

Artist's Note: This is a collaboration some time in the making. based one of my older stories rewritten with a different ending inspired by art done by Noob Noob: (<https://www.pixiv.net/en/users/32845157>). The artist has created the images specifically for this story.

Disclaimer you probably shouldn't do what is mentioned in this story to anyone. At least not all at the same time. If this resembles anyone living or dead I would be very surprised and it's a complete accident, or parody. Remember to check who you stay with.

Anastasia was a studious girl. She had gotten into a good university on a hard-won scholarship. She had spent years behind books with no thought but getting into university and getting her STEM degree. As a result, she had few friends and was fairly naive about how the world worked. At eighteen years of age, however, she was quite prepared to rectify that situation and gain a little perspective on life. She had put university on hold, as well. It was time for a 'gap year'—a year of experimentation and adventure. She had signed up with her cousin Lidiya and two friends from her home town, and they were going to travel around Europe for a year. Everything they needed was packed away in some old army surplus backpacks. It would be a grand adventure, on a very small budget.

A fortnight into their adventure, it happened. They had had a very quick run to get onto a departing coach, but unfortunately for Anastasia she was not quite quick enough, and ended up just missing the coach. She was stuck in an old-fashioned part of a backwater heathen country called England. It seemed that things had hardly changed in this part of the world for a long time. The style was Gothic and decrepit, and the country was filled with lots of old houses and faded memories.

She made a few calls, then looked on a few websites. She had to find a place to stay until she could get a coach or a train to catch up with her cousin and her friends. The first thing was to find someplace to stay for the night. Eventually, at the very edge of desperation on an obscure forum, she found someone who was willing to give her room and board for the night, which would give her the respite to regroup. Although she didn't understand quite everything on the forum, she needed a place to stay. There wasn't much in terms of billing, only vague talk of a price to pay at the end.

The night was a fairly wet one, and Anastasia was caught un-prepared in the deluge. She had some old sneakers, a pair of faded knee-length socks, and a tight pair of shorts that used to be jeans. They hugged her round bottom and soaked up the water like a sponge. Anastasia wore a thick pair of glasses, with her long blond hair tied in a pair of pigtails. On this night she had an open-necked green shirt that showed off quite a bit of her push-up black bra. She was naïve, but not that naïve, and it had helped her get a lift on more than one occasion. She also wore a stitched, gray wool hat, and carried a backpack that seemed to be three times the size of the petite girl.

The address she had found for her lodgings was really obscure, so far out of the way it almost didn't seem to exist. There might not have even been such an address: on first inspection, the post code seemed wrong. Anastasia had to spend a lot of time explaining to the cab driver in broken English where she needed to go. When they arrived, she could see that the house was old and practically hidden in its own grounds. The cab driver dumped Anastasia and her luggage on the path, then muttered about the place, took her money, and left a soaking wet young woman at the bottom of the long, winding steps up to the old house.

Anastasia took quite a long time to get her soaked, cold, unresponsive body to the doorstep. Dragging her huge backpack was slow going. The thing must have soaked up a lot of water, it seemed so much heavier. She noted that there were external bars on all the windows, old-fashioned solid ones. There also seemed to be shutters and internal grills. In fact, the place looked more like a prison than a guest-house. Anastasia felt a chill run up her spine that had nothing to do with the weather. She reached out nervously and pressed the button for the bell. There was no result for a few seconds, but then a buzzer sounded inside, then faintly the *clip-clip-clip* of high heels on stone flooring

approached the door from the inside. There was a grinding *creak* as first one lock, then a second, then a third heavier lock was undone, and finally the massive, black, menacing, iron-shod door opened.



Anastasia took a step back, then peeked through the doorway to inside the house, which on first glance seemed very minimalist, very white, very clinical. Anastasia then looked at the woman who opened the door, who had a warm and friendly smile. The woman would have been a good six inches taller than Anastasia even without heels, and with them she was even taller. She had well-toned arms and legs, a very flat stomach, and well-defined abs, wearing a tight-fitting little black dress. It was very short and very daring, and seemed to have a silky, almost translucent quality. The woman had green eyes and ruby-red lips, and a flawless flow of perfectly straight black hair.

Anastasia often shortened her name to Ana, it was normally easier and more friendly. She quickly introduced herself as such. The woman introduced herself as Lilith and invited Ana in. Ana hesitated for a split second, looking back at the wet road. She reluctantly stepped through the door, dragging her bag over the threshold. Lilith shut the

door behind her, and Ana froze as she heard three distinct locks clicking into place. When she looked at the back of the door, all she saw was three key holes; there would be no way to open the door up without Lilith's assistance.

Lilith's feet were shod in three-inch-tall black heels, and she appeared to be no older than her late twenties or early thirties. She easily picked up Ana's heavy backpack with one hand and put it away in a hall cupboard. And before Ana could protest, the hall cupboard locked, also with an ominous *click*.

Lilith looked the poor wet bedraggled girl up and down. "Ana, I insist you get out of those wet things and into something nice and dry." Ana had no reason to argue.

Lilith led Ana through her house to a side room, small and plain, with a bench where Lilith deposited a basket containing a towel, a bathrobe, and a pair of slippers. She instructed Ana to change, then to knock on the door when she was finished. Ana noticed that the door locked behind Lilith as she left. She considered her options for a moment, but found she had none. She slipped off all her wet clothing, even her socks and underwear. As she did so, she looked around the room, thinking it was like something from a prison cell. She sighed, towed herself off, put on the bathrobe and slippers, and knocked on the door as instructed, there was a brief pause, then the *click* of those heels, the sound of a lock opening. The door swung open, and a moment later Lilith was gently steering Ana into another room off from the same corridor. It contained a simple white table, two chairs, and some hearty food and drink laid out.

Ana was initially quite nervous, but a couple of hours of chatting in broken English to her host relaxed her. Combined with a little bit of food and a little bit to drink, and she was feeling much better. Ana told Lilith almost everything about herself. In return, she learned Lilith was a qualified psychiatrist who acted as a consultant with several of the local institutions. Her specialty was dealing with their most difficult and violent female patients. Ana, fully relaxed, did not notice the odd pattern to her host's questions, especially about her plans to meet her friends, her traveling arrangements, and who knew that she was staying here overnight. The woman was experienced and had traveled the world. She had such tales to tell, and definitely had a body on her! Ana warmed to this woman quickly.



Lilith joked that her place was not the Hilton, but that no one had ever complained. Ana's tired mind momentarily replayed the comment, and realized that her hostess had actually said that "No one who has stayed here had the chance to object." Her exhausted body and mind disregarded those words, in effect eliminating any last chance at escaping her immediate future.

Lilith mentioned putting Ana's things through the washer and dryer, and that she had some spare clothes that a friend had left. Ana now had no problem with spending the night in this quaint old house, with its beautiful and seemingly charming host. She did ask about the house being difficult to find, and Lilith replied assuring Ana that she knew a taxi driver that could find it quite easily. She even offered to help Ana with her taxi fair in the morning. Ana was certainly looking forward to a relaxing shower and a night's rest.

Lilith removed the plates, leaving Ana on her own. Casually, Ana looked around the room, and for the first time noted that the table and the chairs seemed to be quite firmly bolted to the floor. Was that normal? she wondered. She really doubted it. But her thoughts were interrupted by Lilith's return. She informed Ana that she had to get her bedroom ready, then gave Ana a glass of Coke and once more disappeared. Ana drank a little of the Coke and waited for Lilith to return. She figured the cola must be a cheap brand, or it had been sitting in the fridge for too long. It was certainly not very good.

Suddenly Ana felt a little lightheaded. She must be tired, she thought, or perhaps the meal was a little too much. She tried to stand up, but felt a bit dizzy. Her head seemed to hurt a bit, or her brain was a bit sluggish...it was really hard for her to tell. She wondered if she needed to see a doctor, or maybe just get a few aspirins. The room started to spin a little, and she sat back down. It was too late for any of that, she realized. She would just have to get some sleep now and see if she felt better the next morning. After a minute, there was the *click* of heels at the door, and

Lilith returned. She scolded Ana gently for not finishing her drink. Hesitantly, not wishing to offend her host, Ana drank the rest of the Coke, and quickly felt even more lightheaded.

Ana was a little worried and confused as she was led out of the room, half-guided, half-carried down the hall and further down some stairs. She registered a door and it locked behind her, and found she was in the basement, moving down a similar corridor. One of the doors was open, and Lilith gestured towards it.

“This is your room. It’s a little spartan, but utilitarian. Use the *en suite* bathroom, and then you can dress. I have left something for you to sleep in on the bed.”

Ana entered the room sluggishly, finding she was at least able to stand on her own now. The door shut and locked behind her. She looked around the room, which was completely white—the floor was white stone, the walls were white-painted plaster. There was a light fixture in the ceiling that appeared to be behind some kind of security grid. The furniture in the room included a large, sturdy bed that seemed to be bolted to the floor, placed in the middle of the room. There was a thick mattress over it that was somehow securely fixed to the bed, and over the mattress was a thick, white, rubber sheet. Ana could not make heads or tails of it. Also, in the room there appeared to be a track screwed into the ceiling, which seemed to serve no purpose. There was also a locked cupboard. The track ran from the cupboard to the bed, to the door, and out into the corridor.

There was an attached bathroom with a shower, but which when she examined it seemed a bit strange. There was a toilet, sink, and shower enclosure, but it all seemed somehow off. There was a lock on the bathroom door, but no way to lock it from the inside. The toilet had a bidet but no paper. There was a big thick bath towel, but it was secured to the wall on a ring. The shower had soap and shampoo dispensers, but they were again securely fixed to the wall.

It took Ana quite a long time to wash herself. The place was strange, and she was finding it very difficult to think to function. *What is wrong with me?* she asked herself. When she exited the bathroom she immediately noticed that the bathrobe and slippers Lilith had given to her earlier were gone. The only clothing in the room was a pair of glossy black panties resting on the mattress—no bra, just that pair of black rubber panties. Having nothing else to wear, Ana slowly pulled the tight rubber underwear up her legs and over her crotch. The rubber clung to her curves in a distracting way, and she figured it would take her some time to get used to it. The room itself was warm, though, maybe from some under-floor heating or something similar. Ana was still feeling dizzy, and now rather sleepy. Her only option was to lie down on the bed and try to get some rest. *It will probably be better tomorrow, she told herself, after I get some sleep.*



Five minutes later she was awakened by the sound of the door opening. Lilith walked into the room, still in her high-heels. She walked over to the bathroom door and locked it. Slowly Ana rose from the bed, aware she was alone in a room with Lilith. The woman was far larger and stronger than she was, the door to the hallway was locked and now the door to the bathroom was locked, and she was half-naked. A sense of worry began to penetrate Ana's drugged haze. She watched as Lilith unlocked and opened the cupboard in the room, then heard a rattling sound. Lilith stepped over to the bed and placed something metallic and heavy on the mattress. She put one hand on Ana's back, turning her over.

"Now be a dear and lie on your stomach..." she instructed. "That's it. Now put your hands behind you and close your eyes. It will be far easier if you do." To her consternation, Ana found herself unable to resist, as Lilith easily held her down, then explained her demands. "Several years ago, I had a house guest who gave me such a lot of trouble that from then on I have felt the need to take certain precautions, so that young ladies like you stay polite and well-behaved for the duration of their stay."

Lilith held Ana down and Ana barely resisted. She let her head sag down into the rubber sheet, noticing the scent not only of rubber but also disinfectant, as well as Lilith's spicy perfume. "My dear Ana," she continued, "I will feel so much more secure when I have finished. It will not take very long, and it will guarantee that your good manners persist."

Ana's felt her hands fed into something behind her back, like two thick rubber mittens or gloves that were joined together palm to palm. It took a little time for Lilith to work the thick tight rubber over her hands, but it was rather secure when her fingers touched the bottom. She could hardly flex her fingers, as each one was sealed completely in stiff rubber. The rubber also had some sort of reinforced core between the palms of the two gloves between her hands. Something pushed against the back of her wrists, something covered in rubber but otherwise quite solid, positioned between her wrists and her back. Ana figured it was metal of some kind. It was a curious sensation, as she tried to move her fingers but found them held rigidly in place.



Instinctively Ana tried to pull her hands back out from the rubber mitten, but Lilith easily defeated her. There seemed to be a piece of metal on a hinge that was brought down easily over the top of her wrists, trapping them in place. Dimly, Ana realized that her hands were completely ensnared inside some sort of diabolical handcuff/mitten combination. Lilith adjusted the restraint, making it tighter, even though it was not necessary for security.

“There now Ana,” Lilith stated. “I find little girls with their fingers free to roam can get into all sorts of trouble. Now you have little option but to remain well behaved.”

The joined rubber mittens were promptly fastened to the cuffs. The precise place where one started and the other stopped was hard to tell. In any event, the restraint easily prevented Ana from freeing her hands. But her hostess was by no means finished. She already had another piece of the restraint positioned in her hands, ready to apply it to the frightened young girl. Ana, stunned into silence, could not believe what was happening.

“I find a girl can never be too pretty,” Lilith teased, “too well-mannered, or too tightly restrained. Of course, this is for your own good, Ana. We wouldn’t want you accidentally hurting yourself. So, now, be a good girl and lift your tummy up a bit...yes, just like that...good girl.”

Ana dared not resist. She lifted her stomach up from the mattress as best she could. Lilith brought forth an intimidating, two-inch-wide metal belt, oval in shape and hinged at the front. The belt was very tight-fitting and lined with a layer of rubber so that it wouldn’t cut too badly into her body. Lilith slid it under Ana’s hips, then worked it up around her narrow waist. When it was in place, it would only close with some significant effort on Lilith’s part.

“Ana, be a dear and breathe in further...” the woman requested. “There! Good girl!” The belt locked shut tightly, cutting into Ana’s waist. And then Ana discovered that the mitten/cuff combination was fitted with a complex lock. There was a corresponding peg extending off the back of the belt., which fitted into a hole in the cuffs. One swift *click* and the two devices locked together, effectively welding Ana’s wrists to the small of her back via the stiff metal belt.

Lilith stroked her captive guest’s side. “You are such a good girl, so meek and well-behaved. Just a few more steps, now, and I will feel completely comfortable with keeping you around.”

Ana could barely move her arms, but Lilith had no intention of stopping there. She produced a long piece of tooled metal with another pair of cuffs and a chain attached to the top. She continued to stroke Ana’s side as she slotted the bottom of the metal bar into the top of the wrist cuffs with another notable *click*.

“You’re going to be the perfect house guest,” Lilith cooed, her voice almost a purr, “a well-behaved, meek little lady.” Ana felt her elbows being pushed together behind her, which quickly became a stressful position on her body. She had to arch her back, and her slender shoulders were pulled back harshly, straining in their sockets. She felt her breasts pushed forwards into the mattress. Her elbows were drawn closer and closer together, until finally a whimper of pain escaped her lips. At that point they were uncomfortably touching...and then more cold metal tightly snapped into place just above her elbows, locking them in the strained position without a hint they would be freed. Lilith then linked the set of cuffs on her wrists to the larger set of cuffs on her elbows by the means of the rigid metal bar. Once connected to her wrist cuffs Ana’s arms were rendered entirely useless, locked behind her in a stringent and unforgiving manner.

“There, there, Ana,” Lilith comforted her when she heard Ana’s whimpering. “You’re such a well-behaved little girl. I’m doing you a favor, really, making sure you can’t be rude or ill-mannered. You should be thankful that I am taking such good care of you.”

At first the elbow cuffs didn’t hurt much. However, Ana couldn’t move her hands and arms at all, and soon enough cramps began to set in. The manacles appeared to be solidly connected together, and there was no freedom of movement. She could feel more metal hanging down her back, and she just knew there was more to come.

There was indeed a chain attached to the elbow cuffs. In the middle of the chain was a strip of thick rubber—a strap, rather than a chain. Attached to it was a large round lump of rubber, perhaps at least three inches across. The

strap went through a hole in the lump of rubber that could be made to slide up and down along the rubber strip and would stop where it met the chain. Ana saw it out of the corner of her eye.

Lilith pulled her head back firmly by her hair. "It's a golden rule that good little girls are silent. I made mistakes with other guests and let them be rude. But I'm not going to allow you to wake me up like they did. I am not going to let you misbehave by lying and making unnecessary noise."

Lilith firmly pushed the black object between Ana's teeth. It was very large, stretching her jaw painfully wide as her tongue was forced to the bottom of her mouth. It heavily muffled any protest that might have been forming in her throat.

Lilith started to stroke Ana's neck in an intimate manner. "I won't be hearing anything from you tonight. You might think that this is a bit harsh, but it's really for your own good. The doctor knows best." Lilith pulled on the chain, quite hard. The rubber ball sank in deeper, between Ana's frightened lips and lodged behind her teeth. Ana's head was pulled back sharply.

Ana had real trouble with the huge gag. Once it was seated in her jaw behind her teeth it became a problem. She started to panic, but the restriction was so tight and strict that she could only move her head about two inches to either side, with no way to remove the gag or escape its tight embrace. She started to cry and beg into the gag, but Lilith pulled the chain further, until there was absolutely no slack. There was a *click* as the end of the chain was locked firmly in place, connected to the cuffs around her cruelly restrained elbows. It pulled her head back and split her cute lips open, stretching her jaws into a wide O-shape.

Lilith's hand moved to begin stroking the side of Ana's face. "You're so lucky I gagged you," she said. Ana could not tell whether she was being teased or whether the words were in earnest. "Just imagine if you had been impolite, what I would have had to do to you? But now, though, you are so safe and silent, and still so well-mannered."

Ana had to concentrate to breathe properly. It was an effort to be able to draw air in through her nose and out again. She could struggle and moan unintelligibly into her gag, but she was trapped and helpless as Lilith's plaything. Ana felt her teeth slowly embedding into the rubber, sinking into place. Her jaw was so uncomfortable it ached, and she had no way out. Lilith slowly stroked Ana's neck as if she were a new pet that needed to be calmed down.

"Nice and tight, isn't it, my darling? You're so lucky to have found someone who can keep you secure like this, aren't you? So, you're not going to be rude and disturb me with any of your irrelevant problems, are you? No begging or whimpering or pleading?..."

Ana was convinced that the doctor was completely mad. She was also convinced that she stood no chance of escape. If she were free and not drugged, she was sure that the sadistic doctor could have simply overpowered her. Little by little she had walked into this trap, and now she could see no possible escape route.

Lilith stroked her fingers up and down Ana's bound arms. "My dear, your restraints are so tight...almost perfect, really. But I can do a little more for you, you know. Just a few clicks more on your wrists and elbows." There were muffled protests from Ana as the cuffs bit into the flesh on her elbows and wrists. "Don't be silly dear," Lilith told her, "it isn't that tight. Now I will just double-lock the cuffs so they can't get any tighter. I don't want you to roll over and accidentally tighten one of these cuffs too much. After all, we wouldn't want you to do something to hurt yourself."



Lilith held a metal contraption in front of Ana's face. It looked like a short bar with some sort of complex locking mechanism on one end. On the other end were a pair of large hinged cuffs, two large to be handcuffs. There were also a second set of much smaller cuffs in the middle of the piece of metal on hinges. Ana looked at it, puzzled,

"My dear, can you guess what these are for?" Lilith looked disappointingly at Ana. "No idea? Well, it would just be rude if a guest wandered about my house. The person could trip over something or hurt herself, or wake me up while I was sleeping."

Lilith put the end of the metal contraption against the handcuffs holding Ana's wrists and hands immobilized. There was a twist and a *click*, and the second selection of cuffs was now firmly attached to the other set via the bar. When Lilith had arranged the last accessory in place, she tightly gripped Ana's right ankle and bent her leg back until it was pressed against Ana's ass-cheek. Ana dared not resist as her leg was locked tightly in place, and a few seconds later her left leg was also bent back and locked in place. Ana doubted whether, from this position, she could even roll over. She concluded that it would be impossible,

“Aren’t you so cute held in a tight little hogtie?” Lilith exclaimed happily. “A good girl who can’t get into any trouble. I might just decide to keep you like this.” Lilith’s hands ran down the side of Ana’s legs in a rather intimate and inappropriate manor. Her fingers found the soles of Ana’s feet and began to lightly glide over them. Ana found herself helplessly giggling into her strict gag.

“This is no laughing matter, little lady!” Lilith reprimanded, but in a joking voice. “But it’s nice to see you so well-behaved. Now, these are hinged handcuffs...well, technically hinged *ankle*-cuffs. Perfect for keeping naughty little girls well-behaved. They can be a bit painful if you struggle, but then of course you won’t be struggling much, my dear.”

Ana’s feet wiggled about as she tried to get away from the assaulting digits. Her minimal efforts were completely futile, and Lilith continued to tickle her,

“My dear, I am going to do one more tiny little thing to guarantee your good behavior,” the woman added, her voice a bit mischievous. Ana felt Lilith bend her right foot forwards, then lock her big toe into a small set of toe cuffs that were joined to the bar that the hinged ankle cuffs were connected to. Ana was helpless to resist as her left foot received the same treatment. Now, she had no way to even marginally hinder Lilith’s questing fingers, not with her big toes locked firmly in place.

Lilith continued the tickling, forcing Ana to manically giggle into her gag. The position of her feet forced Ana to part her knees and keep them parted. Ana realized that there was no way out of her dilemma. She could move her folded legs a few inches to either side, but that was only if she fought against the metal bonds. She felt very vulnerable, spread in such a manner, and she tried begging Lilith through her gag to stop her assault. Alas, her begging for mercy was lost behind her own manic giggling, muted behind the mass of rubber in her mouth. Lilith’s hands tickled down Ana’s sides, under her arms, then back over her sensitive, cute little feet. Ana was crying into her gag, now, sobbing and laughing at the same time, and throughout the torture Lilith was talking to her.

“You are so cute, so precious. Your body looks so good like this....” And then, frighteningly, “You were born to be bound tightly like this, you know.” Lilith must have tickled the poor girl for twenty or thirty minutes, and Ana was panting with exhaustion when Lilith finally stopped.

“My dear girl, it occurs to me that I have to take a few more simple precautions to ensure your comfort and safety.” As Ana groaned, almost inaudibly, Lilith walked over to the closet. Ana heard the clank of metal above her and the grinding sound of something being run along the track in the ceiling. Something came to rest over the bed, and there was a *click* as it locked in place. Lilith was using some sort of remote device, and there was a whirring noise as a chain slowly lowered to the bed where Ana lay. Lilith slowly walked back over to the bed, and her hand rested on Ana’s tight little bottom.

“My therapeutic techniques require a lot of contact, especially intimately holding and touching a patient. You, my little one, will come to know them all.” She did something with the chain, and there was a *click* as the chain was attached to the elbow cuffs. Lilith’s hand made its way over to Ana’s right breast and slowly worked around her nipple.

“Such a cute little thing. You won’t believe the favor I am doing you by helping you.”

Lilith walked back to the controls, there was a *whir*, and Ana involuntarily screamed into her gag as the chain moved upwards and there was a firm tug on her elbows, which seemed to almost pull her off the bed. Lilith shut the cupboard door, and her hands returned to Ana’s body, slowly massaging both of her taut little breasts.

“There, now! You won’t squirm half as much this way. Not that you could do much to begin with, but now you won’t really be able to move at all. It is a little painful on your elbows, I know, but it’s for your own good. You can’t roll off the bed and hurt yourself. You’re such a good girl.”

Ana's body was one dull ache, her neck, spine, waist, all of her limbs, and even her jaw. The tightness of the restraints ensured that all she could do was wiggle her toes a little, or perhaps blink, such was the limited range of her available options.

Lilith's right hand wandered between Ana's legs, and to the bound girl's consternation she gave Ana's rubber-covered crotch a gentle squeeze.

"I have been such a good host, haven't I?" Lilith asked rhetorically. "Making sure that my guest was all ready for bed. I have neglected myself a little by concentrating on you. So, I will just get ready for bed myself, and then I will come back and finish tucking you in."

Much to Ana's relief, the woman walked out the door and turned out the light. Ana heard the door lock behind her. Now alone, she tried to struggle against her restraints. There was hardly any visible movement as a result of her efforts, however. Only a few muffled grunts of exertion signaled her fight against the tight, confining steel bondage. She could barely move her ankles, and she had no chance whatsoever with her arms. No, Ana was stuck firmly in place. At least the rubber covering her hands protected her wrists a little from the edge of the metal cuffs. After a while, Ana found the aches dulling, and she began to drift off to sleep....



...Ana was just at the point of sleep when the door opened and the light came on again. Lilith reentered and stood next to Ana, who noticed that she was now wearing a pair of slippers, a black thong, and a short t-shirt that clung tightly to her large, prominent, and amazingly natural round breasts. Lilith's hands teased over Ana's feet again.

"Well, I am back, my darling guest," she announced unnecessarily. "How are you feeling? I am sure you're ready like a good little girl to be fixed up for the night?" she asked.

Unintelligible begging was Ana's only reply. She did not want to find out what being "fixed up for the night" entailed, but she had absolutely no way to resist. Her head was getting a little clearer as the drug's effects wore off, but that was of no use to her at this point.

Lilith's hands tickled her again, and Ana attempted to squirm her feet as much as she could to avoid her captor's fingers, which achieved practically nothing.

“My dear, I’m just going to tighten these cuffs a bit more, since your ankles and toes have almost certainly got used to them by now.” Ana felt the cuffs on her ankles get two clicks tighter, and the toe cuffs bite in yet another notch. Then there were two more *clicks*.

“I’m just putting the double locks on,” Lilith explained, “to stop silly little girls accidentally making their nice tight ankle cuffs any tighter during the night. However, I’m not quite finished yet, since I don’t want you to make a mess of the bed. Even though you have that nice pair of rubber panties, I still need to take other precautions to be absolutely certain.”

Ana now had some idea what to expect next, and mewed into her gag in frustration and complete desperation. She could only watch as Lilith opened up the cupboard once again, this time removing a four-foot-long metal stand. She brought it over to the mattress and slotted it into a hole at the bottom of the bed. There was another of the fast-becoming-familiar *clicks*, as it settled into place.

She could not see what Lilith was doing behind her, but suddenly Ana heard the unmistakable *squeak* and *snap* of a pair of rubber gloves, and suddenly her immediate future turned terrifying!

“My dear little girl, this is for your own good,” Lilith cooed. “I don’t want you making a mess, since it’s so tiresome to clean up afterwards.” She squatted down beside the tightly bound Ana, and pulled the rubber panties back, away from the tight little curves of her backside. Ana heard the unmistakable sounds of some sterilized lubricant gel being squeezed out of tube into her captor’s hand.

Lilith put both hands on Ana’s ass, working the gel carefully into Ana’s tight rosebud, groping, caressing, spreading her round buttocks. Ana pulled futilely against her restraints as Lilith’s long, sharp-nailed middle finger enjoyed exploring the helpless woman’s rectal canal. Then the older woman produced a hygienically-sealed package and withdrew a plug, showing it to the bound and gagged girl lying next to her. It looked to Ana like a long tube with a small pump leading to two inflatable bulbs, and beyond them a bit more tubing that terminated in a thick bullet-shaped shaft at the other. Lilith promptly fed the plug into Ana’s ass, and the embarrassed and frightened girl felt the thick intruder making its way up into her insides. There was then a small uncomfortable pressure as it reached its destination, and then Lilith inflated the plug’s blub located just inside her anus, then the second bulb, located just outside and tight against her wrinkled opening, making Ana moan and sob into her gag. Her forcibly-lifted head allowed her to observe as the woman suspended a large and very bloated-looking bag from the stand. From the bottom of the bag was a long rubber tube, which Lilith gently but firmly connected to the tube connected to the plug she’d just inserted deep into Ana’s rectum.

Lilith smiled. “Ana, you understand that you’ll now have no control over your bowels. This nice, cold, soapy fluid will slowly flow into your bowels all night, helping you behave. And don’t worry, little one, this is all perfectly hygienic, and everything has been properly sterilized. You will of course get used to such conditions, as they are now part of your life! It will help you learn to be a good little girl.”

On hearing this Ana screamed into her immense gag as much as her contorted body and the tight restraints of her bondage would allow. She continued to scream for some time, despite how exhausting the effort was.

Lilith added more of the lubricant gel into her palm, then put her hand between Ana’s legs. She smoothed more gel onto Ana’s pubic mound, then gently but insistently her fingers worked themselves inside Ana’s labia and into her vagina, first one...then two...then three! Ana found herself unable to resist, but the feeling inside her sex shut down her screams, and soon she was turning red and desperately panting around her gag, moaning uncontrollably as Lilith’s knowing, skilled fingers played her body like an instrument. Just as she was about to explode, however, Lilith stopped all motion! Ana pulled against her bonds in frustration. Then her captor resumed the stimulation, and once again, just before Ana reach orgasm, they ceased all their activity and slid out of her sex. Ana was left squirming in her restraints, panting and bucking shamelessly against them, moaning and begging into her gag for more stimulation that she feared would not come.

Her warden undid a second hygienic package, and removed the catheter from within, which she promptly displayed to her prisoner. To Ana it looked like a very long tube with a small plastic ring at one end and some sort of

tap or valve at the other. Lilith carefully fed the end with the plastic ring into Ana's urethra, and Ana felt it making its way up into her urinary tract, accompanied by a tiny bit of discomfort. There was then a bit of pressure as it reached its destination, but other than that Ana felt nothing. But she watched as Lilith put a second, much smaller, specially-labeled bag on the stand that held the enema bag. She attached the tap-valve end of the long catheter to this bag's draining tube, and turned the connecting valve. Finally, with a terrifying *snap*, Lilith pulled the pair of rubber knickers tightly back into place and released the panty-band.

"Ana, you'll now have no control over your bladder either. This sterile saline solution fluid will slowly flow into you all night. You will have a few cramps from this and from the enema...well, maybe more than a few...but you won't be able to do anything about it...and you never will. You will simply behave like a good house guest."

Lilith cleared everything away, then brought out another piece of metal to finish the process. It was U-shaped and fitted between Ana's legs, clipping into place over the rubber panties with an ominous *clunk*. It tightly followed the curve of her flesh, yet one more redundant layer of restraint designed to hold a girl helplessly in place, while securing the two intrusive pieces of tubing inside the knickers moulded to her body.

"I just want to make sure nothing can shift around, so that my guests are comfortable," Lilith said sweetly, if perhaps a little mockingly. She walked back to the closet and removed something black. This, too, she held up next to Ana's face. It looked like a sleeping mask—a blindfold! She stroked Ana's face as spoke once more. "I'm going to put this on you, my little darling. I think it will help you get a good night's sleep." Lilith carefully pulled the tight rubber blindfold hard over Ana's head, making sure her hair wasn't caught in the strap. Ana was immediately plunged into darkness. Ana wanted to scream again, but held her response to a quiet whimper behind the rubber ball packing her mouth so tightly.

"That's better," Lilith spoke again, her voice almost sprightly. "I am sure you will sleep more soundly, now. Still, I'll probably come in from time to time to check on you. Sweet dreams, my dear girl!"

Ana heard the door shut and lock again; she didn't like the darkness. Once more silence surrounded her. She was uncomfortable, but Ana was drugged and exhausted, and she slowly felt herself drifting off to sleep. She hazily wondered what the beautiful sadist Lilith would do to her next. *How long can she keep me locked up like this?* As far as Ana knew, there was a girl like this in every room in the house. Her blood chilled when she realized that nobody had any idea that she was here. Gradually Ana relaxed and slept a little despite her confinement and the gurgling fullness in her bowels and bladder....

...Slowly Ana woke up, her head spinning a little. She had had one hell of a strange dream. *Why does my body ache so much?* she asked herself. And then it all registered: she was overloaded with unpleasant sensations—her full, aching bladder, the cramping of her bowels, the biting of the restraints, the tightness of the blindfold—and...and...the terrifying gag! She struggled for a few seconds, then calmed down, breathing slowly. Her memory returned to slap her into consciousness. She was sure that her captor had checked on her fairly regularly throughout the night. It was not that difficult to believe that she had heard the footsteps, and the light touch of a woman's hands on her helpless body.

Suddenly Ana heard the door unlock, then the tap-tap-tap of heels as Lilith walked into the room. She put something down next to the bed, then turned and walked out again. After a minute or so, she returned carrying something else. A moment later, Ana felt Lilith's hand casually moving over her body, caressing her,

Next, Lilith undid the metal cover over Ana's crotch. The doctor first removed first the catheter, allowing Ana to empty her overfull bladder into some container placed below her body. Ana screamed hard into her gag from the burning relief! *No wonder*, she thought, *that she gagged me so harshly!*

Next Lilith removed the connection to the inflated bulb pressing hard again the outside of Ana's sphincter, then waited a moment until Ana's body had settled once again. The thick inflated nozzle occupying her rectum had served as an efficient blockade against any expulsion of the enema. When finally Lilith undid the tube from the nozzle, Ana immediately and involuntarily felt the copious liquid stored in her bowels begin to drain. But very slowly, far too slowly to relieve her desperate need to eliminate. had a massive bowel movement. Yet the liquid

found its way to the same container that had already collected her urine. Her screams and groans throughout the long, slow bowel movement provided an intense test of the gag occupying her mouth...but the gag succeeded in doing what it was designed to do. Blindfolded, she had no way of observing that the two plugs still were connected by their tubes to the draining tubes that descended from the bags on the stand. Lilith, of course, was clearly very pleased at the success of the entire procedure.

Lilith carefully cleaned between Ana's legs, paying special attention to Ana's anus. She carefully sterilized the part of the catheter protruding from Ana's urethra, and the pee-hole itself, then pulled the rubber panties back on! She refitted the U- shaped metal section between Ana's thighs, locking it firmly in place. Ana heard Lilith walk away to get something.

"It's morning, Ana, time for you to get up. I know it's been a bit harsh for you, but I really had to keep you locked up in bondage. You are such a well-behaved girl now, aren't you?" Lilith stroked Ana's chin. "I'm going to take the gag out now. I don't want any rudeness when I do, or back in it goes and you don't get breakfast."

Ana felt the gag being pulled, there was a *click* as the chain was unlocked, and then Lilith had her hands around Ana's jaw, working the gag loose. Lilith put a cloth or a towel underneath Ana's head and then finished working on the gag, until there was a dull *pop* and a river of drool. Ana felt her head slump forwards. She worked her jaw a little to try and regain the power of speech, or to just stop drooling on herself.

Lilith stroked her head again. "Why have you got your head down? Don't you want something to eat? Would you like me to put the gag back in again?" Lilith asked, caressing Ana.

Ana formed her words very carefully. "N-no... I would...v-very...m-much... like...s-some breakfast.... You don't need...to gag me...."

A spoon was pushed between Ana's lips, and she swallowed the offered food, a lightly-sugared porridge. Slowly Ana ate what was provided, hoping the food wasn't drugged. At least, it didn't appear to be drugged. When Ana was finished, Lilith wiped her mouth clean, but still kept the blindfold in place. Ana begged desperately,

"P-p-please,,,no gag...not again.... It's t-too large...tight."

Lilith patted her on the head, "We will talk about your future very soon. But right now, I just need to get dressed. Still, my dear, you don't get to dictate anything to me. Now open up. I am going to re-gag you, but for your impertinence I think you need a little something extra."

Ana was not sure what was going on, but she could hear some rustling. Then suddenly what felt like Lilith's thick athletic socks was shoved into her mouth. She tried to resist and spit it out, but the first sock was followed by a second, pushed in deep—and then the regular gag! In moments Ana had been gagged just as horrendously as before. Packing the socks in place to fill her cheeks made it far worse than the original mouth-stuffing. Ana fought her body's gag-reflex reaction to choke on the oppressive mass that tickled the back of her throat.

"There you go," Lilith remarked. "A little present from me, to remind you that I don't like to listen to begging."

After fifteen minutes, Lilith returned and removed her blindfold, Ana blinked for a few seconds to regain her focus, and observed Lilith wearing a white lab coat, like a doctor's or a scientist's. She also wore an extremely short white skirt that barely seemed to cover anything. She had on white tights and a pair of white leather shoes with perhaps a four-and-a-half-inch heel, their thin straps encircling her ankles. She looked stunning—and domineering! She wore a white shirt underneath the coat, with a name badge proudly pinned to it: 'Dr Lilith Asmodeum' was stenciled on the badge, in raised gold text.

The woman's fingers had been exquisitely manicured with a bright red nail polish. They suggested to Ana a demon's claws. Lilith had on exquisite makeup, with bright red lipstick. The entire effect was that of a dominating, stern, commanding aura. She sat down, legs crossed, and looked at Ana, and her hand reached out and cupped Ana's jaw. Her patient tried to pull back, tried to call out to make her voice understood through the rubber ball and sock wadding shoved in her mouth.

The doctor leaned closer...and then undid the gag again! Ana struggled, then spat the socks out. "Please...." she gasped. "Oh please no sock.... Let me out.... M -mercy" she begged.

"I'm afraid I can't let you go anywhere," Lilith replied quietly. "I am a doctor, and I intend to commit you to a maximum security psychiatric institution. I've phoned a colleague and asked her to come around to help transfer you, or at least to assess whether it would be acceptable to keep you here. However, she can't get here until later on today, so you're going to have to remain here, just like this, while I go to work."

Ana looked terrified. "No!... P-please!" she cried out in a rising panic. "Don't...no...don't put...me away!... Please, w-what have...I done?"

Lilith scowled at Ana. "I did warn you about begging," she scolded sternly. "It gets on my nerves. And don't talk rubbish, my young friend. I am the doctor, and you are going to be committed! Meanwhile, you'll be perfectly alright here. However, I don't want you here in the bedroom. You need to be properly restrained, so I'm going to put you somewhere else which is a little more suitable. I have a nice padded cell right next door, a place that I use for patients who need my personal attention. Perhaps that will end up being you. In any case, I expect you're getting used to the chains now, and you probably don't really want me to release you, do you?"

Lilith's fingers ran between Ana's legs, stroking her metal-covered crotch. Regardless, this evoked an involuntary moan of pleasure. Ana was stunned by Lilith's remark and by the contact of her fingers, which she had not been expecting. Something was off, but Ana had no idea what it was.

Lilith continued, "Now, promise to behave and it will go better for you. But I will need to reinforce your bonds just a little to be on the safe side."



Ana thought deeply and in silence about the situation for a while, and Lilith looked at her expectantly. The woman was highly attractive, very dominant in her attitude, and Ana knew that obeying her would probably be best. There was really no other option.

"Alright" Ana conceded, "I will behave.... P-please don't do anything to me."

"Good girl, I'm pleased you're being sensible" Lilith replied. "It makes things much easier for your treatment. But you need to understand that, once I've got you properly fixed up in the basement, it isn't going to be any better for you. Ana, you've probably realized by now that I like doing this kind of thing to women. Putting them into tight captivity. It really gives me a kick. So please, make no mistake about it, this forms part of my professional duties."

"Do I...h-have any...o-options?" Ana stuttered.

“Not really. You’ve delivered yourself into my hands. It is for your own good, you know. You couldn’t have known in advance what was going to happen, but I assure you that it’s your fault, because you need to be locked up tightly for your own safety!”

Ana looked at her and tried to see some way out, some small hint of mercy. “I...I haven’t...e-earned this.... I did nothing wrong...but I can’t stop you.”

Lilith smiled and began to check Ana’s various restraints. “I told you I don’t like begging,” she said quietly but ominously, as she slowly began to take off her own panties, working them down her long thighs very slowly as if she was doing a strip-tease. She spun the garment, a little red thong, around her index finger, then balled up the garment tightly and shoved it deep into her prisoner’s astonished mouth. The naughty doctor then added the socks again, pushing them in with her thumbs. With a broad, rather evil grin, she began to insert the regular gag back in place over the top of the other material that now packed the startled prisoner’s mouth thickly and tightly. Ana was almost choking on the woman’s silk panties, as she watched Lilith return to the cabinet and retrieve a bunch of supplies that she put down on the mattress next to Ana’s tightly restrained body.

Lilith returned to the ball-gag, tightening the strap a little more with a tool. The chain behind it promptly shortened, making the position Ana was locked in more stringent. The doctor added a thick rubber cover over the top of the ball-gag. This new contraption cupped Ana’s chin like a muzzle. It had a few hooks that clicked onto the chain, stretching it very tightly over Ana’s face. The muzzle was very thick, and had a pad of sound absorbing material built in directly over Ana’s filled and stretched lips. The good doctor started to test the gag by tickling her prisoner, who couldn’t make much noise behind the underwear-ballgag-and-muzzle combination. She kissed Ana on the forehead, then put the blindfold back in place.

Lilith lowered the ceiling chain to Ana’s elbow cuffs, so that the young woman’s full weight was once again resting on the mattress. The doctor began to cuddle and tickle her under the armpits, and Ana could not keep herself from laughing manically and trying to wiggle away.

Lilith produced a set of keys and unlocked Ana’s toe cuffs, only to rearrange them, pulling them a little higher up using something like an Allen key-wrench to adjust the device. She then smoothed on a band of spongy rubber round the base of each of Ana’s big toes, and clipped her feet back in place. There was even less room for Ana to wiggle her toes, now. The spongey rubber seemed to be designed to protect her joints, perhaps for very long term wear. Ana was now extremely worried about just how long she would be kept in these restraints.

Her captor moved to Ana’s ankle-cuffs and adjusted them as well, opening them up very briefly so she could insert a thicker bit of the same spongy rubber round Ana’s ankles. Then the cuffs were fastened back in place. She briefly tickled Ana’s feet, and then adjusted the toe-cuffs again. Ana’s legs were completely dead weight, held bound in this way

Lilith quickly unlocked Ana’s elbows, then wrapped two more circles of the spongy rubber round them. She pulled the cuffs back further, using the same tool to adjust the cuffs. Then she re-locked Ana’s arms in an even tighter position, increasing the stress from the hogtie that already tightly restrained her. Ana’s hands were handled in a slightly different matter: the wrist cuffs were not unlocked. She immediately tried to pull her hands away, not knowing what was happening. But Lilith had a piping gun with her, and she pushed the nozzle into the base of the mittens. A thick syrup-like liquid began to fill the gaps in the mittens around Ana’s fingers. Ana tried to pull her hands against the restraint, but she was far too weak. She could feel the silicon starting to rapidly cure, trapping her hands in the mittens. Ana’s arms were just as sore, too, and just as useless as her legs.

Her captor ran her hands over her prisoner’s body. “There you go,” she remarked. “Your hands are sealed in the mittens with silicone, and I have added pressure resistant padding so that you can wear your little restraints for a much longer duration. I don’t have to separate them, which is lovely because they make such an adorable pair, an inseparable coupling.”

Ana tried to buck and strain against the restraints, but they were all far too tight. She could feel Lilith checking all over her body for any slack. There were a few additional *clicks* as a cuff was made tighter, then the sound of the double lock feature being implemented to prevent over-tightening.

“Now, I know you can’t see them,” Lilith continued, “but I have these little plastic pegs that are called ‘security caps’. I also have a little plastic hammer, and if I just tap these into the locks...well, it makes your restraints so much harder to release, you see...because you can’t get the key in the lock without removing the plastic first.”

Ana was petrified at the idea of being sealed into these harsh restraints. But what could she realistically do to object. It was really sadistic of Lilith to treat her like this. Ana could feel the toe cuffs move as the plastic plugs were jammed into both key holes. She felt the first two firm taps of the hammer on the peg less physically but more jarringly as psychological impacts at the very core of her psyche. She imagined that sound might feel like the scrape of bricks used to seal her away forever.

Lilith moved to the second lock, and three *taps* later meant it would be very hard to separate Ana from the toe-cuffs. Lilith patted her on the bottom to signify it was done. The mittens were already filled with silicone in them, but to add insult to injury she put the plastic pegs in the key holes. Two *taps* apiece, followed by another pat on the bottom. The elbow cuffs were a little tricky; it took three *taps* per peg from the little hammer to seat the plugs, and then the ubiquitous pat on Ana’s bottom. The ankle cuffs received the same treatment. Finally, Ana was rolled on her side and more plastic pegs were added to the link between the belt and the cuffs. She was now one tight, helpless, and near-hysterical bundle.

“There you go!” Lilith exclaimed. “All nice and tight, so you can’t ever get away from me. Don’t worry, though, little Ana. I won’t permanently lock the gag in place, or the crotch strap—for the moment! Though I bet you’re beginning to grow really attached to that lovely set of cuffs.” For her part, Ana wanted a divorce from the horrible set of shackles that bound her, but it didn’t look like it was in the cards.

Her captor’s fingers played over her ribs, then round the middle section of the belt, and she laughed uncontrollably into the gag as she was mercilessly tickled. Lilith moved her attention down, then, her fingers gliding over the tight metal plate that imprisoned her prisoner’s crotch, and over the edge of the rubber panties. Lilith clamped her fingers over Ana’s nose, and the bound girl immediately began to pull against her bonds. She was having a panic attack, and then suddenly blacked out....

...Ana awoke propped onto her side on the mattress. Desperate, she tried to will her limbs to move, but they were completely held rigid in their tight confinement. The little bit of frightened breath-play from before demonstrated just how helpless she truly was.

Ana couldn’t even take a deep breath without the horrible tight band of metal around her middle reminding her she was a helpless captive. Slowly she felt the panic receding, though, and some semblance of reason began to return...as well as massive amounts of aches, and pins-and-needles sensations in every part of her pinioned limbs.

Lilith ran her hands over Ana’s breasts and hips “My dear, please don’t worry, I will not separate you from your lovely restraints. It will be a very long time before the two of you are ever parted.” Ana felt a new surge of panic; her limbs were totally useless.

Something landed on the bed, thrown there by her captor. Ana remained completely helpless as Lilith returned everything else she didn’t need back in the cupboard. The doctor then walked back over to Ana and cuddled her from behind, her hands fastening incredibly aggressively onto the girl’s protruding breasts. Clamps suddenly bit into the flesh of her nipples, tight and unforgiving. Ana tried to test her gag, emitting scream after scream, while Lilith continued to squeeze.

“There, my little darling, isn’t that better? I bet you thought I had forgotten your nipples. Those lovely perky little bits of flesh just needed some attention. Aren’t I thoughtful.” Ana tried to scream down the house in response, but the gag was just as effective at muffling her cries as it had been on every other attempt.

Lilith lay down on the mattress next to Ana, rolling the bound girl to one side, squeezing her bottom tightly. Suddenly the woman’s hand landed with a loud *crack!* on Ana’s ass. The doctor was strong, and it hurt a lot. In desperation her prisoner tried to move her fingers, but her hands were held immobile, locked in silicon, making it all but impossible to move anything. Lilith next pulled on the back of the restraint until the chain rattled. She held Ana

by her shoulders. In her hands she held a collar, the object that had been thrown onto the bed a moment before. In short order she quickly worked it around Ana's neck, securing the lock behind her head, the rubber-lined steel collar fitting tightly around the base of Ana's slender neck.

Lilith ran her hands all over Ana's nubile young body, then made a second pass over her prisoner, lightly tickling her. Ana was sure no amount of struggling or twisting would free her from the tight bonds. She seemed to have not even a single millimeter of slack to use.

Lilith changed her position on the bed, and activated the winch pulling Ana up. The restrained girl was half-dragged, half-carried into a position suspended above the bed.

"Now I want to plug you into another little enema," Lilith announced, "to keep you nice and comfy. However, I don't currently see the need to re-irrigate your bladder. If you remain well-behaved, I'm happy to delay that procedure for now. I'm sure you would agree with my decision, yes?" There was a feeble mewling of desperate terror from behind Ana's immense gag as Lilith hooked up an enormous enema bag to the hanging chain. The crotch strap securing Ana's loins was unlocked, and the rubber panties were pulled down. Lilith then connected the tube from the bag to the feeding tube connected to the huge nozzle lodged in Ana's ass. The woman quickly re-inflated the nozzle to a seriously uncomfortable thickness, then re-inflated both the inner and outer bulbs that pushed hard against Ana's anus.

There was an evil glint in Lilith's eyes as she gazed for a long moment at the loosened crotch strap. Ana's eyes, in turn, had gone wide under the blindfold as she felt the new trickling of liquid find her vulnerable bowels, and she emitted a series of muffled protests into her gag, protests that quickly approached the qualities of gagged screaming. The rubber panties were pulled back up and the crotch band was replaced against her sex and ass. Lilith pulled hard, and suddenly Ana was giving her gag yet another very good field test. The strap was pulled tightly in place, applying a good amount of pressure to her crotch.

Lilith took the opportunity to squeeze and caress every part of her suspended prisoner, rolled her round to achieve the access she desired. "Now," she whisper to her bound charge, "I have to make this nice and tight, dear, or you might fidget. I want to make sure you feel the pressure as your enema expands your tummy, and that when you begin to cramp the strap will hold everything in place." And suddenly the crotch strap was being adjusted to make it practically one with Ana's flesh. She knew she had no way to free herself. She tried to beg a little mercy from Lilith. She had not resisted, after all; she couldn't resist, and she didn't even want to think of the penalty for resisting. Her legs were now numb, but Ana fantasized that she could run or try to kick Lilith—which of course would have been a really bad idea, Ana told herself, doubting that either of those options would be well-received.

"Now," said Lilith, her voice taking on a more formal tone, "as I mentioned earlier, I have a special padded rubber room to hold patients. It's nice and snug and just across the corridor. You're going to be there in less than a minute."

Ana could feel the pressure of being hung from the chain on her arms, neck, waist, and legs. She had no way to escape. Lilith got a good grip on the collar and dragged Ana behind her. The chain went taut and the entire unit followed along on the ceiling track. Lilith opened the door to the bedroom, and then they were out in the corridor. Lilith produced two complex to open the cell door on the other side of the corridor: one at the top and one at the bottom. There was the *click* as the bolts disengaged and she pulled the door open. Inside was a small padded enclosure, just large enough for Ana to lie down in it, if she hadn't been hogtied.





Ana was left in a dark padded cell alone for the rest of the day...until the insane woman's friend turned up and the two of them discussed the possibility of dragging her away to an asylum, where she was sure that there were more sadistic bitches who would spend there every waking moment trying to outdo each other in tickling her, she imagined. Of course, there was always the option that Lilith would decide to keep her as a patient who needed her 'special personal care'. Ana was not sure which of those two futures terrified her the most.

Lilith pushed Ana into the center of the padded room, then lowered her to the floor. "Because you're going to be committed to an institution for some time, I'm going to get you used to proper restraints," she informed Ana, who of course was unable to resist her and was petrified. Her previous night in the tight metal hogtie, bowels and bladder filled, had convinced her that the mad woman was capable of anything. Further tightening would be redundant and sadistic, but they seemed to be two favorite words in Lilith's vocabulary.

The woman took the opportunity to tickle Ana's feet, further testing the gag by forcing Ana to laugh and cry. When she ceased the torture, she smiled at her prisoner. "I'm afraid it won't be very pleasant, and you won't be able

to do anything at all today. This cell is more or less soundproof, and once the door is closed and I've locked the door at the top of the stairs...well, then nobody will be able to hear you, even if you were not gagged in such a charming manner."

Lilith then added a little slack to the chain and turned to leave...and then paused for just a second. Her eyes centered on Ana's poor defenseless feet, and she moved the blindfold and looked at her prisoner eye-to-eye. Suddenly, Lilith was on Ana, tickling her feet while the girl squirmed helplessly about her little cell! The sadist didn't stop until she saw hysterical tears began to flow from Ana's eyes.

"There, now," she addressed her prisoner. "Try to beg for mercy now. Convince me to stop, my little patient," Lilith said. Ana doubted that she could have voiced anything other than manically and helplessly laughing, even without her gag, given the stimulation on her soles. But finally Lilith stopped, and Ana was reduced to feeble meaningless moans and sobs as the blindfold was put back in place.

"I'm going to work now, my little darling," she said. "My friend's coming in this evening, and we'll see then about properly committing you. She is a real artist when it comes to properly restraining cute little girls, tickling and edging them until they lose their minds."

Lilith adjusted her clothing, then adjusted the flow from the enema bag to a much faster rate! She turned, stepped out of the cell, and closed the padded door behind her. Ana heard the key being turned in each of the two locks. She had been left in total darkness, a tight little bundle with nothing to do all day but suffer abdominal cramping and think of what torments awaited her.

After a lot of wriggling, Ana found a relatively comfortable position in one corner of the dark cell, at the limit of her chain. Her body ached all over from the night before and the current enormous enema in her bowels, and the massive muffling gag was quite annoying. She was not sure what was worse, the fear and apprehension of her unknown fate, or the mind-numbing boredom of sitting in a corner of a dark room, hogtied, gagged, blindfolded, and enema-ed.

After a few hours, she had concluded that the boredom would be the biggest killer. She tried anything and everything she could think of to pass the time. Only the periodic cramping of her bowels broke up the monotony. And eventually her bladder began to assert itself as well, though unable to overcome the closed vale's prohibition.

She wondered how Lilith believed she would get away with her kidnapping. Surely she couldn't just commit anyone she fancied to an institution. But Ana had to admit she didn't know the laws of this archaic country, so maybe Lilith could accomplish her imprisonment without difficulty. Ana worried that perhaps Lilith was simply going to keep her as a permanent house guest and plaything. As time continued to drag on, Ana desperately wished to do anything else other than lie there, restrained and bound up as she was....

...After what seemed like many hours...perhaps half a day, perhaps more, and many, many cramps later, Ana fantasied that she heard two pairs of high-heels on the floor upstairs, and imagined the same sounds coming down the stairs. Then she heard the keys turning in the two locks and the *sigh* of the padded door swinging open. The light in the room remained off...she could sense that, even through her blindfold. Then suddenly Ana's blindfold was removed, and a brilliant light dazzled her eyes. She blinked like crazy to try and adjust to it, after a day lying in enforced darkness. She couldn't quite see who was behind the light, but the person seemed to have an arm full of 'toy's for her. Toys that she definitely had no interest in playing with. And then Ana heard Lilith's voice.

"Well, Jennifer, here's our patient. What do you think of her? Isn't she so cute and helpless? Don't you want to tickle her till she goes crazy?" Lilith's voice was gleeful. As Ana blinked and stared, the other woman came into focus. Jennifer was dark-haired, tall, and good-looking, and dressed in a nurse's uniform. However, it was a very old-fashioned uniform, and it appeared to be oddly shiny. To Ana, lying on the padded floor, she did not look at all friendly.

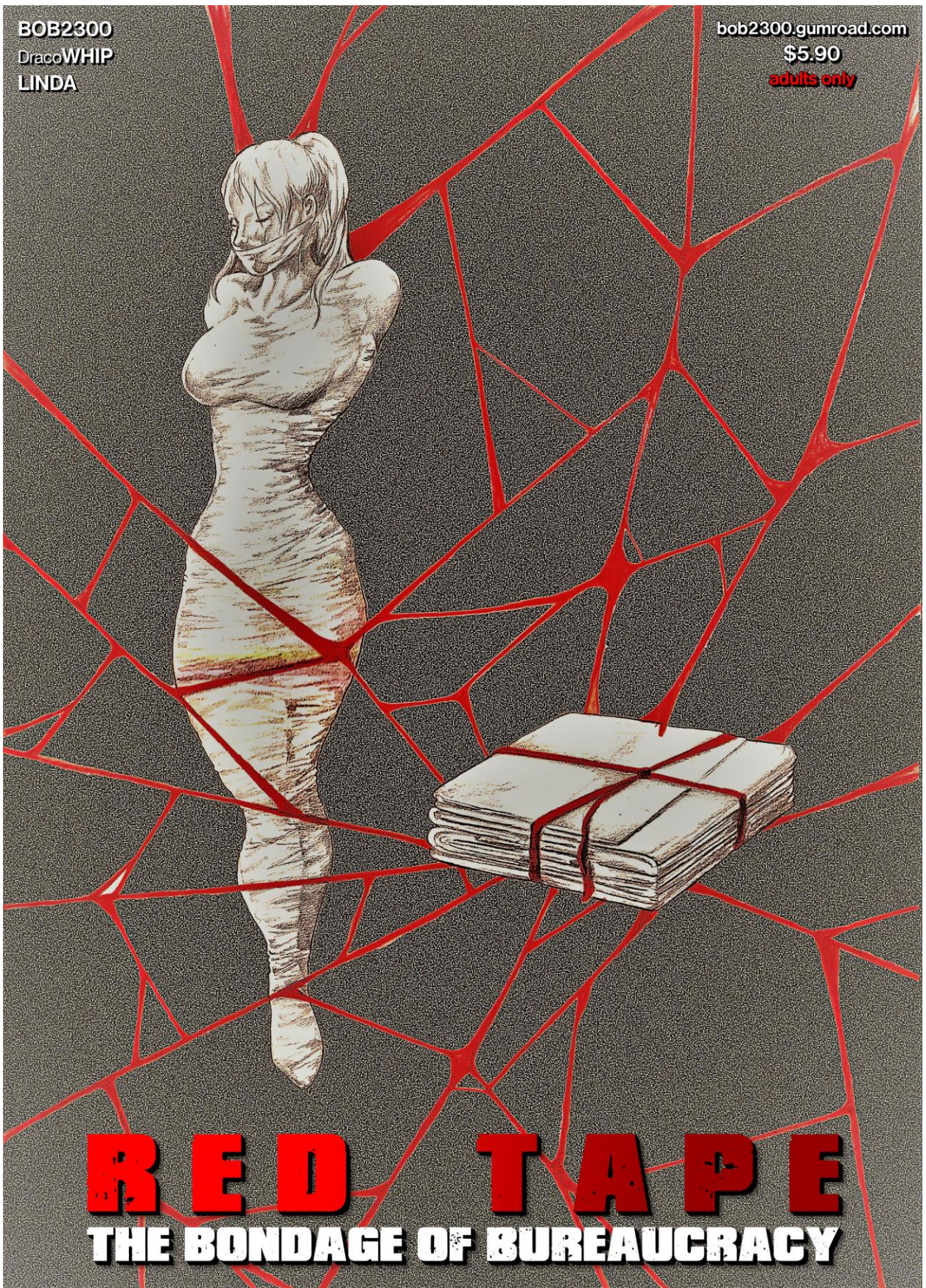
"She looks relatively well-restrained to me. It's a good thing you're prepared to deal with these naughty girls as you find them. I want to initiate her tickling and edging therapies right now...without delay!"





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