SEX... ......STAINLESS STEEL RINGS!!!

Her stainless steel mounting ring rotated her head backward to a horizontal postion and then continued to rotate until her head was hanging straight down, her face toward the door end of the room, she thought back and recalled, and then it continued to rotate until she was once again horizontal, but face down, looking at the floor, which now had no mat and was, in fact a terrazo, shower-stall affair with a six inch curb around it to keep the water in, she had supposed.

Her arms and legs tensioned and tractioned as the ring rotated around in a circle so that her body weight was at first carried by her arms and then by her arms and her legs as she was horizontal and then by her legs alone. And the ring kept slowly rotating and her head rose, once again toward the ceiling. The rotation continued for a long long time, she recalled, and she alternated from rightside up to upsidedown a number of times, each time taking in more details of both her position and her now pierced body.

As she approached an upright, head up, position after that long series of "passes" around, she heard the ominous sound of the door opening behind her and a series of leather on leather swishes that could only mean leather encased legs walking .....TOWARD HER. When her head reached a straight up position there was a "Snap" and her "mounting ring" stopped.

As she listened to the swishing sounds behind her, the lights in the room got brighter and brighter........NO, NOT ALL OF THEM,.... ..........JUST THE ONES SHINING ON THE WALL IN FRONT OF HER!!!

As she saw that black vinyl wall really clearly for the first time, she inhaled sharply, her pierced nipples shuddered, her heart began to pound like it was going to come out of her chest and she threw her head back and forth with a frenzy over what she beheld.

There, on what she had supposed was a storage place for straps, gags, belts and other bondage bondage and punishment gear were some of the wildest things she had ever beheld in her life. Whips of all shapes and lengths and sizes.....single stranded and multiple; Gags and hoods of every imaginable shape and form; Leather and rubber body suits; Funny looking round rings with legs rising out of the rings to an apex perhaps six to eight inches above them and a thread steel shaft sticking back down through the apex toward the center of the ring with a handle on the shaft above the apex and a ring welded to the shaft below the apex, but above the ring's center.

She turned her head from side to side taking in the black vinyl covered wall's contents carefully. There were paddles.....many of them; some small, some large and some studded with wicked looking steel studs. There were rods and canes....many of them. And buckled straps buy the scores...NO HUNDREDS!

And.......THERE WERE DILDOS.....ARTIFICIAL MALE COCKS....SOME SO HUGE SHE HAD TO LOOK TWICE AND FOCUS CAREFULLY TO BE SURE SHE WAS SEEING WHAT SHE WAS SEEING.

SOME OF THEM LOOKED TO BE THREE OR FOUR INCHES IN DIAMETER AND A FOOT AND A HALF OR TWO FOOT LONG!..........AND SOME OF THEM HAD THREAD STEEL SHAFTS STICKING OUT WHERE THEY NORMALLY WOULD BE ATTACHED TO THE MALE BODY!!! MANY OF THEM HAD MEAN LOOKING KNOBS ALONG THEIR FLESH TONED LENGTHS!

And over in one corner of the wall were a whole series of nipple clamps, breast bands and lead or steel weights hanging ominously from their hooks. She'd seen these things in catalogs and laughed about it....THEN! Now she stared at them in almost disbelief and a huge shudder rippled through her body.

Looking down at the floor in front of the wall she saw tripod devices galore with cranks on them to raise and lower their shafts rising up through their centers to a top or receiving head that was always pierced with a threaded hole to receive a threaded shaft. Her head turned toward the huge male cocks and then back toward the tripods, back and forth several times, and as she put the two devices together in her mind she began to buck and twist in her bonds inside the mounting ring and scream into her rubber ball gag and receiving steel ring with utter terror as she pictured the huge rubber cocks being mounted on the tripods and screwed up into her cunt and her ass......deep into them until they had disappeared inside her, spreading her and ripping into her as they sunk deeper and deeper and deeper into her most private parts to invade her expanded inards.

"HI, BITCH!!! "HOW DO YOU LIKE MY "SEX TOYS",............SLAVE?"

Hilda had strolled into view off on her right and then around in front of her, staring up into her face and smirking. She wore a leather.....NO!......IT WAS RUBBER!............GLEEMING, SLICK LATEX!.. ......body suit that covered her from head to toe, except that it had no crotch and it had holes through which her breasts projected obscenely. Her face was made up in such a way that she looked like a witch........NO, LIKE A FEMALE VERSION OF SATAN HIMSELF!

End of Part I - Chapter 3