

ORPHAN

By Argus

Chapter One

Emily slid her arms through the straps then pulled the tank top over her head. As soon as it began to slide over her breasts she began to reconsider. It must have shrunk, she thought as she slowly tugged the thin cotton over her breasts, then down. It was cropped tightly to bare her belly, and it was supposed to be tight, but not quite this tight. It squeezed against her firm breasts rather uncomfortably.

But it sure did look nice, she thought, eyeing herself in the mirror. And beggars can't be choosers. It wasn't like she had a huge wardrobe. It wasn't like she had much of anything, in fact. She'd been in the custody of social services for five years now. At Seventeen, she was on her seventh set of foster parents. Her social worker claimed she hadn't tried sufficiently well to bond with any of them. But really, she was simply a quiet girl who enjoyed her own company.

Besides, they had matched her, for the most part, with people who cared more for the money they got than the care they were supposed to give. She got her meals, clothing and bed, but not a great deal of interest in what she was doing. But that was all right. She also had a nice government grant for university the coming fall, and was looking forward to turning Eighteen and being on her own.

The tank was a pale blue, and went well with her pale skin. She bent and slipped up the thin, matching pants. They had an elastic waistband, and were stretchy enough to be comfortable, but - and she turned her bottom to the mirror - tight across her buttocks, too.

She felt a little twinge between her legs as she eyed herself.

I look hot!

She turned to pose in silhouette, noting how the tank top emphasised her high, firm breasts, and how trim and flat her bare belly was.

She turned again, reaching up behind her and gathering together her long, loose hair. It fell halfway down her back, but that wasn't appropriate for today. It would get in the way. She pulled it into a loose ponytail and clipped it back.

Nice.

She slipped her small feet into her sneakers, twisting and stomping them to get them in without untying and retying the laces, then looked at herself again in the mirror, tossing her head to make her ponytail swish, smiling for herself.

Her face was oval, with bright blue eyes, a small, upturned nose, and small, full-lipped mouth. She was a lovely girl, and knew it, and was very proud of her looks and how much attention they could draw. Today was going to be boring, too many chores to do and none of them particularly pleasant. She wanted to feel sexy, to look sexy, but in a casual way which didn't look like she'd tried.

Hotty!

She grinned to herself, feeling a little thrill which ran right down between her legs. She knew it was wrong, and a part of her chided herself on dressing this way. But it wasn't deliberate, she told herself. It was hot, and she needed something casual. She didn't know the top was that tight. And anyway, who was going to be around to see? It wasn't like she was deliberately dressing down or something.

She locked the back door and trotted down the stairs to her bike, threw a leg across the bar and rode it slowly out through the open back gate and then to the street

before her house. She passed a man walking in the opposite direction on the sidewalk, and pretended not to notice his eyes staring at her.

Perve.

She continued on, turning the corner, sometimes pedalling, sometimes coasting. It was hot and humid, and she began to sweat, and to wish she'd brought a cap and sunglasses. But first stop was the library, where it would be cool.

She passed another pair of men and both stared at her. Again indignation warred with a secret pride, then a thought struck and she looked down at the top of her tank. It wasn't low cut - not really. Looking at herself in the mirror, all she saw was the hint of cleavage. But that was looking straight on, she realized. Riding the bike, she was leaning over, and her breasts were pulling down on the fabric, giving a very good shot of cleavage to anyone she passed.

She blushed, embarrassed, but a part of her also felt a little thrill that she had been practically flashing strange men. She tried to straighten up whenever she passed people facing her after that.

* * *

Emily drew in a deep breath of cool air as she pushed through the door to the library. It hadn't been a long walk, but it was humid outside and she was already sweating in the early September heat. She looked around the large entry hall, then followed the signs up a wide wood staircase to the second floor, her legs moving easily as she trotted up the stairs.

She looked at the maze of shelving doubtfully, then padded over to a desk and waited. There was a curly haired young man behind the counter stamping books. He looked up, did the kind of double take she was used to, and smiled.

"Yes? Can I help you?"

Can I help you undress, she thought cynically, watching his eyes waver up and down, as if fighting the draw towards her chest.

Not that her tank had much cleavage, but there was an elevated floor on the other side of the desk and he was taller than her anyway, so was probably looking pretty much straight down her top. She was definitely going to have to check out how she looked from different angles from now on.

"I'm looking for the Antiquities area."

"Any specific category?" he asked, still smiling, his eyes still bravely doing the up and down bounce as he fought to keep from staring down her top.

"Rome, seven hundred BC or so."

"Of course."

He surprised Emily not at all by coming out from behind the desk to show her rather than simply pointing, leading her up and down between the shelves, slowing as he neared one area, then stopping and turning like a faithful dog who had just dropped his master's slippers at his feet.

"Thanks ever so much," she said.

He nodded, beaming. "Uhm, any time. If uh, you need anything, just ah, come and get me. My name's Paul."

"Thanks," she said again.

Wouldn't do to lead him on. Boys had accused her of that in the past, and she'd been confounded on how they could take a smile as a come-on. She was only trying to be friendly.

She turned to the shelves and bit her lower lip as she ran her eyes along the spines. She needed something to prepare her for the University classes she would be starting in September, some background. So what would be authoritative but not too boring? She squatted, checking the lower shelves, then rose again, her head pulling back. There - . She reached up, rising on her toes, extending her hand to grab a book.

There was a crash and her head jerked around to see a guy stumbling back from a pillar he'd walked into. He turned and glanced at her, red faced, then jerked his head away.

No, I wasn't staring at you, Emily thought in mild irritation. But it was mild, and she berated herself for it. You know you like being looked at, she told herself. You know damn well how tight this tank top is and how good you look in it, and you know when you put it on the guys are going to stare, and you love it. Don't try and pretend you don't!

She moved slowly along the shelf, then squatted down deliberately behind where a hunky guy was examining a book. She knew, as she did, that her trousers would be pulled down in back, down enough to reveal the lacy purple upside down triangle of her thong. She paid him no attention whatever, but felt a little tingle between her legs at the sure knowledge he would notice and feel his own hot surge of arousal for her.

She had been called a tease before, if not a slut. And in truth, this part of herself troubled Emily. She knew it was wrong to tease the boys, or the men. But it made her feel all squishy inside, and was one of her few pleasures in life - besides a good book. She knew few of them well. She just wasn't comfortable talking with strangers. In fact, she would far rather be home reading a good book than lounging around with a group of teenagers having idle chitchat on matters of no substance.

It wasn't like she hadn't tried. But their conversations were also so mindless, so full of fashions and makeup and television and rock stars and teachers and gossip about other teenagers. She was smart enough to know that if she even once tried to introduce a political topic or something about historical societies or foreign cultures, they'd look at her as though she had a third eye growing out of her forehead.

Boring twits, the lot of them. But in university, she was certain, things would be different. There would be a much higher level of intellectual conversation around university students. Oh, many would be twits, of course, but there would be other intellectual girls like her.

Would they be teases too?

She disapproved of her own behaviour. She honestly did. She embarrassed herself with it. But she couldn't quite seem to help it. She loved it when the men and boys looked at her! It made her belly squirm and her chest tighten. And it made her hot between the legs.

Emily was one of the few in her class still a virgin, though only by a slim technicality. She had used dildos and vibrators, fingers, hairbrushes, and vegetables in her enthusiastic masturbation. She loved penetrating herself, and fantasised often about big, strong, macho men taking her and using her like a slut. That hardly made her unusual, for a seventeen year old girl, of course. But her social skills meant that she had few opportunities to engage in such things in the real world.

Oh, it wasn't as though she couldn't just invite some boy or man to do her. She would have to fend them off with sticks if she did. But she had an inner pride and dignity which would not permit her to behave as a slut. Especially around her schoolmates. She didn't want to confirm their rumours about her, or start new ones. They all thought she must be a wild slut anyway because she was an orphan in foster care. And she had spent the last five years determined to demonstrate that not only was she as good as they were, she was better.

At heart, that was probably why she was still a virgin. She had known most of them for the last several years, and they had put her down and looked down at her all that time. They'd always thought they were better than her. And so, when the boys had come around and tried their smarmy seductions on her, she'd just sniffed and walked away. It infuriated her, in fact, that they had, from the start, assumed she must be a slut simply because she was in foster care. They'd assumed she would be an easy lay.

Even now, even as a virgin, she'd heard the snide innuendo from the other girls, suggestions she must be diseased or something because of all the boys she'd allegedly slept with.

That was the problem being an outsider. Everyone thought you were perfect meat for their games. Many of the boys who'd tried to sleep with her had bragged that they'd done so. And the girls had believed them. That had led more boys to try to get into her pants, and of course, many of them had then bragged that they'd been successful too. How she hated them all! She could hardly wait until she could get away from them and start anew!

The man was not moving away. She wondered if it was because of the view. She knew he couldn't actually see anything but the purple thong. The pants didn't come down so low he'd actually see her cleft back there. But sex was all psychological, she knew. She stood up and walked away, not looking back, but still feeling a little fluttery.

She took the book down and headed for the front desk, feeling a little slutty, but cocky, as well. * * * Bertram Moss had the world's best job, though he certainly couldn't brag about it. For if anyone knew what his job really involved, he'd be run out of town on a rail.

Moss was an inspector for social services assigned to their foster parent program. It was his job to ascertain the conditions in which the agency's young wards were living. He would speak to them, to the foster parents, to teachers and, if they existed, to parents and relatives of the young ward of the state. He had full access to all the records for the agency's wards, including detailed psychological assessments and histories.

For this, he received a reasonable sum of payment, with excellent benefits.

But that wasn't his real job, and his pay was paltry compared to what he did on the side.

As for the benefits, well, there was simply no comparison.

Moss had refined his skills over the years, and by now was an old hand. He knew exactly what he was looking for, and usually had no difficulty finding it.

He was looking for very pretty young teenage girls. In particular, he was looking for the ones who had no close relatives (a drug-addled, prostitute mother suspected of being in another city did not count as close). He was looking for the ones who had made no lasting bond with their foster families, and who were approaching the age at which they would be separated from the support, financial, and otherwise, of the Agency.

These girls would soon be out on their own. More to the point, no one, agency or family, would miss them if they disappeared. No one would notice. It was as if they didn't really exist at all.

Depending on the value of the girl, which of course, depended entirely on her looks, Moss would receive between five and ten thousand dollars for his work. And the work itself was almost clerical in nature, with virtually no risk. The girl he was examining now was a case in point. She was terrifically attractive, but somewhat withdrawn. She had no close ties to the community, and had not bonded with her family. She had no close friends, according to her social worker.

A not very capable social worker who had hundreds of clients, and who was about to be further distracted by several more really troublesome ones. No, he had no time for this girl, and would have even less interest in her when she was gone.

It was Moss himself who had sent her the phoney paperwork for a government grant, under a phoney name, claiming to be from a program which looked after wards about to reach their majority. It was he who had sent her the enrolment papers for university. He had even given her the phone number and address of a place which

would put her up at no cost, between the time she reached eighteen, and when she would move into her dorm room on campus.

No one would be surprised when she left on her eighteenth birthday, never to return. She had no family to call. The Agency's files would be closed as soon as she turned eighteen, so they certainly wouldn't be checking. And the foster family would get no further money for her care. They would definitely not be inviting her to stay. That wasn't a surprise, of course. He had selected the girl years ago for her beauty, and made sure she

was placed with foster families known for their love of money and little else. Not the least bit dangerous. None of it. Untraceable, all of it. And that was only even relevant if anyone looked into matters. There was simply no reason for that to happen. It was the perfect job. * * *

Emily was pleasantly surprised by the look of the place as she got out of the car. It was a large old country house, and a very nicely kept one. It was quite large, with six windows on the upper floor facing the road, well nearly a highway really. All of the windows were curtained, as were the downstairs windows. The house was white, with black shutters framing the big windows, and a tall hedge surrounding the ample grounds.

The middle-aged woman who answered the door was somewhat severe looking, however. A bureaucratic automaton, Emily decided, as the woman called out instructions to the driver in a stern, clipped voice. She turned her eyes on Emily, then, and frowned. "I am Miss Cain. Come with me," she said, ordered really.

Emily bit her lower lip gently, but followed. It was only a month until university would start. She didn't have to stay here for long. It was just a place to keep her stuff and sleep.

The inside was all highly polished wood-grained panelling, odd, for a house. But then, it wasn't so much a house as a kind of boarding house, she thought as the woman led her up the stairs to the second floor. There were no carpets. Everything was wood, and almost antiseptically clean. She was led into a medium sized room lined with shelves containing everything from linen to flour. There, they were joined by a dour faced, overweight black woman.

"Now, despite the fact you are only scheduled to be here a brief time, you are expected to follow all of our rules and regulations," Cain said sternly. "That includes a medical examination to begin with. Remove your clothes."

Emily had been in institutions a number of times since her parents had died, and she knew that some of that had idiotic rules which couldn't be argued, including uniforms. But this seemed odd, given the short duration of her stay, to say nothing of her age.

"I don't see ..."

"Many of our residents are here for a considerably longer period of time," Cain said in a chilly voice. "As they approached their majority they grew more rebellious, and their foster families requested they be removed. There was no point settling them elsewhere for six months or so, and they are here. We have found that if all residents dress the same and have the same property, it eliminates arguments and theft. Now I will not explain myself further. Remove your clothes."

The woman was intimidating. She was large, stern faced, and adamant. And she sounded like she came from that school of thought which said anyone in custody of the social service agency was somehow of a criminal mind, or at the very least, was an inferior specimen who needed tough love. Emily could ill afford a big fight at that point in her life. She shrugged and peeled off the sweatshirt she'd been wearing.

It felt a little embarrassing stripping in front of the two older women, but she had

been poked and prodded and subjected to numerous intrusive invasions of her privacy since she'd come into the agency's care. She kicked off her shoes, and slipped off her socks, then undid her jeans and slipped them down and off.

The so-far silent and unnamed black woman picked each item up as she discarded it.

"The rest," Cain said in an even colder voice, her frown making her disapproval of Emily's provocative black half-bra and thong evident.

Emily thought for a moment of refusing. She was an adult now, wasn't she? She shouldn't have to do just anything she was told any more. But again, it wasn't worth it. She removed her bra, face flushing a little, feeling like a prisoner entering a prison, then slipped her thong down and off.

Naked, she watched uneasily as Cain wrote something on a clipboard and the Black woman put her things into a box. The door opened and she gasped, her arms instinctively jerking in to cover herself, but that made her face flush self-consciously, as the woman who came in simply ignored her to ask Cain about the dinner menu, then left.

"Well?" Cain demanded of the Black woman.

"We got none in her size here."

Cain glared at her.

"Got some downstairs."

"Go and get them then," Cain snapped. "Honestly."

She turned to Emily. "Well, come with me, and you can see Doctor Smith and get your medical check-off."

She opened the door, and Emily drew back, arms hovering over the front of her body.

"Come!"

"Naked!?"

"Do you think the world is waiting around desperate to see your nakedness?" Cain sniffed. "This is the administrative area and there are no males here except Doctor Smith. Let's go."

Men or not, it felt distinctly discomfiting for Emily to have to walk naked down the hall, and her right arm stayed across her breasts, squeezing in against them, while her right hand hovered over her groin. Thankfully, they didn't have far to go, and she was led into another room, a medical room, clearly, where a man was sitting behind a desk. Her face heated, though she was relatively sure, even though he wore no medical jacket, that this was Doctor Smith.

"Yes, Miss Cain?" he asked, eyes on Emily.

"This is a new girl. She requires a medical check-off and assessment."

"Of course," he said, getting to his feet.

He was middle aged, round around the middle, with a fat face, untidy graying hair and beard. He had round glasses and wore a musty gray sweater over a dress shirt and trousers.

"I got her size," the black woman said, coming into the room, holding a bundle of clothing.

"Set it over there, Dorothy," Cain said, pointing imperiously.

"Miss Cain?"

The woman who had come into the other room was back, asking about seating plans for some sort of special dinner. Emily squeezed her thighs closely together, feeling even more self-conscious. Then yet another woman, no, two, came in together, discussing a problem with the electricity in the basement. Emily could hardly believe she was standing there naked surrounded by five people!

Then the doctor seized her arm and led her over to an examination table and had

her sit on it while he began. Emily wanted desperately for the four women to get out, but didn't quite know how to demand it. And after all, the doctor was only asking her questions, and listening to her heart and breathing with his stethoscope. Two of the women left, thankfully, then the black woman, leaving only Cain, who evidently had no intention of leaving.

Not even when the doctor told Emily to lie back and put her feet into the stirrups. But, of course, she realized, a woman had to be present. That made sense. It just made her squirm that it was this cold old fish. Didn't they have a nurse?!

Especially since the doctor was asking her questions about her sexual history which were extremely embarrassing.

"When was the last time you had intercourse?" he asked, his gloved fingers slipping between her pussy lips.

"I uhm, haven't," she gulped.

"Oh? Are you particularly religious?"

His fingers pushed deeper, and now he had the speculum, sliding it into her.

"No."

"Pretty girl like you should have had no lack of opportunities," he said. "Are you a lesbian?"

"No!"

He pushed the speculum deeper, opening her up.

"I don't see a hymen. Are you sure you're a virgin?"

"Yes!"

Her face was burning and she refused to look at him or Cain.

"Been putting other things in here then?" he asked, chuckling.

Emily clenched her teeth and said nothing, thinking of the dildo she had upstairs in her luggage and desperately hoping the intrusive people here hadn't also searched her bags.

The speculum pushed deeper, and began to open her up, wider, then still wider, so that she ached. Was it wider than it had been in her last examination? It felt wider. She felt so stretched! But she couldn't tell. And the doctor's gloved fingers, weren't they moving around more? She hadn't had a lot of these done, only two, but it seemed his fingers were - accidentally - moving over her clit more than the others had.

He finished at last, and she pulled her legs down with relief and sat up, then as he shuffled over to his desk to write, she quickly donned the white bikini panties, white bra, and one-piece blue dress that had been laid out for her. It had a long skirt and was hideous, but she would have been grateful for a potato sack at that point.

* * *

"Well, is there any doubt about this one?" Moss asked with a grin.

The four of them were meeting in an upper room at the Manor, discussing new girls they had taken in over the previous few weeks. Each room was fully outfitted with sound and video, and each girl's file was filled with nude pictures of her so the four of them could evaluate their bodies. They had very stringent criteria. Only pretty girls were sent to the Manor, but only beautiful girls ever stayed.

"The breasts are perfect," Moss said.

There were close-up pictures and even videos of Emily's breasts, round, firm and lovely. In one brief video, shot through the mirror over her dresser, she was cupping and lifting her breasts, squeezing them together briefly. When she let go, they sprang perfectly into place.

"They're a good size, but not so large they'll soon begin to sag," Cain said.

"The ass is almost as perfect, very tight and firm, those buttocks," Claudia Jones said.

The next picture was a close up of her genitalia.

“Nice tight lips, tucked in neatly,” Claudia said.

The pictures shifted, with several more coming up on their screens. Some were taken at the medical examination, others were stills taken from video in her room. Then there was a video of her masturbating with a dildo, and all four smiled as they saw her lying back, knees drawn up and spread wide, eyes closed as she moaned in pleasure.

“Physically excellent health,” Cain read from the notes. “She’s responding well to the hormone treatment. She’s masturbating four or five times a day now, and seems to spend an inordinate amount of time fondling herself.”

The pictures changed to her face, from various angles.

“Beautiful face, lovely hair. I don’t know what more we could ask.”

“Good personality, too, cute voice, obedient. No known family.”

“All right. All the tests have come back, so I think we should disappear her immediately. She’s likely to just take off any day now, and we have a sale coming up.”

Chapter Two

Emily sighed and stripped off the horrible old dress she’d been forced to wear the last week. It was stiff, tight and scratchy. The underwear wasn’t much better, especially since it was always infernally hot inside, and the windows were nailed shut. She made sure the door was locked and stripped off her panties and bra, as well, then threw herself on the bed to read.

Thank God she only had a week to go here before she could move into the dorms. Was there any possible way of leaving early?

She squeezed a breast and then let her fingers ease down between her legs. She was bored silly. There was no television here and nothing to do. She had occupied her time studying for school and reading. And of course, with the fantasies she seemed to be having more and more often, the sexual urges they inspired, and the masturbation which eased the hunger inside her.

She rolled off the bed and went over to the dresser. She looked at herself, oblivious to the presence of Doctor Smith and Miss Cain on the other side, not two feet away, looking back at her.

She let her hips grind and roll a little to the tinny music coming from the little radio in the corner. Her hands slid up her sleek young body, through her thick hair, and she ground her body at the two middle-aged watchers. Then she stopped and squatted, reaching under the dresser and drawing out her dildo.

She went over to a wooden, straight-backed chair which sat across from the dresser and set the dildo on it. The dildo had a small suction cup on the bottom which worked well with the flat wooden chair. She set it upright, then straddled the chair, facing its back, grabbing it for support as she lowered her pussy. She reached down, guided it to her opening, then sighed in pleasure as she slowly slid down its length.

She groaned as she went lower and lower, feeling the thick dildo pushing up higher into her body. She liked taking it deep, and this was no exception, as she was finally sitting fully on the chair, facing back, the dildo buried in her pussy, the little nub at its base grinding against her clit. She rolled her bottom and groaned, then began to ride up and down, leaning forward to crush her breasts against the back of the chair.

Behind her, Cain and Smith looked on. Smith licked his lips appreciatively, while Cain only watched with dark, flinty eyes as the girl’s sex enveloped the thick dildo again and again and again.

“I’m sure she’s going to enjoy her new life,” Smith said.

Cain said nothing, but her lip curled in contempt.

* * *

Emily sighed and opened her eyes. She felt stiff, and her head hurt. Something

was wrong, and after a moment she thought she knew what it was. She wasn't in her room. Then after a second moment she knew more than that was wrong. She couldn't move!

She gasped, trying to sit up, and failing. She was astounded to discover that she was in a dark, windowless stone room, on an old double bed with a thin mattress, her legs and arms spread to the corners and shackled there. There were leather restraints around her wrists and ankles, and she was entirely nude!

She pulled frantically, violently at the shackles for long minutes, throwing her body in one direction, then the other, pulling and tearing at the tough leather and chains until she was forced to lie still, chest heaving, body covered in a sheen of perspiration.

She would have screamed, but she was gagged, something filling her mouth, attached to straps which cut into the corners of her mouth and went behind her head.

She lay still for a half hour, then another, occasionally pulling at something, her mind alternatively gripped by terror, panic and despair. What had happened? Where was she? Nowhere good, that was certain!

Then the door opened. She stared at Cain entering, astonished. She had thought she had been kidnapped somewhere by a pervert, somehow taken away in the night. Cain closed the heavy wooden door behind her and came over to the bed, sitting stiffly on the edge. Her eyes moved up and down Emily's body, and then, for the first time, Emily saw a faint smile on her face.

"Good morning, dear," she said. "I trust you had a nice sleep."

Emily stared at her, pulling at the restraints, and Cain leaned in and slapped her face - hard.

Emily gasped, the left side of her face burning and sparkling.

Cain let her hand roam slowly across her body, following the gentle contours with a light hand which caressed the younger woman's soft, pale skin.

"Such a lovely young body," she said. "And wasted on a slut like you."

Again she slapped Emily's face, and again the girl felt pain and heat explode behind her eyes.

Cain dug her fingers into one of Emily's breasts, twisting cruelly.

Emily cried out, twisting and pulling at the restraints frantically, and Cain chuckled in amusement. She shifted her hand and caught the girl's nipple between her thumb and forefinger, then jammed her nails into it hard, grinding cruelly, teeth drawn back in a delighted smile as Emily howled and thrashed wildly.

"Poor little orphan girl," she said mockingly. "No friends, no family, no one to miss her when she's gone."

She leaned in over the terrified girl's face and smiled down at her. "And now you're gone. And no one is going to miss you at all. No one is going to notice. And such a pretty little body will fetch a nice price when we sell you next week."

Her fingers slid down to Emily's pussy and she tore a few pubic hairs out, causing the girl to howl, her body to writhe.

"Pity you couldn't have kept your cherry. With all the work you've done with dildos and other objects, we can't sell you as a virgin. No one would believe it."

She tugged out a few more pubic hairs, smirking as the girl cried out and jerked violently.

"Don't worry, you need this cut anyway," Cain said. "And if you get sold to the party I hope to sell you to, you'll be missing more hair than this."

She tore out a few more pubic hairs, snickering at the girl's pained response.

Then she rose. "Your only reason for living, from now on, is this precious body of yours, and the men who want to make use of it," she said.

She left, and Emily was alone, staring in disbelief at the closed door, unable to comprehend the words which were ringing in her ears. She was Cain's prisoner? To be

sold? Sold!? Was she kidding?! Surely this was a sick joke!

The door opened again, and Doctor Smith came in, smiling, holding a black bag.

"Hello, my dear. We meet again," he said.

The man sat beside her and dropped his hands onto her breasts. Again Emily was shocked as he very casually kneaded and squeezed her breasts in a way which was not at all clinical.

"Very nice tits," he said. "Not the biggest, but a decent size, and very nice shape. I love these little pink nipples. As soon as I saw them, I knew you'd fetch a good price."

He rolled and pinched and plucked at her nipples as he spoke, then ran a hand down her writhing belly, for she was twisting and jerking and pulling against the restraints by then, and in between her legs. He cupped and rubbed at her sex as he grinned down at her.

"Nice little pussy, too."

He moved to kneel between her legs, then let his fingers slide along her slit, parting her outer labia and inspecting her.

"Yes, a tight little pussy," he said. "Nice firm little lips. Nice little clit."

He rubbed at her clit as he spoke, and then pushed a finger slowly into her, twisting it slightly.

"Nice tight cunt," he said.

Emily was in shock, gasping and moaning through the gag, her legs spread and locked in place, unable to close, as she so desperately wanted them to.

He opened his bag, took out a small can, and sprayed a thin jelly over her groin. And then, as she watched in disbelief, he began to shave away her thin strip of pubic hair. His fingers moved freely over her sex, rubbing across her clit, or occasionally pinching her outer labia to pull it taut and run the razor along the edge. When he was done, he used a towel to dry her off.

It took no more than a few minutes.

"There now. You look much cleaner, and you'll be more sensitive down there."

He ran his hand over her sex, and Emily could feel the softness of her own skin, the complete lack of hair. She had been raising her head and shoulders so much that her muscles there were now exhausted, but she raised her head again, face red as she saw how completely naked and open she was.

He took something else from the bag, and rubbed something cool and wet along her upper arm, then jabbed her with what looked like a very long needle. She squealed and squirmed, but he ignored her movements until he was done.

"Don't worry, it's perfectly safe," he said. "It's only a birth control implant"

A what, Emily thought dazedly.

Then he did the same to her other arm, just below the shoulder, and pushed in an even bigger needle.

"Another implant," he said. "Hormone treatment."

What, Emily wondered dazedly. Why?!

The "doctor" took out a small jar. He slipped his finger into it, then pushed it against her sex opening, rubbing it up and down between her pussy lips, then screwed his finger slowly into her sex. The stuff was very slippery, and despite her tightness he was able to force his finger in fairly easily, though it hurt her a little.

"Yes, very nice, tight little cunt," he said in satisfaction.

He leaned in over her body then, pressing his groin against her helplessly displayed pussy. His hands slid through her hair as he leaned close to her and smiled.

"Don't worry," he said. "I'm only going to rape you."

Emily stared back at him in shock, her anxiety building into terror as he leaned back with a chuckle and actually undid his belt. She watched with a sense of shocked disbelief as he dropped his trousers and pushed his underwear down. His cock was

large and already erect as he took it in his hand and, still grinning at her, rubbed it up and down along her sex.

She shook her head wildly, pulling against the restraints to no avail. He pressed himself more firmly against her opening, rubbing up and down at first, then pushing directly against her sex hole and slowly forcing himself into her.

This could not be happening, Emily thought wildly. How could it possibly be happening?! What was going on!?

His cock pushed deeper, and she groaned in pain, despite the lubrication he had used. He only smiled, drew back, and forced himself deeper. Emily was a virgin, but only technically, and with force, time and lubrication he had no difficulty burying the thing inside her belly. He grunted in satisfaction as he did, rubbing his hands over her body, caressing and kneading her breasts.

"I can tell you're one of those girls who is going to love having a big cock inside you," he said with a smile.

Emily stared at him, appalled, disgusted, ashamed, furious, but unable to do anything at all to resist, not even able to cry out very loudly. That this horrible old man, far older than her father, had been the one to finally fuck her was disgusting and gross. But what really frightened her was her lack of understanding of why, of how, of what was going on.

He drew his hips back, then thrust into her hard and deep enough to make her cry out in pain. Then he did it again. He laughed at her wild face, grinning in cocky delight as he raped her, as his hips worked up faster and faster and his cock pumped within the tight, aching sleeve of her sex.

Sometimes he knelt upright, his hips working mechanically. Sometimes he lay atop her, crushing her into the bed, his face right next to hers, licking and kissing on her throat and cheeks. Sometimes he stopped to bend and suckle and lick and chew at her breasts and nipples. Then, finally, he dropped heavily atop her, his hands going under her to cup her buttocks and jerk her up to meet his hard thrusts.

He gasped and grunted into her ear as he drove himself into her with hard, fast strokes, his breath ragged as he raped her.

He buried himself inside her and halted, groaning, his breath hot in her ears as she stared glassily through teary eyes and blinked her eyes rapidly.

"Yeahh," he groaned. "Love fucking these hot little teen sluts."

He straightened up with a smile, ran his hands over her body, gave her breasts a little slap, then pulled his softening cock out of her. Emily sniffled and moaned, relieved that it was at last over, as she watched him do up his trousers and turn away.

He went to the door, then, and opened it. She stared in horror as a tall, shaven headed black man came in, a wide grin on his face as he looked at her.

"Your turn," the "doctor" said.

He left, and the Black man closed the door, then padded across to her. He stood between her legs, just as the other man did. But there was not even a pretence he was a doctor. He wore black trousers and a black tank-top which displayed very large, thickly muscled arms and shoulders.

He smiled at her and peeled the tank top up and off to reveal his powerfully muscled chest.

"What you think, baby? You like?" he asked, sliding his hands over his chest and rippled belly. "You ready for some black meat?"

He pushed his trousers and underwear down as one, and his cock sprang up, thick and erect, very, very - black.

Emily stared at it, then at him, moaning into the gag as he grinned widely back. He rubbed his cock up and down against her hairless pussy, just as the other man had, then slowly forced himself into her. He was big, bigger than the first man, filling her

utterly, her insides crammed and aching as he jammed himself deep into her pussy.

"You like that, white girl?" he breathed, his breath hot in her face as his eyes bored into her. "You like that big nigger cock?"

He drew his big cock slowly down the length of her aching pussy tunnel, grinning broadly, then thrust himself slowly back into her, driving himself deep, grinding his pelvis against her open groin as he bent over her.

"You like that, white slut?" he demanded, eyes hot, lips drawn back. "Fucking little white whore!"

Emily stared back, terrified.

He laughed and then slapped her face hard enough to make her cheek burn and her ear ring. She cried out into the gag, her pulse racing, her heart pounding as the black man turned his attention to her breasts, sucking and chewing, biting at her nipples.

He laughed as he sucked them into his mouth, then bit them until she screamed and her hips bucked on the bed.

"Get used to it, slut!" he chortled.

Emily had still not wrapped her mind around the idea that this was not a government institution of any kind. She was still frantically trying to understand how such a thing could be happening, how they thought they could get away with it.

She hurt as he crammed himself in, and hurt more as he unfastened her legs, gripped her ankles, jammed them back over her head, and began to thrust down into her hard and deep and fast. The bedsprings were very noisy, and the mattress rose and fell hard and fast, bouncing her up to meet every deep thrust. She was aching and sobbing as his fat cock plunged deep into her belly with every terrible thrust.

He built up in speed and power, his hips slapping violently against her upraised buttocks, his cock spearing deep and painfully hard into the depths of Emily's slender belly.

"Fucking little whore cunt!" he panted.

He slapped her face again and again her head rang as tears spilled from her eyes. Her entire body was jerking in time to his hard thrust now, her insides burning and raw and bruised and battered as he raped her.

She was horribly relieved when he stopped finally, apparently spending himself inside her. He grinned smugly at her as he pulled up his pants, then turned and left. At the door, he met another man coming in, and Emily sobbed weakly as her hopes of being left alone now were dashed.

The new man was much younger, and more slender. He ignored her as though she were an inanimate object. He only unzipped his trousers, then thrust himself into her and rutted away for several minutes. He did not look at her face, but only at her breasts and pussy as he fondled and groped and raped her.

When he left, a fourth man came in. He massaged her breasts and rubbed her pussy, then picked up the jar of lubrication and slid his finger into it. Smiling at her, he pulled her ankles up and back, then spread her buttocks, and pressed his finger against her anal opening.

Emily shook her head frantically, and he smiled even more. He pushed his finger deep into her ass, twisting it from side to side and pumping it in and out. He then smeared the stuff over his hard cock and pressed himself against her.

"It will be less painful if you relax," he said.

He squeezed her breasts, then caught her nipples and dug his nails into them, pinching hard, very hard, painfully hard. Emily cried out, twisting and writhing, as he slowly forced his cock down into her tight little anal opening.

She had never really experimented much back there, thinking the idea gross, and likely to be messy and unpleasant. Now she felt the man's big cock pushing deeper and deeper into her tight anal tube and sobbed in misery and degradation as he

chortled happily and mauled her breasts.

He was soon thrusting into her as hard and fast as the black man had, ramming his cock painfully deep into her ass, making her ache with the fullness, cramps ripping at her abdomen as his cock pumped violently in and out and she sobbed dazedly.

After him came another man who raped her pussy again, then another man, and then another who thrust deep into her ass and reamed her out painfully.

Finally, the plump black woman came in, smiling. She crawled into bed, staring at the horrified girl with glee and lust. The black woman leaned forward then, and Emily moaned in denial as her mouth licked at her pussy.

"Poor little girl," she cooed. "Is your pussy all full of nasty old man juice? Dorothy will take care of all that. Dorothy will clean out that nasty little pussy for you."

Emily continued to sob weakly as the woman's tongue moved slowly and heavily across her pussy, as the woman peeled the lips of her sex wide and plunged her tongue deep into Emily's aching little hole. Though she didn't hurt as much as the men, it was another blow to Emily, another indication that the world had gone mad and she had no more control over anything about her life.

Not even her body.

Dorothy rose, straightening, then undoing her skirt and letting it fall. She was naked beneath, and smiled as she straddled Emily's slender torso, then crawled slowly up along her, rubbing her moist pussy against the girl's belly, then her breasts, then straddling her head to peer down between her flabby thighs at the pale white face looking back.

Dorothy undid the strap holding the gag in place. She thrust her fingers in beneath the tightly wedged ball and slowly forced it out, then sank herself down so her moist pussy with its full, fat lips was pressed against her mouth.

"No! No! Get away from me! Don't touch me!" Emily cried.

Or tried to. It was difficult to speak with the woman's fat, wet pussy rubbing against her mouth.

"Lick me, little girl," Dorothy ordered. "Lick me."

She grasped Emily's hair in two fists and pulled - hard. Emily screamed and the woman ground her pussy down even harder.

"Lick, whore! Lick!"

Emily's mind was frantic and filled with horror, revulsion and fear. But I'm not a whore! I'm a virgin!

Dorothy tore at her hair and Emily screamed again.

"Lick me, bitch. Lick!"

Emily began to lick, desperately, her tongue thrusting out against the woman's pussy, pushing between her pudgy sex lips and upwards towards her clit.

"That's it, bitch. Lick my clit. Lick it good. Suck on it. Show me you love me, bitch."

Chuckling, the woman ground her pussy down against Emily's face, half sitting on it as Emily's tongue licked and slurped at her clit in wild, desperate movements. Copious amounts of sex cream poured out of her fat pussy and were soon soaking Emily's face and dribbling down the sides of her cheeks as Dorothy grunted and gasped and panted and jammed her pussy down harder and faster.

Then Dorothy cried out in pleasure, gripped Emily's hair in tight, white-knuckled fists, and savagely ground her pussy down into the sobbing girl's mouth, bouncing up and down on the mattress, sitting fully atop Emily's face as she groaned in pleasure.

She sighed and sat back, easing her grip on the girl's hair. "You'll have to learn to do much better than that, bitch," she said with a nasty smile. "But don't worry. We'll help you learn."

She dressed as Emily sobbed miserably, then left.

Chapter Three

Emily sobbed in misery, howling in pain as she hung by her long hair from a hook. She was still naked, her arms still bound behind her. They had done her hair up into a tail which sprouted from the top of her head, rather than the rear, and then gagged her, lifted her up by the hair, and left her there to endure the pain.

Exhausted, dazed, deeply traumatised, she had endured more in the previous few days than she could ever have imagined. She had been roughly and repeatedly raped by both men and women, and deliberately tormented in ways she had never imagined and could not understand. Why were they calculatingly torturing her!? Did they hate her?! What had she ever done to them!?

Filthy, bruised, battered in mind and body, she had not slept in days, and her mind was nearing the end, ready to break, to collapse into a gibbering animal. She sobbed, tears trickling down her cheeks as she hung from the hair, her face taut, feet jerking spasmodically, toes twitching, arms jerking against the tight bonds holding them behind her.

She wished she would die, and quickly.

* * *

It was a large open area, a barn, actually, though one with a wooden floor. In the centre of the barn was a series of little stalls or paddocks, square, running down the length of the hall. Each was about ten feet square, bordered by wooden rails. There were aisles between the paddocks, and Emily was led down one by a man who gripped her arm tightly. They passed one stall after another, and Emily saw there was a girl or girls in each, all of them naked, some lying flat, most resting against bales of hay or straw. Their eyes were glassy, and they moved hardly at all.

The man brought her to an empty stall and opened it, then led her inside. He forced her to sit down against one of the bales of hay, and then smiled as he took out a needle and thrust it into her bicep. "Now this won't hurt a bit," he said tauntingly.

He rubbed her arm as he drew the needle out and grinned at her. Then he left the stall door, closing it behind her. Emily stared after him, then up at the lights high above. She turned her head and saw that, through the slats of the railing, she could see two more naked girls lying still in the next stall, and another on her other side. What manner of place was this, she wondered in terror.

As the minutes passed, she felt her body growing more and more - tired - for want of a better description. Her muscles felt sluggish and exhausted, and it took considerable will to move. She relaxed, lying back against the bale, staring at the stall in front of her. She felt her mind growing a little fuzzy, a little tired.

A man came into the stall. She didn't know him, and felt a flush of embarrassment. He bent over her and reached behind her to undo the strap behind her head. Then he tugged the gag slowly out of her mouth. Emily licked her lips weakly, relieved to have the gag gone.

The man rolled her onto her side, and she felt him undoing the strap which held her wrists back. He then undid the collar, and removed the leather bondage gear. Now simply naked, he rolled her back onto her back and gave her breast a groping before standing and leaving the stall.

Emily stared after him, relieved he was gone. She wanted to look beside her, but couldn't quite seem to work up the energy. She felt as she did in the early mornings, just on waking, when she could not quite force her body to sit up and throw back the covers. Yet she was not sleepy. Her mind felt a little fuzzy, but only a little.

She heard sounds, voices, laughter. The noise grew slowly, seeming to approach her.

She felt a growing concern, for it sounded like many people, and she was completely naked. What if they came in here and saw her!? She wanted to move, to cover herself somehow, to curl into a ball, but her muscles wouldn't respond. They felt so tired, so weak.

A pair of men approached; they leaned over the rail and looked at her. Emily stared back, mortified, wanting desperately to cover herself. But it was as though she were in a dream, a nightmare, where she tried to run but her legs wouldn't move.

"Nice tits on her," one said.

"Nice everything," the other replied. "First rate meat here."

Another man approached, this one Arab, wearing a headdress, and stared at her silently. Then another, older, bald. The railing was filled with men staring at her, and more were passing to and fro behind them. The hubbub of voices and laughter grew. A great crowd seemed to be gathered in the barn-like building, moving along the stalls as though they were examining animals on display.

Emily felt a prickling sense of shock the entire time. She could not quite bring her hands to move so as to cover her body. She could not even bring herself to scream, or to speak except in a very low, barely audible whimper. Men came and went at the stall's rails, staring at her, discussing her body, making obscene comments and remarks about her and what they wanted to do to her.

She heard a voice rising above the others.

"This one?"

"Yes, I'd like to see her backside."

The stall gate opened and a man in black overalls stepped inside. He came over to Emily and reached down for her. Gripping her upper arm and her hair, he dragged her up onto her knees. The pull on her hair hurt, and Emily moaned weakly. But she made no other movement or sign of protest. The man in the black overall held her by the hair on her knees, arms dangling limply at her sides, facing the row of men, now two deep at the rail.

He casually bent and pushed against the centre of her breast to force her back to arch and better display her breasts. Then he turned her around, still by twisting her hair and arm, and bent her over one of the bales of hay to show off her bottom. There were appreciative comments from the crowd of men looking on, and he slapped her bottom lightly.

"Grade A ass," he said jovially, slapping her bottom again.

Then he rolled her back so she lay back across the bale of hay, arms still dangling at her sides. He moved out of the stall and closed the gate, and the men continued to stare and comment and discuss her price.

After a while, she heard a voice on a loudspeaker, speaking quickly, announcing prices, ever rising prices. It sounded like an auction, and they were bids; bids for girls.

"Next on the list is... Susie. What's the opening bid for Susie?" he asked.

Then his voice rose in a sing-song cadence. "Ten, gimme eleven, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fourteen, gimme fifteen, fifteen, fifteen-five, gimme sixteen. Sixteen, sixteen-five, gimme seventeen. Seventeen, seventeen, gimme eighteen. Seventeen. Seventeen. I have seventeen-five..."

Emily realized, with some astonishment, that the bids were for girls. Still, her mind had a difficult time understanding the concept, understanding what was going on. She listened for her name but didn't hear it, and wondered if she had missed it earlier. Had someone - someone bid on her? Had she been - sold? Sold like an animal? That didn't seem possible.

Then one of the men in the black overalls entered the stall, picked her up by arm and hair, and draped her across his shoulders like a bag of potatoes. He carried her out of the stall and down the aisle, then into a doorway which shut out the noise behind.

She was carried into a stone walled room and set on her belly on a large wooden work table.

There, using thick rope, her wrists and ankles were bound tightly together behind her back. A thick rope went across her mouth, with a large knot stuffed inside her oral cavity, and that was pulled back tightly behind her, as well. She was picked up, by the rope, and carried across the floor, then out into a garage where a van waited, its rear door open.

Two men there helped lift her into the back of the van, and closed the door, and then the van started up and drove away.

* * *

She awakened.

Emily felt strange, unnatural. She had no idea where she was, and could hardly move.

Then the events of the previous days returned and she jerked violently in panic, as if to get away. But she could not move, of course. She stared ahead of her, but could see nothing.

She was naked. She knew that. She was lying on some sort of very deeply tilted wooden frame or table, her legs apart, her arms at her sides. She was shackled in place very tightly, with a strap across her forehead and another across her throat. Her head felt strangely cool, and she missed the familiar weight of hair she had known for so long. Instead, her scalp felt raw, burned, sore. She felt the same between her legs and along her arms. Even her eyebrows and lips hurt!

There was a thick ball in her mouth, with the straps going around her head and fixed somewhere behind her.

Where was she?! Who had bought her!? What were they going to do to her!?

And then, suddenly, there was light just in front of her. It was... a television, a small, flat panel TV, she saw, which was hanging from the ceiling. It lit up and she stared at a picture of herself, naked. The picture changed, and changed, and changed again, as various pictures of her naked came up, all of them distressingly clear, all taken from places she recognized, like the bath and shower room of the Manor, like the medical examination room, her bedroom, and even the underground rooms where she had been held the past week.

The pictures started out as mere nudes, but grew gradually more graphic, showing her with her pussy stuffed with her dildo, or her lips wrapped around a man's cock, with semen smeared into her face, or her bottom raised, being sodomised.

Then came the videos, first of her masturbating with the dildo, then showing her being raped by one man after another. The first videos had sound, and she had to endure the sound of herself groaning and gasping and moaning in pleasure. The videos of her being raped had the same sounds, as if they had taken her moans of pleasure and transferred them onto these videos as well.

Then came another woman's voice, not her own, crying out in pleasure as the video showed Emily being raped. "Yes! Yes! Fuck me! Fuck me harder! Oh yes! So good! So good!"

The TV blanked, then a new picture came on, a video of a naked, beautiful woman. She was completely hairless, with a ball-gag in her mouth. She wore black stockings and thin black gloves which rose to her shoulders. Beyond that, she was clad only in metal shackles and a metal collar with a number engraved on the front.

And then a voice, female, a narrator, began to speak softly.

"You do not know where you are," it said coolly. "And you will never know. You have been purchased from an organization which arranges for the disappearance of young women who have no family connections or friends to miss them. No one will miss you. No one is searching for you. And even if someone did, it is most unlikely they

would ever find the organization from which we purchased you. Even if they did, that organization has no idea where or who we are. You have no chance of rescue, and no chance of escape.

“Welcome to your new life, Slut.”

The picture panned back and forth across the naked woman’s body, and then shifted, in documentary format, to show her as she was before. She was blonde, with a cynical smirk on her face, wearing a mini and tight T-shirt, smoking and drinking in a café. Now the picture changed again. The woman was unconscious, naked, on a table. Her hair was being shaved off, all of it, from her hair, legs and groin, and then laser hair removal made sure it would not grow back.

The girl’s nipples were pierced, and now Emily became aware of the soreness in her own nipples. The girl’s clitoral hood was pierced, and again Emily felt the soreness there. Then her eyebrows were worked on, with a machine like a tattoo gun which made them look deeper, and thicker, arching up higher. Her eyelashes were worked on by another machine, which permanently added false eyelashes, but subtle ones which looked entirely natural, though sensuously thick.

Another such tattoo machine repeatedly moved over her lips while the narrator gaily said “And no more need for lipstick for this slut!”

The girl’s collar was not only locked in place, but welded there, as the woman narrator spoke softly and happily from off-camera.

“Once the collar has been placed around the slut’s neck, it will never be removed,” she said. “The slave is no longer a human being, no longer a person, no longer even a she. Instead, it has become a servant, a slave. Its body is no longer its own. It belongs to he who owns it. And its only purpose in life is to obey, to give pleasure to those set above it.”

Now the picture changed, showing an orgy, with several bald headed naked women, all wearing the shackles and collar, but not restrained, having enthusiastic sex with men, being penetrated, performing oral and anal sex, and committing lesbian acts.

“The slut is an uninhibited creature of sex,” the narrator said. “Its existence is centred around giving and receiving sexual pleasure. Soon, it comes to know nothing else.”

The picture changed again. Now a bald woman was bent over a table, crying out as another bald woman brought a cane whistling down upon her upraised bottom.

“The slut is carefully disciplined,” the narrator said. “No disobedience is permitted. The slut must please its master in any way he desires, showing no reluctance and no hesitation. A slut may be punished at any time, not only for wrongdoing, but for the pleasure of any man or woman who wishes it to be punished.”

It was all utterly insane! Emily stared at the images in disbelief, dazed, unable to comprehend that any of it could possibly be true. Was she really shaved like that? Had they really cut off all her hair? All of it!? She was bald!? And it wouldn’t grow back!? She was incredulous at the idea, at the notion she was now a sex slave to her unknown, unseen masters, her life now to be confined to this small, dank place to be used and raped by others.

“Now we will begin your lessons,” the narrator said. “These lessons are very important. You will be expected to behave properly. Failure to behave will be punished.”

The TV showed a room in which two bald women were sitting close together on a pile of cushions on the floor, examining a book of erotic drawings. The door opened and a man entered. Both women immediately threw themselves onto the floor, prostrating themselves, eyes down, as the man approached.

“You may rise, sluts,” the man said.

“Thank you, Lord!” the two women exclaimed, rising quickly to their feet.

The man looked them over as they stood still, backs straight, shoulders back.

"You," he said, pointing at one. "Come with me."

"Yes, Lord!" the girl said, following him quickly out of the room.

The camera followed, the girl walking a pace behind and to his left. The man led her to a small bedroom, and lay down, gesturing to his groin. The bald woman knelt beside the bed and undid his shoes, removing them and carefully setting them aside. She pulled down his socks, quickly folded them, and placed them on his shoes. Then she undid his trousers and pulled them down, folded them, and placed them on a nearby chair.

When he was naked, she licked her way up and down his inner thighs as he sat back. He actually picked up the phone and began a conversation related to some sort of stock market deal as the bald girl licked her way to his groin and began to mouth his genitals. She licked expertly at his cock, then took it into her mouth and was soon skilfully deep throating him as she massaged his balls with her hands.

The man continued to talk on the phone, then hung up.

"Enough. Hands and knees," he ordered, pointing behind him on the big bed.

"Yes, Lord!" the girl cried, scrambling up behind him.

She positioned herself on all fours, knees apart, bottom raised, and the man thrust into her and rode her hard. Her hips rocked and ground back, and she groaned and panted and moaned in pleasure as he rode her. The camera showed her face drawn back in a grimace of pleasure, her body shaking to every deep thrust.

When the man was done, he lay back on the bed. The girl remained where he had put her.

"On the floor, slut," he ordered.

"Yes, Lord!" she cried, immediately jumping onto the floor, kneeling, head bowed.

The man pressed a button and a different bald woman entered. She was as beautiful as the one on the floor, but clearly more muscular. She was also slightly differently dressed. She wore a tight harness with straps which criss-crossed her body. The centre strap went down from between her perfect breasts to between her thighs, cutting deeply into her slit, actually disappearing between her perfectly naked pussy lips, and then rose up between her buttocks and up the rear of the harness.

She wore a dark metal-framed band of dark tinted plastic or glass which went across the front part of her face and completely hid her eyes. She wore a similar band of dark metal across her lower face, a three-inch wide band which completely hid her mouth and covered her from just below her nose to her chin. She wore no collar, but had thigh high leather boots with stiletto heels

A thin crop dangled from the harness on one hip, a thicker rod of some sort dangled from the other hip.

"The slut was barely adequate," the man said lazily. "Punish it."

The kneeling girl flinched but did not move. The other woman leaned in and grasped her by the collar.

"Whip its breasts," the man said. "Assume the position, slut."

The kneeling girl, her face pale, immediately shifted positions, opening her knees wide, sitting back on her buttocks, drawing her hands up and behind her neck, and arching her back strongly, thrusting out her firm, beautiful breasts. The other woman silently drew the thin crop from her hip and whipped it down across the kneeling woman's breasts.

The kneeling woman cried out in pain, a red welt appearing across the pale skin of her breasts. But she held her position. Another blow, and another, and another, and the girl's eyes filled with tears, tears which began to trickle down her cheeks as the welts grew in number. Another blow and another, and she was sobbing quietly, gasping and moaning at each fresh blow, as the man picked up the remote control and turned on the room's television, only partially watching.

Another blow, and another, and the girl was sobbing more deeply, her breasts red now, clearly throbbing angrily.

The man turned and watched negligently. "Concentrate on the nipples," he said.

The woman wielding the crop slashed it down across the kneeling woman's nipples again and again, and the girl's sobs and cries grew deeper, her body shaking as she fought to hold her position.

"Enough," the man said. "Take the slut away."

The woman immediately put the crop away and seized the slave woman by the collar, yanking her to her feet with more strength than it had looked like she possessed. She then forced the whimpering girl out of the room, bowed, and closed the door behind.

"Do not even consider concepts like fairness," the narrator said. "They do not exist for sluts. A slut is at the mercy of whomever wishes it ill, at the mercy of whoever wishes to punish or harm it, for any reason or for none. The slut is a possession, a thing, not a person. A slut has no rights and cannot expect kindness or forgiveness. Just as you would never consider the thought of fairness when applied to a plant or a cup or a table, so too should a slut not consider that any behaviour towards it is fair or unfair."

"Total obedience and submission is expected of a slut at all times," the narrator said firmly.

The video showed a man walking through a hall, naked bald women dropping to their bellies, faces pressed against the floor until the man, taking no notice of them, passed. They then rose and continued whatever they had been doing.

The scene changed again, to another orgy scene, this one featuring many of the bald women together, their bodies writhing on the floor across a sea of cushions, their voices rising in a chorus of pleasure as they tongued and fingered and kissed each other, their pale bodies grinding together.

Despite her horror and astonishment, Emily felt her own sore groin beginning to throb with heat and felt a sense of amazement when she realized it. Why on earth would she feel the slightest bit of arousal!? She had never even thought seriously about sex with women, and given her terror and shock, she couldn't believe she was feeling at all aroused.

Again the scene changed, now there was one girl and several men, using her roughly. Emily's groin began to throb even more strongly. Her sore nipples tingled with heat, and her breasts felt warm and taut.

"Your only purpose in life now is submission... obedience... pleasure."

The videos went on and on, always showing naked, bald women either being punished, or in the throes of lewd sexual pleasure. Emily lay strapped to the table, staring at first, then ignoring the TV as much as possible. Her stomach growled and grumbled, and her throat was parched. Time passed, but she had no idea how much.

Suddenly the top of the frame upon which Emily was bound began to bend backwards, and since her head was strapped to it, her head began to tilt backwards as well. It tilted so far backwards she was staring up at the ceiling behind her.

And then she gasped, her eyes widening, as a person came into her view. It was one of the naked, bald women! This was the kind with her eyes and mouth covered, and she adjusted something overhead, drawing down a machine from behind the wooden frame Emily was lying upon.

She removed the ball gag from her mouth, and Emily took several quick gasps before trying to speak. The woman left quickly, however, closing an iron bound door behind. Emily groaned, gasping, grateful, at last, for being able to move her aching jaw.

Emily stared up and saw what looked like a dildo, a very realistically carved cock sliding towards her mouth. She tried to turn her head away, but the strap across her

forehead held her tight. The dildo slid downwards and paused just above her lips. She could see it very clearly, and see the small hole on the end, and then the small drop of liquid there. She stared, squirming, or trying to, as the drop slowly, slowly grew, and then, ever so slowly, stretched out, and then dropped.

It struck her closed lips, and another slowly formed. Despite herself, she could not keep her lips closed forever, and a taste struck her, a pleasant taste, a kind of strawberry. She stared at the dildo again, wondering. The drop formed slowly, and fell onto her closed lips.

An hour passed, and another. It was very hot in the small room, and she was sweating. Her throat was parched and her tongue felt as though she'd been marching through a desert. The drops fell ever so slowly, no more than one or two a minute, but after a time she found herself urging them to fall faster, staring at the forming drops, anticipating their growth and fall.

Now she opened her mouth as each one fell, eager as it wobbled and fell, disappointed at so little wetness when it struck her swollen tongue. She tried to arch upwards, to stretch out, but failed. But she could stretch her tongue out and, just barely, with considerable effort, touched the tip of the dildo. The small hole was wet, and her tongue eagerly stroked across it, absorbing the liquid.

Dazed, stomach gurgling, she strove constantly to get closer, but always failed. Now there was a TV overhead, a flat-panel on the end of a metal arm. It showed nothing but erect cocks, liquid glistening at their tips, and glossy, painted female lips slowly, sensuously enveloping them, taking the big cocks deep within, sucking hungrily, accompanied by moans of female pleasure.

The small bit of liquid she could lick off the dildo overhead was not nearly enough to sustain her, but one time as she struggled to get closer, she succeeded, and she was startled and elated to be able to wrap her lips around the head of the dildo and - suck. Her mouth filled with glorious, cool liquid, and she swallowed ecstatically, moaning and swallowing until the strain of arching up forced her to fall back. She gasped repeatedly, then struggled again to reach the overhead dildo, but always, she failed.

Chapter Four

Emily was hungry, so terribly, terribly hungry that her stomach ached. She felt faint, sick, and the small bit of liquid she got from the dildo near her mouth was not nearly enough to even help. She was growing weak, too weak to keep straining up, to lick at the tip with her strained, aching tongue.

And then, inexplicably, the dildo slid lower. She wrapped her lips around it and sucked greedily as it pushed deep into her mouth. Now the glorious cool liquid poured into her mouth and down her throat, and she swallowed eagerly, convulsively. The dildo fairly oozed liquid, but sucking brought it pouring out and she sucked hungrily.

She felt fingers at her groin, at her breasts, but could not pull her head forward, and hardly cared as she sucked and swallowed from the dildo. She felt a faint buzzing then, pleasant vibrations from her sex, from her nipples. She ignored that too.

The worst of her thirst was sated, but her stomach still felt empty, rumbling. It wanted more than liquid.

The TV overhead now showed a similar dildo, leaking liquid. A hand squeezed the dildo in the middle, and the liquid poured out faster. The hand shifted up higher, to the very base of the dildo, and squeezed. Now a soft, oozing substance poured slowly out of the tip, landing thickly in a small cup which said "yoghurt".

The dazed girl moaned, staring at the TV, staring, cross-eyed, at the bottom of the black dildo, where it met a metal tube behind it. The dildo was long, easily over a foot. If it contained yoghurt, she had to get her teeth around that part, but how? She

struggled vainly to raise her head, but could only move a bit, could only take perhaps another inch into her mouth. And even that made her gag, as the tip of the dildo pushed against the entrance to her throat.

The dildo withdrew, sliding back up, out of reach, and she moaned miserably. She stared at it for a long time, and at the TV images of oozing fluid, of trickling liquid, of sensuous female mouths sucking erect male cocks.

She felt a buzzing between her legs, a warmth which moved up through her abdomen. Her nipples were throbbing, her breasts pulsing. She felt arousal, but did not really recognize it for what it was.

Then, suddenly, hands were reaching for her, touching her, unstrapping her. Her head came forward, then fell forward bonelessly as she moaned dizzily. She was lifted off the frame by strong hands and held between - two naked women. They were women like those she had seen on the TV, tall, muscular but beautiful and feminine. They wore harnesses with straps which crossed the top and bottom of their full breasts, crossed their lower chests and upper belly, digging in tightly, then a vertical strap which slid down between shaven sex lips and dug in what looked like painfully tightly.

They had no eyes, no mouths, nothing to give them any kind of character, any kind of humanity. They were taller than she, much taller, and handled her as easily as a kitten. She was half dragged, half carried across the dimly lit room and found herself under a strange sort of metal frame. Two horizontal bars curved out and around in a half circle from the base of a thicker horizontal bar which rose straight up, then curved forward. Two more horizontal bars curved out from the vertical bar about five feet off the floor.

Emily was turned so her back was to the device. Her legs were spread and lifted, and then heavy shackles at the ends of the two lower bars were clamped around her ankles, holding her toes an inch or so off the floor. Her slender arms were pulled back behind her, then lifted up and apart, forcing her to bend forward at the waist. She felt her wrists placed into the shackles at the ends of the upper bars, and locked firmly in place.

She moaned, bent over, head hanging low, and stared - at a dildo below her. It looked identical to the one she had taken nourishment from for - for a time. She stared at it, and a small drop of liquid oozed out the tip. The bald women disappeared, and she licked her lips helplessly, staring, groaning in discomfort as her stiff limbs were locked so uncomfortably into their new positions.

She was bent forward deeply, arms lifted up and apart stiff, legs spread. Her breasts hung low, and now she could see that they were definitely pierced, the rings very large in diameter, easily the size of silver dollars, though very thin and light, hardly pulling on her nipples at all.

She slipped her lips over the dildo and sucked, and moaned as the liquid flowed into her mouth and down her throat. The more she took into her mouth, the more liquid flowed, and she was still parched, the air in the small room stifling.

Emily no longer had any way to measure time, and her mind was too dazed to really care. She was held in that position for a long time, she thought, bending her head to suck on the liquid from time to time, slowly slaking the terrible thirst which had gripped her for -for so long.

But she was still desperately hungry. She forced her mouth down farther, and then still farther, gagging as the tip of the dildo entered her throat, gagging and withdrawing, to cough and choke and gag.

She had always felt a pressure against her sex, ever since they had placed her in the frame. The pressure was of something soft, which buzzed, and which sat within the mouth of her sex. The further over she forced her mouth, the more it pushed. She

hardly noticed it, until now, and even now cared little.

She tried again.

With the same result.

Again

Again.

Again.

Each time she forced her lips well down the length of the dildo something slid deeper into her pussy, throbbing warmly, buzzing pleasantly.

And then, gasping, gurgling, gagging, she took the dildo deep into her throat, so deep she was able to wrap her lips and teeth around the base of the dildo. The buzzing of the thing in her pussy grew more powerful, but still, she ignored it.

Something flowed out, thick, cool, and filling. She sucked frantically, moaning, fighting the urge to gag, fighting the choking sensation, fighting the lack of air as she felt the thick, tasty stuff flowing down her throat into her famished body.

Finally, she was forced to raise her lips, to slide her head upwards, to gasp for breath, her body trembling and shaking.

But she knew she could do it now. And, over time, she succeeded again and again, gulping down the cool, tasty yoghurt, ever so slowly filling her stomach, learning to control her gag reflex, to fight the sense of choking. Each time she did, the thing behind her, attached somehow to the bar behind where her bottom was raised, slid smoothly into the depths of her belly and buzzed pleasantly. And as she succeeded in reaching the bottom of the dildo and the yoghurt flowed up into her throat, a buzzing, vibrating, gently pulsing - something - would press directly against her clit.

She paid it no heed. All her concern, all her thoughts, were for her hunger and thirst.

Consciously, she paid it no heed.

Sub-consciously, her mind certainly noted it.

After a time, her back and shoulders were so stiff, so sore, so aching and inflamed

that her eyes were filled with tears at the unending pain. But she could not move her body, only her head.

Suddenly, the bald women were there, faceless, silent, unfastening her from the shackles, lifting her as she cried out with the pain of stiff limbs and back being moved after being held immobile for so long. The two women effortlessly carried her to another part of the room and set her down near a low frame. She was placed on her knees, sitting on her heels, her legs gloriously bent for the first time in forever.

They lifted her into the frame, her back pushed against the wall, between two metal posts. Her legs folded beneath her, just wide enough for a thin, latex thing to slide between them, the rounded end pushed into the mouth of her sex. Her wrists were lifted up and apart, snapped into shackles to either side of her head. Her bent legs were strapped tightly down, while another strap crossed her lower belly and cinched in tight.

Now a horizontal bar was attached to the metal posts which bracketed her. The bar was flat and curved slightly down in the middle, lifted up and locked in place directly under her breasts, slightly lifting them. The women then placed a second metal bar, also flat, and curved in the middle, but upwards. This was slid down against the top of her breasts, squeezing them down against the lower bar.

The two bars were locked in position, then a pair of stingingly tight clips were locked to her nipples. A dildo on the end of a flexible arm was swung down and placed before her face. Then a flat panel TV swung down from the other side, and lit up.

The two women faded away, and Emily was left alone, the room in darkness.

For a time, nothing happened, then the TV began showing videos of women, the

bald women with collars. They bowed to men they saw, performed sexual acts on them, or on each other. As the videos played, the thing between Emily's legs buzzed pleasantly. Her nipples, caught in the clips, still ached a little, but now they buzzed pleasantly too. After a while, the thing between her legs began to slowly push up into her body. It did this whenever the video showed an erect male cock sliding into a female's pussy.

Suddenly, a woman spilled a tray of glasses. The pleasant buzzing stopped at once, and Emily gasped and yelped at feeling faint little shocks at her nipples, and inside her belly. The woman on the screen was strapped to a post and whipped, and Emily again felt shocks to her nipples and inside her, yelping and moaning and trying to twist free. The metal bars squeezing her breasts squeezed more tightly, then much more tightly as she cried out in pain.

The video changed, and the pressure on her breasts eased. The sharp little shocks stopped, and became a pleasant buzzing. The women on the screen were having sex with the man again, crying out in pleasure and delight.

Emily sighed in relief, trying to wiggle her bottom slightly, to adjust herself on the stiff, thick thing inside her.

It began to pump as the woman on the video was ridden hard by a man, pumping at the same speed the man pumped.

It was easily possible for the dazed girl to imagine it was her own pussy being pounded by the man's big cock.

The video changed, the pumping inside her stopped. Now another woman was doing something. A man came by, and demanded obedience. She refused. Shocking pain blew into Emily's body, and she howled and writhed and twisted as her breasts were crushed, as electricity crackled between her burning nipples, as pain dug into her belly with screaming agony.

The girl was whipped and Emily howled.

The video changed, and Emily sagged weakly, still sobbing, the electricity fading to a soft buzzing, the pressure on her breasts almost gone. Sweating, gasping, she bent forward and took the dildo deep into her mouth, sucking liquid and swallowing.

On and on it went, as Emily became fixated on the scenes before her, mentally urging the women there to obey, to pleasure the men there, not to disobey, not to fail in their duty. For, each time one of them made a mistake, failed to obey, failed to please, pain crackled through Emily's tormented body, and she howled in agony along with them.

Time passed. She had no idea how much. She hardly knew who she was any more. The pain was terrible, but, as the acts of disobedience on the part of the women became less, Emily also received less pain. Soon she was feeling almost nothing but the gentle buzzing against her engorged nipples, and the delicious thrusting of the thing inside her pussy.

She climaxed, at last, shuddering and moaning in pleasure as the orgasm rolled through her battered mind and body.

More time passed. Occasionally an orgasm had her body writhing and jerking. More rarely, one of the women on the television failed to please, and Emily would thrash and cry out in pain.

Then she was being unfastened, lifted to her feet. She could not stand. She was carried to a small pad which lay on the floor in the corner and dropped there. She was rolled onto her belly, and her wrists were pulled together behind her, the restraints locked together. Another strap went around her upper arms, drawing them back painfully, until her shoulders screamed anew, and her elbows were joined. She was rolled back onto her back and left in place.

And now she saw someone new. It was a bald woman wearing a gag, a collar,

the same outfit, in fact, that Emily wore. One of the guard women, or so she had come to think of them, removed the gag from the other woman's mouth. The bald woman dropped to her knees and slid between Emily's legs. Her soft hands caressed the cool skin of Emily's thighs, her tongue and lips following after.

She made her way up to Emily's sex, her fingers gently caressing, her tongue licking lightly, her lips searching for the swollen clitoris and finding it. Emily moaned, gasping, staring, exhausted. The two other woman stood still, watching, Emily supposed, though she could not see their eyes.

The bald woman slid her body atop Emily, their breasts pillowing softly together, her lips soft and gentle against Emily's mouth, her hands caressing her everywhere, stroking and rubbing and massaging as her tongue slid along their lips and entered Emily's mouth. Her tongue was amazingly long and deft, and Emily gurgled as it slid along the inside of her mouth.

Emily's breasts felt exquisitely sensitive, as did her nipples, as did her pussy, though all of that had been true for some time, almost since she had gone to the Manor and started

- started eating there. She had a vague memory of someone describing hormone treatment, but her mind was not really capable of considered thought, just then. She merely watched the woman as she kissed her, as she moved down and began to suck at her nipples and breasts, as she moved lower.

Emily moaned aloud, gasping, panting, her hips grinding up as the woman's mouth began to devour her. Her tongue plunged into Emily's pussy hole, slick, warm, delicious, amazingly long. The pleasure rose higher and higher, raw, animal lust and passion that burst inside her head like an explosion. She cried out in passion and ecstasy, her bottom bouncing, hips bucking up into the woman's mouth.

The woman smiled at her. She was a beautiful woman. And her bald head gleamed, pale and soft. She rubbed her head against Emily's thighs, and breasts, then kissed her again, their tongues now joining together in a timeless dance of lust and passion. Again and again the woman brought her to climax with her tongue and mouth, until Emily was gasping, breathless, her belly sore.

And then, as the woman lay atop her, and kissed her gently, she spoke for the first time. "Do you want more of this?" she whispered. "Do you want to be one of us, and have

more of this, or..." She looked at the frames. "More of that?"

Emily could hardly speak. It felt as if it had been so long. "I-I-I want - want - more of this," she whispered dazedly.

"Then you will be a slut," the woman said with a smile, the word sounding not at all like an insult to her. "Are you a slut, my sweet?"

"Yes," Emily whispered. "I'm a slut."

"I'm a slut too," the girl said with a gentle smile.

Then she brought Emily to another climax.

Another woman appeared, then a third, all identical to the first, all caressing her, kissing her, massaging her, kneading her breasts, stroking her nipples, whispering their pleasure with her, telling her how beautiful she was, and how sweet she tasted.

The two women in the harnesses and tall, stiletto boots stood stolidly, unmoving, unspeaking.

"Oh! Oh !Oh yes! Oh God!" Emily cried, back arching as one of the bald women sucked and licked at her clit, and the other two sucked and licked at her nipples as they kneaded her breasts.

Giggling, the women shifted places, and again Emily shuddered and writhed.

Then the woman licking her rose up, and Emily saw her strap a thick dildo between her legs. Emily groaned as the woman thrust it slowly inside her, shuddering in pleasure as the woman began to thrust in and out of her body. The other two continued to suck on her breasts, to knead them, to rub at her clit, to shower her mouth with kisses.

The two guard women looked on, silent, unmoving.

"Oh my God! Oh!! Ohhhh! Oh God! Unnggh!" Emily cried, a massive orgasm setting her writhing and thrashing and bucking helplessly.

The other women giggled and then manoeuvred her onto her knees. One of them sat down, guiding Emily's face to her pussy, and Emily began to lick. The second knelt beside her, kneading her breasts, kissing and licking at the side of her throat. The third thrust into her from behind, stroking and occasionally slapping at her bottom, reaching under to finger her clit.

Then, the two guard women, who had almost become statues in Emily's mind, moved forward. Instantly, the other girls fell away from Emily as the silent women undid the straps binding her elbows back, then unlocked her wrists. She groaned in relief as they picked her up, lifting her arms up and apart. She was dragged backwards, then her wrists locked into place above and behind her, her ankles were spread, and locked open, and the two women withdrew.

The other three, eyes bright, giggling like small girls, crawled forward. Emily panted, moaning weakly, staring down at them as they began to lick at her bare toes, sucking them into their mouths and sucking in a way which was strange but pleasant. One licked her way up the inside of Emily's right leg, while the other moved behind her and licked her way up the back of her left.

And then the one in front began to lick at Emily's pussy as the one in back spread her buttocks wider and began to tongue her rosebud opening.

Emily's next climax came as one girl's lips sucked on her clit while the other's stunningly long and delicious tongue squirmed and twisted inside her anus. Emily bucked violently, twisting and crying out again and again as the orgasm tore through her mind and body.

The women changed places, giggling, and started over. Emily felt drained. She hung weakly, groaning, but the women were insatiable, and their tongues were amazingly skilled and talented. She was soon jerking and grinding her hips, gasping and moaning in passion and lust.

And then, suddenly, the dimly lit room exploded in light as the door opened. The three girls threw themselves on the floor, prostrating themselves as a man entered. The two guard women stood unmoving as the man walked between them.

He was a handsome man, with broad shoulders and short dark hair. He had a rounded face, somewhat pudgy, but still strong, and appeared to be in his thirties.

He looked at Emily, who almost instinctively dropped her eyes. The women in the videos who failed to drop their eyes were punished, after all - and so was she.

"Have you been enjoying your introduction to our facilities, Four-Six-Nine-Two?"

He was looking directly at her, so Emily knew that he was addressing her, but still she hesitated.

She cried out in pain as one of the guard women lashed her buttocks with a thin crop. Her hips jerked forward, her head jerking up and back.

"That is you, slut," the man said calmly. "I ask again. Have you been enjoying yourself?"

"Y-Yes, Lord!" she cried, her voice raspy.

"And you're going to be happy being a slut, are you not?"

"Yes, Lord!"

"And what is your purpose in life, slut?"

"To obey, Lord! To bring pleasure to others, Lord!"

“Hmm,” he said, scratching the side of his nose. He moved around her, his hand squeezing her buttocks.

“What a lovely ass. I bet you’d like a cock up there.”

“Y-Yes, Lord! Please fuck me, Lord! Please fuck my ass, Lord! I love your cock, Lord! I love having a cock inside my ass, Lord!”

Emily didn’t even have to think of what to say. She had seen and heard similar scenes many times already on the video. Girls who enthusiastically begged to be used were used. Those who failed to show proper enthusiasm felt pain - as did Emily.

Now she felt the man’s cock pressing against her moist anal opening, and felt a tremendous sense of relief. She had done right! She would not be punished.

He had no difficulty sliding inside her, for the tonguing of the sluts had relaxed her anal muscles. And now one of the sluts rose up on her knees and began to lick and suck at Emily’s pussy. Emily’s mind was raw and battered, in a state of animal-instinct, where all that mattered was survival. She felt a vast sense of relief as the man behind thrust his cock deeper. Even though it began to ache, she knew it would not really hurt, not compared to other pain she had felt.

And the tonguing of the girl before her was as welcome as it was expert. Pleasure had become an almost forgotten sensation before the arrival of the girls. Now, her mind and body horribly battered, Emily was clinging to pleasure with a desperation she had never felt before. She shuddered in heat as a second woman knelt next to the first, the two jammed in together, both licking at her pussy simultaneously.

Meanwhile, her belly ached as the man behind forced his cock deeper. But it was an almost pleasant ache, and Emily’s slitted eyes grew even narrower as she relaxed in the comfort of bodily pleasure. One of the sluts had crawled around behind the man and was licking at his anus, while the other two carefully used their extraordinarily long tongues to please Emily’s pussy. Meanwhile, Emily’s lower body was rocked by the steady grinding motion of the man’s hips, for his cock was now buried in her belly.

He kneaded her breasts and bit lightly at the nape of her neck as he began to thrust in and up with short, sharp strokes. Emily felt her mind floating on a sexual sea, sighing happily as she was used and pleased, not a thought in the world for the indignity visited upon her, for the outrageousness of a strange man sodomising her while she was bound. None of that mattered any more. All that mattered was pleasure and pain.

The man began to thrust faster, his cock driving up hard and deep in the centre of Emily’s belly. Her hips jerked forward in time to his thrusts, as the two women kneeling before her quickened their licking and sucking. Their hands roamed up and down her body, stroking and caressing, while the warm flesh of the man behind her seeped into the cold skin of her back. Emily felt a small orgasm building, and gasped with each thrust, shuddering and moaning as her mind swirled and tumbled under the flood of sensory impulses racing through her.

The man suddenly quickened his thrusts, and his hips slammed up hard against her buttocks, almost lifting her off her spread legs. Then he sighed and slowed, finally stopping. Emily felt his cock softening, and sliding back out of her.

“You will require much training, Four-Six-Nine-Two, before you will make a satisfactory slut. Had you already been trained, you would be severely punished for providing such an unsatisfactory ride. As it is, I will be tolerant.”

Emily’s eyes fluttered dazedly, fear spreading suddenly. She understood that she had somehow failed to please, but not entirely how or why, or what he intended to do. She barely saw one of the guard women step towards her, then behind her, and take out the thick baton hanging from her waist. Emily’s anal opening was still relaxed and partly opened from the slut’s tonguing and the hard sodomy. The woman suddenly thrust the baton up into her ass, hard and deep, and pressed the button at its base.

Pain tore through Emily like sheet lightning. Her eyes suddenly bulged and she screamed in animal pain, her limbs straining, her back arching violently, her body beginning to shake like a leaf in a high wind. The pain was total, her world disappearing into a screaming maelstrom of agony as she thrashed and twisted in shrieking response.

And then the man was leaving, and she was slumped, dazed, drooling, hanging by her wrists, sobbing brokenly as the guard woman stepped back and hung the baton from her waist.

Chapter Five

Emily was hardly aware of being lowered to the floor and dropped onto the mat. Slowly, her body stopped twitching, and her shattered mind began to fit itself back together. She was spread-eagled on the mat, the three other “sluts” licking soothingly at her body, their hands caressing her gently. She groaned dazedly, her eyes fluttering as she felt a tongue in her open mouth, sliding through her slack lips, caressing her own tongue.

Her battered mind felt the comfort of those hands and tongues, while her body, its nerve endings raw, felt the soft, lush pleasure, and began to respond. Her hands slowly shifted, moving, alighting on a soft, downy head, the head of the girl sucking at her breast. Her other hand alighted on the similar soft head of the girl between her legs. She groaned weakly, her legs jerking apart slowly, incrementally, her knees drawing back as she pushed herself weakly up into the girl’s mouth.

But then the two guard women stepped forward, wordless, as always, and the three sluts shrank back. Emily was rolled briskly onto her belly, her wrists shackled together behind her back, the ball gag stuffed into her mouth. Then she was lifted to her feet, and strong hands, one on each upper arm, steadied her and held her as she was led to the door.

Emily stared around her dazedly as the two unspeaking women led her along. Her mind was still reeling, and her eyes were fluttering and blinking in the light. The corridor was wide enough to drive a car through. The floor was made of large square ceramic tiles, neatly laid. The walls were polished stone, with half columns protruding every twenty-five feet on both sides. The roof was easily fifteen feet above.

They reached the end, and the black doors there slid aside silently as they emerged in another corridor. This one’s floor was of black marble, the stone walls easily thirty feet across. Now full columns paraded down its length running up to the roof fifty feet above. And there were people in this corridor, making Emily cringe and instinctively seek to jerk her arms across her naked chest and groin.

The men looked at her, their eyes sliding carelessly over her naked body. The women, all of them naked, all scurrying quickly along, many bearing burdens, all wearing collars, ignored her.

Now, in bright light, she finally was able to look down at herself, and realize that she was dressed identically to these women. She had the same collar, shackles, and black stockings, the same pierced nipples and clitoral hood, and, she was horribly sure, the same shaven head and tattooed lips and eyebrows.

And then there was no doubt, for they entered an elevator with mirrored walls, and she stared in shock at her image, her head completely bald, her eyes wide, bulging, her jaw forced wide around the ball gag, but her lips clearly very deeply red, her eyebrows arched, her lashes extremely full-seeming.

The rings dangling from her nipples were very thin silver, but as wide in diameter as a silver dollar. Yet they were very light, for they hardly pulled down at all on her throbbing nipples. The ring piercing her clitoral hood was smaller, but heavier, and she

could feel its weight as she moved. In fact, there seemed to be a defect in it, for something on the underside was picking her as her body moved.

The stockings she wore were not nylons or silk, but something else, thicker, fuller, but just as sheer. They were thicker still beneath her feet, serving almost as slippers. For, unlike the two women bracketing her, she wore no shoes.

She stared at herself, feeling faint. This was her?! This!? It was a horrifying vision. And yet, at the same time, she felt a strange sense of arousal. She was... sensual, erotic, like a sexual creature, as the narrator had described her.

The elevator doors opened and she was led out into another corridor, this one much smaller, more businesslike, with wall-to-wall carpeting. It was deep blue, and very thick under her bare feet. The walls were rich, mahogany panelling.

She was led to a desk, behind which sat an attractive young woman. The woman, unlike any other she had seen so far, including those in the video, had long, beautiful dark hair. She wore a halter which covered her upper belly and lower chest. It curved up and around her breasts, supporting them, squeezing them together, but leaving them entirely bare, before rising to cover her shoulders and arms.

She looked at Emily, then consulted a computer screen. "Four-Six-Nine-Two," she said.

She rose from behind the desk, and Emily saw that she was nude below the waist except for a pair of high stiletto heeled shoes. She walked up the hall, and the two women jerked on Emily's arms and led her after. The woman paused at a closed door, knocked, then pushed it inward.

"Four-Six-Nine-Two, Lord," she said.

"Very well," a male voice replied.

Emily was half dragged, half carried through the door as the woman withdrew. The two women bracketing her undid the ball gag, pulling it free, then released their hold on her arms and backed up a pace.

"Wait outside," the man said.

They turned and left wordlessly, closing the door behind.

Emily sank to her knees exhaustedly, her head dropping.

"You are new here, Four-Six-Nine-Two," the man said. "In other places, newcomers are given the benefit of every doubt, their errors tolerated, their mistakes overlooked. We do not practice such forgiveness here. Our sluts need to know their place from the instant they arrive, and we see that they do. You will not be punished less for transgressions, but more, so that the actions and obedience we require of you will be branded in your soul."

He rose and came around the desk. Emily raised her eyes fearfully, and then cried out as his open hand cracked against the side of her face with stinging pain. Her head whipped aside and she was thrown back onto her back, to sprawl dazedly on the floor.

"You see? Already you have forgotten. Instead of prostrating yourself, you raise your eyes to look upon me."

"I-I'm sorry, L-Lord," Emily gasped, drawing herself up and then sliding forward on her belly before him. Was more agony in store for her!? More dreadful punishment!?

"This slut is sorry, Lord!" she cried, grasping frantically at his ankle, licking at his shoe. "This slut will learn, Lord!"

"You will indeed learn," the man said. "You will learn so well your actions will become instincts. You will not even think of doing wrong. You will be taught by a harsh master; pain."

He shifted his position, yanking his foot away from the desperately licking young girl.

“On your knees, slut,” he ordered.

Emily rose up anxiously, and saw with a sense of relief, that he was unzipping his trousers. She rose higher, leaning forward, and as soon as he brought his semi-hard cock out, she leaned in and took it into her mouth. Her eyes rolled upwards beseechingly as she tried to do her best to pleasure him, sucking and bobbing, taking him deeper and deeper, and then, almost effortlessly, swallowing his thick cock and taking him into the depths of her throat.

His hand came down around her head, pulling her in tighter, grinding her nose into his pelvis as she tried to lick at the base of his cock. She gurgled and gasped and gagged a little as he held her in place, then began to bob freely as he withdrew his hand. She slid back up his cock, letting the head pop free of her mouth, and inhaled deeply several times.

“You are very clumsy, very amateurish, Four-Six-Nine-Two,” he said. “We will teach you better.”

Emily took him into her throat again, and he reached down, seizing her by the front of her collar, his other hand sliding behind her head as he jerked her in fully against him and ground her nose into his groin again. He began to thrust in and out, in and out, hard and fast, pulling sharply on her collar and head each time he thrust into her, dazing her with the speed and force of his thrusts.

She could not breathe, and could not withdraw. Black dots danced before her eyes, and the world spun slowly around her as her vision began to fade. Then he flung her back to lie on the floor, gasping and coughing weakly

“You will learn,” he said.

The door opened and the two guard women came in, half lifting her onto her feet, holding her there. Another woman entered, nude save for the halter which left her breasts bare. She had waist-length brown hair and bowed to the man behind the desk.

“This is a new slut, Four-Six-Nine-Two. Teach her. As always, her progress will reflect on you.”

“Yes, Lord. Thank you, Lord,” the woman said.

She bowed again, backed away, turned, and left. The two guard women half carried the dazed Emily after her. They went back the way she had come, with none of the three speaking. They were soon back in the same area she had originated, but not in the same room. They brought her into a different, more brightly lit room, and then, after a nod from the woman in the halter, released her to sink to her knees. One bent and unclipped the shackles around her wrists, one chain from the other.

Another nod from the woman and they left, closing the door behind.

The woman before her was taller than Emily, and perhaps a decade older, but with a perfect, hourglass shape, high, proud breasts, a smooth, narrow sex, curvaceous hips, and long, lovely legs. The halter covered her arms and shoulders, as well as her chest below her breasts. Her breasts, however, were bare, and beringed. She wore nothing below the halter, all the way down to her high heels. Her hair was gleaming, glistening chestnut brown, silken and flowing and perfectly sculpted. She had a beautiful face, piercing gray eyes, a pouting mouth, and small, seashell ears. She was as beautiful as a model, with a deeply intelligent face.

“My name is Tasha,” the woman said. “I will teach you how to please, and thus, how to stay alive. Do you understand, slut?”

Emily nodded anxiously.

“First, you will kneel properly. I do not care how tired you are, or how much pain you feel. You will kneel properly, knees apart, buttocks on heels, back straight. Now!”

Emily struggled to kneel as required, and watched as Tasha moved to a corner and picked up a thin riding crop from a counter.

The room was larger than the one Emily had been in, but had a number of

menacing looking frames with straps and shackles on them. Not far away was a chair with a mannequin sitting on it. The mannequin was pale white, but its mouth was realistic looking, parted, with a tongue and what looked like other things inside. It had a long, thick cock thrusting up between its legs.

"I am a drone," the woman said proudly, even arrogantly. "There are four kinds of women to be found here, slut. At the top, are a very few Ladies. Below them, well below them, are drones, and then bitches." She gestured towards the door, where the guard women had exited. "Do you know what comes at the bottom, slut?"

Emily licked her lips nervously.

Tasha slapped her face, stingingly, but not as hard as the man had.

"S-Sluts?" Emily cried.

"Yes, sluts. You will address a Lady as Lady. You will address a Drone as Mistress. You will address a Bitch as Mistress. Not very difficult, is it?"

"N-No, Mistress," Emily gulped.

"You will address all men as Lord. Is that clear?"

"Yes, mistress."

"You will be punished for misbehaviour, or for any reason anyone wants you punished, perhaps merely for the enjoyment of watching you scream in pain. You will be punished, slut. I tell you this now. You cannot avoid it. But if you wish to attempt to avoid the worst punishment, at least, as much as possible, you will learn to obey and to please those set above you. Who is set above you, slut?"

"E-Everyone?"

The woman slapped her face but nodded. "Very good. Everyone. And do not again forget to call me mistress."

"I'm sorry, mistress!" Emily gasped, face stinging.

"Lords and Ladies have names. You may think of them by name if you chance to learn them, but never, ever use them. You will call them Lord or Lady, and nothing else. Ever. Is that clear, slut?"

"Yes, mistress."

"You may call drones by their name, preceded with the word Mistress, as in Mistress Tasha. You will not call bitches anything but mistress. Only they know their names. Drones are given the names of cats, such as Tasha, Missy, and Coco. Bitches are given the name of dogs, like Daisy or Sadie. Sluts... are given numbers. Sluts are not considered human beings. Sluts are not people. You would not give a chair a name, nor a table, nor a plant. Sluts have no names, merely numbers so that we can keep track of them. For the most part, one slut is the same as any other, and no more valuable."

She slid the riding crop beneath Emily's chin and forced her to raise her head.

"Sluts are plentiful, easily gathered, and easily trained. Already your mind has been trained to some degree, automatically, by the machines, with little effort on our part. Remember that."

She smiled lightly. "You may ask one question."

Emily stared at her, her mind blank for a long moment, then she licked her lips and drew in a shaky breath. "Why?"

The woman smiled again. "Chance. Luck. Fortune. There are tens of thousands of other beautiful, unattached girls who could have been chosen. One or another of those who obtain girls happened upon you. We are not the only organization which purchases girls, of course. There have always, throughout history, been people of wealth and power who used that wealth and power to obtain the pleasure of beautiful girls, willing or not. This organization is a club of sorts, over a century old. Technology has permitted it to refine and automate its training methods, but they are essentially the same as they were in the nineteenth century. They train girls to service and pleasure

the wealthy - most of them men, of course. Now you are one of those girls. Your life from this point on will be governed by how much you please others with your obedience, submission and skill."

She stepped back. "Speaking of which, your skills are sadly lacking. We will begin your training here."

She pointed the crop at the figure sitting on the chair before them.

"This is a training device," she said.

She moved over to the chair. The man was not so much a mannequin as Emily had first thought. It was actually a very moveable, pliable body, and now with the press of a button its legs spread apart, and its erection dipped forward.

The door opened behind them, and the bitches returned, a naked, bound, gagged slut between them. Tasha nodded at them and they left. The girl sank to her knees and immediately spread her knees wide, sitting on her heels, back straight.

Tasha went to her and removed the gag.

"This is a training session One-Nine-Three-Seven," she said. "You will show this slut how to please a man. Start with oral sex."

"Yes, Mistress Tasha," the girl said, her voice soft and whispery.

She fell forward onto all fours, and crawled to the mannequin, her hips swaying seductively, her eyes taking on a fiery, seductive tint. She began to growl throatily as she neared it, and then rubbed her face against its inner thighs. She rolled her soft head against the sides of his legs, and licked lightly. She bowed lower, licking at its feet slowly, seductively. Slowly, she licked her way up along its inner thighs, often rolling her eyes up adoringly at the face above.

Tasha tapped her finger on a flat panel computer screen on the wall behind the mannequin, drawing Emily's attention. On the screen was a penis, with different colours running along its length. As One-Nine-Three-Seven took the head of the mannequin's cock into her mouth, the head on the screen began to shift colours.

"Observe," Tasha said. "Performing oral sex is a skill that few sluts perfect on the outside. Here it is required."

The screen changed as One-Nine-Three-Seven's lips slid down to the base of the mannequin's cock, and Tasha pointed out how the numbers were pressure readings.

"One-Nine-Three-Seven has learned how to work her throat muscles properly," she said. "She is not merely a receptacle, as you are. Even as her tongue is working on the base of the shaft in her mouth, her throat is milking the head and the remainder of the shaft. Nor must she ever remove her mouth from it. She can breathe even with her throat filled with all but the largest of male organs. That does not mean she will not remove her lips, however. Change is important."

One-Nine-Three-Seven slid her lush lips slowly up the length of the fake cock, her hands milking its "balls", in a way which was again reflected on the screen, for there were, Tasha pointed out, sensors all over them as well as the shaft, as well as inside the thing's mouth, and all over its body.

Now the slut moaned softly, her face filled with passion, rubbing the head of the penis over her lips, over her face, over her cheeks. She licked downward along the shaft as her fingers milked and squeezed and pumped, then took the balls into her mouth and massaged them. She sucked and licked at them, then took the shaft into her mouth and down her throat again. The pressure readings shifted up and down the shaft as she sucked and worked her throat muscles.

"Enough," Tasha said.

One-Nine-Three-Seven backed off and knelt fluidly, knees apart, back straight.

"Now you, Four-Six-Nine-Two."

Emily licked her lips nervously, but she started forward. She tried to imitate what

the other girl had done, licking at the mannequin's ankles and feet, at its thighs and legs. She gasped in pain as the crop bit into her bottom.

"Too fast. That is a mistake new sluts often make," Tasha said. "Concentrate on everything but the cock for now. I will tell you when you can get your slutty lips around that shaft."

For the next hour, Emily licked and rubbed, purred and moaned, caressed and cast long, passionate looks up at the expressionless face of the mannequin. Finally, Tasha allowed her to take the cock into her mouth. It was very difficult, at first. She wasn't even aware she had throat muscles, much less how to use them. And she frequently had to pull back to breathe, always being slashed with the crop for doing so.

One-Nine-Three-Seven often moved forward to replace her, and moved with such flawless sensual grace Emily felt awed and clumsy. Her throat hurt, too, as she tried to imitate the girl's movements and work her muscles.

"Enough for now. Let's try your cunt," Tasha said. "That too has muscles, and you must learn to work them properly. The men here won't be satisfied with the kind of casual rides you gave the boys outside. They have come to expect the very best, and will punish you if your performance is substandard. Watch One-Nine-Three-Seven and learn."

Emily knelt, knees spread, her back stiff and aching, but straight, hands on the outside of her thighs.

One-Nine-Three-Seven crawled up between the mannequin's spread legs, her hips rolling languorously, her hands caressing her nude body, cupping her firm breasts. The legs closed and she straddled them, grinding her buttocks upwards along them, grasping the stiff cock in her hands, giggling, staring the mannequin in the face, rubbing the cock against her belly, groaning in pleasure.

"Your cock is so big, Lord!" she whispered. "I hope I can get it all inside me!"

She rose on her legs, strong, lithe legs, groaned again as she rubbed the head of the cock along the entrance to her sex, then sank slowly down it. "Oh!" she gasped, eyes widening. "Oh! Oh, Lord! It's so goooood inside me!"

She sank down its length, sighing, her hands over the mannequin's shoulders now, rubbing her bare breasts in its face, groaning as she impaled herself on the cock.

"See how One-Nine-Three-Seven works her cunt," Tasha said, pointing at the computer screen. "See how her cunt muscles squeeze and massage him while he's inside her? See how she squeezes down especially hard as she slides upwards? See how she grinds herself against him? Now look, look here at this screen, see how her tongue moves within his mouth, how it caresses his tongue, how her lips work against his lips?"

Emily stared, sometimes at the girl, sometimes at the screen, somewhat bewildered and anxious, knowing she had to match the girl somehow. And then it was her turn, sliding her pussy down the length of the latex dildo, squeezing in with her pussy muscles, trying to please the screen, and the computer.

She cried out as the crop slashed down across her back.

"Squeeze your cunt muscles harder, slut!" Tasha barked. "Lean forward! Rub your breasts against his face!"

Crack! The crop lashed her lower back.

"Grind yourself against him, roll your hips, show him your passion and hunger! You aren't simply riding up and down here! You are a slut! You must behave as one! You must give him the ride of his life!"

Crack! The crop hissed down and snapped painfully at her buttocks as Emily leaned forward.

"You love his cock, slut! You worship his cock! You adore having his cock inside you! Act like it! Moan into his mouth! Breathe hard for him! Show him how desperate

you are for his manhood!"

Crack! "Slow down! You aren't in a race!"

Emily rode more steadily, moaning, grinding her hips, squeezing her pussy as her tongue plunged into the mouth opening of the mannequin. Tasha leaned over behind her, glaring.

"You have much to learn about being a proper slut, Four-Six-Nine-Two! But you will learn. Oh yes, you will learn!"

Chapter Six

"More softly, slut. Lick as you are being licked. Suck as you are being sucked," Tasha ordered, the order accompanied by the now-familiar crack of the crop across Emily's buttocks.

They had been training all day, though Emily's concept of night and day was now gone. Was it light outside or darkness? What time was it? It didn't really matter, she supposed. There was no time here, no day and night, only obedience.

She was now hanging by her ankles, her legs spread wide apart. Her arms were locked down and apart. Her head had been pulled up and back, jammed back between her shoulder blades so that she was actually facing upright. This mattered little, however, as she was blindfolded, the better to feel the intricacies of the pussy against her tongue, the pussy she was now licking.

Another slut was standing above her, licking her own pussy, slowly, so that Emily could imitate her movement for movement, stroke for stroke. But she was being distracted by the fingers sliding into her pussy and the tongue circling her anus, by the mouths sucking on her nipples, and the occasional slash of the crop across her back or buttocks.

Emily was aroused, for the mouths and tongues and fingers dancing across her body were extremely talented, and her exhaustion, especially her mental exhaustion, left her no inhibitions. She was anxious and fearful, and eager to please, however, which was somewhat more distracting, and she was trying to concentrate as much as possible on the form of the pussy in front of her - despite the ache in her neck.

Her tongue, however, was simply not capable of plunging as deep into the other girl's pussy as the tongue inside her, and her entire mouth ached fiercely, for she had been badly overusing it.

She had to brace her tongue against her lower lip to get any strength behind it, but even that was difficult, for they were holding her head back painfully, making it difficult to move.

"Enough for now. Rest," she finally heard.

She groaned gratefully as the lips and hands moved away from her body and her head was allowed to go lower. But then hard fingers jammed into the corners of her mouth to force it open, and she cried out in pain as her tongue was clamped again. It was pulled down out of her mouth, and she could feel a thin chain of some sort against her upper lip, a chain holding a not insubstantial weight.

"Your tongue needs strengthening and stretching, slut," Tasha said.

Emily hung still for some time, enough to doze fitfully, dazedly, despite the pain and discomfort.

Then she was lowered, released, her hands shackled behind her back. She was lifted to her feet, and half carried half led - somewhere. Still blindfolded, she could only shuffle along until she was suddenly thrown forward. She gasped and fell into what felt like a pile of naked bodies, with hands reaching for her, bracing her, holding her, then settling her down.

There were soft moans around her, and warm, soft bodies pressed against her

on all sides. Hands caressed her body, stroked her breasts and back and head, and then tongues began to lick at her pussy, at her breasts, at her face, at her head, mouths sucking, teeth nibbling as she moaned dazedly.

Her arousal reignited, and for a time she became nothing more than a creature of the senses, blinded to all else but the pleasure those mouths and hands raised in her body. Her legs were spread wide, and mouths devoured her. Tongues and mouths fought to press against her own, and she kissed back dazedly. She climaxed, then climaxed again, gasping and crying out, as she heard others gasp and cry out, all around her.

She could tell there were many women there, but not where they were. They must all be sluts, she supposed, as her blood churned and her pulse raced. Her wrists jerked fitfully against the shackles, and she cried out in pleasure and pain as teeth bit into her nipples and breasts. It was impossible to resist a long, hot, wriggling tongue in her anus and another in her pussy, while soft lips sucked at her clitoris. She climaxed again and again, writhing and bucking and twisting as she heard soft giggles and the gentle murmur of female voices.

Her entire mound was in someone's mouth, and then she cried out as the four fingers pumping smoothly in her anus became five, and an entire hand slid into her body, fingers closing into a delicate fist that then began to twist and pump in and out as her pussy was sucked and licked expertly.

Being blind only made the sensations more powerful, and increased her sense of dazed helplessness, so that she felt as if she hadn't the slightest ability to influence anything around her.

She was turned onto her belly, her face pulled into someone's pussy, rubbed up and down against it. She began to lick as she grunted and moaned to the thrusting of the fist in her anus. It felt immense, filling her and straining her anus out inside her. But at the same time the thought of such deep, massive penetration was wildly arousing, and she shuddered as the knuckles ground against the deepest part of her anal tunnel.

She felt lost, even as she opened her mouth and cried out at the glorious pleasure of yet another massive orgasm. * * *

"Now pay close attention, Four-Six-Nine-Two," Tasha said. "Dancing while nude is not easy. Your entire purpose is to excite and arouse those who are watching. Yet they have many nude sluts around them. You must pose and move your body in a way which is erotic and arousing, but not crude or vulgar. This is not a strip tease, for you will never ever wear clothing of any kind again. Not ever," she said firmly, glowering at Emily. "That is behind you. One does not put clothes on a cow or a chicken, nor on a slut. Some people put clothes on dogs and cats, for they are treasured pets. You are not treasured."

She pointed to a pair of sluts she had brought in to demonstrate. She had called them Two-Five-Five-One, and Three-Nine-One-Seven. Indeed, the numbers were engraved on their collars. Aside from those numbers, the two women looked identical, short, lovely, bald, with soft, beautiful eyes. Now they began to dance to the music Tasha was playing, their hips moving in a careful, graceful rhythm, their eyes slitted, their sensuous lips drawn into coy smiles as their arms and hands began to rise and float in time to their movements and the music.

"Slow, fluid, seductive," Tasha said. "These are the movements one must master in the dance."

Emily knelt, knees apart, and watched the two women dance, watched their bodies, which were mirror images of her own, watched their faces and eyes, their hands and legs and feet, tried to absorb everything about them. She had been in training for a week now, and her body bore the welts to prove it.

She was anxious to do the dance properly, anxious to avoid more blows from the crop. But she was eager, as well, eager to dance as these erotic, beautiful women danced. She was aroused, and found their movements arousing, their bodies beautiful.

A week had done much to alter her image of the world. She was tired. She was always tired, never getting enough sleep. She was always naked, as well, and always around other naked women. She trained in sexual skills with other naked women, and slept in a jumbled pile inside a large cage with a dozen or more naked women whose minds were occupied with little more than sex and pleasure.

And they were very, very good at both.

The inhibitions and resistance to the idea of lesbianism she had once possessed had long since passed. The sluts were always kind to her, always happy, always giggling and friendly and eager to please her with their nimble fingers and agile tongues. She was beginning to feel a bond with them, almost as though they were members of a family.

They had not always had nothing but sex in the cage. Often they spoke in soft, whispering voices lest they be overheard. Most used their numbers freely, having almost forgotten they ever had names. It was strange to hear them call out to each other, using the numbers as names. She had wakened that day to warm, comforting bodies pressed against her from both sides, an arm around her waist, a hand cupping her breast.

The conversation, as others slowly wakened, had been casual, soft, relaxed.

“Two-Nine-Four-Seven? How was your time with Lord Berenson?” a girl had called softly (all of them spoke softly all the time) across the tight jumble of close-packed female bodies.

“He has a lovely suite,” a girl called back in a low voice. “It is made to look like a Chinese palace.”

“Three-Seven-Seven-Four said Lord Adam’s suite has many pretty fountains,” another girl offered.

“Yes, but he has that dog,” another girl offered.

There was a silence there, an almost shocked silence, for the girl who had spoken was almost suggesting there was something wrong with that, with the fact that Lord Adam made his sluts kneel on all fours and give the dog a ride. And criticising anything they were ordered to do had long since been so beaten out of them that their minds shrank from it. Indeed, even daring to consider that something they were ordered to do was not a wonderful, enjoyable experience was more than capable of bringing a very severe punishment.

“But he is a wonderful dog,” the slut hurriedly added. “Very pretty, with a lovely cock. He has long nails, though, and sometimes they scratch.”

“Lord Thompson lets you sleep in a lovely basket on the floor with very soft rugs in it,” another slut said, as if to divert their collective thoughts from an implied criticism of one of the lords.

Several others hurriedly agreed that it was indeed a lovely basket.

“Where is Three-Seven-Seven-Four, anyway?” a slut called.

“The bitches took her for pleasure,” another girl all-but whispered back.

There was silence and nervous eyes at this.

“Are the bitches... bad?” Emily whispered.

Shocked eyes were turned on her.

“Of course not!” a girl gasped.

“They’re bitches!” another exclaimed.

“Bitches aren’t bad!” said a third

“Who is a slut to think anyone is bad!?” added a fourth.

“Bitches are very... strong,” another girl said softly, uncertainly.

"They are very - hard, for women," said another.

"Usually, they like to hurt sluts, though," said another. "Which is their right, of course!"

"Of course!" several others echoed her.

"How do they hurt sluts?" Emily asked softly.

"They are... rough, and... and hard."

"They use strap-ons," said another. "Very big ones."

"And they like to hurt sluts, even if they're obedient."

"I don't think they like sluts," whispered another girl.

"And why should they!?" exclaimed another.

"Of course," the girl said timidly. "I mean, that uhm, they treat sluts badly because, because sluts are bad."

"I like drones," another girl said.

There was a murmur of agreement.

"I love their hair," another sighed.

The murmur of agreement became a clamour as the girls chattered eagerly about which of the drones had the prettiest, softest, silkiest, nicest smelling hair

A pair of eyeless, mouthless bitches came, then, their boots clicking loudly on the floors as they came down the hall. The cage full of sluts quickly went quiet as they waited for the bitches to turn the corner. Then they were there, tall and upright, walking to the cage, unlocking it, and stepping inside. They looked out over the dozen or so sluts lying together and one raised her hand, pointing a gauntleted finger at Emily.

She squeaked and stood up, then hurriedly climbed through the limbs and over the bodies around her to reach the front of the cage. Her wrists were shackled behind her, and the two silent bitch women grasped her arms and led her away.

"Are you paying attention, Four-Six-Nine-Two?" Tasha demanded.

"Yes, Mistress Tasha!" Emily exclaimed, though in fact, she had been fantasising about Tasha's beautiful hair and how nice it would be to feel it against her body.

The two girls were still dancing, and Emily paid rapt attention, forgetting the other sluts as she tried to see herself doing the same as they were. Then she had to stand up and dance with them, following their movements as much as possible as Tasha looked on.

She was far from perfect, of course, but Tasha did not punish her, instead she actually joined the three of them, something which startled the other two sluts, and began to dance in time to the music, her hands weaving slowly around her as she let her head roll. All three sluts sighed enviously at the sight of her beautiful hair swirling around her.

They danced until their legs were tiring, and their movements showed it. Then Tasha dismissed them to feed. Emily had no idea if it was breakfast, lunch or dinner. Sluts ate the same all the time except when they were allowed into the suites of the Lords and Ladies and permitted to eat some of the wonderful food available there.

That was a special treat, however.

The bitches came for them, and all three had their shackles locked together behind their backs before being led away to the eating room.

The eating room had no tables or chairs. What it did have was a series of thick latex cocks sticking out of the walls down low near the floors. The eating room was rounded, and had no decoration of any kind. The only thing it did have was a large penis, easily seven feet high and several feet around, posted in the midst of the room, like a statue for worship.

In order to feed, it was necessary for the sluts to get on their knees facing the walls, and then lower their torsos so that their shoulders were pressed against the floors. With their heads pulled up and back, they then had to squirm forward, sliding

their lips over the dildos and taking them into their throats. Once lodged deep within their throats, the sluts then squeezed down on the base of the dildos, releasing a thick, creamy substance which was said to be nourishing to slut bodies. It tasted like cardboard, but since it bypassed the mouths and went almost directly into the stomachs, that really didn't matter.

As Emily and the other two were brought in, they could see that there were already over a dozen women there feeding. They were placed before empty feeding tubes and were soon swallowing the gooey substance meant to keep them healthy. Bitches patrolled, with their long crops, and a slut whose bottom wasn't properly raised would get a whack against her buttocks or pussy.

The machine which dispensed the food pushed it down the tube and into the sluts' bodies in a measured amount. When it stopped coming, Emily knew it was time to stop feeding, and slowly wriggled herself back until she could slide her mouth off the dildo and then straighten. She turned around at once, kneeling, buttocks on heels, knees apart, back straight, indicating she had finished feeding.

Sluts did not speak to Bitches - or to anyone, without permission.

After a few minutes, a bitch grabbed her collar, yanking her to her feet, and led her towards the far side of the room, then through it to the toilet room.

The toilet room was as its name suggested. There were no traditional western toilets there, however. Sluts did not use furniture, be it chairs or anything else. So sit-down toilets were a foreign concept. She was placed on her knees in front of a narrow slit, which was an Asian style toilet. She manoeuvred herself over the toilet and then relieved herself. She then crawled forward on her knees alone and placed herself over the cleansing mechanism. It was much like a bidet, and warm water gushed over her groin. She shifted forward again and held herself over the blower as warm air blasted up against her groin.

Then she moved forward again, and sat back on her heels to wait. After a short wait, a bitch came for her and she was led further along, for it was time for her washing.

Washings were done at least twice a day, but more often if she was servicing Lords and Ladies. Again, a large part was done by the sluts. The room was similar to the feeding room.

There were a number of narrow, foot high bowls, and the slut would kneel over one. Her knees depressed a rubber-padded button, and a short dildo slid slowly up and pushed into the slut's anus. The dildo was only an inch or so long, with a fat ringed bottom so as to block the slut's anus completely once it was inside. Warm, soapy water gushed up into the slut's bowels as she sat in place, filling her completely.

Emily stayed in place for twenty minutes, as the ache in her belly became worse and worse, as she moaned and wriggled and gasped in pain. Then the cockhead which served as an enema nozzle slid down, and she was permitted to empty her bowels into the bowl. The cockhead swung in and up and drove back into her bottom for another gushing bath of warm water to rinse her out. She was required to hold this inside her, as well, and then finally release it into the bowl.

She was then guided into what Emily thought of as a car wash for people. It had the same form and function, though it was very much narrower, of course. She walked into it and was blasted by hot, soapy water as large, rough brushes whirled and scrubbed against her. A chain attached to her clit ring was locked to a ring in the floor which moved slowly forward, forcing her to shuffle forward with it. She had to close her eyes and turn her head from one side to the other, coughing and gasping as jets of hot soap and rough scrubbing brushes moved over her from head to toe, but she was used to holding her breath by then.

She was rinsed off completely, then hot air half dried her before the bitch at the other end removed the chain from her clit ring and pushed her forward.

Now finished her washing, she was pushed into a line of other sluts waiting further assignments.

After a bit, two of the bitches took her by the arm and led her away, but not very far. They stopped only a dozen feet away, and then one of the bitches shifted her grip onto Emily's shackled wrists and lifted them up painfully high behind her back. This, of course, bent her body forward at the waist as the other bitch gripped her collar and forced her face in against her pussy.

She reached down with a gauntleted hand and undid the buckle of the strap which had pulled up tightly between the lips of her sex. Emily saw that the harsh pressure of the narrow strap had made the skin red and sore within the woman's sex, particularly near the top, and her clit was red and swollen as she licked at it.

Emily grunted as her legs were kicked apart, forcing her to bend even further, her wrists held high behind her. She felt herself penetrated, and licked frantically, knowing the penetration was by the bitch's baton, and already having had a taste of what the baton could do inside her if the bitch so chose.

The bitch before her held her face tightly against her groin as she casually groped and squeezed Emily's dangling breast. The one behind held her wrists high and pumped the baton in her pussy. Now brief, low-power electrical shocks crackled within Emily's pussy, causing her to lick even harder, moaning and sucking anxiously at the bitch woman's clit as the baton was jammed painfully into the depths of her own pussy.

Other bitches passed to and fro, often leading sluts. None paid any attention to the scene as Emily licked one bitch woman to orgasm, then was turned around and did the same to the second.

Finished, the bitch women did up their straps and led her soundlessly to her next class, which was on oral sex again.

Chapter Seven

It felt almost bizarre to see people wearing clothing.

Emily no longer really knew how long she had been there. Nor, of course, had she any idea where the club - as she had heard it described - was located. Nor did any of that matter to her. She had trained day after day, trained to exhaustion, trained as pain and punishment spurred her on, trained until she could dance as the other sluts danced, could perform oral sex as the other sluts did, could ride a man and lick a woman as well as was required.

Now she was being given her first assignment in the club, a surprisingly rudimentary assignment; bussing tables.

She was taken to a bar, though it wasn't called that. And found herself sighing at how lovely it was. For many days she had lived in the slut quarters, with its whitewashed stone walls and floors. Now the public area of the club seemed like a palace. The club was small, and L-shaped, with deep, plush, blue carpeting. There were windows, though they were ornamental and made of stained glass so that she could not see out. The furniture was gleaming oak and walnut, the chairs richly padded.

The drone in charge of the bar was Missy, who had rich, soft blonde hair. She supervised the four sluts who served drinks and food and kept the tables spotless, and also tended bar, chatting with the Lords and Ladies who came in. She was always very respectful to them, but was able to occasionally joke and tease as well, so long as she stayed within a certain line she seemed to know well.

Emily had been there long enough now to understand that the drones had once been sluts. That meant the process of hair removal was reversible, and gave her some faint hope she too would one day be selected to become a drone. Drones had their own quarters, and lived in much more comfort than sluts. They had power over sluts and

bitches, and were able to chat with Lords and Ladies, as she observed Missy doing. At the same time, of course, sluts had no power whatever over whatever the Lords and Ladies wanted.

While Emily and the other sluts moved around the bar, serving the men, they were occasionally required to service the men. Emily herself knelt beside a table where four men were chatting, and performed oral sex on one of the men as the others had joked to him and watched. That was not the least unusual, and in fact, she had enjoyed herself, loving the feeling of a real cock in her mouth for the first time in a long time.

Missy stayed behind the bar most of the time, but several hours or so into her shift there, Emily was ordered by a drunken Lord to go behind the bar and perform on Missy. She did so at once, of course, nor did Missy demur. Missy placed herself against the back counter, legs spread, and happily accepted Emily's tonguing, her hips grinding as she groaned softly in pleasure.

The sight apparently pleased the Lord, who ordered Missy to turn so that Emily could tongue her anus instead. Again she had obeyed, though with a gentle chide that Lord Kingston was going to delay those other Lords who wanted their drinks. Emily had then tongued her bottom until Lord Kingston had come in himself, pushed her aside, and thrust his own cock up into Missy's anus, pumping her hard and fast as he groped her breasts and licked and sucked at the nape of her neck.

From talking to the other girls, in fact, Emily had learned that the drones were in very high demand, partly because they had hair, which set them apart from the sluts. There were not nearly as many of them as there were sluts, but they were the most beautiful of the sluts, and the most expert at using their bodies to please both men and women. It was not considered good form for Lords or Ladies to make use of them in public, however, and words would probably be spoken to Lord Kingston by those in charge when he sobered up.

That, of course, meant nothing to a drone. A drone who refused an order of any kind would be punished as badly as a slut, perhaps worse.

Emily continued cleaning tables - and continued in her other duty, as well, as a toilet slut. The men were drinking large amounts of liquids, and often did not wish to get up and go to the toilet. On those occasions, she and the other sluts would crawl between their legs, take out their cocks, slide them into their mouths, and swallow their urine to the last drop.

This was her first experience of doing so in a real situation, as opposed to training, and Emily was extremely anxious as the hot urine poured into her mouth. For her training had not gone well, and she had been severely punished for refusing. Now she was most attentive, finished swallowing his urine, and placed his cock back into his trousers, zipping up for him before backing away and returning to her attention position not far away.

Urine did not taste very good, but the bad taste in her mouth was infinitely preferable to the pain she would have experienced had she fumbled the job.

She slipped back on her knees, smiling happily, got up, and went behind the bar to wait. She served drinks and bussed tables, and then, was thrilled as one of the Lords caught at her wrist while she was passing. He was firm but not overly rough, casually grasping the back of her collar and bending her over the table. Emily spread her legs at once, gulping in anxiety and anticipation as he unzipped.

Then he thrust into her. Like the other sluts, a thin lubricant was applied to her pussy regularly, so the Lords didn't have to wait for their pleasure. His cock sank deep immediately, and though it ached a little, there was no real pain. She moaned softly, and felt his hands sliding up her body as he began to use her. She worked her pussy muscles in time to his thrusts, then began to grind her bottom in a slow, circular motion and thrust back at him.

He moved his hands to her breasts, squeezing and kneading as he took her, and Emily felt a growing wall of heat and wicked excitement as his big cock plunged in and out of her warm sex.

“Oh! Oh, Lord! Oh yes, Lord! You’re so good, Lord!” she gasped. “So good! Oh! Oh Lord! Yes! Yes, Lord!” she gasped.

She kept her voice low, passionate and breathy, so as to not disturb any of the others, but loud enough that the Lord thrusting into her would certainly hear.

She was not faking as much as she might have once thought she must. The knowledge that a real cock was inside her was wildly exciting. A real cock inside her! She thrust back, working her pussy against it, wanting him to go on thrusting into her forever. In less than a minute she was, amazingly enough, on the edge of climax, moaning and rolling her hips, almost forgetting to work her pussy against him.

But her training had made that almost instinctive. She thrust back faster, gasping, her breasts swinging, her eyes narrow slits as she moaned and panted and rolled her hips sluttishly. And when the climax rolled over her, she shuddered and gurgled and trembled, hardly able to maintain her movements against him.

It was so good to be a slut.

* * *

Emily groaned in her half sleep, feeling a mouth on her sex, her body pulsing with need and hunger. She was always aroused now, though she never paused to consider why. Her mind did not seem to be functioning as it once had. Often she felt half asleep, except for the wild sexual energy which coursed through her veins.

She half consciously reached down, her hand feeling the familiar soft warmth of a woman’s bald head as her hips began to grind sleepily up into the long, licking tongue. She writhed slowly, groaning, eyes beginning to flutter open as consciousness returned. She was surrounded by warmth and softness, and could hear the sighs and groans of other sluts in the throes of casual sex.

Her eyes opened and she found that her head was lying on the belly of a sleeping slut, while her breasts were pillowed against the ribs of another, who lay on her back. Emily herself was on her side, but there was a head between her legs, a sucking, licking mouth fixed tightly against her bare slit, and her body was pulsing with hunger as she began to grind more powerfully against it.

She ran her hand over the breasts of the girl next to her, then slid it down over her belly and between her legs, rubbing at her clit as she bent in and began to suckle on the girl’s breast. She didn’t know who the girl was. It didn’t really matter. The girl began to waken, as well, began to groan and sigh in pleasure. Emily shuddered as the orgasm roared and she bucked helplessly into the mouth of the girl - whoever it was - eating her.

It was so good, so... goooood.

The orgasm passed, and she moaned, rolling further over onto the waking girl next to her, scissoring her legs between the other girl’s, their pussies grinding softly together as their tongues found one another and their hands caressed each other’s body. Her heat only increased, despite the orgasm, and she let out a groan of delight as a hot, moist tongue began to caress her rosebud, then pushed down into her anus.

The girl below her began to grind up harder, her hands moving with more passion, more hunger, more need, their breasts mashing together as their tongues slithered back and forth within each other’s mouths. The tongue pushing into her anus was several inches deep now, twisting and wriggling madly as the second orgasm began to sweep through her. Cries of pleasure echoed all around them, and then hers joined the chorus.

She went slack, gasping, panting, rolling off the girl below her, lying flat on her back, chest heaving, legs spread. The girl who had been tonguing her anus moved

forward and began to lick at the girl next to her. Then a girl crawled over her, settled onto Emily's head, her pussy rubbing against Emily's mouth. She groaned and pushed her tongue up. It was much longer now, though not as strong as the other girls. But she did her best, licking and sucking as she had been taught, her hands rising to caress the other girl's smooth, warm skin, squeezing her buttocks as the girl rode her face.

She ate the girl to a climax, and the girl slid off, moaning weakly. Emily lay still, panting, resting, by herself briefly. All around her were other girls moaning and writhing, licking and grinding, but others still slept, and others, like she, simply rested. Her mind rested, as well, placid, calm, almost empty. But flashes of thought passed before her unseeing eyes, memories of herself, strange memories of her wearing clothing - which seemed almost impossible to imagine now, of herself with long hair, walking outside somewhere.

Where was she? Why.... what a bizarre place. How long would they keep her here? This was so horrible! She knew she was a prisoner, a sex slave, and every now and then the realization would strike her and she would feel a little rippling shock through her body, and a surge of indignation and outrage. But fear kept her in check. What could she do? How could she dare to resist?

And it wasn't so very bad here, was it? The other sluts were very nice to her, and she felt a lot of pleasure and warmth with them. And then there were the Lords and their big cocks. Just thinking about them almost made her physically salivate. Getting a cock inside her was every slut's most earnest desire. The only thing which ever caused dissension between them was when a girl thought she wasn't getting enough cock and another girl was, she decided, getting more than her fair share.

Booted feet sounded outside the cage, and a parade of bitches arrived, at least a half dozen. Dread and anxiety swept through the caged sluts, but they cowered obediently as the bitches opened the doors. Several came inside, holding out their batons, the ends crackling with electricity. The sluts cowered back, then began yelping as a half dozen were herded away from the mass by little prods and jabs from the shock batons, twisting and rolling and hurriedly crawling away from the main body of sluts towards the door.

Then the six sluts were crawling out of the door, and booted feet shoved down against soft bottoms each time one tried to rise. They got the message quickly enough, and crawled along the floor before two bitches as another group was herded out from the main body of sluts, to be taken elsewhere.

Emily crawled with the other five girls, crawled quickly, anxiously, not wanting to feel the nasty little shock against her bottom, or worse, against her pussy. The six girls crawled up the hall and around the corner, the two bitches following. They soon found themselves in very small cages in a small side room, on all fours, unable to stretch out or sit up due to the small size of the cages.

After a short time, Emily's cage was opened, as well as that of another slut, three-five-one-four, and the two were pulled to their feet and led from the room and up another narrow hall. They emerged in a public area, with Lords sitting around on comfortable chairs, feet propped up on stools, or sometimes on sluts. The Lords were surrounding a round area, a kind of ring, a foot or so lower than the floor, like a small wading pool. There was no water in it, however, or perhaps there was - just a very tiny amount, Emily thought.

She and the other girl were thrust into the ring, and both almost slipped and fell. A drone grinned at them from just outside the ring, a foot on the elevated edge. "You will wrestle," she said. "You must pin your opponent on the bottom with its shoulders firmly against the floor, unable to move, for a count of ten, or until the other submits. The winner will get several stiff cocks inside it. The loser will be punished."

The other girl immediately launched herself at Emily, tackling her. Both lost their

footing and went down heavily. The bottom of the ring was padded, though not thickly. It was also covered, she realized, in a thin, slippery pool of oil. She and the other girl twisted and wrestled, gasping, turning, rolling, instantly soaked in slippery oil. The Lords looked on, laughing lazily, smirking, chatting to each other.

It was not a game to Emily, however, or the other girl. She did not want to be punished, and she wanted those cocks inside her. But she was not a very good wrestler. She was bigger than the other girl, however, and was soon on top, gasping, struggling, trying to somehow pin the other girl down.

The two rolled over and over in the oil, bodies sliding together, hands trying to get a grip on each other. But it was the smaller girl who managed to get into a better position. She, unlike Emily, had done this before. She put herself on her side and wrapped her strong legs around Emily's waist, then crossed her ankles and started to squeeze tightly. Emily gasped at the painful pressure on her middle, and tried to wriggle free. The girl grabbed the back of her collar, forcing her head back, forcing her back to arch. Emily had to claw back behind her, but could not get a good grasp on the girl, could only claw at her legs - which did little good since her nails, like all the other girls, had been cut, very, very short.

She could hardly breathe with the pressure being brought against her sides, and cried out in pain. She gasped and moaned and slapped feebly at the other girl's slippery thighs, flopping and twisting like a fish. She briefly lost consciousness from the pain, and the other girl was declared the winner. The two bitches hauled her, literally, out of the pit, and the other girl was taken happily to the showers to get cleaned up before being presented to the Lords.

Emily, eyes fluttering, was dragged to the opposite side of the room, and lifted up across a long, polished wooden bar. It was triangular, with the narrow point on top. She groaned as her soft, slippery sex was jammed down atop it. Her arms were lifted up and apart, her restraints shackled to rings set opposite sides of a spreader bar above her head. Her ankles were pulled down and out and shackled to rings in the floor.

The pressure against her sex was only uncomfortable, at first, and she half hung there, panting weakly, oil trickling down her body and onto the floor below. Her mouth was forced open and a penis gag was thrust inside, then strapped around her head.

After a minute or so, she realized the wooden post she was straddling was vibrating quite strongly. Her mind and body, constantly attuned to a high, sexual peak, began to purr in time to those vibrations. The triangular wedge of the wood forced the head up deep between her sex lips, and her weight was centred on her soft, pink flesh, as well as her tailbone. The discomfort grew worse even as the sexual heat began to swell.

She was able to ease the pressure somewhat by flexing the muscles in her arms and taking up some of her weight that way. Her body also sought to shift on the narrow slat of wood, to ease the pressure against one part of her groin - although that only served to increase it on another part. Those movements of her slick, slippery body against the polished wood, made her always ready clitoris rub against the top of the wood in a way which quickly came to excite her.

She leaned forward a little, groaning, digging the top of her slit into the narrow wood, rocking in and back, then using her arm muscles to allow her to actually grind her pussy back and forth a little against the wood. It was very tiring doing this, of course, but the sexual fever was upon her, and she could not resist it.

She did not even notice the bitch woman stepping in to one side, or the long flog in her hand. But it would have made no difference, except the first blow would not have been as much of a shock. The woman swung the flog and the thin strips of leather lashed the grinding, moaning slut's back. Emily cried out into the gag, head thrown back, chest thrust out as the sudden, stinging pain flared within her.

She saw the woman then, and stared at her in fear, gasping, moaning, quivering with hunger and need. The woman stared back, or at least, seemed to be staring at her, eyes hidden. Emily turned her head, still for a moment, then began to grind again, began to rock forward and back, began to use her arms to grind her pussy against the wood as the fever wrapped itself around her mind once more.

So good.... so goooood.

The flog lashed her back and she cried out again, but didn't turn her head. It was only a little pain, after all. The hard wooden slat between her legs hurt more. The soft flesh of her groin was aching, her tailbone bruised and horribly sore. Still she ground herself, panting, moaning. The flog lashed her back again, and again she cried out.

Bursts of thought came through her mind, of herself as a normal girl, wearing clothes, going to school, going to parties. She was... she was... Emily. This was wrong! This was evil! These people...

Crack! The flog lashed her again and she cried out, back arching, hips still grinding desperately against the bar.

So bizarre. It was all so bizarre, all these people, this perversion, this cruelty. It was so outrageous, so - .

Crack!

She cried out again, the whipping now a part of the hot feverish dream she found herself in, a dream which was a nightmare at the same time, and one which would not go away.

Crack!

She sobbed, grinding herself against the bar, her entire groin aching, hot, throbbing. Even her pussy, as wild with fiery pleasure as it was - hurt.

The orgasm came with the next blow across her back, and she screamed into the gag, her head thrown back, body riding the slat frantically, pussy grinding back and forth over the slippery wood as the pleasure tore through her mind.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The flog cut into her soft flesh, but it only made her orgasm wilder, more powerful. There were Lords watching, watching hungrily, and that fed the fever of her need, and the dark hunger of her outraged excitement.

The orgasm almost drained her, and she sank limp onto the hard wood, groaning as it dug into her soft sex. The bitch stepped back, and she was left, moaning weakly, panting, the pain now surging up as her awareness strengthened, the shield of her sexual pleasure no longer protecting her.

Oh it hurt! It hurt! Hurt! Hurt!

Now she raised her head wearily to see the other girl, Three-Five-One-Four, prancing about before the admiring Lords, clean and shiny and ready for them. Jealousy surged within her, but also excitement as she saw the cocks come out, saw Three-Five-One-Four kneel to take one deep into her throat, watched another Lord thrust into the girl from behind. She heard Three-Five-One-Four's muffled groan of delight and felt the heat within herself.

She wished so much for a cock inside her! For anything inside her! Penetration of any kind was a delight to the sluts.

She began to work her pussy against the post again, grinding slowly, moaning in pain, but eyes fixed on the sight of those cocks sliding in and out of Three-Five-One-Four. Passion and hunger swirled around her, and her grinding became more desperate, her hunger and heat surging higher and higher. The bitch was back, this time with a thin riding crop. She slashed it in sideways across Emily's belly, and the bald girl cried out in pain, twisting and writhing helplessly.

Blow after blow landed across her belly, her lower chest - and her breasts, as the faceless bitch swept her arm down again and again. Emily absorbed the blows, the

pain, the sharp, shocking little blasts of agony, as she ground herself against the post and sobbed her way to another massive orgasm.

Lords were watching her, of course, even those making use of Three-Five-One-Four, for they enjoyed the sight of her lithe, glistening body writhing in pain, the sight of her beautiful face grimacing in agony and pleasure. There was a ripple of laughter as one of the Lords gave the Drone an order. It was quickly obeyed, of course.

The bar above moved forward, and took Emily's arms with it. She was now leaning forward, the top of her sex grinding even more heavily into the triangular post. The spreader bar then began to angle downwards as the chain which was attached to it was slackened. Emily groaned as her weary arms dropped, and her body leaned forward until her chest and belly were pressed against the wood, her breasts separated on either side.

The Lord who had made the suggestion, a fat, gray-haired man, waddled forward to the end of the post as one of the bitches removed Emily's gag. The man pulled aside his robe and Emily whimpered anxiously as she stared at his cock. It was soon in her mouth, and she was sucking in dazed delight, drawing it deep into her throat.

She felt fingers behind her, at her anus, but paid them no heed. They thrust in and out with slippery oil covering them. They drew back, and the long, fat cucumber which had been the Lord's suggestion, was pushed against her. Emily groaned at the penetration, at the way her anus was slowly being forced wider and wider. It ached a little, but only roused her higher as she sucked rapturously at the cock in her mouth.

The cucumber was fat but she was slippery inside and out, and the bitch got the first few inches into her anus. The Lord drew his cock back out of her mouth, holding it teasingly just out of reach as she whimpered and tried to stretch out her tongue for it. One of the bitches gagged her quickly.

The bar in front, which still held her arms out, was lifted up, up, up higher, lifting her upper body off the post, up and - back. Emily gasped, eyes going wide, as the end of the more than foot-long cucumber was held in place against the narrow post she was straddling. The bar above lifted her arms up higher, and then back, forcing her body back. Her anus resisted briefly, then the long, fat cucumber slid up into her body, driven by her own weight.

Her eyes bulged and she cried out, partly in wildfire pleasure, partly in shocked pain. The cucumber took only a few seconds to slide up into the depths of her belly, filling her to the brim. Now she was completely upright, but the cucumber was simply too long. The rounded nose was jammed into her bowels with painful force, the back of it jammed against the triangular post below.

Emily used the muscles in her arms to try and lift herself up, to keep the pressure from being too terrible, but of course, her muscles could only do that for so long, and were already steadily failing. More and more weight was falling down onto the cucumber. She was impaled on the thing, and the pain and cramping inside her belly was horrible. She screamed, and screamed again, her arms trying desperately, but ultimately failing, weakened, forced to relax, dropping her entire weight down onto the cucumber too big to fit inside her.

For long minutes she sat atop the cucumber, howling into the gag, body shaking and trembling and jerking as the pain inside her tore at her mind and the men looked on in amusement. And then, the rounded end of the cucumber began to split against the narrow edge of wood, the heavy weight atop and the jerking of her body slowly grinding the sharp edge into the cucumber, splitting it slowly apart until finally, her weight was once again firmly on the post, the end of the cucumber split to either side around it.

The pain eased slowly, and she coughed and moaned and sobbed, slumped over on the post.

The post, which vibrated against her pussy, against her clitoris. Slowly, dazedly,

her moans took on a new tone, and she began to grind herself against the post again.
Chapter Eight

There was no sense of time. Emily did not know how long she had been held prisoner. She no longer even thought of herself as Emily. Names were of little importance, and when anyone referred to her it was as Four-Six-Nine-Two.

She slept with the other sluts in the pen, when she slept at all. She danced before the Lords as they chatted and sipped drinks and ate. She drank their urine, and served their food and cleaned their tables. She wrestled and fought and raced and had sex with the other sluts for the Lords' amusement and interest, and was punished for her errors or their pleasure. The bitches never spoke to them, and the Drones were haughty and remote. The Lords were to be feared, and pleased.

After a while, the fuzziness in her mind went away, and she was able to think again. But her mind, as well as her body, had become trained to the point of instinctive reaction and response. Her hunger for cock did not end with the drugs she had been fed. Her desperate need to please those who would otherwise punish her remained a constant. And her sexual hunger, her near nymphomania, did not subside at all.

She knew that they had done this to her, turned her into some kind of ravening sexual beast, and hated them for it. But she could not resist, nor did she want to. Sexual pleasure was the only pleasure the sluts got, the only form of human contact which did not cause pain, the only interaction with others they partook of.

She believed that escape was impossible. She thought of it, however, dreamed of it, fantasised about it. Occasionally, when in the public areas of the club, she could see a window looking out on an empty wood. They were far from any city or town, it seemed, and she didn't even know what country they were in. But sometimes, when she looked out, she could see men walking by, carrying rifles, with large dogs on leashes. They were guards

- male guards, and she knew that, even were she to somehow get out of the club, she would never be able to get past them and escape.

One day, a bitch brought her into a strange part of the club. It was not one she was familiar with. It was clean, bright, but antiseptic looking, with linoleum floors and cheaply painted walls. She was led, wrists shackled behind her, into a small room where she found a few steel cabinets, a steel-framed cot, a computer on a desk, and one of the black-clad, male guards she had seen through the window.

And Tasha. Tasha was on her knees between the guard's legs. He was wearing his black shirt, but no pants, and Tasha was servicing him expertly. She drew back as the bitch brought Emily in, and she gestured her over as the guard stared in hunger and excitement.

"Is she not pretty, Stephen?" Tasha purred, running her hand over Emily's head. "A little sex toy for anyone to use."

She pushed Emily into the man's arms, and his lips were on hers at once, his hand cupping her full breast roughly and squeezing it. Emily, of course, would have been more than delighted to cooperate even if she had not feared pain for hesitation. She melted into his arms, her hand instantly going to his groin, squeezing and pumping his cock. He sucked on her nipples, and pushed her downward, and Emily wrapped her lips around his cock and took it deep into her mouth.

"Put that into the slut's ass," she heard Tasha order.

She paid no attention. She moaned around the man's cock, sucking, bobbing, licking, even as she felt the bitch's baton thrusting into her anus, pushing deeper, painfully deeper, grinding against the bottom of her anal tunnel. Then - agony. She screamed, eyes bulging, body thrashing as the electricity shocked her mind and body.

Nor was she the only one. The man's cock was deep in her throat, soaked in her saliva. The shock was transmitted to him in a rather painful fashion.

"You stupid whore!" Tasha shouted, cuffing the bitch harshly.

The woman staggered back, releasing her hold on the baton. Tasha grabbed it, and thrust it into the bitch's midsection, pushing the button so that the woman convulsed in agony and fell to the floor.

The male guard's cock had softened, of course, and Emily's mouth had slipped off it as she crouched on the floor, bent over, moaning. She heard another cry and raised her head to see Tasha's face a mask of satisfaction as she thrust the baton into the male guard's anus and pushed the button.

Confusion came over her. Should Tasha be doing that - to a man - to a - Lord? Or was he a Lord? But - .

Tasha was stripping off the bitch's harness and headgear now, as Emily lay on her back moaning. She brought them quickly to Emily, slapping her face sharply "Wake up, slut!"

She slipped the harness around her, then got the boots on the dazed slut and zipped them up. She took off the shackles, and put the eye coverings and mouth covering over her, then dragged her to her feet.

"You are going to act like a bitch. Do you understand, slut?"

She slapped her face again. "Be silent, and act like a bitch," she ordered furiously.

"Y-Yes, mistress," Emily panted.

She was slapped again. "Do not speak. Say nothing!"

She shocked both the guards, then slipped the baton into Emily's harness.

"Let's go."

Tasha headed up the hall, with Emily following along behind, still somewhat dazed, completely baffled, and starting to fear she was doing something very wrong. Tasha used a small card, like a credit card, swiping it across a lock next to a door, then entered, Emily following. They entered another locked corridor, then another, as Tasha swept the card through the slot next to each.

She stopped and took the shock baton from Emily.

"Not even Drones are allowed past here," she said.

She went through another door, much more wary, now, head turning from side to side, then up a flight of stairs, and another. She came out on a landing, and Emily heard a male cry of surprise, then pain. She ran into Tasha from behind and saw a man lying, quivering at her feet. She watched Tasha thrust the baton at him again and shock him for a long few seconds. Then she turned and trotted up another flight of stairs. Emily followed as best she could in the high heels, though Tasha was no longer paying her any attention. She came to another door, opened it, and dashed - outside.

Emily gaped, staring from the doorway as the woman ran across an open area to a helicopter sitting not far away. She climbed inside, and after a few moments the rotors began to slowly turn. Emily followed, knowing now that she had been used to help Tasha escape. And if Emily didn't join her, she would be punished - punished too severely to even contemplate. She tottered after her in the unfamiliar, stiletto-heeled boots, as the rotors turned faster and faster.

Emily got to the helicopter, fumbled at the door, and managed to get it open. Tasha glared at her, but thereafter ignored her as she worked the controls. There was no sign of anyone around, and the helicopter began to tremble with power. Then it rose into the air, and she was looking down at what looked like a large, spread out ranch house surrounded by miles and miles of trees and emptiness.

"You'd never know how big it is," Tasha said. "Most of it is underground."

The helicopter turned away and headed out over a broad lake.

"It took me years, even as a drone, to get the trust of someone who would let me into that section," Tasha said, as if in a daze. "I finally found one weak enough, stupid enough. I think it really never occurred to them that a woman could fly a helicopter."

She giggled a little hysterically.

Emily was too frightened to giggle. The helicopter was certainly being flown by Tasha, but not, she judged, very well. It was dipping from side to side and up and down, threatening to go out of control at any minute.

"It's been a long ten years since I last flew," Tasha said, more tension in her voice now.

They came over trees again, then flew over a road, another road, then a small group of houses.

"We-we're very low, Mistress," Emily said anxiously.

Tasha glared at her and Emily closed her mouth, instantly certain of punishment for speaking without permission.

"Do not speak unless I tell you to, slut!"

"I'm sorry, Mistress!"

"Of course we're low! There's an airport back there, and if we show up on their radar they'll tell the Institute exactly where we're headed! That's what they call themselves, you know; the Institute. They have people everywhere. The local police will bring us back if they catch us. I'm sure there will be a federal warrant out on us in no time at all. They have people everywhere. There's something about a supply of beautiful young naked girls which convinces all sorts of men they want to be friends with the Institute."

After a time, she set the helicopter down, not gently, in a tiny clearing. The clearing was so small the rotors clipped some of the tree branches, chopping them to pieces as it dropped the final foot or so to the ground. The rotors slowed and Tasha sighed in relief.

"All right, slut. I'm going to get some clothes for us. You are going to gather up branches and leaves and grass and try and put it on the helicopter. I don't care how many hours you spend, I want this thing to be hard to see from the air. Understand?"

"Yes, mistress," Emily said anxiously.

Tasha gripped the front of Emily's collar and yanked her forward, glowering. "You listen to me, slut. There's nothing more obvious than a bald woman. You are going to be very easy to find if I don't help you. So do exactly like I tell you or you'll be found, brought back, and punished so horribly you will wish you were dead. Understand!?"

"Yes, mistress!"

It was almost dark now, as the two women climbed out of the helicopter. Tasha set off for where she said she had seen some cabins along the edge of a river. And Emily began to gather up anything loose and throw it on top of the little helicopter. She found a number of long, thin branches and sticks and propped them against the sides of the helicopter, then piled up long grass she tore from the ground around it. She put more branches, especially the ones which still had leaves, across the top of the helicopter, having to remove her boots to climb up on top.

She was at it all night, piling up things until the helicopter was all-but buried under a mound of grass, branches and leaves. Tasha returned, wearing clothes. She looked very strange.

"Put these on, slut."

She threw something at Emily, who caught them by reflex.

"And get out of those things!"

She helped Emily remove her shackles and leggings, and even got the collar off - which felt somehow unnatural now. She gave her a tiny black bikini bottom to wear, one

which, while not a thong, was so small it dug up between her buttocks. Aside from that, all she had was a tiny, far too small, too tight t-shirt, and a baseball cap.

"There's more, but you're better off dressed like that. Nobody is going to spend a lot of time noticing you don't have any hair peeking out of your cap when you're showing that much tit and ass," Tasha said. "Now come on."

They trudged through the woods and down to the edge of a river. There were cabins there, and Tasha made her go silently.

"Some of them have people in them," she whispered.

They found one which didn't, the one she had already broken into. They took clothes, food, and water and carried it down to a canoe sitting by the river, piled it in, and took off down river. The current was strong, and they paddled quickly, though neither was an expert.

Emily was exhausted, but didn't dare suggest they stop, even as the dawn lightened the sky. But as the sun rose, they pulled aside onto a small, heavily treed island. Emily had to take the front of the canoe and force her way through the trees, while Tasha followed. Once inside, and Tasha was certain no one would see them when flying above or floating past, she took out the shackles she had removed from Emily and tossed them to her.

"Put them on," she ordered.

Emily obeyed - of course.

Tasha stripped off her tight t-shirt and the bathing suit bottoms and placed the girl on her back against a low, scrubby tree, then shackled her wrists together on the other side of the tree. She stripped off her own unfamiliar clothes and straddled the slut's head, then settled her moist pussy down into her mouth. Emily began to lick at once - of course, unquestioning, her tongue thrusting up into the drone's pussy, searching out her clit, licking expertly as Tasha gripped the tree and ground herself back and forth over Emily's mouth.

She came quickly, then, as exhausted as Emily, pulled a sheet she had stolen over her head and curled up to sleep. Emily stared up at the thick canopy of branches and leaves overhead and slowly fell asleep herself.

They were exhausted enough to sleep through much of the day. Still, they wakened well before darkness. They occupied themselves in sexual pleasure until the sun set, then took a quick swim to cool down before sliding the canoe back into the water and paddling on through the night.

* * *

Emily moaned into the thick penis gag filling her mouth. She was standing at the foot of Tasha's big, four-poster bed, arms shackled to the posts up and to either side, ankles shackled to the posts down low near the floor. She had been standing there all night as her mistress slept, curled up against her lover Nicole's body

Emily's clit ring was attached by a small, elastic cord to the foot of the bed in front of her, her nipples rings similarly attached to much longer cords which went all the way across the bed to the posts on the other side. The pressure on the cords was steady, but not harsh, unless she drew her body backwards, of course.

And she could not resist doing so - of course.

In addition to the small ring holding the cord which was tied to her clitoris, the centre of the footboard held a small goose quill Nicole had taped in place. It rubbed against Emily's bare slit with a teasing caress whenever she moved.

But neither pulling against the cords to strain her nipples and clit now and then, nor the feather, nor the butt plug up her behind were enough to make her climax. They were only enough to keep her body in a low boil throughout the long night.

She ground her hips now and then, moaning into the gag as she pulled back and the clit ring pulled and strained at her sensitive flesh. She arched her back now and

then, gasping in pleasure and pain as her nipples strained and stretched.

She stared at the two nude women on the bed in front of her and thought of how they looked the previous night making love, as she had stared and envied them.

Finally, movement, and Nicole yawned. She moved gently, slowly pulling herself away from Tasha's sleeping body.

Tasha worked late hours at the strip club. It paid very well, but she despised it, and the men who paid her. Emily's own hair was only now starting to grow back, after expensive and discreet treatments paid for with the money Tasha earned at the small club.

Emily was under no illusion this was generosity on Tasha's part. The woman had made no secret whatever of her desire to get away from stripping. Once her hair had grown out so there would be little chance of anyone hearing talk of the "bald stripper", Emily would take her place.

It was a very small city, and the strip club was nothing to write home about. But it paid well, given how cheap prices were locally, and could easily support the three of them, even aside from Nicole's income as a truck stop waitress.

Nicole rolled silently out of bed, and Emily stared at her excitedly, her eyes dropping down, past her full breasts, past her flat belly, to the cock that was beginning to stiffen between her legs.

She was a hermaphrodite, something Emily had never even heard of before. She was a beautiful woman with long, beautiful hair, a lush body with full breasts, and a cock between her legs just above her pussy.

She moved behind the bound girl, her hands squeezing her breasts, pulling her back so that her nipples strained hard. She slid a rough hand down between her legs, rubbing and squeezing and fingering her pussy, pulling back so as to stretch out her clit hood painfully. Emily moaned, feeling the herm's cock rubbing against her buttocks.

Nicole pulled away, bending, undoing her lower shackles. This allowed Emily to pull her legs more closely together, easing the tension on her wrists. It also allowed Nicole to pull back on her hips, raising her bottom. Emily gasped, rising onto her toes as Nicole's cock slid in between her thighs and pushed up into her pussy.

It was a slow, grinding thrust for long minutes as Nicole kissed and gnawed and licked and sucked at her throat, and her fingers pinched and rolled and rubbed her now unchained nipples and squeezed her swollen breasts. Her hips slapped into Emily's bottom again and again, moving faster as her arousal grew. Emily moaned and her head thrashed from side to side, sexual heat and fever rolling over her in waves.

The orgasm hit and she shuddered and bucked against the woman behind, jamming her cunt back into the herm's cock as it rammed into her with growing speed and power. Then it was done. They were both done, both weary, gasping, moaning softly as Tasha slept.

Nicole unshackled her and drew her away. She went in to the shower as Emily prepared coffee and started breakfast. When she came out, Emily served her, then knelt, as she had been taught, still gagged, waiting for orders. Nicole ate and read the paper, then gestured with her head. Emily rose and followed her into the bedroom, silently helped her dress, then was shackled, her collar chained to the headboard, placed gently in the bed.

Tasha slept on. She had been out until two, after all. And as Nicole left, Emily fell asleep, the other woman's arm sliding over her, drawing her in comfortably as the two slept.

When Tasha woke, Emily squirmed down between her legs and licked at her pussy until she climaxed. She was then unshackled, and prepared coffee and breakfast for her other mistress.

It never really occurred to her she should do anything else.

The shackles and collar she wore were not to keep her from escaping. Emily was well aware she had nowhere to go, no one to run to. And she greatly feared what the Institute would do to her if she were ever recaptured. The young woman had, in a way, become the - if not daughter - then little sister to the two older women. She looked to them for guidance and protection. They were the only family she had, after all. And she felt comfortable naked, comfortable in shackles.

She had grown used to being that way.

She was punished occasionally, sometimes for misdeeds, sometimes for her mistress's pleasure and enjoyment. But that too was familiar and comforting - and often quite exciting, in its own way.

She scrubbed for them, cooked for them, washed for them, kept house for them, and serviced them as they desired. And soon, she knew, as her hair continued to grow, she would be able to dance for the Lo - Men, and would get cock, real cock, hard cock, thick cock, lots of - cock. She dreamed about it often, though her mistresses only thought about the money she would get.

She was Emily, but a strong part of her was also still "Four-Six-Nine-Two". Sometimes Tasha even called her that, as she rode her face and slapped her breasts and ordered her to lick harder.

Perhaps one day she would leave, but for now, she was content. An orphan girl always dreamed of finding a home, after all, and now she had one. Even if it came with a cage.

END