

2 WAGE \$SLAVES\$ COLLEGE BOUND



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Wage Slaves : College Bound

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Chapter 1 - Renewal

Three of us had committed to one year as contract slaves. I'm Emily. The dreaded day of our decision came. The end of Denise's, Muriel's, and my year. Angela joined us for a two year stint. Jean signed on for a year just 2 months ago. Master John was in charge. He had added two more Masters, Bill and Roger the same time as Jean. I suspected Muriel had a crush on Master Roger. She glowed whenever she saw him.

Master John brought the three of us, As well as Master Bill, Master Roger, and Harold into his office. We girls had our hands locked behind us and we knelt facing the desk. The men sat in chairs on both sides of us.

Master spoke "You know I've made videos of you girls and your daily lives?"

I answered, "We all suspected you might, but we have no way of telling."

"There was a movie several years ago, The Truman Show, did you see it?"

"Master, I think so, it was about a man whose life was being broadcast and he didn't know it?"

"Yes, that's it. Well you girls have a video program called 'Wage Slaves.' Its edited to take out most of the boring stuff. Its been live since about a month after you started. We priced it to sell because of the competitive nature of the market. We have eighty three thousand subscribers paying fifteen dollars a month to watch you. Each of you have earned your salary plus seven hundred and fifty thousand in royalties. You three girls have earned one million dollars each. I have it invested in conservative stock and bond funds so it will be a little more. You can all retire as wealthy ex-slaves if you want. Or you can stay here and be my slaves for as long as I live, maybe fifteen more years. And you don't have to worry about leaving and killing the show. I have over a thousand job applications from girls who want to take your place or join you in my 'harem.'

“I also have almost as many requests for interviews with you girls and me, which I have avoided. I was careful in setting up this business. All anyone can tell is that everyone speaks American English and the videos come from Myanmar. The public also knows your names. Your first names are obvious since they are on your collars. I decided to give you girls star billing on the videos. Masters Bill, Roger and I are always the shadowy, all powerful Masters. Every other person in the videos has all identifying features blacked out. So your identities are well known and many people want to talk to you. I paid a lot to make us anonymous and still let the payments come in. You know you have a decision to make.

You are each making a million dollars a year for being helpless slaves. You can leave now with that money and live how and where ever you want. Normal lives await you. Or you can stay my slaves. If you stay, you will continue to earn royalties whenever someone watches your video. I won't pay you a salary nor will I pay a bonus for staying. Your royalties should be enough. Now what are your thoughts about the future?”

“Master, the money is great. It makes my future more secure whatever I decide. But I love my life here. OK, I've given up all freedom, except the freedom to quit. I love the girls, Everyone here is polite and friendly. I live in palatial splendor. We always have sore bottoms and we can't run or go anywhere by ourselves. That's all balanced with fantastic sex. I have many orgasms every day and they are all better than I had before coming here. Oh, and greed. We are all getting wealthy because thousands of people like to watch us. But even without the money, I want to stay here. This place is like an adult summer camp. There's always fun things to do, someone else cooks and there are erotic friends around to fuck us. I'm having a carefree blast and putting money in the bank. I don't know about Muriel or Denise, but I want to stay.”

Muriel and Denise both spoke at once, “Master...” Denise waved Muriel to continue.

Muriel said, “Master, you know I have served many Masters before you. I act as a slave because I am a natural slave. I am not playing a role. It is who I am inside. You have made an environment where I am forced to act exactly as I desire. You are the best Master I have had. You are fair and strict. You don’t play favorites. All the girls want you to take us all the time. You take us all to bed exactly the same number of times. You may not know how this affects us. You are a good person and we would do anything for you. If you had a favorite, that would destroy the self esteem of the others. And we have no pride in anything but our ability to serve you. I want to stay because you allow me to feel good about myself. It doesn’t matter that I am a slave, so long as I am your slave.”

Denise spoke up, “Master, I want to stay because I have never been happier in my life. I like the money, but it’s unreal. I’m a submissive. That puts me at personal risk most places and with most people. You make me feel safe and I can enjoy my subjugation. Please let me stay.”

Master smiled and said, “thank you for the kind words. You are all welcome to stay. You are all becoming wealthy because many people like watching you. You won’t need your money until you leave. Is there anything you want to do with your money now?”

Muriel asked, “What do you mean, Master?”

“For instance, maybe one of you might want to help a relative pay for school, or set up a scholarship fund. Maybe for submissive girls?”

We all smiled at that. We all just shrugged our shoulders. Hey, that’s something we can still do in chains! None of us had had any deep thoughts in the past year. We had total focus on sex and physical performance.

Master said, “OK, tell one of us if you think of anything.”

Master John looked at Master Roger and Master Bill. Both of them gave an almost imperceptible nod. Master John spoke, “Now there is just one more item. We have decided that we need to do more preparation for the future. My money set this

place up and its turned into a more successful business than I expected. I want it to continue after I'm gone. I need a good succession plan and I need good, experienced, trained people to make this continue. All my slaves are going back to college.”

“Master,” we all said at once.

Master raised his hand to shush us. He said, “I know this is a shock. You do not have permission to speak. Be quiet and I will explain. One of the recent developments in education is the surge in remote education. Right now, you three slaves are enrolled in a program through a southwest college . In several years you will receive degrees in business. The paperwork is waiting for you. I have set up an unused room as a classroom. You will not have to set foot on the campus to receive your degrees. Roger and Bill are both experienced businessmen and will help you as needed. Of course they will also punish you if you are doing your best. Your standing orders are to be good students. To study your assignments, turn in your homework on time. You will earn ‘A’ grades in all your classes or be punished. Every slave who serves her first year here and stays on will join you in school.

In case you have not realized it, I want every Master and slave to be able to take over the management when I am gone. Only you will know how to treat slaves. I have taken steps to organize this business as a religious entity. We will have a board of directors. You will be eligible to join the board when you retire from your current positions if you have your degrees. I know I will pass on sometime and you should realize that age will overtake you too and plan for your future. You should talk among yourselves and adjust your thinking. Soon you will have more to worry about than sex and exercise. But you will always be submissive.

Master Roger took we girls back to the dining room where Jean and Angela were dusting. They were the newest slaves and hadn't earned their year's bonus yet. Angela had more than a year to wait because she joined us to avoid jail. She had participated in an attempt to rob the estate. She got caught and

her boyfriend died. Master Roger gave us our assignments for today. I went back to Master John's to staff his office.

When a girl was working in the office we had a chain locked to our ankle chains. It was long enough for us to reach anywhere in the office, but not to leave it. The first thing was always to wait for the Master to secure me to the chain and free my hands. The second thing was to service Master John. We all liked this duty. I considered it a privilege. I loved the taste of his cum and the best way I knew to show him I considered myself his property.

He set me about cleaning up after the meeting, dusting, and so forth. I had just finished and knelt to await orders when the phone rang. I'm not sure that many Masters permitted their slaves to use the phone. One of our duties in the office was to answer the phone. It rarely rang. Master was cautious and private. The most we could do was take a message and deny any knowledge about Master or anything else. If the caller was on a short list, we would put them on hold and see if Master wished to converse.

The caller identified himself as Sam Biery. He was on the short list. I said, "hold please," and informed Master it was Sam Biery. Master Biery is the doctor who takes care of people on the estate, slave and free. Master trusts him.

"I'll take it."

I took it off hold and handed the phone to Master. Master told the Doctor to come over. Master worked on his computer and had me come sit next to him. From time to time he would fondle my breast or stroke my head. I was his pet. I purred whenever he touched me and dreamed of a good hard fucking.

Harold entered and announced Dr. Biery had just entered the main gate. Master asked Harold to put me away until the Doctor left. Harold fastened my hands, put a leash on my nose ring and unlocked me from the office chain. He led me out back to a covered patio and locked me to a ring in the floor. He said, "kneel here and wait." He went back inside.

This was a pleasant interlude. I was, of course, helpless and ordered to stay here. I took this to mean 'don't move.' I watched hummingbirds struggling to drain their feeder. Busy buzzing wings flitting about, trying to keep others out of their food. Pointless but they kept trying. Sometimes ten birds at a time were drinking. Usually three to six sucked at once. I envied them their freedom. I mourned their tiny brains and their inability to enjoy the pleasures of submission and sex.

They were so busy, their flights so intricate. Yet, all the flights ended or began with eating. Nature had tied them to their food supply. They consume their energy so fast they have to eat more than their own weight in food every day. People were different. Food didn't drive most people. I was different. My needs chained me to a ring in this patio. I had the power to say enough and leave this life. I could never do that. My needs made me a natural slave. I needed a Master. Someone whom I had to obey. Not because they forced me with pain or coercion. No, I had to obey because I was not an independent person. I was a property.

Watching the birds I had strong feelings. Exciting moving, strong feelings. I had to belong to a strong man. I knew I was a property, a vital, excited, intelligent sensitive property. I knew men found me desirable. They hungered for me. I was powerful and completely helpless. My power made men enslave me and made me revel in my enslavement. God, I loved my chains.

I was so horny. My loins were sodden, my nipples erect, my belly quivering. All from watching hummingbirds feed. My God.

Chapter 2 - Rowdy Sub

“OK Sam, what’s wrong?”

“I have a family problem and its just gotten out of hand. I had an older brother, Josh, Joshua. He died in Afghanistan last year.”

“I’m so sorry, Sam.”

” Water under the bridge. The problem is his wife, Sadie. I helped her out when Josh died and now she’s become obsessed with me.”

“I take it you are not in love with her?”

“Maybe. Not yet. I think of her as a hot girlfriend. I was trying to take some time and see how her daughter, Elinor, takes to me. I thought things were progressing well., Sadie’s a sub and wants to play all the time. We went to a BDSM club a couple of times. Her choice. She wears a dog collar around the house when Elinor’s not home. She wants me to handcuff her when we’re alone. It turns out Josh liked bondage play too. She showed me the box of toys she and Josh used. I sleep over regularly and now she’s hot for a lifetime commitment. I get along well with Elinor. I think she’s starting to think of me as a father figure. Nice kid. Smart, polite. I think she’s doing pot, like all her classmates, but I don’t know that. Anyway, Sadie’s getting more insistent than a sub should be. I get the feeling she wants to top from the bottom. I had not gone along with her and it looks like she’s not about to stop.”

“So, just tell her no.”

“I’ve done that over and over, but she isn’t accepting it. I guess she’s thinking I’m playing hard to get.. Last night she showed up at my house with her daughter, Elinor. She sent her off to play games on my computer. She had had a few drinks when she arrived.

She went to my liquor cabinet and inhaled three fingers of single malt scotch. I doubt she even tasted it. She ripped her clothes and said if I didn’t agree to marry her she was going to

accuse me of rape. I said, no way. She stripped off all her clothes save panties and started throwing things. Well, Elinor came in to see what all the commotion was about and got beamed by a table lamp. Just a scalp wound but it bled a lot. I was patching her up when Sadie bashed me over the head with something hard. I didn't see it. When I woke up Sadie was hitting Elinor all over with an electrical cord. I don't know where she got that. Elinor was screaming and more blood was gushing out of her reopened head wound. Sadie was yelling for Elinor to tell the police I was the one who hit her. I sedated both of them and patched up Elinor again. Then I called you."

"OK, where are they now?"

"Asleep at my house. Sadie won't wake up for six hours at least."

"I understand. I want you to go back to your house. I'll send Chief Jones and a couple of men with you. They will set up some hidden cameras and watch your conversation with Sadie. When Sadie wakes up talk to her about what happened. If she admits to hitting Elinor and threatening to blackmail you, then I can take care of this without a lot of fuss. There will be several options. So what do you want to happen?"

"John, I've decided I want something like what you have. On a smaller scale, of course. I don't want a traditional marriage. I want a slave girl like any one of yours."

"So you want Sadie, just not as a wife."

"Hell yes. She is beautiful and a mink with her tail on fire in bed. Elinor is a great kid and Sadie seems to be doing a great job as a mother. I don't want to take her in public as a slave, but I want her to be one at home. I would love to have Elinor as my daughter. I think I would be a good father."

OK. Go home now. I'll walk to the Chief wait for him in your car. It would be a good idea to hide any sharp objects or weapons before she wakes up. Check her clothing and purse too.

...

“Do you want some water or juice,” Sam asked?

“Just water, Sadie said. ” Have you called the police yet?”

“No. I am required to report you, but I can wait a little while.”

“You know,” Sadie said, “I will still accuse you of rape unless you agree to marry me.”

“Sadie, you know I like you and you seem to like me. Why are you threatening to blackmail me? And whipping Elinor with an electrical cord was beyond sanity.”

“Look, Sam, “Sadie said, “This is not just a question of love. Its a question of money. I’m broke and don’t have any useful skills. I need a man. A strong man. I want you to be my dom and my husband. I need a provider, and a master. Elinor needs a father and, to be crass, you are well off. I could do a lot worse. We’re compatible in bed, Elinor and I like you. You know I will be a good sub. I love obeying you. I have to take care of Ellie. The bank is about to evict us. I want Ellie to have the privileges that go with being the child of a successful Doctor. I can’t afford to pay for college. It trivial for you. You will enjoy having me around for sex play and as a trophy to show your friends. I don’t have any skills, but I know my looks will enhance your reputation. So I am going to marry you. Or if not then no one else will have you either and I can use public sympathy to restart my search for a wealthy man.

“I’m sorry about this, but I want you. I am serious. I still have that sheet with your semen on it. If you don’t agree to marriage, it is going to the police. In today’s climate every prosecutor will jump on the chance to nail a wealthy doctor. I am sorry about Elinor. I wanted something that would leave marks but not cause any damage. She’s young. She’ll get over it.”

The phone rang. Sam answered it, listened, and said, “OK,” and hung up. The door opened and two men came in.

Sadie said, “Who are you? What is happening?”

One of the men said, “Good morning Mrs. Biery. I’m Chief Jones and we have been listening to your conversation. We

have a recording also. You have admitted to child abuse, assault two, and extortion. If we tell this to the police you will go to prison and Elinor taken away from you. Let's talk about your options."

Sadie was terrified. This man spoke in a calm, professional voice. The kind of voice one used when they were certain of their facts. Sadie had never thought anyone would hear her.

She knew she was toast. She said, "Wh-what options?"

Chief Jones asked, have you ever watched a web site called 'Wage Slaves'?"

Sadie said, "No. I've never heard of it."

He took a laptop out of a case and said, "I'm going to show you a video from the show. It shows young women the site employs to play sex slaves. It shows their lives all day. sleeping, getting up and dressed, eating, exercising, chores, sex, training, gardening. The women are chained all the time. You must decide whether you would like to join them and their lives or go to prison. If you choose the show, the whole world can see you. You will be naked, chained, obeying orders, being whipped for transgressions. If you choose prison, you will go away for many years and loose any rights to Elinor. You will have a criminal record follow you the rest of your life."

He started the video. It was just as he said. I watched three naked women being put in chains. I saw them pierced and rings put in their flesh. I watched them doing exercises. hiking chained together, and exercising. They seemed happy. They smiled a lot. They had sex with men, other women, themselves. They had the best orgasms I had ever seen If they were faked, it was excellent acting. It ended after 30 minutes.

Chief Jones said, "All right. You have seen the show. Part of the show. I know you're into bdsm and consider yourself a sub. This is your chance to play a real sub . The site shows their lives as slaves. Everything they do is available. They get paid a good salary and receive royalties for their performances. So would you rather be one of those porn /

bondage models or go to prison? Your only choices are to join the cast of this show or face the police. If you join the show, you will grant temporary custody of Elinor to Sam. You may not resign from the show until Sam agrees.”

Sadie thought for a moment and asked, “I play a sex slave for years and give up my daughter? No way. Even in jail, I can see her.”

“Mrs. Biery, Elinor may visit you on the set as often as Sam wants. Due to your crimes against Sam and Elinor, you will have no say in anything unless Sam allows it.”

Sam said, “Sadie, I intend for Elinor to see you often, whether you want it or not.”

Sadie asked, “How long will I have to play a slave?”

Chief Jones said, “you committed several felonies.” Your sentence would be at least ten years.”

“Ten years,” Sadie exploded, “Elinor will be grown by then.”

Chief Jones said, ” Ten years unless Sam wants it shortened. It will be up to him. Sam said Elinor will be with you often. She won’t grow up without you. This is a much better deal than prison. What is your decision?”

“Am I going to do hard work in the fields or sweatshop, or something else like the plantation slaves in the south?” Sadie asked.

“No,” the Chief said, “this will be more like a harem. Imagine some young women kept in palatial surroundings. They can’t leave and must have sex with their owner and his people. You will be naked and chained, but otherwise comfortable. If you break the rules, you will be punished. It s more like an exclusive club than a prison, but you are the staff.”

Sadie thought about it but didn’t see any way out. “OK, I’ll play your slave. What about Elinor?”

Elinor walked into the room. She had bandages on her head, arms, and legs. She looked battered. She was angry. “Mom,” she said, “I heard what you wanted to do to Sam. I hurt from

your attempt to use me against him. I don't like you right now. I'm not sure I want to see you for a while." She turned and left the room.

Sam said, "Everything we do has consequences." He followed Elinor. Chief Jones said, Stand up Mrs. Biery and turn around."

"But, she protested, I'm not dressed."

"You will be covered for the trip."

Sadie stood up and Chief Jones cuffed her hands behind her and fastened a short cape around her neck. He dropped a black bag over her head and tied the drawstring. He led her to the car.

Sam walked behind Elinor to the kitchen. He reached a decision. "Elinor, I'm going to fix us a light lunch then we're going to go see you mother. I think it will do you good to help her start her penance and redemption."

Elinor asked, "Penance, redemption. I thought she was going to be an actress. Isn't she going to get a role in a video?"

"Yes, she most definitely is. But we all will forget this unpleasantness through her trials. Trust me. You will love to help her adjust and you may get a role too."

"OK," she said, "What's for lunch? Can I help?"

"Sure, how about a Caesar salad?"

Chapter 3 - Chained Sub

At the estate Chief Jones took Sadie to the room used for paperwork. He stripped her and cuffed her hands in front. He handed her over to Harold who had prepared the forms. She signed the same ones as Emily and the others except there was no time limit. She read all the rules of her performance out loud for the recording. She acknowledged she enjoyed pain as a punishment for infractions. She agreed to full time restraints. She agreed to perform sex acts as a part of her performance. She agreed she was a paid performer and would receive royalties.

Harold put cuffs on her wrists and ankles and took her to the workshop. He introduced her to Stan and Melody and said only that they would be outfitting her.

Harold gave her to Stan and said, “new slave. Give her everything, Stan.” He walked away talking to Melody.

Stan looked at me and said, “sit on that stool and lift your legs up here,” pointing to the bench. He removed my leg cuffs and set them aside. He tried a couple of anklets on me until he found a set that fit. A chain, maybe fourteen inches long, joined them. They were rather elegant in their shining simplicity. There were no dangling locks or bulky hinges. They looked like costly jewelry.

In a short time, Stan had fastened them on my ankles and he had me stand. They were snug, implacable, and elegant. I could see no joint, no lock, no hinge. They appeared to be a single, continuous band of metal. They were smooth, shiny, and there was no keyhole. They were lovely in their own way, and implacable. Yes, I could no longer run or kick, but I had not done that for a long time, anyway. They took nothing from me. They looked like unusual jewelry, but what they added was subjugation. Anyone who saw me would know I was not free. Well, I wasn't, for many years, at least.

When he had finished, my wrists, ankles and neck all bore metal bands. I saw no keyholes or hinges. All had attachment rings. My collar had several. A short chain joined the ankle bands. I could walk but the hobble snubbed my steps short.

I definitely would not be running or kicking. A broader band constrained my waist, like a steel corset without laces. It was hard to breathe. It had eight equidistant rings. A padlock held my wrists to the rear ring.

Stan took hold of my upper arm and steered me across the room to where Melody was standing. She had her arm resting on what looked like an old fashioned barber's chair. She said Honey, you look good. You've got a great rack, long legs, and a small waist. Everyone's going to love you when I'm done.

"Melody, what, exactly are you going to do to me? Makeup?"

Melody laughed and said, "Honey, I'm gonna pierce you and put some rings on you."

"Oh. On my nipples? I've considered that for a while. I never had the courage to go through with it, though."

Melody smiled broader and said, "Honey, I'm going to make your dream come true. Sit here," indicating the chair.

I felt uncoordinated since my arms wouldn't move and I couldn't separate my feet. Just as they wanted me, I suppose.

Melody strapped me down to the chair, spreading my knees far apart.

She painted an orange liquid on both nipples then she pushed a big needle through my left nipple. It hurt a little, but not bad.

She picked up a big ring from a tray and used it to push the needle back out and then the ring was the only thing in my nipple. It was open and she used a large pair of pliers to squeeze it shut. I heard a sharp click as it closed. Now it was a solid gold ring. In my nipple. Heavy. My right soon bore its own big, gold ring. Next I got two labia rings. She showed them to me before starting and they were identical to my new nipple rings. I couldn't see what she did, but it was soon over. I wanted to get up so I could see them better.

“Melody, can I get up now?”

“Not yet Honey, several more to go.”

“More? Oh, my ears are already pierced.”

“I’ll have to enlarge the holes before I can use these rings. And there’s still one more.”

One more? Where...?” Panic grabbed my heart. “Not my nose, please, not there. I’ll never be able to go out in public again. Oh, please.”

“Sorry, Honey. Orders.” She strapped my head tight to the chair. I couldn’t move it at all. I closed my eyes and tried to relax.

I closed my eyes. It was the only voluntary movement I could make, and it made my destiny recede into the blackness. I didn’t know at the time how I would shortly regret that desire.

I felt the needles enter my existing ear piercings. I could feel the stretch, but there was little pain. I felt the rings slide into place and then snap shut. First my right and then my left ears. The rings were heavy. It felt like my ears were being stretched down. I had worn heavy earrings before, but nothing like these monsters.

Melody brushed some of the orange liquid inside my nose.

It got numb and she stuck something big in both nostrils.

There was a snapping sound and pain erupted in my head. It was much worse than my nipples. I thought I had been shot. I screamed and she pulled the thing away from my face. I saw my blood on it and felt faint. I couldn’t move. She brushed some more stuff in my nose that stung. She stuck something else up my nose and moved it around. Everything she did hurt. Then I felt pressure squeezing in the middle of my nose.

I felt a click and she took the things out of my nose. I still felt the pressure. I opened my eyes and watched. She inserted another gold ring and squeezed it together with large pliers. Another click. Then I was alone with my pain and a heavy ring dangling from my nose.

She left me strapped tight to the chair for a long time. When she returned she released me and helped me to my feet. She grasped my arm just like Stan and steered me to a wall with a mirror.

I saw my reflection in the mirror. It didn't look at all like me. I knew what I looked like. I was OK, I guess. But the girl in the mirror was eroticism incarnate. Her rings shone in the light. Her breasts were high and firm with erect rosy nipples and pierced by those huge gold rings. She was the most sexy and erotic creature I had ever imagined. She wore her chains with distinction. Their graceful lines enhanced rather than shamed. I watched the creature in the reflection smile. I realized I was smiling.

I felt confused, dissociated from my body. I did not want this. I had agreed to it. I had acted bad and earned punishment. Was this it. To be a helpless, ringed slave girl? I could imagine rape in my future. I couldn't resist. Would that be so bad? I enjoyed sex a lot. I hoped it would be better than prison. As I gazed at my image in the mirror, I was horrified at my bargain. She was more helpless than if in prison. She looked apprehensive. Prison at least gave you clothing.

Exposed and so vulnerable. I was also proud. I thought, "I am a fine specimen. Any man would want me. Why did a woman in chains look so erotic? Helpless femininity is a turn on even for women? Even for the chained girl herself? I wonder if all the men get to fuck the sex slaves? No, I must resist. Fuck, I couldn't resist anyone. They can't keep me like this!"

Melody walked up to her holding what looked like a dog leash. She said, "Sadie, you look great. You have kept yourself in good shape. Have you ever made love to a woman?"

"No, never. I've had invites, but never tried it. Why?"

"Melody smiled and said, "Always a first time for everything honey. Let's go talk about this." Melody clipped the leash to my nose ring.

“Ouch. That’s tender, Melody. Please be careful.”

Melody stopped and turned to look me in the eye. She had a broad smile on her face. She tied my leash to a ring on the wall and walked away. There were some noises from behind me. Melody returned with a handful of black leather in her hand. She untied my leash, passed it through a hole in the leather, and retied it to the wall ring. She used the leash to pull my face close to the wall before tying it off. My nose ring was tight to the wall ring and I couldn’t move my hands or feet.

“Melody,” I whined with a plaintive voice, “what are you doing to me?”

She didn’t say anything. She opened up the leather in front of me, so close I couldn’t see anything but black. She wrapped it around my face. It covered everything but my nose and mouth. She pulled my hair through a hole on top of my head then started buckling the straps at the back. She pulled them tight then closed the buckle. There were four, counting the bottom one which came right down to my collar. When they were all buckled I felt and heard her putting padlocks through all four of the buckles. I could only see stygian blackness.

I felt her untie my leash from the wall. It was still fastened on my nose ring. I heard Melody say, “Follow your nose, Honey.” Then I felt a tug pulling my head to the left. I turned and followed my nose into blackness. I was not in control of anything. I took my short hobbled steps into blackness. I felt my torso swaying, bereft of any of my usual reflexes or clues.

She steered me well. I did not hit anything or trip. My journey through darkness seemed endless. I knew only the cold concrete under my feet and the tug on my nose. I followed my nose around several corners until the floor changed to carpet. I heard a door close. I was led forward several steps and heard, “Kneel.” I tried to lower myself on one leg, but my hobble was too short. Then I bent both knees until they reached the floor. I heard, “Don’t move.” I froze.

What could I do. I was helpless. Hands and feet locked up, blind, my nose held in the uncompromising grip of a leash. In a while I felt Melody near me. She said, “Now you’re going to learn to service a woman. What are you?”

“I am your prisoner, Melody.” The pain was terrible in the darkness. It sliced across her breasts leaving a fiery trail. I jumped and screamed. My chains rattled.

“What are you?” Melody repeated.

“A slave! A slave!,” I screamed.

“What is my title?” Melody asked.

“Mistress, mistress,” I sobbed.”

“Good. Girls learn fast with the whip to guide them,” Melody said in a quiet voice. Again, what are you?”

“A slave, Mistress.”

“Excellent. Now I will sit in front of you and you will service me.” She brushed past me and sat on something. It sounded like a padded chair. “crawl forward on your knees until you touch me. OK. Tilt your head forward until your face touches my skin.” I felt her pull my nose to her. “Stick out your tongue and lick my labia. Both sides. Faster. Harder.” Her love juices were flowing now. She was salty and sweet. I tasted woman for the first time. I was getting aroused now. I wanted to feel a tongue too. I heard a slight moan from her.” Now stick your tongue between my lips and keep licking. Harder.” The moans were coming faster now. Her juices were flowing faster. I felt her body quivering under me. “Now feel my clit. Suck it, hard. Keep on sucking.” I sucked as hard as possible. She exploded under me. Her body spasmed and she arched her back so hard she threw me back. My face was wet with her secretions. She was screaming, “Yes, Yes.”

I knelt , helpless in the darkness. An abject slave. Yet I felt good. I had given Melody a priceless pleasure. Though helpless and blind, I was proud of my new prowess and content to be where and what I was.

After a while, Melody got up and left the room. I didn't move. I couldn't see and wore chains. Where would I go? She came back and wiped my mouth and nose with a cloth. She also wiped the leather and my breasts. Then she had me stand and walked me back to Stan.

I heard Stan say, "Only one stripe. She must learn fast."

Melody replied, "Yep, and this little girl has a great tongue. Try it out."

Stan said, "Intend to. See you later."

I felt a tug on my leash so I walked forward a few steps and heard the now familiar, "Kneel." I did and felt a rubber mat under my knees. I heard, "Spread your knees wide." I moved one knee then the other and heard, "Farther." I stretched them wide. "OK, now arch your back and stick your breasts out." I tried, but couldn't see the results. I felt him grab both of my nipple rings and pull them out." I yelped. He said, "Stick them out farther." I tried again. He let go and I relaxed a little.

"OK," he said, "that's a pretty good position for a first time. Now let's get down to business. You will now service me. Have you done this before?"

I have, but only twice and a long time ago before I married Josh. I said, "Yes Master, but it was years ago."

Stan replied, "I don't think you have forgotten how. Let's see."

I felt his penis touch my lips. I opened my mouth and started licking and sucking on its tip. I felt it grow under my ministrations. Soon he said, "Now take it in." It was thick and rigid. I was sure it would be long. It would pose a challenge for me to take it all in, but I was determined to try. "Master" I said, "you have a grand penis. I will try and do it justice." I started licking the tip, tasting the salty, sweet pre-cum. I loved its taste, so masculine and full of promise. I took the end in my mouth and sucked in several inches, preparing my mouth and throat for the whole thing. I moved my head in and out, going deeper each time. I felt it grow even larger. I wanted it in my belly. This was a waste. I wanted a climax from this artist.

I couldn't stop. I knew if I kept on like this, I would shortly receive his whole load, and I wanted it. My pussy was screaming in my brain, 'NO. I WANT IT.' I had never had this happen before. I kept on thrusting and sucking because I didn't want to stop. But I wanted to stop and have him fuck my pussy instead. I knew I could only have one, but I wanted both. Damn it. At last, he came. I managed to swallow it all. It was wonderful, but almost too much for me to handle. I wished again it was in my pussy, but there was nothing I could do. I was helpless, and heaven help me, I loved it.

I licked him clean, swallowing it all. He wiped my nose for me. I was crying and he said, "Was it bad?"

I sobbed again, and said, "Oh, No, Master. It was wonderful. I loved giving you pleasure. I am just so happy. I am glad you put such beautiful metal on me and made me so helpless. I hope you can fuck me hard some day."

Stan said, "count on it, sweetheart."

He cleaned my face and tied my leash to a wall ring. In a while I was led somewhere else. I felt gravel then grass under my feet, then a tile floor. The lock holding my hands opened and they were then locked to something shoulder height in front of me. I heard a hum and my hands lifted into the air.

My arms stretched taut and my heels left the floor. It stopped. Something pulled my knees apart. My toes brushed the floor. All my weight was on my wrists. I didn't say anything.

What was there to say? I hung for a long time. I toyed with moving my feet and legs, but that just increased the pain. It was like a toothache. Pain, flowed into my body from my wracked arms and shoulders. Nothing I could do made it better, only worse. I moaned. I cried. I waited. My head hung forward.

Chapter 4 - Too Young?

Sam and Elinor had lunch then he told her to go and dress up. Put on her best party dress. When she left, he made several phone calls. When she returned, her dress covered all her bandages save the one on her head. They got in his car and he took her to a mall and they did a little shopping. He got her a cap to hide the bandages. They got back in the car with several bags. Out of town, he stopped at a wide spot. He had her put a black bag over her head, explaining they were going to a secret location to see her mother. When it was on, he had her recline the seat so she could not be seen from outside. He drove to the estate and led Elinor inside by the hand.

When inside he removed the bag. Elinor whistled at the large, opulent interior.

He explained that her mother had chosen to become a slave rather than go to prison. He would bring her here to visit quite often. He described this place as a movie set as well as a home. There were several women here who were paid quite well to be slaves. They were free to leave whenever they wanted and most of them had already decided to stay.

Elinor, I want you to meet some of the women who are slaves here. I think you should talk to them about their lives and how they have changed by becoming slaves. This is what I intend to happen to your mother. She has hurt both of us and will expiate my hurt by becoming my slave. What I want you to think about is how she can repair your hurt.

Your mother is in the workshop now. The staff is putting her chains and rings on. She will be naked, chained, and ringed for a long time. Her actions are going to have consequences that will change her. Her punishment begins shortly. It is in two parts. She will be whipped. It will not harm her, but she will feel pain. Then she will learn to be a slave, that is to say, less than human. She will make no decisions. She will eat when and what her Masters choose to feed her. She will work, sleep, crap, rise, give and receive sex, exercise and wear what her Masters decide. She will learn to obey every command.

What I find exciting about this place is that all the slaves here are happy with their choice. Much of this is due to the intense sexual content. They are sex slaves and can have many orgasms a day. Still to renounce all freedom for security and sex seems a bad trade to me.

“Sam,” said Elinor, “isn’t that trade one that women have always made? In exchange for giving up many choices, girls always look for a man who is good in bed and will support them. Its a topic much discussed by my friends.”

“Elinor,” Sam said, “you may be right. I never discussed it with my male friends. My main concern now is what you feel toward your mother right now?”

“I hate her,” said Elinor, “She hit me over and over. She wanted to use me to blackmail you. She tried to blackmail you for sleeping with her. I think she should go to prison instead of being in a movie. But, what you just said about her punishment sounds almost as good. “

Sam looked at Elinor and said, “I believe it will be good for you to punish her when she is ready. It will help you reduce your anger toward her. She is going to become just like the other women I’m going to introduce you to. Think about it, but I think you should whip her, at least part of the time.

When you talk to these slaves, ask them about whipping. I think it will enlighten you. Now, let’s go meet them.

Remember, every free person is their Master or mistress, including you. You can order them to do or say anything.”

My Uncle Sam took me to another room. He opened the door and I saw two women. They were young, in their mid twenties. Maybe ten years older than me. They were beautiful, like models. They were naked and kneeling on the floor in front of a couch. It was a small room with only a few items of furniture. Like a meeting room with no table. Both women had long blond hair worn loose. They had metal collars on their necks and belts or bands around their waist. A long chain ran from the wall to the woman on my left’s collar. A shorter chain joined their collars. They couldn’t leave the

room. Their knees were wide apart and I could see a chain between their feet. Their hands were behind their back. I wondered if they wore cuffs or just holding them there.

These were peripheral attractions. What I saw first was their rings. They were large, thick, gold rings. They had no ball to remove and thus take them out. They looked permanent and heavy. They gleamed in reflected light. Each slave girl had rings in labia, nipples and nose. They twinkled with their breathing. They were magnificent, sleek, and lithe. They reminded me of smooth large cats on their leashes.

They smiled at us and I noticed their red, shiny lips and tanned skin. They looked healthy, trim, and happy to see us. In a way, they were like my mother. She always exercised, going to the gym three times a week. But she hardly ever looked happy.

She was depressed and drank a lot in the evenings. She yelled at me a lot. But she looked fine.

They both said, "Good morning, Masters."

Uncle Sam said, "Good morning slaves. This is Elinor.

Elinor, the slave on your left is Emily and the one on the right is Muriel. Emily submit to Elinor."

Emily lowered her head to the floor. I saw her hands were locked to the back of her waistband and her wrists and ankles had metal cuffs. She said, "Mistress, I am Emily, your slave. I will obey you in all things."

Uncle Sam said, "Good. Now you Muriel."

Emily rose back up to her kneeling position and Muriel lowered her head. She repeated Emily's litany.

Uncle Sam said, "Good Muriel. Elinor, I am going to leave you to talk to Emily and Muriel. When you are done, just come out the door. If you need it, there are several whips hanging in that closet. The girls will teach you how to use them properly. Experiment. They actually like it." Then he left.

This was heady stuff. I was in control of two lovely girls. They were helpless and I had a whip. They had sworn to

obey me. I wanted to whip mother so much. Yet I had never held a whip, not even a toy one. I went to the closet and opened the door. There were chains, whips, crops, canes, locks, and keys. There were leather items like hoods, leashes, and leather straps of different lengths. I took a short whip and closed the door. They watched me.

“What should I call you?”

Muriel said, “Mistress, we answer to our names or any descriptor you want. We obey anything you call us, like slave, girl, slut, whore, or slit.”

“Girls, don’t you have any pride?”

“Mistress,” Emily said, “not a bit. We are slave girls. Pride and dignity are forbidden to us. We are punished if we show pride in anything but our skill at serving our Masters.”

“But you are demeaning all women. You are allowing yourselves to become objects. Were you forced to become slaves?”

“No, Mistress, said Emily, ” I chose this because I was both submissive and greedy. I was a sub to another woman, now also a slave. I volunteered for this for one year because I was offered a great deal of money. When my year was up, I was even wealthier, but found I no longer cared for money. Now I can’t leave. I crave my bondage. I crave the incredible sex. I am always horny and often fulfilled. Now I just want to obey my Master. Other women are free to do as they wish. Right now, I have never been happier, more fulfilled.”

“Slave. It carries a lot of meaning. You do not seem to be the overworked, unpaid pickers of cotton I read about. What are your jobs?”

Muriel answered, “Mistress, we clean the house, we work in the garden. We exercise a lot and we pleasure our Masters and mistresses.”

“Pleasure. Is this just sex?”

Muriel said, “mostly, but many times they just like to control us. To watch us dance to their tune. We sometimes go on hikes in coffle. Sometimes we are pony girls and they use a bit and reins to steer us. Every evening some of us just kneel or lay near our Masters and they fondle us. But we do provide a lot of sexual services. You may have noticed both of us have chastity belts. Only Masters John, Roger, and Bill have access to our cunts. Everyone else uses our mouths and assholes. We are justly proud of our skills. We can bring any man or woman to orgasm in moments with our mouths. Our assholes are more passive. But we do have some practice using our sphincter muscles to speed an orgasm.”

Emily added, “And there is the whip. We have all learned to love the whip. The pain is beastly at first. After a while you become aroused and you don’t want it to stop. Then just a touch on my labia and I have a huge orgasm. I glow for hours after a whip orgasm. Want to see? You have a nice whip. I’ll get off in a few strokes.”

“So, the whip isn’t much of a punishment?”

Emily replied, “It can be. If the person with the whip doesn’t want you to get off, they just don’t touch my cunt. They just keep on whipping or leave me there. When I’m aroused, I am needy beyond belief. It is unbearable agony to be right on the edge and unable to get off. I beg and whine and plead. I hurt all over. I need to orgasm so bad. I would do anything. But that’s the bad part of being a slave girl. I’m always helpless, even to get off. I am always locked up and my hands locked behind me, like now.”

“OK, you like a whipping if you can get off on it. Is it usually your back?”

“Oh, no, Mistress,” said Emily, “it is mostly our bottoms. That part of us girls is well padded and there are no bones or organs to be injured.”

“You make it sound pleasant for you. OK. I’ll try it. What is the best way for you to get ready, since I can’t unlock any part of you?”

Muriel said, "We can just stand up and bend over. That's quite common."

"OK. Do it."

Both slaves stood up and Muriel walked around in front of Emily, both faced the couch and bent way over. I was excited. I couldn't wait to sear one of their asses with this thin whip I held. I thumped it in my palm. How could something that was abhorrent to me an hour ago now excite me so? I felt a stirring in my groin. I might come just from anticipation!

I stood beside Muriel and raised the whip. My hand trembled. I was sweating. I swung it hard across her ass. She jumped but was silent. I wanted her to scream. I wanted her to acknowledge that I was her mistress. I watched the red line emerge on her ass. It first showed up then the skin under it swelled just a little. Then the area around the stripe reddened. I was reassured. I had marked her. She was mine. I aimed a little lower and hit her again. After the fourth stripe, she said, "Mistress, I'm ready to come." I felt powerful. I wanted this feeling of control and subjugation to continue forever. I realized I just loved whipping a girl's ass. Fuck, what was I doing. I was a girl. I might feel the whip someday. I didn't care, today was what counted. I wanted her ass red, red, red.

I gave her two more stripes because it felt good and to show her who's boss. I could see her labia from behind. It was full and lush. I reached the whip handle in from behind and pushed it into her vagina. It went in smooth. I wiggled it around and pumped it in and out. She came with a great jerk. Her vagina pulled hard on the whip and she gushed her love juices down her leg and the whip handle. I removed the whip and sniffed it. Woman smell. "Stand up." She straightened up. I walked around to her front. I held the whip to her mouth. "Clean it." She licked it and sucked it into her mouth. She worked it around and opened her mouth wide when done. "Thank you, Muriel. Most enlightening."

Muriel said, "No, thank you, Mistress."

I gave Emily her whipping. It was the same except Emily moaned a lot. I was sad I had stopped. I wanted to continue hitting their asses. “OK, return to your kneeling positions.” There was always mother to look forward to. I would ensure she came, too, many times.

“I don’t understand how a whipping can make you come so quick. I have never heard about this. Were you able to do it before you came here?”

Muriel said, “Oh, Yes, Mistress. It is rare that a whipped woman does not get aroused. For me, my first experience was when my father spanked me. Over his knee and I got his pants leg wet. I was a bad girl and needed much spanking.”

Emily said, “It was much the same for me. My father didn’t spank me, but my dom often did and I came there too. I come much faster now, though. I think it is the bondage. If I think about my helplessness or when I have to obey without question. like when I’m leashed, I go into high arousal. Then a touch in the pussy and I orgasm.”

“Leashed. You mean a Master will put a leash on your collar like a dog?”

“Mistress, I’ve never had a leash on my collar. The collar is where they lock chains, like the one I am wearing now to attach us to something. I have always had the leash put on one of my rings. The nose is quite handy and popular. If i tug on it there is a lot of pain. It makes us quite tractable.”

I thought this would be useful to practice. I went to the closet and got out two leashes. I clipped one to each slave’s nose ring. “I see what you mean. With your hands locked you just have to follow the leash or get automatic pain.

“Now I would like to hear more about submission. Emily, you said you were already a sub before you came her. Muriel, what about you?”

Muriel said, “I have been a slave for several Masters. I sold myself for specific periods of time. I had a contract and I submitted myself. All proper, consensual, and legal. I came

here as a free woman, trained Emily and Denise then sold myself to Master John. My contract was up several months ago and I decided to stay as an unpaid slave, but still free to leave when I want.”

“All right, but you have not told me why you want to submit to others.” Be specific or I will use this whip again.”

“Sorry, Mistress,” Muriel said, “I wandered. I subjugate myself to others because it arouses me. Master John is an amazing person. He is strong, wealthy, and cares for our happiness. He is stern when we break the rules and loving the rest of the time. He is intelligent and has built a secure place for us. And, of course, we are all becoming wealthy due to his foresight, planning, and vision. A touch from him or even just obeying him brings me to the brink of an orgasm. I love this life. I love my Masters, I love my sister slaves, and I can see a secure future for myself.”

“Wow, you love him. Aren’t you jealous of all the other naked slaves around him?”

“No,” Muriel said, “I love them too. We are sisters in slavery. It is like, but much more intense than a sorority. We all share our Masters. They try to take equally from each of us. We are all grateful to be able to pleasure and obey them. It is all in our mindset. We are natural slaves and need to serve strong men. We share our love between ourselves of course. But woman love between we slaves is only possible because we know we belong to men who permit it. Thus we are twice enslaved and know it.”

“You have given me much to think about. I will permit you to ask me a question if you have one.”

“Mistress,” said Muriel, “have you ever had a woman make love to you?”

“No, just a couple of clumsy, scared boys. Why?”

“Mistress,” said Emily, “I would cherish the opportunity to give you an orgasm. In thanks for the one you gave me. I won’t need a whip, but only my tongue. Please, Mistress?”

I liked this idea. The orgasm I have had were all self-induced. I thought this was a great time to try a new way. Still, I did not know this girl. But her chains ensured she couldn't harm me. "OK," I said.

I sat on the couch and removed my panties. The leashes were still on their noses, so I picked up Emily's and drew her to me. She crawled over on her knees and stuck her tongue in my crotch. I saw her tongue. It was much bigger and longer than any I had ever seen. I guess its like any other muscle you work a lot. She was amazing. I was hot the instant she licked me. She licked and sucked hard and fast. I felt my love juices flowing into my loins. She thrust her tongue deep into me and licked deeper and deeper. My belly started trembling, then spasming. I was so close to coming. It felt like her whole head was in my vagina. She sucked my hard nub into her mouth and fondled it with her lips. I came with a scream. The pleasure was unbearable. I was exploding. My screams of joy faded and finally I was able to focus again. I clutched her leash in my hand. It pulled her nose deep into me. I relaxed my stiff fingers and grinned at her. "That was amazing. I'm still shaking. That was the strongest sensation I have ever had. It must be the reverse of childbearing.

I reached out and took the leash off her nose ring." Thank you, Emily, from the bottom of my heart."

I lay back, still stunned by the strength of the orgasm. I said, Muriel, come closer. I took the leash off her nose ring too. "Next time I'll have you make love to me so I can compare."

Emily said, "Wait, I want a chance to do better. I didn't expect you to accept so easily. I wasn't ready."

Muriel smiled and said, "Shut up slave. You're a greedy slut. Its my turn next."

Emily also smiled and replied, "Yes, I am. Isn't that our job?"

I got up and went out the door. Uncle Sam was waiting in a chair, reading. He looked at me and asked, "Ready to see your mother?"

Chapter 5 - Mother Daughter Play

I nodded my head and he took me down the hall. He said, "You don't have to be quiet, she won't know we're there. The room she's in is soundproof. We are going into a viewing room. Its up to you whether you let her know you're present or if you decide to whip her. You can talk to her, taunt her, or be quiet. If you don't want to, I will do it. The whip I have will cause her pain, but not harm. I want every inch of her red before we stop. I also want a nice pause between each stroke. She has been hanging for over an hour. She will hang until three or four hours after we finish. Its all part of her punishment. and the start of her training as my slave." He opened the door and we entered. This chamber was only four or so feet deep and the entire far wall was glass. There was a glass door in the wall. We could see into the room beyond. A slave girl was hanging by her wrists from the ceiling. Her knees were spread wider than her ankle chain by ropes. The wad a collar and all the rings that Emily and Muriel had. This woman was hooded and her hair came out a hole on top of the hood. Her hair was the same color as mother's. She was trim and had good breasts. They didn't sag at all.

"Are you sure that's mother. The hair looks right, but I've never seen her without clothes before?"

Uncle Sam said, "Yes, I'm sure. Do you want to do the honors, or do you want me to whip her? Or we could share the work."

I wanted to make her pay for the whipping she gave me. Also for the last few years because she was a lazy bitch who made my life hard. Also, I found I really liked whipping a female. "I want to do it. How long do I have? And can I give her an orgasm?"

Uncle Sam smiled and said, "You learned a lot from Emily and Muriel, didn't you? You can have as long as you want, just make sure you have all her skin red when you stop. If you get tired I will take over until you're ready again. And yes, give her plenty of orgasms. A few in a row is just as much of a

punishment as the whip. Many of the women find they enjoy whipping a girl better if they are naked too. Say it lets them get a better swing. Feel free.” He handed me a whip and opened the door for me.

I walked into the larger room. I walked over to mother and gave her a hard stroke across the back of her thighs. Her scream was loud, piteous and music to my ears. I walked around her and played with her rings. She kept begging for mercy and asking who was there. I ignored her. I examined my work and found the single stripe had made her skin red for about an inch on either side. . I gave her another stroke an inch higher. She thrashed and screamed more. I was getting aroused. I seemed to have an affinity for this task.

The pain was horrible in my darkness. My legs flared with its fiery stripe. I screamed and thrashed about, but I was held fast. My toes slid across the floor and gained me nothing. My shoulders hurt even more. My thighs flamed in my heated dark. I didn't know who was wielding the whip. It must be a large man, it hurt so much. Minutes passed. Hope grew brighter. Maybe I would only receive one? No, there must be more coming. Where were they. The suspense was cruel. Who was punishing me. Sam? Oh no. He would be merciless.

The second stripe burned my ass again. Lower. Stars flamed in my eyes. Bright in the dark. My body grew hot all over. I could feel the two fiery stripes burning my skin but the rest of me was hot, too.

I took off my blouse and bra. My breasts weren't as big as mother and the two slaves, but they were perfect for me. I had read a story where the heroine had named her girl parts. I looked at my breasts and thought of names for them. Like whip and cane, or something related to what I was liking so much now.

I hurt all over. I couldn't move anything. If I tried it caused more pain in my shoulders. They let me hang there a long time. It was a mean way to torture a girl. To just hang in blackness, never knowing when it would get worse or be over.

The sudden pain in my legs was horrible. I was blind and helpless. Someone had hit my leg with a whip or cane or some other demented torture device. I screamed long and shrill. I begged, please don't hit me again. My pleas went on and on. I stopped and said, "Please talk to me. don't hit me any more. Please. I'll do anything you want."

Silence.

Pain blossomed again on my legs. I twisted and turned within my bonds which never budged. My screams and pleas renewed. I don't know what I said, but the noises I made had no effect.

Every time I wound down the pain erupted again, always in a new location. Soon, my screams and pleas turned into whimpers and moans. The heat flowed through my body like a flaming blood. My loins grew hot and I moaned in pleasure not pain. I couldn't tell the difference anymore. Then something rubbed my slit and thrust within me. I spasmed in a gigantic orgasm. I flew straight to heaven. My moans grew in volume and timbre.

When I returned to my body, I still hung in the air. Another searing pain exploded in my belly. I was whipped endlessly. As I grew aroused my torturer gave me blessed relief through my overheated loins.

I swung back and forth between heaven and hell as the whip sang its melody on my nerves. Now even my orgasms were painful. Too much of a good thing, indeed. My shoulders were wracked with pain. Every inch of my skin stung and burned. Even my breasts and loins had not been spared. The hand wielding the whip must have been female to stripe my most sensitive skin. Only females are so mean.

Mother had calmed down now and was just whimpering, so I decided to move to another prime spot. I would move my stripes around so she couldn't guess where the next one would land. I walked around her and put the next one just above her metal waistband. It flared red faster than her thigh. Better blood flow I guess. I moved around, exploring the nooks and

crannies of her body. I got better with my aim. I was able to whip her back and let the tip whip around and nip at her armpit or breast. She really jumped when I managed to guide the tip through her spread legs and let the tip whack one of her labia rings. I guess that area was quite tender. Turns out, even a whip can cause an orgasm if she's been tenderized enough. I gave her ten or eleven orgasms, all with the tip of the whip before I finished reddening her skin. She gave the cutest screech when I gave her an orgasm that way.

She quieted down when I finished. As I was getting dressed, I talked to her. "Hi mom. Did you have as much fun as I did?"

"Ellie, is that you?"

Yes Mom, its me. I never knew what a great body you have. I'm told you will look even better with more exercise and a proper diet. Won't that be nice?"

"Ellie, they've whipped me everywhere. It was horrible. Did you see it?"

"Yep. Matter of fact. I was the one who got to whip you. I thought it was only fair after everything you've done for me, don't you?"

"Ellie, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to be nasty to you. I've always wanted what's best for you. You know that don't you?"

"Mom, you are now a slave and I'm not. Now you must answer to me. I find whipping you gives me pleasure and I'm looking forward to a lot of fun times with you. I want to take you on long walks naked, chained, and leashed. I want to make you do tricks just like my dog and I look forward to showing you off to all my friends. I can make you do all sorts of sex acts and degrade yourself. You'll always be chained and helpless. I'll tie your elbows tight together so you are always in pain. I'll put strong clamps on your nipples. I'll use you as a pony girl with big bells on all your rings and a bit in your mouth. I'll put a diaper on you and stuff it with stinging nettle leaves while you're pulling my cart. I'll put a

great big butt plug in your ass that has a big ostrich feather so you can look grand as a pony girl. Oh, there are just so many degrading, things to do with you now that you're a slave.

Look forward to it." Mom was sobbing as I walked out of the room.

I heard a voice. It was a girl. She said she was Elinor. No, it couldn't be my Elinor. Someone had to be evil incarnate to try and make me believe the flesh of my loins could give me such pain. But it sounded like her. She knew me. She sounded so righteous. As if I had earned this pain. It wasn't true. It wasn't. In my heart I knew it was. I had hurt my little girl.

Could this really be her vengeance? How could she have arranged it? How did she get access to my helpless body?

She said she was going to do terrible things to me. Oh my God, what have I done?

Uncle Sam asked, "How do you feel about her now?"

"That was a good start. I still don't like her. I meant all those things I said I wanted to do. When school's out, can I play with her a lot?"

He said, "I'm responsible for you now so I have some duties.

If you improve your grades in the next few months, I will see that you have good access to her. If not, then we'll have to do something else. Let's go home."

We went out to Uncle Sam's car. I put the bag back over my head and reclined the seat. I lay in the dark, feeling the road beneath us. My thoughts were a jumble. I felt both elated and surprised that I like whipping women so much. I couldn't wait to do it again. I remembered how both Muriel and Emily had gotten orgasms from the whip. Strange. The whip wielder is in control. Whether the victim gets an orgasm is their choice.

The victim can't ever get an orgasm by herself unless she can use her hands. I wonder what mother felt when she was left hanging in need but helpless. I would like to be whipped, just once. To see what a whip induced orgasm feel like. And the women, no, slaves I was with. I adored the easy camaraderie of their lives. They were so happy with their existence. I had

been taught that slaves abhorred their lot and wanted freedom. These girls had renounced freedom. They wanted to be just what they were. They loved submission and sex. And boy, did Emily give me a great orgasm. I wonder if I would like to be a slave? The idea is much more attractive than it was this morning.

Master Bill took Sadie down several hours later, removed her hood, and took her up to the girl's room. He let her use the bathroom and shower. He rubbed some lotion into her skin and put her in one of the beds. He locked the chain from the wall to her collar. She was in pain. He would include her in the other slave's routines in the morning. He said, "get some rest slave. Your punishment is over. Now you will learn to be a slave."

Sadie said, "Thank you, Master." She went to sleep dreaming of a time when Elinor loved her.

Chapter 6 - Growth

Roger and Bill entered my office. “Good morning. Right on time. Did you both receive the agenda I sent?”

Roger said, “Good morning. Yes, yesterday.”

Bill said, “Yeah.”

“Let’s get started. Our financials are excellent, as usual. I see our sales of goods has increased. Tell us about it please Roger.”

“My pleasure” said Roger, “Our bondage clothing line is selling out every two months. I could increase production, but I think keeping the supply short is holding our price line well.

I have seen several new competitors show up this month.

They are not eating into our sales at all. Our ‘Wage Slaves’ brand is getting excellent promotion from the videos. I even saw one ad that claimed they were just as good as Wage Slaves. Our hardware line is continuing its steady growth. We are selling lockable cuffs, collars and ankle chains at a rate of twenty each a day. Its going up about one unit per day per month. Our ring sets are increasing too. We sell about fifteen sets per day. We will have to set up another production line for both chains and rings in six months at this rate. Finally, we are up to ten personal fittings of our permanent slave girl sets per month.

We self published a series of books on slaves. One on slave feeding and exercise, one on slave sex training, and a third on slave restraints. They just went on sale a week ago and we have sold over ten thousand books. Quite popular.

We have been marketing the whole hardware line to designers who noticed our clothing. I’m in negotiations with two well known houses. They may decide to fit their models with our bondage gear in their August shows. They have already done nude. Bondage may be next.

“Excellent work, Roger. Any recommendations?”

“Only one. I think some new slaves of different ages in the videos would enhance our sales.”

“OK. I’m working on that. Bill?”

“Our videos are doing great. We now have one hundred and fifty monthly subscribers. Its worth noting that our first fifty thousand subscribers were ninety five percent male. Our last hundred thousand were forty percent female. And our sales of one hour videos is at two thousand a month and increasing. I think the growth there is a function of subscribers and library depth. I agree with Roger that more slaves on the video would increase video sales too. A final recommendation is that we try and have the slaves do more things. Day to day life has been great for us, but we should add something else. Take them in public, go to bondage clubs. Host bondage or pony parties, or anything else different. We need to keep it new and exciting.”

“Bill, your performance is great too. One thing I have in the works now is the newest slave, Sam’s blackmailer. She has a teenage daughter who is unhappy with her mother. Initial shots look good. The daughter’s underage so we can’t use her now, but we can use the punishment scene with some editing. Maybe we can put Angela’s face on the daughter’s body. Or something. I’ll talk to the tech team. Also, now we have the classroom and three student slaves. maybe that will be useful. I have another idea I’ve been thinking about.”

“I’ve been networking in the social circles here for the past year. You know, contributing to various charities. Attending fund raisers and talking to everyone I can. I identify myself as retired and dabbling in financing independent films. At almost all these dinners, someone complains about their daughter. The normal stuff kids do now I suppose. Drugs, drinking, legal troubles, wasting their expensive educations, etc. Causing lots of trouble for their parents.”

“I think we might have an opportunity here for a ‘finishing school’ for these wayward girls. We have the tools and the experience to control and train any number of spoiled females.

We also have lots of room here. Many of these people would be happy if they never heard anything about these children again.”

Roger said, “I think there is a good idea in there, but keeping the girls against their will is illegal. We’ve always been legal and I would like to stay that way.”

“Forgive me, I did not express myself well. You know how all the original slaves were voluntary? And all decided to stay? I was thinking that if a family sent their daughter to our school. We might entice them to stay for the same reasons. Money, sex, and security. If this works, some girls will stay and provide some new slaves for our audience. And it would provide a girl’s school setting for some of our videos. I think some might stay for the allure of stardom.”

Roger said, “OK. that sounds much better.”

Bill said, “This might work. We may need to build a school building. We could style it after a western ranch and use a horse theme. Most girls are enamored of horses. All that muscle between their legs. It wouldn’t take much to turn them to pony play after that.”

“OK. Let’s think about it and talk it over some more. Roger, would you start a planning document for this? I like having something to mark up.”

“OK,” Roger said

“Great, let’s meet in a week. Thanks.”

Chapter 7 - School Bound

Sam said, "Elinor, you are going to stay with me now. Your mother won't be back for several years at least. I have her power of attorney. I put your old house up for sale. You have to change schools, I hope you don't mind."

"Uncle Sam, .."

Sam interrupted, "Elinor, just call me Sam, OK?"

Elinor grinned and said, "Why don't I call you 'Master'? That's what my mother calls you isn't it?"

"At home it might work. It might sound a little funny at a restaurant, don't you think?"

"I think I should get used to calling you Master. That's what all the slaves at the estate call you isn't it? I wouldn't want them to think I was too good to call you that when they had to, would I?" I loved teasing him. I think he's cute when he doesn't know what to say.

"But Elinor, they're slaves. They have to address all men as Master or get punished. You aren't a slave. You don't have to."

"But Master, I want them to like me. I don't think they can be friends with someone who is 'above' them. Besides, I like the sound of it. It fits you. You're so smart and have a great presence. Anyway, I'm thinking of being a slave too." There, a double whammy. Men love it when you tell them how great they are. That and me becoming a slave should flabbergast him.

"Elinor, thanks for the compliment. I don't have any problem with you becoming a slave. But only when you are eighteen and know what you are getting into."

"Master, I talked to Emily and Muriel. I whipped them into orgasms. Emily gave me the best orgasm I've ever had. I whipped mother until she glowed red all over and gave her

five or six orgasms. I've seen the slaves chains and rings.
What else do I need to know?"

"You have not learned to obey, obviously. You have no idea whether you are a natural submissive. You've not experienced the intensive physical training they go through. You haven't seen what they endure to make them humble. They have no privacy and are not allowed any dignity. You've only seen the good parts."

"Master, I want to see it all. I want to experience it so I can make a better decision. You told me that several of them were going to college, remotely. Right?"

"Yes, that's correct. John wants them to help run the place when they retire."

"Master, I have a great idea. I have to change schools, so can I be home schooled at the estate? I could be a sort of apprentice slave. I couldn't be on a video, but I could be fixed just like the other girls and study with them. You could come visit mother and me every day. She has to get used to being your slave, right? I could be too. A mother daughter team. It'd be great. I could play with mom every day and make sure she gets real humble. If I didn't like it, I could always quit. What do you say? Please, Master, think about it. Talk to Master John and see what he thinks. Please, Master?"

"OK, I'll talk to John. You know there's no guarantee he will want a teenage girl in his house. Also, I will watch your schoolwork and insist you work hard, long, and with good organization. I will stripe your ass if your work is not excellent."

"Master, I think I could do better if I had guidance and incentive. I think avoiding a striped ass is a lot of incentive. I will do well, I promise."

Chapter 8 - Not Too Young

“So you think this could work, Sam?” asked John.

Sam replied, “I think there is a good chance if we set it up right. Elinor is smart, cute, has had a great experience with Emily and Muriel. And she is quite unhappy with her mother.

She has not done well in school and needs discipline to go with her intelligence. It could be a great experience for her. It gives her a chance to purge her anger at her mother. It would be good for Sadie also. She thinks of herself as a sub, but keeps falling into a dom mentality. Its not helping her any. She keeps getting depressed then drinks too much. That woman needs a strong hand as well as love. Her daughter intends to humble her and that sounds good to me. If I am going to own her, I want her obedient and submissive.”

“What do you mean ‘set it up right’? Do you want Sadie to be a part of the video team or not.”

“John, I want Sadie to experience the life of a slave. I want her to be helpless, forced to obey everyone, have no privacy. I want her to be deprived of dignity and to learn to enjoy submission and obedience. I want her to expect whippings just because someone likes to do it. I want her to learn to suffer the whip with joy in anticipation of the orgasm her Master might give her. I want her face to light up whenever she sees me, because she savors the opportunity to serve me. I want her happy as well as obedient and humble.”

“I think she should be a part of the video. I want her to know the whole world has observed her submission and take joy in it. Elinor wants to stay here on the estate, be home schooled, and be an apprentice slave. By that she means put the whole kit on her, enforce slave rules and just not put her on camera. I have Sadie’s power of attorney and her permission to act as parent. As long as I and Elinor agree, there’s no reason she can’t be chained and ringed. I think corporal punishment will be limited to a spanking. Would you let me use a guest house and keep Sadie and Elinor with me when I’m home?”

“Sam, sounds like you’ve thought this out. It’ll be good to have a doctor on site if something goes wrong. I’m willing to try it. You can use the yellow guest house. Its only a hundred feet from the main house. Its fully stocked and the hard points for the girls are all installed. I turned a small storage room into a cell that will be perfect for Sadie. I even had a track installed so the girls can have the run of the house, but can’t leave. The cameras are all in place, but we won’t broadcast from there unless you want us to. Take Elinor to the workshop. You can stay with her if you want. Do you want Sadie delivered to the house and waiting for you or do you want to pick her up?”

“Thanks John. I’ll bring Elinor out now. Be there in an hour. I need to pack. Leave Sadie in the main house. Her transfer should be a ceremony. What would you think about a handover ceremony? Not too complex, just make it clear what’s happening.”

“That sounds good. I’ll set it up. See you soon.”

...

“Elinor, pack your things. You are getting your wish. In 90 minutes you will be an apprentice slave and we’ll pick up your mother.”

“Wow. For real? I told you I should call you Master, Master. I’ll get my stuff.”

Sam and Elinor pulled into the estate an hour later, bag once again over her head. He stopped at the workshop, removed her bag and took her inside. She was grinning ear to ear.

“Ellie, this is Stan and Melody. They are going to fix you up like Emily and Muriel. I suppose you had better get undressed and give me your clothes. Shoes too, please.”

I was giddy. I was going to do something stupid, but safe. I could always get out of this if I wanted. I determined to give it a good try. I wanted to be as happy as Emily. I also wanted to humble my bitch mother. I quickly stripped off my clothes and handed them to Uncle... Master. I had to call him ‘Master’ now. The man called ‘Stan’ took my hand and led me

to a workbench. He had me sit on a tall stool and put my feet on the top of the bench. He tried several metal bands on my ankles until he found some that fit. He was whistling thinly while he worked. He told me to draw my feet back and look at them. I pulled them to my ass and looked. My ankles had thin metal bands that were linked by a little more than a foot of light chain. I felt around the bands and looked closely. There was no hole for a key. I didn't see a hinge or even a line.

They looked to be made of a single piece of metal.

“What you expected girl?” he asked.

“Yes, Master. They are beautiful. I will wear them with pride.”

The band around my waist was much tighter than the ankle bands. It was like a steel corset. I could only take small breaths. It had eight rings around it. Stan said, “John wants these tight. You'll get used to it in a day or so. The slaves here are put on a strict diet and exercised a lot. I have to make these smaller every month or so for a while. All you girls develop small waists in no time.”

He put bands on my wrists like the ankle bands, but with only a ring on the inside. Final piece was a collar. High, snug with rings on front and back. He locked my hands to the back of my waistband. “Please, Master, can I look in a mirror?”

“Of course. come over here.” he said and took hold of my upper arm. I was glad of the support. I felt unstable. My gait was halting. I attributed it to my chained ankles and unfamiliar arm position. I saw myself in the mirror. I was speechless. I was helpless and more erotic than Emily and Muriel. I felt submission flow through me. I could do nothing and loved it. I was in the control of others, of anyone. I felt giddy and hot. I felt wet. My pussy was flowing juices down my leg. My belly spasmed and I realized I was having my first slave orgasm. It was wonderful and embarrassing. “I'm sorry, Master. I didn't..”

Stan said, “you're not the first. Girls get excited when they see themselves in my chains.”

Melody walked up and said, “You look fine girl. Come with me and I’ll add some ornamentation.” she took my arm and led me to a barber’s chair. “Sit,” indicating the chair.

Melody strapped me down to the chair, spreading my knees far apart.

She painted an orange liquid on both nipples then she pierced my left nipple. It stung. She picked up a ring and put it in the hole. She used a large pair of pliers to squeeze it shut. I heard a sharp click as it closed. Now it was a solid gold ring. In my nipple. Heavy. My right soon bore its own gold ring. Then she installed two labia rings. She showed them to me before starting and they were identical to my new nipple rings. I couldn’t see what she did, but it was soon over.

“Honey, only one more to go.”

“My nose ring. I know. Put it as far out in front as you can, please. I want it to swing free.”

Melody stopped and looked at me. She asked, “how old are you, Honey?”

“Sixteen, Mistress.”

She said, “going on thirty, I think.” then she brushed some of the orange liquid inside my nose. It got numb and she stuck something big in both nostrils. There was a snapping sound and pain erupted in my head. It was much worse than my nipples. She brushed some more stuff in my nose that stung. She stuck something else up my nose and moved it around. Everything she did hurt. Then I felt pressure squeezing in the middle of my nose. I felt a click and she took the things out of my nose. I still felt the pressure. I opened my eyes and watched. She inserted another gold ring and squeezed it together with large pliers. Another click. Then I was had a heavy ring dangling from my nose. It seemed much heavier than the others.

She released me and helped me to my feet. She grasped my arm just like Stan and steered me to a wall with a mirror. I saw my reflection in the mirror. It didn’t look at all like me. But it

was. I was an erotic vision. I never dreamed I could look so good. I was Venus reborn as a slave girl. My rings shone in the light. My breasts were high and firm with erect rosy nipples and made proud by those huge gold rings. I was the most sexy and erotic creature I had ever imagined. I wore my chains like jewelry. Their graceful lines enhanced rather than shamed. I watched the creature in the reflection smile. I realized I was smiling.

I turned and my Master was watching me. He was staring.

His mouth was agape. He said, "My God, Ellie, you are fantastic. You look just like your mother. I thought she was perfection. Now I couldn't choose between you. I'm having trouble believing you are only sixteen. You look twenty.

Gorgeous. Come, let's go get your mother and take you both home."

I was ready, but didn't know anything. "Master, do I go like this? I mean, I don't have any clothes?"

"Elinor, slaves don't need clothes. You are more accessible and you can't hide much from your Master."

"You think! I'm so unable to hide anything. Even if my hands weren't locked behind me. My boobs and pussy and everything is hanging out. Everyone can see everything!"

"Yes, just as we want you. Remember. Slave. Since you have so much to learn, I'll add one more thing to make this a memorable journey." He took a leash off a peg and held the end out toward me.

I shuffled back a step. "Oh, no, I'm not a dog. You can't put that on me!" He just smiled, reached out, put finger through my left nipple ring and pulled me toward him. It hurt, but more than the pain, it was fearful. He could take hold of any of my, oh so prominent rings and make me do anything. I jumped forward. "You didn't have to do that. It hurts."

"You tried to evade my leash. The first, most important lesson for a slave is the pain of disobedience. You are new and only an apprentice slave. If your mother or any of the others did

that they would get three stripes. Your lesson was cheap, but don't forget it. The second lesson you should have learned is that resistance is not possible. Slaves are so restrained that your resistance to a Master's orders will always fail. As in Star Trek, 'Resistance is futile.'" He clipped the leash onto my nose ring. Then he turned and walked away. I followed, stumbling with my hobbled feet. He knew my limits because he walked at a pace I could barely manage. The inevitable tugs on my nose were painful.

He led me out of the workshop and toward the large house.

He said, "John has arranged a small ceremony to hand your mother over to me. Your only part is to kneel beside me when I stop, like a well trained pet. And yes, that is what you will become. You'll like it. When I take custody of Sadie, I will put a leash on her and lock it to your wrist ring. You will follow me and lead her. Try to be gentle with her. She's been through a trying time. I know she deserves it, and its not over yet. Now, we are going to the ceremony. You are going to appear in front of strangers for the first time as a slave. You are nervous. You will want to be ashamed. This is the naked in public nightmare come true. But it is not. You are a beautiful and cherished property. You have become that most feared of feminist concepts. You are an object. You are my property, just like my car or my dog. You must act proud. You have been found beautiful enough to be collared. You are not just a slave. You are my slave, my vixen, my wench. I am your Master. Keep your head high and smile as broad as you can. Walk gracefully. Show these strangers you are right where you want to be. Do me proud."

He was right. This, strange as it was, was where I wanted to be. I wanted to experience what it was that Emily and Muriel felt. I could always walk away after I tried it. I was beautiful in a way I had never imagined. I would walk slowly and gracefully. I would roll my hips. I would arch my back and show off my perfect breasts. I would be his vixen. I would make Master proud, indeed.

He led me through the house to a large room. I would call it a living room. It had large windows looking out on a huge garden. There were many strangers in the room. All were wearing clothes except me. Damn it, despite my best efforts I blushed bright red all over. I focused on keeping my head high and smiling. I rolled my hips like I wanted every man to ravish me and every woman to envy my naked body. Anyway, there was nothing else I could do except follow my nose until Master stopped. I tried to be graceful as I knelt beside him.

His right hand still held my leash. He shortened his grip until I couldn't lower my head. The short leash incarnate.

Chapter 9 - Submissive to Slave

There were no slaves in the room. Master John said, loudly, “bring forth the slaves.”

Harold walked in leading the coffle of neck chained beauties. Emily, Denise, Muriel, Angela, Jean, and last, my bitch mother, Sadie. All except Sadie were smiling. Harold stopped them so the line was halfway between Master John and my Master. Harold put them in standing display facing my Master. I saw a startled flash of recognition as she saw me. She didn't say anything. She looked happy to see me. Then I realized she was happy to see I wore the rings and collar of a slave like her. Bitch. He unlocked Sadie from the others. He led her to my Master and said, “Master Samuel, here is your slave, Sadie. Kneel to your Master, slave. She did. My Master took her lead and a whip from Harold and said, “Slave, submit to me.”

Sadie spoke in a quiet voice, “Master I submit myself to you. I am your slave, Sadie. Command me.”

Master spoke, “Sadie, speak louder. Let everyone hear you. You were unconvincing. Give me your submission and meant it or feel the whip.”

Sadie spoke louder, “Master, I am Sadie. I submit myself to you. I beg to pleasure you and obey you in all things. I will serve you forever without reservation. Own me, Master me, take me, please, My Master.” She bent low and kissed his feet. First one then the other. She stayed low.

Master said, ” I accept this slave as my own. Master John, I thank you for this small gift. I will take my leave to enjoy my property if that pleases you?”

Master John said, My house is always open to you Samuel. Go and enjoy these worthless slaves.”

Master locked mothers lead to my collar and lifted my leash. I stood, following the leash signal and followed Master outside. I felt mother's chain making small jerks on my collar as we

walked. Master led us to a house only a short distance away. Inside it was a normal, nicely designed, interesting house. When we entered one thing caught my eye. There was a sturdy track fastened to the ceiling. I could see it had many branches like a tree spreading throughout the house. I knew immediately what it was for. Master opened a tall cabinet and pulled out a chain. It descended from a trolley running in the track. He locked the end to the back ring of my collar and unlocked mother from me. He locked another track chain to her collar and removed her lead. He unlocked my leash and my hands.

“You can explore the house, Elinor. We’ll fix lunch later.” He took mother into a room and called out over his shoulder, “This is my room. Don’t come in here. I need to try out this slave.” He thrust her in the room and closed the door. I think I heard the lock click, but I didn’t try it.

I wandered through the house. It was larger than I first thought. I found four bedrooms, each with their own bathroom. There was an office, kitchen, dining room, living room, and laundry room. There was an completely tiled room that was equipped to wash a horse. I guess that was for washing slaves. There was a cell with concrete walls and a barred front. It had rings all over the walls and floor. I thought it was a fitting room for the bitch mother. I was impressed. I went back to the kitchen and made a cup of tea.

It was a unique experience for me. Before I enslaved myself, I was free to roam. My mother didn’t care so long as I did not cause her any grief. Now I was hobbled and collared. My hands were free but my tether would stop me from going outside. I had a constant companion making a whooshing sound behind me when I moved. And snubbing me short if I tried to cut a corner or go where the track didn’t. There was a garage but my track only went far enough for me to open the door. Going into it was *ganz verboten* .

I noticed only two of the bedrooms had a track to allow me to enter or use the restroom. In one the track stopped at the door. I knew the track went into Master’s room. Although some

rooms were forbidden to me, I felt at home. I knew I would live here at least until I was eighteen. I guessed I might join the full slaves then. I had hoped I would spend more time with them. I wanted to join their sorority. They seemed to be happy with each other. I knelt in the living room and drank my tea. I understood furniture was not for slaves use.

I locked the track chains to Elinor and Sadie's collars then I removed the chain joining them. I told Elinor to explore the house and wait for lunch. I took Sadie into my bedroom and locked the door.

After I got Sadie in my bedroom I grabbed her and pulled her to me. I kissed her, hard. Her eyes were wide and filled with fear. Quite reasonable for I was not going to be nice to her for a long time. She had to expiate her sins. I said "Kneel and service me slut." I took out my cock and shoved it into her mouth. She took it in immediately and started sucking and licking. She had me hard in seconds. I put my hands in her hair and gave her a face fucking. Hard and quick. I came fast. "Swallow it all cunt. Plenty of calories for your lunch." I wanted her to lose a few pounds and this was a good way. I was mad at her and I let it show. I used my manhood to punish her and from the look in her eyes, she knew it.

I sat on the bed and pulled her over my knees, face down. I threw a leg over hers and used my left hand to hold her collar. I tanned her beautiful butt until it was bright red. She took the first four blows without a sound. Then she started yelling in pain and pleading for leniency. My cock was getting ready to go again as I was spanking Sadie. I judged when to stop by the color of her ass. I stopped when both cheeks were fiery red and my cock was hard again. I rolled her onto the floor and ordered, "Standing display, slut. She had a hard time standing with hand locked to the small of her back, but she made it. I led her to the foot of my bed by her nose ring. I bent her over so her ass was in the air, legs straight, shoulders laying on the bed. I said, "don't move." I got a tube of lube and smeared it in and around her ass hole. I rammed my stiff cock up her ass hard and fast. She squealed in pain and surprise. I pumped

hard and came fast. I made her stay where she was while I got her hood. I stood her up and strapped the hood on tight. I locked all the straps so she couldn't get it off.

I knelt her and made her clean my cock with her tongue. I put her back in standing display position i thought about putting a chastity belt on her. I wanted her aroused and needy. I had it in my mind that, unlike the voluntary slaves, she would be more submissive if I kept her needy. No, I would first train her to expect frequent orgasm then cut her off. I was less mad at her now, but a long way from happy. I opened the door and put her in the cell. The track chain was long enough she could lay on the floor. There was nothing in the cell but her. She would have to sleep naked on the concrete floor. I went to have lunch with Elinor.

I found her as I came into the kitchen.

“How about lasagna for lunch? Marie put some in the fridge.”

“Great Master, I bet hers is good.”

He heated it while I set the table. “What about my bitch mother. Do we have to feed her?”

He said he'd already fed her and put her in the cell.

I was curious. “What did you feed her, Master. I didn't see any food.”

“Cum. I want her to lose some weight so don't feed her anything unless I tell you. Be sure she gets plenty of water. I left a case of water bottles in the corridor.”

“OK, Master.” We ate and discussed my school and how it would work. I would attend classes with the three girls in the classroom. Someone would check my work and my notes.

The whip would encourage me to do my best.

He said, “Ellie, I want Sadie to be well trained and abjectly submissive. I want you to be her trainer. You are the ‘bad cop’ and there is no ‘good cop.’ Understand?”

Oh boy, did I. This was going to be such a turn on. “Yes, Master. I will be strict with her.”

“Good. I want her to get used to being fastened by her rings and chains while being whipped. I want you to train her to orgasm with just the whip. I know you Got Emily and Muriel off with the whip followed by some cunt stimulation. Sadie will take a little more work to get off at first. I want you to show her there is no difference between pleasure and pain. I think she is a true submissive and will orgasm through pain. But that’s not all. I want her to achieve orgasm through simple manipulation of her breasts and pussy. You should try a variety of instrument too. I have a small whip with ten light strands designed to flog her breasts and pussy. I expect you to be creative and persistent. The more ways you and I can force an orgasm, the less control she will have. I want her to have none.”

“Yes, Master. This will be such fun. Pleasure and pain until she orgasms.”

After I put the dinner dishes away we went to see my bitch mother. We didn’t go in the cell, but a room I hadn’t noticed before. I thought it was a closet. It was the house security room. The main screen had several views of the cell with Sadie sitting up against a wall. I had not seen any cameras in my tour.

“Elinor, I want your mother to wear that hood for a long time. Maybe as much as a month. You will be her only contact with the world while she’s hooded. I want you to make her submissive. Your job is to see her every morning, noon and night. Take her a bottle of water every time. I will give you food to give her. Take a whip with you. Talk to her but don’t answer any questions. Every time she complains, argues, or asks questions, whip her. Teach her what is not allowed. But your real job is to teach her to orgasm whenever she feels pain on her ass or is touched on any of her sexual parts. Fasten her by her rings often and leave her fastened for long periods. There’s chamber pot with a lid beside the water.

Give it to her in the morning. Let her put it where she can reach it.”

“I have a three part plan to make her submissive and dependent. You’ll like it. First, an important element in subjugating a woman is the gag. With it she quickly understand she is not in control. Putting her voice under control is especially meaningful for a woman. So until I say so, put a gag in her mouth whenever you’re not with her. There is a nice selection of bondage equipment in the cabinet in the hall outside the cell. Use different ones for variety.

Second, I want her body to not be able to tell the difference between pain and arousal. You will do this by their frequent close association. Now I am not talking about her mind and conscious thought. I want her body, when it feels pain to tell the brain it is aroused. Make sure she orgasms during or after being whipped. Always whip her ass. I don’t want the pain and arousal switch to happen with other parts of her body. This way she can be punished by whipping her back or thighs, or anywhere else. The ass will always give her an orgasm.

The third part is, after she has the ass pain to arousal well established, to stop letting her have an orgasm. The second step will teach her body to expect many orgasms a day. When they stop, she will quite soon become needy. Her need will drive her further into submission. Play with her nipples and her asshole. There are some butt plugs in the cabinet too. Start with a small one and work up a size every week or so. Use lots of lube and try to get her up to a size six by the end of the month.

Anyway, you know my plan. Do it. “

Chapter 10 - Slave Training

I liked Master's plan. Correct her behavior and teach her to get orgasms through ass whippings. The bitch mother would not know if or when she would get punished. I would let the whip teach her not to be assertive or whine. I would not correct her unless she broke a rule. But she would have to be logical and discern the rules from when she felt pain. I could whip her several times a day.

I took her lunch to her and let her eat in peace. I clipped a short chain to a high wall ring. When finished I let her use the pail and put her butt plug back in. I put my index finger in her nose ring and pulled her to the chain I had just installed. I clipped her nose ring to the chain. I locked her nipple rings to some convenient wall rings.

I whipped her ass hard, stopping after four strokes to feel her cunt. It was wet. I gave her four more and felt again. This time she orgasmed with a scream at my touch. "Good, mother." I left her locked to the wall and went back to the viewing room.

"Master, how was that?"

"Excellent, Ellie. Are you finished with her now?"

"Not quite, Master, I forgot the gag. I'll do it now. May I ask a question?"

"What?"

"Master, why are all slaves kept locked up all the time? We are volunteers, mostly. We aren't going to run away. We like it here."

"We want you to be slaves, not act like slaves. Remember, we sell videos of the slaves doing mostly normal things with a lot of sex thrown in. So you are never free. No slave may have her hands free unless fastened in place. Or is under direct supervision of a Master and in a secure facility. The second immutable rule is that no slave may be outside of a secure facility unless she is on a leash held by a Master. Or if she is on a collar supervised by a Master."

“Master does that even apply to me? After all I am not on camera, right.”

“Do you remember when I said the rules are immutable? If we make exceptions, we are more likely to make mistakes. Besides, you may decide to stay on as a real slave. If so, I don’t want you expecting special treatment. Yes, it applies to you. You ARE a slave and will be treated as one.”

“All right. Makes sense. May I go now? I’ll finish mom then do my homework?”

“OK. Tell me when you’re done and I will check it.”

“Yes, Master.” I was a little snarky, but he let it pass.

I went out in the hall and picked up a whip, the bucket and a water bottle. . “Hi, mom. Comfortable?”

She said, ” You know I’m not comfortable. I’m blind, my hands are locked behind me and I’m fastened to the wall by my rings. How long must I stay like this?”

I took careful aim and laid a red stripe on her thigh.

She yelped and jumped. I could see the extra flash of pain ripple through her as she yanked on her rings. Of course she couldn’t reach the painful stripe with any part of her. So she just yelled. “Would you like some water?”

“Ellie, you don’t have to be so mean. I always tried to be a good mother to you.”

The next stripe went on her other thigh. She repeated the yelling but didn’t move this time.

“Would you like some water now?” I asked sweetly.

“Please can I have some water?” she asked sarcastically.

I put the next stripe across her left breast. She jumped again and hurt her nipples. I could see the ripples running across her breast. Her screams were magnificent.

When she subsided and was just panting, I said in a soft, sweet voice, “Mother, how should you address me?”

Sadie moaned and said, “Mistress, I’m sorry, mistress, may I please have some water?”

“Of course mother, I have a water bottle. open your mouth.” I poured a little in at a time. She drank it all down.

Sadie asked, “Can you tell me how long I must stay hooded like this?”

I laid the next stripe on her right breast. More kicking, and yelling. Eventually she ran down, panting with her exertions.

I reminded her, “Mother, how should you address me?”

“Mistress” she said, “I will always address you as mistress. I’m sorry I forgot mistress.”

“OK. Try not to forget again. Open your mouth. Its time for your gag. She opened obediently and I strapped the ball into her mouth. Ta Ta. See you tomorrow, mom.”

I went back to the security room, my track chain following me like a tail. I said, ” I enjoyed that a lot, that bitch.”

Master said, “You did well, Elinor. I think your mother began to understand what she is, or will be.

...

Sadie

I pressed myself against the concrete wall. I now understood my masters would use my rings to fasten me how they wanted. Somehow I had thought they were just to mark me as property. I know men like to mark their property. They are often quite possessive. It never occurred to me they would be used to fasten me like this. As I pondered this oversight, I realized the possibilities were many. I had already been led by a leash on my nose ring. It was logical that a leash on any of my rings would be convenient attachment points for a leash. Elinor had spoken of putting bells on my rings. That would apply to all my rings, of course. Other things such as serving trays and signs might find my rings useful points of attachment. I felt a mild outrage at these thoughts. Mild because I knew my

masters could use any part of me as they wished. My dignity had fled long ago.

My legs began to hurt at the strained posture. My ass was stinging. I wondered at my treatment. Why was I hooded. That was the worst part of my punishment. I couldn't anticipate anything. The whip just landed with no warning. Why was I fastened to the wall by my rings. It had to be a punishment. And why the gag. I had never disturbed them before. Was everything just part of my punishment? Why did she whip me until I had an orgasm? God, that was great. The orgasm couldn't be part of my punishment, could it?

Elinor had whipped me again and again. The pain was incredible from that whip. My thighs and breasts felt like they had been cut open. I knew from my previous whipping that was not likely. They still hurt. I longed to rub the welts and sooth them, but I couldn't reach anything with my hands locked behind me.

Has she been enslaved too? I didn't keep my wits about me enough to ask while she was here. I saw her wearing the same chains and rings as the rest of us when I submitted to Sam. I hear her ankle chain when she walked. How did this happen. Was it because of me. Did they take her as retribution for what I tried to do? No, that doesn't make sense. I hurt her too in my idiocy. She couldn't have just volunteered. She's only in high school. Did Sam make her? Has he fucked her? Oh, God, I wish someone would tell me what's happening. I'm missing so much locked up here. This must be like prison, without the sex.

I'm hungry. Did he mean that about his cum was my dinner. I don't know what time it is. This damn hood is terrible so many ways. I liked his cum. It was like a salty milkshake. But it wasn't filling. Had that tiny breakfast, no lunch, and only cum for dinner. It was so demeaning eating my food out of a dish on the floor like a dog. All those people watching me. I wish I was back there instead of being blind in this cell. Who do I complain to about the lousy service in this dump. Not Elinor. Who else will see me tomorrow? Or the day

after? Elinor said she's in charge of me. Does that mean she is the only one to see me? For how long? I'm going to starve.

She seemed vindictive. Every time I asked a simple question she whipped me. Was it a plan? Could questions trigger the whip?

Being blind was terrible. I couldn't see it coming. The whip seemed almost to materialize on my skin. I didn't know if anyone was watching me. If I peed, it would just have to run down my leg and I would stand in it. Not a worry now. Well if someone was watching, that's their problem. I remember when I first had to use the pail. My chains didn't make it impossible to use it. Just a lot harder.

She put it beside me. I managed to scrunch up the wall to a standing position. My ankles were chained so I had to be careful how I moved. I inched along the wall, feeling ahead with my toes. There. I felt it. Just a little more. The lid. My hands are locked at the small of my back. If I inch down the wall, maybe I can lift the lid off. If only I could spread my legs a little more. No, the chain is too tight. I sat down on the floor again and managed to lift the lid off with my hands. I dropped it on the floor. I don't know how I can get it back on, though. I inched up the wall again and scooted over. I felt the pail with my feet. I think I'm centered over it. I relax my bladder and feel the blessed relief as my urine flows out of my strained bladder. I'm careful to let it out slow, in fear of missing the pail. I'm done at last. I feel the smallest sense of accomplishment. I managed to pee without getting my feet wet. Hooray. The lid stayed off.

So how do I keep from getting whipped to death when Elinor comes back. I know some rules, I think. Simple rules. Don't ask questions. Be respectful. Don't complain. Don't... , oh hell. Be submissive. Elinor is mad at me for good reason.

Now she's my boss. I need to accept that or I'll be whipped. I must be able to do something. She's only sixteen. But I can't resist. These chains and rings mean anyone with one hand can make me do anything. I can't resist. I don't want to submit. And I'm in need of a good fuck. My loins haven't settled

down from Sam. I wonder why he just used my mouth and asshole. My cunt is wide open and helpless. I'm sure its the first thing guys see with me fixed like this. I wonder if I'll get another orgasm?

I was bored. There was nothing to do. I couldn't move my hands. I was fastened to the wall by my nipples and nose. I played with the chain dangling from my collar. I kicked my legs and jingled their chain. I inched up the wall but located nothing new. Not unexpected since I only had an inch or so of motion available to me. Before lunch I had explored all I could touch. My chain let me wander all around my tiny cell. I half hoped I would find a pad or mattress. Nope. I found rings all over the walls and in the floor as I inched around. The cell door was locked and wouldn't even rattle.

I trod around my cell over and over. There are twenty seven rings on the three walls within reach of my chained hands. There are also twenty seven rings in the floor. I could touch forty five links in the chain locked to my collar. If I lay on my back and pull my legs up as far as possible, I can touch my ankle chain. There are fifteen links in the chain joining my ankles. I counted them several times a day. I sat most of the time and remembered happier times. To my dismay, Josh's image was fading . Only Sam's was fresh and clear. I wanted to taste his cum again. I was hungry. Oh, shit. I couldn't concentrate. I want to see. I want to feel something other than concrete and chains. I wanted Elinor to come back. I was so alone. I wanted Elinor to talk to me. I would risk the whip for a human voice.

I rolled the words over and over as I stood there. Humility, humble, docile, meek, lowly, submissive, deferential, subservient, servile, abject, obedient. I was all those. I was a helpless slave that had angered her betters. Worse, I had turned my daughter against me. I knew I should suffer the consequences of my actions. I knew I would suffer them until my masters decide I had been punished enough. Until I had learned to behave as the natural slave I was. I realized I felt

like I belonged to Master Sam and wanted nothing more than to be allowed to serve him.

Long, endless hours passed and at last Elinor came into my cell.

Without a word she laid the whip across my ass four times. She felt my cunt. Two more stripes and she rubbed my cunt. One more stripe, she rubbed my cunt and I orgasmed. I screamed into my gag. Pain screamed from my nipples and nose.

“Nice, mom.”

I understood. She was training me to orgasm to the whip! My daughter was conditioning me like Pavlov’s Dogs. I would resist. I would not let her turn me into her pet. Hell, I couldn’t resist anything. I was in the power of a vengeful Goddess. I would end up just as she wanted me. My only hope was Master Sam. Only he could stop this. But he was her master too. Was this his plan? If so, then I was doomed to mental helplessness as well as physical. I hoped I would like the ride.

Elinor, my Mistress and daughter, released me from the wall and removed my gag. She fed me and let me use the pail. The gag was held to my lips and I opened my mouth. The gag was strapped tight. She left the cell. I sat down, grateful for not being further restrained.

No one ever talks about gags in polite company. This ball gag was efficient. It held my tongue on the floor of my mouth. Forming words was impossible. I could still grunt and moan through my nose. but not loudly. The thing I didn’t know until one was left in mouth was, you couldn’t stop drooling. The slimy stuff dripped out of my mouth like I was doing it on purpose. I couldn’t stop it. It ran down my breasts and dust stuck to it. It made me look retarded. Which I may be for letting myself get into this mess. I’ll bet a gag that lets me close my lips would feel better. Just saying.

I peed again then I slept.

I woke and feared to move. I was afraid my nightmare isolation was true. I woke all the way and found it was true. I didn't move. Once a slave girl has warmed the concrete under her naked body, she tries to stay in contact as long as possible. I needed to pee again. I was learning to do that one thing I could do with speed. Whoopee. I experimented and found several ways to cross my legs.

Finally, Elinor came. I heard her coming by the jingle of her chains and her soft footfalls. Her gait was different because of her hobble, as was mine. I heard her unlock the door and come in. I knelt. She removed my gag and I said, "Thank you, Good morning, Mistress."

She responded, "good morning, mother. Would you like some water?"

"Yes, please, Mistress."

She put a water bottle to my lips and I drank deep.

She asked, "Would you like some breakfast, mother?"

"Yes, please, Mistress."

She put a fork to my lips. I took the fork into my mouth and got some scrambled egg with cheese. It was the most wonderful food I had ever eaten. I received seven more bites. I was still hungry. I said, "Thank you, Mistress. That was wonderful."

She said, "Would you like some orange juice, mother?" I said, "Yes, please, Mistress." I drank a small glass of juice.

I asked, "Mistress, I would like you to stay and talk to me if you can."

"No," she said, "I have to go. I will be back later."

"Mistress, is there anyone I can speak to?"

"No," she said, "there is just me."

"Mistress, I am so alone. I need to speak to someone or I will go crazy." The whip burned across my back. I cried and contorted, but I couldn't reach it.

Elinor said, “no complaining. Open your mouth.”

I hesitated and the whip struck my left breast, hard. I screamed and writhed on the floor.

“Elinor said, “Standing display, slave and open your mouth wide.”

“Yes, Mistress.” I scrambled to my feet as fast as I could, using the wall. Finally, I stood, back arched, feet spread to the limit of their chain. I opened my mouth as wide as I could. A large ball gag was thrust into my mouth, pushing my tongue flat. It was buckled behind my head.

“Bend over. Make your head lower than your ass.”

I did as ordered. I felt cold fingers rubbing lubricant into and around my asshole. I didn't like where this was going, but knew I would be whipped if I moved. My mouth was silenced by the gag. I just waited.

Something cold touched my sphincter. I stiffened. Elinor said, “this plug is going in whether you want it or not. If you resist it will hurt more.” She was right. I tried to relax my asshole. It may have helped. She grabbed my locked wrists and held me in place while steady pressure forced the thing into me. I felt it moving into me, getting wider and wider. At last it shrank and my asshole closed around it. I felt full, like I needed to shit. I don't think the butt plug was punishment. It didn't hurt. I made me dependent on my masters for a bodily function. Another reminder I was on a short leash. I guess I was being resized to be more convenient for my master, too.

“Standing display,” she ordered.

I stood up, back arched. I felt her doing something with my hands. She had unlocked them from my waistband but they were still locked together. Oh, this would be so much better. Then she lifted them straight up, forcing me to bend over. When they were as high as I could lift, she locked them to the track chain. My back was horizontal and my breasts swung free below me. She lifted my head up. I felt her doing something with the chain holding me to the overhead track. I

heard a lock click and my head was supported by the chain. Then there was a searing pain on my stretched ass. The whip, oh no. Not like this. I received four more and then felt her rub my cunt. I whined. I screamed into my gag. My feet kicked me around in frantic gyrations like a whirling top. More than a step in any direction and my feet left the ground. I pivoted around the track above me and returned to earth ready for the next stripe. One more stinging strip and another cunt feel. I was hot by this time. One more stripe and I would come. The red hot stripe landed and my belly churned. I felt the fingers touch my cunt and I came with a silent scream. I danced around the cell some more.

She left me, shutting the door with a clank.

I shuffled toward the wall to sit down, but I was stopped after only one small step. My wrists were suspended high above my back. I had to stay in the middle of the room until she returned. I would have cursed save for the large ball in my mouth. Well wasn't this just great! The single, solitary good thing I found about this position was that my drool landed on the floor instead of me.

I just stood, bent over. My bass throbbed from the last stripes. The chain would support me at at the cost of my shoulders. There was slack enough for a step in any direction. I learned I could walk in a small circle. I kicked my feet just to hear the merry jingle of my chain. I shook my head to enjoy a different jingle from the chain on my collar. I bent my knees and squatted, but I could only go a few inches before my arms objected. I tried to use my tongue to move the ball to a more comfortable position, but it was strapped too tight. I could wriggle my fingers. Open and close my hands. That was it. I couldn't move, talk, squat or shit.

Hours passed and my shoulders hurt. My ass still stung. My jaws were tired. I had tried to cry, but the hood stifled even that. I resolved to be the most submissive wench to ever grace the earth. There were just too many ways I could be hurt, controlled and degraded. Even as I resolved to be a slave of slaves, I felt something else. My belly was trembling and felt

hot. I was becoming aroused by my submissive resolve. What the fuck? I was miserable, confined, and bored. And my body, my body, had the gall to become aroused. Maybe that was the key to understanding women. Abuse them enough and they get horny. Now I wanted two things, and two things only. To be let down and to be fucked hard. Everything else could wait.

I lost track of the days. My life was a black night of anticipation. I wait for any stimulation. I felt like a comet floating in darkness. Sometimes I would come close to the sun and Ellie would visit me. Then things would happen. Both good and bad. Sometimes she would feed me and let me use the pail. I spent much of each day with one or more of my rings fastened to the wall or the bars. Now she has started arousing me by rubbing, licking, sucking on my breasts. Damn if it doesn't feel good. Another round of conditioning, I guess. I hope she is close to being satisfied. I would love to get out of this damn hood.

Her whip conditioning had worked. She only had to give me one stripe with her evil whip and I would come at the slightest touch on my cunt. I had named my pussy, 'Old Faithful.' I told my mistress my name and she agreed with a laugh. Every day I was given three or four orgasms. It was quick and easy for her. The last time she just had me stand and spanked me with her hand. It was not painful, but when she rubbed my pussy with one finger, I had come with a huge orgasm. I squealed and stamped my feet and contorted my body. It was so, so strong. She just said, "Mom, you are what the experts call responsive. Excellent."

Sometimes I would be allowed to sit or kneel. That was what my sense of perspective had shrunk to. Good was when I could sit, eat, speak, come, or crap. Bad was the whip, standing, neediness, and fullness. Joy occurred only when we could talk or with an orgasm.

I heard Ellie's chains jingling as she neared my cell. I was overjoyed. Yes, she would hurt me. But even that was company. Now I was fastened to the wall by my labia rings. I wasn't humiliated as I once would have been. Now I was just

my master's property and nothing he made me do caused humiliation. Maybe I could sit again. Maybe she would remove my gag and feed me. That would be so nice. I knew my hands and feet would never be free again. I wish I could see her, if only for an instant.

She removed my gag. I wriggled my jaw. It felt heavenly to be able to close my mouth again. "Thank you, Mistress."

She said, "Hello, mother, are you comfortable?"

I had learned. "I am fine, Mistress."

"Good," she said, "I'll release you so you can sit."

I took a step back when she opened the lock.

"Bend over," she said.

I felt the butt plug leaving me.

"use the toilet while I clean this." She left and closed the cell door behind her. I crept over to the wall and found my pail. I squatted over it and relieved myself. Ellie returned and waited for me to finish. "Turn around and bend over," she said. I felt her clean around my asshole with a damp cloth. She worked more lubricant into my asshole and around it. "Now relax," she said and replaced the plug. It went in with less effort this time.

She fed me then asked, "Anything to say before the gag goes back in?"

"Mistress, I hope you know you don't need the gag. I will be silent if you command it."

The stripe this time was on my right breast. I made my usual contortions and screams.

Elinor said, "That was a complaint, mother. Anything else you want to say?"

"Mistress, I'm glad it is you taking care of me. I would be frightened of what a stranger could do in my condition."

She said, " You should be more frightened of what I will do, mother. You will be whipped after dinner. Open wide."

She inserted my gag and strapped it tight. At least I could sit down now. I heard her leave and close the cell door.

I could sit down again. One does not appreciate small things like sitting until lost. I stood and walked to another wall and sat down. I waited a little and savored that wall. I sampled all the walls and all the places on a wall. I liked the barred wall because my hands could grasp them, fondle them. But they hurt my bare shoulders so I moved again. I decided I preferred the wall facing the bars. I could hear Elinor moving in the house, or at least her ankle chains jingling. Maybe another slave was in the house. Unlikely but possible. I suppose it could have been master moving some chains around. Again, unlikely but possible. No, I was sure it was Elinor. The house was silent for long periods. Sometimes I would hear a door open and close, but I couldn't tell what was happening. I was ignorant of everything in the world except what I could feel and hear.

I christened my cell the doghouse. I was in it because I had been bad. I wondered how long I had to stay in the doghouse?

Elinor returned, jingling in. Such a merry sound. She said, "I am putting a tarp on the floor. Lay on it, face down."

I started to say "Yes, Mistress," until I realized I was still gagged. I obeyed, of course. I did not wish to feel her whip again. She used a chain to fasten my ankle chain to my waistband. A half hogtie, I guess one would call it.

"Roll over on your back."

I had difficulty, and she used her hands to help me over. Awfully useful, those hands. I missed mine something fierce.

"Hold your knees wide and don't move."

I did, but I felt so exposed and vulnerable. My pubes and inner thighs were soft and sensitive. I needn't have worried. She was gentle when she shaved me. Doubly exposed, I missed my curls more than I would have thought. I was still under orders

not to move. She left me there while she picked up her tools and waste.

“Do you wish to speak, mother?”

I nodded my head. and she removed my gag.

“Mistress, thank you for shaving me. I feel more exposed and submissive than ever. I have no secrets from my masters.”

“Good slave. You will not be punished for disrespect. I will shave you every week.

She put my food bowl on the ground and said, “Feed.”

When I finished, she gave me a drink of water, inserted my gag, and stood me up. She shortened the chain and said, “Time for your whipping. Face the back of the cell.”

It hurt so much worse when I couldn't scream. The pain stayed bottled up in me and seemed to grow fiercer with each stroke. I danced on my chain. I cavorted. I twisted, but I couldn't scream and it was horrible to be both blind and mute. I had no warning and each stripe was an unexpected fire on my thighs. She was not striping my ass. After a few stripes, my arousal started. As the arousal grew, the pain changed. It grew more diffused, not so hot on my legs, but exciting in my loins. I realized pain and pleasure were just different sides of the coin of life. I wanted it to go on. I waited for my release, my climax. My screams changed to moans. Elinor played with my nipple rings. She twisted and pulled on them. My nipples, ever hard, grew rigid and painfully sensitive. My breath came in gasps. My climax was close.

Then she stopped. She moved away. I lunged after her to try and rub my nipples, my pussy, anything on her. But my chain snubbed me. I couldn't reach her. I couldn't reach anything. My loins were on fire, my pussy spasming. Love juices ran down my leg, dribbling through my nether lips. I was in an agony of need. I wanted to cry out to her to please let me come. The gag only let me make animal sounds, needy sounds. She closed the door and I wept tears of frustration and need. I would have said “I will do anything, forever.” My gag was

potent. I could communicate nothing so complex, only my need.

I waited. I stood and waited in my personal black silence. No longer able to move I mourned the loss of my freedom. No longer able to see or speak, I mourned the loss of my senses. No longer able to resist anyone, I embraced my slavery with open, loving arms. I wanted nothing more than to serve my master as well as I could.

Hours later, I heard my cell door open. I was confused. I had not heard Elinor's ankle chains jingling. Was I asleep? Was it someone else? I turned toward the sound.

Master spoke, "Good evening, slave." I wanted to speak so bad. I wanted to beg for his forgiveness, to let me prove I was his obedient slave. That I wanted only to serve him. But I was silenced. He lengthened my chain and removed my gag.

I knelt, hoping I was facing him. "Thank you, Master. May I serve you, please?"

He said, "drink," and put the mouth of a water bottle to my lips. I drank it all in many small gulps. I felt the head of his penis push against my lips. I licked and sucked as well as I could. His member grew larger and stiff. He thrust his now rigid member deep into my mouth and let me move my head around him. I bobbed my head, sucking hard and caressing him with my tongue as I moved. He came in me and said, "swallow it all, slave." I did, gratefully. It was so much better than my last meal. He withdrew from me. I wanted more but dared not speak. He said, "More water, slave?" I shook my head no. I wanted to savor his taste as long as possible. He said, "You were good. Sleep now," and he left, closing the cell door behind him.

Good, he said I was good. How grand that made me feel. One small word with such a wealth of meaning to me. I had pleased my master. I would continue to strive to excel in everything for my master. I lay down on the hard floor. I wiggled around, trying to recall which position had felt best last night. I slept.

I did not know how long I had been a blind prisoner. My memories of my previous life were slipping away, bit by bit. I knew I had once driven a car. Those were meaningless words. I did not remember why I had driven it, or what it looked like. I could not remember how I did it or where. Every hour, every day, I lost more memories. I floated in blackness. I was the victim of a fickle Goddess. My Goddess seldom visited me. When she did, sometimes She bestowed Good, sometimes Bad. All I knew was that Her visits were much better than blackness, no matter what gift She left me. Even a gift of pain was better than no visit. I was more lonely than a castaway on an uncharted island. I remembered a movie where the hero was stranded for months. He returned home to find his loved ones had forsaken him for dead. He was so lucky. He could see and interact with the world. It wasn't the world he wanted but his senses were free. I had my sight replaced with a stygian night. My touch restricted to concrete and steel. All I could feel when I moved was my rings swaying in my sensitive places. Hot and cold had vanished from my senses. My hearing was reduced by the sheath of leather. I smelt nothing or the musk of my Goddess.

Chapter 11 - Pained Nipples

The jingling of mistress Elinor's ankle chains woke me. I knelt as fast as I could. She opened the cell door.

"Good morning, mother," she said, "are you comfortable?"

"Good morning, mistress. I am good." I did not want to say anything that could be construed as complaining. I was sure I would get whipped if I did..

"Stand up and bend over, mother."

She removed my butt plug and had me use the pail while she cleaned the plug. She inserted it and had me kneel.

"Your food is in front of you. Feed," she said.

I leaned forward and ate it. It was oatmeal with raisins. I drank water from the other bowl, lapping it up like a dog. When I finished, I knelt and said, "Thank you, Mistress."

"Standing display." I stood and arched my back. She shortened my chain so I had to stand. She played with my nipples and their rings. Pulling, twisting, licking, stroking them. I was becoming aroused. She took my head in her hands. My God, I wish I could use my hands. I'm so fucking helpless. I felt her lips on mine. I was startled. This was my daughter. She pushed with her tongue. I opened my lips and gave her access. She explored my mouth with her tongue. She tasted so good. She was sweet and tasted of musk and flowers. I thrust my tongue into her mouth. She instantly pinched my nipples. I got the message. She was the mistress and I was the slave. I would do exactly what she wanted or suffer. My pussy spasmed when she asserted her control. My love juices started running down my thighs. I relaxed my tongue and enjoyed the sensations. I wanted to climax and it was going to happen soon. My breathing became ragged.

She backed off. Oh no, don't stop I thought. I was afraid to utter a sound.

“Getting a little hot, mother. We can’t have that. It wouldn’t be proper,” Elinor said, “open wide.” She strapped the ball deep into my mouth. “Lets try these and see whether you can come.”

I felt a shooting pain in both nipples and squealed. I shook my body back and forth. I even tried to rub against her, but she stopped me. I heard bells ringing.

“Those are the nicest nipple clamps I could find. Spring loaded with strong springs and impressive teeth so they won’t slip. I know you must be bored, so these will be fun for you to play with. Maybe you can get them off if you try hard. I’m going to lengthen your tether so you can have a chance to rub them on whatever you can find. It should be interesting. They have springs holding a sweet bell . You can practice your musical skills today. Bye.” She left, closing the door behind her.

The pain was ghastly. They bit like angry, vicious rats into my tender nipples. I tried shaking them, but they refused to let go of me and the bells rang a cheery note to highlight my pain. I wanted to cry, but the hood inhibited tears. I sobbed with pain and lust and frustration. My loins were hot and spasming. My love juices had coated my whole leg. I was sopping wet. The floor squished. I stamped my feet I was so needy. I needed a man. I hurt. I was confused and ashamed my daughter who was my mistress would do this to me.

I shuffled over to a wall and worked my way around the cell. I searched for anything that I might use to get these hateful things off. I found nothing new. The walls were blank except for the rings. The bars were just that . Vertical steel bars set six inches apart with flat cross bars maybe two feet apart. Sturdy enough to hold an elephant, much less me. The door was just like the bars with a lock at a convenient height that was just a square piece of metal on the edge of the door.

The worst part, after the pain was that I stayed hugely aroused. Every move I made, those bells would sway and pull on my nipples. That hurt, sure, but they made me so damn hot. I had to stop and try to relax every few steps. I was not going to

climax, but my loins were trembling and I would get a stabbing pain deep inside me. I think my needy body was insisting I get a man in me. I was sure that would fix my problem and I needed to try in the worst way.

I rubbed my nipples hard against the bars to no avail except to hone the pain back to razor sharpness. After both nipples were stabbing me again, I gave up on the bars. I could not thwart those damn clamps or even move them by rubbing them against the round bars.

I went back to a wall and found a ring. I examined it by feel. Some of them I could touch them with my hands by putting my back against the wall and lowering myself. They were horizontal and the circle of steel was tight against the wall. There was a narrow triangle of space between the ring and the wall on either side. It might work to arrange my nipple just above the ring and touching the wall. Then if I slid along the wall, maybe the bell would be caught in that little wedge of space. Then I could lean more to the side and have enough force to pull the clamp off the nipple. It would hurt, but would feel so good afterwards.

I inched back up to a standing position, turned around and lowered myself. I kept my breast in contact with the wall. I slid down until I was on my knees. I hadn't felt the ring yet. I slid my breasts around on the wall. I thought, I must look like I have an itch if anyone is watching. There, a bell had clanged against a ring. I moved over on my knees and felt around with my left breast. Found it. I put my nipple in light contact with the wall and slid horizontal until I heard the spring touch the ring. I leaned hard and squished the nipple into the wall. I slid a little more. I felt a tug. OK. I steeled myself for pain, but I could imagine my relief when the clamp popped off. I pulled. I felt my nipple being pulled. I increased my pull. More pain. Then a click. Click? I increased my pull. The pain increased but nothing else. I pulled even harder. My pain skyrocketed. The damn clamp wouldn't let go. I felt like I was fighting a live, malignant foe. I yanked at my nipple. I almost fainted the pain was so great. I couldn't do it. I moved the other way.

Maybe I would have better luck with the other clamp. I felt the ring under my breast as I moved back to free my nipple. Wait. My nipple was being pulled the other way. The bell was stuck under the ring. Oh, No. I yanked hard. More pain but it didn't come loose. I tried lifting my breast higher. Nothing. Lower. Nothing.

Interesting day indeed. All my painful struggles had accomplished was to lock my left nipple to a wall ring. That's just great. Won't Elinor be happy to see what I've done. I arranged myself as comfortably as possible and felt sorry for myself.

I felt guilty for trying to remove the clamp my mistress had put on me. It was her decision whether to punish me. It did not matter whether I deserved the punishment. I could be given pain or humiliation or anything else when it pleased my master. I knew this. I understood it for a long time. I even liked the implacability of my master's wishes. This must be what religious true believers feel. Joy in the omnipotence of their god. Kneeling, linked to a wall by my nipple, unable to move or see. I now understood and accepted that my master's will was my law. I would obey with joy what my master, my God, wished. I would never again try to evade, avoid, or mitigate any punishment. I had been broken. I was no longer human. I was an obedient slave.

Over the next hours the pain in my nipples receded to a dull ache. I had a lot of time to think. But I didn't think much. I drifted in a fog. I hurt, but that did not bother me. I couldn't move, but that was right for me. I was aroused and wanted my master. I couldn't see or speak, but that was OK. There was nothing I wanted to say or see. All I wanted now was my master. Even that was not strong. I knew my master loved me and would come when he was ready. I thought of Elinor. She was my daughter, yes, but now she was an agent of my master. Her voice was his command. I wanted to be a good slave. I wanted my master to be proud of me.

I heard the door open. My master's voice. He said, "What have you done slave? He sounded curious, not angry. I felt strong

fingers on my nipple. He released me and I straightened up to a kneeling position. I opened my knees wide and arched my back. I hoped he would give me an orgasm. I had not come for several days now and my arousal was gigantic. I couldn't think. I could hardly move. This morning I had missed the pail with me pee and had to clean it up with my tongue. Mistress is strict with me.

“Those are strong clamps slave. Are you being punished?”

I didn't know what to do. I couldn't speak. I did not know why Elinor put the clamps on me except she wanted to punish me. I did not know if I had done anything to earn them. I decided to nod my head since I was sure they were intended to punish me. I just did not know what for. I nodded.

He removed my gag. I croaked, “Thank you, Master.

He held a water bottle to my lips and said, “Drink.”

I did.

“Why are you being punished?” he asked.

“Master, I do not know. Mistress Elinor put them on me this morning. I am not aware of any misbehavior on my part recently. I believe she is still punishing me for being a bad mother.”

“Stand up. Display yourself.”

I stood and spread my feet and knees. I arched my back and thrust my breasts out. I bowed my head.

Master lifted my breasts one at a time and moved the nipple around. “The color and blood flow in your nipples is good. The clamps are not damaging you We'll leave them on since you do deserve punishment.. Kneel. Do not attempt to remove the clamps again. You will wear them until one of us decide to remove them. Clear?”

“Yes, Master. Thank you for releasing me. I remembered he was a doctor and knew what he was talking about. My voice was higher than normal. I was hot. I wanted him in me so bad. Needy pussy. I was sopping wet. He had touched my breasts

and my arousal skyrocketed. My love juices were running down my thighs. I wanted to pleasure him. It was torture being so close to him. I resisted the urge to lean forward and rub against him. "Master, may I speak?"

"Yes, Sadie. What is it."

"Master, may I service you. It has been a long time."

"Not now, Sadie. I have to go. Maybe tonight." He patted my head and left. I heard the door close and lock.

I knelt there for a long time. I was still quite aroused. In a rare rational moment I wondered why a pat on the head and a vague "Maybe tonight" was so moving. The surge of love and contentment left me speechless. My heart was racing, my breath was rapid and shallow. My loins ached. This must be love. It couldn't be normal. I was hooded, chained, ringed and my nipples still hurt. In spite of those trifles, I felt wonderful. I would treasure the memory of that pat on the head for a long time. I knew I was his slave. I would try my best to earn his trust and love.

I was alone again in my dark silence. I had neither night or day. I was told when to sleep, but never knew the time. My immobile hands grasped the chain falling from my collar. The only things they could touch besides a small area above my ass crack. The links were smooth and far heavier than needed to restrain me. My solitary cell and the chain on my neck were obviously punishment. Elinor and my master were mad at me. I deserved it. My nakedness was merely practical. Nudity made us accessible, permitted waste elimination, and made secrets impractical.

My mistress jingled merrily to my cell and entered. I knelt for her. It was good to not be alone.

"So you weren't able to get them off. I know you tried, you bad girl. What happened?"

"Mistress, I thought you wanted me to try and remove them. I am sorry if that is not what you intended. They are causing me much pain."

“Were you able to come, slut?”

“No, Mistress. You aroused me and they also aroused me. I am still aroused, But I was not able to come.”

“Good. You have not yet earned the right to such pleasure. Would you like me to remove them slave?”

“Oh, yes, Mistress. They are painful.”

“What will you do for me if I remove them?”

“Mistress, I will do anything I can. Would you like me to service you. I would love to give you pleasure.”

“Beg for it, slave.”

“My beautiful, magnificent Mistress, please allow me to pleasure you. I will give you the best orgasm you have ever had. Please, Please, Mistress.”

“You would lick and nibble your own daughter’s cunt? What a depraved person you are. Why should I let you do that?”

“You are first my Mistress. I have given myself to be a slave. I feel intense pleasure when I submit to your will. I will be the most enthusiastic whore on the planet to please you. I love your smell, your taste. You will feel such pleasure as makes your mind soar and your body swoon. I promise you.”

“You make it sound enjoyable. Your body is a delight. I’ll take it for ride and then see if you can live up to your boast. If you give me a tenth of the pleasure you have promised then I will take those charms from your nipples. Stand up and bend over, slave.”

I stood up and bent over, my breasts swaying below me and the bells ringing cheerfully through the pain. I felt her remove my butt plug. then smear more lubricant in and around my anus. She held my locked wrists and pushed something soft and flexible against my anus. She kept pushing and I felt it slide into me. I felt a rush in my pussy. The invader moved in and out, rhythmically. I was getting fucked in my ass by my daughter and I could not stop it. I was more ashamed than I should have been. It wasn’t my fault. I wondered if we had an

audience? My pussy spasmed again. I was being aroused by my daughter. My God, how low have I sunk? My nipple bells were ringing with the thrusts. My nipples were pulsing and hurt more as they were pulled back and forth by the bells. I was moaning with each swing of my breasts. The phallus, I assume, left my hole and didn't return. I gasped. I was so close to coming. I moaned "Please, Mistress, just a little more, please. "

"Kneel, slave. Silence. Punishment position." Sobbing, I knelt and lowered my head to the floor. I raised my ass as high as I could. Three fiery stripes scorched my thighs. I gasped as they seared my flesh. I forced myself to remain silent. I would have felt so good to scream.

"Only your masters decide what you will feel. You may not speak without permission. You are a Bad Girl. Kneel and service your mistress."

I knelt and said, "Yes, Mistress, I'm sorry, Mistress." I felt her bush against my lips. I licked and kissed and sucked as hard as I could. She started to ooze her love juices. They were so sweet and womanly. I loved my mistress, my daughter so much. Her pussy lips grew fuller and opened for me. I thrust my tongue deep and licked as hard and as fast as I could. I sucked all her juice into me and savored the taste of my mistress. Her breathing grew faster. I heard her moan and she thrust her loins hard into my face. I knew she was near. I slowed my licking, knowing that pleasure delayed is pleasure increased. I heard her breathing speed up. I sucked her rock hard nub into my mouth and sucked and licked it hard. She orgasmed with a scream of pleasure. I kept licking up her juices. drinking deeply of this demanding young woman. She swayed and I feared she would fall, but she caught herself. She straightened up and backed away from me. I spat out a few hairs I had harvested from her luxuriant bush.

"Wow, that was great, mom. You delivered on your promise. That was even better than Emily. You held out on me. Why didn't you ever do that for me before? Never mind. You can

make it up to me by doing it from now on. Now I will fulfill my end of the bargain. Hold still.”

I felt her grasp my left nipple. She gradually squeezed the clamp open and took it off me. The pain of returning blood flow was excruciating. Almost as bad as when it was put on me. I squealed. She rubbed my nipple between her fingers. It hurt at first then became soothing and finally, arousing. I felt my nipple harden. She stopped rubbing and released me.

“You are sure horny, mom.”

She repeated her performance on my right breast. In a few minutes I had recovered. My nipples were rock hard and ached. I longed to have my hand free to rub them. Oh well. I was so, so horny. I needed my master so much. I heard an unfamiliar noise. I finally realized I was whining like a lonely puppy.

I knelt in my stygian blackness, wondering at my fate. I knew I deserved all that had happened to me. I reveled in the mixture of pain and joy I felt. I endured my existence because I must. I had no choice. I was helpless and in the complete control of others. I did not care. I was learning patience and humility. My pain was now not of the tortures imposed on me, but self imposed agony of need. I was desperate for orgasm. My body was superheated. I needed to reach release, but was impotent. Only my master and mistress could release me from my bonds and my need. I knew I would never again be free from my dependence. Even if my limbs were freed, my dependence on their approval was eternal. I would obey them forevermore with joy in my heart.

A wisp of discordant feeling insinuated itself in my consciousness. I was hungry. My mistress had not fed me and my body felt empty. I could only wait and hope I would be fed.

Chapter 12 - Family Pet

When I returned home I found Elinor kneeling at her low table in the living room. She had a school book open.

“Greetings, Master,” she said cheerfully.

“Hi, Apprentice slave. I’m glad to see you are doing schoolwork. How’s the other slave doing?”

“Master, Harold promised me many stripes if I do not get an ‘A’ in every class. I think the threat of the whip is making me a responsible student. And mom is doing just fine. She is quite humble and respectful. She hated the nipple clamps and she gave me a wonderful orgasm. I hate to say it, but she may be ready to get out of the doghouse.”

“Ellie, I guess we could try it and see if she reverts. But the term ‘doghouse’ just gave me an idea. Would you agree that home is improved by a friendly dog?”

“I guess so, Master. Mom would not let us get a dog. She said they shed all over everything. I have friends with dogs and I liked them. Are you thinking of getting a dog? What kind?”

“Well, the kind I was thinking of is long haired, but doesn’t shed. It is intelligent and friendly. It never chases cats or squirrels and it is friendly. As a matter of fact, there is one in our doghouse right now.”

“You mean, make mom into a family dog? I love it. we can put a kennel for her in the living room. We can think up all sorts of interesting games to play with her, too.”

“I’ll talk to Harold and see if he can scare up the equipment.”

“Great master. Please ask him to hurry. I can’t wait to take her on walks and show her off.”

...

I heard Elinor’s jingling ankle chains approaching so I knelt.

Elinor came into the cell. She said, “Evening. mother. Comfortable?”

“Yes, Mistress. May I ask a question?”

“No, I’m afraid not. Slaves may not ask questions. But I know what you were going to ask so I will lay a tiny piece of knowledge upon you. No, I did not forget to feed you at noon. We want you to lose weight so you will only be fed twice a day. I have brought your second meal..”

I heard the double bowl placed in front of me. “Feed.”

I lapped up some water then gobbled down my meal. It was good, but I got a morsel caught on my nose ring and couldn’t dislodge it.

Lift your head” She removed the bit of food from my nose ring. “Continue.”

I lowered my head and finished my meal.

“Stand up and bend over.”

She removed my butt plug and told me to use the pail. I did while she washed the plug. Then she reinserted it. I suspected this was a larger plug from its feel. Mistress, may I speak, please?”

“All right.”

“Mistress, I enjoy your visits a lot. May we speak more to each other sometimes?”

” Mother, I have been angry with you. I am pretty much over that now. As long as you remember that our roles have reversed and you are my property, We can talk.”

“Mistress, I can never forget that I am yours now. I would not have requested this a while ago, but I find I love you more than ever and only want to obey you and my master.”

“I’m touched. After all I have done to you, you love me? How is that possible?”

Girls are foolish, Mistress. It seems that those who hurt me the most are the ones I want to serve. Part of it is I know I deserved everything. I think the punishment and my reduced status have erased a lot of my guilt and self hatred. I can’t hate

myself any more. I am filled to the brim with love and obedience. I want out of here, but only so I can serve my master. I'm of no use to him in here."

"Mom, I'm glad you have adjusted so well. I can tell you that there is a change in your situation coming soon. At least the hood will be removed from you. I have to go now. I'm learning to cook and I have a soufflé in the oven. See ya. Chin up."

She left me with hopes of a better day coming soon.

I waited for my Goddess. She came and went. I was fed and allowed to empty myself in the pail. more endless cycles of eat, crap, wait, sleep. Over and over. I remembered nothing. I was unable to do anything. I wanted to serve my master. My whippings for punishment continued. I rarely was corrected for mistakes. I had learned to be humble. Submissive. I was so broken. I waited for my punishment to end. I hoped it would end. I knew it didn't have to end. I could be kept here in this endless night forever.

In a few hours, when I was thinking of sleep, Master opened the cell door and came to me.

"Stand up."

I stood and he took hold of my upper arm and said, come with me. He led me around a few turns on carpeted floor and stopped. I felt him unlock the straps holding my hood in place. He peeled it off my face.

"Keep your eyes closed. You have not seen any light for quite a while. They need to adjust gradually."

"Yes, Master. Thank you letting me see again."

"You are welcome slave. I have wanted to see your face for a long time, too."

He put his hands around my head and kissed me. It was heavenly. I parted my lips to allow him in. I wanted him in me everywhere.

He turned it into a hot, passionate kiss and I found my heat rising too.

Finally he released me and said, "Kneel and service me."

I did my best and soon found myself enjoying his seed. I gratefully swallowed it all. I licked him clean afterwards. He put his hand over my eyes and said, "I've turned off the bedroom lights. Open your eyes just a crack and see if the light hurts them."

I looked through slitted eyes onto a large dimly lit bedroom. I said, they are good. I can see and they don't hurt."

"Good, sit on the edge of the bed." He locked a short chain from the headboard to my collar. Then he unlocked the track chain from me and slid it back by the door. He put my feet on the bed and locked another chain from the foot board to my ankle chain.

I was secured to the bed. My hands still locked behind me, but I was used to that. The bed felt so soft and cozy. But The important fact was that master had allowed me in his bed!

I was laying on y back on top of my immovable hands. I saw that that raised my loins up and made it easier for a male to use me. I still wore the chastity belt, but master had the key.

Master undressed and went into the bathroom briefly. Then he climbed into bed. He was wearing only underwear and I expected to lose my chastity belt soon. He surprised me. He lay beside me and played with my nipple rings until I was sopping. He kissed me, said "roll over and face away from me." He helped me since I was fastened head and foot to the bed. What he did next astounded me. He unlocked my hands. I could move my hands. They were free. I rolled back on to my back and looked at his smiling face. Tears were streaming down my face and blinding me. I was so happy. I just moved my hands randomly over my body. I was re-familiarizing myself to the feel of the planes and curves of my body. I ran my fingers over the smooth waistband that once was so tight I couldn't breathe and now was so much a part of me. I felt my

collar and ran my fingers over my engraved name. I fondled the rings on it. I played with my nipple rings and loved how I could send thrills through my loins just by twisting them. I reached for the face of my master and pulled our lips together. I played with his ears and hair as we kissed. I could do so much with my hands free. So much that had been denied me for so long. It was almost as good as regaining my sight.

My master said, "What are you, Sadie?"

"I answered truthfully for a slave may not be untruthful with her master. "Master, I am your slave. I am utterly submissive to you. I am blinded by your glory. I am yours to do with as you please. I am your pleasure slave for as long as I live. I am unfulfilled unless I am serving you. I have no meaning unless I am at your feet."

"Sadie, you know one day I will set you free. After you have concluded your penance for your actions."

"Master, I will never repay you and Elinor. I do not want to leave you. If you decide to free me, I will remain at your feet. I will always be your slave. I will always obey you. I will always love you. Would you take me now. I need you inside me."

"No. Always remember you are my property. You are here to give me pleasure. I am not her to give you pleasure. I want you to be needy. Sometimes I will give you an orgasm. But only as a reward. You must earn it. You have already pleased me tonight. That is enough. Now roll over, face away from me. It is late and I worked hard today. Go to sleep."

"Yes, master." I rolled over. It was so much easier with hands. I didn't know what to do with my hands. I tried several positions but none were comfortable. I felt master's arms around me. I felt safe and secure.

"Enough. Put your hands behind you."

Chagrined, I did and he locked them back in place. "Thank you master."

"Go to sleep. "

My hands were comfortable now. I fell asleep.

I awoke refreshed. Master unlocked me from the bed, put me back on the track chain and freed my hands. "Go take a shower and wash your hair. Everything you'll need is in the bath. I took my time lathering my hair and rinsing it. It was dirty from my long confinement. I gloried in the use of my hands, so long denied me. I fondled everything with delight. It was if I had never felt the texture of soap, or plastic, or everything. I washed every dirty inch of my body from the inside of my ears to the soles of my feet.

When I was dry, I polished all my metalwork until it shone.

When I finished he locked my hands back behind me and took me to the kitchen. I ate on the floor, my nose ring fastened to a short chain from a low wall ring in the corner. I could see my bowl and two walls. Master and Elinor ate at a counter behind me. After breakfast, Elinor removed my butt plug. I was taken outside to a newly dug hole in the garden and told to do my business in it. I obeyed. Then I was instructed to use my foot and scrape enough dirt back into the hole to cover my droppings.

Master put leashes on both Elinor and my nose rings and took us to the main house. He gave our leashes to Harold and left. Harold took us into the exercise room and handed us off to Muriel.

I was being inserted into the normal slave's routine. I met all the girls in exercise class. Now there were seven of us: Emily, Denise, Muriel, Angela, Jean, Elinor and me, Sadie. Muriel worked us hard for an hour. Then Emily, Denise, Muriel, and Elinor went to 'school' whatever that meant. The rest of us cleaned and dusted. We were always locked to something with long chains we drug behind us. I had to keep working while the others had lunch. After lunch we were all chained together by the neck. I was told this was a coffle. We were taken into the garden. We weeded under the direction of the gardener, a tough woman with a mean whip hand. I didn't learn her name.

Harold hosed us down and gave us towels to dry off. He left Jean and Angela chained to rings just inside the front door. He locked Elinor and my hands behind us, put our nose leashes on and took us to Master Sam's home. He locked us both to track chains and unlocked Elinor's hands. Then he left us there.

Elinor took the leash off her nose ring. She used my leash to take me over to the kitchen wall and locked my left nipple ring to a handy ring. That house had rings on every surface.

She got a package off the kitchen counter and opened it. She came to me and strapped thick knee pads on my legs. She unlocked my hands and said, "Give me your right hand." She shoved my hand into a stiff, flat glove. It said PAW on the back. It had a ring she locked to my wrist cuff. She did the same to my left hand. I looked at my hands. The glove was tight and I couldn't bend my fingers or thumb. It seemed to have once been a tire. It was rubber laced with layers of threads. I was definitely waterproof. I could see my fingernails through holes in the back of the glove. My hands were useless for grasping anything. like a dog's paws. I didn't like where this was going. She released my nipple ring from the wall and led me back to the counter. She picked up a short chain with a snap hook on both ends. She clipped one end to the rear ring on my waistband. "Kneel," she said. I knelt and she clipped the other end of the chain to my ankle chain. Now I couldn't stand or unbend my legs.

"Get on your hands and knees. Its practice time. " Elinor led me all through the house by my nose leash. She encouraged me to go faster with vicious little whip stripes on my ass.

Master came in the front door. He had a brown paper bag in his hands. Elinor led me to him and I licked his feet, just like a puppy glad to see her master. That pretty much describes me. I didn't have a thought in my head except joy that he was home.

Stay here, girls. I have a present for Sadie.. He returned and removed my butt plug, smeared more lube on and in my asshole and stuck something in it. It waggled when I moved.

Elinor said, Master, that's great. It looks just like a dog's tail. Where did you get it?"

"At a bondage shop in the valley. They have a lot of pet play things. Let's take a walk. "

He unlocked both Elinor and I from the track chains. He locked a chain from Elinor's wrist to my collar. He removed my leash and put it in a pocket. He opened the front door and said, "Elinor take Sadie out to the garden and left her do her business." He watched as my daughter and mistress led me to the garden on my hands and knees to squat and pee in front of the world. Before my dark sojourn I would have been horrified at eliminating in the open for fear someone would see me. As I was doing my business, I enjoyed the fresh air and the beautiful garden. I saw my master and Elinor watching me and felt only joy that was their property . I was grateful for the chance to obey. How thoroughly I was broken. The joy I felt made it all worth it. I was going to be the best slave girl ever. When I had finished and Elinor took me back to the door, Master said, "bring her back in for a sec." Inside, Master said, "Kneel." I did, and somewhat unexpectedly, Elinor knelt beside me. That was right. He hadn't said who and we both were right to assume he meant both of us. Master clipped a bell on all four of our nipple rings and said, "this will sound better. Now let's take that walk."

Master walked slow enough for me to keep up since I was new at this four footed business. H led the way with Elinor beside him and me beside her. Just like a new puppy on a leash. It didn't matter to me. I was so thankful to be out of that hood and able to move my arms. I was enjoying the beauty and fragrances of the garden. We passed the gardener who commented to master on his pretty new doggie and young slave. I should have been chagrined for a 'normal' woman to see me like this. I wasn't. It was too nice to be out in the open with my beloved master and mistress. I wouldn't mind him walking me down Broadway. I was secure in my master's love.

My wagging tail was a distraction at first, but I realized how appropriate it was. It was showing the world how happy I was being walked by my master. It really didn't matter if I was lower than a human. All that mattered was that I was with my master.

After dinner Master took Elinor and me into the living room. He settled me on all fours in front of him on the couch and rested his legs on my back. He watched the news and some political talk show on TV. I couldn't see any of it and the words just zipped unconcerned over my head. My concentration was centered on master. I was ultra sensitive to his breathing and movements. I needed to be ready to respond to orders instantly.

His cell phone chimed and he answered it. After a brief conversation he stood up, and took hold of my track chain. He used it as a leash and led me behind the couch. There was a cage waiting for me. Its door was open and it was tiny. The door was in two parts, a left and right half door. Both doors had a semi circular cutout. The top of the cage was upholstered in black leather. He said, "turn around and back in. When my feet were against the rear bars, my head stuck out. I thought it was too small for me. But master closed both doors at the same time. My neck was trapped between the two semi circles. When both doors were closed he locked them, top and bottom. My body was locked in the cage but my head and the track chain was held outside, trapped in place. He said, "if you need to pee, ring your nipple bells and Ellie will take care of you." He walked out of the room, turning off the TV. I heard him say, "Ellie, Sadie's in her cage. If she needs to pee I told her to ring her nipple bells. I have to go out. I shouldn't be too long. Bye."

Ellie said, "Goodbye, Master. I will watch Sadie."

Later, I heard Elinor moving. Her sound, like mine, was quite distinctive. Her nipple bells tinkled sound while her ankle chains jingled and her track chain was almost a clank. She entered the living room and came to my cage.

“Wow, mom, you barely fit in there. Well, I guess you don’t fit since your head is outside. How are you? By the way, i give you permission to speak freely.”

“Thank you, Mistress, I am good. After the hood, this is heaven. I can see, even if I can’t move much. It is a world of difference. Would you like me to service you? If you squat down here in front of me, I think I can manage.”

“No, mom. Remember, Master put a chastity belt on me, too.

““Oh. yeah. Its not fair. For sex slaves he doesn’t let us get much.”

“Mom, I think we’re supposed to give sex. We only get it when we earn it.”

“Right. Like I said not fair. I don’t know what I have to do to earn it.”

“Mother, from a few remarks I heard, I think Master wants to keep you needy. He says you are more enjoyable when you’re in need.”

“I wish he were here right now. He’d enjoy me.”

“Mother do you realize we’re talking like a couple of slaves in an ancient harem. And you are treating me as your mistress. Every woman should spend a month chained in a hood. You are much easier to talk to now than before.”

“Mistress, I learned I am a submissive and fortunate enough to have a man give me just what I need. I have come to terms with helplessness. I am in a good place now. I love to obey you, master, anyone. I never want to be responsible again. If I obey completely, I am a happy, pampered animal. I am a natural slave and thank you for showing me that truth. If you want to make your master happy, reach through the bars and arouse me. I will be needy for him when he returns.”

“Gosh, mom, you just asked your daughter to play with your girl parts. That is amazing. Before we came here you would have never asked that and would have slapped me for mentioning it. I like you a lot better as my slave. Its lots more fun.”

I felt Elinor's hand grab my breast. She squeezed me and swung it back and forth, making my bells ring. I became aroused. Soon I was moaning and my belly was heaving. She lay on top of the cage and soon both my breasts were being groped. She grabbed both nipple rings and pulled and twisted. I was so close. I heard my moans getting louder. I felt like I would orgasm in one more pull. She stopped. I cried, "Not yet, More, Please."

She stood up.

"OK mom, You're all warmed up. Free speech is over. Clear?"

"Yes, Mistress. Thank you for visiting me."

"Do you need a drink or to pee?"

"Both, Mistress, please. "

She held a water bottle to my lips and I drank. She opened my cage and drew me out by my chain. My ankle chain was linked to my waistband, so I couldn't stand. She took me to the laundry room and showed me a litter box.

"Mom, here is your new appliance. Cover when you are done. If there is any litter found outside the box, you get whipped. Be careful."

She watched as I backed over it and squatted. Not so easy when your ankles are close chained. I crawled forward and turned around. I used one of my paws to scrape litter over the wet spot. I made sure all the litter was off my paw before turning around again.

"Thank you, Mistress."

She put me back in my cage and left.

Sometime later Elinor came back and took me out of my cage.

"I have to go to bed, mom. I have orders to put you away."

She led me to the cell , locked my hands behind me, and locked me in. There was a thin mat on the floor.

I settled down to sleep. Master woke me and took me to his bedroom. He had me service him. He kissed me long and hard and locked me in the bed, head and foot. I slept soundly. It was better with my hands locked behind me.

The pecking order was firm. I was the house bitch and on the bottom. Elinor, my daughter, was above me and my mistress. She was my keeper when Master was absent. Both Elinor and I were slaves. Well she was an apprentice slave, which meant no sex with her. Both of us were locked to track chains in the house. She was free other than that. I had my hands in those paws and my feet held to my waistband so I had to crawl everywhere. Outside, I crawled and was on a leash. Ellie got to walk but her hands were locked behind her. She was always leashed too. Most days Ellie and I went to the main house for exercise and chores. During exercise my legs were unlocked so I could stand. My hands were fastened like the other girls. Behind us or free depending on the exercise. I had to wear the paws unless some chore requiring me to hold some tool was needed. I relished having the paws removed. If master was gone, Harold would take us back and forth between the houses.

When I'm in bitch mode, I get whipped for talking. No human speech allowed. Master tried many gags on me. The ball gag was first. Then I wore a ball gag with wiffle ball. in my mouth. Didn't help me talk, but the air flow was easier. Next was a bridle and bit. I liked that. I could mumble a few intelligible words and could drink water more easily. That was soon changed to a bit that had a metal piece in my mouth that held my tongue down. Uncomfortable. Next I got a complex bit with a spongy ball in my mouth. It held my tongue down too, but when someone pulled on the reins, the ball plugged my throat so I couldn't breathe. Truly scary. Master said that was an early training bit for pony girls. Not me, yet, anyway. Now I'm wearing a bridle strapped tight around my head. There's a gag that looks like a short dog's muzzle that clips on. I've been wearing that for a week or so. Not my favorite, but no one is

asking me. I can see it sticking out in front of me. It has a phallus shaped part in my mouth. My nose ring rests on it.

I've had the paws locked on me almost continuously for a month. Elinor has taken over my grooming now. She locks my hands behind me and showers with me. Her hands do everything for both of us. It is a large shower without doors. I stay on hands and knees and she washes me and my hair. I stay in doggie mode almost all the time now except for exercise. I won't be surprised if that is replaced by something more dog like. I am becoming more proficient at four legged travel. I can almost keep up with Elinor now.

I am more needy than ever now. I am aroused every day, all day. I find myself subconsciously rubbing my crotch on things. I see why dogs like to hump people's legs. I sure want to. I'm always sopping wet. I'm afraid I'm going to mildew. Elinor pays close attention to my crotch when she washes me. She usually makes me kneel up and she sprays my chastity belt with hot water. Its heavenly. I could get off on that if it lasted longer.

I wear my paws almost all the time. Most of the time its a pleasure to be the pampered pet. After i eat, Mistress brushes my teeth. I sit up in front of her. She sits in a chair and uses an electric toothbrush on me. Then she brushes my hair and trims it if needed. Then she puts it into two ponytails so I look like a long haired puppy. Usually she walks me to the garden for my toilette. Master had a small sink installed at the back of the house where she washes my tail plug.

Once a week I get 'intensive grooming. Elinor locks my wrist cuffs to a special table master had made for me. I kneel facing the table with my wrist cuffs locked to it and mistress removes my paws and gives me a manicure. She is quite good. She paints my fingernails. When they are dry the paws go back on and locks my hands behind me. She releases my ankle chain from the waistband and I put my feet on the table. She gives me a pedicure and paints my toenails. When dry my ankle chain is fastened back to my waistband and I'm back in doggie mode. Finally we go into the shower and she shaves me, my

bush, legs, and armpits. Sometimes she changes my hair color. I don't think I should have given her so many dolls when she was young. I think she enjoys her control over me quite a lot. Its OK. I love her taking such good care of me.

Evenings are the best time. Master and mistress will watch a movie, or sports or the news. I get petted and aroused a lot. Its wonderful . Before bed, Master will lock my hands behind me. I will lay on the couch and put my head in Master's lap. He removes my chastity belt and mistress plays with my pussy. She mostly uses her fingers to masturbate me until I'm panting. She tried a vibrator but I would be ready to climax so soon. Now she sometimes uses a big, soft dildo. A couple of times bananas or cucumbers were used. I think she likes using her fingers.

While she's getting me hot, Master opens my mouth and flosses my teeth. OK, it sounds weird, but a girl hasn't lived until she's fucked with a banana while being flossed. I highly recommend it.

I've been a doggie pet girl now for most of a year. Master takes me for a walk almost every evening. I am great at four legged walking now. I can even run for a short distance. Master uses a leash to my nose ring all the time. Since I have gotten faster he doesn't have to worry about pulling too hard. I am a good heeler now. I walk so I can see his legs out of the corner of my eye. I stop perfectly and I sit up and wait for him to start. He often pats my head when I sit. It feels so good. I am always horny. He gave me an orgasm for Thanksgiving.

We went to the main house for a party. Master took out my gag for the party. Most of the staff was there, and all the girls. They are especially nice to me. They gave me bits of turkey and dressing from their bowls. I didn't get fed because master said I was not sleek enough. B when I snuggled up to Denise, said , "Kiss me" then she took a bite of her food and turned her head. I crawled in next to her and kissed her. She used her tongue to push a bite of turkey into mine. I stuck it in the corner of my mouth and kissed her hard. After we broke, i chewed and swallowed the turkey. None of the masters paid

any attention to the feeding girls. They were all talking to each other. I went to each of the girls and I kissed them all . Everyone gave me a bite of food. Turkey and kisses. Wow.

When dinner was over everyone went to the living room. All the girls were kneeling on the floor. All the butt plugs and chastity belts were removed from us. We were open for business. First we played a fucking game. We were all blindfolded. By the way, a blindfold is so much nicer than the hood. Anyway, someone would kiss a girl. If the girl could identify who she kissed then she got an orgasm. Either by the guy, or if she identified a woman, then one of the girls had to nibble her to orgasm. There was a lot of incentive to be correct. If she misidentified her kisser, she was up to eat out the next winner. It continued for a long time. I got three orgasms and gave four out. Finally, I acted like a sex slave. My master gave me one of my orgasms. It was the best one.

I found it hard to talk at the party. I think I forgot how, at least a little. I kissed and fucked better than ever, but I avoided speech as much as possible. Maybe I learned that speaking earned me the whip more often than actions. I don't know. Elinor was at the party but was not allowed to take part in the sex because she was only seventeen. She was frustrated. She wasn't a virgin and was on the pill. She wanted to get laid as bad as any of the girls. In a few months she will be eighteen and Master said he would have a christening party for her. She doesn't think I know, but I hear her rubbing her crotch when she thinks she's alone. Her chastity belt has a unique ring to it.

Also, she whined about her needs on the way back from the party. We were on our leashes and I was gagged, as usual. She was given permission to speak and she begged for master to take her to bed. She continued her pleas for some time. Master commanded her to silence. When we got home Master put a gag in her mouth and locked her in the cell until bedtime. She slept with her gag all night and until lunch the next day. I made sure to be especially obedient.

Chapter 13 - School Room

Harold collected the students and took them into a part of the house they had never been.

I was not sure what to think about this. I never expected to be in a classroom again. I was not a good student and college had never entered my mind. I wanted to be an actress. I expected my looks would get me in some low budget movies, I would learn and become a good actress. I never wanted to be a star.

When I signed up to be a slave, it was my greed making the decision. Now that I didn't need the money, it was my pussy making the decision. I liked my sex life. My pussy was happy beyond my wildest dreams. Slavery wasn't work. It was pleasure. Now the downside shows up. I had to work again.

Reading, thinking, tests, papers. and the whip waiting for us if we didn't excel. The plain fact was I was a slave. I would obey every command of any Master. The rewards for good performance were priceless beyond rubies. My pussy was definitely in charge.

Harold had chained the three of us in coffle. As usual, whenever we weren't secured our hands were locked to the rear ring of our waistbands. I was in front and had a leash on my nose ring. Behind me was Muriel and behind her was Denise. He took us into the new classroom. It was large and light. There was a large screen on the front wall, and four tables set up in front of it in a two by two layout. There were two cushions on each table. Of course there were steel rings set into the walls and floor in many places. I saw a rack of whips and canes on one wall. We would be well secured in class.

Harold said, "there is a complete audio visual computer hookup here. The camera is disabled so the instructor will not be able to see you. There is a button on each table and a microphone. If you need to speak to the instructor press the button and hold it down until finished speaking. You do not have to release it to hear the instructor. There is a red light on

the button and on the wall by the screen. It will light up when the instructor can hear you. Be careful what you say and try not to rattle your chains or bells while the light is on.

Harold dropped three cushions at one table close enough so we could all kneel close to the table. He locked my ankle chain to one of the floor rings and freed all our hands. He placed a packet of papers in front of each of us. "Read these. These are your remote enrollment forms and your class list." He took three notebook computers from a cabinet and placed them in front of us. I saw my name on the notebook. "Look over the documents and sign in to your student accounts. I will be back in 30 minutes. When you finish, make the documents neat, log off the computer, kneel and wait for me."

I read everything, got the computer turned on, set up my account and cleaned up. Just in time. Harold returned and saw Muriel and I had finished and were kneeling, hands crossed behind us. Denise was just straightening her papers. Too bad for her.

Harold said, "finish up Denise then punishment position."

Denise finished, knelt and said, "Yes, Master." Then raised her ass toward the ceiling.

Harold picked a whip from the rack and gave Denise two hard stripes on her bottom.

After each stroke Denise said, "Thank you, Master. May I have another, please?"

Denise was good. She didn't flinch at the whip. She was totally silent during her punishment. If it was me, I would have gotten aroused and moaned a little. I never can keep my arousal to myself. I must be proud of it because I always moan. I hear myself but by then I am too far gone to care about stopping it. I get it on quick. Afterwards I feel a little guilty and slutty. My rational self, tiny as it is, makes me feel too easy. Of course my horny self stands right up and shouts, "You are a fucking slave. Of course you're an easy lay. For God's sake!" I was a little jealous of Denise until I

remembered she didn't come. She's probably in need of a fuck right now.

After the second stroke, Harold said, "That's all, Denise. Kneel." He put the notebooks and papers away and said, classes start tomorrow. Lecture at ten am." He unlocked me from the floor ring and took us back to the exercise room.

...

Today was our first day of class. Muriel, Denise and I were at our tables, kneeling, of course. Our ankle chains were locked to floor rings. We had our notebooks, texts, and course syllabi printed out. We each had water bottles and were ready. The lecture was about to start. Harold was sitting in a chair behind us. We had two classes today, Marketing and Business Communications. We were apprehensive. We had never expected to go to college under the whip. The instructor was at a white board and started writing...

After class was over, Harold critiqued us. He pointed out that we needed to improve our note taking skills. He projected all three of our notebook files on the big screen, side by side.

One of us tried to write every word said, another missed two key concepts. The third missed the reading assignment. He said, "punishment position, girls. He gave each of us three crisp stripes. "Now all three of you rewrite your notes. You have a hour until your next class. I will continue to check your work for all classes until you are all doing a good job." He left the room.

"My God, this is hard. Now my ass hurts, I'm aroused, and I have to think about class notes. And to think I thought it would be easy to be a sex slave." The others laughed then we got to work rewriting our notes. We talked about every concept and used some group think to improve our notes.

When we finished we had all learned the subject matter much better and our notes made sense. The whip is a great incentive! "You know fellow sex slaves, here we sit, chained to the floor, naked, waiting for our next class. We are surely the most unusual group of coeds ever."

...

Elinor joined us for our next class. Harold relented and removed her leash and freed her hands after closing the door. He let us stand and her come and give each of us a kiss. He put her at a back table on the other side of the room. She had to wear headphones while our class was going. Afterwards he reviewed her work as well as ours. Muriel, I and Elinor all got two stripes for bad notes . It smarted but I'll try and do better next time.

...

We had a new, more complex schedule with four of us in classes part of the time and doing homework at other times. Those of us without classes spent more time being sex toys. Both groups seemed happy with their lives. I for one was finding an unexpected joy in learning. We were doing well and getting good grades. Harold and the Masters were the reason. They were critiquing our work and making us be methodical and thorough. And they used the whip to ensure we worked to their standards. We only had classes three days a week so we still got plenty of sexual workouts. Even on school days, I was aroused every day and given an orgasm if my work was good. Another great incentive well designed to reward us horny sex slaves.